Victoria R. I.

COLLECTION

OF VICTORIAN BOOKS

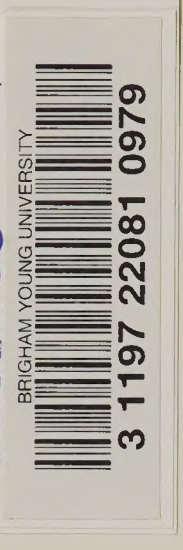
AT

BRIGHAM YOUNG

UNIVERSITY

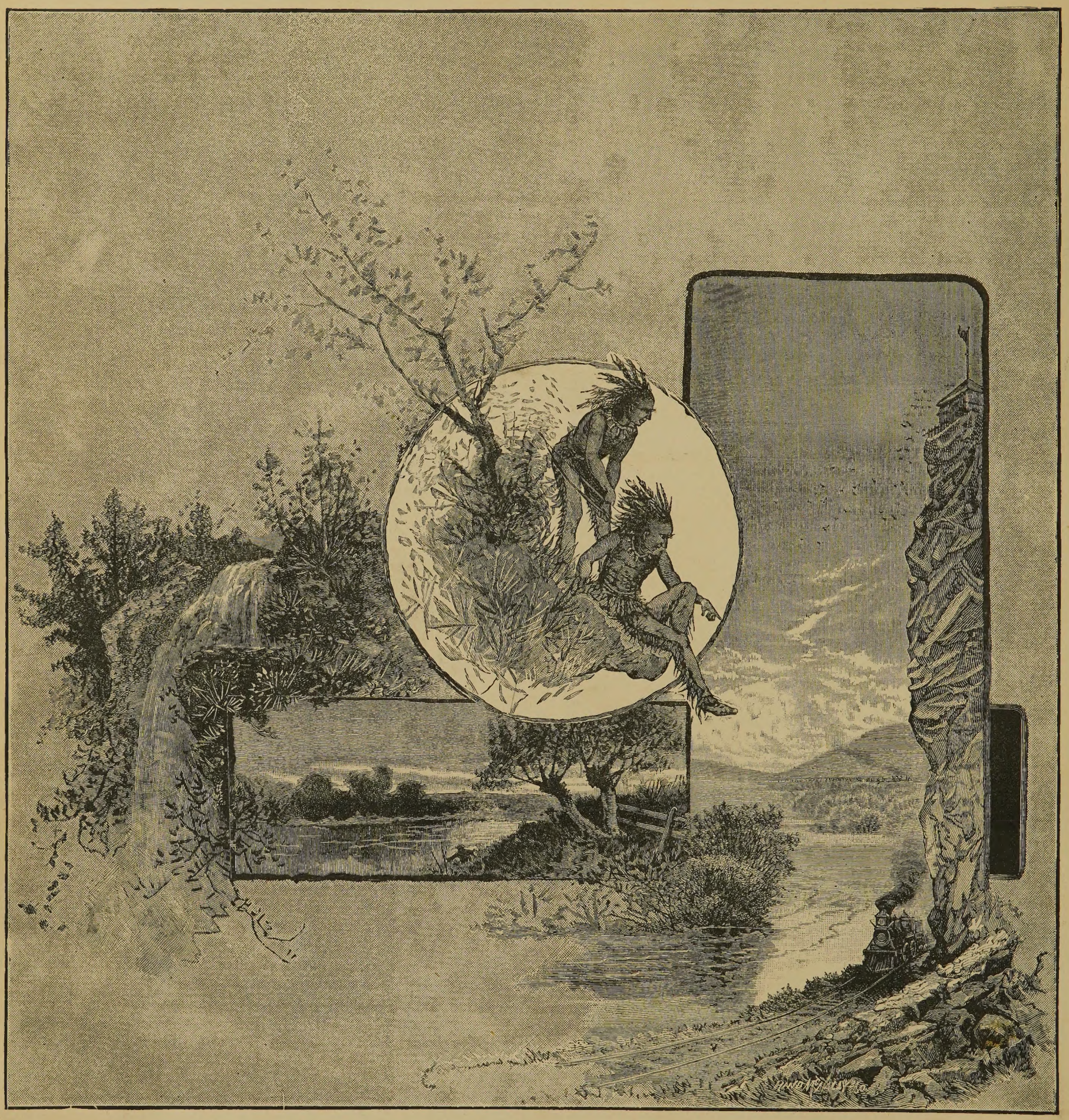
VIC
820.5
.A1
Vol. 1





THE LIBRARY
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH

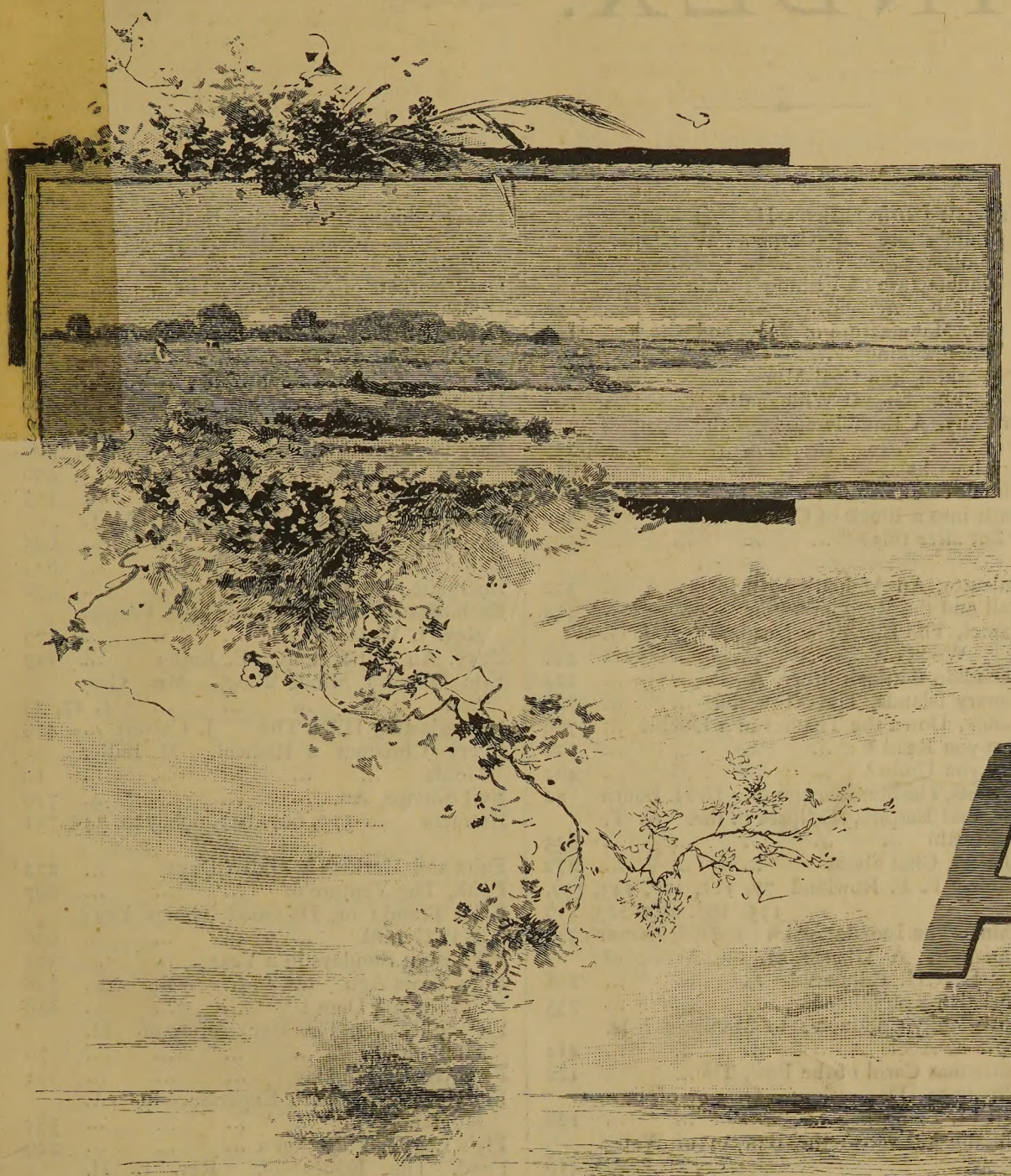
8654



"Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bury your war clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mould and make it into peace pipes.
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward."

LONGFELLOW.

052
Ms A1
④ 1887



A.1.

ANNUAL

ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME.1.

LONDON:
S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

INDEX.

	PAGE
About Ourselves, 143, 246, 263, 276, 292, 309, 324, 606, 638, 670, 686, 718.	
Absconded: £100 Reward. W. Hunt ...	776
Achee Pan, or "Topside Galore" ...	40
Afghan Chief's visit to Calcutta	372
Alaska Legend	824
Alcohol and Tobacco: their Advantages and Disadvantages	231
"Almost"	493
Almost, not quite	782
Almost Saved! Eva Travers Evered Poole	190
Alpine Snows, Adventures amid. Rev. W. Spotswood Green 600,	616
Analysis, Spectrum. M. H. Birkbeck ...	815
Anatomy Spiritualised. Rev. J. Hiles Hitchens 154,	198
Andrew and Isabel; or, Heroes in Adversity	668
Andrew Forsyth; or, Through Darkness to Light 368,	384
An Easy Place	77
Answer, A Good	592
Antediluvians, The. P. H. Gosse, F.R.S.	404
Antilles, The Etna of the	812
Application *v.* Genius. J. Forrester ...	205
Archery, Oriental. A. T. Sibbald ...	235
Architects, Instinctive ... 312, 328,	344
Are you a Sceptic?...	447
Are you in Health, Brother? Rev. Thain Davidson	21
Arran, Five in	588
"As she came Riding by"	779
Astonished Slave, The	656
At what a Cost; or, Duke Arden's Last Stake. Max Gerard 200,	216
Awkward Squad, The. Prof. H. W. Elliott	808
Bad Bargains	420
Ballooning, Sailing, and Swimming Spiders. H. McCook	632
Battle of Life, Preparing for. P. Browne	678
Be Gentlemen. Rev. Thain Davidson ...	100
Begin at Once	94
Behind the Times	720
Bells, The Voices of the	412
Between a Blessing and a Promise. H. Moore	494
Between Sixteen and Twenty-two. Rev. Thain Davidson	187
Bible Jottings, 31, 38, 63, 79, 95, 103, 158, 190, 334, 430, 462, 470, 502, 574, 634, 699, 782, 798	
Bible Marking 757,	790
Bible, Our English. Rev. Canon Taylor	70
Bibles, The Blank. E. S. Holt ... 426,	442
Birds' Conclave, The	752
Birds, The Mis-use of. C. F. Gordon-Cumming	75
Birkbeck, An Evening at the. A Student	503
Black Forest, A Tour in the. W. Warren 664,	680
Blue-bottle, What I got by Releasing a ...	414
Books, A Chat about. J. P. Haworth ...	645
Boots and Shoes, The Manufacture of. H. H. Bourn	140
Boy who became Famous, A	686
Briefs	47
Bright Poker, Esq. Edward Butler ...	47
Britain 1800 Years ago	144
BRITISH INDUSTRIES. H. H. Bourn:—	PAGE
Manufacture of Carpets at Kidderminster	42
Manufacture of Fishing Tackle at Redditch	76
The Manufacture of Boots and Shoes ...	140
Glass-Making	192
Working in a Coal Mine	591
Lock-making at Willenhall	703
Brittany, A Ramble amongst the Beauties of 240,	256
Brushmarks	631
Bubbles and Baubles	250
Built into a Block of Concrete	592
"But after this?"	507
Calcutta, An Afghan's Visit to	372
Call and the Response, The	414
Camel, The Life of a Dead. Rev. J. G. Wood	440
Canadian Settler's Story, A	224
Canary Islands, The—Teneriffe	728
Canoe, Down the Thames in a Double ...	779
Can you Read?	720
Can you Undo?	462
Carpets, The Manufacture of. H. H. Bourn	42
Celestial Empire, Eclipses in the. A. T. Sibbald	635
Chafers, Chat about	272
Chess. F. F. Rowland 77, 111, 127, 143, 159, 175, 191, 207, 223,	239
China, The Inundation in. J. Dick Arthur	320
Christian, A Glance at the Work of H.R.H. Princess	268
Christian Knighthood	735
Christianity Conducive to Manliness? Is. A. E. Abel	414
Christmas Carol of the Past, The... ...	122
Christmas Decorations, Origin of our. J. M. Laing	128
Christmas Evans: the Bunyan of Wales 400,	416
Clerk or Senator	76
Clothes for a Button, not Buttons for Clothes	42
Clouds and Mosses	208
Coal Mine, Working in a. H. H. Bourn	591
Collegian to Cowboy. M. F. Billington	172
Colonists, Troublesome. C. F. Gordon-Cumming 500,	518
Common Sense about Athletics ... 46,	54
Communion. Rev. J. B. Figgis	506
Compositor, An ingenious	235
Conformity, Worldly	496
Corn, Amongst the. G. de la Plante	685
Correspondence, Crisp. 111, 126, 143, 174, 207, 223, 239, 254, 271, 286, 303, 319, 335, 351, 366, 382, 398, 446, 462, 478, 494, 543, 606, 638, 654, 670, 686, 711, 718, 734,	782
"Could you say it?"	60
Courtesies of Daily Life, The	654
Cromwell, A Granddaughter of Oliver. Rev. R. Shindler	317
Crystal Palace, At the	608
Cyclists, Practical Points for. J. E. Fearn	180
Dare to be a Daniel	4
Daring Deed, A; or, Leila's Leap and Leila's Lover. G. de la Plante ...	360
Darkness, Dawn, and Day; A Story of Three Snowstorms 48,	64
David Whippy's Swimming Feat	750
Degrees for Women, University. M. F. Billington...	331
Desk-workers of New York, The... ...	663
Difficulties, Imaginary. E. Butler ...	580
Don't Bet. Rev. Thain Davidson ...	557
Double-minded Man, A. E. Butler ...	388
Do *you* take back your Empties?... ...	43
Duties Small and Great	320
Ear, The; or, Prudence in Hearing. Rev. J. H. Hitchens	490
Early Rising	413
Eclipses in the Celestial Empire. A. T. Sibbald	635
Editorial	823
Energetic!	478
Enthusiasm Condemned by Good People. Rev. J. Watson	379
Envy, An Antidote to. E. Butler ...	117
Eric Olsson's Minde Ring. Mrs. Garnett 1, 17,	33
"Everlasting Hills, The." J. Calvert ...	479
Every Christian a Radical. M. Butler Gerds	10
Evil Silence, An	720
Extracts ... 575, 607, 647, 698, 720, 741,	751
Fairs and Markets in Olden Days ...	272
Faith, The Venture of	667
Felix Brand; or, Do Good Things Pay? Max Gerard	636
Fifty-eight Sundays in a Year	374
Fifty Years Ago	718
"Fire, if you Dare!"	816
Fishing Tackle, The Manufacture of. H. H. Bourn...	76
Five Weeks' Holiday	394
Florida, A Traveller's Experience in. A. Montefiore	584
Fly's Leg, A Forest on a	220
Food, The Ethics of. Rev. J. H. Hitchens	230
Forty Wrestlers; or, Christian Heroism	190
Founded on a Rock. John Calvert ...	23
Four Hundred and Fifty-six Pounds Five-Shillings	422
Fragments	14
Frozen to Death	592
Gabled House at Northbury, The. A. S. Fletcher	184
Gabriel Paunceforth's Boy; or. "S'pose you believed in God?" M. Butler Gerds	68
Garden Glimpses. T. L. Robinson ...	571
Garden Life. T. L. Robinson	470
Garden Seat, Glimpses from a. T. L. Robinson	523
Geology, Recreations in. W. H. Harris, B.A. 298,	394
George's Pledge. B. M. Wemyss-Whittaker	543
Girding up the Loins. T. L. Cuyler ...	170
Girls I have met. Mrs. Skinner 12, 30, 53,	101
Glass-Making. H. H. Bourn	192
Glenarn; or, The Missing Will. M. F. Spottiswoode	732
Gloves in the Olden Time. J. E. Fearn	717
Goat Horn, The	742
God is Home. Edward Clifford	155

THE LIBRARY
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH

PAGE

God, The Nature of 496
Good Answer, A 592
Gospel, The Logic of the 276
Grit, The Ethics of. J. Forester... ... 486
Grumbler's Book, The 302

Half-and-Half 212
Hannington, Bishop 92, 109, 124
"Happiest Man you ever Saw," The ... 443
"Have ye not Read?" Emily S. Holt 26
Have you Insured your Life? 512
Hawaii, The Jubilee Gift of the Queen of 62
Heads, Hands, and Feet. E. Butler ... 772
Health, Laws of. A. S. Fletcher 716, 727, 748
Heart, The; or, Sincerity of Feeling. Rev. J. H. Hitchens 460
Heart's Choice, The; or, The Difficult Love Letter 620
He was One of Us 735
Hints for Struggling Wives, Homely. P. Browne 598, 614, 630, 650, 666
His Last Charge. G. V. Gaskell ... 182
Hobbies, Homely. W. H. Harris, B.A. 91, 110, 118, 139, 150, 165, 189, 203, 219, 245, 327, 362
"Holding On" 528
Holiday, Five Weeks' 394
Honesty the Best Policy. Rev. T. Davidson 324
Horses, A Talk about 364
Hospital, In an Indian. A. Montefiore ... 822
Household Management. For Married Folk. Daniel McCoy 10, 45, 74
Houses to Pull Down, Buying. C. Ford 495
How our Letters go to India. T. L. Robinson 232, 248
How Percy Armitage kept the Faith ... 795
How Quarrels Arise 96
How Sam's Infidelity Failed. A. F. Perram 104, 120
Humility 436

"I Believe in Nothing" 348
"I Cannot Love God" 576
Ice, Artificial. Captain J. T. Johnston ... 570
India, Travelling in 374
Indian Hospital, In an. A. Montefiore... 822
Infidel Nut-crackers, Nuts for. Rev. J. H. Thorpe 270
Influence of Elder Brothers, The. Major S. Churchill 548
International Sunday School Lessons 158, 174, 191, 206, 222, 238, 239, 255, 270, 287, 303, 319, 335, 351, 367, 383, 399, 415, 431, 447, 463, 479, 559, 623, 687, 767, 828
Introduction to Myself, An. E. Butler ... 330
Insects and Plants 80, 96
Inventions from Nature 751
Is it Right? 59
It was Rest he wanted 6
"I wish I was Somebody else" 592

Jack's Prayer. H. James 654
Jane, Josiah, and John. The Story of a Wedding. G. de la Plante 264
Jane Mason; or, A Bible Class Journal. Rev. J. Hanson 20
Japanese Art, Ancient and Modern ... 455
Japanese Women, Charms of 431
Jonah, The Story of. Rev. F. B. Meyer 730, 746, 762, 781, 794, ... 811
Joseph Barker and the Quaker. T. Edwards 432

Knowing is the Root, Feeling is the Fruit 816

Lace-Making as a Fine Art. A. T. Sibbald 710
Last Letter, The 576
Leaves from the Log of a Gentleman Gipsy. Dr. Stables 516, 532, 549, 565, 581, 596, 612, 628, 648, 661, 676, 700, 708
Led by a Way that they Knew not. F. C. K. Waller 87
Legend, A 571
Leisure, The Employment of. A London Graduate 527

PAGE

Leonardo da Vinci. Eva Travers Evered Poole 63
Letter, The Last 576
Letter, The Master's 702
Letter, The Soldier's 670
Letters to Pagans. E. Butler 766
Life, Preparing for the Battle of. P. Browne 678
Light for the North Sea. J. Runciman... 711
Literature for our Girls. John Ruskin ... 32
Little Member, The. Words to the Wise. Rev. J. H. Hitchens 282
LIVELY TALKS.
No. 1. The Young Man and his Amusements 36
No. 2. The Young Man and his Bible... 52
Lock-making at Willenhall. H. H. Bourn 703
Longing, Looking, Learning. The Story of a Painter. Eva Travers Evered Poole 302
Louise of Prussia, Queen. B. C. Finch 428, 444, 454
Love, Courtship, and Marriage. Phyllis Browne 151, 166. 183, 204, 215, 229, 251
"Luck," and "Pluck"; or, "One Letter did it." Rev. P. B. Power ... 152, 168
Lucknow, The Defence of 702

Mad John Burleigh. A Story of Heroic Self-sacrifice. Mrs. C. Garnett 529, 545, 561 577, 593, 609, 625, 641, 657, 673, 689, 705, 721, 737, 753, 769, 785, 801, 817
"Man Overboard!" 464
Man, The; or, Holiness in Living. Rev. J. H. Hitchens 534
Married Folk, Talks with. Phyllis Browne 300, 316, 343, 358, 374, 390, 406, 423, 438
Medical Men say, What 378
MEN THAT CAN'T.
The Man that Can't Wait 14
The Man that Can't See it 77
The Man that Can't hold his Tongue ... 86
The Man that Can't Forget Himself ... 126
The Man that Can't Look ahead ... 352
Mer de Glace, A Night on the. Mrs. L. Montague... 214
Millions of Money 512
Mistress of the Manor, The. F. B. Irving 695
Monkeys, Notes on Pet 607
Mont Blanc... 810
Moral Cyphers 159
More than a Friend 507
Mother's Love, A 605
Murderer, The Double 656
Musician's Daughter, The. M. B. Gerds 646
Musing and Amusing 15, 31
My Debt 512
My Friend Angus. J. Forester 156
My Friend Uncle Hamp. H. C. Wood... 280
My Passport to Glory 576
My Property down in Blankshire. Dr. Stables 504
My Topaz Ring. Lina Orman Cooper ... 55
My Wandering Lad. Mrs. E. T. Poole... 493

Nail-making at Halesowen 655
Names of Plants, The 32
Nature, Inventions from 751
Nature's Story-Book, Chapters from. Professor Haddon 452, 476, 492, 508, 524, 540, 556, 572
Needlework, Fancy. B. C. Saward ... 237
Nervous System, The. Dr. A. Wright ... 381
Night's Work, A 474
Nile, An Afternoon up the. H. Major 530, 552
Noble Life laid down, A. F. Burton Irving 92, 109, 124
No Harpoons 491
North Sea, Light for the. J. Runciman 711
Not a Cloud 494
"Not for Me" 558
Not Give up, but Take 611
Not Going Home 442
Not Lonely 420
"Not Worse than Others" 292
"Nothing to Hold on to" 195

PAGE

"Now I can Keep it" 420
"Nowhere in Particular." S. G. Prout 299

O-Jigoku, A Visit to the Pass of. Mrs. Orme-Webb 415
Old Hall Window, The 135
"One thousand five hundred Miles on Foot" 470
One Sin, or One Hundred Sins 512
Only One Sin 512
On Sitting still. Rev. J. B. Figgis ... 102
"On the Quay." L. O. Cooper ... 333
"Oonalaska": A Tale of a Far North Land. Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D., R.N. 49, 65, 81, 97, 113, 129, 145, 161, 177, 196, 209, 225, 243, 261, 277, 293, 309, 325, 341, 357, 373, 389, 408, 421, 437, 456, 472, 488
Opportunities. Rev. J. Sisson Cooper ... 292
Oriental Archery. A. T. Sibbald ... 235
Our Monthly Talk. The Editor ... 68, 148, 212, 308, 420, 484, 564, 634, 699
Our New Weekly. The Editor 5
"Out of his Mind" 90

Pagans, Letters to. E. Butler 766
Paper-Making in Kent. H. H. Bourn ... 719
Parable from the Past, A 294
Parliamentary Reporting in England ... 684
Parrots, Sheep-eating. C. F. Gordon-Cumming 791
Pens, Ink, and Paper; or, The Story of our Writing Materials. Rev. D. C. Hunt... 176
Phonograph, The. C. Gordon-Cumming 266
Photographers, Wrinkles for Amateur ... 638
Photographic Club, How to Organise a Postal. J. E. Fearn 445
Photographic Inklings 604
Photography. A. H. Wall 39, 79, 107, 134
Pirate of the Air, A. 520
Places Worth Seeing. W. Alford ... 568
Planet Venus and the Star of the Magi, The 213
Plants of a Strange Land, The Strange ... 424
Plants, The Names of 32
Post Office, The: What it does, and how it does it. An Official 745, 763, 774, 792, 806
Practical Faith 190
Preparing for the Battle of Life. P. Browne 678
Prisons, Russian. M. F. Billington ... 283
Prize Competitions, 15, 106, 117, 126, 138, 142, 158, 167, 170, 195, 253, 254, 260, 263, 269, 276, 283, 296, 308, 317, 324, 332, 350, 405, 446, 478, 484, 494, 507, 510, 526, 539, 555, 558, 574, 606, 619, 622, 638, 702, 711, 750, 781
Prizefighter's Conversion, The 542
Profession, A Neglected 241
Pronouns, Possessive 756
Prospects 117
Prussia, Queen Louise of. B. C. Finch 428, 444, 454
Puzzles, 127, 239, 246, 247, 266, 302, 335, 350, 355, 404, 471, 526, 542, 558, 574, 606, 638, 670, 686, 718, 734, 749, 766, 814, 823

"Quit you like Men." Emily S. Holt ... 246

Railway Tickets. A. T. Sibbald ... 356
Rain. Rev. J. B. Faunthorpe 399
Reality. M. F. Freeman 340
Recipes 574, 654, 670, 686, 718, 750, 763, 781, 814
Recreation. Major Seton Churchill .. 164
Recreations, Scientific 445
Rectitude in Action. Rev. J. H. Hitchens 314
Red Tape. Felix Ferry 396
Religious Muffs. Major Seton Churchill 6
Remember to— 654
Reporting in England, Parliamentary ... 684
Rest 64
"Richest Man in the Wolds," The ... 464
Rings, Origin and Talismanic Virtue of. A. T. Sibbald 567
Roman Letter, An old. Rev. Canon Dobbin, MA. 59
Rule o' Thumb. Felix Ferry 380
Russian Prisons. M. F. Billington ... 283

	PAGE
Sad Story, A. Rev. B. G. Richardson ...	334
St. Anthony, The Story of. Eva Travers Evered Poole	14
St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland ...	112
Salvation? Must we not Work out our...	656
"Saved from the Wreck"	608
Scientific Recreations	445
Sea, Facts about the	751
Sea-Marks, Science as applied to ...	586
Sea-Otter, The, ...	193
Sea-Shore, At Home by the. C. F. Gordon-Cumming	758
Sending a Dog by Telegraph	720
Separation from Sin and Separation unto God. W. Gourlay 510,	526
Sergeant's Last Halt, The...	254
Sermons in Shoes. Rev. T. L. Cuyler ...	718
Sheep-eating Parrots. C. F. Gordon-Cumming	791
Shield, The: Protection, Defence, Victory	112
Ships, Rotten	576
Shop Windows 744,	760
Silver Mine, Our Visit to a. Mrs. Orme-Webb	279
Sister Dora. Fanny Burton Irving 28,	44
Six-eighteen Train, The; or, Helen's Lesson in Self-Control	682
Six Trains a Day round the World ...	606
Skeleton, The Obliging. E. Butler ...	158
Skrat, The Superstition of the. A. T. Sibbald	652
Slates. A. T. Sibbald	475
Sleep, The Golden Truth about	285
Snakes, Something about. Rev. J. G. Wood	764
Sneezing. T. L. Robinson	93
Soap and Water, The Chemistry of. L. M. Billing	602
Socrates: The Sage of Athens	448
Soldier's Letter, The	670
Son's Petition, A	548
Soot, A Fall of	656
Spectrum Analysis. M. H. Birkbeck ..	815
Spiders, Ballooning, Sailing, and Swimming. H. McCook	632
Spiders, Something about. Rev. J. G. Wood	725
Spring, The Harbinger of. Capt. J. J. Johnston	459
Squalls!! G. de la Plante	295
Squire's Problem, The: Much, Some, or None 376,	392
"Stand where the Fire has Been" ...	679
Star of Bethlehem, The. Rev. Canon Dobbin	310
Star of Tel-el-Kebir	608
Start, On a Good. E. Butler	458
Stick like a Limpet to a Rock	574
"Stop! Don't write there"	117
"Storm and Wind fulfilling His Word. A. Shipton	590
Story of Jacques and his Song, The ...	511
Straight Paths and Pitfalls. Rev. J. Hiles Hitchens	346
Stylish Coach, A; or, My Grandmother's Adventure	160
Substitute: What is it? A	512
"Suffer little Children to come unto Me." R. J. Minns	579
Sunday Afternoon Classes, Pleasant, ...	366
Sunday School Classes. Rev. J. H. Thorpe	606
Sundays in a Year, Fifty-eight	374
Superstition of the Skrat, The. A. T. Sibbald	652
Sweating System, About the. M. F. Billington	501
Swimming Feat, David Whippy's ...	750
"Swords" and "Honeycombs" ...	27
Talent *v.* Tact	496
Talk by the Towing Path, A	336
Tea, A Chat on. J. E. Fearn	286
Teachers, Three P's for the. Rev. J. H. Thorpe	318
Teaching: What it is and What it is not...	16
Tel-el-Kebir, A Relic of	756
Teneriffe	728
Thames in a Double Canoe, Down the ...	799
"Thank God for such a Mother" ...	750
"Thank you, Captain"	590
That House in London. L. T. Meade 257, 273, 289, 305, 321, 337, 353, 369, 385, 401, 417, 433, 449, 465, 481, 497,	513
"That's your Sort." S. G. Prout ...	221
Thrift and Charity	32
Through the Mud in Neat's Lane. A. S. Fletcher	85
Time, On being in: a Word to Teachers. Rev. J. H. Thorpe	463
Time, The Meaning of the Word ...	378
Told in a Line 10, 148, 212,	228
Training, Physical. Rev. T. Davidson ...	436
Tree, A Fallen. Rev. J. G. Wood ...	804
Tried with Fire	16
Trouble on Board the *Halicore*. J. Runciman	820
True History of an Unknown Hero, The. Mrs. Gregg	783
"Turners," New York. Gymnastic Society	222
Two Brothers, The. Lady Hope ...	826
Two "Excepts," The	366
Two Records; or, "Well done, Young Man"	371
Two Seals, The	575
Two Sides of the Slate; or, Christopher Kerril's Accounts	141
Under the Sea; or, Divers and Diving. Tracey Layard Robinson	24
"Union is Strength;" or Ants and their Antics	160
Veils, On. E. Butler 252,	263
Violin, The Old. E. Knapp	71
Vulpine Strategy. H. W. Elliott ...	703
Waiting	576
Wanted, A Cab. A. Shipton	96
"Warranted to Remove all Stains" ...	592
Washing, Facts about	234
Wasps. Rev. J. G. Wood, F.L.S. ...	171
Wasted Half-hours...	106
Watershed of 1887–8, The. E. Butler ...	133
Well worth Reading	798
What makes a Soldier?	816
What Medical Men say	378
Whatnot, How we made our	422
What shall I be?	151
What's in a Name? W. Tirebuck ...	396
Whirlwind Reapers. Mrs. John Brett ...	7
White Cross Society, The...	454
White Robes	756
Why did he go there? F. B. Irving ...	383
Wife, The Word	496
William Mompesson; or, the Plague at Eyam	468
Wineta; or, the Buried Village. E. H. Knapp	480
Wits at Work	77
Woman, The Ideal...	766
Won by Working; or, His Father's Gold. Georgina Gollock 22, 37,	60
Wordswoth's Joy in Nature. J. H. Rose, M.A. 84, 108, 116,	132
Workhouse Boy who became a great Author, The 288,	304
Worth Remembering 757,	790
Wrinkles for Amateur Photographers ...	638
Yale *v.* Oxford or Cambridge	170
"Ye are My Witnesses." Rev. B. G. Richardson	398
Y.M.C.A. Bible Class Lessons 255, 271, 287, 303, 319, 335, 351, 431, 447, 479, 560, 624, 688,	768
Y.M.C.A. Items ... 212, 254, 271, 302, 334, 364, 388,	558
Young Man and His Friends, The. M. Butler Gerds	94
Young Men, Of Interest to... 223, 238, 287, 302, 307, 330, 350, 430, 446, 526,	558
Young Men's Defences	111
"Your Sin will find you out." M. F. Freeman	430
"You've got yours." S. G. Prout ...	411

POETRY.

Above our Heads? J. E. Jones	294
"All thy wants . . . upon Me." J. L. Stanley	574
Buried Sunbeams. Lettice Downing ...	20
Christmas Strain, A	119
Cloud-Drifts...	67
Come! A Contrast...	405
Cry of the Sons of Men, The	39
Even as a Day that is Spent	438
"Faithful unto Death"	764
Glad Refrain, A	407
Grandfather...	106
Harvest Home, The	660
"He and She"	95
Inventor's Wife, The. E. T. Corbett ...	580
Last Night of the Year, The	138
"Life's Voyage." S. F. Forrest... ...	551
Love of God, The	10
Meaning of A.1., The. W. Tirebuck ...	653
Mother's Love, A. W. H. Ross... ...	372
My Friend. An Ideal	228
Night Mists. W. H. Ross	583
Old Legend, An	394
Poet's Aim, The	487
Ribbon of Blue, The	798
Roses. M. S. Haycraft	571
Saved. M. S. Haycraft	535
Seven Wonders of the World, The ...	228
Snowdrops. M. S. Haycraft	149
Spring Song, A. E. H. Knapp... ...	428
Still Hour, The	362
Sum of it all, The	295
To a Bride. T. H. Engall	461
To a Bridegroom. T. H. Engall ...	469
To Kate	604
Toward Evening. M. J. Hurrell... ...	741
Trifling Loss, A. Rt. Hon. Lord Plunkett	712
Twenty-First Birthday Ode, A	629
Two Dogs, The	349
Wind Waves. W. H. Ross	199
Winter	167
Word Echoes	23

MUSIC.

Crucified and Crowned. Composed by Charles Vincent, Mus. Doc., Oxon. Words by E. H. Bickersteth	427
"Flown Away." Composed by J. F. Swift. Words by M. S. Haycraft ...	692
"I Would be Drawn much Closer." Composed by J. S. Mitchell. Words by Rev. H. G. Thwaites	789
Little Song of Sadness, A. Composed by Samuel Gee, R.A.M.	365
My Sister. Composed by Charles Vincent, Mus. Doc., Oxon. Words by E. H. Bickersteth	13

Nov 5th 1887

"A.1."

ONE PENNY.

WEEKLY — Edited by Mrs STEPHEN MENZIES

ERIC OLSSON'S MINDE RING.

By Mrs. Garnett, Author of "Our Navvies," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE ENGLISH STRANGER.—LIFE IN GUDVANGEN.

AT the lower end of the Grand Pass of the Nærodal in Norway, the ravine widens, and space is found for a few corn patches, some small potato fields,



"She was the fairest maiden for miles around."

and a river-side planting of alder and birch bushes, whose young twigs and withered leaves will form the winter sustenance of the cows when they return from the sæters, and of the few which may be seen ranging the pasture lands that extend a mile or two up the gorge.

The nimble creatures, in search of nutriment, make their way up the sides of the lowering cliffs, which are terrific in their awful grandeur, and the sweet clang of the cow-bells is heard amidst the grey rocks, hundreds of feet above the high road which winds through the vale below, and terminates at Gudvangen, in the clear, still green waters of the Næröfjord.

Hardly a mile inland from the fjord, stands a group of cottages. They are built of wood, and are a deep red brown in colour; the roofs project; the windows are small, and admit but very little light through the dull, thick panes. By each doorway stands a wood stack. In winter, buried in snow, and all the sunshine, seldom as it comes at all, excluded by the awful heights of the Sjerpenut, it is indeed a dreary place. But the little hamlet lay warm and picturesque in the sunlight, that summer's Sunday morning. The small window-panes sparkled, the wooden walls glowed with shades of Burnt sienna and Indian Lake; tall poppies stood stiffly up, and nodded their scarlet heads in the softly swaying breeze. The women came out to sit on the decaying beam which lay near the road-side, to watch the children as they climbed over the disused snow-plough, and gathered the flowers of the wild thyme, racing merrily to lay their pungent offerings on the old grandmother's knee. Presently the smallest of them all, a wee girl in a thick blue valmal gown and white linen cap, grew weary. The old woman lifted her into her lap, and in a cracked, shrill voice, chanted the metrical version of the twenty-third Psalm; then the little head nestled on to her shoulder, and the child slept, with its two little brown fists still clasping her drooping poppies and ox-eyed daisies.

The Sabbath in Norway is often passed without a Service, for the churches are long distances apart, and the præst takes them in turn. If a church stands on the shore of a fjord, it is a pretty sight to see a score of boats, heavily laden with the gaily dressed peasants, making their way over the waters to the sacred gathering point. There neighbours meet, and greetings are exchanged; and, as in Scotland, a long Service rewards those who come so far to hear it; none wearying of the Word of God, and as many men as women crowding to worship and to listen with undoubting faith. But when unable to attend a Service, still the peasants do not forget the Sabbath-day. They bring out their old black-lettered Bibles and books of Psalmody; the covers are heavy, and the clasps often of massive silver. So it was upon this Sunday morning. Anna, the little one's mother, read aloud, in her droning voice, the chapter which tells of Jesus walking on the water, and of Peter's ardent love, yet wavering faith. The words passed into the hearts of the listeners, and they realised that if they also loved truly, they too often let their fears hide the Lord from their sight, and a silence fell upon them all.

With the group stood Ammitta Loen, or, as she was generally called, Mitta Bersdatter. She was the fairest maiden for miles around. Light, supple, but strong were her rounded limbs; her fair hair hung in two long plaits down her back; her eyes were blue as the sky overhead. and looked out with calm cheerfulness from under her broad forehead; smiles lurked about her mouth, and dimples came and went on her rosy cheeks. She listened with but a half-interest to the monotonous tones of her mother's voice, as they rose and fell in an even cadence; for as yet she lived in the present, and for her eternal realities had no interest. She paid no attention at all to the children, for her eyes were fixed on the road, and down the whole length she looked towards the station. This structure consisted of two wooden inns, crowded often with English tourists, and beyond both these, one could see the pier and the green-grey waters of the Næröfjord. She was not alone in the eager watch she kept. At the window of the nearest cottage, a white attenuated face was seen, the face of a lad of nineteen. His dark eyes burnt feverishly, and his brown hair hung in dank locks about his forehead. No glimpse of his figure could be gained, only the gleam of the white face showed behind the glass. His eyes were sometimes turned to the distant fjord, but more frequently were fixed on Mitta; and then their impatient expression changed to one of peace and restfulness.

Presently there rang through the clear air the distant bell of the approaching steamer. Just then, there strolled up to the group of women an English traveller, attired in cricketing flannels and a grey coat. He was a young-looking man, and pleasant, with a keen eye and kindly smile. Raising his straw helmet, he politely wished the women "Good morning," to which they smilingly responded "Gud dag;" and then the stranger seated himself on the grass, and began to make friends with the children, showing them his watch, and letting them count the tag-holes in his boots. He glanced up now and again at the tall, fair girl whose knitting rested so idly in her hands, but she, after her first bright look of welcome, took no further notice of him, but gazed away at the fjord. Suddenly a flush came to her cheek, a light to her eyes, and then she turned and walked away towards the cottages, round the angle of the first of which she was quickly hidden.

The Englishman looked after her with some surprise, and, as he did so, caught sight of the white face still gleaming behind the window-pane, and pressed close to the glass. He could not see it distinctly, but it seemed both a sick and sad one; both states appealed to his kind heart, and he motioned to Lisbet Loen to observe it. She nodded her head energetically, and, speaking quickly in Norse, pointed to another of the women. Then both tried to explain something to the Englishman; but what it was they wished him to understand, he could not make out, neither could he comprehend their signs, which seemed to imply the breaking of something.

While they were busy speaking, a man who had come in by the steamer and had walked quickly up to the hamlet, joined them, and was received with exclamations of welcome. He was of middle height, with dark hair and serious dark-grey eyes; his complexion was bronzed by the weather, and both dress and bearing proclaimed him to be a sailor. He listened to the statement of the women, and then turned to the foreigner and said in English: "You want, sir, to know who that is? That is my brother, Lars Olsson; he is sick."

"Is he?" cried the Englishman eagerly. "I am a doctor; can I see him?"

"Yes, with many thank you's, sir," said the sailor, taking off his cap and standing henceforward bare-headed. "Here we have only district medical officers, they come round but seldom, and a doctor costs much money. I have often said when at Liverpool or Hull, would that poor Lars was in the beautiful English hospital."

The man spoke with a singular accent, but though sometimes hesitating for a word, quite intelligibly.

"Then he has been long ill? Is it here?" asked the doctor, touching his own chest.

"Ah, no, it is his leg and his arm broken."

"I am a surgeon, a doctor who mends bones. How did it happen?"

"Tell the gentleman, Eric Olsson," urged Lisbet, who had caught the meaning of the conversation.

He nodded. His face had flushed; his eyes brightened, and he twirled his cap rapidly in one hand, as he pointed with the other.

"We are brothers, sir. Our father and mother died long ago; we live with our Uncle Agdur and our Aunt Kirstin," pointing to a thin woman, over middle age, who formed one of the group. "I ever loved the water. First I got on to a fish boat on the Sogne, which went down to Bergen, and thence on board an English ship which sails between Hull and Leith and Bergen, Christiania and Tronjheim. I have likewise been to Liverpool, wherefore I speak the English. Lars stayed at home; he is four years younger than I. He was twelve years with Agdur, and helped with the farm and went to the sæter. All went well for years, and we did as others do in Norway, not rich as you, Mr. Englishman, would think; but with sufficient of fladbrod, cheese, with potatoes and fish to eat, and good sheepskin for the beds. Then last winter it was cold, very cold; it snowed all day for three weeks, see you. It was dark all that time here in Gudvangen; the beasts had to be fed indoors. Lars had much work. Then the snow ceased, and the frost grew strong again. Agdur had some hay up there," and the sailor pointed to the rugged side of the Slobjörgemit, "where back between there, and there in the hollow, is a little field. The fodder had not been brought down, because the hay house here was full, so they covered it over and left it, and now, because the beasts had little left to eat, Lars must go to fetch it. It was a dangerous climb, being slippery, but he brought one load down on his sleigh; then he went again, but he came not back. Kirstin and Lisbet and the rest of the women grew afraid, but the men said all was well. Many hours passed, and it would soon be evening, so they went at last to look, and there"—pointing to a plateau some hundreds of feet up—"they found Lars. He was dragging a good load of hay, when he came on a great lump of 'gammel' snow; it broke away and carried him down with the sleigh and many loose rocks; and his leg here," said Eric, touching his own knee, "and his arms were broken. They carried him home and fetched the hay next day, but poor Lars has been in his chair ever since. It was only the good Lord who saved his life."

"Yeg, Yeg," said the women eagerly. Their eyes had followed the sailor's gestures, and they now in a troop attended the doctor to the cottage, and waited about the door as the men and Kirstin went within.

It was a strange change from the brightness, space, and grandeur of outside nature to that cottage interior. They stepped down into a low-roofed room; the floor of beaten earth, the ceiling of heavy brown beams.

The whole furniture of the place consisted of a couple of beds in rough bedsteads, a table, a bench, and two or three chairs. In one of the chairs, which had arms, but could not be called easy, and seated on a couple of poor cushions, with a pillow at his back, and wrapped in an old thin blanket, sat, as close to the window as he could be placed, Lars Olsson, much wasted by his long illness. The doctor bent down and examined his leg ; the right knee was bent and had become fixed in that position ; the bones of his left wrist had sustained what is known amongst medical men as "Coles's fracture," and was fearfully misplaced and out of shape. The doctor looked about for something to make a splint of, but in vain, so Eric ran out and brought in a piece of chip from the wood pile, but it would not bend. At length the Englishman espied, on a shelf made by one of the cross beams on the low ceiling, a few old books, and tore the covers off the largest one. Lars clasped his hands and cried so earnestly, "No, no, not my books!" that his brother went to his side, took his hand tenderly, and tried to console him. Kirstin, too, could hardly restrain her tears, when the doctor coolly seized on a poor dish-cloth which was drying on a string after being washed, and tore it into bandages.

"Now, Eric, kneel here. Hold your brother's foot *so:* I am going to straighten the knee. Now!"

The women at the door started back as they heard poor Lars' piercing shrieks, and the tears rolled down Eric's cheeks as he knelt without flinching, and saw his brother clasp his thin hands, and turn round in his chair, appealing to Kirstin, who stood by his side, trying to comfort him in her thin, trembling voice.

"Soon, soon it will be over," she said. "Drink some water, my little one ; oh, my poor one, drink. Be patient, for the Lord's sake!"

It was over in a few seconds, and then the doctor swiftly and skilfully bandaged on the improvised splint, and helped Eric to place the lad in his bed.

"If I had your brother in the Stanley Hospital at Liverpool, I could cure this leg, and I think this wrist too—at all events, make it serviceable ; but I dare not do more to-day. He must stay in bed with his leg thus for three months to come. At any rate, it is straighter, and I hope may improve."

"Mange tak, mange tak," cried Lars, looking up to the kind face of the doctor, and kissing his hand fervently.

"My brother thanks you, sir," said Eric.

"Yes, I see that. Poor lad, I only wish I could do more for him ; but, to make a cure, he needs carefully watching and nursing for months, and I fear you have no means of that kind here."

"Sir," said Eric slowly, "if I could bring Lars to Liverpool, could you put him in that hospital you mention?"

"Yes, certainly. See," said the doctor. smiling, "I promise, if you will bring him, I will look after him myself. This is my card, on it is the name of my home, and the hospital in Liverpool."

"What does the gentleman say?" questioned the sick youth, eagerly.

His brother translated the opinion. Lars' pallid face flushed, then his eye moistened, and he turned his face to the wall and wept —at first silently, then soon with but half-stifled sobs.

"Do not cry," said Kirstin ; "it is the will of God." But her own voice trembled, and she hid her face in her apron.

"It is easy to say that," cried Lars ; "but look at Eric. If it is the will of God, I say," he cried passionately, "it is a hard will—a very hard will—and why should it come to me? What harm have I done? Why should I be for ever lame and ill, when a little money would take me to England, and I should return hither as strong as Eric or any one else? I do not like the will of God, if that it is. I hate it."

"Oh, hush! my little one, hush!" cried his aunt, who was shocked.

But Lars sobbed on in passionate grief. The doctor, though he could not understand the words, guessed at the despair the lad's tones conveyed, and was glad to escape from the painful scene. He came out from the dimness of the hut into the Pass. The blue sky was flecked with filmy clouds, and the sun shone warmly on the high cliffs of the Nærödfjord, and glittered on the surface of its deep blue waters, which reflected the surrounding cliffs and the motionless steamer, with its lazy trail of white vapour.

Eric remained by the bedside. He held the card in his hand. He could not thank his friend, but he wrung the gentleman's hand fervently, and waited for an hour at the door of Helland's, till the Englishman again appeared, and then, lifting his portmanteau, carried it on board the boat. As the moment of parting came, he gained courage again to speak.

"Sir," and there was a wistful look in his eyes, "are you *sure* my brother could be cured if he came to England?"

"As certain as it is possible to be, where there must be a doubt. We have treated worse cases in the hospital successfully."

Eric gazed down the fjord, but he did not see the circling gulls or the beetling rocks ; he looked farther than the vista of blue waters, even over the untravelled years of the future—his brother's future and his own. His eyes enlarged, and the gloom of a deep anguish darkened them.

Just as the steam-boat was preparing to throw off, he roused himself, for Ammitta Loen stepped across the deck, and with a smile, offered the Englishman two red grouse and a basket full of ripe raspberries, and darted back again. "Farvel! farvel" she cried from the little pier, waving her hand, and the Englishman thought she made a pretty picture, with the Norwegian sailor by her side, and a background of the long vista of glittering rocks and golden misty light about her.

A week later he was back in all the rush and whirl of a busy life in a great city, and the remembrance of his last morning at Gudvangen faded, and became indistinct as a shadow from another world. Each day, many cases of bitter distress and suffering crowded in upon his notice, and in doing the Christ-like work of healing the sick and ministering to the poor, he forgot the pale, discontented face of Lars Olsson. But in Gudvangen the English doctor was well remembered. He had brought new thoughts into many minds. To do good is a certain road to the kind remembrance of others.

CHAPTER II.

AMMITTA.

WHAT the English doctor had done for Lars Olsson became the talk of the hamlet, and the remembrance of his brief visit lingered longer amongst the neighbours, than would have been the case in any place where stirring events more frequently happened. The peasants saw hundreds of English men and women come and go. Some even stayed weeks in the gorge, but they came and went without any care for the sorrows or trials of the natives ; without remembering that God has made all of one great brotherhood, and has redeemed all nations by the same awful Sacrifice.

The strangers came to enjoy themselves, and they did so ; they were kind and cheerful because they were happy, but that was all. Here, one had come with a touch of natural sympathy, and so he was not forgotten ; and when his brief visit had passed, he left influences behind him which remained in these peasant hearts and lives for many a day.

To Lars himself, who for nine months had been a cripple, it had been a revelation. At first he had fought against his hard fate. He had insisted on being helped from his bed to the seat by the window, although the pain was very great ; but, at length, even his hope that he was progressing towards recovery dwindled away and died. Eric was seldom at home ; his Uncle Agdur and his Aunt Kirstin having now extra work to do, had no time to devote to him. After breakfast, when he had his piece of fladbrod, and his dip into the gröd bowl, the same as they, he was left alone for hours, sometimes even until the evening. His one pleasure was when Ammitta Loen came in to see him. Then she would shake his pillows, give him water to drink, bring him at dinner-time a potato, or a bit of fish hot from her mother's fire, or tell him the news of the hamlet, which, trifling as it was, interested him.

The four precious books they possessed, he had read and re-read till he knew them by heart, although in the book of Psalmody, with the darkly-worn wooden covers and leathern clasps, he took little interest. The Psalms spoke too much of resignation, and of the Will of God, and he loved to think of neither. He rebelled, he did not submit, and he had no *wish* to submit, for his heart was fierce, not softened by his great sorrow. He read simply to distract his attention ; and when his uncle could bring him an old copy of the "*Norges Communikator*," he was for a time content. After all, however, his chief comforter was Mitta. Sometimes she would bring her horn, on which she could play well, and would make for the invalid as soft music as the instrument was capable of giving out.

Her grandmother, the old Ammitta, after whom she had been named, had ever been fond of telling her numerous grandchildren the legends of the olden times. Mitta had loved to hear her ; and now, as she sat by Lars, either knitting or weaving the thick gay coverlets called aaklveder, so much sought after in the Vosse, she would while away the long hours with tales of the water-woman, who was surely seen gliding around the Twinde Foss as the sun sets in autumn ; or of the old warrior Jordal, who lives in a cave even now on the Yordals' Nuten, though centuries have gone since the evil spirits put him there, and whom the solitary traveller, if he be overtaken by darkness, hears blowing his horn with a hollow sound, which re-echoes down the Nærodal. She knew Sagas of the Vikings, too ; of how, in the old days, fair and beautiful islands could be seen, low and dim, floating on the sea by night ; and how, as the Vikings passed in their vessels, they beheld halls high and lordly, shining white in the moonlight, and heard the songs of the revellers inside ; and how then the sea-kings sailed away with speed, for well they knew that, should they land there, there, until Ragnarök (the end of time) they must

remain, and never see their homes and wives and children in Norseland again. At sunrise each morning, the islands, even that which was fairest of all, disappeared beneath the waves until the evening twilight came, and then again would they rise and float over the ocean waves as before; until Thjalfer the Strong sailed his ship right on to the dim shore, lighted a fire, ate food, and praised the name of the Lord; then the island remained stationary, and all the others sank and were seen no more, but this one remained, and his children live there still.

Such, and many others, were the tales Mitta would tell, and the sick young man's eyes never left her face. When she ceased, he would hold out his thin hand, clasp hers, and so fall asleep. Mitta would sit very still for fear of waking him, and would smile as she thought of a happy visionary land which some day she should step on, and find solid beneath her feet.

She was full of compassion for Lars, but nothing more. He, as the days went by, grew to love her, as the poor plant in some dark cellar loves the sun, and with all the longing strength of its imprisoned nature, turns yearningly towards the light which shines down through a distant crevice. Even so Lars watched for Mitta, and the day was sad to him when she came not. But now, since the English doctor had been, he cared no longer for the Sagas; he could think of one thing only, the words of the doctor, "If I had him in England, I could cure him." He said to his aunt and uncle, "If I could only get to England, I should be well;" and they answered, "But you cannot go; it would cost many kröner, and we have no money at all. Be content, the good Lord may take you to heaven soon, and there it matters not if your legs are straight or bent. Be content."

Lars knew it was true that they had no money; but as he lay on his chaff bed, he wondered all day long how he could get to England. He spoke of nothing else to Mitta, and from being outwardly quiet and patient, he grew impatient and complaining. He became more cross every day, so that all the neighbours kept away, and the children were no longer glad to bring him raspberries and cloudberries, but peeped through the window at him, and then quickly ran off again. Ammitta alone continued to come, but she, too, was often weary of the fretting voice and unthankful spirit of the lad. Only one motive can make such a service supportable, and she had not yet learnt that one.

She was kind-hearted, and in a way she was religious. She might dare unthinkingly to trust herself to walk on the waters if the Lord should say, "Come;" but if the waves hid Him from her sight, then she, like the apostle of old, must needs sink.

(*To be continued.*)



"Ammitta Loen stepped across the deck."

DARE TO BE A DANIEL.

THIRTY years ago, more or less, there was a boy in Scotland who would go to sea. His name was James. On his first voyage to Calcutta, he kept up the habit of praying in the forecastle before turning in to his hammock as a matter of course. He had been accustomed to do so regularly at home, and he continued regularly to do so at sea. Nobody said anything to him about it, but Bob Shearer, an able seaman, watched him.

One of the seamen was "a rough," whose name was Robert. But no sailor was ever called Robert; so, to distinguish him and Shearer, the one was called English Bob and the other Scotch Bob. One night, soon after the homeward voyage began, James was on his knees, when the eye of English Bob happened to fall on him.

"I declare," he cried, with an oath, "here's a younker praying! Did you ever?" And thereupon he flung a heavy shoe at his head with an excellent aim. Before James had time to rise, Scotch Bob had the coward by the throat, and told him to come upstairs and settle with him at once.

The result was, that English Bob got wholesomely and very soundly thrashed. That night James went into his hammock without praying. But Scotch Bob came and pitched him out. "What do you mean, you young coward? Say your prayers, like a man. Do you think I'm going to fight for you and be disgraced in this way?"

And so James never again failed to kneel before he slept, and feels to this day that his being ashamed of his Father in heaven and of the Saviour who died for him, was well rebuked by the friendly courage of Bob Shearer.

Long after, when his name had a title before it, and he was at the head of his profession, James had pleasure in finding Bob Shearer's mother, and bringing her to visit the mother who taught him to pray. James is still living, and it is from himself we have this story.



"The New Illustrated Weekly. Have you seen it?"

OUR NEW WEEKLY.

By THE EDITOR.

DEAR FRIENDS,—

Already the *éclat* of our new Illustrated Weekly, with its unique and striking title, has gone on before, and from many quarters flattering comments and hearty words of congratulation have been pouring in.

Perhaps our name does imply a somewhat lofty ideal. Be it so. Is it not well to aim high? Our new Paper is entitled "A. 1.," because we believe it will be classed as "sound, strong, and seaworthy." God prosper our new-built craft, and fill her sails with fresh, briny, bracing gales of noble purpose and principle. May she speed safely across life's ocean many a character and career which otherwise might drift upon rocks, or sandy, fatal shoals. I am not the least surprised if many of you have already exclaimed,—

"What! another Weekly!"

And not unreasonably; for our Library tables and Bookstalls groan beneath a crowd of Magazines, jostling against each other as if struggling for very existence. To launch another was a responsible step, not, however, undertaken without prayerful consideration, and now, with the fullest confidence of success. To secure this, we have determined to spare neither time, cost, nor labour.

Touching upon topics of interest both to Young Men and Young Women, we anticipate a world-wide welcome for "A. 1." It has already enlisted the hearty support of a large number of able and well-known Authors.

When we are privileged to place upon our list the following

Contributors.

R. M. Ballantyne.
Henry H. Bourn.
Phyllis Browne.
W. August Carter.
Major Seton Churchill.
J. Clifford, D.D.
Catharine Drew.
Thain Davidson, D.D.
Mrs. Garnett.
Agnes Giberne.
Miss Gordon Cumming.
Philip Gosse, F.R.S.
Hon. Mrs. Greene.
W. Spotswood Green, F.R.S.
Rev. F. B. Meyer.
Rev. W. Haslam.
Margaret Haycraft.
J. Hiles Hitchens, D.D.
Lady Hope.
Alice Lang.
Lady John Manners.
Emma Marshall.
Walter J. May.
Daniel McCoy.
L. T. Meade.
Rev. E. W. Moore.
Rev. Handley G. Moule.
Mrs. Orman-Cooper.
Mrs. Evered Poole.
S. Gillespie Prout, R.A.
T. Layard Robinson.
M. Butler Gerds.
B. C. Saward.
Catharine Shaw.
Mrs. Skinner.
Dr. Gordon Stables, R.N.
Canon Taylor, D.D.
Mrs. Wemyss-Whittaker.
Miss M. L. Whately.
Rev. J. G. Wood, F.L.S.

we need say very little about our future

Plans and Prospects.

We do not intend to be dull; on the contrary, my conviction is that pure, elevating reading may be made so attractive as to eclipse the fascination of what is unreal and injurious. Whilst the highest spiritual standard will be unflinchingly raised, we shall seek to fill our columns with bright, manly, incisive writing. The illustrations will be numerous and high-class, by our best artists.

Although the range of subjects which we hope to cover is but imperfectly indicated below, our General Programme will suffice to show the class of writing we shall always aim to secure for our readers.

Amongst our striking

Serial Stories

will be the following:—

"N.B.; or, His Responsibility."
By AGNES GIBERNE.
Oonalaska; A Tale of the Far North West.
By DR. GORDON STABLES, R.N.
Mad John Burleigh.
By MRS. GARNETT.
The Ghost of the Lavender Room.
By HON. MRS. GREENE.
An Exciting Serial Story.
By L. T. MEADE.
Lilian's Hope.
By CATHARINE SHAW.
Fine Gold Changed.
By MRS. MARSHALL.
Leaves from the Log of a Gentleman Gipsy.
By DR. GORDON STABLES, R.N.
Love, Courtship, and Marriage.
By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

Whilst Travel, Adventures, Biography, Science, Art, and Athletics will find their place, Series of Papers will appear in early Numbers on British Industries, Photography, Marine Zoology, the Laws of Health, Teaching in Technical Schools, Household Management, Artistic Needlework, Social Subjects, the Art of Cookery, etc., etc. Remunerative Employments for Women—one of the burning questions of the day—will be ably taken up as opportunity arises.

Practical inquiries will, as far as possible, be answered in our Crisp Correspondence Column, which we specially wish to use as a medium of communication with those in spiritual difficulty. Bible students and Sunday-school teachers will find jottings and suggestive material for *their* work, from time to time.

When we remember that OUR OWN GAZETTE has reached a monthly circulation of over 104,000, we may reasonably expect that "A. 1." will not long be far behind.

You will already have gathered that our new Paper is intended for *all;* but I shall specially aim at providing forcible Articles that will interest our Young Men. I have little doubt but they will heartily respond, by taking up this Paper and appropriating it as their own; and, above all, I trust they will find in its pages every week, some definite spiritual help; for down in every human soul, there is an unfathomable yearning, which only Christ can meet and fully satisfy.

The world on the one hand, and the devil on the other, seek to allure and enchain. But God's purpose cannot be frustrated; "the prey *shall* be taken from the mighty." How many of us have known the saving, cleansing power of Christ, and are rejoicing in the glorious liberty of the children of God! Well may we praise Him.

That many of our readers may know the same peace and gladness, is the earnest desire and prayer of

Your sincere friend,

W. Jane Mewzies.

10, *Croxteth Road, Liverpool.*

RELIGIOUS MUFFS.

By MAJOR SETON CHURCHILL,
Author of "Stepping Stones," "Church Ordinances," etc., etc.

THERE is an old story told of a shoeblack, who, having recently been brought to a saving knowledge of Christ, said that if he had only to clean boots, he would try to polish them as well, if not better than any of his mates. Though a well-worn illustration, it is by no means a bad thing to remind ourselves, from time to time, of the truth conveyed in this saying. Possibly the story has already done much good, for it is a matter of common observation, that the type of Christians—especially among young men—one meets now, are, in some respects, superior to their predecessors of many years ago. One cannot help noticing that there is a more manly tone among earnest young Christians than there used to be, and that, consequently, there is less to be seen of the "religious muff." But still, as the breed is not absolutely extinct, it may not be out of place to say a few words on the subject.

The "muff" is well known to every schoolboy. He is the young fellow who can do nothing, and is absolutely without any force of character. It would be a libel on the fair sex to say that he was half a girl, as young ladies are sometimes very capable, and put such to shame. He is, however, a relic of a bygone age, when religion and ordinary mundane affairs were unnaturally divorced from each other, and when, consequently, men of the world looked upon religion as a thing suitable only for women and ecclesiastics. The one or two manly young fellows of a family were put into the army or navy, while the softer characters were consigned to the Church, as if manliness was not considered a suitable accomplishment for a Clergyman, whereas, as a matter of fact, there is no profession in the world which so much requires followers of the *Man* Christ Jesus. In a pushing, inquiring age like this, when religion is being tested in every conceivable manner, it is much more important than it ever was, that young Christians should show to the world at large that religion does not unfit them for the duties of life.

It is frequently said that there are more "muffs" among religious people than among any other class, in proportion to their numbers; and it is more than probable that the saying has some truth in it, though there is nothing whatever about religion to turn men into "muffs." The truth of the matter is, that young fellows who have a natural predisposition towards muffishness, and have not the energy to contend against it, receive the cold shoulder from men of the world. Finding themselves unwelcome by the irreligious, they often gravitate towards those who are kind enough to receive them, and when in their ranks, they often bring a sneer from the thoughtless upon the cause of Christ. Far from being any reproach to true religion, it is perhaps the highest compliment that could be paid to the cause of Christ, to say that His followers on earth are ever ready to receive with open arms those who are the world's outcasts. To assert that there are many "muffs" among religious people, is a very different thing from the vague charge so often made by the ignorant and unobservant, that religion makes people "muffs"—an assertion which is without a grain of truth.

The whole history of Christianity gives the lie to the charge that there is anything about true religion to make men unmanly. Christianity was founded by the *Man* Christ Jesus, and His followers are commanded to be followers or imitators of Him in all respects, including His dignified manliness, which enabled Him to stand alone with a scoffing world opposed to Him. Nor was this characteristic peculiar only to the Founder of Christianity, for His followers grasped this among the many other truths of the then new faith; and we find the Apostle Paul writing to Timothy: "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." The New Testament abounds with illustrations drawn from the life of the soldier, or that of the gladiator, suggesting that the followers of Christ Jesus should earnestly seek to cultivate and develop a manliness about their religion. Of this we may be quite sure, that had they not done so, they, at all events, would not have been used by God to carry the flag of truth into the very heart of the enemy's country.

Later on in the history of the world, when Christianity had degenerated, and when very false ideas existed as to what constituted a true Christian, was it not the grand old Invincible Ironsides of Cromwell who once more rescued the cause of Christ from the weak, flabby, backboneless characters who had brought disgrace upon the cause? For it must never be forgotten that the fine old early Puritans were a very different class of men from their more degenerate followers. The former were a manly set of fellows, who knew what it was to endure hardness, and to fight for their country and the cause of truth, of right against wrong, whereas the latter seemed to have been a more contemptible lot, who, seeing which way the wind blew, threw in their lot with, and called themselves by the name of, the early Puritan heroes. They sang Psalms, and picked up the phraseology of their predecessors, but they had none of their manliness of character. The fine old type of Puritans needed no hothouse of a monastery, or a convent, to protect their religion, as they were quite able to defend it against all comers.

When we come down to more modern times, we find the names of manly Christians so numerous that we could not nearly mention them all, but a few specimens may answer for the rest. Hedley Vicars and Hammond, who nobly fell in the Crimea; Sir Henry Havelock and Sir Henry Lawrence, who succumbed in the Indian Mutiny; and last, but not least, the brave hero, General Gordon, whose name is still a household word, associated with all that is noble and manly. In addition to these soldiers, there have been such splendid fellows in the navy as Admiral Sir Edward Parry; and among missionaries, men of the type of Henry Martyn and Gordon, of the C.M.S., Livingstone and Moffat, of the London Missionary Society, Judson, of the Baptists, and Bishop Pattison, of the S.P.G. Among statesmen and rulers, we have also had a good many of the type of Lord Cairns, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Lawrence, Sir Robert McLeod.

The examples of these heroes, who have only recently gone home, seem to be doing much good, for there cannot be a doubt that there has lately been a great increase of this type of Christian. No sooner did the brave Bishop Hannington and the Hon. Keith Falconer lay down their lives, than plenty of volunteers offered to go out to fill up their gaps. There is hardly a profession in the country where one cannot now find many fine, manly young fellows, like the three brothers of the name of Studd, who are not only eminent Christians, but first-rate cricketers, and able to hold their own at all games.

Religious people will always be called "muffs," whether true or not, by a certain class of the world who dislike them; but every one should aim to be like Daniel, against whom his enemies wanted to find fault, but they could find none, excepting in the matter of his serving his God. That able statesman lived in a very trying time, and had very great difficulties with which to contend; but even his enemies were bound to admit that they could find no flaw in his conduct. The tempter found in him no weak, irresolute character, but a rock firm and immovable, strengthened by his trust in his God. He was no "religious muff," but one who had learnt to endure hardness as a good soldier, and one who aimed to excel in that to which he turned his hand; and this might be the case with many more, if each one would bear in mind the truth, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

IT WAS REST HE WANTED.

YES, real, lasting inward peace. There was always something within fretting, disturbing, craving. It was not that he had done anything morally wrong. He was honest, and upright, and good-natured, and altogether a pleasant fellow. And yet, deep down beneath the surface, he was not happy. It was not because he was in debt or distress about money matters. He was a prosperous man. His tens had grown by sober, hard work into hundreds, and his hundreds were smilingly swelling into thousands. He was the envy of many.

But, in his innermost heart, there was a buried misery. It only now and then made itself felt. For he was a busy man, and business so absorbs the mind that it leaves little time for feeling. Then the laughing joys of home (for he had a merry family) lulled for a time the sad sensation within. But still it was there. He went to church regularly. He thought this was the right thing to do. The solemn service, the music, the prayers, soothed him. He found some consolation, too, in saying his prayers privately, and reading his Bible on Sundays. But still the old misery would keep coming up. Some would have tried to get rid of it by strong drink, or by gaiety; but when the effect of these has gone by, the heart is only left more wretched than before, craving for more, more, more, and ever always more. But my friend was not tempted in this direction. He tried to be good, he strove to be religious; but he was not really satisfied. He still had not *rest*. Have you, reader?

What was it that troubled him? It was not morbid feeling, nor sentiment, nor temperament. It was CONSCIENCE! Thank God, friend, thank God, before you read another line, that you have a living conscience. You might have been happy without God, if it had not been for your conscience. Some people smother their conscience, and kill it outright, and bury it out of their sight, and live happy and die happy, because they have a dead conscience. How terrible it will be, when it awakes on the other side of death, to sting and torment them for ever!

It was not so with my friend. He felt. If you had known him, you would have said he was one of the best men living, and happiest. And so he was, outside. But conscience is within. The eye of God is on the heart. The law of God has to do with the thoughts. The judgment of God is for "every secret thing." His great life-long sin was that, though he was living well, he

was not living for God. He would have lived just the same if there was no God. And he often wished there was none. But *he knew that he had to do with God.* This was the misery he tried so hard to bury.

But he found rest. I will tell you how. Jesus said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He came, as he thought, to Jesus; but there was no rest. He discovered there was still one sinful thing in his life, which he had not cast out. So conscience could not rest. He cast it out, and came again. But still he had no rest, until the Holy Spirit revealed to him, Jesus as the only Saviour, who had borne all his guilt, endured its penalty, and perfectly satisfied by His atoning sacrifice the demands of God's holy law. He came—he trusted—and at once he had peace. In true repentance, he had turned from sin; in child-like faith, he relied upon the death and merits of Christ. And in Christ he received perfect, enduring, gladdening REST.

WHIRLWIND REAPERS.

By Mrs. JOHN BRETT,
Author of "May Lester," etc.

"HERE we are at last! I never thought it would come true, did you, Erminie?"

"I *hoped* it would not, Gertrude."

"Ah! I forgot. In the rush and bustle of preparation, your special aversion to this particular mode of passing our time was lost sight of. "I believe we are quite near the course," said Gertrude, crossing over to the window. "Yes, we are; that *is* a delightful fact. We shall see a lot of the fun that others cannot."

"How so?"

"Why, Phil says the horses are exercised in the morning, which is a pretty sight, to say nothing of its being such an advantage."

"No advantage to us," said Erminie, looking over her sister's shoulder.

"Indeed it will, my dear; for if 'Loadstone' wins, it will put thirty pounds into my poor pocket. And by the same rule, if 'Sunflower' goes in first, I shall have to hand that amount to Phil. The advantage of being here is, that we shall get a better idea of which horse is likely to be the winner; and up to the last, there is the chance of so arranging the bets as not to lose."

"I am surprised at you and Phil," sighed Erminie; "and I do not think you ought to encourage him in betting. You cannot wonder at men, if women do the same thing."

"It is the greatest fun, I can assure you, Ermie; and I do not believe it to be a crime of deeper dye to speculate upon the merits of the horses, than it is to witness the race. Why did you come, if you consider it all so very wicked?"

"You know, Gertie, papa would have been angry if I had refused; and if not, I could neither have stayed at home alone, nor invited myself out for the week—and there is quite enough to pay for this house."

"Do you know how much, Erminie?"

"Three hundred and fifty pounds."

"Is it as much as that? But what can it matter if papa wins as many thousands?"

These sisters were the handsome and highly educated daughters of Tudor Lawson, who had recently become head of an old established city firm. Many years before he had come to the Metropolis, fresh from the country, where, brought up by a pure-hearted and gentle mother, and a hard-working Christian father, he had known nothing but the simple pursuits of a country life.

Distant relationship claimed for him an interest in the firm of "Lawson and Pierpont," accountants, and when barely seventeen, he found himself in the important position of chief clerk to the manager.

At the village school, Tudor had always been distinguished for his arithmetical powers, which here developed with a rapidity that astonished his superiors, and won for him the golden opinion of all with whom he was associated in business. The family connexion that had brought him to London, also introduced him to the family circle of the Pierponts, and but a few years passed before the distant relationship was exchanged for a nearer one, by the marriage of Tudor Lawson with Gertrude Pierpont.

As a child, Tudor had been taught to pray at his mother's knees, and through all the somewhat uneventful years of his early life, he had preserved not only the outward form of religion, but his every-day actions had been so influenced by the power of parental example, and by his personal acquiescence in the principles of Divine truth, that he carried with him into his London work, unswerving moral rectitude, which continued to flourish for several years after his transplanting into a rougher soil. But like thousands of others, who have shown fair promise of bearing spiritual fruit in the years of prime and old age, he, too, had but reached the tender age of twenty-one, when the first little withered leaf appeared that threatened the total decay of all spiritual life.

The Pierponts were a professedly worldly family, making no pretence even to the decorous custom of a regular attendance at church.

At first, these frivolous manners caused considerable uneasiness of mind to one who had been for so long the recipient of gentler influences. But the foundation on which he had set his feet, soon proved insufficient to resist the overwhelming flood of opposition that he met whenever he attempted to carry out his own convictions, and although, as a boy, much of the Word was registered on his brain, it was now but too evident that it had never been hidden in his heart. His religion was a mere custom that died out as easily as any other, and Tudor Lawson and his wife launched themselves upon the sea of married life, entirely ignoring the Divine hand that was stretched out to guide them in safety to the heavenly harbour.

It was in the Pierponts' house that Tudor Lawson had learned to gamble. At first, shocked at his own gains, and unable to devote the money won to any but charitable purposes, he shortly found the winning of them so exciting, and the possession of them so sweet, that the wholesome dread of such questionable modes of obtaining money which had grown up with him faded out of his memory, and by the time the new house at Kensington was furnished, a billiard-room had become a necessity.

From billiards and card playing, Tudor easily slipped a step further. The solicitations of some of his chosen friends lured him to the betting field. It was with a decided shudder that he took his first step in this unrighteous profession, as words of warning, spoken by his parents before he left the home of his childhood, returned to his recollection and rang in his ears. But the excitement of success in his very first venture swept away the last cobwebs of remorse that clung to his mind, and from that time, through all the years of his partnership in the firm, he indulged his passion to the full. His ventures were not all successful, and the drain upon his income was bound in time to make itself felt, until every year found him recording a still more serious deficiency.

Anxiety for the future awoke, and he with difficulty kept matters from his family. Just as he was anticipating an unpleasant disclosure of his affairs, however, Mr. Pierpont intimated his intention of retiring from business, and not a week too soon were the necessary arrangements made that rescued his son-in-law from the disgrace of bankruptcy, and put into his hand the entire management of the flourishing concern, which had seen the retirement of several partners, to whom, however, the betting fever had been a disease unknown. The ample means thus placed at his disposal cleared off his numerous debts, and enabled him to make fresh ventures upon his favourite sport.

"A run of luck" so elated him, that, contrary to his usual custom, he took a house for the week of a famous race—a luxury his wife had craved for a long time.

On the morning of the race day, the brother and sister stood together in one of the bay windows of the drawing-room, Gertrude lamenting that the days had fled so swiftly, and Erminie looking forward with deepest satisfaction to the moment when she should turn her back upon the spot.

"I would rather never see the glorious pines again, nor breathe their health-giving odours," she exclaimed, "and I would be content to stay always in the dull, brick-built streets of London, could I escape participation in so distasteful a diversion."

"*I* should not trouble your brick-built city much," said Philip, "if I could have my choice; but we business men have to endure a far more continual incarceration than you girls, and you cannot enter into *our* appreciation of the pine-woods or anything else."

"Of which I fear the 'anything else' takes by far the larger amount of interest," she answered. "Say, is it not so?"

"Maybe," replied her brother, "inasmuch as I would, if I could, be at a race every day of my life. I am contemplating arranging a complete list of them all, and making the experiment of going the round during the next year, provided, of course, that my valuable services at the office can be dispensed with for the time. It is sweeter to win even thirty pounds than gaze upon a thousand pines."

"Which you will not win to-day," laughed Gertrude, "for I was up before you this morning, and I can tell you that 'Loadstone' was never in better form at his practice; he made a little ruse of lagging once or twice, but when occasion really required it, he shot ahead easily, and came in all right."

"Poor beast!" said Erminie, "I feel quite sure he is not up to the mark in his condition, however 'easily' he may have appeared to reach the mark on the course. He is a splendid creature, but his distended nostrils and quivering body told of distress and pain."

"He will be all right by the time he is wanted," replied Gertrude.

"Do not get soft and spoil our fun at the last," said Philip.

"It may be fun to you, Philip," answered Erminie, "but it is anything but that to the horses. I came across a case in point only yesterday, which I am not likely to forget. Mamma and I had to go into the village, and sent for a fly. They were all out but one, and that was drawn by the most miserable specimen of a horse you could well imagine."

"A venerable cart-horse, was he?" asked Philip, amused at his sister's description.



"'*Do take me away,*' *she exclaimed.*"

"No, indeed! Perhaps he was once as handsome as 'Sunflower.' I wondered why the creature put his head about so much, keeping it pretty well to one side. While mamma went into a shop, I inquired the cause of the driver. He told me the horse had once been a racer, and won a prize; but in the last race he ran, the strain was so great that he lost his sight. Think of that, Philip. Imagine being forced to exert yourself so much, that the nerves of your eyes were broken by it."

"Oh, Erminie, do not talk of such disagreeable things!" exclaimed Gertrude, with a disgusted look upon her face. "I am sure the man could not have spoken the truth. And you need not take away our pleasure, if you have none yourself in the races."

"Pleasure is not a word to be used in connection with such a sport, Gertrude. It is a wicked dissipation to put money into bad men's pockets. I wish the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would do something in the matter."

"What could they do?" asked Philip. "They tried it on a week or two ago, but it was no business of theirs, and the man got off; of course he had a right to do as he liked with his own animal, and I presume he knew what he was about."

"Yes, indeed," replied Erminie indignantly; "he must have known well enough that he was digging those cruel instruments of torture into the poor brute's sides, until there were over twenty wounds from which the blood was pouring. He was stated to be a *gentleman;* but if good birth and first-class education — so-called — can produce nothing better than a dandified demon with spurs on his heels, I would rather have the friendship of a costermonger who was kind to his donkey."

"Pray do not excite yourself too much," said Philip. "It is a practice one detests. I should despise myself if I could put on spurs; but it is the fashion to wear them at races, and cannot be helped, I suppose."

"It *ought* to be helped, or at least should not be supported by people who know better. Many another vicious practice is perpetuated in the same way, I fear."

* * * *

The grand stand was filled to its remotest corner, its occupants presenting such groups and patches of brilliant colouring, that from a distance it might have been taken for a piece of patchwork. The usual members of the royal family honoured the race with their presence, and needed no external adornment to add to the interest of their appearance.

As the moments flew by, the excitement became intense, and the occupiers of exalted positions were in a flutter of anticipation, while the people below composed a struggling mass of humanity, fighting for the best places, bargaining, betting, shouting, swearing, drinking and smoking.

The critical moment for starting came at length, and the hush of intense interest fell upon the crowds, as they pressed together more closely to get a view of the horses.

Erminie saw in every one as they flew forward, a prospective repetition of the melancholy brute which had drawn her to the village the previous day. Philip and Gertrude gazed with keenest excitement, occasional utterances of hope or fear as to the result of the race breaking from their lips. Presently, however, to the astonishment of many, the scene altogether changed. "Loadstone" fell lame, and in spite of the infuriated attempts of his rider to urge him to the goal, he gradually dropped behind with a painful limp. "Sunflower" also disappointed the myriad watchers of his progress. With all the slashing and spurring that hands and feet could administer, he, too, flagged, and a colt, almost unknown to the public, but familiar to a certain "ring," went in at an easy canter and won the cup.

In the general scuffle that commenced the moment the race was over, the wild cheering of those whose favourite had won was scarcely noticed, while the looks of despair and desperation, visible on hundreds of faces, were observed only by a few. The royal party retired, and many other occupants of the grand stand made their escape as speedily as possible from the scene of their sudden dismay. Group after group passed off, but still the Lawsons remained. In their anxious concentration of mind upon the race, they had not noticed that Erminie had fainted. It was some time before they were successful in restoring animation. When at last she opened her eyes, and became conscious of her surroundings, a shudder passed over her; and presently, rousing herself from the arms of the maid who had been summoned from the refreshment bar to support her, she exclaimed, "Do take me away; I can bear to stay here no longer. Never again will I be tempted to witness an abomination like this."

"What can you mean by such language, Erminie?" said Mrs. Lawson, who had been anxiously bending over the prostrate form of her daughter. "You were not compelled to come, but as you *are* here, you need not surely use words that decidedly imply a want of propriety in the presence of the other members of the family."

"Mamma, I do not believe it possible that you or Gertrude would ever attend a race, if you knew as much as I do about the cruelty of it."

"Nonsense, child, the horses are trained by love, and there is nothing improper in attending the races. Do you suppose so many members of the royal family and nobility would sanction them by their presence, if there was anything wrong or cruel connected with them?"

"I do not care who they are that sanction the races by their presence; I know they are shameful sports, and if the horses are 'trained by love,' they are driven to death. Look at that."

"Look at what?" asked her mother, disdainfully turning her eyes towards the spot indicated. "I do not see anything."

"I saw it come," continued Erminie; "it was slashed off the flank of that elegant creature 'Sunflower;' it fell upon a lady's dress close by you. I always knew it was a wicked amusement, although I thought until lately that the betting was the worse part of it."

"You might have been mistaken," said Gertrude; "perhaps it was only a piece of turf."

"That is easily proved, Gertie; the use of

your eyes will decide the matter in an instant."

"I am sure if I thought you were right, I would never patronise a race again," replied Gertrude, as she stepped over to inspect the object pointed out by her sister. "It is but too sadly true," she continued, as she returned, with difficulty steadying her steps, for the sight had produced a feeling of disgust and horror; and as Mrs. Lawson looked at her suddenly pallid face, she feared a second invalid.

"Really now, Gertrude, I hope *you* are not going to be ridiculous; one at a time is quite enough. And as to the races, they are not likely to be abolished because they are distasteful to a couple of sentimental girls. They are extremely fashionable sports, and, so long as they exist, fashionable people must patronise them; if they cannot, they would be better out of the world."

Only a few weeks after this, Philip spent the best part of the night in pacing wildly across the moorland, after a vain effort to square his accounts. He was fast becoming so entangled in various directions, that he had resolved on asking his father for a still heavier advance than he had ever done before. Aroused in the morning from the deep sleep into which he had fallen, he awoke to the fact that his father stood by his side. He quickly collected his wits to aid him, and was about to spring out and begin dressing, little dreaming of the purpose that had prompted the early visit; but Mr. Lawson laid a hand upon his shoulder, as he said,—

"Philip, I do not want to disturb you, as it is yet very early, but I want you to give me your closest attention. I want you also to make me a solemn promise, that you will do all in your power to help your mother and sisters when I am gone. Do you comprehend?"

"I do not know that I do quite. Gone, did you say? but you are not ill, father."

"No, no. I am well enough in health, Philip. I have been on the wrong road for many years, and what is worse, my boy, my bad example has drawn you into it as well. The terrible losses I have had from time to time *should* have sufficed to warn me from the pursuit of a course which, even as a child, I knew to be a vicious and deceptive one. Had I but followed the good example and advice of my dear parents, I should not now have to fly from home and country."

"Fly from home and country?" exclaimed Philip, springing up again.

"Listen! listen!" continued Mr. Lawson. "Only be quiet, and it may be well in the future. I am resolved to give you all a chance, but I fear nothing could be done if I stayed here. I have been so much in the hands of others for years, that I could not possibly escape from their association. Elsewhere, perhaps, I may honourably work as in the days of my youth; and it will be your duty to stand by your mother in every emergency that may transpire. I lay this upon you."

"Upon me? Why, I am bankrupt myself. I was coming to you to-day for a little cash to set me afloat, until I could get my affairs a bit straight."

"I hope you are not very deeply in, Philip."

"Not so deeply as I have been. But if I were, Chaffington races are on next week, and I am pretty sure the tide will turn in my favour. I was a fool to trust Hadley so much. I have made use of my own judgment this time, and intend doing so in the future."

"Philip, your own judgment is no better than Hadley's."

"Perhaps not, father, but at all events I should not cheat *myself*."

"I am not so sure of that. I have been cheating myself for many a long year."

Philip did not answer at first, but his father noted a grave look upon his face. He said at length, "I must say it seems rather hard lines for you to bring us all up to go to the races, and bet on the horses, and then go and leave us in the lurch like this; and I cannot see the use of it either. I think you should stay and help us out of the difficulty. I wish I had taken Erminie's advice; she always hated the races, and it is enough to make anybody hate them to find one's self in such a dilemma."

"The 'lines' are far harder for me than for the rest, Philip, because I know that our life might have been *so* different, if I had abstained from the sinful pursuits which have wrought this ruin. My deepest regret at this moment is, that I cannot immediately remove my family from the evil influences by which they are surrounded—especially yourself."

"You have not said where you think of going; I suppose that is a secret you could not trust even me with. But do you think you will be free from evil influences in *any* country—Australia, for instance, or America?"

"Going among strangers, my experience would be a safeguard," replied Mr. Lawson.

"I wish I could go, too," continued Philip, burying his face in the pillow to hide the emotion he could not check. "You do not know how I am worried. I should never have betted half so much but for the other fellows,—one cannot afford to be different from the rest."

"Have you any idea of your liabilities, Philip?"

"Yes; I think I am not very wide of the mark when I say two thousand pounds."

"That is a great relief to me," said his



"Philip spent the best part of the night in pacing wildly across the moorland."

father; "I feared it might be double the amount. If I were sure of only one member of my family standing by me, I would even now face the coming storm; but it seemed better for all parties that I should go away,—indeed, it appeared the only thing to be done."

Philip was silent, but presently, raising his head, he said, "I can assure you I am heartily tired of *my* life. If you think it would be of any use for me to promise to stand by you, I am sure I would."

"It will be a terrible crash, Philip; in all probability we shall have scarcely a hundred pounds to begin life again with. Are you prepared to be poor, and perhaps take a clerkship in somebody else's office?"

"It is not a pleasant look-out, I must confess, dad; but it would be no worse for me than for you."

A gleam of hope shone into the father's sad heart at these words. Who could say but the time might come, when not only himself, but Philip and the rest of the family, should be brought under the power of Divine love, and, with one mind, serve the Lord as they had served Satan?

The "crash" *did* come, and that shortly, but it found father and son shoulder to shoulder, doing battle with the flood of consequences that followed their folly. Everything was honourably surrendered to meet the requirements of their many creditors, and when all was settled, it was discovered that not even the hoped-for hundred pounds remained to give them a fresh start in business.

The false friends who had clustered about them in the time of their worldly prosperity, happily now gave them a wide berth, since they had nothing now, either for entertainment or speculation, and they were left in peace to plod the daily path they had too thankfully accepted, as subordinates in other men's offices.

When the truth burst upon Mrs. Lawson, her indignation knew no bounds; and although it was at her own father's house that Tudor Lawson first set his feet upon the slippery plane that had landed him in bankruptcy and ruin, she reproached him bitterly, and gathering together all she could secure of her personal property, betook herself to the more congenial society of her parents' home. Mrs. Lawson would have preferred that Gertrude should accompany her, partly, perhaps, as a palliation of her own heartless conduct; but her persuasions fell short of the mark, inasmuch as both sisters had resolved to stand by the fallen fortunes of the house.

In a small cottage in a London suburb, these four dwell together, father and son travelling to and from the Metropolis by a cheap train, while Erminie and Gertrude do the work of the house, and prepare the meals with their own hands; and as father and son now rejoice together that their prosperity is not built upon, nor in any measure augmented by anybody else's losses or ruin, so the sisters thankfully realise the fact that their presence at the races will never again give countenance or encouragement to the various frauds and impostures, upon which alone the professional gamblers of all sorts and conditions feed and fatten.

A Regular Brick.—The origin of this saying will bear to be kept in mind, and puts a good interpretation to a slang phrase. A Spartan king, when asked by a visitor, "Where are your walls of defence?" replied, pointing to his army, "There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta,—ten thousand men, and every man a brick!"

EVERY CHRISTIAN A RADICAL.

By M. Butler Gerds.

IT may almost seem to be treading on covered ground, to write a few words on what is called "the consecrated life."

Hackneyed terms are often misleading, and without any such adjectives as "Higher," "Consecrated," "Surrendered," applied to our Christian life, we may quietly glorify the Name of our God and Saviour.

We can never get any "higher" than the life and example of Christ. We know those who are "consecrated" to the world, as to their talents, and others who have "fully surrendered" their hearts to evil.

How can *we* best glorify the Name of our God? The snowdrop glorifies its Creator in lowliness and purity of life. What a precious lesson we may learn from it! Pure, spotless, in Christ; lowly and teachable of heart. When the Lord of Glory has wooed and won us, the way to glorify Him is by at once showing our change of masters.

During Mr. Moody's blessed Mission in the north of London, a large employer there, who had given himself to God at one of the services, affixed a notice to his office door the following morning, announcing to his clerks the glorious change, and saying that henceforth he intended to glorify his Lord and Master. He began with his employés, and by personal appeal and example, won many of them to Christ. He reformed business abuses; commenced an early morning Bible-reading of fifteen minutes' duration, and oh, the blessing he got!

Every Christian, every *earnest* Christian, is a Radical. Do not be alarmed; if we are in earnest, we *must* go to the root (*radix*) of the evil growths in and outside our hearts. You are a Christian, and perhaps you have to work twelve hours a day—you doubt that *you* can "glorify" the name of your Saviour. "If ye shall ask *anything* in *My Name*, I will do it"—success is sure to the "fervent prayer." So begin *every morning* at the *root*—your own heart. Get it "anointed with fresh oil" from the "smitten Rock," and give your rising moments to God. Let "no earth-born cloud" creep in; just "*rest* in the Lord, and in the power of His might." Before you step over the threshold of your room, see that your heart is at peace with all. Ask that your tongue may be used to His glory; that you may be led into no sin, and that light laughter, foolish jesting, the silly song, idle or improper reading, unbecoming dress or hair, questionable amusements, walks and talks with worldly companions, and stint of love and cheerfulness to your fellows, do not mar "the beauty of holiness," or interfere with your "doing the will of God from the heart." Then you will not measure a yard of ribbon, nor set a stitch, nor make out an account, nor explain a lesson, nor do *any*thing for *His* sake, that shall not glorify His Name. Possibility and privilege unite to make this glorifying a beautiful reality to us. Then let us begin at once by a

G lad,
L oving,
O bedient,
R eady,
I ncreasing,
F aithful,
Y ielded,

life and service in and to "the Name of God."

THE LOVE OF GOD.

COULD we with ink the ocean fill,
Were the whole earth of parchment made,
Were every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade;
To write the Love of God on high,
Would surely drink the ocean dry;
Nor would a scroll contain the whole,
Though widely stretched from pole to pole.

TOLD IN A LINE.

FREQUENT Competitions, with Money Prizes.

£14 14s. in money Prizes in Our Literary Competition. See page 15.

Special feature in ensuing Numbers:—Timely Talks: "The Young Man and his Amusements;" "His Friends;" "His Business;" "His Courting," etc. See our next.

Contributors to our issue, Nov. 12:—Mrs. Garnett, Emily Sarah Holt, Thain Davidson, D.D., and others.

On the back of a post-card, please send us the name and address of any friend to whom we may post a Specimen Copy of "A. 1."

Parcels of Specimen Copies will be sent gratis to any Clergyman, Minister, or Teacher, where friends can introduce our Paper.

Wanted—Distributors in every town and village. A liberal commission, and carriage paid.

Each month we shall issue our Weekly Numbers bound as a Monthly Part, with a Beautifully Engraved Frontispiece, and several pages of extra matter. Price Sixpence.

Interesting Items, Crisp Correspondence, Reports of Christian Work, etc., etc., are always greatly valued. Address — The Editor, "A. 1.," 62, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

FOR MARRIED FOLK.

By Daniel McCoy.

Author of "Hints on Poultry Keeping," "Window Gardening," etc., etc., etc.

I.—Choice of a House.

BEFORE undertaking this (to some persons apparently hopeless) task, it is advisable to remember the trite injunction of the celebrated Mrs. Glass in her directions as to cooking a hare, "First catch it." So with household management—our first object must be to secure a house suitable to our wants, and in conformity with our means of income, or the amount we can afford to spend upon it.

Many persons, and a numerous class they are, go house hunting (as the work of finding a suitable house is called by them), without the least definite idea of the description of residence they may require, but visit first one, and then another empty house, mounting up dozens of stairs, going over all the rooms, when they must have known they were merely wasting time, as the rent far exceeded the amount they could afford to pay, and as the locality was in no way suited to their avocation or requirements. They take endless journeys by rail and omnibus, spending money and losing valuable time, and eventually, after all their search, find themselves compelled, from necessity perhaps, to remain where they are, or to take in a hurry a house which after a time proves quite unsuitable for them.

The lesson to be learnt from this is: do everything with a purpose; enter upon the search with a knowledge of what you require, and having fixed upon a neighbourhood, in

which either from necessity or from inclination you desire to reside, visit carefully and circumspectly inspect any houses in that neighbourhood that are to let; and having fixed upon one, let a thorough examination be made of it, as to whether it is carefully drained and properly arranged in all sanitary points, such as *e.g.* a pure water supply for drinking purposes, separate from the household water supply. It is absolutely necessary to be thoroughly satisfied on these two points before becoming a tenant. And if you do not understand such matters yourself, employ a thoroughly qualified sanitary engineer to go over the premises with you. For the outlay of a guinea (the expenditure of which will never be regretted), you may have the satisfaction of an authorised assurance that you are not entering into an unsanitary dwelling. More lives have been sacrificed through inattention to these matters than are sometimes reported after an action with the enemy.

Before taking a house, it is well to be very careful to ascertain (if you are a stranger) what class of people are residing in the vicinity. It is very unpleasant, especially if your pursuits are literary, to find yourself fixed for from one to three years just opposite to a school for music, or close to engineering works. Clearly, much that is disagreeable may be avoided by a little careful inquiry.

Select, if possible, a house on the sunny side of the road, so that you may have the benefit of the early morning sun. The bedrooms occupied by children should always have an easterly or south-easterly aspect. There is an old proverb, "Where the sun enters the doctor is seldom wanted," and that it is as true as it is trite, one may readily see if one compares the sickly appearance and the debilitated constitutions of those unfortunate little children, bred and reared in noisome, sunless courts, with those living in a bright, sunny and airy, well ventilated house. Select therefore, if possible, a house facing the east with a slight inclination towards the south, but avoid by all means even a prettier looking house having a northern aspect. The apparent brightness of the house so situated will vanish at the approach of autumn; the dwelling will remain in gloom until the later days of spring, when there will be a slight glimmering of sunshine on a portion of the house during the later part of the day. With a house in the more favourable position, the rooms at the back will, during the later period of the day, enjoy the full blaze of the sun's brightness. The bedrooms in the front will by this time (having been well ventilated during the day) be refreshing and cool for the occupation of their little inmates.

It may also here be pointed out, that it is advisable that in every bedroom there should be a ventilator fixed in the chimney. It is only necessary to compare the wall paper of a room that has one of these useful fittings, with that of a room in which no such thing exists. What is the cause of the difference? Simply this, that very many of the small impurities which fix themselves on the walls of an unventilated room, are carried away with the foul air through the ventilator into the chimney.

Should you have the option of choosing papers for the walls, too much care cannot be devoted to their selection. If, unfortunately, you have not such an opportunity, insist upon papers of a light colour, such as grey, or pale yellow, or straw colour for the rooms to be occupied by the younger members of the family. Any papers of a light green colour usually contain a great proportion of arsenic, which it is needless to say has a most injurious effect upon the constitution, and therefore this description of paper must be scrupulously avoided. Those papers called sanitary are perfectly safe, and may without fear be used in any rooms. Many of them are washable, which for a bedroom is a great advantage, not only on the score of cleanliness, but also on that of health. The walls may with advantage be lightly and carefully washed about every four or five months; and if due attention be paid to the manner of washing (which should not be rubbing, but merely careful wetting and wiping dry in one direction) the papers will for a long period retain their original brightness and freshness of colour.

A great deal might be said about the various sorts and colours of papers requisite for the other rooms, but this must be left in a great measure to individual taste and fancy, bearing in mind that where new papers are to replace those at present on the walls, the old ones should be first entirely cleaned off, as no room can be considered perfectly pure or free from infection, if such a necessary precaution be not carefully adopted.

Should the rooms be small, papers with a dark ground will make them appear smaller still; and all rooms having a northern aspect, should be papered with bright, warm-looking papers, as they will have little, if any cheerfulness imparted to them by the bright sunshine that the other rooms of the house will enjoy. There are some pretty light-red papers, which would at once produce that warm and cheerful appearance so much to be desired in all rooms, and nowhere so much as where unfortunately there may happen to be an invalid.

All this should receive our strictest attention in taking a house. Trifles they may appear to be; but it is such innumerable trifles, as they may be considered by some, which in the long run will largely influence the comfort of a new home.

The amount of rent to be paid will depend materially upon the income of the intending occupier. It is generally considered that about the eighth part of the income may be expended upon the rent. An income of two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, *e.g.*, would allow of a house at thirty-two pounds a year; and as the rates and taxes are supposed to be usually about one-fourth of the rent, would cause an additional deduction of some eight or nine pounds from the income, leaving for household, personal, and incidental expenses something over two hundred a year. If the family be a small one, this, with judicious expenditure (as will subsequently be shown), would allow the family to live exceedingly comfortably; if a large one, methods would have to be adopted, and a certain amount of economy practised, which will be fully entered into under another head.

In the country, house-rent is much more moderate, generally speaking, than in large towns; and even in a town the position must be considered. The rent of a house in a fashionable neighbourhood would be quite double that of a house of precisely the same description in a suburban district. As, however, our remarks will apply principally to those persons who may be satisfied with moderate-sized houses in healthy and respectable neighbourhoods, the consideration of the higher rent in proportion to the value of the house, will receive but little attention from us.

The principal things, then, to bear in mind in making choice of a house are: not to take a house of a greater rental than your income will admit of; to secure it in as healthy a neighbourhood as by your personal observation you can discover; and be perfectly certain that it is in a sanitary condition before entering into the occupation of it. It should also be seen that all the bells are in working order, that the keys are in the several doors, that the sash lines are not almost worn through; and where venetians are fixed, that all the ladders, webbing, and cords are in complete working order. Have every necessary repair completed before entering on occupation. There may be difficulty in having it done subsequently, to say nothing of the inconvenience of having tradesmen all over the house, interfering with your privacy and comfort.

The following is by no means an imaginary expenditure, as some may be that are at times presented to us for our guidance; but is taken from real experience. There was never any stint, but on no account whatever was any waste permitted, everything that possibly could be being invariably utilised—such as bones for stock and gravies, outside and trimmings of vegetables for flavouring soups. All cold fats were carefully saved for frying purposes, and stale bread for puddings or bread sauce. The expenditure represents that of a man and his wife, with two servants, the husband's position rendering it advisable, with a view to increased income, to live in a larger house and in a better situation than the income of £250 per annum warranted.

They find themselves, at the close of their first year's experience in housekeeping, with a balance in their favour of a little over fifty pounds. If the husband's practice should increase as he hopes, it will be all sunshine whilst they keep within their limits; but should some smaller mouths come to be fed, there will be but a very narrow margin for dress, or other small requisites to calculate upon. It would be far better, on entering into life, to begin with a small house, manage with one servant, and economise from the beginning. It is but sorry work making a slow, uphill progress of recovery from difficulties. If we are careful in all things, we shall find ourselves much happier in the end.

	£	s.	d.		Income. £	s	d.
Meat, 20 lbs. at 7*d.*, say	0	12	0		250	0	0
Bread, 3½ gallons, at 1*s.*	0	3	6				
Milk	0	2	4				
Vegetables, potatoes ...	0	1	10				
Bacon, 2 lbs., 1*s.* 6*d.*; cheese, 2 lbs., 1*s.* 4*d.*	0	2	10				
Eggs, 1*s.*; lard, 8*d.* ...	0	1	8				
Fish, 8 lbs. at 4*d.* ...	0	2	8				
Flour, for pastry, 7 lbs.	0	0	9				
Candles, 2 lbs., 9*d.*; oil for lamp, 1 gallon, 1*s.* 3*d.*	0	2	0				
Firewood, spices, sundries	0	1	0				
Per week	£1	10	7	Per annum	79	10	4
					£170	9	8

Out of this balance must be deducted—

	£	s.	d.		
House rent, £65; taxes, £16	81	0	0		
Coals, 5 tons, at 18*s.*	4	10	0		
Servants' wages, £16 and £14	30	0	0		
Washing, and soap for household use	12	10	0		
	£128	0	0	128	0	0
				£42	9	8

Truly indeed a small sum for clothing, and that necessary item in all families—Life and Fire Insurance.

GIRLS I HAVE MET.

By Mrs. Skinner.

I. MISS EXAGGERATION.

WHEN I was first introduced to her, she grasped both my hands, exclaiming, "I am so delighted to make your acquaintance! Pardon me, but I feel sure you will be one of my dearest friends. I never did feel drawn to any one as I do to you." Of course I felt very gratified with her reception, thought she must be a very charming girl, and wondered why I had for so long been unappreciated. As she was speaking to some one else, I took the opportunity of looking more closely at her. She had on a very short dress, almost covered with beads; sleeves also so short, you could see her elbows; collar so high, she could hardly move her chin. Her hair was dressed in true Parisian style, but so *extremely* high, according to English ideas, that it forcibly reminded you of the woman in *Punch*, who had to stand up on a stool to reach her back hair, it was so high. At the other extremity of her figure, her heels were quite two inches high, and her whole appearance seemed to denote her love, not so much of following the fashion, but of carrying everything to the extreme limit, and even beyond that. Her speech was between a drawl and a lisp, and the number of long and strange words she used, often made me feel the need of a pocket dictionary.

A few days afterwards I met her on the Dover mail steamer. She had a friend with her to whom she introduced me, as "A lady I met—see, now, where was it? and I'm sure I forget your name. I'm introduced to such hundreds of people, my memory always fails me." Humbly I mentioned my cognomen, feeling there was little chance now of my being one of her "dearest friends." "Ah, yes," she exclaimed, "a thousand million apologies. I'm sure I deserve to be ostracised by everybody that knows me." As soon as the boat started, I retired to the privacy of the ladies' cabin, and had been there some considerable time before she came down. "It's a good thing you are down here; certainly the sight of the sea would frighten you; the waves are as high as Mont Blanc—I am sure they are; the captain's face is dreadful to look at, doom is written on every feature."

I began to feel what a capital sailor I must be, for I had felt but a gentle rocking of the vessel. She continued: "I've been examining the boats and belts; should the worst come, very few of us can be saved." I began to tremble violently,—life is so very sweet when death meets us suddenly; but the calm way in which she was arranging that wonderful hair quite reassured me. Presently I had to give her a little assistance, the stewardess being too busy to stay with her; and before I could have time to think again of the probable shipwreck, we were safe in harbour. "Oh, what a dreadful time we have had!" she said to her friend; "I have been most distressingly sick, it has taken two to wait upon me, and I feel almost dead. Oh, don't carry that portmanteau, I will;" and off she rushed up the ladder.

"She looks as if she was nearly dead, doesn't she?" asked her friend, laughing.

But I was too much grieved to think I had not realised her sad condition to reply.

The next time I met her was just outside my own house. There had been a shower of rain, and I invited her in for shelter.

"Oh, thank you. You are the dearest creature in the world. I am so wet; I feel exactly like a sponge. I am sure if you were to squeeze me anywhere I should ooze."

"Then I could only have caught the fringe of the shower, for I am only just a little damp. You must take off your jacket, and I will dry it for you."

"Oh no, thank you; it's all right. But I will just rest myself a little, if you have no objection; for I had such a crushing at the station, I really thought I should have been turned into a jelly."

"Dear, dear," said I; "you must rest a long time."

"Oh, I'm all right now; but I'm not very strong, and I have so much to do. Sometimes I am so tired at night, they have to carry me up to bed, and I have had such a cold. Last week you could not hear me say a word, and one night when I sang at a concert I almost choked to death."

"Why, how could they hear you sing?"

"Oh, somehow. I daresay that most of the folks thought I was trying to imitate musical frogs."

In the course of conversation it was discovered we had a mutual friend living some distance in the country, whom I had not heard from for some considerable time. Naturally I was anxious to hear all about her, and drank in eagerly every word.

"I think her husband is seriously ill. Poor thing, she has a dreadful time of it, for he is a dreadful man."

"What do you suppose is the matter with him?" I anxiously inquired.

"Some fibrous growth in his mouth."

Instantly I thought of cancer.

"And her child; she has only one. I saw it once—such a dirty little mite it was!"

How my heart ached for my friend! Husband ill and unkind; she, too much crushed to attend properly to her child.

"And I should think they are very poor, for I overheard him say that he had lost some hundreds of pounds."

I forebore to question her further; the picture seemed already sad enough. When she had gone, I sat down to seriously consider what I had better do.

By the next post I wrote to my friend, urging her to tell me exactly how she was circumstanced, saying that I had been told by a mutual acquaintance of her husband's illness and their sad loss.

Anxiously I waited her reply, hourly reproaching myself because I had not gone instead of writing. This was her answer: "I cannot tell who could have so misled you. My husband has had nothing the matter with him more than a slight gum-boil; this certainly checked his gaiety, and, oh, he is such a tease! Thank God, I cannot remember that we have had any losses at all; but, as I write, Jack reminds me we did lose a bad neighbour, and about a hundredweight of apples—that is all. Come and see for yourself how happy we are. We have one little darling—such a beauty, his only fault being his love of rolling in the garden. We cannot, try as we may, keep him clean."

Upon the receipt of this letter, I at once did make a visit,—not to my friends, though, but to my young lady informant.

"What an unexpected pleasure! Nothing could have given me greater joy," she exclaimed, kissing me on both cheeks.

"Wait till you hear what I have come about," I said; "my visit may be productive of good, but hardly of joy."

"You are talking in riddles, and I'm sure I could as easily fly as guess one."

"I don't wish you to guess riddles, but I do wish you to read this letter;" and I handed her my friend's epistle.

"Did you write about what I told you?" she exclaimed, her face growing very red.

"Of course I did; I could not rest until I knew exactly how my friend was placed."

"But you must have misunderstood me."

"I just took your words with their ordinary meaning, that was all. Did you not say he was 'a dreadful man'?"

"Yes; but dreadfully funny, I meant."

"Did you not say she had 'a dreadful time of it' with him?"

"I may have said so, but I meant that she was dreadfully teased by him,—nothing more. Surely you understood what I meant."

"How could I understand, unless you expressed yourself clearly, and within the limits of truth?"

"Do you accuse me of speaking falsehoods, then?"

"I'll answer that question when you have explained to me about the child and the loss of money."

"I only meant the child was dirty, and I *did* hear him speaking about losses, and of course I thought he meant money." She was nearly crying by this time. "I am sure it is very cruel of you to make these charges against me. There never was anybody in the universe so unfortunate as I am."

"Hush, hush, dear; you are only repeating what is your great failing, and which was the cause of all this misrepresentation."

"My great failing? what is it?"

"To *exaggerate*, to put 'the truth in masquerade,'—nay, do not deny it; always look your faults straight in the face; and, if you have time—I suppose you have to work very hard for your living, and have not much leisure—school yourself to overcome them."

"'Leisure,' indeed! I have plenty of time on my hands. Do you think I am some poor slave?"

"You told me you had to work so hard, that you had often to be carried to bed."

"You are a very disagreeable person, and I have always thought so from the first moment I saw you."

"And yet you told me how much you were drawn to me, and that you were sure I should be your dearest friend! No, dear, don't let anger make you indulge in further exaggerations, but do set a guard over your lips; do remember that,—

'To exaggerate is to be vulgar;
To exaggerate is to mislead;
To exaggerate is to speak untruthfully;'
For, 'who speaks not truly, lies.'"

I kissed her and left her, I knew, a sadder girl, but I hope a wiser one, for she is but—

"An unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn."

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

WE shall open this column as soon as our readers begin to correspond with us.

Being earnestly desirous of helping any who are yearning after soul-rest, or who may be battling with doubts and difficulties, we especially invite their confidence.

Unprofitable questions we cannot answer; but shall make every effort to reply to inquiries, and give information on all kinds of topics, when such will afford practical help to our readers.

Questions of only *personal* interest cannot be answered in this column; a fully addressed and stamped envelope must be sent, in each case, for reply.

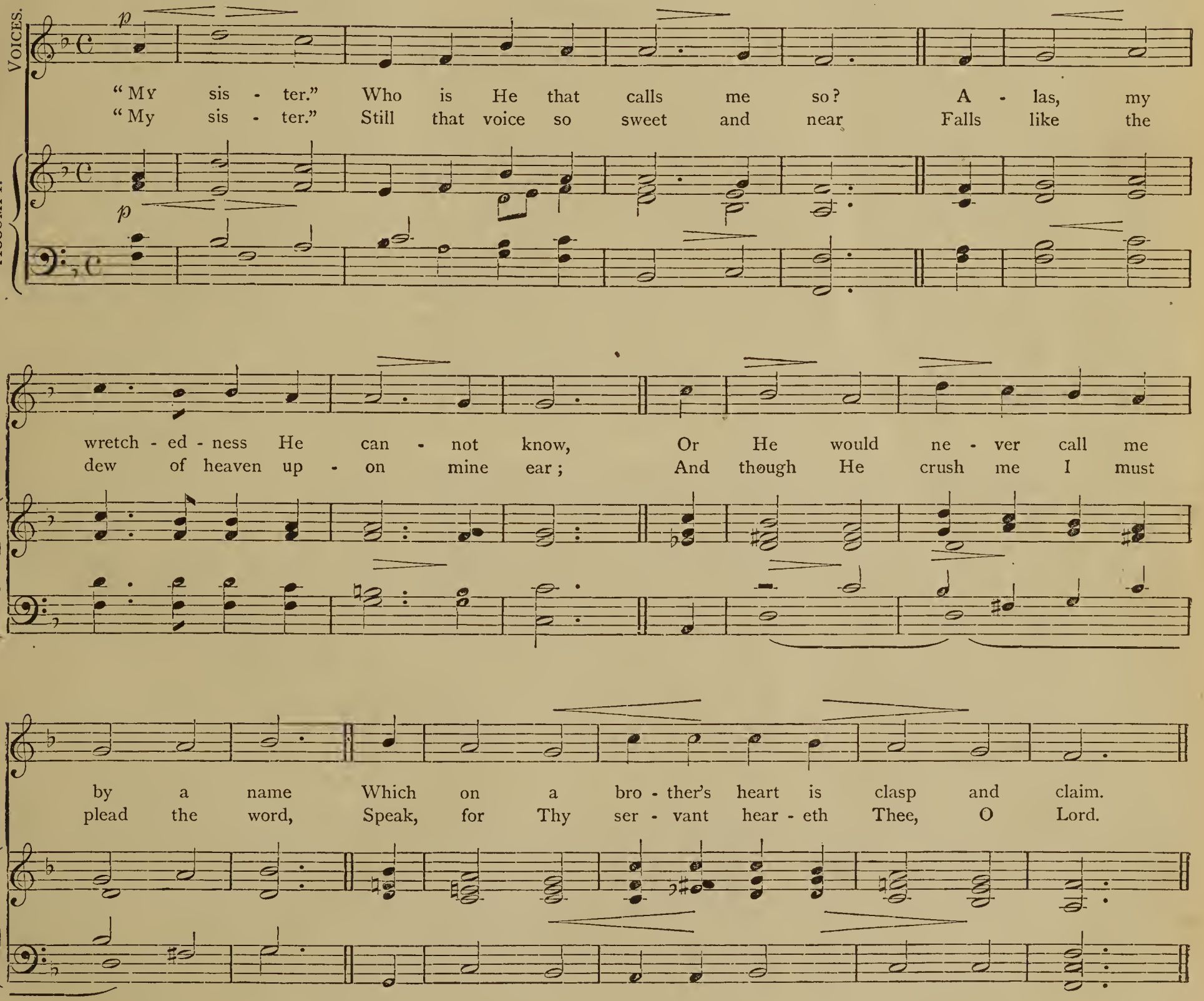
"My Sister."—*Mark* iii. 35.

By EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, D.D., Bishop of Exeter.

Arranged for Treble Voices

With feeling and expression.

Charles Vincent, Mus. Doc., Oxon.



"My sister, thou art Mine, I died for thee,
To draw thee and to win thee. Follow Me:
My blood shall wash away thy darkest stain,
My Spirit recreate thy heart again.

"My sister, all the past is all forgiven,
Fear not to lift thy trustful gaze to heaven;
And, be it but a broken struggling cry,
Let Abba, Father, be thy life's reply.

"His Presence shall thy guide and guardian be,
His tender mercy overshadow thee,
His Spirit with My peace thy spirit fill,
And make it heaven on earth to do His will."

Jesu, Thy heart of love has conquer'd mine,
Once lost, but found for ever, I am Thine:
Low at Thy feet adoringly I fall:
My Brother is my Lord, my God, my all.

(By permission.)

THE STORY OF ST. ANTHONY.

By Eva Travers Evered Poole.

ST. ANTHONY, so the story says, longed to dwell in the sunny radiance of God's presence, even while treading life's pathway. In order that he might the less distractedly and the more surely gain his desire, he withdrew himself from the daily duty and toil of a life in the great city, with the intention of filling every hour of the day with great and glorious thoughts of God. One day, as he sat lost in meditation, at the entrance to the dark cave in the rocks which he had chosen for his abode, he fancied he heard, in the light summer breeze which lifted his long locks and kissed his worn face, a voice. At the sound of that voice, he fell on his face, wrapping his head in his mantle, like Elijah of old. And the voice spoke in his ear,—"Anthony! thou art not so holy a man as the poor cobbler in Alexandria; neither art thou so well-pleasing in My sight."

Amazed, Anthony arose, took his staff, and started at once for Alexandria, eager to see and learn from the holy man.

At length he ended his journey, and after a long search, found the cobbler's stall, in a mean, narrow street.

When the cobbler—a little deformed man, with a brown face, but with the deep, shining light in his eyes that surely betokened the presence in his heart of God's Shechinah glory—saw the revered form of the saintly Anthony standing on the threshold of his dwelling, he arose and bowed himself to the earth in fear.

Then spoke out St. Anthony: "I would know how thou livest, cobbler, and how thou spendest thy time?"

"Verily," said the poor little man, "I have no great or grand doings to tell thee of. I am a poor, humble, hard-working cobbler; my busy life gives me little time to think, and I have no ability to do any great work for God. I just live from day to day as He helps me. I am up with the lark, and I kneel in prayer for myself, my family, my neighbours, and the city in which I dwell. All the day long I am hard at work, and when the dusk settles down, I sup with a thankful heart upon the little I have earned, and then I pray, and sleep. I keep me ever, by God's help, from slander and usury; and if I make any man a promise, I try my best to honestly perform it."

St. Anthony turned away, sad at heart and disconsolate, the verdict of the all-seeing One ringing in his ears—"Holier than thou! holier than thou!" And as he made his way back to his desert home, the voice of the evening breeze sighed sadly—"Alas! for the mistakes of the human heart. Alas! that that one life should be so humbly full, and the other so proudly empty."

Brother, sister, God's blessing rests on the hands that do honest toil, and on the humble hearts that uplift themselves, like the daisy flower, to the smiling face of God. No life of labour need hinder us from holy service for our God; no cares need keep us from communion with Him. Surrounded by them, our hearts may sing,—

> "Lord, I may make of cares and griefs
> Fresh stepping-stones to Thee,
> Until I reach a height from whence
> They all look less to me.
> And I can bear my daily cross,
> And lift my daily load,—
> Sure that each burden meekly borne
> But brings me nearer God."

Never wait for great and grand service for Christ to be offered to you. Be content with daily duty, for the reward is given for "faithfulness in that which is *least*, as well as in that which is greatest." By faithfulness in daily duty, we put ourselves to school for heaven. The little makes up the great; the soft falling rain that waters the earth, making the grass to grow and the flowerets to blossom, comes down in drops. The great cup of the ocean is filled by the tears of the sky; the setting of sand-gold around it is made up of single grains.

Seize opportunities; "doe ye nexte thynge;" and thy soul shall win the smile, and thy life the praise of God.

FRAGMENTS.

LET us all make sure that we *have* life, and secondly, to let that life grow *naturally*, and not to "put on." That which is "put on," that which isn't real, doesn't impress others.

I used to know a lady who invariably said exactly the right and proper thing on every occasion. I remember how every time I used to come away from her thinking, "Oh, how I wish I could talk that pious." But now I know that it is no use for me to put on solemn tones and expressions, unless they come naturally. It is a great burden to "put on" more religion than we have, and it is worse than useless. If we have God's life growing in us, we shall be natural. Those that the Son makes free are free indeed.

What a difference there is between the person who pulls out his Bible in a railway train, in order to impress the people present, and the one who pulls it out because he does so badly want to read it, that he can't help himself.

If we are willing to be exactly what God wishes, then life becomes simple. But oftentimes we are not willing, and so we are in danger of being unnatural. I have not always found that I invariably like to be what God wants me to be. Perhaps I like to blow roses when He wants me to grow potatoes. But it is no use for me to take paper roses, and sew them on, for they would be all found out as soon as some one came to pick them. God's will for us is always right. Sometimes I have been tempted to think it very inconsiderate of God to send me some special experience; and then I have found that I grew better in that place than anywhere. God knows where to place us. Consider the lilies, how they grow—just where they are planted; they do not worry about rain and sun, they just live and grow in obedience to the gardener's will. Even the resistance of the earth all around them is good for them. There would be no healthy growth without it, and they are willing to grow downwards as well as upwards.

I believe, if we trust our life to God in that way, we shan't know there is a drought when the drought comes. The spring of God's life will be within us, springing up as clear and safe as God Himself.

Let this life live in you. Refuse to let any other life live. Reckon yourself to be a Divine person, a child of God. Reckon yourself to be dead to sin, and alive unto God, and you will find it true. I don't mean that you will never sin, but I mean that the road to victory is that way.

How well I remember the first time I got victory over an angry temper by recognising that law of life. It didn't take me an hour to feel like an angel to the person I had been hating. If the Divine life is steadily recognised and used, then it will live and reign.

"MEN THAT CAN'T."

No. I.

THE MAN THAT CAN'T WAIT.

THE Duke of Wellington—so I have been told—used to say, "All things are possible to the man who waits." At any rate, the Battle of Waterloo showed that he knew how to wait, as well as how to act when the right moment came. A clerical friend of mine said, "Under God, I attribute my successful ministry to *my staying power*." He meant his power to restrain himself from acting on impulse.

Poets, statesmen, artists, reformers, merchants, preachers, missionaries, who have succeeded in their life's work, have been, without an exception almost, men who could go on for years steadily working and praying, preaching and studying, and manfully, faithfully, hopefully waiting for the hour of success. I have read the lives of men who made large fortunes by the daily increments of small profits, and I have seen that they were men who did not "make haste to be rich," but men who could wait to make their fortune. Above all, and beyond comparison, I think I can see the principle in the life of the greatest of men. I see in His life a wondrous calm, a patient realisation that each event had its own proper place in His life's mosaic, and a meeting of all impatience, from whatever quarter it came, with those words of knowledge and of power, "Mine hour is not yet come." No life can compare with His in its infinite success. All men who would attain a measure even of true success, must follow in His blessed steps. Amongst other things, they must know how to wait.

I commend this thought to young men. Most of them have an honourable ambition to succeed in life,—the exceptions are very few indeed. Where is the young man to be met with who knows aught of the competition for place and honour; of the large possibilities that lie before him; and of the demand, as real as ever, for true worth, who does not desire "to get on"?

Yet, how many are not "getting on." In a word, they are failures, to be traced to this fact—the man could not wait. Do you wish to see this for yourself? Go and talk to young men. Find out how many of them believe that real success in life is attained, in general, by careful, zealous performance of each day's allotted task and duty. Find out how many of them are feverishly desirous of eating the fruits of success, without taking any real care to sow the seeds from which success alone can spring. Success reached by leaps and bounds, is rarely, if ever, true and lasting.

That we may see this more clearly, consider some particular instances.

In *business*. We have already anticipated, to some degree, what we might remark here. Let us take one instance. What in many cases leads a young man to betting on the gaming-table or the race-course? He has been such a time in the office, say, of his employer, and he has begun to turn his thoughts to making his fortune. But he reflects with pain that he has not made much progress towards it yet. Then comes the tempter, "Why need you go on at this wretched pace? Go and bet; a lucky turn of the wheel of fortune may make you independent in a night!" So he goes; tired of the old honest slow-and-sure style, he bets, he loses, he wins. You know the rest. How often the story ends—not in golden dreams realised, but in a trial for embezzlement, penal servitude, a mother and sisters in tears

of anguish, a grey-headed father bent down with sorrow and shame. Why? Because the young man took to betting? No, but because he could not wait! That's it!

Young men in business, "learn to labour and to wait." Let not a blind haste to be independent send you to betting, to restlessness, to questionable practices, or to any of the many things in which young men give unbridled way to this impatient spirit. The road to honour is a well-beaten track. It is the way that is called "Work and wait," and the hedges thereof are "Fear thy God" and "Love thy brethren."

In *knowledge*. Why is it that most young men can tell you of a number of studies they began, but in which they never advanced beyond the very rudiments? One began to learn shorthand, but did not persevere. Another took up music, spent a little time and money in the pursuit, and then—gave it up. To-day all he has for his trouble is regret that he did not persevere. A third began French, not once, but three or four times, maybe; he is now meditating a vigorous *fifth* effort for the coming winter evenings, to be followed in due course, it is to be reasonably expected, by a sixth in the spring. He is fast developing a likeness to certain old-fashioned watches, which were known as *repeaters*. Have you not seen in your country rambles certain unfinished, ghost-like houses, that were begun but never finished? They are usually called after the owner, to whose name there is added an expressive, albeit unflattering noun, "Brown's" or "Robinson's Folly." Oh, how many of us young men have three or four "Follies" of other ilk disfiguring our past history. And why? Because we could not endure the drudgery. We wanted to grasp the gains all at once without the pains. Is there a reader of this Article, with talent and opportunity, about to give up his studies because he thinks his pace but slow? Is there one, in petulant haste, about to throw down his pen or his tool? Stop! The man who fails is the man who cannot wait. Wait a little longer, and work a little longer. If you cannot wait for success in your present position, are you likely to wait for it in another? You remember the struggles endured by Dr. Johnson, author of the famous dictionary, in his early life. You know the measure of his success. This was his motto. I commend it to you: "Go doggedly on!"

In *opinions*. I shall limit my thoughts to religious opinions, though the principle applies to all opinions. In this day, when teachers of the false often put to shame, by their zeal, teachers of the true, it is wise to take time to make up your mind. You will agree with me that Faraday was a man whom no one need be ashamed to follow; and this was a saying of his: "There are many questions about which it is the highest philosophy to keep one's mind in a state of judicious suspense." Why do young men sometimes adopt strange and soul-ruinous opinions? Simply because they "can't wait." In the Word of God, in the economy of the Gospel, are many things I cannot understand now. Perhaps I shall see them before I leave this world. Perhaps I shall not. Shall I reject them, forsooth, because I cannot understand them *now?* (for that is really what it comes to). I shall not. I can wait till God reveals them to me if He will, or does not if He will. There is sufficient plain and simple teaching there to help me in my every need, to cheer me in every dark and cloudy day, to show me my Saviour in all His love and infinite power. And as to the difficulties, well, I shall keep my mind in a state of "judicious suspense" and *wait!*

In the *conflict with sin*. I hope my readers know what this means, for "no conflict, no crown." Yet how many young men, aroused for a while, face their besetting sin or sins for a season, but in a short time discouraged, because they did not overcome at once and for ever, give up in despair, and acquiesce in their miserable slavery. Brother! is this your temptation? Are you going to lie down and give in? Shame on you! "To him that overcometh" is the crown promised. Overcoming includes not only brave and faithful conflict, which all who would win must endure, but the patient continuance in the fray, and waiting for victory. Why, the victory is sure. Do not think of retreat. Oh! stay upon your God. "Wait on the Lord, and be of good courage," for "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." Again, I say, the victory is sure to face the foe afresh. Buckle on all the armour of Light, and take for your battle-cry, "He that believeth shall not make haste."

I could write many things, if need be, on this subject of "waiting." I have written these to illustrate my opening sentiment, that the man who fails all round is the man that can't wait!

LITERARY COMPETITION.

£14 14s. IN PRIZES

OFFERED BY THE EDITOR.

For the best Short Story (5,000 words or under)	£2	2 0
" " " True Adventure (3,000 words or under)	2	2 0
" " " Six True Gospel Anecdotes (each 500 words or under)	2	2 0
" " " Science Paper (3,000 words or under)	2	2 0
" " " Historical or Biographical Paper (3,000 words or under)	2	2 0
" " " Ballad or Poem (100 lines or under)	2	2 0
" " " Set of 50 pithy extracts, sacred and secular, each not more than 200 words in length...	2	2 0

Twenty CERTIFICATES OF MERIT will also be given in each Division.

RULES.

I. In the first six Divisions, the work must be original; in Division 7, the name of the Author, and the book from which each extract is taken, must be given.

II. The Competition is absolutely open to all, but Competitors are asked to state whether they are over or under 21 years of age.

III. Each Paper sent in must have Competitor's name and address on the first page, and on the back of the last one; also the Division for which it is entered.

IV. Books of reference may be freely used.

V. Competitors may enter for more than one Division, but can only obtain one Prize. Papers for Different Divisions must be forwarded in *separate* wrappers.

VI. Stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed with any questions about the Competition.

All MSS. will be carefully returned when a wrapper properly stamped is enclosed.

The Competition will close Nov. 30, on or before which date all Papers, with "Literary Competition," and also the Division for which they are entered, *written outside*, must be sent to the Office of "A. 1.," 62, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

MUSING AND AMUSING.

DOST thou love life? Then squander not time; for time is the stuff life is made of.—*Franklin.*

Authors are like asparagus: there is little good about them but their heads! *Verb. sap.*

A Norman applies to a lady, summering at Etretât, for employment. "But, my good man, I have brought all my servants with me; I have nothing for you to do." "Ah, madame, if you only knew how little work it would take to occupy me!"

Short Commons.—At a shop window in the Strand a little while ago, there appeared the following notice: "Wanted, *two* apprentices, who shall be treated as *one* of the family."

Educate a woman, and you educate a race. When you educate a boy, you *perhaps* educate a man; when you educate a girl, you are laying the foundation for the education of a family, physically, morally, and mentally.

There is an excellent rule: say nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad, or indifferent; —nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

Magistrate (to policeman, named O'Flaherty): "When did you last see your sister?" "About eight months ago, when she called at my house, and I was out." "Then you did not see her on that occasion?" "No, sir; I wasn't there."

The sun does not wait to be prayed for before he rises, but straightway shines forth, and is hailed by all; so do not wait to do good, for applause, noise, and praise, but do it of your own desire, and, like the sun, you will be beloved.—*Epictetus.*

American Journalism. — An Iowa editor says, with gratitude: "We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend F——, for which he will please accept our compliments, *some of which are nearly two inches in diameter.*" (The italics are our own.)

The Wrestler's Inn, at Yarmouth, is celebrated for a *jeu d'esprit* of the immortal Nelson. He was asked by the proprietor for permission to call it "Nelson's Hotel," and to place his lordship's arms over the door. Nelson gave him full permission to do the former, but suggested the omission of the latter part of the ceremony on the ground that "*he had no arms to spare!*"

Here is a good word for the women. An English statistician has discovered that married men live longer and live better lives than bachelors. Among every 1,000 bachelors there are 38 criminals; among married men, the ratio is only 18 per 1,000.

TEACHING:

WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

TEACHING children does not mean (as too many, from their actions, seem to think) so much knowledge crammed into the little heads, to be extracted again at examination times. Education is meant to be rather the gradual training of the mental faculties, as they develop themselves, or are developed by exercise. Much that we have ourselves learnt in our school days is forgotten; the *effect* of the study only remains. Looking at school life from this standpoint, when we come to have pupils ourselves, our first object is to make a child *like* her lessons, to arouse an interest in what is learnt; and to do this successfully, a pupil must first like her teacher. There is nothing so essential to easy and right teaching, as a perfect understanding between teacher and taught; only, out of school hours, let those relations be forgotten as much as possible, and let the teacher become the sister friend, to whom all go for sympathy or advice, dropping the formal restraint of the schoolroom, only insisting on the one point of perfect obedience. Speaking of this "formal restraint" so usually adopted, which immediately forces the generally unpleasant conviction, "Oh, I'm in school!" I have myself found that almost wholly laying it aside was full of good results. The feeling, "This is a *lesson*," takes away at once much of the interest that might be awakened. If the lesson can be made to look like a pleasure, so much is gained. Of course this entails a little extra thought and work upon the governess; but worry, and perhaps pardonable annoyance, are avoided, as the work goes more smoothly, and when once the pupils are *interested*, it is easier all round.

Archbishop Whately says very truly, that "the object of all teaching is to make a boy *think for himself*." Never prompt, where a child can find out easily for herself. It is a mistaken kindness always to answer questions; a genial "Well, dear! what do you think it ought to be?" or "Turn to page so and so, and read it to me," is often a greater help, and makes more impression.

Then there is no use in teaching children when they are tired, or cold and uncomfortable. I do not mean to encourage nonsense, but there is no more use in making a child write a copy, or work a sum, while it is physically unfit to do so, than in trying to make it eat a dinner if it is not hungry. Such teaching only does harm. Mental faculties cannot be developed if the body is not in a normal condition. On one occasion, a little pupil had a very bad cold, and the table being at some distance from the fire, a dreary afternoon with no results was the only outlook; but, by sitting over the fire with books and work (it was the day for needlework), the cold was mostly forgotten, and Maude, standing on the hearthrug, read aloud as usual for half an hour, as cheerily as any child with a cold could read. Perhaps this might not always be possible; I only quote it as an instance of what a little management will do.

With children under ten, geography and history come second; obedience and moral principles are the first great object. Once engraft these, and arouse a quick perception and interest, and knowledge will be easily acquired, while there will have been a foundation laid for that which is incorruptible, and which will stand when all else fades. For those who are older, I would still urge that Euclid and Greek may never supersede that loving Christian training which, under God's grace, alone fits any man or woman to meet the temptations of life, and gives strength to conquer in the battle. Oh, if those who have children under their care fully realised this, God's world would be more what He meant it to be, and there would be less vantage-ground for the destroyer in many a young heart.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley writes: "Your business, and that of all teachers, is not to cram them with things, but to teach them how to read for themselves. . . . We want to train—not cupboards full of information (vile misnomer), but real informed women." And again to another: "In my eyes, the question is not what to teach, but how to educate; how to train, *not scholars, but men*—bold, energetic, methodic, liberal-minded, magnanimous. If I can succeed in doing that, I shall do what no salary can repay—and what is not generally done by private tutors."

Regular hours, never setting *too long* a lesson, always cheerfulness, and sometimes mirth in a schoolroom, I would earnestly suggest. Having tried it myself, I recommend it to others. It means prayer and thought and great patience, but the end is worth it all. Whether it succeeded or not in one case, let our readers judge from words written by a mother: "I think you must have a talent for teaching; you have made Grace *like* her lessons, and she used to dislike them so."

TRIED WITH FIRE.

"I will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried."—*Zech.* 13. 9.

"I DON'T at all like this beating and bruising," said a piece of gold that had been under the hammer for a long time, and was beaten into all manner of shapes. "I don't see the good of it, and I quite ache with knocking about so."

Heaps of gold and silver were lying about the room in different stages—some rough and shapeless, and almost hidden by earth and sand; some purer, having already been in the fire; but all had still a large amount of dross clinging to them.

They had been taken away from their former surroundings, that they might be prepared for high and earnest work in the king's service. But some did not understand this, and thought it all harshness and unkindness that put them to so much suffering.

"Oh, dear, dear," moaned the gold again, as it was put into the furnace, "this fire is worse than all; the heat is terrible."

"You seem in great trouble," said a bright piece of silver which was lying on the ground.

"Oh, I am!" exclaimed the gold. "No one knows what I suffer."

"But it will not be for long," returned the silver.

"I don't know," sighed the gold; "it often seems very long to me, and I cannot see what good it is to do me; day after day passes, and I seem no further on—the same ups and downs, the same suffering, the same trial."

"Shall I tell you a secret?" whispered the silver. "This trial is only for a while; we are by-and-bye to bear the king's likeness, and all this bruising and melting is but a preparation for it. It is no useless suffering we are bearing."

"Are you *sure?*" asked the gold, wonderingly. "How do you know?"

"Because I have been told so by one I could trust," said the silver quietly.

"I could bear *anything*, I think, if I was sure of that," said the gold.

Just then his friend was taken away to a neighbouring furnace, and he was not able to ask any more; but he thought much and long on what had been said. The days seemed long, and sometimes weary and painful; but the refiner knew what he was about, and did not try them above that they were able to bear.

After a time, the gold met his friend again, and said, "I have been thinking so much of what you said; if *that* is the end, I ought to be happy all the time, and I am not,—I cannot be glad to suffer so."

"One cannot be glad of the pain," answered the silver; "it would be no pain if we did not feel it as such; but in and through the pain, we may be glad with the thought of what the end will be, and in knowing, too, that one who cares is watching us, and will not keep us in the furnace one moment longer than is necessary."

"It is very strange, that if he cares about us, he should make us suffer so."

"Nay," replied the silver, "never think that. It is no strange thing that is happening to us. Every one who would be like the king must go through suffering."

"There were plenty of my brethren in the place I came from, who were happy enough, and yet never suffered like this."

"No," quietly answered the silver, "they were not called to such high honour."

The gold looked wonderingly at his friend, and thought earnestly of what he had said—was it really such high honour? Was it really worth so much pain? And ought he to be glad *now* in that assurance? Then the end must be wondrously good, and there must be high and important service before him, to make it worth the refiner's while to spend so much time in watching him, and exactly measuring the time he was to be in the furnace.

Yes, he was sure it must be so, and he determined to bear patiently and quietly—ay, and JOYFULLY too, whatever might come—beating, bruising, melting—because of the SURE confidence that BY-AND-BYE, when all the suffering would be over, and all the dross purged away, he should bear the KING'S LIKENESS.



NOV. 12, 1887.

"A.1."

ONE PENNY.

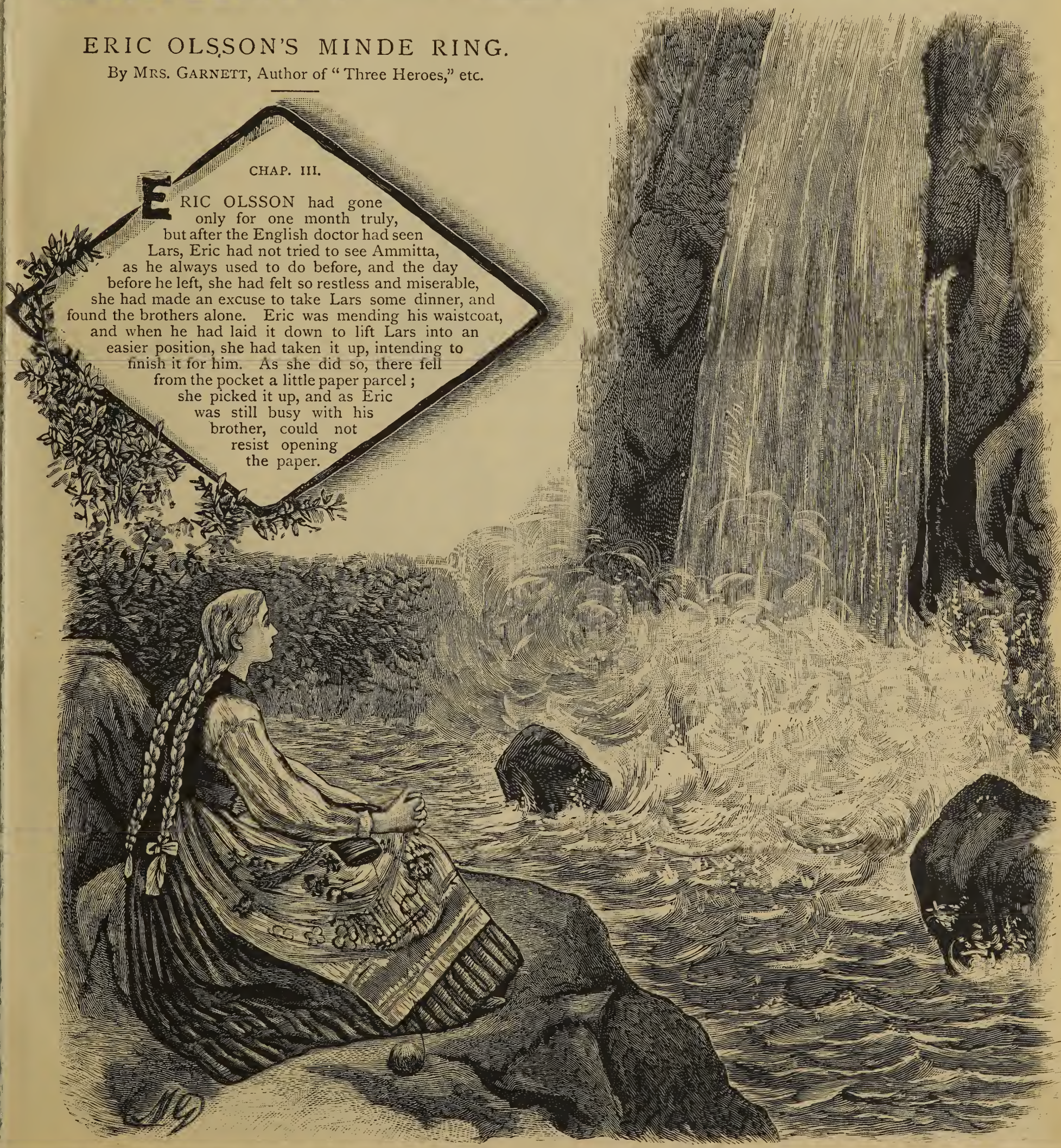
WEEKLY—Edited by MRS. STEPHEN MENZIES.

ERIC OLSSON'S MINDE RING.

By MRS. GARNETT, Author of "Three Heroes," etc.

CHAP. III.

ERIC OLSSON had gone only for one month truly, but after the English doctor had seen Lars, Eric had not tried to see Ammitta, as he always used to do before, and the day before he left, she had felt so restless and miserable, she had made an excuse to take Lars some dinner, and found the brothers alone. Eric was mending his waistcoat, and when he had laid it down to lift Lars into an easier position, she had taken it up, intending to finish it for him. As she did so, there fell from the pocket a little paper parcel; she picked it up, and as Eric was still busy with his brother, could not resist opening the paper.



"Thinking of Eric and the ring."

It contained a "minde" ring of gold, with two golden hands thereon, clasping each other. She slipped it quickly back into its place, and neither Eric nor Lars knew she had seen it. But night after night, when the children were asleep, she used to be awake wondering, as she had done all the previous day, until her head ached and her eyes smarted, for whom Eric had bought his "minde" ring. It certainly was not for herself, or he would have given it to her; then for whom could it be? He, a sailor, would know scores of girls beside Ammitta Loen—girls no doubt in a better position than she—shopkeepers' daughters in Bergen, or even girls in England, that great, rich, mysterious land across the ocean. And she had been so foolish all these years, believing that he loved her. Some days she felt so miserable; she would take her knitting and climb the Sjerpenut, and stay there alone for hours.

She would sit with her hands clasping her knees, and gaze across the ravine at the Kils Foss. The waterfall possessed a fascination for her; she would begin looking at it, thinking of Eric and the ring, but after a time, the fall would absorb her interest, and she would grow calm, and go home comforted. She would look at the Upper Fall, that long, filmy veil hanging clear of the rocks for many, many feet, swaying and fluttering in the breeze, a dazzling, sparkling, *living* column of light; till it seemed to her fevered heart the abode of an angel who knew all her trouble and soothed it to rest. She did not put the thought into words, even to herself; but the superstition of her grandmother was in her blood, though she knew it not, and exercised an influence of which she was not aware. And yet her quiet hours on the Sjerpenut, though they soothed her at the moment, were, she was well aware, no real comfort. Day-dreams may distract a troubled mind, but they cannot ease it. Sometimes she remembered this, and bent her head on her hands and prayed; then she got comfort.

But Mitta was wrong in supposing Eric had bought the ring for any maiden save herself. In his eyes, none other was so fair, none other beloved. He was a resolute man, and knowing how the neighbours were ever on the watch for a love affair, and how mercilessly they teased, he had determined to say no word to Mitta, till he had saved money enough to take a little cottage he had long had his eye on near Bergen, and had furnished it completely; then he would go to Pehr and say, "I love thy daughter, Pehr; give her to me for the sake of thy old friendship to our father. I have the home and the plenishing; give her to me at once." And thinking thus, from time to time he had gathered things which he thought would please her, and even bought an English carpet, and a clock, and some framed, brightly coloured prints. Last of all he had bought at Anderson's, in the Kirke Garde at Christiania, the golden minde ring. This he had carefully carried about with him, had looked at it many a time when he was alone on the deck at night, and had kissed it when the stars only saw him, and the faint moon watched from the summer sky. His finger was in his waistcoat pocket, touching it as he had walked up the road to his uncle Agdur's cottage, and had seen the English doctor sitting on the grass, holding his straw helmet out for the children to fill with poppies and daisies. He had heard as well as Lars what the gentleman had said; and there had flashed across his mind the thought that his brother might be cured, but only by a great cost to himself. He was not ready for the self-sacrifice; he thrust the idea away, but it would return. Awake or asleep, the spectre haunted him; his mind could not get rid of its unwelcome companion. A voice seemed ringing in a sharp whisper ever in his ears, "Give up the money you have saved, and Lars can be cured." Sometimes it spoke so loudly, Eric would look quickly round, to observe if the others had heard the voice as well as himself. But no! Lars lay as usual on the bed, with his legs stiffly stretched out, and with his discontented face. Kirstin was by the fire stirring the gröd. Agdur lolled against the door-post, smoking his pipe. Then the sailor would start up and wander far away up the Pass; and if he by any chance saw Ammitta, instead of hastening with sparkling eyes to meet her, his face would cloud, and he would turn away.

He was glad when the time came to go back to sea. He had not dared to fight his battle; perhaps out at sea it would be easier. So a week later he went, without a word of farewell to Mitta Loen, and with such a parting glance at Lars, as made the poor lad tremble, and wonder miserably what he had done to injure and offend his brother. He cried a few quiet tears when he was alone that morning, and another ache came into a heart that was sad enough already.

It was an October morning, crisp and fresh. Half the month was gone; the yellow leaves were fluttering from the trees in Prince's Park, and the doctor, as he walked down the Stanley Hospital, thought to himself, "I should like to see the Skjervet to-day; how the limes will be blazing, and the berries of the mountain ash gleaming against that mighty background of firs; the Skafledal Foss will be a sheet of foam too." Then he met an old patient, who stopped him for a few friendly words, and his summer holiday faded from his recollection, but only to be presently recalled. "Sir," said the house-surgeon, whom he met at the door of his special ward, "you will find a young man in number four bed, who came in last night. He is a Norwegian, and the man who brought him produced this," handing the doctor his own card, with its pencilled promise of admission into the hospital. "Of course," added the house-surgeon, "we took him in; indeed, under any circumstances I should have done so; he appeared almost in a dying state from exhaustion. The leg is very much shaken; it had on a queer splint made from the backs of an old book."

"Oh, yes," replied the doctor, smiling; "I remember the choice lay between those and a rough chip."

Lars' face brightened as the doctor approached him, and he feebly stretched out his hand. Though he could not understand a word that was spoken, he watched with feverish interest the examination of the limb; and when the doctor nodded, and patted him encouragingly and said, "Don't be afraid, my poor fellow; we shall turn you out all right," he evidently understood his meaning, and eagerly exclaimed, "Mange tak!"

The doctor turned round to see Eric standing beside him. "Ah! you are his brother?"

"Yes, sir; you told us you could cure Lars, so I brought him."

"You must have found it a difficult matter?"

"Yes, bad, very bad. We had a rough night coming over, and then all day in the railway yesterday, Lars was like to die. But now he is content; he has not looked *so* for a year nearly;" and the sailor's eyes glistened as he looked at his brother. "May I stay by him to-day, sir? I sail to America to-morrow."

"Certainly," said the doctor, deeply touched by the boundless confidence the brothers reposed in him.

He was sitting that evening busily writing in his study, when the door was opened, and a servant announced: "A sailor wishes to see you, sir."

"Ah! bid him come in. Sit down, Eric. Do you wish to know what I think of Lars before you go?"

"Yes, sir, please you."

"Well, he is exhausted now; but in a week's time I shall begin to straighten the leg, and put it into proper splints, and a day or two afterwards I shall reduce the fracture in the wrist, and put it into a new splint I have invented for just that kind of injury. I have little doubt all will go well, and that in four months Lars will be as good a man as ever he was."

Eric had listened breathlessly, and now, all unconscious to himself, a sob broke from him, and two tears fell slowly down his cheeks. He opened his hand; in it was a worn purse. "This," said he, "is all I have left, four of your pounds; but I am going to America to get more. Take this, and cure Lars; I will pay more when I come back."

"My good fellow, the hospital is free; we want no pay."

But Eric replied, "Take the pounds; the money is not mine, nor even Mitta's. I gave it to Lars; I did not want to, but God made me. I cannot take it back."

The doctor looked keenly at the sailor, and thought to himself, "This man has passed through some hard mental conflict, and has won. What could it be? It has wonderfully refined his face; it was good-looking enough before, but now it is noble." But he asked no question, he merely remarked: "Well, I don't know who Mitta is, I suppose your sister; but if you two so wish Lars to be benefited by this money, I promise you to give him it to-morrow. He may want some little things while in hospital, and it will certainly be useful to him when he is discharged. There, good-bye; do not forget to call and see me whenever you are in Liverpool."

And so, with a hearty hand-shake they parted; the doctor to finish his lecture, and Eric to pass out into the gas-lighted streets of the foreign city to walk about all night, for his last shilling was gone. Many times he passed and repassed the Stanley Hospital, and gazed up at the windows of the ward where Lars lay. A faint, steady light shone through them all night long, and was reflected by a glow of peace in Eric's heart. None but himself knew what that peace had cost him. He had tried to get away from the voice of God; but God loved him too well to let him choose the evil. To give his all of happiness to get his brother cured seemed a great price, too great for his weak heart to pay. To give his love for duty seemed hard, very hard; and so it must have remained, but love, Divine Love, conquered the human.

It was when alone on the watch, that there came to him a revelation of redeeming Love, of the living Christ. He saw it then, how that to be one with Him who had given all for him—Eric Olsson, the Norwegian sailor—he must give his all in return. And he did it—yes, even the love of Mitta; his all was not too much to lay at the pierced feet of Jesus. He was tired

when he went home to Gudvangen, but no wavering thought distracted his heart. He could not rejoice, he could not sing, as some martyrs have done when they have gone to the fiery trial that was before them; but none ever walked thither with a more resolute step or a more calm reliance on God than did Eric Olsson.

He went into the cottage, where so many temptations had assailed him six weeks before, and knew that he was above them all now, and told Lars that he should go to England to be cured. His brother little knew what those quiet words cost; he received the announcement with delight. The very thought of being once again strong and well was happiness, but at the same moment a great wave of joy rolled over his heart; for if he only were well and strong, could he not tell Mitta he loved her, and win her for his wife? He remembered her tenderness to him, and all her beautiful devotion. He thought of the many hours she had sat in that dark room by his side, and he knew she had been happy there, for hers was a tell-tale face, and he read its every expression. The more he thought it over, the more sure he became that Mitta loved him as he did her. So, in the prospect of this great happiness, he overlooked the sacrifice his brother was making, and was only ready to avail himself of it.

The agony of his removal on to the steamboat at the Nærödfjord was such that, had not Ammitta Loen been near him all the time, he would have screamed. As it was, the tears rolled down his face, and he wrung his hands with the pain. But when she kissed him in their innocent, neighbour fashion, he became calm. Amongst strangers, he mastered down the pain sufficiently not to weep; but Eric he spared not to blame; and again and again his brother had hard work to suppress the angry words that rose in answer to his querulous complaints. He never did retort, but it was not in human nature to be cheerful in such circumstances, and the journey all through was a misery. Lars was relieved when his brother departed, and felt less lonely amongst the strangers he was left with than he could have supposed. Hope in the future brightened all the present.



"'Lars!' cried the sailor."

CHAPTER IV.

SHE GREW CONTENT.

It was an English April day; flying clouds, scudding rain showers, bursts of glittering, but not warm sunshine. The trees in Prince's Park swayed in their pale-green dresses, and flower-girls held up baskets laden with bunches of primroses and daffodils, to tempt the ladies gazing from the drawing-room windows. A sailor, whose clothes told of much wear, pulled his cap over his forehead, and dashed the raindrops from his brown whiskers, as he turned in at the Park gates, and walked towards one of the houses. He evidently knew his way, and hesitated not as he rang the servants' bell. The garden gate was opened by a tall, slim young man.

"Lars!" cried the sailor.

"Yes, Lars. Come in, brother Eric. See!" he cried joyfully, "I am well, quite well. The doctor has perfectly cured me."

Eric held his hands, and shook them violently; he could not speak. He remembered that night of the watch. He remembered the battle, and, with a solemn joy, God's victory; and he dreaded, and yet longed, to hear Lars say: "And I owe all this to God and you." And then, in that instant, it rushed through his heart that God was going to give him all his desire. Yes, he knew he must go on several more voyages, but no more money would be needed for Lars. He must still wait long months, maybe even years, before he might spring on the wooden pier at Gudvangen, and carry the "minde ring" to Mitta Loen. But the thought which had troubled him often before, that she was so pretty, so bright, and might before that day came have accepted a like gift from some other young man, grieved him no longer. He was sure in that moment that Mitta would wait. and that some day she would yet be his. He need not have trembled to hear Lars' next words. Lars offered no thanks; he was too proud of his straight leg and useful hand to think of anything else, or so it seemed at first.

Alas! his brother was to find that that was not all he had to think of. "Yes, Eric; for three months I lay in the hospital. Each time the leg was straightened it hurt less. In time, as the good doctor promised, it became quite well; and when I grew strong upon it, the doctor brought me here to be his servant, and a good, kind master he is, and willingly would I stay here, but for one reason."

"You like England then, Lars?"

"Oh, yes; I can speak much English now, and it is a good country; more money, better food, and better clothes; better and more of everything than in Norway. See you, Eric, I wonder that you, who have seen England so often, ever care to come back to the Nærödal!"

"Then you, Lars, will stay in England?"

"No," said Lars, blushing, and his eyes sparkling; "no, I go back to Gudvangen next week. Here are the four pounds you left for me, brother. I have enough without these; the doctor has been good to me indeed. I told him wherefore I must return, and he has given me enough to take me there, and clothes and other things besides."

"And will you not tell me also, Lars, why you return, when you are so much better off here?"

"I return for Ammitta Bersdatter. She loves me, and I love her."

Eric heard no more, though his brother went on speaking, he supposed; for when the wild rushing of water in his ears and the knocking in his head subsided, Lars' voice was still going on. "She will find many things to do here, and I, with this good place, can keep her better here than any bönder could in Voss. Oh, doubtless she will gladly come when I tell her all; but if not gladly, yet I am sure she *will* come, and willingly, for love of me. And when you come to Liverpool, you will come and see us, will you not, Eric?"

"Perhaps I will," replied he; "but take this money up again. I cannot touch it. Buy a wedding minde for Ammitta with it for me. Farewell, Lars."

As Lars took his brother's hand, he looked smiling into his face; but his smile vanished as he exclaimed, "Eric, you are ill; I will

call the doctor. You are white as the foam on the fjord, and cold as death."

"No, no," hoarsely uttered Eric; "let me go. I need only the fresh air."

Lars stood at the garden gate and watched his brother go. "How strangely he walks," he thought. "I never noticed he walked so before; but I suppose he has learnt it on the great seas."

Eric turned and waved his hand in farewell. "How wan his face looks—like the maiden of the Twinde Foss. He must have been ill in America, or had some great fright. Perhaps he has seen a water-spirit; if so, he will die. Poor Eric! He hath always been a good brother to me, giving me the best he had, ever since he was a little one. I was less, but we both were but little ones when mother died. But perhaps it is nothing; I ever had fanciful thoughts. I can dream, I can love; but Eric thinks of nothing. He has a kind heart, but that is all. He never feels much. Well, perhaps it is best so; such as he suffer but little. I have had much pain, mind and body; but both are past now." So thought Lars, as he watched his brother leave the park, and then, with a self-contented smile, he returned to the doctor's kitchen, and sat down to a good supper with an excellent appetite.

The winter months had passed both slowly and sadly to Ammitta Loen. True, the Nærödal was one long stretch of snow, and the fjord was frozen; but then, as Lisbet said, that ever happened in winter; and there was plenty of spinning and weaving to do, and the cattle to tend, and the children to instruct in reading, and writing, and the catechism. No one need be sad because the white winter was come. Ammitta did not complain. She went about her duties resolutely; but her feet dragged. She never played on the horn now. The roses had gone from her cheeks, and hollows had come there instead.

Christmas came; and for two or three weeks even the hamlet of Gudvangen was alive with preparations. The yule beer was brewed. Pehr and the boys went to the mills for the flour, and Lisbet and Mitta were busy baking for days. Fish, birds, reindeer flesh and sausage, wafers and cakes, were all, as usual, ready before the great day came. A pole had been erected before every door, with the sheaf of corn for the birds. Even Agdur's had its sheaf; for he would indeed be a poor man who could not feed God's birds at yule-tide. Then their friends and neighbours came in, and the silver drinking-cup, that had been in the cottage since the "old days," was filled to the brim, and every one who crossed the threshold drank Skal to Pehr and Lisbet; and many a young man raised it and said, "Ammitta." Some, indeed, came day after day all the thirteen days of yule and said that word; but the girl seemed not to hear; and to no one of them did she drink back. Not even to Hans Hansen, the rich bönder from the Stalheim; though the other maidens of the parish knew well he bought a golden ring at the last fair, on purpose, as he openly avowed, to give her.

When Christmas was passed, and the new year with noiseless tread stole over the land, Ammitta grew somewhat stronger. Snow was slow to depart in the ravine; but every day there appeared more bare patches, and the river boiled and foamed as it rushed down the valley.

It had been a sad winter to Mitta. It seemed to her as though in her life it would last for ever. She had loved Eric always; and now he had gone without a word or a sign, and she could not hope he would return. Indeed, she often hoped he might never do so; for she could not bear to see him bringing home the wife she had persuaded herself would be with him. She grew nervous, and feared the neighbours might read the cause of her pale face; so, in order that she might not appear so weak and ill as she felt,—for she could not sleep, and her strength was gradually leaving her,—she exerted herself to work as hard as of old. But for many an hour, far up the awful frowning ravine, where no eye could see her, she would wander in heavy dejection. One day she caught so severe a cold that she could not leave the house for a fortnight. The wool was all knitted up, and there was little to do, so she read the three books they possessed; and one of the three was the old Bible her mother had used the day Eric came home, when she was so happy. How well she remembered it!

Turning over the pages carelessly, she stumbled on the Gospel of St. John, and she read on and on, and all through it. She had often read verses, and even a chapter, but never a whole Gospel straight through. As she did so, feverishly and eagerly, the picture of the life of Jesus rose before her as it had never done before. He moved—He spoke—she heard His voice, and she was comforted, for He spoke "peace"—"Not as the world giveth, give I unto you—My peace I leave with you."

"Then," said Mitta, "if He has given me this, He will not take it away again. He knows best; I will try not to think of Eric. Lord Christ, let me be content," she added, every time she said her prayers. She still repeated the form her mother had taught her as a little child; but now for the first time she prayed. She grew content.

(*To be continued.*)

"BURIED SUNBEAMS."

BURIED sunbeams—buried sunbeams—
Far below the ground they lie;
In the deep, dark mines they're buried,
Hidden far from every eye.
Lost! oh, lost! those sunbeams brilliant
That of old-time danced with glee;
Buried sunbeams—buried sunbeams—
Who—ah, who!—can set them free?

Buried gladness—buried gladness—
Hidden 'neath o'erwhelming woe,
In a breaking spirit buried,
Lost in stillness far below.
Lost! oh, lost! those joys so gladsome
That of old o'erfilled the soul,
Who can any more restore them?—
From their graves the stone can roll?

Living sunbeams—living sunbeams—
Flash from out the winter fire,
Flicker, flash; and—flashing, flickering—
Upward merrily aspire.
Yet these sunbeams long were buried
Underneath the solid earth,
But they live again to cheer us,
They have been recalled to birth.

Living gladness—living gladness—
From the grave of sorrow dark
Rises up, with cheerful singing,—
Songs that cheer the souls who hark.
Let us learn one little lesson,
Asking God to make us wise:—
Every buried joy He gave us,
Some day will again arise.

LETTICE DOWNING.

JANE MASON;

OR,

A BIBLE CLASS JOURNAL.

By the Rev. J. HANSON, M.A.

'TIS over twenty years now, since Jane Mason gave up attending my Bible Class. Of thirty, or thereby, on the roll, she was for several years the most regular and attentive Class Member. To gauge the impression made by the lessons, I had encouraged the girls to call upon me at home; and among these personal interviews, no other gave me so strong a hope as Jane, with whom I had many conversations. Add to this that peculiar interest attached to her, as one who had never known a mother's love, and whose father, so far from recognising his *double* duty as a widower, sought enjoyment in drink, as often as he could get the money.

Jane's sudden disappearance from my class came about in this way. A new situation had introduced her to new associates. *They* did not attend a Bible Class, nor love the Gospel, and the Saviour of whom it speaks. Yet, though so open in their neglect of the great salvation, they gained a strong influence over Jane. All day long, and every day, she heard religion mocked at; nor was there in her home any wholesome counteractive to the evil. She had not yet planted her feet on the Rock of Ages, so as to stand safely in the evil day; the inevitable followed. Jane not only dropped the Class, but she must have been at pains to keep out of my way. My anxious inquiries, plied in all quarters, were fruitless. Her relatives could not, or would not, give me any information. News came at last, however, startling and painful as could be. There came a letter to me from Jane, enclosed in an envelope, the like of which I had not seen before, so many coloured markings upon it. *Jane was in prison.* "Would I go and see her?" Such was the burden of a message, short enough in itself, but which I needed a long time to realise.

The interview in prison was distressing and disappointing. The charge was *theft;* and as there had been no trial as yet, I was allowed to see her only in the presence of officials. We were confused and constrained, both of us. In answer to a few queries, however, it became plain to me that my hopes concerning Jane were blasted. Plainly she "had fallen among thieves;" upon whom she cast the blame of her crime. Her personal guilt was shortly after proved, the punishment being twelve months' imprisonment.

Jane's new associates, whom I have named thieves, taught her extravagant, wasteful habits. The simple, contented life of earlier days had but a few wants, and these easily satisfied; the indulgences led to pilfering, and *then* to prison.

This old story came up fresh on the page of memory a short time ago, when addressing, in a Female Refuge, eighty or ninety women who had all been in prison. Their singing of our most modern hymns surprised me. Where had they learned to sing them, and so well? There had been other *Janes*, then, besides mine; other teachers of young women, who had laboured, and prayed, and hoped, and—were disappointed. Speaking for myself, I knew only *one* Jane. How many others come up as a glad memory, who early gave themselves to the Saviour, and have lived so as to adorn His doctrine! It might be almost as useful, and certainly it would be much more pleasant to me to tell of such, than of Jane. But words of *warning* are needful.

"ARE YOU IN HEALTH, BROTHER?"

2 SAM. 20. 9.

By REV. THAIN DAVIDSON, D.D.,
Author of "Talks with Young Men," "Forewarned, Forearmed."

IF so, see you take good care of it. It is too precious a treasure to throw away; and once lost, is not easy to regain. "Praise God for good health," says Izaak Walton, "and value it next to a good conscience." Leave no means untried, no discipline neglected, to preserve it. Be temperate in all things, and do not overstrain your powers. Try to keep the body in the best possible condition; an instrument in thorough repair, for fulfilling the purposes of the soul.

Temperance, exercise, and rest have been called Nature's great physicians; and there is this to be said in their favour, that their prescriptions are cheap and painless. Some young men appear to think that their reserve supply of health is inexhaustible, and that they may draw upon it without damage; and so they run risks, and do foolish things, which they are certain afterwards to rue. By-and-by, when, perhaps, the constitution is undermined by long neglect or continued exposure, or overstrain, you will find that you would give the world to undo what you have thoughtlessly done.

A strict regimen and careful attention to the laws of hygiene may save you many a headache and rheumatic pain in after-days.

"Whereas young men," says Sir William Temple, "are usually in pain whenever they are not in pleasure, old men find a sort of pleasure when they are not in pain."

Pardon my suggesting that the law of health has these three letters—L for Light, A for Air, W for Water; and the more you make use of all three, the better.

Do your work in the daytime, in the sunshine if possible; we have none of it to spare; live as much as you can in the light of heaven. Many persons forget the healthful influence of daylight; a dark office, a dark workshop, avoid if you can manage it. Milton says: "The sun ripens wits, as well as fruits."

Healthful as this city is, its atmosphere must be trying to some of you who have come from the open country or the breezy hills. I pity the youth—and there are many such—who has exchanged a country home for a metropolitan lodging in a back street, whose only green thing is a sickly geranium in the window. Behind the house is a plot of trampled mud, containing, say, a swing, a puddle, a paralysed weather-cock, and a fowl house backed by a railway arch. This is the garden; and the landlady gives him leave to walk in it without increasing his rent! Well, many such a young man maintains wonderful good health, if he is regular in his nabits, judicious in his diet, and takes every opportunity of getting a blow of fresh air.

Nothing is more essential than abundance of cold water. Every care should be taken to keep the pores of the skin open, and the blood in active circulation.

The normal and healthful young man will abjure alcohol in every form, and will be exceedingly stinted in what are called the luxuries of life. Cold water puts no dimness into the eyes, nor trembling into the limbs, nor gout into the toes.

No wonder so many men, whom God made strong and healthy, look sallow and pale, when they pay no attention to diet, sit up to all hours, excite the brain with stimulants, and indulge in the use of tobacco to excess; the marvel is, they do not sooner fail, and drop into a premature grave. Remember, God will hold you responsible for any invalidism that is self-created—for any marring, through indolence or vice, of the splendid frame He has given you, so "fearfully and wonderfully made." But my main purpose is to inquire about the state of your souls.

Therefore I ask:—

"Are you in spiritual health, my brother?" How is it with you within? Is the heart right with God? Judging from your faces, most of you are in excellent bodily condition; but how many are there to whom St. John's words may be addressed, "Thy soul prospereth"?

Happily, in our cities may be seen thousands of examples of a living and vigorous piety.

We hear a great deal of the dark side of London—of its crimes, its lawlessness, its irreligion, its infidelity; but, bless God, there is another side to the picture, and nowhere on earth probably will you find brighter instances of a glowing and practical Christianity. It is no narrow, cramped, and sickly type of piety I commend to you. I believe in a religion that broadens and ennobles a man—a religion like that of the late Samuel Morley, which, springing out of an evangelical faith in the Lord Jesus, imparts to its possessor a thoughtful, large-hearted, Christian manliness. We don't want sour, dejected hermits: we want men whose religion is seen in the market-place, in public life, at the domestic hearth, and everywhere. I recently met with a curious remark that "some are too manly to be godly, and others are too godly to be manly." The writer, I suppose, was referring to a certain phase of piety which dwarfs and belittles the soul, and which, adapted for a conventual or monastic life, is not fitted for the rough, noisy, busy world. Let me frankly say, I have no sympathy with that form of godliness.

Michael Angelo one day went into the studio of Raphael, when the artist was not in; he saw on the canvas a beautiful design, a human figure in graceful attitude, but disproportionately small. He slyly seized a brush, and faintly wrote underneath one word—*amplius*, that is "larger."

So there are good men, earnest, godly men, who want largeness of conception, width of view, breadth of character; and to such I feel disposed to say, "*amplius*, larger!" Noble is the service rendered to his generation by every child of God who shows that a high-toned, fervent spiritual life is not incompatible with a robust manliness, but rather conducive to it. That was a short but beautiful prayer which Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, wrote out for his own use each morning, before he entered on the duties of the day:—"O Lord, I have a busy world around me; eye, ear, and thought will be needed for all my work to be done in that busy world. Now ere I enter on it, I would commit eye, ear, and thought to Thee. Do Thou bless them, and keep their work Thine; that as, through Thy natural laws, my heart beats and my blood flows without any thought of mine, so my spiritual life may hold on its course, at those times when my mind cannot consciously turn to Thee to commit each particular thought to Thy service. Hear my prayer for my Redeemer's sake. Amen."

But let me come, my brother, to the root of the matter. Have you yet obtained Divine forgiveness and acceptance? Knowing yourself to be guilty before God, have you felt the burden of sin, and gone to where alone you could find relief—to the Cross of the blessed Redeemer? The world's religion ends with forgiveness; God's religion begins with it. The popular and prevailing notion of a Christian life is that, if you do the best you can, maintain a fairly upright character, and offer up a fervent prayer to God, then at the last, before life closes, you will get pardon for all sin, and a passport to heaven. But this is turning the Gospel upside down. God's religion is precisely the opposite. It starts with forgiveness. Conscious of sin and the Divine displeasure, you come by faith to the Lord Jesus, pleading the merit of His atoning blood, relying on His perfect righteousness; and you are justified from all things, admitted into the Divine favour, and begin to walk in the serene sunlight of realised acceptance. With the Spirit dwelling in you, you love what is holy and true, and obtain the victory over the lusts of the flesh and the snares of the devil. Believe me, this is the first thing indispensable to spiritual health.

You will not misunderstand what I have said about breadth of character and view. A generous and catholic spirit, united with a robust and intelligent mind that is ever open to the light, must not be associated with that spurious charity so popular in these days, which spurns all dogma, and would make the platform of salvation far wider than the Rock of Ages. There is a broad teaching which I fear is only leading many into "the broad way that leadeth to destruction." I warn you against those false physicians, who are sedulously forcing upon you their deleterious quackeries. Never will they yield you true health of soul. Put away from you those baneful compounds, however sweet they may be to the palate; they may be opiates, lulling you into a pleasing slumber, but they are to be labelled "Poison," for they destroy the soul.

I beckon you to the old Gospel of the Cross, which has sweetened the life and brightened the countenance of myriads who have now passed into glory; to the faith which Peter preached at Jerusalem, and Paul at Antioch; and which the Divine Teacher Himself enshrined in those matchless words, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Are you in health, my brother?"

Why should you not be, with such an elixir freely offered you? Why should your soul be sick any more, with so effectual a medicine now within your reach?

"My life," said a distinguished Christian philosopher in the close of his days, "has been a happy one, and all I desired. The progress of years, amounting now to threescore and ten, has produced for me gentle decay. I bow before Him who is Lord of all, and hope to be kept waiting patiently for His time."

The saintly Jay, of Bath, in looking back upon his life, spent in the faith and service of Christ, said: "I have heard people say with the dejected poet,—

> 'Worlds would not tempt me back to tread
> Again life's dreary waste;
> To see the future overspread
> With all the gloomy past.'

But such language is not for me. I should not shrink from the proposal of repetition. 'Goodness and mercy have followed me.'"

Your bodily strength at the best is precarious, but the Divine Hygienist offers you a health that shall never know decay. Be content with nothing less.

WON BY WORKING;

OR,

HIS FATHER'S GOLD.

By GEORGINA GOLLOCK,
Author of "Ebb and Flow," etc.

CHAPTER I.

GERALD "MAKES UP HIS MIND TO WAIT."

THE clock ticked on loudly in the otherwise silent sick-room, marking with unfeeling beat the rapid passing of the closing hours of life. Such a dreary, mouldy room, bare of even the semblance of comfort, and pregnant with a close, damp odour, telling of ruin and decay. Fallen leaves rustled hither and thither on the flagged verandah; whilst the wind, whistling round the corner, made its way through the cracked window panes, causing the flame of the candle by the sick-bed to leap and flicker, and make weird, moving shadows on the damp-stained wall. There was a solitary watcher in the room,—a grim, sour-faced old woman, bending eagerly over the sick man, striving to catch his muttered words.

Silas Burt—"old Si, the miser," as they called him—was well-nigh done with things of earth. He lay on his death-bed, his thin hands plucking at the coverlet as they had been wont to pluck at bank-notes in the past. Restless, sunken eyes, hollow cheeks that told of long privation, unkempt and ragged locks, and a greedy, grasping mouth, that looked as if smiles of love had never played round its corners, no baby kisses coaxed it to relax the grimness of its lines.

Yet Silas Burt had wooed and won a winsome country maid to be his wife, and had known the joys of fatherhood, when she sat beside him with her baby boy on her knee. The girl-wife had bloomed in his home for only two short years; the baby fingers never again availed to unlock the sternness which settled on Silas Burt's face, from the day when the plain oaken coffin was carried across his threshold.

That had been long years ago, and in those years the hard man had grown harder and colder. Life had come to mean only *gold* to him; it alone was real, tangible, satisfying, and in search of it he had sacrificed himself and his boy. Gerald—the name was his mother's choice—never knew the happiness of home. He was kept at a cheap school, where they tried to teach him to plot, and scheme, and plan. His father bade him choose those games where skill or cunning brought him some substantial return, and the only gift—a bright, new sixpence—which he ever gave the boy, was bestowed on him because he had won a great bag of marbles from his mates. "Don't play again, Gerald," chuckled the miser, "you may lose your gains; you give me those marbles; I'll put 'em to keep. Lay 'em up, boy; lay 'em up; that's the secret of success."

Strange that, with all this training, Gerald grew up an open-handed, generous lad. Perhaps it was because he felt the exceeding discomfort of his father's mode of life; perhaps it was because his mother's frank, trustful nature was within him; perhaps it was because that mother's prayers had centred round his cradle, and that holy thoughts and high aspirations came unbidden to the lad. Be that as it may, Gerald's dark-blue eyes were free from taint of greed, and it was only because he had empty pockets that his sole gifts to others were kindly words and deeds. The miser scarce knew what to do with his son. It tortured him to think that one day his cherished hoards must fall into the hands of this spendthrift. Worse than that, a vile suspicion haunted him. Did not spendthrift sons always lay violent hands on their father's shining, yellow gold? Gerald was young and lusty, what was to hinder him from taking the gold by force? The miser had meant to keep his son beside him, but he set that intention aside, and after close bargaining, the lad was apprenticed to an architect some hundred miles away. What did it matter to Silas Burt that his only son, the heir to his wealth, endured daily persecution about his niggardly mode of life, or that the architect himself, kind-hearted man though he was, started with a strong aversion to the lad, because of the way his father had groaned and mumbled over the necessary fee?

Those years of poverty in boyhood would have crushed a weak spirit, and driven an unstable one far into vice; they only served to make Gerald Burt's strong, reserved nature, stronger and deeper; they showed him, as nothing else could have done, the hollowness of the world's friendship, the hardness of the world's heart.

Gerald loved his profession; he was ambitious, and his visions of the future were bounded by no limits of probable achievement. To make money was not his desire; his father had done enough of that. His it should be to embody glowing thought in noble buildings, to make the silent stones show out in their fair proportions his inmost soul. When his apprenticeship was over, the young man, caring for nothing but his work, accepted a post with a nominal salary under a first-class architect, that he might master every method, every technical detail of his art. At some future time he would travel, and revel in the architecture of other lands; meanwhile it was a hard struggle to live on his income, for Silas Burt would part with none of his cherished gold.

But by-and-bye, in the fore front of the young architect's visions, a little ivy-clad cottage nestled beneath his cathedral spires, and at the door stood a tall, dark-haired maiden, watching for some one,—for whom? Surely for him. As months went by, that ivied cottage grew and grew, until the cathedral spires were only seen in distant perspective in the landscape.

Love of work was dwarfed by love of woman, a new influence was breathed through Gerald's life.

Well for him that Nettie Millard was also an answer to his mother's prayers. As his reserve gave way beneath her smile, and his long-concealed feelings were laid bare, a few careless words, a little flippancy, a false philosophy of life, and Gerald would have been swept into paths of danger by his love. His nature seemed to alter, he scarcely knew himself; but Nettie Millard, a quiet, earnest, pure-souled woman, stood firm, and Gerald stood by her side. She loved him, she would be true to him; he must therefore so live as to be worthy of her. With his waking passion all his chivalrous manhood also rose; life was deeper, purer, nobler; the heights of Goodness, crowned by the figure of the one Man who has ever reached their summit, grew clearer to him than the heights of Fame.

Gerald, knowing that for some years his profession would not much enrich him, wrote a manly letter to his father, asking whether there was any prospect of his receiving an allowance which would enable him to marry, or whether he and Nettie must "make up their minds to wait." How the miser's mind worked over that unlucky sentence, which conveyed so much more to him than it really meant.

"Make up their minds to wait,"—for what? Of course for his cherished gold. So already Gerald was counting on it, watching for it, perhaps even—horrible thought!—spending it beforehand, borrowing money in expectation of his father's death. Oh! the agony of greed in which Silas Burt paced up and down his chamber, the chills of age warning him that ere long he and his money must be parted, whilst the passionate craving for more, and more, and more, seemed like a demon mocking his impotent efforts to grasp.

"'An allowance to marry on,'" he muttered. "Nay, none of that. Let him marry when he can keep his wife. Does he think I have pinched and screwed all my life to keep 'his Nettie,' as he calls her? And as to waiting, maybe, when the time comes, he'll find that if I can't keep my money, he can't spend it—ha! ha!" and the miser's laugh echoed through the dismal room. A thought had come to Silas Burt—a thought fraught with good and evil for the hero of my tale.

The candle burnt down slowly, and the grim watcher hung anxiously above the bed. Love of gold, not love of Silas Burt, prompted her eager care.

Five-and-twenty years had old Catharine waited on her master, borne his caprices, shivered in his cheerless kitchen, shared in his scanty fare; and now that she was alone with him, as the shades of death gathered darkly round, she was greedy to learn his secret, to know where he had put his gold. For the gold had gone. The great box beneath the miser's bed, which used to be so heavy with its golden store, was light and empty now. Catharine had taken its key during her master's unconsciousness, but one dismayed glance showed her that no treasures were secured by the intricate key.

The candle burnt lower; then it flared up greedily as the paper which propped it caught the flame. The glare of light once more roused the miser; his restless eyes were fixed on the woman's face; his weak lips moved; he whispered something which brought a rush of colour over her face and left her deadly pale.

Then the flame sank in sudden darkness; with one swift effort the miser sat upright, and clearly through the room of death two words rang—"Tell Gerald"—and that was all.

CHAPTER II.

NOTHING TO WAIT FOR.

OF course Gerald was sent for. There was no express train for some hours after the news reached him, so he had time to go to Nettie, and tell her what had occurred. He was saddened and startled; but his heart had never been touched by a father's love, and the strong link of sonship had been loosened by neglect. So when he and Nettie had talked a little of the dreary life and loveless death, their thoughts wandered to the future, and leaped onward in jubilant life.

"The old place is worth next to nothing, Nettie; the house is half in ruins, and the land has not been tilled for years. I do not think you would ever care to live there. Some day, when I am richer than my poor father's gold will ever make me, I shall build a house in the old sheltered quarry, on the hill above the grave-yard; such a lovely sunny spot, where all the flowers bloom earliest, and my darling will be the fairest of them all."

So they talked until it was time to part.

Catharine opened the creaking door for Gerald as he walked up the grass-grown drive. Some subtle change in her aspect struck him, but before he had time to define it, it was gone.

"I've ordered everything very cheap," said she, following him into the cheerless parlour; "'twas what the master would have liked, and 'tis best for them that's left."

The old home was indescribably dreary, and Gerald felt chilled and depressed. Bidding Catharine get him some food, he went softly to the chamber where his father's body lay. Something like a tear shone on the young man's cheek, as he stood with folded arms gazing on the sunken face, wearing, even in death, the look of unsatisfied desire. Father and son seemed nearer in that moment, though death lay between them, than they had ever been before.

Two days more, and all was over; it only remained for Gerald to look into affairs. No lawyer appeared on the scene; no will could be found, no one made an effort to dispute Gerald's claim to the whole of the miser's wealth. There were no bonds, no traces of investments,—the miser's money, if it were not all a myth, must be hidden in gold and notes somewhere,—ah! but *where?*

In vain Gerald sought. Every corner of the house was examined from top to bottom, even the very cracks in the old garden wall were pryed into, and the loose stones ruthlessly rooted out.

Catharine denied all knowledge of the hiding-place, and preserved a stolid, sulky manner, which defied all attempts to take her off her guard. The miser's dying entreaty, "Tell Gerald," had fallen on ears so enamoured of the chink of gold, that all other sounds were dull and distant; what did she care for the voice of conscience which echoed her master's parting charge, when something within her seemed to keep up a clanking of golden coin, and the yellow sheen of the sovereigns danced ceaselessly before her eyes?

A week went by, no gold was found; Gerald, who had been hoping against hope, felt his heart sink within him as he realised the position in which he was. Young, ambitious, penniless, with long years of work before his profession would provide him with a home, how could he ask Nettie to wait for him, through the brightest years of her life? Perhaps, if she gave him up at once, she would find ere long a richer man who could quickly claim her as his bride.

It was a faithless thought, and Gerald thrust it from him; Nettie was true, and would wait, but oh! the chill and darkness of those years of waiting, instead of the bright hopes of but one week ago.

Gerald's leave of absence was up. He called Catharine to him, and asked her if she would like to stay on in charge of the old house.

"I cannot pay you much," the young man said; "I have nothing but what I earn, but I can trust you to keep watch for me here, and to let me know if anything turns up."

Catharine's cheeks glowed with a deep, dark red; conscience pricked her sorely, but a gleam of sunlight darting through the window reminded her of the shining gold.

"I wouldn't stay here for worlds," was her sullen answer; "the master's ghost is sure to come haunting the place. If you're going to-morrow, I'll go next day; the old house is only fitted for bats and owls."

"What a strange old soul she is!" said Gerald, as he watched the clumsy figure disappear at the end of the passage. "I suppose she is honest, but I may as well have the old place watched; I'll find some town lad who wants country air, and will be glad to live rent free, some one to keep the place clear of tramps and robbers. There are sure to be plenty of folk hanging round, until the story of the hidden gold gets forgotten, or is transformed into a myth."

Gerald slept uneasily that night. The memories of the old house seemed to revel round his bedside, and invade his dreams. He rose at daybreak, bent on a visit to his father's grave. It was early in an autumn morning, the russet leaves sparkled with frost diamonds, and the clear-voiced birds chirped and twittered as they fed on the scarlet berries of the May. Hope rose in Gerald's heart. He had health and mental power, a clear conscience, and a true woman's love; what if he had not gold? He had things better by far. A great pity filled him for the man who had spent his life in quest of a shining plaything which brought him no peace, no rest; and as the young man's thoughts rose upwards with the soaring lark, he saw a glimpse of the golden glory, awaiting those who lay up treasures where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt.

There were two paths to the graveyard, one lay down the grassy slope, the other skirted the top of the long disused quarry, where Gerald had told Nettie he would one day build her a house. Some thought of their plans about it led him to choose that way. He stood on the edge of the steep jagged cutting, unguarded by fence or rail, and looked away to the graveyard in the plain below. Then his eyes wandered nearer, nearer, until he began to plan just where the site of Nettie's house should be. How close could it come to the sheltering cliff without loss of daylight? A little closer still—that would leave about twenty yards between, and as his quick eye measured the distance, he caught sight of *something*—a shapeless mass amongst the jagged stones below. A woman's form,—God help her! She would never move again.

With swift leaps, and long fearless strides, Gerald reached the spot; surely that shawl was familiar to him—another moment, and the dead face of old Catharine was upturned to the morning sun.

What had brought the old woman there? She must have fallen hours ago, for she was quite cold and stiff, and the candle in her lantern had burnt itself out. Could it be that she, too, had sought the miser's grave, perchance in her sleep, and slipped on the uncertain way? Gerald took a swift review of the years that were past, and in his few visits home, could remember nothing to show that there was any link of affection between old Catharine and the master she had served.

If Gerald had only known the secret that drew the woman with the miser spirit in her, to leave her bed in the silent night, he might have held a clue to his father's gold, but now that dying entreaty, "Tell Gerald," would be for ever unfulfilled; the only one who held the miser's secret would speak no more.

(*To be continued.*)

WORD ECHOES.

NEVER a word is said,
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps, far off, in eternal years,
The echo may ring upon our ears.

FOUNDED ON A ROCK.

By JOHN CALVERT.

WHILE spending a short time, some years ago, on the northern coast of Ireland, I visited, amongst other places of interest, the old Castle of Dunluce.

It has often, since then, presented itself to my mind—the great rock rising majestically out of the sea, and surmounted by the grey, weather-beaten walls, which almost seemed to be a part of the rock itself. It stood alone—isolated from the shore, to which it was joined only by a narrow wall, or arch, which crossed the deep, though not very wide space intervening, and formed the only means of access. There it had stood for centuries; defying the winds and waves of the Atlantic, as they had dashed, in all the fury of the storm, against it on every side.

It was impregnable—that castle—when, in troublous times, it was assailed by the enemy. On the summit of that rock no foe could reach it. While the rock stood, it was safe.

That old castle has often brought before my mind another Fortress. I have been reading of one, who, realising how dangers assailed him on every hand, spoke of a Strong Rock—a Fortress—in which alone he could be safe (Psa. 31.-71.); and I have been thinking of the many young men and young women who to-day are, like David, exposed to great danger, but who have not sought this place of safety.

How fierce the storms of tempation that often gather around us, and seem like to overwhelm us! More powerful than the waves of the ocean do they break upon us, and with a force more irresistible. Can we stand against them? No; not unless we are united to the Rock.

A little to the west of Dunluce the shore changes its aspect, and a long stretch of sand takes the place of the rocky coast-line. Had this old castle been founded there, would it have stood to-day? No. Its builders were not foolish enough to erect it where it could not stand the storm.

Much more foolish is the young man who thinks of overcoming, in his own strength, the sin that besets him. If he would stand safe and unmoved, *he must be united to the Rock*—the Rock CHRIST JESUS.

Jesus Christ, the Rock of our Salvation, has overcome the forces of sin and temptation, and in Him we are safe. In the fourth chapter of St. Matthew we read of the power that, led by the Prince of Darkness, exerted itself to effect His overthrow, but in vain. Death itself hath no dominion over Him, for He hath conquered death and the grave, and He is to-day a living and almighty Saviour.

Union with this mighty One is the secret of power against sin and temptation. Founded on the Rock of Ages, the storms may beat upon us, but they cannot prevail, because *He* is our Strength. "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee" (Isa. 43. 2), is His assurance to those who have rested in confidence on Him.

By the Cross of Christ—the one unmistakable Way of entrance—we gain this place of safety. Atoning blood, shed on Calvary, takes away the sin of *whosoever will* accept God's way of safety, and gives the sinner a right to the privileges of the people of God—the privilege of being kept in safety by His power; the privilege of the Holy Spirit dwelling in him, guiding and sustaining him; the privilege of being kept in perfect peace, knowing that the LORD will most surely accomplish that which He hath spoken concerning him.

Under the Sea

OR,

DIVERS AND DIVING.

By TRACEY LAYARD ROBINSON, Author of "American Social Sketches," etc.

THE art of diving is of very ancient origin, machines for enabling persons to remain under water for an almost unlimited period, being mentioned so long ago as 325 years before the Christian era, by Aristotle, the Greek philosopher. But even before this period, there must have been professors of the art, who, whether they possessed machinery of any kind or not, certainly must have been adepts in the business. Humanity will go to great lengths to possess for itself the beautiful products of nature; and so we find that as early in the history of the world as in the days of Job, pearls, which must have been obtained by diving, formed a means of human adornment and traffic (Job 28. 18).

The first trial, of which we have any authentic account, of the use in Europe of machinery for diving, was made in 1509 A.D., when a sort of diving-bell was employed. Again, in 1662, a diving-bell of some kind is said to have been used on the coast of Mull, in a search for part of the wreckage of the ill-fated Spanish Armada. These machines were probably of a very rough and incomplete character, for even Dr. Halley's machine was far from perfect. This was invented and used in the year 1716; and it is said that, by its means, it was for the first time made possible to walk almost dryshod upon the ground at the bottom of the sea.

So great, at all times, has been man's desire to witness the wonders of the deep for himself, that very many eminent scientists have given much time and thought to the invention of machinery for gratifying this desire.

In the reign of James I., a famous Dutch chemist (who, it must be confessed, was a charlatan as well as a chemist) declared he had invented, not only a vessel which might be rowed under water, but also a liquor, to be carried in the vessel, which had the marvellous property of supplying fresh air. This submarine ship was to carry twelve oarsmen and several passengers, and is actually said to have been tried in the river Thames. When the condensed air in the boat became clogged with impurities from constant breathing, the vessel containing the liquor was opened, with the result that the vitiated air was speedily impregnated with purifying materials, and served again for a considerable period. It is a pity that the constituent parts of this wonderful liquid have not been handed down to posterity. There are many places which would be vastly benefited by an infusion of its purifying properties.

In 1836, a diving-dress was invented and made by Mr. Siebe, which consisted of a waterproof dress, enclosing the whole body and limbs of the diver, with the exception of the hands and head. It terminated at the neck in a sort of cuirass, or neck-plate of metal, to which was secured a helmet of the same metal; the whole suit being rendered both air and water tight by paddings, or suckers, of leather or felt. The helmet was connected by a tube to an air-pump in a boat on the water surface, for supplying fresh air to the diver, and also possessed a valve for the escape of impure air. With very few modifications and improvements,—such as the material used in making the dress, and an improved air-pump,—this is the same dress as is employed to-day by our divers. The feet are heavily weighted, to keep the diver at the bottom, and to ensure his getting down there. He usually carries a rope, with which to attract the attention of his comrades in the boat; and is armed with a knife, hatchet, and crowbar, or any special implements his work may necessitate. His helmet is furnished with glass windows, great goggle eyes, so that he can see very well, and it is no uncommon matter in these days for a diver to remain at the bottom of the sea as long as three hours at a time.



"How sponges are obtained."

The last invention of any note, is that of Mr. Fleuss, which is a sort of helmet with a mouth-piece, supplied with sufficient oxygen to last for five hours. He exhibited his machine at the Polytechnic Institution, London, in November, 1879, and before the Society of Arts in May, 1880; on both occasions fully establishing the value of his invention.

What, it may be asked, is the necessity for so much heavy metal armature in a diver's dress? Well, the answer is very easily given. The pressure of the water upon the body of a man six fathoms below the surface, is sufficient to prevent his breathing altogether—is sufficient, indeed, to crush the bones of his chest. Therefore, the powerful cuirass to which the helmet is screwed, becomes a matter of necessity, as a protection from the dreadful pressure of the sea.

Notwithstanding all this protection, a diver is exposed to terrible dangers. The twisting of his air-tube would be sufficient to kill him in a few moments, if he could not get at it and remove the twist. A slight aperture or rent in his wonderful garment would immediately destroy the waterproof nature thereof, and in a very few minutes, hampered as he is by the heavily weighted boots, the metal helmet and cuirass would be quite sufficient to ensure his death by drowning.

Strange are the many objects for which a diver is employed. Now he is sent to the bottom of the sea to search for a lost treasure, gone down in some ill-fated vessel; now to seek for the bodies of the poor people drowned. A recent development of the science of electricity has rendered it possible to employ the wondrous electric light at the bottom of the sea, so that now-a-days the diver is assisted in his researches by a brilliant illumination, which renders the ocean depths as light as the upper day itself. How



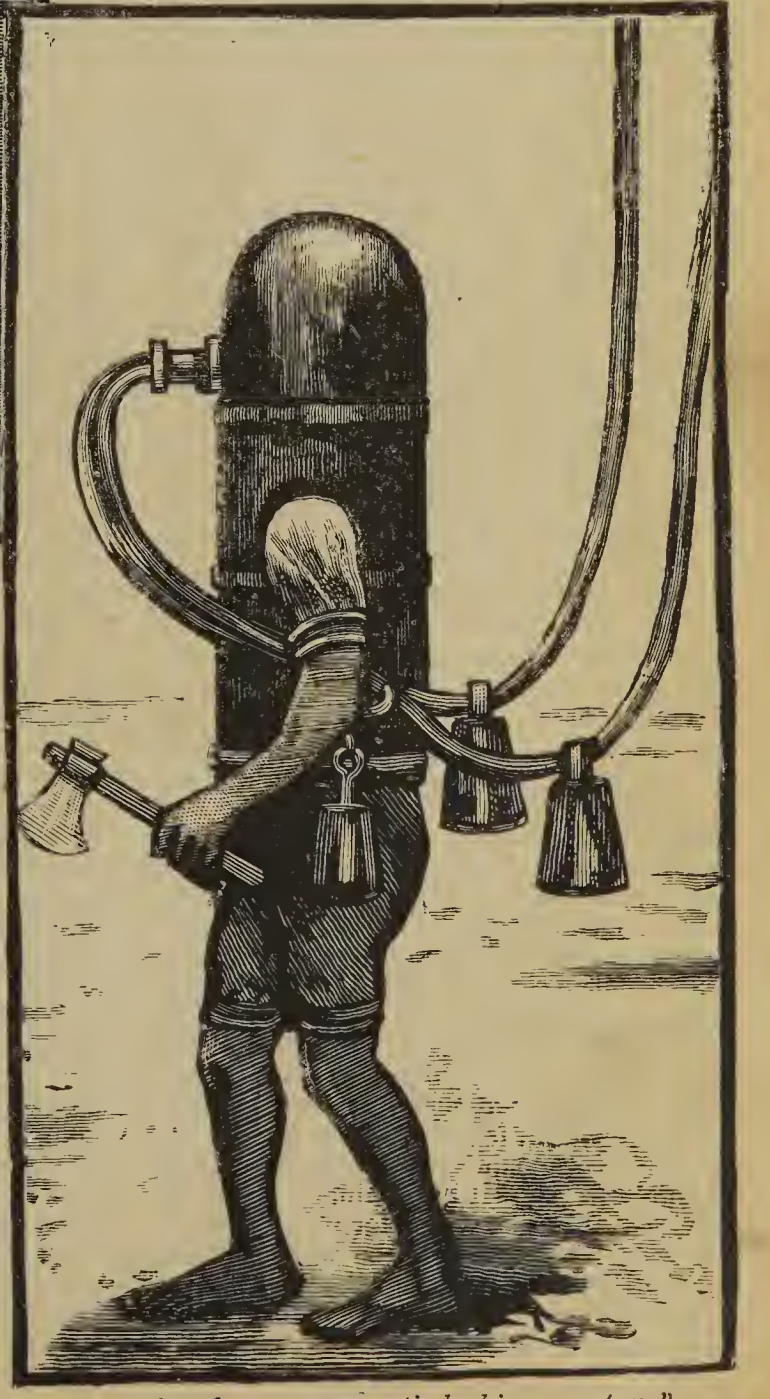
"So soon as he reaches the bottom, his search begins."

sad must be some of the diver's thoughts, as he wanders among wreckage and amidst the dead, no sound reaching him, all as silent as the grave itself! What a glorious relief it must be once more to wear his customary clothing, once more to breathe the fresh air of heaven!

I am reminded of a terrible story that was told me a short while ago by a naval gentleman, concerning a diver with whom he was acquainted. He was employed to examine the hold of a vessel which had been wrecked, the principal object of his search being a chest of gold coins belonging to the owners of the ship. He went down in his waterproof dress, and safely reached the hold; and here his risks began. He had to be very careful how he pulled after him his air-tube and his life-rope, lest they should get entangled in any of the lumber which floated about amongst the wreckage. However, for some time his progress was in every way satisfactory; and at last, to his great joy, he saw, at a little distance in front of him, the very chest of which he was in search. In his anxiety to reach it, he forgot his former precautionary method; he knocked away a box here, a chest there, and only thought of the prize he was so eager to reach. Imagine his horror and dismay when, having seized the iron-bound box, he turned to regain the surface, he found that he was blocked in, wedged in as securely as though a wall had been built by magic behind him! He had forgotten that he was under water, in his eager pursuit of the coin chest; and the boxes and packages disturbed on his way, had floated loose, rising to the roof of the hold, forming a barrier behind him. However, he did not lose his presence of mind. He concluded that life was more valuable than all the money chests in the world, so he dropped the chest, and set to work to force a passage. He succeeded at last, and regained the deck of the vessel, and was pulled up out of the sea by his comrades above, fearfully exhausted. But he only realised what a narrow escape he had had, when they told him he had been under water four hours, and that just as they felt his warning pull at the life-rope, they were about to give up pumping air to him, under the impression that he must already be dead!

One of our illustrations gives you a notion of how sponges are obtained, but this is a vastly improved method upon the old way. Until the diving dress was invented, divers sought sponges without any other assistance than their own wonderful ability to hold their breath for a considerable time, and the possession of a good strong knife.

The majority of our sponges come from the Mediterranean Sea; and formerly, the custom of diving for this useful marine plant, was considered the highest qualification of a youth, in those portions of the Mediterranean where sponges most abounded. The island of Nicaria was at one time quite famous for a curious custom connected with this business. The young girls chose their husbands according to their ability to dive. When a maiden had several suitors, she would go down to the brink of the sea, and there witness the address and courage of each; giving herself as a prize to the winner in the competition. These men used to go down naked, with a piece of sponge dipped in oil in their mouths, a bag tied round their waists, and a heavy stone tied to their ankles; and during the few minutes they were able to remain under water, would cut off and tear off



"He is far from a romantic-looking creature."

as many sponges as possible, trying their best to fill their bags. No wonder sponges were expensive luxuries in those days, for many a poor fellow lost his life in obtaining them. It is very different now, when a diver, securely dressed in his water-proof suit, with his goggle-eyed helmet, and his continual supply of air, quietly goes down and chooses and selects only such of the quaint plants as he knows will be deemed marketable, when he returns to *terra firma*.

Early in this Paper, I referred to the antiquity of pearl-fishing. It may be of interest in this connection, to give you a slight account of the method of obtaining the precious gems. Pearl fisheries exist in many parts of the world, and of course all oysters are, more or less, subject to the disease which produces the pearl. The East Indian fisheries, however, produce the finest and largest number. These hunting-grounds, if I may so call them, are situated in the Persian Gulf, at the island of Bahren, or Baharem; on the coast of Arabia opposite this island; and on some parts of the sea-coast of Ceylon, from whence, indeed, are brought the most perfect, though not the largest, pearls. The method of fishing is the same in all these places. The divers go off to the fisheries in small sailing vessels; and on their arrival at the oyster-bed, the anchor is dropped, and work is at once commenced. Each diver attaches to himself a large flat stone, six inches thick and a foot long, which serves him as ballast, prevents his being driven about by the motion of the water, and enables him to walk comparatively steadily at the bottom of the sea. He also has another very heavy stone tied to one foot, the weight of which sinks him instantly to the bottom. His hands and arms are protected with leather mittens; because, not only are the oysters fixed very firmly to the rocks, requiring considerable exertion and strength to tear them away, but also the rocks themselves are frequently jagged and sharp at the edges, and would punish the poor divers cruelly. For the purpose of more easily effecting the capture of the pearl oysters, a strong iron rake is sometimes carried by the divers. Each man also carries a large net or sack, fastened by a rope to the vessel, and fixed around the diver's neck. Into this net the oysters are thrown; and the rope is the diver's only means of communication with his friends at the surface. So soon as he reaches the bottom, his search begins; hither and thither he runs, tearing off all the oysters he sees, and trying to fill his net. Strange to say, the water is so clear in these latitudes, that the divers are able to see almost, if not quite, as clearly at the bottom of the sea as they can on land. It is not unfrequently the lot of some of the poor fellows to fall the prey of sharks and other marine monsters. They become great adepts at hiding from such enemies, dodging around a rock, throwing themselves flat on the ground, and creating a great cloud of mud; but their efforts to escape are generally fruitless; and the appearance of a shark amongst a fleet of pearl fishing-boats is a signal for much terror and consternation. It is said that some of these pearl divers can remain under water from fifteen to twenty minutes, but this is highly improbable, as it is hardly possible that any human being could stop his respiration for so long a period. It is certain, however, that they take little or no rest for many consecutive hours, jumping into the water, seeking their prizes, rising to the surface, being relieved of their burdens, and jumping back again at once. It must be fearfully exhausting work; and undoubtedly shortens the lives of the poor fellows who earn their living by this dangerous business. Now, however, since the invention of the diving dress, much of the pearl-fishing carried on is done in that costume, in which, of course, one man can do as much work, with more profit, as twelve or more could do formerly.

I do not think any Article treating of diving, would be quite perfect without slight mention of the semi-amphibious children of Malta, and of Port Said. These little things, some of them not yet in their teens, wait on the wharf-side until a vessel arrives, when they cry out to the passengers to throw them a small coin into the water. With marvellous dexterity they tumble off into the sea, never failing to find the coin, often diving below it, watching it in its descent; and as it sinks in the clear, blue water, opening their mouths and catching the coin therein. It is said that these children are like ducks; they can swim before they can walk; one of the earliest portions of their training, consisting in being left to the tender mercies of their elder brothers and sisters, who, being inclined to earn an honest penny by diving for it, repair to the wharf. The consequence is, that the baby is brought up in a sort of amphibious atmosphere, and very soon acquires as great proficiency as his brothers, and goes to work to add grist to the family mill. A friend of mine, an excellent swimmer, on his way to India, once undertook to play a practical joke on some of the boys at Port Said, in the Suez Canal. The steamship was taking in coal, and was simply surrounded by the little black boys, yelling, laughing, calling, and diving. My friend divested himself of some of his attire, watched his opportunity, and dropped overboard on the least occupied side of the vessel, dived underneath her, and came up in the middle of the little black, howling crew. The appearance of a white man amongst them quite disconcerted them; and when he proceeded, having taken his breath, to dive down and pull their legs for them, they were at first very much frightened indeed. However, some of those who had escaped my friend's delicate attentions, heard the shrieks of laughter from the deck of the steamer, and, regaining their presence of mind, began to take their revenge. In a very few moments they had so punished my friend, that he feared they would actually drown him, and he shouted for assistance from the ship. Indeed, had not a boat been sent to him, there is small doubt that the little blacks would have drowned him; for, good swimmer though he was, he was no match for them.

Good swimmers and divers have always received praise and adulation, and have often been the heroes of song and story. The diver of to-day, however, is not a particularly fit subject for poetry; he is, indeed, a far from romantic-looking creature in his dress and helmet. Modern science is making the possibility of submarine research easier and less fraught with danger every day. The electric light is sufficient, both to illuminate the darksome deep, and to frighten the monsters of the ocean; and the means now in our possession for supplying fresh air constantly, in any quantity, are so numerous and simple, that it is almost a matter of wonder that any thought of danger should exist. Very certain it is, that no hesitation is permitted to stand in the way of exploring any part of the submarine depths, when expediency or necessity arises. The depths of old Father Ocean are no longer unknown.

"HAVE YE NOT READ?"

By EMILY S. HOLT,
Author of "Mistress Margery," "The Tangled Web," "The Lord Mayor," etc.

"OF making many books there is no end." If there seemed none in Solomon's days, how much less is there in our own? In this multiplication of books—taking good books only—there is both good and evil. The former is apparent, and need not be recounted. The latter is twofold: it encourages a hasty, discursive habit of reading; and it draws the thoughts to the numerous books of men from the one Book of God.

The days of the giants are gone by. There was a time when a Bible and a *Book of Martyrs* constituted a man's library. We are apt to think that readers in those days lived at sad disadvantage. Is that so certain as it seems? When men had but two or three books, they studied them; they dwelt on them; their minds were saturated with them. In the present day, our minds seem to be saturated with nothing but a kind of literary soup, out of which a lump of something solid stands up here and there. Our memories are worse than those of our fathers; instead of being drawers containing neatly-made packages of things worth keeping, they resemble some that may be seen without going far, where Bibles and brushes, novels and pill-boxes, artificial flowers, cakes, and boot-laces are crammed together in heterogeneous confusion. As to meditation, who thinks of meditating in the nineteenth century? We alternate between long fasts and hasty gulps of moral nourishment, and then, poor foolish creatures that we are, we wonder at our spiritual dyspepsia. The real wonder would be if we had it not.

"It is impossible to tell what is true or false," said a lady one day. "Mr. Brown says one thing and Mr. Green says another (naming two of the neighbouring clergy), and really I don't know what to believe." What had she done with her Bible?

A reference to a passage in Zephaniah, once called forth from a reviewer the sneering comment that it showed how diligent the writer had been in consulting the concordance—as if the Book of Zephaniah were some almost unknown and inaccessible manuscript.

It is not many days since we were told by an orator that "Oh that mine enemy had written a book!" was "a line of English poetry." And how many persons are under the impression that "Charity begins at home," "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and similar sayings, are texts from the Bible? The Book of Proverbs was once diligently read to discover a passage, which, at last, to the surprise of the reader, was found in the Prayer-book version of the Psalms. The bet between King Charles II. and Lord Rochester as to the words "Wine which cheereth God and man," has often been narrated: the king maintaining that the words were in the Bible, and thereby proving himself to be better acquainted with the text of Scripture than all his courtiers and chaplains.

But to what condition must things have come in the present day, when a Cabinet minister can inform his audience—who seem to be no wiser than himself—that the Syrian prophet said to the King of Israel, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" (Quoters of this passage always forget the word "great.") Had the same speaker told his hearers that the familiar

passage in Shakespeare, "To be or not to be, that is the question," was spoken by Ariel to Lady Macbeth, would the blunder have been received in the same manner? Considering, to put it on the lowest ground, that the Authorized Version is the first of English classics, why should ignorance of it be thought less disgraceful than ignorance of any other?

Things have come to a strange pass, when it is a shame to be ignorant of the words of certain great men, but to be ignorant of the words of Him who made us all—the words by which we are all to be judged—is no discredit to any one.

More astonishing still is a statement of the late Miss Havergal, to the effect that many of those who do read the Bible "waste much time in indecision, and wondering what to read next." What to read next? Imagine a man who was reading, say Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, being puzzled, when he had finished *Enid*, what part of the book to read next!

Does not this last remark, to some extent, give the key to the situation? Have we not here the explanation of all those one-sided Christians whom we perpetually meet—those people who are always puzzled what to believe, always wanting to know if you think such a doctrine true or false, always liable to be led aside after Canon White in one direction, or Prebendary Black in the opposite? How can a man be in full spiritual health, who systematically refuses to take one-half of the food and medicine ordered for him by the Great Physician? The proportion of faith cannot be kept up on such terms. If a man will not regularly read the Bible through, but merely confines himself to picked bits and pet chapters, the result must be one-sidedness, vacillation, utter uncertainty as to what the will of the Lord is. How can it be otherwise?

I believe there are persons who confine themselves to the Psalms and Lessons appointed to be read in churches, and really know nothing of the rest of the Bible. Does it ever strike them what they are doing? They are practically saying that the Reformers (or the revisers of the calendar) were wiser than God. Yet assuredly the Reformers never meant that the remainder of the Bible should be let alone. Had they done so, they would scarcely have omitted from their calendar the only Book in the Word of God to the reading of which a separate blessing is attached.

An expurgated Bible! Can the subtlety of Satan's devices any further go?

Friends, if Christ stood amongst us to-day, with the old question on His lips, "Have ye not read?" how many of us would be able to give Him an affirmative answer? If we spoke out the honest truth in reply, what would our words be like? "No, Lord; I thought the ceremonial law obsolete. I considered the historical books unedifying. I regarded the prophecies (the minor prophets more especially) as having nothing to do with me. I thought the New Testament the important part for Christians; I found the Epistles very dry; I looked on all relating to the Second Advent as speculative and unpractical. I was of opinion that the Church ought to guide me, and therefore that the Psalms and Lessons were all that was necessary."

Christian brethren, ought these things so to be? We have one life and one Bible. Is not the Book guide enough for the life? Is not the life long enough to read the Book? They were meant to go together. Sever them, and you are at sea without a compass; and whither the waves will carry you, you cannot tell.

There are in this Book two peculiar qualities, which will be found in no other. In the first place, whenever you will come to it with an honest wish to find an answer to any question, it always has one for you; but if you come with a mind pre-convinced, and a heart pre-determined to go after your idols, it has no answer for you. Secondly, the more you read it, the more you will wish to read it; and the less you see of it, the more repugnant does the thought of it become. It is said that when the late Dr. Kennicott was engaged in writing his critical Commentary, it was his custom to have the portion of Scripture on which he was employed read to him by his wife during their daily drive. The morning after the Commentary was finished, Mrs. Kennicott said to her husband, "What book shall I take now?" "Oh!" was the answer, "let us begin the Bible."

For the man who daily gives it a passing glance, this Book has no interest to offer beyond beautiful language and archæological lore. But the man who, with patient toil, is content to dig deep, will break into diamond caverns and mines of gold—provided always one thing, that he has asked the Guide to go with him. For this Book to be studied to any profit at all, it must be studied at the feet of the living Author; it must be read by the light of the seven lamps of fire which surround the throne of God.

Friends, shall we not read the Bible?

"SWORDS" AND "HONEYCOMBS."

A STRANGE juxtaposition of ideas, certainly! And yet we are told, and on the very best authority too, that the same thing may be both the one and the other—at one time a "*sword*," at another, "*honeycomb*."

A riddle! those will say who have not the key to it. Well, perhaps it is. Will you try and guess it, or read on a little further? Yet think again of the two words, and of the different images each calls up. A *sword*—emblem of war and discord; one of the fiercest and keenest of weapons.

With this instrument of torture and death, compare the innocent substance familiar to us from childhood, *honeycomb*. Honey! the very name implies sweetness; and in this simple vegetable juice, lie healing and soothing qualities of recognised value. Now we see the full force of the contrast between these two words, *sword* and *honeycomb*. The first, death-giving; the last, life-giving. And that which these images are chosen to illustrate, that which may be (shall we not say, *must* be?) either the one or the other, is *human speech*.

In our childhood, perhaps some of us read the old fairy-tale of the two princesses; how a shower of pearls and diamonds fell from the lips of the good princess, whenever she spoke; while frogs and toads dropped from the mouth of her wicked sister. Did we ever think of the lesson that trifling story suggested? "Oh, but," you will say, "our words do not matter so much as all this!" Do they not? Hear what the Bible says about them, for we must go to the Book of books for our highest allegory, our most significant parable. "There is that speaketh like the piercings of a sword" (Prov. 12. 18); and a little further on, "Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones" (Prov. 16. 24).

When words mean so much as this, do you not think it would be wiser to be more careful of this wonderful gift of speech, which has in it the power to kill or heal? "But nobody was ever killed by a word," you say. I am not so sure of that; there is something—and that the best part of a man or woman,—which may be very easily slain by a word; I mean their good name. And it is well for women especially to consider this, for they are said to be the chief talkers.

And is it not true that "chatter," harmless enough at first, perhaps, is apt to glide into gossip; gossip into scandal, wherein our neighbours' lives and histories are discussed with words the reverse of charitable?

I suppose there is not one of us who has not, at some time or other of our life, been at least *wounded* by a word.

How true are Sir Walter Scott's lines:

> "Oh, many a shaft at random sent,
> Finds mark the archer little meant;
> And many a word at random spoken,
> May soothe or wound a heart that's broken."

In the last line we have clearly set forth the uses of our title-words,—the *sword* to hurt, the *honey* to heal.

We know how a chance word may impress us. We may have heard it long ago, spoken by some stranger, whose face we have never seen since; but it remains in our remembrance, fresh as when we first heard it. A word, indeed, is a little thing, but it may mean a great deal.

Think of the difference *one* word may make in a life-time. A "Yes" instead of a "No," in the hour of temptation, and many a one has paid for it with years of anguish.

Again, "Now" and "Then." What fulness of meaning lies in those monosyllables!

If our eyes were open to all the lessons they teach us, we should be awake to the realities of this world and the next.

"*Now*"—this present, with all its opportunities and duties; "*then*"—that mysterious future, when the visible things of earth shall have passed away: *now*, the time of probation; *then*, the hour when all things are judged. And so it often happens that the little words may mean the most.

I was struck with something I heard in a sermon once. The preacher suggested three rules for guidance. "Before uttering the speech that rises so readily to your lips, think," he said: "first, 'Is it *true?*' second, 'Is it *kind?*' third, 'Is it worth saying?'"

If we formed our conversation upon these lines, how different it would be; and yet, why should we not strive to render our speech not only harmless, but helpful, life-giving?

"A word spoken in due season, how good is it" (Prov. 15. 23). Ah, that word in season; that gentle speech of sympathy, when our hearts are overflowing with sorrow; that wise bit of counsel, when we are faltering in doubt; ay, even that quick, bright jest which turns anger into laughter, and, like a sunbeam dancing in a dark place, dispels gloom; have we not felt and owned its power?

There are some people with whom an hour's conversation seems to leave one nobler and better; the follies, the anxieties, the vanities of life fade out of our mind as we listen to their discourse.

We cannot all be eloquent; but the meanest amongst us possesses a power to be used for good or evil in the Divine faculty of speech—in the words which, uttered carelessly from day to day, have their echoes through Time into Eternity.

SISTER DORA.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

By Fanny Burton Irving.

ON January the sixteenth, 1832, the family circle of the Rev. J. M. Pattison was enlarged by the addition of his eleventh child, a daughter, named afterwards Dorothy Wyndlow. From one of her parents she inherited beauty of feature, from the other beauty of form, and this comeliness was regarded by her in later life as a talent from God, for, like "sorrow," beauty "on earth hath uses."

She passed the first twenty-nine years of her life without much incident in the quiet place of her birth, Hauxwell, near Richmond, Yorkshire, a village numbering some three hundred inhabitants, which the writer visited more than twenty years ago, but still remembers as charmingly situated and surrounded, with the river Swale at its foot, and the moors to the side, and beyond right up to Reeth and Wensleydale.

To one coming from the Babylon of London or Glasgow, it seemed a sort of English St. Helena, or place of banishment and exile; but those born on the spot, find its centre and circumference a world in miniature. Let not the dweller in towns despise our English villages, for the high court of Nature has a wonderfully elevating and educating effect, and many a noble life has had its source, like the rill of a mighty river, from a hiding-place amongst the hills.

Dorothy's early delicacy, not outgrown till her fourteenth year, prevented her from sharing the routine lessons of her sisters; but she had a retentive memory, so picked up and assimilated much information from hearing the instruction given to the others, and from her close observation of men and things. She was a bright maiden, full of fun, earning from her father the sobriquet of "Sunshine." No wonder she grew up popular, for

"Welcome as sunshine in every place
Is the good-natured smile on a good-natured face."

From the first she was persistently, though never violently, wilful. One comical instance of this is given in her biography. She and her next sister alike hated certain bonnets appointed for Sunday wear. Complaints as to their ugliness being ignored, she hit upon a scheme for their injury. One very rainy day, when Mrs. Pattison was out, Dorothy suggested to her sister that now was the opportunity to spoil the bonnets. Quick to act as well as to devise, they both put them on, and then, throwing open a window, stuck their heads well out to let the rain "do its worst upon the velvet;" then, not to hide what they had done, but to complete the operation, Dora suggested that the soaking bonnets should be restored to the bandbox. Sunday morning came; where were the bonnets? Dora replied firmly, "Quite spoiled: we can never wear them any more." They were condemned, however, to wear them; and not only on that Sunday alone, but for many Sundays afterwards, they appeared in church with the monuments of failure upon their heads. Wise are those parents who thus maintain authority and discipline in their families.

Though there was enough and to spare in her home, she was carefully trained to mend and remodel her garments, a useful art, which

"Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new."

By this plan a saving was effected, and there was more of cash and kind to give away to such as needed help. By the time she was twenty, she had attained a healthy womanhood, thanks to the moorland air, equestrian and other out-of-door exercises, and the active games in which she joined her brothers. Perhaps, too, the merry heart, the love of song and music, which found its vent in the village choir, the elastic spirit, the habit of helpfulness and self-sacrifice, were factors not to be disregarded; traits such as these are full of power, creating and conserving physical health. Dorothy was also a typical Yorkshire woman in her shrewd originality, clear-headed judgments, and incisive speech, the latter tempered, however, by a sympathetic manner and address.

The account of Miss Nightingale's work in the Crimea fell like a match on gunpowder, and fired Dorothy with a desire to join the nurses. This, however, was not sanctioned by her wise father, who said that, untrained and undisciplined as she was, she would be worse than useless, adding that she had enough to employ her at home if she would only think so. At the time she outwardly yielded, but her imagination once fired, did not die out—it only smouldered in a restless silence till, after her mother's death, which took away the many duties she had performed for her, she broke away from the moorings of home, and, against her father's wishes, began to carve for herself an independent sphere.

In after-years she bitterly repented this opposition to her father, and in a letter written on her death-bed she said: "I was very wilful; I did very wrong. Let no one take me for an example;" and in her forty-first year, with ripe experiences, in answer to a friend who asked her opinion on woman's work, replied: "I feel like Balaam of old, as if I should give quite the contrary advice to what you wanted of me; to wit, you would like me to urge women working in hospitals, etc. I feel more inclined to harangue about women doing their work at *home*, being the help-meet *for* man, which God ordained, and not doing *man's* work. Then, when they have faithfully fulfilled their home duties, instead of spending their time in dressing, novel-reading, and gossiping, let them spend and be spent. I feel sure there would be more work done and less talk if we thought of laying it on the sure foundation. But a great deal is built on stubble and hay, and will have to be burnt."

Dora Pattison's new sphere took her to Bletchley, on the borders of Buckinghamshire, and she became village schoolmistress in the parish of Little Woolston. This engagement lasted for three years, and she left behind her a good name as a painstaking and energetic teacher. Though she lived alone in a little cottage, kept no servant, and blacked her own grates, she soon became known in the neighbourhood as a lady, and gained much prestige and influence, as she visited the poor and sick. Probably here, too, she learned her clever ways in the management of children, thus proving that the faithful fulfilment of work in hand to-day, qualifies us for the unknown calls of God on the morrow.

On leaving Little Woolston, she joined herself to a working Sisterhood, whose headquarters were at Coatham, near Redcar, in Yorkshire, where they also kept a Convalescent Home, and went out on works of mercy to various parts of England. On the wisdom or otherwise of this step, her father was neutral, but she knew too well that she acted without the approbation of her family. The Sisterhood took no vows, either open or secret, save that of obedience to their pastor and the "Sister-in-charge," commonly called "Mother Superior." Miss Pattison now became "Sister Dora," and, by way of training, was put through a very distasteful ordeal. She made beds, cleaned and scoured floors and grates, swept and dusted, and finally became a cook in the kitchen at Coatham. One day she sat down and cried, for the beds she had just made were pulled to pieces because they were not done according to rule, and, though very tired, she had to pick the clothes off the floor and begin her toil over again.

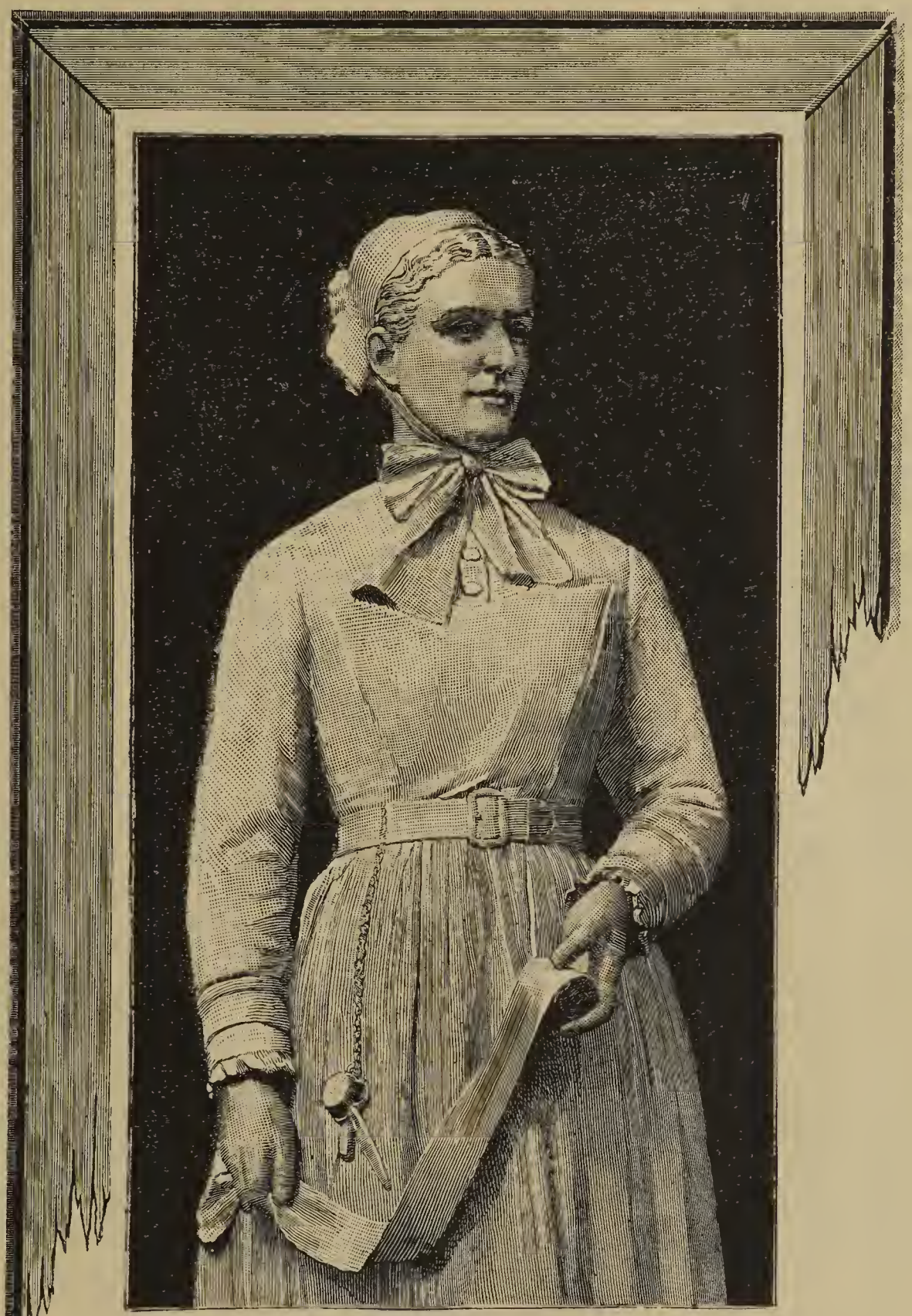
Thus she learned the discipline of service, and the hardness may afford a hint to those who think they are qualified to work at nursing or teaching without any apprenticeship.

In 1865, when thirty-three years of age, Sister Dora began her nursing career by helping in the Cottage Hospital at Walsall, a town of thirty-five thousand inhabitants, lying in the Black Country. After a few months in hospital, Sister Dora was recalled to Coatham. Sir James Simpson, of Edinburgh came to the Home to secure a nurse for one of his patients, a semi-crazy old lady, needing much tact in management. Not satisfied with those recommended by the chaplain, he said he would like to choose for himself; and, while being conducted through the different departments, pointed to Sister Dora (who, with tucked-up sleeves, was making a pudding), saying, "Send me that Sister; she is the one for my case."

The refusal of the authorities at Coatham, at the end of 1865, to permit a visit to her father, who was dangerously ill, and who ultimately died without seeing her, left much soreness of spirit, which widened the breach between herself and the Sisterhood, until she severed her connection with it in 1874. After this, she toiled at the Walsall Hospital incessantly, to weary down pain by labour. She had much aptitude for the work, but little technical knowledge. Speaking of herself at this period, she said: "Nobody could possibly be more ignorant than I was; I had everything to learn." She proved, however, a ready learner, and under the training of a skilful surgeon, by patient study, keen observation, much practice, attendance upon *post-mortem* examinations, delicacy of touch, dexterity and discrimination, became, after a hard apprenticeship, a thoroughly good surgical nurse. Medical cases had but little attraction for her.

The stone fitted, for the wall was soon built. In and from 1866, until her death, she proved herself the right woman in the right place. In 1868, the Walsall Cottage Hospital had gained such a high reputation, that it was found necessary to remove to larger premises, which contained twenty-eight beds, and capacity for more if occasion required it. The committee regarded Sister Dora as head of the nursing department, and entrusted to her the organisation of the internal arrangements of the new building. She was at this period thirty-six years of age, and had been qualifying for the position by several years of laborious industry. A *resumé* of her day's work may show her difficulties and her success. Sister Dora came into the wards at 6.30 a.m., and for the next hour made beds, and gave breakfast to patients. Then her own breakfast, after which she read prayers on the staircase, in a clear voice, so that all patients in the three wards could hear and join. Next, the daily routine ward work, washing up things, and dressing wounds; at eleven, the doctor went

his rounds; at twelve, there was the patients' dinner to see to—she carved and attended to the details herself. Then she read prayers in the general sitting-room to the nurses, and also to the lady pupils if there were any. The nurses' dinner followed; at table she was full of self-denial, not only sharing cheerfully the general fare, but leaving all delicacies quite untouched, so that there might be more to divide amongst the others. Out-patients, who were treated every day, were due at two o'clock; and as from sixty to a hundred passed through the rooms, the doctors were glad to hand over to Sister Dora such minor operations and dressings as are entrusted to experienced dressers in large hospitals. Her bandaging was so good, that a Birmingham doctor called his students to admire, as a model of excellence, the bandaging of a man's head that was her handiwork. Patients' tea at 5, and nurses' at 6 o'clock in the afternoon. After this, she returned to the wards, and would sing to the patients, or tell them bright, racy stories, while she washed up the tea-things. She considered herself responsible, too, for the "tone" of the wards, inducing men to wait on one another, and to be sympathetic, patient, and cheerful. By 8 o'clock, the patients had been put to rights for the night; then supper was served, and after this, Sister Dora read prayers, even when, as sometimes happened, her many duties had so delayed her, that most of the patients were asleep, for she said, "The prayers go up for them all the same." Just before bed-time came her own supper, though on Fridays and during Lent she often went without. Self-indulgence was crowded out of days so full of labour. "We ought to give up our lives for the brethren," she said, and she acted upon her convictions. Then, too, though assisted in the night work, she often rose to look after special cases, besides answering the night-bell at the head of her bed. When it sounded, no matter how weary, she would say to herself, "The Master's come, and calleth for thee," and flinging on cap, dress, and apron, would hurry down to dress the wounds, or sew the cuts resulting from drunken frays and other disorderly proceedings.



Sister Dora.

A man named Chell had his leg amputated (it had been crushed to pieces in a railway accident), and wrote that he remembered nothing about the operation except the presence of Sister Dora; and that when he came to, after the chloroform, she was on her knees by his side, with her arm supporting his head, softly, prayerfully repeating,—

"They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train."

And all through the pain that followed, he never forgot Sister's voice singing those words.

On another occasion when, as the result of an explosion at the iron-works, eleven men were covered almost by molten metal, and so burned as to be more like charred logs of wood than human beings, a special strain was put on Sister Dora by the intense sympathy she felt for the agony the men endured, and for ten days she not only never went to bed, but scarcely ever left the foul atmosphere of the ward. Two men ultimately recovered; the rest sank under their injuries. Cassity, one of the men who recovered after six months' steady treatment in hospital, said: "What we felt for Sister I couldn't tell you; my tongue won't say it. It did you good only to look at her." This man went by the name of "Burnty," and it was never expected he would walk again, owing to injuries sustained to his feet; but before he left, Sister Dora sent him to be measured for a pair of boots, which she intended as a parting gift. The woman at the shop said, "Well, I wouldn't be such a softy as to think you'll ever be able to wear boots with those feet," and Cassity returned very depressed to tell his friend. She answered by saying with a bright laugh, "You'll wear out many pairs of boots, my Burnty." "And so I have," said Cassity; "she was right enough. But it was all along of *her*, who never left my burns a day all those months without looking to them with her own hands." It was a year before this man worked, and he came up constantly to be "dressed," after he ceased to be an in-patient. Truly such an instance proved that Sister Dora was not weary in well-doing, but had the grace and gift of continuance.

Sometimes she had patients who were sceptics, and she was very careful in her dealing with them, endeavouring to set before them in her own life an exhibition of living Christianity. Sundays she always tried to make bright days, and Christmas and Easter, times of happiness and rejoicing.

In 1871, the people of Walsall testified their gratitude for her many services of loving kindness, by subscribing amongst themselves fifty pounds, with which they bought a small carriage and a pony. This testimonial was presented in the hospital grounds, which were filled with old patients looking on as "sympathising witnesses." Much of her time and strength were saved by this gift, for it enabled her to get over the ground quickly, and with less fatigue, when visiting patients in their own homes, besides enabling her to give many enjoyable rides to her convalescent patients.

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS I HAVE MET.

By Mrs. Skinner.

II. THE AMBITIOUS GIRL.

SHE was a lively, attractive girl,—a general favourite. To be in her company was inspiring; she had such a flow of spirits, good conversational powers, never indulging in vapid talk or monosyllabic utterances, and beneath all she said or did, there was such a quiet spirit of force and energy; it was like breathing mountain air to be with her. But oftentimes the mountain breeze becomes a tempest, and, in just the same way, powers of will and virtues not directed and kept in control, will work evil, not good.

Of course she was a favourite of mine too. I have a weakness, if you like to call it such, for ambitious girls, and so she often came to see me. She had always been of an ambitious character; but it was of a quiet kind, a sleeping power, till her brother won a Cambridge scholarship, and then it all awoke. He was very proud of his success, and, boy-like, rather bombastical.

"I wish I could win some honour, or have the prospect of getting on in some way," she said to him when the news was first told.

"Oh, girls are best at home; they are only made to wait on men. What could a girl do in the world?"

"They do plenty; quite as much as men."

"Well, you never will. You'll never have 'a soul above buttons.' You can chatter away, but that's all."

"Is it? Well, you will see."

Perhaps he was not speaking in earnest; they may have been words uttered for a joke or tease; but when she repeated them to me, I saw how deeply they had sunk, but never knew, till long afterwards, all the consequences that sprang from them.

"I've got some ambition as well as he; I wouldn't give twopence for a girl who had not; and now I mean to put it to some practical purpose. I do so like those lines:—

'Live
In pulses stirred to generosity;
In deeds of daring rectitude; in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self;
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.
So to live is heaven.'

And that's how I mean to live."

"Yes, child," I answered, "they are beautifully expressed; but very often people are led away by sentiment, and you never see any results from their 'sublime' thoughts."

"Then they are only wind-bags; but I hope I am not," she added, laughing.

How much more personal and practical my words would have been, had I guessed all the plans of her active brain.

Jealousy, anger born of grief, and a spirit of retaliation, were mixed up with her ambition; for, like a precious ore, ambition is often wrapped round and blended with baser metals; and because people do not wait to extract the good from the vile, ambition is so generally condemned. Not that the ore of her ambition was small in quantity compared to the dross. Just the contrary; it was a strong, pure force within her, only needing direction to lead to glorious results.

It was some time before the plans for the furtherance of her ambition were matured; but at last she decided to take up the scholastic profession, and reach its highest attainments. To do this, she would devote so many hours each day to private study, attend evening classes, and eventually matriculate at the London University. It should be seen that a girl, though comparatively poor, and with few previous educational advantages, could yet achieve something.

At once the plan was put into operation, and eight hours a day were spent in study. As she was an only daughter in a household where economy of time and money was by necessity strictly enforced, she was sorely missed during those hours; the mother having to sacrifice what little leisure she previously had, to filling up the gap, and many little duties had to be left undone, because there was no one to do them. The father and the boys missed the little snatches of song that so often greeted them; a brightness was gone from the home, and more often than not, a presence was lacking also. When she did appear, she seemed absorbed in herself. Sometimes she was even untidy in her personal appearance, and her old sprightly manner seldom showed itself. Gradually her health was giving way, and when she failed in some examinations, the bitter disappointment she suffered made her worse. The doctor forbid study for a whole year, and then to be "only" indulged in moderately.

There was never a word of censure or sneer spoken to her, but the very sympathy she received was like a stab to her. "They are sorry for me because I have failed—*failed!* but I *will* succeed in something else." But what was it to be? The mother never dreamt of all that was passing in her daughter's heart, but her words one day seemed like an answer to her thoughts, though it proved an unpleasant answer.

"Would you like to learn dressmaking, dearie? or would you like to go into a business? You don't seem to take to housework, and I could get extra help into the house if you had to go away."

"Oh, no, mother; don't suggest that."

To drop from the dream of being a B.A., with a splendid position, down to a dressmaker or shop-girl, was too painful! But what *was* it to be? Ah, now it had come. She would write something that would bring her success; she would become a literary celebrity, and no one should know anything at all about it till it was an accomplished fact! There should be no more public failures. Then commenced the burning of the midnight oil; the natural consequences being late rising in the morning, a bad headache, disagreeable feelings, unpleasantness in the home. And oh, the weary disappointments! Time after time did she visit the post-office to see if there was a reply from any of the editors favoured with her manuscripts. "Nothing to-day, miss," the clerk would say, or else hand her back the roll of manuscript, to find on opening, in the left hand corner of the front page, "Declined with thanks."

Once she sent a Paper to a well-known literary man, asking for his opinion of the same. He replied that it was his rule not to answer any anonymous communications, and saw no signs of excellency in the accompanying Paper to justify him in saying anything further. He would advise her to study English composition.

Indefinite enough to be humiliating. At once she threw up the idea of succeeding by the pen, and again ambition was on the lookout for other ways and means.

"I cannot think what has come over our girl," said her father. "She is not like the same being."

"No," sighed the mother, "she is not;" and she thought of the old gaiety and willingness to work, that were never manifested now.

What would be venture number three? She had often been praised in her school days for her water-colour drawings. Why should she not try to be an artist? A good thought! and at once she began. This scheme, born of her ambition, could not possibly be carried on in secret, and so the family had to know a good bit about it.

Several little sketches were done, and hung up in a friend's shop for sale, and an art school entered. Less and less attention was now paid to home and its claims. The mother grew more worn and harassed. "Get more help into the house, as you once suggested," said the daughter. The mother shook her head; she did not like to say that with the many extra expenses her daughter was incurring, they could not possibly afford to do so. Had she been earning money instead of spending it, they might have been able. Not the offer of a shilling was ever made for the pictures, and they hung in the shop till the owner kindly asked for their removal. This humiliation was followed by an unsuccessful attempt for a scholarship at the art school, and, with a despairing heart, the whole thing was thrown up.

I met her just afterwards in the street, and asked her to come for a little walk, and tell me all how she was getting on. Sitting down on a seat in the park, she told me all.

"And they seem cross with me at home," she went on. "Father says I do not help mother enough, and that I ought to either do more work at home, or else go out to work. They do not seem to sympathise with me."

"Perhaps they do not understand clearly what you have been trying to do, and so they could not be expected to fully sympathise with you. And I cannot see how possibly you could do your duty at home, and succeed in any of these prospects. I am afraid, my dear child, you have let ambition run away with your judgment. Ambition is a good servant, but it is a bad master."

"Advise me then, will you?" she asked wearily.

"I think you should try and rest a little while before attempting anything else, and afterwards we could think what you could do. But in the meantime will you think over these three little sentences: *Ambition needs to be disciplined—purified. Ambition should follow in the wake of natural abilities. Ambition, if wise, will not neglect any little duties, but will, even in the doing of them, work out its own ends.*"

"I will write them down," she said, getting out her pocket-book, "or I may forget them. Perhaps, if I had only had some guiding thoughts like these before, I should not be so unhappy as I am now."

"Do you remember repeating some lines to me a long time ago? Well, let me give you a few now. I am sure they will cheer you:—

'Few know of life's beginnings:—men behold
The goal achieved;—
The poet, when his lyre hangs on the palm;
The statesman, when the crowd proclaim his voice,
And mould opinion on his gifted tongue;
They count not life's first steps, and never think
Upon the many miserable hours
When hope deferred was sickness to the heart.
They reckon not the battle and the march,
The long privations of a wasted youth;
They never see the banner till unfurled.
Hard are life's early steps; and, but that youth
Is buoyant, confident, and strong in hope,
Men would behold its threshold, and despair.'"

"Oh, thank you. It does cheer one to find others have been equally miserable. I suppose it is a common lot to have to struggle

at the beginning ;" and a little smile peeped out at the corners of her mouth.

When she reached her own door, the smile had come right out boldly.

She was of too impetuous a temperament to rest as I had advised ; opportunity arising, she applied for a clerkship, and lost it on account of her handwriting.

"It would have been far better if you had practised your writing, instead of wasting all that time over German and mathematics," said her brother, who was just then at home.

It was a true speech, but might have been put in a kinder way.

"The way is dark, my Father," her soul cried out in bitterness. It was not till then she learnt to watch for God to direct her steps. But the way was to grow darker still. Her mother grew dangerously ill—brought on by overwork, the doctor said. And who had caused that overwork? The daughter—the ambitious daughter! Like Mary of old, a sword pierced her soul at the thought that she had so thoughtlessly and selfishly sacrificed her mother!—her dear mother, who had such a life of toil and struggle, in order to bring up her children respectably.

How she prayed for mother, nursed her, watched, waited, and struggled, I could not describe. But the life was spared, and the doctor said it was only the skilful nursing that had saved her. Why did she not become a professional nurse?

A nurse! it was the very thing she liked doing most, as she had now discovered! Why had she never thought of it before? Surely it was God's answer to her cry.

As soon as her mother was able to be left—a cousin coming to take her place in the home—she sought admittance to a training establishment, and got on admirably.

Some may think there is no room for ambition in such a sphere as that ; but there is. It is only the ambitious nurse that succeeds. My "ambitious girl" never felt there was no scope for her desires ; each day brought fresh avenues for them. She is now matron of a large establishment, and no one there excels her in delicacy of touch, firmness of nerve, and cheerful, inspiring courage. In critical cases, even now while matron, she takes her stand by the doctor's side.

When I met her, after her admission into the hospital, she said to me with a beaming face, "How good God has been to me! Instead of letting my mistakes utterly crush me, He even used them for my good."

Her brother is now an assistant schoolmaster, often coming home worried by his duties. Many times, when he sees his sister so happy and successful in her work, he thinks of the time when he so sneeringly said she would never "have a soul above buttons," and feels somewhat humiliated.

She has abundantly proved a girl *can* do something in the world when she has found her proper niche.

Shut the Door.—Dr. Charles Burney, the celebrated musical composer, had a nervous dread of draught. "Shut the door!" was his first salutation to any one entering his apartment, and it was an injunction seldom neglected. On one occasion, returning in his carriage from Chelsea Hospital late at night, he was attacked and robbed by foot-pads. As they were making off with their booty, they were arrested by the stentorian order, "Shut the door!" and as one of them returned to do so, he was captured by the doctor.

BIBLE JOTTINGS.

Seven fold "Therefore," John 19. 1–21.

Matt. 6. { Secret alms 4 / Secret prayer 6 / Secret fasting 18 } Open reward.

Matt. 17. 27. { Christ Divine—"Take up the fish." / Christ human—"For Me and thee." }

The Trinity.

The Father—"Fountain of living waters," Jer. 2. 13.
The Son—"I...give...well...springing up," John 4. 14.
The Holy Ghost—"Rivers of living water," John 7. 38.

Psa. 15. 2.—Walking. Working. Speaking.

Psa. 17. 4.—"God's word."
„ 18. 30.—"God's way."
„ 19. 1.—"God's work."

God's right hand.

Saves	Psa. 17. 7.
Upholds	„ 18. 35; 63. 8; 73. 23.
Discovers foes	Psa. 21. 8.
Obtains possession	„ 44. 3.
Teaches terrible things	„ 45. 4.
Establishes His people	„ 80. 15.
Conquers	„ 98. 1.

Luke 8. 15.—The listening ear ; the receptive heart ; the fruitful life.

John 14. 20. { "Ye in Me" . The believer's standing. / "I in you" . The believer's strength. }

Psa. 40. 3. { Result of God's work . Praise. / Result of praise . New life to many. }

What we are when we come to Jesus.

Weary in sin . . . . . Jer. 9. 5.
Wandering from God . . . . { Isa. 53. 6. / Jer. 50. 6. }

After we have found Jesus.

Walking in the light . . . { 1 John 1. 7. / Eph. 5. 8. }
Working for the Master . . { Matt. 21. 28. / 1 Cor. 15. 58. }
Weeping with the sad . . . Rom. 12. 15.
Watching for the Bridegroom S. S. 8. 14.
Waiting for the summons . S. S. 2. 13.

When we meet Jesus.

"Well done" . . . . . Matt. 25. 21.

Our daily attitude.

Searching the Scriptures daily	Acts 17. 11.
Taking up the cross daily .	Luke 9. 23.
Dying daily	1 Cor. 15. 31.
Preaching Jesus Christ daily	Acts 5. 42.
Watching daily	Prov. 8. 34.

Seven occurrences of the word "grace" in Hebrews.

Chap. 2. 9. Grace providing atonement.
„ 4. 16. Grace given.
„ 10. 29. Grace despised.
„ 12. 15. Failure in grace (warning).
„ 12. 28. Grace to serve God.
„ 13. 9. Grace establishing the heart.
„ 13. 25. Grace on all, etc.

MUSING AND AMUSING.

A GOOD book is the best of friends, the same to-day and for ever.—*Martin Tupper.*

Dr. Grey, in his erudite and entertaining notes on Butler's "Hudibras," records the deposition of a lawyer, who, in an action for battery, told the judge that the defendant had beaten his client on the head with a certain *wooden* instrument called an *iron* pestle!

When the Royal Exchange was burnt down in 1838, a certain Arthur Betts kept a music shop in the Exchange. A rather witty reporter wrote the following lines in his account of the fire :—

The men of Braidwood's fire brigade,
In water to their middles,
With skill and great precision played
On Arthur Betts's fiddles.

A country farmer told a friend, who had come from London for a few days' shooting, that he once had so excellent a gun, that it went off immediately upon a thief coming into the house, although not charged. "Why, how was that?" asked the friend. "Why," replied the farmer, "the thief carried it off, before I had time to charge it!"

Liszt, the great pianist, recently deceased, was as humorous as he was good-natured. On one occasion, when he was present at a private house where Chopin was asked to play, it was discovered that the pedals of the piano had been removed. "If Chopin will play," said Liszt, "I will be substitute for the pedals." Whereupon he laughingly crawled down and pulled the pedal wires with his hands.

For general improvement, a man should read whatever his immediate inclination prompts him to, though to be sure, if a man has a science to learn, he must regularly and resolutely advance. What we read with inclination makes a stronger impression. If we read without inclination, half the mind is employed in fixing the inclination, so there is but half to be employed on what we read.—*Dr. Johnson.*

The following story, the truthfulness of which is vouched for by an ear-witness, is told of a Mrs. Malaprop, residing in a city in the Midlands :—

A gentleman was discussing with this lady the difference between cut and pressed glass ; after giving his views as to the difference, he asked the lady for her opinion. "Well," she said, after a moment's consideration, "I have always supposed cut glass to be the *real thing*, and the pressed glass *only* the *genuine article!*"

Illumination by artificial electricity is by no means so novel as many persons suppose it to be. In the year 1819, a Professor Meinecke proposed to illuminate halls, houses, and streets, by the electric spark ; and expressed his strong conviction that it would one day replace all other illuminants. He arranged a series of exhausted glasses, containing metallic spangles, at certain distances from each other, and then directed a current of electricity through them. In this manner, he produced a constant light in his apartment equal to that of the moon ; and by filling his tubes with pure hydrogen gas, he expected to more than double their brilliancy.

THE NAMES OF PLANTS.

"The chestnuts spread their leafy palms in blessing on the air,
And from their minarets of bloom, call all the trees to share."

REV. HUGH MACMILLAN.

THE meanings of the English names of many plants have become obscured, and, in some cases, forgotten. The endeavour to trace out some of these has proved a pleasant study, and a few jottings from the notes made may be interesting to our readers.

The tree whose spreading leaves Oliver Wendell Holmes likens to palms of "holy men in prayer," derives its name from its native home, Castanea, in Thessaly; "Castanea-nut" having degenerated into the every-day "chest-nut."

A great many flowers bear names pointing to a religious origin; for instance, St. John's Wort, Aaron's Rod, Sweet Cicely, and Star of Bethlehem. The mention of St. John's Wort is a reminder that its perforated leaves and healing properties caused it to be dedicated to war. Did the knights of St. John, the heralds of our Ambulance Societies, give this useful plant its name in honour of their patron saint?

Relics of Romanism still linger in the names of plants dedicated to the Virgin; "Marybuds," for instance, now commonly known as Marigolds; "Our Lady of February," an old name for the Snowdrop; and such as Lady's Mantle, Lady's Fingers, Lady's Slipper, Lady's Smocks, Lady's Tresses, and Lady's Cushion, all of which were formerly, "Our Lady's Mantle, Fingers," etc. To these we may add Lady's Bedstraw, Bead-straw or Crosswort, the successive whorls of whose leaves, placed crosswise on the stem, were formerly used by country folk as rosaries, or strings of beads,—"bedes" being the old word for prayers.

The Holy Thorn of Glastonbury is another of these plants connected with the religious ideas of bygone times. Joseph of Arimathea, having arrived near Glastonbury, was wearied out, and sat on the hill-side to rest with his fellow-pilgrims. "Then," says the old chronicler, "St. Joseph stuck on the hill his staff, being a dry hawthorn stick, which grew, and constantly budded and blowed upon Christmas Day." The writer has in her possession, pieces of the Holy Thorn gathered in mid-winter in the neighbourhood of Glastonbury, where it still grows.

It may not be known to all, that the Bracken, or Brake Fern, so common on our moors and hills, though not bearing a name of historic origin, yet carries in its stem a fancied resemblance to King Charles in the oak, when escaping after the battle of Worcester. Take a tall Bracken stem, and pull it up as near the root as you can, cut a transverse section, and you will see the pith "forming a branched figure," which a lively imagination can turn to the hunted monarch in his leafy refuge.

Can any reader of—"A. 1."— inform the writer what connection there is between the Goosefoot (*Chenopodium Bonus-Henricus*) and the "Good King Henry," whose name it commonly bears? All attempts to trace the connection so far, have been fruitless.

Have you ever noticed how many of our flower names end with the syllable "wort"? This is an old Saxon word, meaning merely "herb," and when we see such names as Butterwort, Lungwort, Silverwort, etc., we know that they mean "the herb with leaves like butter," "the herb for the lungs," and that whose leaves are lined with silver. The Silverwort (*Potentilla anserina*), with its handsome, yellow, rose-like flowers, is also known as "Prince's Feather;" the long, drooping leaves being suggestive of the ostrich feathers that form the crest of the Prince of Wales.

One of the most interesting names is that of the Daisy. All agree in deriving it from "day's eye," but two theories for its origin are brought forward. Some say that the flower was so called from its habit of opening at dawn and closing at sunset; others, that it was the likeness between the little flower, with its golden disc and white ray, and the sun—the day's eye—as pictured by our forefathers, that gave the name. Whichever theory be correct, the Daisy is a universal favourite. Poets of all ages have sung its praises. Chaucer calls it "the eie of the daie;" Ben Jonson writes it "day's eye;" and Spencer speaks of "the little Daizie that at evening closes." Mrs. Browning calls them "golden-hearted daisies," Burns, the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," and the Rev. H. Macmillan writes thus concerning them:—

"The grey-haired daisies, ever young, transfigure every field,
And to the old world-weary heart, the joy of childhood yield.
* * * *
Unnurtured by the care of man, they spring forth from the sod,
The free, glad offerings of the earth, the precious gifts of God."

D. P.

THRIFT AND CHARITY.

TWO gentlemen, engaged in procuring subscriptions for a local charity, when passing a fine large house, heard the gentleman who lived there, reproving his servants in the kitchen, for extravagance in throwing away the ends of candles and half-burned lamp-lighters.

"Well," said one of the collectors to the other, "it's not worth while to stop here; for a man who is so careful about the ends of his candles, will hardly give anything for the poor."

"It will do no harm to try," said the other.

They went in, and were agreeably surprised at receiving a very large subscription.

"Sir," said one of the collectors, "the amount of your subscription greatly surprises us; for when we heard you, a few moments ago, reproving your servants for not saving the ends of the candles, we thought it hardly worth while to stop."

"Ah, gentlemen," said he, "it is by the habit of carefulness in little things that I am able to give largely to all good objects."

LITERATURE FOR OUR GIRLS.

By JOHN RUSKIN.

[We make no apology for the following extract on this most vital subject from one whose words carry profound weight. They may be known,—they cannot possibly have received half the thoughtful attention which they justly claim. ED.]

IF there be any difference between a girl's education and a boy's, I should say that of the two, the girl should be earlier led, as her intellect ripens faster, into deep and various subjects; and that her range of literature should be not more, but less frivolous; calculated to add the qualities of patience and seriousness to her natural poignancy of thought and quickness of wit, and also to keep her in a lofty and pure element of thought.

I enter not now into any question of choice of books; only be sure that her books are not heaped up in her lap as they fall out of the package of the circulating library; wet with the last and lightest spray of the fountain of folly, or even of the fountain of wit; for, with respect to that sore temptation of novel reading, it is not the badness of a novel that we should dread, but its over-wrought interest. The weakest romance is not so stupefying as the lower forms of religious exciting literature; and the worst romance is not so corrupting as false history, or false political essays. But the best romance becomes dangerous, if, by its excitement, it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting, and increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act. I speak, therefore, of good novels only; and our modern literature is particularly rich in types of such. Well read, indeed, these books have serious use, being nothing less than treatises on moral anatomy and chemistry, studies of human nature in the elements of it; but I attach little weight to this function; they are hardly ever read with earnestness enough to permit them to fulfil it. The sense to a healthy mind, of being strengthened or enervated by reading, is just as definite and unmistakable as the sense to a healthy body, of being in fresh or foul air; and no more arrogance is involved in forbidding the reading of an unwholesome book, than in a physician's ordering the windows to be opened in a sick-room. There is no question whatever concerning these matters with any person who honestly desires to be informed about them; the real arrogance is only in expressing judgments, either of books or of anything else, respecting which we have taken no trouble to be informed. Life being very short, and the quiet hours of it few, we ought to waste none of them in reading valueless books. I would urge upon every young woman to obtain as soon as she can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable, and steadily—however slowly—increasing series of books for use through life, making her little library, of all the furniture in her room, the most studied and decorative piece; every volume having its assigned place, like a little statue, in its own niche.

NOV. 19, 1887.

"A.1."

ONE PENNY.

WEEKLY—Edited by MRS. STEPHEN MENZIES.

ERIC OLSSON'S MINDE RING.

By MRS. GARNETT, Author of "Three Heroes," etc.

"Carefully extracting from his waistcoat a little bag——"

CHAPTER V.

HOPING AND WAITING.

AND now May had come, and suddenly the sun grew hot; the snow in three days vanished from the valley; anemones starred the grass, and the early steamers began to run. Life had awoke from its long sleep; and unknown almost, certainly unbidden, hope then came back to Mitta's heart. She even went day by day down to the landing station, and watched the steamer come in—it was an old habit.

One evening as she stood there, she heard the cry, "Ammitta Loen," and looked hastily over the passengers; there were not many, but he whom she sought was not there; yet certainly she thought she had heard her own name, and in well-remembered tones. She was turning disappointed away, when she felt an arm thrown round her waist, and a kiss on her forehead.

"Lars!" she cried, and then looked swiftly back, thinking to see his brother following him; but to her intense disappointment, Eric was not there.

"Yes, Lars! Lars strong and well, my Mitta. I knew thou wouldst be glad to see me."

"Yes, Lars, so I am; you look quite strong, and can walk as well as before you fell with the hay. Agdur and Kirstin will indeed be glad to see you. We thought you or Eric would be coming soon. Where is he, Lars?"

"He has gone back to America; perhaps, Mitta, thou wilt never see him again in Gudvangen."

"No?"

"Not if what I think comes true, but I will talk to you of that another day."

Poor Ammitta Loen! The sunshine turned pale; she heard no longer the clang of the cow-bells,

or the song of the birds; and the rushing of the river over its rocky bed sounded far away. Yet she walked on by Lars' side homewards, and answered all his questions in her usual quiet, low voice. Little Karen was the first to see them, and ran shouting to her grandmother. By the time the two reached the hamlet, all the neighbours were crowding out to meet Lars, shaking his hand and embracing him, and Aunt Kirstin weeping aloud for joy.

In the confusion, Mitta slipped away; and as she could not be alone in the cottage, she ran out behind, and unobserved climbed the mountain side. Once safely hidden behind a great grey rock, she burst into tears and wept bitterly. Eric never coming back to Gudvangen! That was all she could think of. The blow was too heavy, now it had really fallen, to permit hope to raise her head.

For some time Mitta sat crushed, and then she began to think. She told herself she had expected this, or something like it, and that she would not blame her old playmate. Surely he had a right to marry whom he would, and to stay in England if he pleased. Only she would like to hear more of him. This at least Lars could tell her when they were alone; she would ask him where Eric was going to live, whom he was going to marry, and many other questions. The thought of this conversation somewhat consoled her; but she had to wait so long for her opportunity, that it seemed as though it would never come, and her anxiety and curiosity grew terrible to bear. She constantly prayed her little prayer; yet she never, it appeared, could meet Lars alone, or for a sufficiently long time. His return to Gudvangen so straight and well was a marvel to the parish. The neighbours came bringing him presents, and inviting him to their houses. Hans Hansen made it an excuse to come down the pass the very next day with a cheese and a string of sausages; he brought, too, a tiny cask of brandivin, which pleased Agdur well.

From one farm to another Lars went for many days, being feasted and made much of at all. And the girls and young men went too, to give him a home welcome and to see each other. Lars felt himself a great man, and spoke of his experiences, and of all he had seen—of the riches and grandeur of England—with the air of a great traveller. He missed out all the sights of misery and want, such as he had never beheld in Norway, and also all the pain and weariness he had suffered, and gave the simple mountain folk the impression that in such a hospital as he, Lars, had been in, everything was pleasant, and prosperity awaited you with a welcome the moment you left its doors. Many a mother who had a sick child at home, sighed and longed to be in England.

To some of these gatherings, Ammitta Loen was obliged to go, though the neighbours laughed at the sad face she brought, and said she must have seen the Twinde maiden. She used to listen to all Lars' talk, hoping to hear his brother's name; but it seldom fell from his lips, for he disliked the remembrance of his terrible journey, and tried to forget it; in fact, he was selfish. So for many days the girl's heart ached hungrily. Lars, too, began to be dissatisfied. The exuberance of his spirits was toning down, and he began to realise in a dim kind of way, that he was farther off from Mitta than he had supposed himself to be; he therefore determined to speak to her at once. The doctor had promised to keep his place open for him for a month, but not longer, and half the time was already gone.

The English had come during the last week to the station in large numbers, and the women were busy washing for them, or helping at the two Inns. The lads and men were down there all day long, with their ponies and carioles and stolkjerres; and for hours the hamlet was left to the children and old women. Mitta was busy amongst the potatoes in her father's patch, and Lars came by and politely offered to help her. Both had at length found their opportunity. Mitta was the first to speak, for she was growing desperate. "Lars, when you first came back, you said Eric was coming home no more. Why is that?"

"No, my Mitta; I said if what happened that I wished, you would never see him in Gudvangen again."

"Well," cried Mitta sharply, "that means the same."

"Not as I mean it."

"Is he going to live in England, then?"

"I know not; but I am, and I hope you also."

Ammitta stared in surprise, but her mind was too full of one subject to give more than a passing thought to another.

"Did Eric send no word to me?" she asked at length in a low voice, turning away her head.

"No," cried Lars eagerly, seeing at last his chance; "but he sent you a minde, and he said I was to give it to you from him."

Ammitta turned swiftly; the spade fell at her feet, and her hands trembled, her cheeks glowed, and her eyes burned. Had he really sent her the golden ring with the clasped hands? Was it, after all, for her?

Lars was carefully extracting from the inner pocket of his waistcoat a little wash-leather bag. "He did not buy you it himself, but he gave me the money, and said, 'Buy a minde for Mitta, and give her it from me.'" Then it was not the golden ring! Her heart sank down with disappointment, and she silently held out her hand. Lars placed in it a pretty silver watch with a silver chain attached.

Mitta gazed at it in astonishment; never had any Gudvangen girl had such a minde sent her before. A remembrance, indeed! Who could forget, when that little voice was for ever ticking, "I sent it"? She pressed it passionately to her lips. "It lives, it speaks," she cried. Lars smiled. "In England these are very common." And then he went on talking; but Mitta heard him not, she was utterly absorbed in her watch. She put the chain round her neck, and restored the watch and key to the little leather bag, and then hid it within the bosom of her bodice. She would not hide the chain; all the world should see it lying shining on her white chemise; but the watch, its little voice should speak to her heart alone. She picked up her spade, and went on with her work, her face shining with happiness. Eric must love her to send *this!* Lars touched her arm. "Then, my Mitta, you agree; I see it in thy face."

"Agree to what, Lars?"

"Well," cried Lars, pettishly, "hast thou listened? Have I not been telling you that we must be married at once and go to England without delay, or I shall lose my place with the good doctor?"

"And who are you going to marry, Lars?"

"Now, Mitta, you are laughing at me! Who else but you, whom I have loved so long, and who loves me?"

This was indeed to be a morning of surprises to Ammitta Loen. She leaned on her spade, and stared in blank astonishment.

"I love you, Lars! No, I do not love you."

"Oh, Mitta, do not say so. Think how you used to sit by me for hours last year; how you used to talk to me, to play to me on your horn. You loved me then, when I was so ill, so you must do now, when I am well and strong, and going to be a rich man. You *must* love me; I have been sure of it so long."

"You were sure without reason, Lars."

"But think of those days when I was ill; you loved me—yes, you did."

"I was sorry for you," the girl replied in her soft, low voice; and then she burst into tears and ran away home.

Lars was very grieved, and yet more angry. He had been so sure, so certain he should take Ammitta back to England as his wife, that he felt now injured and unsettled by her refusal to meet his wishes. Yes, Lars was very angry; and the more he thought on Mitta's refusal, the more angry and less grieved he became. He told himself all *his* plans were settled,—and then he asked himself, what right had *she* to upset them? He had loved her right well, and here she dared to tell him, that all the time she had only pitied him. Was he not worthy of love? Her pity had been a long insult. Another day he would assure himself he had acted nobly in going so far, and suffering so much to get cured. For had he not done it mostly for her sake? and she ought to be grateful. He almost wished he had never gone. No! hold! Not so. He was glad he was well and strong. Plenty of the girls about would be glad to have him now, if not Ammitta. He would let her see that others thought more highly of him.

And so, for the following week, he paid attention first to one girl, and then to another; but Mitta never seemed to notice it at all. When she met him, she spoke kindly to him, and had a very happy face. The dimples had come back to her cheeks, and her merry laugh could be heard again, as she chased her brothers on their ponies up the pass. Little Karen again begged rides on her back, and Lisbet Loen said to Pehr,—

"Our Mitta is herself again; I feared she was going off in the green sickness, she has become so silent and weary all the winter. The summer air has done her good."

"The good Lord keep her so," said old Ammitta. "She goes to the sæter with Margrit Jens-datter on Monday, and that is ever the best place for a maid. It is not well for them to have too much pleasuring."

So Mitta was very busy: the milk pails and churns, the iron pot, the cheese mould, the frying pan, and coffee pot, all had to be packed. Salt, bread, bacon, and the bed and clothes, all had to be put in bags, and slung on the horse; and then Pehr, Margrit, and Mitta set forth; the girls blowing their horns, and carrying some salt in their pouches to tempt their cows on, and the animals following in a wavering string, tinkling their bells, and cropping the grass by the wayside.

That last morning, Lars came to Mitta again, and begged her to change her mind, and come with him to England instead. He spoke to her of the crowded streets and the beautiful shops; but she shook her head and smiled, as she told him she loved the solitary mountain better, and that she could not leave Norway. At length he ceased to urge her; he saw her heart was not in his hand, and so he kissed her, neighbour fashion, and left her.

After all, Lars loved himself better than any one else in the world, and such natures soon find consolation for any loss. It is those who live out of self that feel most keenly and enduringly. So Lars left Gudvangen. Shortly after, Mitta departed to the sæter, and on the whole, in anything but depressed spirits.

The minde he had brought Mitta from Eric had caused quite a storm of wonder in the parish, and several maidens told Lars they would be well pleased to have a like one from himself when he returned to England. "We should never forget you *then*," they said. But Lars said they must remember him without such a costly "minde" as Ammitta's watch.

Towards evening, there glowed a saffron tinge in the sky. Clouds hung still and heavy over the city ; a thunderstorm was brewing.

All the afternoon, there lay on the corner bed a man moaning, and partly unconscious : he grew worse as night came on. The storm broke towards midnight, and they put a screen round his bed, the lightning flashes were so vivid ; but neither they nor the crashes of thunder disturbed him.

"I think, sir, he will go towards morning," said the nurse to the house-surgeon, as he made his last visit for the night.

"Very likely," answered the doctor, looking at Eric ; "but you can call me if necessary."

The nurse sat down behind the screen, and wall, he opened his eyes for the first time, and whispered in English, "It is too hard, I cannot do it." Then he again became unconscious, and the dull moaning went on.

At ten o'clock the two head-surgeons came round the ward, attended by the house-surgeon and some students.

"The dock accident is still alive ; he must be a very strong man," remarked the house-surgeon.

"Oh, the man you mentioned as brought in yesterday ?"

"Yes, the same, sir."

The screen was moved away, and the gentlemen stood closely around the bed.

Mr. —— started. "I know this man; he



"Just then, they saw two figures approach across the plain."

Mitta was glad to get away from all the gossip. Her watch was a beloved companion, and she loved the tick, tick, of its little voice better than any music, for it spoke to her of Eric, and she would, when alone, draw it from her bosom, and listen to its voice. She was at peace, a fuller peace than she had ever known before. God had been so good as to let her know Eric loved her. She would wait ; it might be he would come back. Anyhow, God knew best. He loved her, and she would wait. His will was best.

CHAPTER VI.

FLOTSAM.

It was very hot in the accident ward of the Stanley Hospital. The sunshine was reflected on the walls ; there was not a breath of air coming through the open windows. watched the patient. He was a sailor brought up from the dock on a stretcher. His foot had slipped as they were "tying-in ;" he had fallen a great height, and only just missed going over the side into the Mersey. As it was, he had broken his arm and fractured his skull.

The dull moaning went on all night ; but when the morning broke, the sailor was still alive. The nurse was struck with his face ; he was young, he could hardly be five-and-twenty ; and yet his brow was lined by suffering, but not, as she well knew, with pain from the accident, of which he was probably unconscious. Whatever that sorrow had been which had marked his past life, the remembrance of it troubled him now. A few times he muttered some words of entreaty in a foreign tongue, and just as the early sun shone in, and touched the opposite is a Norwegian, the brother of that young man with the bent knee and that obstinate Cole's fracture, Mr. ——"

"Ah ! I remember now, sir, seeing him. I thought I had done so somewhere. Yes, he is a fine young fellow ; his name is Eric Olsson."

At the mention of his own name, the patient opened his eyes ; a flicker of recognition passed over them as he saw the doctor, and then they closed again. After that day, the doctor took special interest in the corner-bed patient. It seemed impossible that he should recover at first ; and even when he began slowly to mend, again and again he had feverish attacks which retarded his recovery, and threatened his life. Considering his great strength, his fine constitution, and that he had to some degree recovered from an accident which would have killed most men

on the spot, these sudden relapses rather puzzled his friend, and set him thinking.

Eric was never impatient, and he even looked happy, as the chaplain read the Bible to him ; and when he spoke to the sailor of death, and bid him not to be afraid, for if it should come Christ would be with him, the Norwegian answered with a little smile,—

"I fear it not ; I fear rather to get better. Yes, I fear it ; He will be with me, I would rather say, 'Farewell,' and go to Him."

"That hopelessness, that absence of even a desire to recover is not natural, and is keeping him back," thought the doctor. "The chaplain does not seem to have found out the reason ; I wonder if I can ; I know his home."

So one day, when the sailor was stronger than usual, his friend seated himself by his bed, and began to talk to him of his beautiful Norway ; and seeing the sailor's eye brighten, he spoke of the Nærödal, and then of Gudvangen. Instantly the smile faded, and the patient's brow contracted with the lines of pain which always preceded a relapse ; so the doctor changed the subject, and spoke of Lars. He told Eric what a capital cure his was. "And," said the kind doctor, "he owes it all to you ; you have probably been the means of saving his life. You certainly have saved him from being a useless, suffering cripple."

The pain passed out of Eric's face, and a look of great peace came there.

"I hope you will soon do us as much credit as he does."

"I wish to thank you much, sir," said Eric, humbly, "but know not how."

"Why, by getting well, man."

"I do not wish that, sir."

"Why not?"

"I cannot tell, sir ; but it would be best if it ended here—best for me a great deal, and for them."

"You should not say so ; life is a good thing."

"I used to think so, sir ; but I have had enough. I want to die—please God," he added reverently.

The doctor left him, and found next day that Eric had passed a restless night. The day following he tried another plan.

"Lars will be back next week, and he shall come and see you, Olsson."

The sailor started.

"Has he been all the summer in Norway?"

"No ; he went in May, but he returned and remained with me until the very day of your accident. It is strange that it should so happen ; but he went then with my partner to Scotland for the month of September. Mr. —— has some fishing there, and as Lars is useful on a river, I lent him to him for six weeks."

"Is his wife here?" asked Eric, turning away his head.

"Certainly not ; he has no wife. He went back to Gudvangen to exhibit himself, and I think try and induce some young lady of his acquaintance to return with him. I told him it was a foolish idea. However, I was saved any further trouble, for she would not consent."

The sailor feebly raised his right hand, and covered his eyes ; the doctor went smiling away.

"A noble fellow ; I fancy we shall have no more relapse."

"So!" Eric thought, "He has given me all, this life as well as the other. All, all are His ;" and in this great peace he rested and grew well.

It was the first week in October. As far as the eye could see, stretched a vast undulating tableland. To the north were seen the crests of high mountains covered with snow ; far away to the south were distant valleys, indistinct and dim, looking like mere scratches. Near by, the ground was covered with thin grass, moss, and heather plants. The plain was interstretched with streams of pure water, generally rushing through a mossy, many-coloured bed. The sæter house stood here, only a little stone hut. The two girls had finished their day's work, and at the end of the week Pehr and the boys would come up, and the cattle would be taken down to Gudvangen. The goods and the summer's produce of cheese and butter would be conveyed home also, and the sæter would be closed for the winter. Margrit and Ammitta now could rest ; the former was embroidering with beads, cloth for the front of a Sunday bodice, the latter knitting thick winter gloves. Just then, in a pause of their work, they saw two figures approach across the plain.

In that boundless solitude, the least movement attracts attention, and to eyes accustomed to its vast distances, it is very easy to tell if the distant object is a mounted traveller or one who comes on foot. Presently, as they approached nearer, Ammitta exclaimed, in a tone of amazement, "They are two men walking."

"They are travellers, then, and will doubtless stay the night, Mitta ; what can we give them to eat?"

"Nothing new, I fear, little Margrit ; there is not much bacon left, though we have plenty of cheese and butter, as thou well knowest, seeing that between us we have made it all."

"Yes," answered the other girl, laughing, "and for the same reason I know there is fladbrod ; besides, there is some coffee and much cream."

"And in the big stream the net is set, and some trout may be in it ; but you will not think it worth while to go so far, Margrit ; for if one of them is Jan Hemsen, he has been here more than once before."

Margrit blushed violently. "Nevertheless," she replied, "I will go and see if any trout are taken. It is a shame to waste good food."

The girls went smiling into their hut, and put on their newly-embroidered bodices and gaily-coloured stockings. Then Margrit ran out, a basket in her hand, and Ammitta went to the door to watch her. She saw one of the men, who was rapidly nearing the sæter, quit his companion and cross the upland at an angle to meet Margrit, and then to accompany her in the direction of the river. But who could the other stranger be? *He* was coming towards the hut. Mitta's heart gave a great bound, and then stood still. Yes! it was he, thin, worn, changed, but her own Eric at last!

In another moment both her hands were clasped in his, and he was looking into her eyes. He had intended to say many words ; but that one look told him much. He only said, "Mitta, my little one, dost thou love me?" And she, throwing her arms about his neck, cried, "Thou knowest it, Eric."

Ah! yes, so it was. Rooted by the storm where only faith can rest and be at peace, having found their Redeemer when they were in bondage, now in the freedom and sunshine they ever grow closer together, knowing that no sorrow can take from them the joy He gives, and that death itself is but a pause—not a discord—in the eternal melody.

THE END

LIVELY TALKS.

No. I.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS AMUSEMENTS.

By M. Butler Gerds.

WHAT an old-fashioned saying—"May the evening's amusement bear the morning's reflection!" But it is as much needed now-a-days, as in the time when George the Third was king, and the true Englishman, proud of his birthright and his loyalty, drank the toast to king and country with all the honours, and was generally found, in the chill hours of the early morning, lying helpless under the table! But then, you say, that was in the time of the "three-bottle men"—temperance is the fashion to-day, and so the exhortation is not so fit.

Is temperance *in all things* the fashion? Not a bit of it. We have only to ask some young men—"How do you spend your evenings? What do you do with your spare time?" and we shall soon see something the reverse of temperance and moderation. Do not think it an intrusion on your manliness that, whoever or whatever you are—whether you are engaged in business or in study ; whether you reside in city or suburb, we ask you the plain question : "Where and how do you spend your evenings?"

"You must have some sort of amusement," you naturally say ; but you say it self-excusingly, and as if the quality were dubious. Of course you must ; but that question being settled—*Where do you go for it?*

To the *theatre*. To the *bodega*, or wine-shop. To the *card-table*. To the *gambling-house*. To the trashy, flashy *music-hall*. To—well, God knows *where!* Oh, may your mother be spared the knowledge that the son of her love has come to *this*, what in her purity she cannot dream of, nor even understand. But we will look, one by one, at the sources of your amusement.

The *Theatre*. Now, honestly, did you ever learn anything there that has given you a desire to live a pure life, and that has helped you to live it? The *Bodega*. Did you ever find yourself healthier, your mind clearer and stronger, your heart the better, for a night spent in the wine-shop? The *Card-table*. Have you ever experienced any twinges of conscience that your laundress, perhaps your landlady, maybe your mother, has had to know the want of the money you have lost there? Or has it come with the morning's reflection, that this sort of amusement costs self-respect too dear, let alone the temptation it is to you to use your employer's cash, and the hole it makes in the quarter's salary or the week's wages? This is putting it on the lowest platform. The *Gambling-hell*. Has this ever left an ugly scar in your memory the next morning? Have you not sometimes felt, after extra losses, that after all, the other fellows now and then put on the wrong "card," or do a bit of dirty "jobbing," and why should not *you?* *You*, who were once so upright, and it has come to this!

The *Music-hall*, the place where they sing and say things, which at first made you look round, to see that nobody you really cared for was there ; but by-and-by you got used to it, and you laughed with the rest ; and what with the smoke and the drink lulling your conscience and muddling your brain, you got to like it, and you spend most of your evenings there now. Why "NOW?" Have not added years brought added

strength? Fresh resource? Nobler aspirations? And you confess, as so many of us have had to confess, that they have not. You have gradually grown away from home and home influences, and you perhaps regard your mother as old-fashioned, and your sisters as "slow" or prudish. You are seldom in your place in the house of God on Sunday, and you are frequently late at the office or shop in the morning; while the Bible that was, maybe, your mother's gift, is never read *now*. The long walks you used to take, and out of which you were growing quite a naturalist, with your bits of botany or entomology; the museum or art gallery you visited with such delight and profit; the public library, the garden, know you no more. And you are sorry as you think about the wasted time; and you see that sturdy fellow, Jack Robinson, holding his head so much higher than yours in the world, because he is so downright in his intention to make life worth living, and to climb to the top of the tree, if he can.

But cheer up! Right about face! and you will see that, knowing your temptations and besetments, we want to show you a way out of them. We know quite well that when your day's work is done, the devil is rampant; he beckons you to the recreation your nature seeks and needs, and you do not know that it is *he* who calls you, and you go. Where? Ah, you have learnt to your cost. You have found that it is possible to *be* innocent, but impossible to *become* so; that first steps in sin lead down to the bad; and you are sick of self and sin—tired of being continually *amused*, and weary of the smiles and speeches of the wanton.

Now is the time to resolve that you will never, henceforth, spend your evenings in such a way as to hinder your meeting God in prayer before you retire at night, or facing your mother's anxious, conscience-smiting eyes in the morning. "How *shall* I spend my evenings?" you ask. Well, be very chary of young men's Clubs and Debating Societies, which *often* draw away from home, and as often are but seminaries of Satan, initiating their members into unprofitable pursuits, ensnaring them to atheistic principles, and making them familiar with the taste of forbidden fruit.

As to books, no one should spend his spare hours with a book that rouses or prompts the lower passions of his nature, or that teaches doctrine contrary to the beauty of holiness, the strength of purity, the truth and power of love, and the folly of sin. "He that has light thoughts of sin can never have right thoughts of God," it has been said; and you know of Sir Galahad:—

> "My strength is as the strength of ten,
> Because my heart is pure."

The Great Author writes: "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Keep the *heart*—the citadel of your being, the spring of all your life—keep *that* strong, physically and morally, and body and brain will be all right, as a natural consequence.

Join a Cricket Club. Many of the doubts and temptations that have clamoured for a place in your life during the pauses at the desk, behind the counter, or at the bench, will be bowled or batted away in the healthy atmosphere of the cricket-field.

If you can, get a ticket for some good library. Always set aside a sum from your earnings for good books; and good books now are as cheap as, often cheaper than, bad ones. Let your choice of authors lean to those who will help you to an acquisition of knowledge, rather than to light amusement. A mind that craves continually to be amused, must be both small and weak, and is not likely to grow. Seek the refined and refining companionship of your sister's friends. A young man is to be pitied who has no women friends. A good woman, or women, in your life, will act as a stone wall between you and the battering-ram of temptation from within and without. Choose, then, a good, pure girl, with whom you may spend some hours of pleasure and real profit. She will not discourage an early engagement, if you are strong and healthy, and willing to make a home for her some day. And you, supposing you have no home but your lodgings, will be saved from yourself, and perhaps from much sin, by this means.

Do not forget the Young Men's Christian Association in your neighbourhood. Those splendid Institutions have saved thousands of fellows like yourself from loneliness, and moral and physical shipwreck. Call upon the Secretary; he is sure to welcome you, and to introduce you to those of your own age and position. You will speedily find that you have fallen among friends, whose robust and cheery society, and whose warm welcome plainly say: "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

Get, as soon as you can, into the society of a Christian Church. You have no idea what a help you will derive from the firm grip of your Pastor's or Bible-class teacher's hand, at the close of a happy Sunday. It will send you about your work on Monday with the feeling that Christianity is not only *safe*, but *happy*. Christ meant our joy to be *full*, as He Himself said, and the Christian man or woman has a source of joy and strength to resist temptation, that the world cannot know or touch.

Then there are classes for evening study. You ought to know something of Physiology—a study full of the deepest interest to you as a man, since "the proper study of mankind is man," and it will help you to an appreciation of, and desire to retain, your health. Music, French, German, Greek (New Testament), Natural History, Chemistry, Literature, History, Drawing, Algebra—these, and many other bracing studies, will open up a new field of thought for you, and lead you out into nobler paths; and there ought to be always something of the kind going on at the Y.M.C.A.

But, above all, remember that God has made you in His own image; and that God-likeness is exemplified in purity, truth, love, obedience, faith, and hope.

Lastly, do not forget that, just as the figures which you set down every day in your employer's ledger, will at last represent to him his financial *status*, so will the results of your evenings appear in your face and character; as sunshine, and a beautiful mosaic, where all is in rich harmony—or as bitterness, and useless, contemptible rubble. You are your own architect; which is it to be? And the answer seems to come to us: "God helping me, I will build for a blessed eternity!"

The True Christian is a Christian in everything. Sundays and Saturdays it is all the same to him; the same girdle fastens his working clothes as his Sunday garments; his actions at the counter dovetail into his utterances at the prayer-meetings.

Belief.—A man without a belief is like a ship without a rudder, which lies like a log in the trough of the sea, the sport of every wind, and tossed to and fro by every wave.

WON BY WORKING

OR,

HIS FATHER'S GOLD.

By GEORGINA GOLLOCK,
Author of "Ebb and Flow," etc.

CHAPTER III.

ARCHITECT OR MAN.

OF course the death of old Catharine kept Gerald a day or two longer on the spot. His evidence was needed at the inquest, and though he longed to run up to town to see Nettie, his finances did not warrant such an indulgence. The inquest was as futile as inquests mostly are, and a verdict in accordance with the lack of evidence was returned.

At the back of the court-house, a tall, thin-faced man had listened intently to every word the Coroner had said. Abner Holt always had a keen eye to chances, and he felt convinced that neither sleep-walking nor sentiment had led old Catharine to the quarry edge. He felt sure that some prospect of definite golden gain had been in view, and what she had missed he might yet acquire. So when Gerald, sick at heart, strolled out into the fresh, bracing air, Abner followed him, and laid a dirty, claw-like hand on the young man's arm.

"Well, my man?" said Gerald, almost harshly, for he was in no mood for conversation just then.

"You'll want some one to have an eye to the old place, sir. I'm no fool; I don't mind ghosts, and I'll ask no wages. A room in the house yonder, and a bite of grass for my goat,—Abner Holt wants no more, except what he earns by an odd job now and again."

Gerald looked closely at the man. He was gaunt, unshaven, repulsive, not a caretaker commended by his looks, but the young man felt a sort of sympathy with such social Ishmaelites this morning.

"All right," said Gerald; "keep tramps off the place, and obey any orders I send you. I'll run down sometimes when you don't expect me, so you'd better keep straight."

Thus Abner Holt began to keep watch and ward over the miser's house, and a busy time he had at first. The village boys hung round the scene of old Catharine's death. A sort of mysterious charm drew them thither, almost against their wills, and they stood in knots of three and four, peering guardedly over the fatal brink. Abner dispersed them once or twice, but after one awesome night, there was no further need for him to do so. The boys had a bonfire, and when the last embers had burned low, an adventurous spirit suggested a moonlight visit to the quarry, "to see if old Catharine was about." And *old Catharine was.* Their visit was an unexpected success. They approached the quarry from below, with outward laughter but inward fear. On the top of the cliff a shadowy white figure shone out for an instant, emitting a ghostly light; then, as it vanished, a low moaning cry echoed amongst the rocks, and was followed by a dull, heavy thud, as of a soft body falling from a height. With blanched faces the boys told their tale, and henceforth the place was deserted. Stray passers-by arrived in the village from time to time, telling with trembling voices of the spectre they had seen; so the ghost was recognised as sole possessor of the quarry, and became a gruesome threat for naughty urchins in many a village home.

Meanwhile, Gerald and Nettie had to face the problem of life. It was just possible, if he gave up all his ambition, all his lofty ideals, all his dreams of fame, that he might get a situation which would enable him to marry within six months. But so much was involved in that giving up. The man's heart was in his work, and he felt that to him God had given a power, a talent, which it behoved him to use. Where others gave labour, he could give thought,—would it not be unworthy degradation of his nobler nature to stoop to humble, drudging work, because it meant money, love, and home? It is a problem many have to face, and at first it baffled Gerald. Nettie saw clearly enough as it seemed to her.

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more,"

she quoted, looking proudly into her lover's eyes: "Gerald, I will not clog your footsteps. God has given you a great talent; you must not degrade it from love for me. No, we will wait. Stay on where you are; master your art. I could not bear to see you harassed by uncongenial work."

Ah, Nettie! Nettie! unselfish as a woman, but as shortsighted too! You never saw that it was Gerald's heart, nature, character, that needed to be strengthened; while you thought of Gerald Burt the architect, God thought of Gerald Burt the man.

Of course Gerald loved you all the more for your unselfish ambition for him, but the problem held another and better solution than yours.

"Fine evening," said a thick-set, cheery-faced man, brushing against Gerald in the entrance to the architect's office one day. "Governor in?"

"I believe so," said Gerald; "but he is specially engaged just now. Can I take a message?"

"Well, I'm up a tree. Business got too big for me; can't be in two places at once. Want a good foreman, if I can get him. I'm not a company man myself, and don't take somehow in the select villa business. Too many ladies come poking round, asking the rent. I want a well-set-up, stylish sort of fellow; plenty of push and energy, you know; able to keep the men at work, and have a sharp eye to my profits, but with more lacquer and polish outside than plain 'John Smith, Builder and Contractor,' can show. Think he knows such a fellow?" And plain John Smith jerked his thumb in the direction of the architect's private office.

"I think he does," said Gerald slowly.

"Good pay for a good man, and I'll treat him as my equal," said the builder. "Call again in case the governor's got a chap to suit."

Frankly Gerald told his employer how matters stood with him. The great man looked up at first abstractedly from his plans and estimates, but soon the human interest kindled in his face, and when Gerald ended his story, the two men were standing hand in hand.

"Look here," said the successful architect, "you take that berth. I had five years of hard struggle in my boyhood, and it taught me to bear success. A talent—and you have one—cannot be wasted in honest work. I believe God means you to put off your broadcloth, and take your place as a working man. Obey Him; and when He wants you to be an architect, you may be sure that He will open the way."

That afternoon, with never a word to Nettie, Gerald made his engagement with "plain John Smith."

CHAPTER IV.

JOHN SMITH'S FOREMAN.

MRS. GERALD BURT was a fresh and restful sight for a busy man who came home tired at night; and Gerald needed a rest. The building business was trying, to a man who felt as real pain in working up plans for cockney architecture, as a musician feels in listening to a fiddle out of tune. Plain John Smith was as good as his word, and treated Gerald as his equal. He little knew how Gerald hated himself for the pride that made it almost torture to be so treated. When John Smith spoke of "My foreman here, friend of mine, you know," Gerald felt ready to deny the charge; but he knew how kindly the patronage was meant, and he struggled hard to hide his distaste. As to Nettie, she really took John Smith into her heart, and treated the vulgar, kind-hearted little man to such bewitching smiles one day when he came to the house, that he told Gerald his wife was "a little beauty," and he "a lucky dog."

Nettie watched her husband with wise and wifely eyes. In her heart of hearts she thought that his solution of the problem, though it had differed from her own, did him more honour than if he had drawn out plans for a second St. Paul's; but she saw how real the daily struggle was, though with a woman's quick sympathy, she noted that Gerald preferred to be left unpitied as to his daily life.

How the new work was transforming the man! No time for ambitious dreams in the pressure of each day's business; yet Gerald was conscious that his talent was not lost—not dead, but sleeping, in the healthy slumber that knows a glad awakening by-and-bye. He learned many of the secrets of life in his work amongst the men; his sympathies were deepened and quickened, and his intellect became capable of far grander and higher work than before, through the discipline which expanded his moral powers.

The builder's men almost worshipped him. At first they looked on him as a "fine gentleman," and rather resented his polished manner and courteous ways; but by degrees they found out—as British workmen always do—the real nature of the man. Gerald kept them close to work: not five minutes was wasted, no "jerrying" was allowed; and a badly done job or forgotten order brought down a rebuke so swift and stern as not lightly to be forgotten. But the men knew that he did his own work well, and had a certain dim perception of what it cost him. They saw that he asked them to do nothing which he did not do himself. So one day, in the dinner hour, when Gerald stood up amongst them, and spoke a few manly words about the curse of drink, the men knew that he had his own pledge card in his pocket, even before he held it up for them to see. They followed his example readily enough, and from point to point Gerald led them on, till the living power of Christ was felt in many a heart, and more than one man who had been going down hill, set his face upward, towards God and heaven.

Gerald felt none the less a gentleman because he was "the equal" of plain John Smith, and Nettie, though her one servant was young and inexperienced, managed to keep the tiny house, and all its appointments, as dainty and fresh as could be.

The builder's business throve. Here and there he found deserted lots of land for sale, on which his enterprising eye, in anticipation, beheld rows of neat villa houses rising, "to be let." He was a keen-witted man, and his investments turned out well. He had neither kith nor kin, and he took a wondrous fancy to Nettie Burt. When Gerald went off to visit some distant "sites," John Smith would drop in to tea, and many a laugh had Gerald at Nettie's quaint mimicry of the builder's uncouth ways.

But John Smith had an eye to business in it all. "Dull work leaving money to hospitals, or folk you don't know. Better get the thing straight. If Burt likes to sign a contract with me now, I'll go halves in profits, and leave his wife my half when I die."

Burt would not "go halves." It was one thing to wait till the way opened for him to pursue his art, it was quite another for him to pledge himself to renounce it for a lifetime, and to take the builder's gold.

"I'm thankful to have my work, sir," he said; "but I tell you the honest truth, I only mean to stick to it till I see my way to become an architect without starving my wife and my child," for Gerald Burt had now a blue-eyed baby Gerald in his home.

John Smith was angry at the refusal at first, but by-and-bye he settled down into the old friendly ways, and seemed to forget the uncertainty of his foreman's plans.

"Burt," said he one day, "do you know ———?" and he named the pretty rural spot where Gerald's old home lay. "New railway runs close by; want to pick up sites."

"I believe I could supply you with the best in the place, sir," said Gerald. "I have a bit of land not good for much, but it lies high, has a south aspect and good shelter."

"Sounds likely," said the builder. "Run down with me to-morrow?"

"With pleasure," said the young man; "you shall have the place at your own valuation, ghost and all. Only, if you come across my father's gold, I must claim it."

"Right, man, right. Hour of trains?"

"One goes at 9 a.m.; will that suit?"

"Quite. Burt,"—it was seldom the builder made a joke—"Burt, tell Mrs. Nettie to give you a bag, in case we bring back that gold."

(*To be continued.*)

BIBLE JOTTINGS.

Christ for the Sinner.

Eccles. 8. 14.—"There be just men to whom it happeneth, according to the work of the wicked."

Acts 7. 52.—"The Just One . . . murdered."

Isa. 53. 9.—"Made His grave with the wicked."

Isa. 53. 12.—"He was numbered with . . . the transgressors."

The Sinner through Christ.

Eccles. 8. 14.—"There be wicked men to whom it happeneth, according to the work of the righteous."

Rom. 5. 19.—"By obedience of One . . . many made righteous."

2 Cor. 5. 21.—"Be . . . made righteousness of God in Him."

"*Ye also may have fellowship with us.*"
(1 John 1. 3.)

"Fellow-heirs." . . . . . Eph. 3. 6.
"Fellow-soldier." . . . . . Phil. 2. 25.
"Fellow-helpers." . . . . . 3 John 8.
"Fellow-worker." . . . . . Col. 4. 11.
"Fellow-servants." . . . . . Rev. 6. 11.
"Fellow-prisoners." . . . . . Rom. 16. 7.
"Fellow-labourers." . . . . . Phil. 4. 3.
"Fellow-citizens." . . . . . Eph. 2. 19.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

SIMPLIFIED LESSONS FOR AMATEURS.

By A. H. Wall.

PART I.

EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL.

THE miracles of unenlightened and superstitious ages are the every-day commonplace events of our time, and but too many are apt to receive them as they do other familiar things of earth, air, and sky, unthinkingly, unfeelingly, without either reverential wonder or inquiring thought.

Only the studious and the curious can realise the progressing fulfilment of that glorious promise which tells us, that "there is nothing hidden that shall not be known." As, one by one, new births dawn upon them, how strangely *great* men are, and yet how *small*. We are dwarfed into almost unrealisable insignificance by the very gifts which magnify our consequence most grandly. Our pride and self-respect increase gigantically as we are permitted to draw near, nearer, and yet nearer to the Great Giver, Whose gifts demonstrate none the less our own utter unworthiness and insignificance!

Take, for instance, sunlight. To the ancients it was something beneficent and beautiful, but impenetrably mysterious. They knew it gave the leaves and flowers, the clouds and skies, their glorious colours; that as a source of illumination it gave them vision; as a source of heat in the summer, it ripened the fruit of the earth to supply them with food; loving them, benefitting them, delighting no one knew how or why. Full of strange wonderings and reverential gratitude, they saw it come and go with the rising and descending sun, which became, therefore, the object of their love and worship, their god; the greatest of many gods, originated in like way.

The tiniest beam of sunlight, piercing some very small circular aperture, may be analytically separated into its component parts if it enters a darkened chamber. Hence we have what the learned call *dioptrics*, a term of Greek origin, meaning refraction or bending. It is so applied because each ray, or part of that beam, bends at an angle, and may thus be separated, investigated, and experimentalised with. Intercept this beam of sunlight with a piece of white paper, and where it falls, you will recognise a brilliant disc of colourless light. Place between the aperture and the light a three-sided cone of glass, usually called a prism, and, instead of that shining white disc, you have a band of rainbow colours, which introduces you to another phase of optical study, called, again from the Greek, *chromatics*. All the colours you see in nature or art are thus produced. The dyer is working out his experiment in dioptrics when he applies a new dye, mechanically or intelligently, and so is the painter when he thinks he is only dealing with pigments on wood or canvas. The chemist who prepares the dye, or discovers the pigment, does the same; and so does the optician who manufactures the lens for a photographer, and so does the photographer himself, when he shuts out of his dark room all the rays of light that are not red or yellow. Why?

The reply to that question takes us at once to the great principle that underlies the foundations of photographic art. In red or yellow light there is little or no chemical power, and photographs, contrary to common belief, are *not produced by light;* they are produced by chemistry, or *actinism*, another Greek term. It is the actinic, or chemical parts or rays of the sunbeams, with all their relative degrees of power indicated chromatically, or by their colours, that produce on glass or paper the light-conveyed images (reflections) erroneously termed photographs, another Greek term, compounded of photo, or *photos* (light), and *graphy*, to write or delineate. The light which formed the picture in the dark slide of the camera, must not again reach it until the photographed image is *fixed*—that is to say, rendered no longer sensitive to the chemical action of light, and this is, therefore, done in the red, or yellow, or non-actinic light.

If a glass plate, with a surface sensitive to actinic influence, is exposed to images reflected through the lens in a camera which does not exclude every other ray of chemically active light, the resulting photograph will be what is technically termed "fogged," that is, nearly, or quite, obliterated. Photography is, therefore, the art of chemically fixing the image, or pictures, thrown by a lens upon a surface sensitive to chemical action in a *camera*, which is merely *obscura* (Latin for a dark chamber).

The history of photography belongs to the Jubilee years of her most gracious Majesty the Queen. It is one of many wonderful discoveries which will render the fifty years of Victoria's reign memorable through coming years. It was in the year of her coronation, 1838, that the eminent French scene-painter Daguerre, aided by Niepce the chemist, and Chevalier the optician, discovered the process of producing photographs, named after him the Daguerreotype. It was a beautiful art, years ago abandoned in favour of different modifications of it, all destined in their turn to give place to improved processes, the latest being called "Medry." I am old enough to have practised nearly all of them. My first dark chamber, or camera, was a cigar box, my first lens a spectacle glass, and there are some famous old practitioners of the art still living, whose beginnings were not a bit more ambitious, some of them being my personal friends.

The artist, optician, and chemist blended their efforts, but the former was the most persistent experimentalist, the most fervently hopeful, and the most energetic; the lives of each belong to history, for each was in his way a remarkable man; but it was because each was thoughtful and investigative, that success crowned their united efforts.

Niepce, writing to Daguerre, when both were using the apparatus made for them by Chevalier, said:—

"We are occupied with the same object in view, we should find an unequal interest in our mutual efforts. It will give me pleasure to hear that your new experiments with the improved camera have been as successful as you hope they will be. I am most desirous of knowing the result; and, should my offer be a fair one, I shall feel flattered in placing before you the result of my researches of a similar nature to your own."

The secret of Daguerre's superior success was his use of the iodide of silver, in which Niepce, despite his superior chemical knowledge, did not believe; and five years before the Daguerreotype was a pronounced triumph of world-wide fame, Niepce the chemist died.

In our next Paper, we shall have something to say about the apparatus.

(*To be continued.*)

"THE CRY OF THE SONS OF MEN."

"WE are weary, we are laden,
We have wandered far astray;
Let us taste the sparkling waters
Flowing by the grassy way.
Let us pluck the clustering berries;
Luscious grapes hang overhead.
Take our ease, forget to-morrow,
Banish thought and banish dread."
Still, ah, still amidst the pleasures,
Comes the ceaseless cry of pain,
"Who will give us rest and quiet?
Who will give us peace again?
We have tried each flowing fountain,
Broken cisterns all to find,
Who can soothe the weary spirit?
Who the broken heart can bind?
We can find no peaceful shadow,
And no mighty rock can see;
Come, ye mountains, come and hide us
From our sin and misery."
Only silence mocks their sighing,
Mocks them in their bitter woe.
"Tell, oh, tell us," still they're crying,
"Unto whom, then, can we go?"

"THE CRY OF THE SONS OF GOD."

"Children we, yet pilgrims, strangers,
Wanderers in the desert bare,
Lead us, Lord, to verdant pastures,
Lead us to the meadows fair.
We can trust Thee, we can love Thee,
We are Thine for weal or woe;
Sons of men! why will ye linger?
Unto whom else would ye go?
He it is, in blood-stained raiment,
He who erst from Bozrah came,—
Jesus Christ, the King, the Saviour,
Ever and for aye the same.
He, the Light to guide you heavenward,
He, the Fount in barren ground;
Living Water, Heavenly Manna,
All in all, in Him is found.
'Hark!' His loving Voice is saying,—
'I am come, the Prince of Peace.
Hush that mournful, bitter wailing,
Sons of men from murmurs cease.'
Hear Him! Ah, our best belovèd,
We will follow, lead us on;
Time is fleeing, Life is fleeting,
And the day will soon be gone."

"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

Softly, as the breath of Twilight,
Like a whisper through the grass,
Fell a footfall, faint, so faintly,
Through the shadows seemed to pass.
Draweth nearer. Will they hear Him?
Sad He seems, and all alone.
Hush! He cometh, calling, calling,
And He seeketh for His own.
"Come, ye wayworn, wandering children
I have sought you far and near;
I am come to soothe the weary,
Come the broken heart to cheer.
Would ye taste the crystal waters?
Would ye feast on Heavenly Bread?
Follow Me, and in My footsteps
Sweetly, safely ye may tread."

THE APPEAL OF THE SONS OF GOD TO THE SONS OF MEN.

"Sons of men, why will ye linger?
Day is fleeing, night is nigh!
See! He passeth, softly, slowly,—
Sons of men! why will ye die?
Still He waiteth, still He calleth,
Through the mists and shadows dim.
Unto whom else are ye calling?
Unto whom, if not to Him?"

S. H. Knapp.



"The only other occupant of the house."

ACHEE PAN;

OR,

"TOPSIDE GALORE."

CHAPTER I.

ACHEE PAN, I must inform my readers, was a Chinese gentleman, living in the noble city of Pekin, in the year 1301.

He was by trade a china merchant; that is to say, he made various articles of china-ware, which he sold for as much as he could get from his customers.

Achee Pan was thin and wizened looking, with small, twinkling eyes, which he generally half closed when looking at you, a most splendiferous pigtail, and a very old and coffee-coloured costume, which shaded off harmoniously from his tea-coloured visage. By this time, my readers, you will see that the hero of my story was neither big, handsome, nor noble; but, better than all these, he was clever, and as "Necessity is the mother of invention," he often astonished himself by some particularly clever piece of ingenuity; and as "Brevity is the soul of wit," he invariably chopped his sentences into as small pieces as he possibly could; when once Achee Pan said "No," neither the lords, ladies, Ministers of State, courtiers, nay, even the great Emperor, Chusee Chan himself, would have been able to make him change his mind. He lived in a little back street on the north side of the Palace of Chusee Chan; and day by day the courtiers, Ministers of State, etc., etc., saw Achee Pan studiously working away in front of his little window, making pots and vases, and a variety of curious articles.

The length of Achee Pan's pigtail was a great marvel to many, for it exceeded that of the Emperor himself, though it was doubled up at the end, so that no one should know its length; for to wear a pigtail longer than the Emperor's was considered a capital offence in China.

Early one sultry morning, Achee Pan was sitting in front of his little window, painting a very elaborate dragon of many colours on a beautiful sea-green vase. It was very difficult work, and as soon as he had finished the head of the dragon, he heaved a sigh of relief, and, getting up, retired to his little back room. There he began to groan, and rock himself backwards and forwards.

Why he did this, will need a little digression to explain to our readers. A few weeks before my story began, Achee Pan made a very bold investment indeed; which, however, promised to bring him a good amount of gain. All was going on well, when one morning, news went abroad that the venture had proved a myth, and all the unfortunates who had embarked in it were ruined.

Achee Pan, as I have said, had invested a large amount; and to get the cash, had borrowed from an old Chinese merchant, whom he had promised to pay in two months from the date on which he lent him the money. You can imagine his feelings! Three hundred taels to pay, and not a brass pic to help him to meet it!

Now the character of my hero came out in its true light; when others succumbed, many putting an end to themselves, and others leaving the country, Achee Pan, strange to say, smiled as serenely, and worked as assiduously, as before the disaster.

Inwardly, however, he felt a crisis was coming; and his face grew thinner and more wrinkled, and changed from its tea-coloured hue to one more like the coffee-colour of his dress. There was now only a week to the day when he must pay his three hundred taels, and he was well-nigh at his wits' end; for though he had worked literally night and



"'Achee Pan!' roared the great Babul."

day, he had only succeeded in getting one hundred together. He knew what was the penalty for debts like that—death. But sooner than be executed in the barbarous, degrading method of the Chinese, he determined he would destroy himself; and, as a last resource, should all else fail, he had bought a little packet of poison for rats, which was carefully hidden away in a corner of a funny old chest. On this old chest was seated the only other occupant of the house, viz., one of the ugliest cats imaginable, which went by the name of Ranky Chou.

Upon this unprepossessing animal, Achee Pan bestowed all his affections; and it, in return, was devoted to its master. It would sit for hours purring contentedly by his side, while he worked away at his pottery-making.

who had collected round the door to see what was up. "Achee Pan!" roared the great Babul, in a voice of thunder, holding out a large roll of parchment, "put this proclamation in your window immediately, by the orders of her Most Gracious Celestial, All-powerful Chinese Highness, or your pigtail shall be chopped off;" "or your pigtail shall be chopped off," yelled the courtiers; "or your pigtail shall be chopped off," shrieked the mandarins and Ministers of State in chorus; "or your pigtail shall be chopped off," squealed the ragged boys insultingly. Then, without another word, off went the great Babul—off went the courtiers, mandarins, Ministers of State, and little ragged boys, with their pigtails on end, as fast as they could go down the street.

His Imperial Highness, and thus prevent such a dire calamity from falling on the Chinese Empire, shall receive—

10,000 Taels."

After he had thoroughly mastered the meaning of the above, Achee Pan went quietly indoors.

What a glorious chance! 10,000 taels! Life, liberty, happiness, lay before him in his grasp, if only, if only he could think of something that would amuse His Celestial Highness!

Ah, but there lay the rub, if, well,—

"If ifs and ands were Achee Pans,
There'd soon be amusement for Chusee Chans."

Two whole hours did our hero sit in a brown study, every now and then muttering, while



"'Nod!' cried the Emperor to the Empress."

Now, seeing its master's despair, it quietly left its place on the old chest, and, perching itself on Achee Pan's chair, it commenced softly to rub its head against his arm, in token of sympathy.

"Poor Ranky Chou, you would help me if you could," said Achee, soothing it. "Miaou, miaou!" said Ranky Chou, in a dolorous voice. "But it's of no good," continued its master, "I shall have to give in sooner or later. Topside galore!" he exclaimed suddenly, jumping up. "What's all that row about?" for there seemed to be a babel of tongues in his little shop.

"Achee Pan, Achee Pan!" cried a stentorian voice; and Achee Pan ran quickly out to see what the matter could be. There stood the great Babul, the Emperor's favourite courtier; there stood ever so many of the other courtiers, the Ministers of State, the mandarins, besides a whole host of little ragged boys,

"Topside galore!" exclaimed Achee Pan, when he recovered his breath.

"Miaou, miaou!" said Ranky Chou, as he watched his master unroll the huge proclamation, which was soon fastened securely on a board and hung up in the window.

That being done, Achee thought he would like to read what was written thereon, which he accordingly did; and for the benefit of my readers, I will translate the words so attentively read by Achee Pan:—

"By order of Her Imperial, Celestial, All-powerful Chinese Highness, the following proclamation is made:—

"That, whereas His Imperial, Celestial, All-powerful Chinese Highness lieth at the point of death, for want of something better to do, all amusements being utterly unable to cheer him, or divert his mind: the Man, Woman, or Child who shall, within two days, invent something novel enough to amuse

Ranky Chou uttered a plaintive "Miaou!" at intervals, to assure his master of his great sympathy.

At last Achee Pan got up, and, with stern resolution depicted on his visage, approached the chest, and took up the fatal phial of poison. Then he went to the little cracked looking-glass to take a last look at his withered, yellow face, before he bade adieu to it for ever.

He stood and gazed, with the glass of poison in his hand, and then slowly nodded his head, as if saying, "Good-bye, Achee Pan; good-bye to all your greatness." Then a sudden frenzy seized him, and, with almost a yell, he (don't be shocked, dear readers! Achee Pan was only mortal after all)—he—he—actually—put out his long tongue and nodded his head violently! Then, suddenly the phial was dashed from his hand, and he began to jump and caper about,

exclaiming, "Topside Galore! Topside Galore! Topside Galore!" grinning and beaming all over the while. Ranky Chou was hugged in a most affectionate embrace; and then down sat Achee Pan, and worked away assiduously and mysteriously, without ceasing, for the rest of the day at his pottery making. What caused this change in his plans you shall presently see.

CHAPTER II.

INSIDE the palace of Chusee Chan, all was gloom and dismay; the courtiers, Ministers of State, mandarins, all went about on tip-toe, hardly speaking above a whisper. The court physician, the great Babul, the Empress, and some of the ladies-in-waiting, who were in the room where Chusee Chan lay on his costly bed, hardly moving, eating nothing, never speaking—in fact, dying for want of something to do—kept wiping their eyes and using their salts bottles in preparation for the terrible event, which would leave the great Empire of China without a ruler.

The court physician had declared that morning that his Imperial, All-powerful, Celestial Chinese Highness might linger on for three days at the most. That was all, unless something could be found to amuse him, and thus take his thoughts off himself. Tick tack, tick tack, went the watch of the court physican, as he gently felt the Emperor's pulse.

"Weaker and weaker," he replied, to the anxious inquiries of the Empress, who stood patiently beside the bed.

Just then, there was a stir outside. The great Babul angrily strode out of the room to see who dared to intrude at such a time. He returned soon and whispered to the court physician, who whispered to the Empress, and then said, "Her Imperial Celestial Highness desires that the man may be brought in and try his plan."

The great Babul made a low bow and went out again. He soon returned, followed by a little, withered, ugly man carrying a small box under his arm, also a curious-looking bundle. He took no notice of the Empress or ladies-in-waiting; but at a sign from the court physician, approached the bed. He motioned for a little table that stood near to be brought to him, and then he carefully undid the box, and took out a number of little Chinese figures in white ware, with long pigtails and red caps. These he placed very carefully on the table; then, giving it a little shake, he set them all a-nodding—nodding their little heads; and lo! they each put out a long, red tongue, and waggled it about in the very face of the Emperor himself! But his All-powerful, Celestial Highness lay with closed eyes, unheeding all that passed round him.

Then Achee Pan seized the bundle, and a terrific "Miaou! Mi—a—o—u! Mi—a—o—u!" resounded through the room.

The great Babul, the court physician, the Empress, the ladies-in-waiting, rushed at Achee Pan, and, seizing him roughly by the arms, began to drag him from the room; when Chusee Chan, who had started violently at the noise, and, of course, opened his eyes, seeing the little figures nodding, nodding, nid, nid, nodding, called out "Stop!" Like magic they let go of Achee Pan, and, to their great amazement, saw Chusee Chan looking fixedly at the little figures. Achee Pan, finding himself free, approached the table, and, giving it another shake, set them all going faster than ever. Wiggle waggle, wiggle waggle, went the long, red tongues. Nid nodding, nid nodding, went the little heads, and the Emperor smiled—yes, smiled, then laughed!

"Topside galore!" said Achee Pan quietly to himself.

"Nod!" cried the Emperor to the Empress, great Babul, court physician, ladies-in-waiting, and courtiers, "or your pigtails shall come off."

At this awful threat they all began; Achee Pan doing it best of all.

"Quicker! quicker!" cried the Emperor, and on they all went; but Achee Pan did it quicker and better than all.

For one whole hour did Chusee Chan keep them nodding. Then he released them, and asked for something to eat. "He is thaved!" lisped the court physician. "He is thaved!" lisped the Empress, great Babul, and all the others; for, not being up to such a new-fashioned game, they had, poor things, bitten their tongues so dreadfully that they could hardly speak; and for a week after, they had such stiff necks, that they could not turn their heads right or left. But the Emperor's life was saved; and Achee Pan was quite ready to nod all day long—stiff neck, sore tongue, and all, for he had saved the Emperor's life, and his fortune was made.

From that day, Chusee Chan got better and better; and the rage for the little nodding figures, which got the name of "Achee Pan," was so great, that all the potters were employed in making them.

Achee Pan got his ten thousand taels, and, like an honest man, paid his debt.

Besides this reward, he was made a chief mandarin, and had apartments in the palace. Being a sensible man, he now had his pigtail shortened by two inches, so that he might not offend the Emperor by his too lengthy appendage.

Ranky Chou was not forgotten either. He was made an "I. C.," that is, "Imperial Cat," and wore a gold collar. He was petted by all the court; for, had he not roused the Emperor by his terrific "Miaou," Achee Pan's efforts would have been in vain.

Now, my dear readers,

"Here endeth the story of Achee Pan,
Who saved the life of Chusee Chan;
Who had a cat called Ranky Chou,
That roused the Emperor with its mew.
Whose pigtail was so elongated,
That, as we have before related,
Our hero was obliged to lop it,
For fear the Emperor should chop it.
So now farewell to Chusee Chan,
To Ranky Chou, and Achee Pan,
Whose motto was 'Topside galore,'
The English being 'Excelsior.'"

CLOTHES FOR A BUTTON, NOT BUTTONS FOR CLOTHES.

HE was undeniably a very ragged man. His clothes were scarcely more than shreds, and they fluttered restlessly in the breeze. A benevolent lady came forward. "My poor man," said she, "you are in a sorry state. Step into my kitchen, and my servants shall put some buttons on your coat; it has not one left."

"Thank you, kind lady," said the man, glancing ruefully at his rags, "but matters are gone too far for that. Buttons can do nothing now for my coat. However," he added, brightening up, "I have one nice button in my pocket—it would be a great thing if you could *give me a coat for it.*"

The lady took the hint.

My friend, what is your request? Are you seeking for buttons to hold your rags together, or are you just bringing your worthless button for a new coat?

BRITISH INDUSTRIES.

No. I.

THE MANUFACTURE OF CARPETS AT KIDDERMINSTER.

By HENRY H. BOURN.

NASH, in his "History of Worcestershire," says: "Kidderminster means a church standing upon the brow of a hill, and the water running under it; *Kid* signifying, in the old British, the brow of a hill; *Dwr*, water; and *Minster*, a church." Certainly, the commodious and beautiful church, in which Richard Baxter preached for many years, stands on a hill, and the river Stour flows at its base.

On entering the town from the railway, a visitor is struck with the beautifully designed drinking-fountain, surmounted by an illuminated clock, having three dials; a statue erected to the memory of Sir Rowland Hill, to whose enterprise, as of course all know, we are indebted for the Penny Postage and the Post-office Savings Bank; and another statue, which has been erected in the Bull Ring, to commemorate the devoted and successful labours of Richard Baxter. The house in which he resided is in High Street, and has his name on the front in large letters, followed by the date, 1641.

Kidderminster has been a manufacturing town nearly four hundred years. By a statute of 1533, it was enacted that no person should make, or cause to be made, within the county of Worcester, any manner of woollen clothes, except in Kidderminster and four other places which are named. In Baxter's time, weaving was the principal employment of the people; their manufacture, in all probability, being linsey-woolsey stuffs.

In his "Life and Times," Baxter says: "My people were not rich; there were among them very few beggars, because their common trade of stuff-weaving would find work for them all; and there were none of the tradesmen very rich, seeing their trade was poor. The magistrates of the town were, few of them, worth £40 per annum, and most not half so much; three or four of the richest thriving masters of the trade got but about £500 or £600 in twenty years, and it may be lost £100 of it by an ill debtor."

The remarks made by the notorious Lord Chief Justice Jefferies, during the trial of Baxter for "seditious and scandalous teaching," in a book which he had published, supports the opinion that the staple trade of the town, at that time, was linsey-woolsey stuffs.

The trial commenced on the 30th of May, 1686, when Pollexfen, who had undertaken Baxter's defence, remonstrated against the stopping of Nonconformist utterances, and received the following treatment at the hands of the Chief Justice.

"Pollexfen," said Jefferies, "I know you well; I will set a mark upon you! You are the patron of the faction. This is an old rogue, who has poisoned the world with his Kidderminster doctrine. Don't we know how he preached, 'Curse ye Meroz; curse them bitterly that come not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty'? He encouraged all the women and maids to bring their bodkins and thimbles, to carry on their war against the king of ever-blessed memory. An old schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain!"

Pollexfen having besought his lordship to allow him to say a word for his client, boldly maintained that the things which had been said did not apply to the character of Mr. Baxter; and went on to state that King

Charles would have rewarded him with a bishopric when he came to the throne, if he would only have conformed.

"Ay, ay," said the furious judge, "we know that; but what ailed the old blockhead, the unthankful villain, that he would not conform? Was he wiser or better than other men? He hath been, ever since, the spring of the faction. I am sure he hath poisoned the world with his *linsey-woolsey doctrine*."

It appears to have been about the year 1735, that carpet-weaving was established as a branch of industry in Kidderminster. At first, the Scotch, or flat carpets, without a pile, were the only ones made; but in 1749, cut carpets were introduced. At the present time, the leading productions are Royal Axminster, Chenille Axminster, Brussels, and Tapestry carpets and rugs, many of which cannot be surpassed, even if equalled, in any other part of the world.

In the history of carpet-weaving, as in that of the production of nearly all other textile fabrics, the time arrived when the home industry passed away, in consequence of the introduction of steam power, and the almost necessary adoption of the factory system. The social and moral evils, which are the fruits of factory life, may be considered in another Paper.

The increase in the number of carpet-weavers throughout Great Britain, appears to have been confined exclusively to Kidderminster and its neighbourhood; where, in 1861, the number of men and women employed was 1,673, and in 1881 it was 6,659.

It is impossible to give, in the space allotted to this Paper, a description of the entire process of carpet-weaving. There are, however, certain processes which demand more than a passing notice. In making Tapestry carpets, the pattern is printed on the warp from a cylinder. To the uninitiated, the strange admixture of colours before the weft is "shot," may be somewhat bewildering. How it can be possible for the warp to finally resolve itself into patterns of taste and beauty, can only be known to the artist who designed the pattern, and under whose instructions the cylinder was engraved.

The well-known Brussels carpet has its pattern made in the loom. To accomplish this, the Jacquard machine is called into requisition, an ingeniously contrived piece of mechanism, placed at the top of the ordinary loom, which, by a series of perforated cards, artistically arranged, lifts and depresses the warp just when and where required. As a shuttle is required for each colour in the weft, it sometimes happens that there are as many as from two to ten, twelve, or even fourteen different colours. An ingenious mechanism connected with the power-loom supplies the right colour when needed. In forming the loop in Brussels carpet, the warp is passed over a wire, which is afterwards knocked up by the "slay." The wire is next removed by an automatic action of the loom, catching it in an eye made for that purpose, drawing it through the entire width of the piece being woven, and placing it behind a few others, which are removed and replaced in turn, so long as the loom remains working. If it is a velvet pile, or Wilton carpet or rug which is being made, a small cutter is attached to one end of the wire, by which all the loops are cut as it is drawn through.

Another important branch of carpet-weaving, and one which differs from all others, is the manufacture of Chenille Axminster, and Royal Axminster carpets and rugs. The initial process in making these goods, after sorting and dyeing the wool and spinning the yarn, is the preparation of the design. After the design has been approved, it is worked out to its full size, and divided into so many "shots" to the inch; the number of "shots" varying according to the qualities of the carpet.

The Chenille Axminster carpet is made of strips of chenille cord (which have been prepared in hand-looms) as a pile or weft, upon a chain of jute or other suitable material. The pattern is given out in narrow strips of various colours, so that the operatives may see what number of "shots" of the different colours is required for producing the design of the artist. Sometimes two or three of white, black, blue, or green, or some other colour will suffice; at other times a dozen "shots" of one colour may be requisite. On leaving the loom, these pieces are passed through a cutting machine, consisting of a number of cutters, fixed on a cylinder, which revolves with considerable rapidity. After being divided into strips, and properly arranged and numbered, the chenille cord is ready for the carpet or rug weaver. In passing through several factories at Kidderminster, we were surprised to find so much of the work performed by females, although not to the same extent as in other manufacturing districts. Before entering some of the workshops, we could hear, above the thud and rattle of the looms, some of Sankey's hymns being sung. On one of the looms I noticed a few verses about the "precious blood of Jesus," written with pen and ink.

A few minutes' observation of the patent power-loom, will at once suffice to convince any intelligent person of its superiority to the hand-loom; not only with regard to the quantity of work produced, but also, and more especially, with regard to the correctness with which each pattern is completed. In these looms, the fur or strip of chenille is fed on to the machine continuously; the whole action being automatic, excepting that of combing the strip of chenille into its proper place by the attendant. It is very interesting to watch the precision with which the feeder stops, while the machine still continues working, so as to allow the exact time required by the operative for using the comb.

About fifteen yards can be made on one of these looms a day, whereas only about two yards can be produced on a hand-loom.

We cannot omit referring to the process of "reading in" the patterns for Royal Axminster carpets. To effect this, a number of bobbins, each with its separate-coloured wool, are arranged in a frame; the bobbins in some cases being twenty-seven inches in width, and the number of threads gathered thereon amounting to 190. Each "shot" of the pattern is arranged on its peculiar bobbin, which is numbered to correspond with the design. The number of threads varying from 135 to 190, great care has to be exercised by the operatives in their selection of the threads, so that they may exactly repeat upon the bobbins the line or "shot" of the pattern, which is fastened opposite their eye to serve as a guide. The bobbins are next taken to another room, and placed on an endless chain, connected with the loom; the length of the chain representing the length of the pattern to be produced. The chain revolves when the machine is put in motion, and the bobbins are brought in contact with the warp; the "shot" goes across, and is knocked up by the "slay." The length required to be taken from the bobbins is cut off by a sharp knife, which moves backwards and forwards automatically. The knife, before cutting the thread, pulls it to the length required for the next operation, by means of a cam raising the bobbin. On some of the machines, as many as 200 bobbins are carried by the endless chain on frame-work overhead. In consequence of a mechanical arrangement, by which the threads are placed on the bobbins, it is impossible for them to get shifted from their proper place, or for any slip to be made in the pattern.

We saw three men employed at one loom, on which they were making a carpet of elegant design, measuring about 18ft. by 14ft. Although the cost of producing such carpets is considerable, the high price which many of them fetch makes their manufacture profitable.

The operatives of Kidderminster present a favourable contrast to those in some of our manufacturing towns. The comfortable houses in which many of them live—the occupants not unfrequently being the owners,—the Co-operative Stores, the Carpet Weavers' Association, the Building Societies, and deposits in Savings Banks, speak of their thrift. Intemperance, it is true, has many victims, but the counteracting influences are powerful; the result being that, notwithstanding the increase in the population, the social and moral condition of the people is far superior to what it was twenty years ago.

"DO *YOU* TAKE BACK YOUR EMPTIES?"

A True Anecdote.

"HAPPY Tom," one of our Christian carters, went to the yard of a large warehouse the other day to wait for a load. There were other carts waiting, too, and plenty of men about. Tom wanted a word of prayer; he longed for it as definitely as some of the other men longed for a smoke. So he turned into a shed, where he had, strictly speaking, no call to go, and had a few quiet moments alone with God.

"What are you doing in the yard?" said the foreman to him sharply, as he came out.

"Waiting for a load, sir," said Happy Tom.

"What were you doing in that shed?"

Now it is an easy enough thing to stand up and testify in a Meeting, with the Chairman's sympathising eye upon you, and some brother in the background ready to say, "Praise God"; but it's another thing for a man to speak out amongst ungodly mates, and especially to a foreman whom you know not to be a Christian.

Happy Tom was silent for a moment.

"Come, what were you doing in there?" repeated the foreman.

"Taking back 'my empties,' sir," said Tom.

"What do you mean?"

"The Lord Jesus Christ, sir, filled me with a blessing this morning, and I just went back to Him now. I'm His 'empty,' sir. When my employer gets packages from here, he uses the goods, and sends you back the empty cases to fill again; that's the least I may do to Jesus Christ. 'Twould be real dishonest not to bring His 'empties' back, and say thank you for what I'd got."

The foreman was silent, but he thought "there must be something in it, after all."

Tom's load was ready, and he marched out of the yard at his horse's head, the light on his face showing that the Lord Jesus did not take long to "fill the empties" which were brought back to Him.

SISTER DORA.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

By Fanny Burton Irving.

(*Continued from our last.*)

IN 1875, a terrible epidemic of smallpox broke out in Walsall. It was found an insuperable difficulty to get the people to go into a hospital, erected on the outskirts of the town for the emergency, until Sister Dora came to the rescue, by writing to the Mayor, and offering to leave her own work, and go to the epidemic hospital to nurse the smallpox patients, for any length of time that might be necessary ; she feeling a conscious pride, in the knowledge that the masses of Walsall would use the hospital without hesitation if she were there. Her offer was gladly and gratefully accepted. Her work began at once ; and before she had been there half an hour, seven patients arrived. The wards were two in number, planned for twenty-eight beds, entirely bare, but capable of division by means of sliding doors, so that the bad cases could be isolated. The windows were iron-barred as a precaution against the vagaries of delirious patients. There were day-rooms for convalescents ; a combination sitting and bedroom for the nurse ; another small room for the porter, as well as a small dispensary. Entirely separate, stood a laundry, mortuary, a disinfecting oven, and a stable for the ambulance. For the work required on these premises, together with nursing, etc., she was, as Bishop Selwyn styled her, "the one-horse chay," having no help save from two women who came from the workhouse, to share with her the loathsome washing of clothes and bedding, and an old porter, kind in his way, but whose weakness for drink often caused her to be left alone the whole night with the dead and dying. From letters she wrote at this time, we cull the following :—"I have got two 'critters' from the workhouse—one so helpless that I have to do the work for her ; the other sits up at nights, so can do no more. One man is so delirious, I cannot keep my eyes off him, or else he's out of bed. Then I have a baby a *year* old, and another younger, and they are so cross ; they keep up music night and day." A few days later she wrote : "A woman is very delirious ; she tried to escape last night ; it took the porter and myself to hold her down. That fellow is very good ; he scrubbed the kitchen floor early this morning to save me. You would laugh to see me washing my babies. Poor things ! They are smothered in pox. I am obliged to put them in a warm bath. They are getting quite fond of me ; but they do make washing. We have all that to do besides the night-nursing, so you may fancy ! I am writing this while waiting for my potatoes to boil." On the tenth of March, at the end of a letter to a clergyman, she says : "I have got a servant, the plague of my life. It *is* good to have some cross, so I take her as such." Again, "My Irishwoman (the servant) walked off this afternoon, and went drinking, actually in the middle of washing. Some people came to tell me she was drunk. She and I must part company to-morrow ; we cannot be so disgraced." On the twenty-seventh of March : "I have not had a creature to do a hand's turn since last Thursday week. I wish you could see how clean the place is. I am getting quite proud of my cooking. The porter here is an old soldier, and he is so helpful ; always lights the kitchen fire and does the range." Again, in reference to cooking : "I only wish I had known something of it before I came here. I like it, but I do not feel master of my business."

Probably some are ready to ask whether this Phœbe-like woman, who was a succourer of so many, had no faults ; and also to wonder what became of her work at the cottage hospital, while she devoted herself to the smallpox cases elsewhere, especially as it involved exactly a six months' absence from the former. To err is human ; and Dorothy Pattison would have been more than this if she had been sinless. "She left the cottage hospital," says her biographer, "pretty much to take care of itself. No special orders were given to the nurses, nor was any one of them actually placed in charge." She was unwilling that any one should "even temporarily be entitled to occupy her place," and more than once she exhibited a jealous dislike to any worker who showed special ability. This caused her to gather inferior assistants ; and while she was away, she seemed more desirous to be greatly missed than that her place should be well filled.

In the last letter Sister Dora ever penned, she referred to this besetting sin, this love of being first. Probably this fault was nurtured by the unfortunate circumstance that, with few exceptions, she passed the most of her life in the company of her social and mental inferiors, and this is always dangerous to the highest development of the best gifts.

Evidences of her interest in holy things was shown by her efforts to induce waifs and strays to attend the special services held at Walsall. On the first night, lay-workers were exhorted to bring people to the service ; and on the second evening, Sister Dora appeared in church with a following of thirty or forty people.

After the second Mission in 1876, when the town was asleep, two of the Missioners were guided by Sister Dora into one of the worst "slums" of Walsall, where the inhabitants turn night into day, "loving darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil," and straightway began a midnight meeting, to be followed by many others for fallen women. Then, during the evenings of the Mission, she asked permission to hold a meeting for cabmen—a class of men in whom she felt deep interest. Every cabman in Walsall came to her meeting, except one who was compelled always to be on duty to fetch passengers from a certain train exactly at the hour of her class. This man went almost crying to tell "Sister" why he could not come. One of the cabmen, an old patient, told her she was always to send for him when she wanted a drive, and he would drive her anywhere at any time for nothing, adding, "Stop, Sister ; there's only one way as I won't drive you, and that's away from Walsall."

In 1876, the ward into which the victims of the Burchill's explosion had heen received became hopelessly infected. Case after case of erysipelas declared itself, wounds refused to heal, and finally the whole hospital seemed to be impregnated by the poison. It was found necessary to transfer the Cottage Hospital to temporary premises, while a new building was erected. Only a very unsuitable house of three storeys was obtainable at the time, and it only held ten or twelve beds. Those cases that could not find room within the walls of the temporary "Maison Dieu," Sister Dora visited at their own homes. It was at this period (winter of 1876–77) that for the first time in her experience she began to find a difficulty in lifting weights. Previously, her old night nurse had often said to her, "Sister, let me carry that bedding, or those coals for you," and she would reply, "No, I am stronger than you are, and I want to save your strength ;" then, picking up the load, in her easy fashion, she would carry it off. Now there was difficulty in these things, and as the inconvenience became permanent, she consulted a medical man with whom she was on terms of personal friendship. He examined her carefully, and discovered the existence of a disease, which, he told her, must ultimately be fatal to life. Surgical aid might have prolonged her days ; but, as the result was always uncertain, after a short mental conflict, she determined to permit the disease to take its natural course, and pledged the doctor who examined her, neither to reveal the nature of the complaint, nor the fact of her consultation with him to others ; giving, as a reason, that she would be urged to lay aside her duties if her condition were known, and she was wishful to continue them as long as possible.

She worked harder than ever, and wrote to a friend, who was, of course, entirely unaware of her condition : "I grudge every moment I must spend in taking care of this body ;" and again, "I fairly grudge myself the time which must be spent in sleep." Her labours became so severe, that the committee desired her to allow them to get her extra assistance, so that she might not kill herself with overwork ; but she declined every offer of this kind. From six until between ten and eleven o'clock at night, she was driving about to visit such as, from the limited accommodation of the temporary building, could not be received into the hospital. Her chief happiness seemed to lie in ministering to the most miserable, and in telling them of a Saviour.

To one who tried to copy her labour of love, she said, "When you want to lead any one to Jesus, remember you must point, and take care not to stand in the way yourself."

One night, in passing Marsh Lane, Sister Dora saw an awful fight going on, even the police not venturing to interfere. She plunged through the crowd, stood on a high door-step, and began in her usual fashion, entreating, exhorting, and flinging well-aimed raillery at the combatants. They stood for a moment like two furious bull-dogs, and then again rushed upon each other, urged on by the sympathetic cries of the crowd. In a moment, Sister Dora had quitted the door-step, and had thrown herself between the wild animals, holding them each back, with an arm which either of the men could have broken as easily as he could have snapped a tobacco pipe. Such an appeal was all-powerful ; the fight was at an end, and no one ventured a word of disrespect or insult. How few understood that the almost superhuman energy of her toil was caused by the thought—ever present to her then—that the night was at hand !

At the close of the year 1877, she invited all her old patients to a Christmas dinner, at her own cost, in the temporary hospital, and made a bright, joyous, mirthful time for all the visitors.

In June, 1878, Sister Dora went away for a fortnight's holiday, and as, immediately on her return to Walsall, typhoid fever broke out in the hospital, it was found necessary to close it, so she was again set at liberty, for the new building could not be ready until October. Without giving any sign of her mortal malady, save that she could not walk so far as she formerly did, she went first to visit some nieces in the Isle of Man, and then, in autumn, to the Paris Exhibition, especially to inspect the wonderful appliances and operating instruments which were shown there. At the end of September, she stayed in London, to see and study Professor Lister's

treatment of wounds, with a view to the employment of his method in the Walsall hospital. All this time her own disease was rapidly developing; and at last she found herself unable to conceal her intense suffering, so travelled alone to Birmingham to consult her doctor, Mr. Crompton. The fatigue and hurry of the journey brought on such serious symptoms, that he thought she could not leave her hotel alive; but she would not hear of any plan save that of being taken back to Walsall, to "die amongst her own people." Accordingly, she was removed in the doctor's carriage. On the 7th of October, she wrote to a clergyman from the hotel in Birmingham, saying, "I have been laid up here since last Thursday, carefully nursed by strangers. I am going to Walsall, if able to be moved, to-morrow. They have taken a house for me near the new hospital. There is only Mount Calvary to climb by the ladder of sickness. I can join in the words of our beautiful Prayer-Book, 'Render unto Him humble thanks for His fatherly visitation.' Do pray, dear brother, that as my pain increases, so may my faith and patience."

From the time that she took up her abode in the little hired house, she never left her bed; her suffering continued to increase; coughing, sickness, and exhaustion set in, and the joy at first experienced in hope of speedy relief by death, gave place to much depression, and Sister Dora realised the "shadow" in the valley. Still, in intervals of agony, she at times proved so wonderfully cheerful and like her old self, that few suspected the intensity of her suffering, and it was hoped she might be well enough to be carried to the new hospital, to declare it open. As this could not be, a silvered key, in a velvet case, was sent her by the Committee, with the request that she would give it into the hands of the Mayor, and thus empower him to open the new building in her name. On the sixth of December, Sister Dora's last earthly anxiety about her beloved hospital was set at rest by the arrival of her successor, a lady called Sister Ellen, in whom she at once felt perfect confidence, and from whose kind attentions she derived much alleviation in her pain. "Oh," she exclaimed once, after she had been put into a comfortable position, and had her wound dressed by this lady, "if my patients can only be nursed like this, I shall be *more* than satisfied." On Monday, the twenty-third of December, she suffered extremely, and early on Tuesday morning she said: "I am dying; run for Sister Ellen." Mrs. H—— tried to soothe her, saying, "Our blessed Lord is standing at the gates of heaven, to open them for you." She answered, "I see Him; the gates are open wide."

When all human efforts had been exhausted for her relief, she said, as they stood watching her, "I have lived alone—let me die alone;" repeating, "let me die alone," till they were forced to leave her, one friend only watching through the half-opened door. For some hours she lived on. All pain seemed to have left her; and about two o'clock in the afternoon, the anxious watcher only knew by a slight change of position that Sister Dora's life was gone.

"The memory of the just is blessed." Sister Dora's is preserved to future generations by the history of her life; by a Convalescent Home erected in her honour at Milford; and the marble statue, unveiled at Walsall eight years after her death, *the first statue ever publicly raised in England to a woman not of royal birth.*

THE END.

HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

FOR MARRIED FOLK.

By DANIEL MCCOY,

Author of "Hints on Poultry Keeping," "Window Gardening," etc., etc.

II.—FURNISHING.

HAVING made choice of a house suitable for ourselves, the next most important point is to furnish it.

The manner and style in which this is to be done must necessarily depend upon the means at our disposal. The expense to be incurred in furnishing will be proportionate to the size of the house; but in any case it is to be hoped that the purchase of furniture has been seriously considered, previously to commencing to settle in life, and that a sum of ready money is in hand for the purpose.

Should such provision not have been made, it is to be feared that the future existence of the family will be very much less bright than it might otherwise be, and the comforts will probably be greatly interfered with. This is certain to occur, either if money be borrowed for the purpose of purchasing furniture, and a bill of sale given on it, or if the furniture be obtained on the hire system.

The former expedient should never in any case be resorted to, as the interest on the money advanced, and the payment of instalments, would cause a constant drain on the income, and in the end most assuredly result in a seizure of the goods, and in loss of position to the unfortunate borrower. Let this be an axiom to intending furnishers, "Never borrow money on a bill of sale for the purpose of furnishing the house." Rather be satisfied for the first year or two to occupy cheap apartments. Save money, and when a certain amount has been saved, place in the bank of the nearest Post Office, until one hundred pounds has accumulated. For that sum, sufficient useful furniture and necessary articles can be obtained to commence housekeeping with, which, if economically conducted, will enable you, periodically, to purchase some other article of furniture, which, if not absolutely a necessity, may perhaps prove something to make the rooms look more comfortable.

The hire system is adopted by many, but unless persons have a stated income, difficulties may arise in paying punctually the several instalments. When this happens, although payment may have been punctually going on for some length of time, perhaps up to within a few months of the date, and the hirer is hoping to look upon the furniture as his own, a failure takes place in the periodical payment, a legal claim is made, further expenses are incurred, which he is even more unable to meet, a distress warrant is issued, and the furniture sold or carried away, leaving him with an empty house, as a bitter example of the folly of trusting too much to the grand benefits (all on the side of the dealer) to be derived from the tempting advantages offered by a highly-coloured advertisement.

Supposing then, that you have funds in hand sufficient for your wants, do nothing hurriedly, but visit several shops, where at times, especially after the season is over, very good and handsome furniture (called second-hand, in reality as good as new) may be obtained at sometimes one-third or even a less proportion of the original value. It is a mistaken notion that things will be got cheaper by purchasing all that is required at one establishment. Go about, use your own judgment, or, if you prefer it, take some experienced friend with you, who will assist you in the judicious selection of the necessary articles. If, however, expense need not be considered, an order may be given to some well-known firm of upholsterers, who will fit the house up from kitchen to attic, without trouble, but not without a very great additional, and, it may be added, unnecessary outlay. This method also entails a risk of want of that taste, which is scarcely ever to be found in a house entirely furnished by upholsterers alone, without the delicate and chaste eye of a woman to regulate the choice.

Great care should be exercised in selecting furniture, and in arranging it in the house, avoiding crowding too much into one room, or purchasing any which is quite disproportionate to the size of the house. With good taste and proper judgment, a house may be made to look far prettier at a small than at a great cost.

The first part of the house to be furnished is the passage or entrance hall. An umbrella stand is an indispensable article, and a very simple and cheap one can be made by placing a drain-pipe in a saucer of the same material, to receive the water from the umbrellas. If the pipe be covered with coloured cretonne, drawn together tightly round the upper part, and allowed to hang so as only just to clear the top of the saucer, an economical article of furniture is at once provided. A small table is very necessary if the passage be wide enough, and should that not be the case, a slab of wood on a hinge will be found most useful for a great many purposes.

A very pretty addition to any entrance may be made, by having two narrow strips of wood, about two inches wide, fixed on each side of the wall, about five or six feet from the front door, reaching to about an inch from the ceiling, on which a longitudinal piece should be fixed. On this, some cheap curtains may be fastened, nicely looped back, making a sort of second entrance. It gives the dullest looking passage a bright and cheerful appearance; and if the curtains in the autumn and winter time be made of a cheap, warm material, much cold wind may be kept from entering the house—the curtains, when drawn, being kept from flying about by having small, round pieces of lead sewn into the hem at the bottom.

If it be possible, a small stand for flowers should also find a place, which would, during the winter months, by having a few pots of chrysanthemums on them, give a still more cheerful aspect to the entrance hall or passage.

The floor-cloth may be of linoleum or painted canvas. The former has a warmer appearance, and lasts much longer than the latter. A good door mat is indispensable, as, without this useful article, the furniture, such as carpets, would soon be destroyed.

In choosing carpets, the size of room should be considered. A large pattern in a small room will make it look smaller still. All very gaudy colours should be avoided. One of the best wearing and most lasting, is that carpet on which the various shades of brown are introduced. This may be had of all textures; but, of course, on the amount of money to be expended, must depend very much the quality that can be purchased. Very pretty, good, and long-wearing Brussels carpets may be had, the price varying according to the number of threads of which the carpet is composed. Some are six-thread,

and these are generally very expensive ; but a four or three-thread carpet will last a very long time if it be carefully swept. When it is quite worn out, it is useful, as it is very frequently used as the foundation for floor-cloths. A cheaper description of carpet is that called tapestry ; but as it does not wear so well as the Brussels, it proves in the end more expensive.

As rooms are now nearly all stained for about a foot or so round the sides, it is a good plan to purchase a carpet of a square shape, for not only is the cost materially reduced, but the carpet will be more easily made available for another room. A Turkey carpet in a dining-room is much to be desired, as they are peculiarly soft to the tread, and are warmer to the feet than the other varieties. When, moreover, it becomes shabby, it may be made to look almost as good as new by clipping, or by being shorn by an upholsterer.

Crumb cloths made of linen are almost indispensable in a dining-room, as they prevent the destruction by spots and stains of a handsome carpet.

In the bedrooms, strips of carpet are generally thought the best ; but in a best bedroom, a small Axminster is a handsome, although an expensive luxury. There are, however, very pretty squares of carpet now made, moderate in price, most suitable for bedrooms. These should not be nailed down, but allowed to be loose, so as to enable them to be very frequently taken up and shaken.

The stair carpet may be either of Brussels —which looks very handsome, but is expensive—or Kidderminster or Dutch, which are much cheaper, but which wear out very shortly. Many people adopt the plan of purchasing a cheap stair carpet, and, after it has been down some time, of covering it with a cheap floor-cloth, which looks very bright, and is soft to the tread. Linoleum is also at times used as a covering for the stairs, and if a good coating of thick brown paper be placed underneath, it feels nearly as soft as a carpet. It may be had of very bright, warm-looking colours, with a castellated bordering, which looks well on any staircase.

Now as to the necessary articles of furniture in a dining-room. First and foremost is the table ; this may be either of oak or mahogany, and oval or oblong in shape. It should be of a good width—never less than four feet —and of the extensible form, so that extra leaves may be introduced when necessary. This is an article of furniture which may often be purchased at a moderate price second-hand ; and good furniture of this description is very much better than some of the new rubbish that is very frequently seen advertised as "cheap dining-room suites." Six good chairs, and an easy one— if there be sufficient space—and a side-board ; or if the room will not admit, from its size, of this useful article of furniture, a "dumb-waiter" must take its place.

The curtains should be of a warm tint for winter — muslin curtains underneath the thicker material, which may be had of various sorts. Nothing, however, looks better than claret-coloured rep.

A few flowers should be in a vase on the sideboard, and also a few plants in pots in the window.

Where the dining-room is large, two easy chairs may be safely placed in it, and also a comfortable sofa. In the dull Winter evenings, many a cosy chat may be had after dinner. It is then the family home is appreciated more than ever ; and the knowledge of this fact adds greatly to the pleasure of the good housewife.

COMMON SENSE ABOUT ATHLETICS.

By a Consulting Physician.

BY the term "Athletics," I must be understood to mean any or all of the various forms of muscular exercises, adopted with a view to increasing the strength of the body, and consequently improving the health. The word includes something more, however, than such mild forms of exercise as walking, driving, or even riding on horseback. Either of the latter may be pleasant enough, if only for this simple reason, that they are enjoyed in the open air. But they have no direct tendency to develop muscle, nor to bring the body into that perfect form and shape which, undoubtedly, nature intended upright man should possess.

That such form or shape is—greatly owing to the terrible struggle for existence in towns and villages—the exception and not the rule, is no reason why those who have it in their power to do so, should not endeavour to attain to it. All the more so, too, when they remember that health and beauty are in a great measure synonymous terms.

Nor must it be forgotten that the *mens sana*, the calm, collected, and intellectual mind, is most at home, if not oftenest found, in the *corpore sano*.

One can actually feast one's eyes and ears on such a combination of intellect and manliness as that presented, for example, by my dear friend, the late Mortimer Collins ; and from that of Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh, as I was recently told by a pupil of his. That gentleman must have seemed a very King Saul amongst his compeers.

"He was all a hero to us," says his pupil. "How well I mind him, as he used to stride across the quadrangle, appearing to shake the earth at every step, his bonny light hair floating over his shoulders."

Now the class of athletic exercises which are of most value to young women, remember, as well as to the men, are happily those which give the greatest pleasure to the persons engaged in them, and include lawn-tennis, rowing, touring on foot in mountainous countries, or by the sea-shore, and —with some restrictions as to ladies— tricycling.

For men only, we have various games that require not only strength and swiftness, but quickness of eye and skill—notably, cricket, football, golf, or curling. Added to these, we have also such out-door sports as running, leaping, vaulting, and—though unfortunately confined to the brawny, wiry sons of Caledonia—throwing the hammer, tossing the caber, and putting the stone.

Now, neither individually nor nationally, can we pretend to despise the good effects of athletic exercises ; for that country whose sons excel in the field at home, will be the hardiest and bravest, when they have to meet the foe abroad.

Athletics give strength and suppleness to the soldier. They engender confidence, and this is the parent of pluck, and pluck, too, of an enduring kind. It is bull-dog tenacity ; it is "*grit ;*" it is "*stay*," and couples with the splendid audacity which is characteristic of the British Army. It is the "grit" and staying power which make us triumphant in every land the sun shines on. Do not talk to me of courage, if grit does not go along with it.

I can promise that those who go in for Athletics judiciously, but with hearty good will, shall be rewarded before many months are over, with a store of strength and fund of good health, such as they never had before.

I have in the last sentence used the adverb "judiciously," and I have used it most advisedly, as you will see if you read on.

Do I advise, then, young men or women to choose the kind of athletic exercise they think would suit them, in the same way as they choose a hat or bonnet, and forthwith put it on ? Such a course would indeed be the reverse of judicious, for it would be dangerous. The vast majority of the younger generation of the present day is a working majority. Yes, and the work they have to do is, for the most part, far from wholesome. It is work that wears the body, bleaches the face, and whitens the very blood, so to speak ; and the hours of day and week are, alas ! too long. While it wears and tears the body, it saddens the mind. To take an individual—say from behind a counter—and put him to such hard work as even cycling is to an amateur, would be to endanger his health, or even his life itself. For, mind you, in such a case, it is not the muscles only that are weak and flabby, but such vital organs as the lungs, the liver, the kidneys, and heart, to say nothing of the blood-vessels of the brain itself.

Now, hard spells of athletic work or sport would send the blood in a rush to these weakened organs, and what would be the result ? Why, something of the following nature : enlargement of the liver, with derangement of all its functions ; stretching of the right side of the heart, which might result in permanent and irreparable injury, or mischief to the tiny cells that time could never repair.

This is just the place and time, methinks, to address a word of warning anent cycling in childhood. I am sorry to say that I seldom take a spin myself, on any beaten highway, without meeting or passing some boy or girl struggling along on a tricycle many times too heavy for its years. I am not much of an advocate for allowing children to cycle under the most favourable circumstances, but to permit them to mount, and go perspiring along dusty or muddy roads, on dusty, heavy machines, is positively not only cruel, but a crime on the part of those who own them. Just think of the possible—nay, the probable—after-effects : injury to the spine, injury to the joints ; in some cases bent bones, or, worse than all, a dilated heart, which may mean years and years of wretched life, and an early death at last.

Think of it, parents, I adjure you ! He who talks to you is not only a medical man of some experience, but one who has ridden the cycle for fifteen years, and knows exactly what it is, and what it is not.

From what I have already said, then, about work-a-day men and women, it will be readily guessed that I recommend some intermediate treatment to be adopted, before going into any kind of exercise to which the term Athletic can be applied. I certainly do. I wish those who are not over-strong to creep before they walk, and walk before they run. Even clerks and shop-keepers, whose iron steeds were their truest friends the Summer before, must not mount their cycles in Spring, and try to do the journeys they did in Autumn.

I will now take a supposed case. Here I have a young man of about twenty or a little more, who is engaged nearly all day at work in a shop that might be more healthy, were it better ventilated. He has, however, his evenings to himself, and at least a half-holiday every week. Can *he* do anything in the

way of athletic exercise to make himself stronger?

I examine him, both heart and lungs, and I find him free from any illness constitutionally; but his arms are not those of a blacksmith, nor are his legs at all like a Highland soldier's, and a very little exercise would make him pant and perspire.

What can I do for such a case? Why, quite a deal. Health won't be hurried, you know; but if this young man will follow my advice, I guarantee that in two months' time he will be, not only stronger, and far more muscular, but will have better blood in his veins, and a happier, more independent look in his eyes and face.

But before he begins regular gymnastic exercise of any kind, he must—positively *must*—undergo a kind of preliminary training. You will observe that my patient in this instance is not fat; if he were, I should have to melt him down considerably, for no one man's skin can contain much muscle *and* adipose tissue on the same day and date. No, he is lean, and he does not look overwell fed either. He tells me that he has not a great deal of appetite at any time, and that he never was a big eater. We who see him can easily believe that. How does he spend his days? Well, he does not get up until he has barely time left to hurry over his breakfast and be off to his duties. Then dinner is not much of a meal—it is more of a scramble; and after supper he feels but little inclination to go out, or if he does, it is merely to "loaf around"—the slang is his, not mine,—meet a few friends, talk, smoke, and perhaps go in for a game of bagatelle or billiards, or take a turn down the town. Then to bed. And so on all the week till the Sabbath comes—a day of rest; too often made a day of utter lounging, and uselessness to either body or soul.

But this young man has some spirit, so he makes a good patient. I commence by insisting on his getting up at seven o'clock in summer, and half-past in winter. I insist upon his having a cold—or tepid, if he is very weak—sponge-bath first thing. The tub has been put there the night before, with two handfuls of ordinary sea-salt thrown into the water.

Then five minutes in the open air, and so in to breakfast, which must be substantial. The appetite at first must be encouraged by a bitter infusion of quassia, with ten or fifteen drops of tincture of iron in it to each dose. This is to be taken before each meal. The breakfast should be oatmeal porridge, or eggs and bacon, fish, etc. He must live as well as possible, and have meat once a day, with a good allowance of vegetables. He must sleep on a hard mattress, with no more covering than is necessary for warmth. His bedroom should be very well ventilated. He ought to take a good, quick walk at mid-day, and a long one every evening, no matter what the weather is. He should get some one to join him in this *régime*. It is far easier for me to train a pair than one. Then he must abjure bad habits of every kind, and he must cultivate a pure mind, thus he will be ready for the next stage of healthful muscular development in about three or four weeks.

Come on, then. Here we are at the door of a gymnasium. He must join the class for exercise in the evenings. Stay, though! he says he really cannot afford it; that little advance in his salary, which he had more than half-expected, has not come yet. Well, never mind. I, his trainer, am not going to be discouraged, so he needn't be. Of course I should have preferred his joining a class, but we go straight away home, and on our way we call at an ironmonger's, and purchase a pair of dumb-bells. No, not that pair—they are too heavy. These, please, because you can lift them with ease. And notice that the bells open, so that as one gets stronger, he can weight them. Lying there is another form of dumb-bells, with a long rod uniting them. These are excellent, being used with both hands. Now, with these dumb-bells I must have my patient—my man, I may call him now—take exercise for fifteen minutes before breakfast, and for at least half an hour regularly every evening.

If my man were a lady, then, instead of dumb-bells, I should probably recommend the india-rubber chest-expanding bands. They have a handle at each end, and are drawn out while the arms are being slowly extended in every possible direction, to bring into play the muscles of the chest or body. The exercise should be taken in a court, or exceedingly well-ventilated room, preferably with the windows wide open.

Without drawings, it is impossible to give the exact movements of dumb-bells, or chest-expander exercise, and so it becomes almost a *sine quâ non* that the man or lady has one lesson from some qualified teacher. The exercise, however, must be carried on regularly and slowly, day by day, increasing the length of time each day, if possible. It should never exceed the bounds of fatigue, but be just on the verge thereof. It should make one perspire freely at first; but after a time, when the muscles begin to harden, there will be little if any of this.

When using dumb-bells or band, the dress must be loose and light.

In the next Paper I will take my pupil a stage further, and introduce him to the practice of athletism in a more extended sense.

(*To be continued.*)

BRIEFS.

THE MAYOR OF ARGONIA, KANSAS.—In the Spring of last year, when the time came for the election of the Mayor of Argonia, little or no interest was shown in the duty by the citizens of the town, until two days before the election day, when, no candidate having been proposed, a Meeting was called of the Women's Temperance Union, and a candidate for the mayoralty and five council men were nominated. Early in the morning on election day, a publican, for a joke, got some tickets printed with the names of the five Council men proposed at the Women's Meeting, but substituting a Mrs. Salter's name for that of their candidate for Mayor. The friends of Mrs. Salter hearing of this, went straight to the house, where they found her busy at the wash-tub, and obtained her consent to serve, if elected. They then set to work, and before the setting of the sun, Argonia had elected a woman to be the chief person in a population of about five hundred, with the magnificent salary of five shillings a year!

THE TOBACCO HEART.—Out of twenty young men who competed for a West Point cadetship at Westfield, Mass., ten were rejected by the physician because they had the tobacco heart, "brought on by cigarette smoking."

There are 430,000 married, and 370,000 unmarried, men in Paris.

BRIGHT POKER, ESQ.

By EDWARD BUTLER.

I AM the Bright Poker. I live in the drawing-room. As I have nothing to do, and need not work for my living, I may be described as a gentleman. It would be correct to address me as Bright Poker, Esq. I move in the best society. My intimate associates are the Honourable Mr. Shovel and the Very Reverend Long Tongs. We are all kept bright at the public expense. The Very Reverend Long Tongs has a curate,—the Rev. Short Tongs. Mr. Shovel has a servant named Coal Scoop, and I have a Working Poker. Curate Tongs (rather, Rev. Tongs, as I sometimes call him when I am spiteful), with my own brisk little factor and Scoop, do all the work. In revolutionary times, when democratic boys come home from school, we three principals are sometimes rudely set to work; but the indecency of this behaviour is always speedily rebuked by the conservative authority of the household. I have even heard the master of the house jeering at us as ornamental vanities; but I know my position and sound value better than he does. Why, if you were to banish me and the Honourable Shovel and Very Rev. Tongs, think what a dangerous precedent you would set! I defy you to venture on it! You daren't! You would shake the foundations of the Constitution. Establish the principle that those who do the work should have the pay, and where are you? Not a vested interest would be safe, and where would Britain be then? In realms political and realms ecclesiastical, could you bear to dispense with me and my relations? Many Christians of the greatest respectability come to put their feet on my fender, who are too superfine to be thrust into the fire of political strife. They share the cooking that is done in that fire, but they are careful to separate themselves from agitation and other Working Pokers. How could you affront their tender and ornamental feelings?

There is a point in which I am superior to my human analogies. I am above the meanness of stirring the fire exactly at the moment when the company gather round, and the coals are all ready to deliver a glorious burst of flame, which will call forth rapturous encomiums. I let the Working Poker do the business to the last, and get the credit. You don't. If an agitation be got up about a burning question of the period, your Bright Pokers hover about, waiting to see if the question is burning enough to make a grand blaze, and then they come and hustle the Working Pokers, and give a few graceful, ornamental flourishes at the coals. At the last great meeting which you hold on any question of the day, you adorn the walls with placards, informing the public that the chair will be taken by Bright Poker, Esq., and the meeting will be addressed by the Very Rev. L. Tongs, the Honourable Mr. Shovel, and other influential gentlemen. I always know when the hard work is over, and the glory beginning, by seeing these gentry trotting eagerly to the front.

Abilities.—It is not great learning, great abilities, or great talents that win the day; but these in moderation, with the steady determination to succeed. The man who uses his one talent well, gains far more than he who has twenty talents buried in a napkin or carelessly frittered away.

DARKNESS, DAWN, AND DAY.

A STORY OF THREE SNOWSTORMS.

I. Darkness.

THEY could not go. Twelve miles across a bleak moorland, in the darkness of a winter's night, when snow was falling thick and fast, hiding many a familiar landmark, and filling with its treacherous, yielding mass, many a rut and hollow; even for his pretty Maude's first ball, Mr. Brenton would not run the risk. So old Brown, who had known "Miss Maudie" since she was a baby, was told that his fine pair of bays might rest in their warm stables that night, and Mr. and Mrs. Brenton and Maude settled down as best they could; though ordinary evening occupations seemed flat and meagre, after the high expectations they had formed.

Maude was too sweet-tempered a girl to be sulky, or to make those around her unhappy, because the weather was bad; but when she went to her own little room that night, and saw the dainty ball dress, with its soft white satin folds, her heart sank more than a little, and something very like tears gathered in her eyes.

Sitting in her own low wicker chair before the bright fire, Maude had a long, quiet "think." One by one all the household went to rest, till there came the last sound of all, the locking of her mother's door—a sure sign that no one was up or about. Maude was quite alone, save for her busy thoughts.

It was too bad that the snowstorm should have come to spoil her very first ball; no wonder she felt put out about it! She pictured all the gay scenes on which she had dwelt in fancy for weeks past; now they had vanished into nothing. How thoroughly dissatisfied she felt,—not a bit of interest in anything, not a morsel of energy or vigour for either work or play! But in those silent hours, the conviction forced itself on her mind, that all her restlessness did not arise from the snowstorm; there was something behind. Maude owned to herself that there was some yearning as yet unreached, some void unfilled, some want unsupplied, which even the ball, with all its fancied brightness, would not have set right. She was thoroughly vexed with herself. What more could any girl desire in the way of pleasures and possessions than *she* already had? One by one she counted them up, and told herself she had simply everything; but the *want* remained, and she could not deny the fact. Surely it was possible to be satisfied; surely the Creator had not given man a craving which He did not mean to supply; somehow she must find it all out. She had heard some one say that *religion* alone could satisfy the heart, but she was not quite prepared to go in for that yet; she would try everything else first.

So Maude Brenton mused till long past midnight, and at last closed her eyes with the puzzle still unsolved, while the snow fell thick and fast on the face of the sleeping earth.

II. Dawn.

A YEAR later. It is early morning, and again the snow is falling on moorland and village street. The tall, gaunt trees bear ghostly white shrouds, where summer greenery once had been, and a bitter wind drives the soft flakes almost fiercely through the air.

It was a wild morning for any girl to be out, but down the village street came Maude Brenton, wrapped in warmest furs, and struggling with a great umbrella, which gave but slight protection from the whirling snow. On her arm hung a strong, roomy basket, from beneath the lid of which a white cloth peeped out, telling of soup or jelly, or some such kindly gift for those in need.

Maude had long tried to find an answer of her own to that question which had puzzled her on the night of her first ball. More pleasure she had tried, more excitement, more dress, but they only made the craving worse.

Only one thing remained — religion, so she made up her mind that she would turn to that; she would try good works, and give up all such pleasures as dancing, except just now and then.

Maude did nothing by halves. The village folk were poor and rough, but she plunged eagerly into work amongst them. On two afternoons in the week, she went from house to house, exhorting the people to be regular at church, and to use every means of grace within their reach. She started a Penny Bank and a Clothing Club; she had Cottage Meetings, where she read to the people of thrift, honesty, and cleanliness; she gave up more than half her allowance to buy things of which the poor were in need; and she let no stress of weather keep her from her post.

Indeed, Maude was rather glad when this bad snowstorm came, just as she started on her mission, in the grey dawn of a winter's morning. It made one feel so good to go on an errand of mercy under such unfavourable circumstances. Her father had heard her as she passed his door, and had expressed grave doubts as to the wisdom of her going out at all on such a morning; but Maude had lightly set them aside. It was self-denial, she told herself, to go out in such heavy snow, and self-sacrifice must surely bring her happiness.

So on she went, till she came to the end of the street, and raised the latch of Widow Wilson's door. The old woman still lay in bed, shivering in the fireless room; but before long, Maude's skilful fingers had set a bright fire sparkling in the grate; the basket yielded up its store of comforts, and with a cup of hot tea in her hand, she sat down by the bedside for a chat.

Widow Wilson was very infirm and weak, but to-day it seemed as if her mind was in a worse state than her body. Maude's attentions scarcely soothed her at all, so at last the girl read the Psalms and Lessons for the day. The sweet Bible words seemed only to make her worse; she tossed from side to side, and at last cried impatiently:—

"I've nought to do with words like those; I'm a miserable sinner; pray for me now, Miss Maude."

Maude opened her Prayer-Book, and kneeling reverently by the bed, read the beautiful words of the General Confession in a low, solemn tone; but when she stopped, the woman said anxiously:—

"There's more, far more than that. 'Tis the storm that makes me wild, for I drove my only boy from me, and made him hate the name of home, and now he's far at sea, with none to say a word to him of God; and if he's drowned, I'll have to answer for his soul!"

Again Maude turned the leaves of her book, and read the "Prayers for those at Sea," but still the woman was not at rest; she seemed to need some word for herself, some personal confession to a personal God. And Maude was dumb; she had never prayed aloud; she worshipped God, but she did not know or love Him; how could she lead the soul, in its agony, by a path which she knew not herself?

"I'll send the Clergyman, Mrs. Wilson," she said, as she rose to leave; "he will know how to help you."

"I s'pose he will," answered the woman, "but I thought those that knew *anything* of God could say a word to Him for a sinner like me. Send the Minister, quick, Miss Maude, for my sins weigh on me like lead."

Poor Maude! Her heart was very heavy, as she trudged home through the snow, after she had left her message. What was all her "religion" worth, if she could not use it to comfort a soul in sorrow? Was the power of soothing bodies all she had gained by her work? If so, her peace was but a shadow, that could not stand face to face with the stern realities of life. For a time, "religion" had seemed to fill the void, but now the old heartache had come back, worse than before. As the cold snow clung to her tired feet, Maude realised that the darkness of her heart had only changed to a cold, grey dawn; that, for the warmth and brightness of the day, something more was needed, which as yet she had not got.



NOV. 26, 1887.

"A.1."

ONE PENNY.

WEEKLY — Edited by MRS. STEPHEN MENZIES.

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N., Author of "The Cruise of the *Snowbird*," "From Pole to Pole," etc., etc.



"Her hand lingered but a moment in his."

"OONALASKA:"

A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the *Snowbird*," "Stanley Graham," "From Pole to Pole," "Kennet McAlpine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

A LITTLE SPARK MAY KINDLE A GREAT FIRE.

THERE was going to be a great cricket match between the rival villages of Allandene and Oaksworth. Quiet, drowsy little places both of them, and evidently considered of little account commercially, for railway trains held proudly aloof from them—ignored their existence, in fact. From Allandene, on a still night, you could just hear the distant roar of the wheels, subdued into a sound like falling water, by the woods and hills that intervened. But that was all.

To live at Allandene was like being back again in the middle ages, for here was no telegraph wire and no reading room, and it is currently reported that the post-mistress often forgot the day of the month.

To know, then, that the good folks of Allandene were content with their life and mode of existence, only proves how little one needs in this world to make one happy. The place itself was pretty enough in all conscience—pretty in its very quaintness and rusticity, and pretty in its wealth of foliage that embowered it more than half the year round. To be sure the roads were not over-well paved, but this was probably an advantage rather than otherwise, for spring and autumn rains had formed little courses for themselves on the slopes, and every horse about the place knew precisely where to secure good foothold when snow and ice were underfoot. The cottages seemed quite independent of each other, for, while it pleased one to face the street, another chose to turn a cold shoulder towards it, while a third thrust an elbow, so to speak, half-way across the road. This latter had an eye to business, and contained a shop window. But each cot could boast of a garden, and the owners vied with each other in the usefulness and beauty of their plots.

Better and more modern cottages there were in the outskirts; but the one peculiarity that every house in or around Allandene held in common, was the beauty of the roses and climbing plants that bedecked, ay, and hid its walls. To see the trailing roses in June was worth a king's ransom.

And it is in the month of June our story opens. If you had sat for an hour under the two great elms in front of the "Dew Drop" alehouse, on the eve of the cricket match, you would have heard talk of nothing else.

"Allandene's goin' to win, Bill," said Gossip Gray, putting his pewter on the bench.

"Ay, neighbour, that we be. When we've got two such lads as Spencer Rae and Godfrey Dennis, what's to hinder us?"

"Nothing whatsomever."

The two young men thus proudly alluded to were the sturdy, handsome sons of neighbouring farmers and brothers-in-law. Gentlemen farmers they were called, because they owned the broad acres they tilled.

It is almost needless to add that Godfrey and Spencer were friends, as well as cousins. Neither had reached the age of twenty-five, so they were not beyond the time of life when one takes delight in every sort of county sport and game; but if on the cricket field, or on the adjoining lake in winter, they vied with each other in feats of agility, such a thing as jealousy or chagrin had never yet found place in their breasts. What added materially, perhaps, to their friendship, was the fact neither had a brother. To Godfrey's only sister, who was a little older than either, they were always "the boys;" and whether they went to church or market, mill or fair, much surprised indeed would Maggie Dennis have been to have known that the one returned without the other. Such, then, were the pleasant relations between them.

There was no great plenitude of what is called society in the neighbourhood. The country was somewhat rough for hunting; and although there was a sprinkling of county families in the district, they never mingled with either agriculture or trade, and when they wished to be gay, they imported their friends from afar. So, with the exception of the doctor and the clergyman and old Mr. Neil, few visitors found their way to the farm of the Dennises. That is, be it remembered, at ordinary times. But the farm lay in Yorkshire, and at the Christmas season, it was good to be there. Perhaps, however, the happiest time of all the year was the shooting season, for then active fellows from town were sure to be down to trudge the moors with Godfrey and Spencer; and as they always returned with splendid appetites, the dinner in the evening was one of the events of the day. Godfrey Dennis's life at the old farm from childhood to youth, and from youth to early manhood, had been a very uneventful one. His mother, who loved him as the apple of her eye, hoped that he would in course of time lead to the altar some buxom Yorkshire lass, and simply settle down as before at the farm. Such a thing as even a year's separation she never would have allowed herself to think about. But the turning-point in Godfrey's history appeared to have arrived when the Neils came to the village.

No one knew why the family had come to bury themselves here, of all places in the world. To bury themselves was evidently their intention, for at first they would neither court their neighbours' acquaintance, nor be courted by them. Had it not been that they were Irish, and pretty well to do in the world, uncharitable rumours might have gone abroad concerning them. But being Irish would account for anything; besides, they went regularly to church, and were good to the poor.

It was at church that Godfrey first saw Rosa Neil. It was really a case of love at first sight; and this is not to be wondered at, for not only was she beautiful, but her beauty was of a stamp, the like of which he had seen but seldom, if ever. The Neils lived in a large and lovely cottage on the outskirts of Allandene. Godfrey made more errands past the house than, perhaps, were necessary. Sometimes his heart beat faster as he caught a peep of Miss Neil on the lawn; sometimes he found the old man leaning over the gate, and got into a habit of lifting his hat, and saying, "Good-day."

But acquaintanceship went no further for months. It is doubtful whether Godfrey did not wish that old Mr. Neil might tumble into the lake while he was by, or that Miss Neil might get chased by a bull while he was near to intervene. But no such event happened, nor seemed likely to happen. Nevertheless, the fact that Mr. Neil one Sunday tripped on the matting in church, and only saved himself from falling, by tumbling into Godfrey's arms, proves that everything comes to him who can wait.

Now, Godfrey hated tea-parties, or "tea-shines," as he phrased it, with a hearty hatred; but he never dressed with more care to go anywhere, than he did on that first evening he was invited to quaff the cup that cheers without inebriety, at the cottage of the Neils. Of course Rosa was there, and during the evening she played and sang for him sweet old Irish ballads, that made poor, love-struck Godfrey's soul sink in sadness one moment, and mirth dance round his eyes the next. I wonder if Mrs. Neil noticed the young man's look as her daughter sang! She must have done so, for she was Scotch, and a very observant body, to boot.

But white-haired, kindly faced old Neil sat in his high-backed armchair, with his hands clasped on his knees, and seemed to doze.

It was at the conclusion of that most pathetic song, "The Wearing of the Green," that he raised his eyes to Godfrey's face.

"You like that?" he asked.

"It is very, very beautiful, sir."

"Bless you for saying so! Let me see,—your name is Dennis. Why, there must be Irish blood in your veins!"

"My grandfather came from Ireland."

"Enough, enough," said the old man. "Shake hands; we are friends from this minute."

Godfrey had hard work to suppress that big sigh of satisfaction, or rather, to make it inaudible.

"You must know my sister Maggie," said Godfrey to Miss Neil that night, as he bade her "Good-bye." "You will come and see us, won't you?"

"Well, yes; I think I can get papa to take me over. Good-night."

Her hand lingered but a moment in his; and what a wee one it felt in his big, brown paw! and what a thrill the touch sent through the great, foolish fellow's heart!

He was half-way home before he stopped short, and, slapping his leg with his open hand, "Bother it all!" he said, half aloud; "did I say good-night to the old couple? For the life of me I can't recollect."

But he had done so all the same.

Maggie Dennis was a very sweet girl, and a very sisterly girl, too, and Godfrey was delighted to notice that she and Miss Neil took to each other from the first. The acquaintanceship, moreover, soon ripened into genuine friendship. And Godfrey soon came to call Miss Neil by her Christian name—Rosa. Such a sweet name he thought it, that he used to murmur it in his dreams.

Truth to tell, Rosa had at first thought honest Godfrey, with all his manly beauty, just a trifle lacking in refinement; but she soon turned to esteem him for his genuineness and worth, and to—well, it must come out—to love him.

If Godfrey had all a Yorkshireman's courage, he had also a considerable deal of shyness mixed up with it, so that it was months after he felt that Rosa reciprocated his attachment, before he summoned up pluck to ask her if she loved him. The answer was a very brief one, but just as sweet as brief, and he never asked her the question again; he was not like some men, who keep pestering the loved one with the same query over and over again; no, once was enough for honest Godfrey.

"Yes!" What a tender and beautiful word! So thought Godfrey, as he stood with Rosa that evening in Spring by the banks of the romantic A——. "Yes!" Why, it was the key that opened the door

of a new world to him! He had not known that he had lived before. Life to him now was a joyous existence. He felt part and parcel of all the light and beauty he saw around him. He understood now why the birds sang so sweetly in bush and copse; why the leaves expanded in the sunshine; why the flowers were painted in such radiant colours; why the trees nodded and whispered in the spring winds, and the glad brooklets went singing through the glens. Love—love—love ruled all.

In his intercourse with Rosa, Godfrey seemed now a changed, a happier, yea, and even a gayer man; he laughed more, he said cleverer things, and made wiser remarks. If ever he had a sorrow, it now seemed lifted off and away from his soul for ever, leaving only his pure and joyous nature beneath. He was never so happy, of course, as when with Rosa; he never did anything but think and dream about her when absent. He felt delighted that she seemed to take an interest in all he did; that she listened attentively, even when he discoursed on reaping machines, or the last new thing in chaff-cutters; that she seemed to be as fond of horses, and all other domesticated animals, as he was; that she laughed so bonnily and looked so charming that he longed to kiss her, when she found herself the centre of a vast, corn-expecting multitude that had gathered round Godfrey, coming at his call, as if by magic, from every point of the compass,—fowls, turkeys, ducks, geese; cackling, chanting, quacking, gobbling, flying, running, waddling, tip-toeing; a babel of discordancy, an ocean of feathers, and all on account of Godfrey.

Now, this manly Yorkshireman had it on the tip of his tongue at that very moment to say to Rosa, "Will you be a farmer's wife?"

The position in the centre of that sea of feathers was, methinks, eminently suited for asking the question that would have made them one for life.

Pity Godfrey hadn't done so. What a saving of future sorrow it would have been! But no; the words hung fire. There was something semi-ludicrous in the situation, he thought. He would wait till they were alone together, with not even turkeys and geese to look at—alone in some romantic spot, at some romantic time, and then——.

Godfrey did not think fit to tell his cousin Spencer about his attachment to Rosa; it was too sacred a thing to speak about, even to his nearest and dearest. But Spencer knew all, notwithstanding, and so did Maggie Dennis.

Spencer was often in the company of Miss Neil. (N.B.—She was "Rosa" only to Godfrey, but her lover was never jealous. Why should he be?)

Now, I have not said yet that Godfrey had a fault, nor that Spencer had either. But who in this world is without his pet failing? Godfrey, as we know, had a little Irish blood in his veins, and there were times when it would surge upwards in quick passion, then fall back, leaving his soul as placid and unruffled as usual. Spencer was a tease,—a dangerous fault at times; but so much did the young men love each other, that never in their lives had they been known to quarrel.

Well, the eve of the first cricket match had come round. The village of Oaksworth was many miles away. The young men sent on their bats and gear, and meant to ride over next morning.

They met at the cross-roads, both light-hearted and happy, both mounted on their powerful half-bred chargers. The day was bright and still, and you might have heard their laugh half a mile away—heard the spiriting sound of their horses' hoofs as well.

Clucketty — clucketty — clucketty. What joyous music it is, whether your horse is leading you to a hunt, or scents the battle from afar!

Clucketty—clucketty—clucketty. Old women in wayside cottages heard the sound, and ran out to wave the "bonnie lads" a kindly good-morning, for they were favourites everywhere.

Clucketty — clucketty. Somebody else heard it, too. A sweet young girl stands by a gate to throw her lover a little bouquet as he passes. She has tied a pebble to it to give it weight. Well she knows he can catch it.

Clucketty—clucketty. Nearer and nearer, and now he is here.

One—two—three. The little bouquet has left her shapely hand. Her bare, well-rounded arm is prettily exposed as she throws it; her slender figure is seen to advantage, and the love-light is dancing in her eyes.

Alas, for the horse's unlucky step, though! For Godfrey misses his catch, and the flowers fall to the ground. Next moment, Pluto, Spencer's noble Newfoundland, stops in his run, takes the bouquet gingerly up, and comes bounding with it to his master's saddle.

Spencer bends down. "Good dog!" he says. Then, with a nod and a smile to his discomfited friend, he detaches the pebble, and quietly places the bouquet in his own button-hole.

Oh, unlucky flower!

Oh, too faithful Pluto!

CHAPTER II.

JEALOUSY.

A MOMENTARY frown darkened Godfrey's features, but, like a cloud-shadow on a landscape, it passed away, and all seemed bright and clear again. He set spur to his horse; Spencer followed suit. From canter it came to gallop, and reins were never drawn until they found themselves at Oaksworth.

The village was *en gala;* a flag fluttered from the portico of the "Jolly Ploughboy;" strings of them hung here and there across the street. To the right, one bright red one, in better condition than the others, was seen high above the greenery of the great elm-trees. That flag was unfurled in Squire Briggs's park, where the match was to be held; and even as Godfrey and Spencer dismounted, borne along on the summer air came the strains of the hired band.

Yes, Oaksworth looked gay enough; the little boys and girls were in fine form, and brimful of expectancy. Nearly a score of dogcarts and gigs stood on the green, and the landlord of the inn was fussing and fuming about in his white shirt-sleeves, hardly knowing where he should stable so many horses.

Half a dozen cricketers surrounded the men from Allandene, and even Godfrey—the affair of the flower all forgotten—was laughing and talking as loud as the best of them.

There was one thing about which the Oaksworth team appeared sure enough, namely, that they would win. There was one thing the men from Allandene deemed as certain as sunrise, namely, that *they* would be the victors.

The field was very gay when once the match was fairly in full swing. It was a pretty sight altogether—the greenery of the grass, and tall, swinging elm-trees, the white tents with their wee red flags, the bright dresses of the ladies, and last, but not least, the men themselves. There was a merry group, too, on the terrace, in front of Mr. Briggs's hall-door, for to-day this match 'twixt Oaksworth and Allandene seemed, to the onlookers, of more than national importance.

A very quiet field it was at most times where the play was at present going on, and it was quiet enough to-day, the stillness being only broken now and then by sound of bat 'gainst ball, or the shouts of encouragement, clapping of hands, and wild excited "Bravos!" of the onlookers.

The day wore through, and the match went merrily on. Towards "time" it was close enough, and when the wickets were drawn, lo! Oaksworth was victorious.

They could afford to be magnanimous. They could afford to group round Godfrey and Spencer, and congratulate them on their good playing. This congratulation was a two-sided sort of an affair, because if Allandene had played well, all the more honour to Oaksworth, who had thrashed them.

But Spencer knew, though he did not say so, that Godfrey was not in his usual form, and that he had not played well—for him—but wildly.

"Isn't he well, I wonder?" he said to himself; "he doesn't seem in form at all."

Honest Spencer! he had forgotten all about that unhappy flower which still remained in the button-hole of his coat.

Godfrey was dull and moody after the play, but this was put down to his chagrin at having lost the game.

He shook hands with "the fellows," but he hardly smiled. No, he would not stay to dine; Spencer might if he chose.

This last was said somewhat pointedly, at which his friend marvelled much, as well he might.

"No," said Spencer; "if you go, cousin, so, of course, do I."

Away they went homewards at a canter. Well, there is something so exhilarating in the very motion conveyed to one on horseback, that the most sorrowful heart must become gay while riding. Godfrey soon seemed himself again, and was presently chatting as gaily as ever.

They now reached one of the loneliest and wildest parts of their route; here the road sweeps downwards, then goes level some way, and once more rises through the opposite wood of light-green oak, and drooping, silvery birch.

Godfrey slackened speed here, and the two walked along for some time in silence, till near the bottom of the ravine.

It was very still down here—only the soothing ripple of the brooklet that came right out of a hole in the hill, fell downwards in a silver cascade, then formed itself into a tiny river, and went rippling away under the Gothic bridge. Only this, the fluting of a blackbird, and the soft wind whispering through the birch leaves.

"Oh! by the bye," said Godfrey, all at once, "how well that flower becomes you!"

"I really had forgotten I had it."

Godfrey bit his lip, but made no reply. He would not have forgotten he had it.

"He's jealous," thought Spencer. "I'll tease him a bit, just to try him, then hand him back this foolish flower."

"It was a thoughtful attention to me on Rosa's part," he said with a smile.

Godfrey gave him one quick glance from under his lowered brow. To hear even his cousin call *his* darling by her Christian name sounded to Godfrey worse than sacrilege.

Had Spencer only known now the fire he was kindling! But he did not. Surely some demon was urging him on to destruction.

"To you?" gasped Godfrey.

There was a moment's awful silence, broken only by the clatter of the horse's hoofs, then one word broke from Godfrey's lips:

"Never!"

He was a little ahead of Spencer, and as he gave this fierce, passionate cry, he reined his horse suddenly, and raised his clenched fist towards his cousin's face. He did not strike him, but his jealous passion needed some vent.

Spencer started back in amazement at the threat, and his horse, mistaking the purport of the action, gave a sudden start, and swerving aside, tripped on a projecting tree root, and flung his rider to the ground.

The young man lay motionless, and the frightened horse went galloping homewards.

(*To be continued.*)

LIVELY TALKS.

No. II.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS BIBLE.

By M. Butler Gerds.

SOME time ago, a Clergyman, a very good man, wrote to a young fellow who had been recommended to his notice by anxious friends: "Come and see me on Wednesday evening, at 8.30, and we will have a talk *about the Bible.*"

Do you think young Brown went? Not he! He sent word to his would-be friend: "I do not want to talk *about* the Bible; talking *about it* has put me all wrong."

And we quite appreciate his definition. So we are not going to talk *about* the old Book. The atheist talks more *about* the Bible than most people, but he neither gets nor gives any good thereby. We want to talk *with* the Bible, and *from* the Bible; for we want to show you that it was written for *you*, and that it belongs to *you*.

Now, a book may alter the colour and tone of your whole life. A much-loved and eminent Bishop of the present day, tells how he read a book, lent to him by a bad companion at school, and though fifty years have elapsed since the reading of that book, the poison, the vice in it, has never left his memory. It comes to him sometimes when he stands ready to proclaim the Gospel of Christ, and just as he begins to speak, he is hindered by the remembrance of the awful things he read in that book. He can never forget it.

And it was of a certain book that an Italian nobleman once wrote: "If I had read that book earlier in life, my whole life would have been altogether a different thing."

The late Charles Dickens came suddenly into the company of two men of his acquaintance, one of whom had a godly mother. They were comparing their atheistic opinions, and one of them began to use blasphemous language, and to rail against the Bible. "Stop, man!" cried the author of "David Copperfield." "Can you dare to breathe such words about *your mother's Book?*" "*Your* mother's Book!" And yet you never read it; you regard it as out of date, and very narrow in its views; but hear what it says about yourself, and then you may change your opinion, as many have done, and as you would wish to do, if you felt you were illiberal, or illogical, or unjust. "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" (Psa. 119. 9.)

It is a question that becomes more pertinent every day; the tricks of trade; the seductions of sense; the strain upon every faculty; the competitions that run so closely one upon another; the demands of society; the voices within—all these have to be faced and met; and you sometimes feel that, single-handed as you are, life is too much for you, and you *give in.* But stop! You are *not* single-handed; He that is for us is greater than he that is against us, as we have proved in the midst of fiery temptations. How shall you meet this question, this need that you *know* exists in your life, the need to cleanse and to mend your "way"?

"By *taking heed* thereto." Oh! you have done that! You are tired of making resolutions and breaking them. Yes, but this time you are to do it "*according to Thy Word*," the Word of God. *How?* "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, *cleanseth* us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7). This is a truth that cannot fail you; it needs no recommendation, as it is for *you.* But, TRY IT.

Now here is a young man quite different from the former: "The young man said unto Him (Jesus), All these things have I kept from my youth up: what lack I yet?" (Matt. 19. 20.) This young man could say that he had kept the whole of the moral law; it seemed to him there was nothing standing in the way to his possession of eternal life; but Christ gauges the depth of his profession. "If thou wilt be *perfect*,"—never mind what you think of yourself, there is still another test, and it is the test of *love*, the eleventh Commandment, as dear old Rutherford called it—"one thing thou lackest," only one, but without it all the rest were dead: "Take up the cross, and follow Me" (Mark 10. 21). "And he was sad at *that* saying, and went away grieved."

Yes, this young man's principles were choked by his purse—he was rich. And are not there many like him? They would follow Christ, but it involves cross-bearing, the giving up of some darling sin, and they cannot bear the test. The highest morality, without God, is but self-flattery and vainglory; and the principles that are so high in the Church, but which split at the door of the counting-house, show "there is something rotten in the state of Denmark."

And is not half-heartedness a miserable thing? There is a very fine fellow spoken of in a few sentences in the Old Book (Num. 14. 24; Josh. 14. 9, 14), and his name was Caleb. Three times does God commend this man. "Caleb . . . who hath *followed* Me *faithfully*." "He hath followed Me *wholly*." "He hath followed Me *fully*." What a testimony! Evidently his heart was right with God: he was one of the sort to whom only an out-and-out service was possible.

Look at John Hampden; his conscience and his principles worked together; he could easily have paid the pitiful little tax, but it was an unlawful one; and, looking at the principle behind it, he set aside all personal interest, and laid down his life for conscience sake.

There used to be an apple-tree at Rickmansworth, whose boughs hung over the church wall; fine, promising, covered with bloom in the spring, *but they never bore any fruit.* Why? Upon getting at the root, it was found to touch the clay of a sewer that ran along outside the church wall; and whose stream, as Summer advanced, sank, leaving only the dry clay. This is a picture of your half-hearted young fellow—he goes to church on Sunday, and he knows all the service in his *head;* but his *heart*-root is in the world, and so he never brings forth anything but leaves.

If there is one portion of the old Book, more than any other, that is specially written for *you*, young man, it is the Proverbs. You will see there, every phase, every temptation, every struggle of your life, set forth as in a mirror. What a picture of one part of your (perhaps) career you will find in chapter 7. You see yourself in the seventh verse, "A young man void of understanding;" or, as it is rightly rendered in chapter 6. 32, "Void of *heart.*" The Latin for heart is *cor, cordis*—giving the first syllable of the word "*cour*age," heart strength.

As you see the young man here, he is a very contemptible creature. After his business of the day is over, just in the dusk of the evening, he hastens along the street; and when he gets to the corner, he looks shiftily around, and then suddenly darts into a house. Follow him! Compel him to come forth. Tell him that she who abides there has "cast down many," and "many strong men have been slain by her;" for "her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death!" Too late! "With her much fair speech she caused him to yield;" he is gone, and he "knoweth not that it is for his life!"

Oh, perhaps this poor young fellow is like *yourself.* We need not mince words. We know that the "flattering lips" and the "impudent face" that often "lie in wait at every corner," are a temptation and a snare; but your Father "is able to succour them that are tempted." Let that poor, painted thing alone. A Hand is held out to you, a Voice is calling you—*you*—YOU! Listen! surely you hear it; it speaks your very name, and though it is so loud, it is very full of hope and love. Yea, though you are in the very coffin, near the grave of doubt, darkness, and despair, you *must* hear it:—

"Young man, I say unto thee, ARISE!"

And you jump up, and look around, and oh, the strength of it! You hear that same voice saying: "Him that *overcometh* will I make a pillar in the temple of My God." You are roused out of yourself. Something in the words, "a pillar"—that which is a support in the building—opens up new hopes. You look into the face of Him that speaks, and you see that it belongs to One Who "was in *all points* tempted like as we are, yet *without sin.*"

It is some One, then, Who knows all about you; no need to be afraid. He knows *all*, and knowing all, He still calls you; for He *needs* you as a pillar in the Church, to testify "what great things the Lord hath done for you." Then "come boldly" to Him; for you will find mercy, and that grace which shall help you in every time of your need; the grace that overcomes and conquers, and the grace that has called so many of us into God's hope and light. Read through the second chapter of the Hebrews, and the last verse will tell you how it is that He is able to so specially help *you.* If any of this chat, with the Bible open before us, has been of help to you; if it, in any way, has shown you that it is a book for *you*, you will not hesitate to read it.

Friendship.—A very needful help in a man's life is wise and profitable friendship; acquaintances can be had in plenty, but to have one with whom to converse, take counsel, or retire, is a wonderful stay at all times. Better one wise friend than fifty acquaintances—a brother in every sense of the word—one able to advise, suggest, rebuke, restrain.

GIRLS I HAVE MET.

By Mrs. Skinner.

III. MISS DIDN'T THINK.

I HAVE often met her; have not you? She has a happy, attractive face, and is a general favourite; yet people treat her like they would a strange dog on a summer day,—warily, watchfully, always at a safe distance. Why? Because she is not to be trusted. "You can depend upon her for nothing," said a friend one day, in a grieved tone. "Oh, yes, you can," said her companion; "you can depend upon her for forgetting everything." Oh, the things she would do, and the things she would not do! all because she "*didn't think.*" Letters often remained in her pocket for a whole week before arriving at the post-office receptacle; to give her messages to deliver was like essaying to carry water from the well in a sieve; some invitations would be forgotten till it was a day too late; continued explorations had to be instituted after articles whose place of deposit was quite forgotten; she would go out on a cloudy day without an umbrella; give baby the scissors to play with; place a burning lamp in the kitchen fire-place; pass jokes with a lately bereaved friend;—all because she "didn't think."

"But why *don't* you think, child?" asked her mother, almost in anger.

"I suppose it is not in my nature," she answered carelessly; "and besides, thinkers are scarce as gold, and I am only like a great many other people."

"Two sinners don't make one saint, supposing you are like a good many others."

One day I ventured to copy out the following paragraph from Mr. Ruskin's writings, and sent it to her by post:—

"In general, I have no patience with people who talk about 'the thoughtlessness of youth' indulgently. I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age, and the indulgence due to *that.* When a man has done his work, and nothing can be in any way materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil, and jest with his fate, if he will; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought, at the very time when every crisis of fortune depends on the chances or the passions of an hour? A youth thoughtless—when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless—when his every act is a foundation-stone of future conduct, and every thought a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years rather than now; though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death-bed."

"Ah," she exclaimed laughing, the next time I saw her, "I knew the handwriting." (She always took scoldings good-naturedly, and forgot "lectures" quickly). "But you made a grand mistake in choosing that paragraph; the lesson it was intended to teach rolled off me like water off a cabbage leaf.

"I was afraid it would," I replied, with something like a sigh. "Still, I am glad that you have remembered the nature of it."

"You are making another mistake now. It is not because my nature is so hard, that I will not receive good when sent me; but because the whole of that was written evidently for *young men*, and I have not the honour of being a lord of creation."

"The lesson is for both sexes, and the necessity of fulfilling it equally binding."

"Oh! I don't think so; and my thoughtlessness, which is really not so great as you imagine, will never produce much damage."

"You certainly cannot be sure of that."

"You do not think I would let my thoughtlessness do any one serious harm?"

"Not if you *thought first*, but then—

> 'Evil is wrought by want of thought,
> As well as want of heart.'"

"Oh, well, I cannot help it; I suppose I shall be 'Miss Didn't Think' all my life."

"I do hope not; but till you see the *danger* of it, and that it is growing upon you, and make up your mind that you *will* think more, it will continue the same, if not worse."

"Do you think those three things would make a cure of me?" she asked, laughing.

"Yes."

"Then I'll try and remember them, in case of an emergency; but I'm afraid I shall forget."

And the emergency came.

The time had come for their summer holiday. After the usual discussion as to where they should go, Hastings was decided upon, and Miss Didn't Think was instructed to write to a friend who kept a boarding house there, giving the date of their intending arrival, and stating that, if they did not hear from her within four days, they would understand she would be at liberty to receive them. The four days passed,—no letter. In high glee the children began to count the hours till their departure.

The mother, mentioning the fact that they had not received the reply, reminded Miss Didn't Think of her forgetfulness. "I must not tell mother," thought she to herself; "she would be so cross. I will write to-night." But she did not even do that.

Two days later on, something reminded her again of it. "It is too late now," she concluded to herself, "I need not say anything about it; there are sure to be plenty of lodgings."

The next day they started. A cab, loaded with luggage and human beings, drove up to the door of a boarding house opposite to the sea at Hastings, and Miss Didn't Think, followed by her mother, alighted, for once filled with anxious thought.

The landlady came to the door, expressing her astonishment.

"But you had a letter from us, had you not?" asked the mother, feeling alarmed.

"No, I have received no letter."

"That is strange; it was sent. You surely can take us in, though?"

"I am so sorry, but I really cannot. Had I known you were coming only three days ago, I could have done so easily."

"Oh, dear, whatever shall we do! Can you recommend us to any place?"

No, she could not; but, at her advice, cabby drove them slowly about from street to street, and wherever there was a card up with "Apartments" on it, and it looked at all a likely place, there they made inquiries.

At last they settled to take certain rooms, tired of the weary hunt. It was a nice-looking house *outside*, and as they hoped to be out of doors most of the time, it did not matter so much that inside was dusty, musty, and fusty; at least, so Miss Polly Didn't Think reasoned with her mother.

I met them all next day in the Happy Valley, but neither Miss Didn't Think nor her mother looked very happy; evidently they had not yet caught any inspiration, in spite of the sea, the sunshine, the glens, and the niggers.

Sitting on the grassy slope, I was told the story of the missing letter, and given a very graphic description of the new lodgings.

Day after day I watched for them, but not seeing them again, I called at their lodgings.

"I don't know if you can see them, ma'am; one of the children is very ill," said the girl at the door.

"Then I must see them," was my emphatic answer. And I did.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come!" exclaimed the mother. She was standing by the bedside of her sick child. "Look at my Ally, my poor little Ally! She has caught the dreadful complaint, all through coming into these wretched rooms!"

"How can you know that?"

"The girl let it out that there had been a case here before, and the doctor says there is no doubt of it. If I could only know where that letter had gone to! We should never have come here if it had arrived all right, and then my child would not——"

"Oh, mother! mother!" interrupted Polly, who was standing by, "don't say so. She might have caught it at the other place if we had gone there, or even at home."

"Yes, she might, but not at all probable. I will certainly find out all about this letter. Did you post it yourself, or send some one else?"

She told me afterwards that she was tempted just at that moment to tell a lie; she had already acted one. It seemed minutes before she spoke. The mother was bending over the child, trying to quiet it.

"Why don't you answer?"

"Oh, mother! mother! Forgive me!"

"Do you mean to say you never wrote it?" the mother asked, in a choking voice. "Then, if she dies, *you have murdered her!*"

My pen almost fails me.

* * * *

The child died,—

> "And softly from that darkened room,
> Two angels issued, where but one went in."

* * * *

The next time I saw her she was standing by her sister's dead form, with hot, dry eyes, "face to face with her crime."

"I murdered her!" she moaned; "mother says so. Oh that I could die too!"

"My poor, poor child! God will forgive you, and so will your mother in time; this awful trial may make you one of God's own thoughtful daughters."

"Thoughtful? oh, if only I had listened to your cure thoughtfully! Thoughtful? I shall never lose the thought, I killed her, while I live."

Feeling that to be alone with God and the dead were best, I left her, with the prayer on my lips, "God comfort her."

For weeks the mother could not bear her presence. But when she learnt, through many long, dark hours of wrestling, that from the loss of one child she might gain a nobler nature in another, and that our Father is able to bring good out of evil, then she folded her sorrowing child in her arms, whispering, "We will help each other, darling. I would not have Ally back if I could; she is better yonder."

She is Miss Thoughtful now. Bright hours came again, but she will carry a sad remembrance ever with her to the grave; they are scars which never fade.

Slightly altering our national poet's words, I would say—

> "Girls!
> Go to your bosoms;
> Knock there; and ask your heart what it doth know
> That's like this sister's fault!"

COMMON SENSE ABOUT ATHLETICS.

No. II.

By a Consulting Physician.

ACTING upon the supposition that very many of our readers are to be found amongst the classes who have to earn their daily bread, in towns and cities, under conditions the reverse of healthful, I, in my last Article, advised a kind of preliminary training, before going wholesale into the practice of athletics.

Let me briefly repeat that, for individuals so situated, labouring all day perhaps in dusty offices or in badly ventilated shops, it would be highly dangerous to commence taking exercises of the kind I shall now enumerate, without first using means to get the state of their health above *par*. Therefore I counsel living, for a preliminary fortnight or three weeks, in strict obedience to the golden rules of health, and afterwards commencing with the dumb-bells, or chest-expanding belts, or both. When the muscles are in fairly good form—though they need not be of great size—and fairly hard, and one can go up a long, steep stair without any fatigue of legs, then he or she may commence some form of athletic exercise, with well-grounded hope that it will prove beneficial, and, if kept up, lastingly so.

Training, now-a-days, is simply the development of the body to the highest pitch of perfection to which it can safely be brought, by judicious food, proper hygiene, and well-directed exercise.

We have now got to consider, what are the best kind of athletic exercises for general adoption ; the choice of these must, to some extent, be left to the person himself. They ought, of course, to be looked upon as a means to health, without which no sense of real enjoyment in life can be hoped for. While practising these, the home exercise of dumb-bells must not be intermitted ; for this not only prepares the body for what is to follow, but keeps up the strength and ensures that staying power, without which all exercises are merely wearinesses long drawn out.

Walking is a branch of athleticism which is, happily, within the reach of all who have the use of their limbs. There is no primary outlay to be incurred here ; we require to purchase neither horse nor cycle ; we have "shank's mare." God meant man to be a motive animal, and He made him so. Before adopting walking, however, as an athletic exercise, one must consider first how much time he can devote to it daily, and at what hours, or time of the day, is he freest to go in for it. Then he must form his resolutions and act thereon, with a determination that nothing should interfere with.

The best times of the day for walking are —the morning, a short spell before breakfast ; the early part of the afternoon, before dinner ; and the evening. Ten minutes to a quarter of an hour should be enough in the morning, half an hour before dinner, and an hour and a half to two hours in the evening.

It is injurious to digestion to walk after a full meal, and after the exercise is finished, a quarter of an hour, at least, should elapse before sitting down to table.

Presuming that you are in fairly good form, you may commence by doing the morning and before-dinner spells briskly, but not sufficiently so to cause fatigue ; and in the evening, when the chief exercise is taken, it is best to walk steadily on to your journey's end, taking now and then little rests if you find yourself at all tired. You may increase not only your distance every evening, but your rate of speed, and this should be varied now and then with a spurt of running. The dress should be woollen, loose, and light ; the cap should be easy, but not too closely fitting. The ordinary cricket cap has two advantages, it sticks on the head and is not heavy ; but it is not wholesome, it thins the hair, and is no sun-guard, but quite the reverse. The straw hat is far better for walking in, and if the sun is strong, a cabbage leaf will afford ample protection. The shoes ought to be easy and moderately strong, and never allowed to get down at heel, or on one side of the sole.

Walking on the cinder-path is good exercise, but it is monotonous ; and as all exercises must be pleasurable to be healthy, road-pedestrianism is to be preferred.

Furthermore, the direction should be varied every evening, and you should try not to come back by the same road. After some weeks of good, un-intermitting, hard pedestrianism, you can take spells of walking against time. Four miles an hour is fairly good work, five is excellent form, six few can do, nor is it necessary to health.

On Saturday afternoon you should do your long-record spell. You may then give yourself something akin to a good tiring, and if, when you come back, you have a cold or tepid bath, a good rub down, a cup of coffee, and supper afterwards, you have made good progress towards the standard of health.

Rowing.—This is a species of athletics which is not only most enjoyable, but which exercises every muscle in the body. It is just as suitable for women as for men, but to do real good, you must keep up the strength of muscles in your private gymnasium at home,—I mean with your dumb-bells and belts, etc., and you must row regularly, now and then going in for a bit of a spurt, taking care, however, neither to capsize, nor to catch a crab.

Cricket and *Lawn Tennis* are both athletic exercises, but unless you belong to a Club you cannot be constantly at either, even in Summer, and are obliged to fall back on walking, to keep your training up.

American bowls is an excellent exercise game ; so is ordinary bowls, and even good, old-fashioned skittles.

I must now say a few words about that chief of wholesome exercise—*Cycling*. I want to be as practical as possible. Surely it is too late in the nineteenth century to require to speak a word in favour of this manly and pleasurable method of progression.

I do not believe that there is one individual in the street, who meets the wheelman going whirling away towards the country, after, perhaps, a day at the desk, who does not envy him.

Men under forty may choose a bicycle, but the tricycle is suited to *all ages over fifteen*. The first thing to be done is to catch your hare,—buy your machine. I believe this can be done on the hire system, though it is the dearest plan in the long run, and probably, by the time your cycle is paid up, it is used up ; for you can hardly expect to get the very best article in the market in this way. It is far better to buy right out, pay ready money, and claim your discount.

The front steerers are best and safest ; you should have one "coupled up," so to speak, that you may have your legs well under you. You save power thus, and it does not tire one so easily.

Your machine should have all the latest improvements in ball-bearings, etc., and it should be as light as possible, consonant with strength,—for it is a regular roadster you require, not a racer. You must have a gong or bell.

Having bought your cycle, you should take the greatest care of it. It is a useful and a willing horse, and never tires, so long as you do not let it get wet about the joints, and keep it well oiled up. Stable it every night, and if it has been running, dry it well.

Before you start out for a ride, clean it up a bit. A dirty or muddy cycle looks lubberly in the extreme. See also that all your nuts are firm and secure, and that you have in your leather cycle pouch your oil flask and spanner, rag, etc.

If going on a tour, you should carry a knapsack, if a bicyclist ; and if a tricyclist, a waterproof-covered basket, which should contain, for perfect comfort on the road, a change of under-clothing, with two pairs of stockings ; a pair of slippers ; a good umbrella ; a very light waterproof coat or cape ; a thin, warm muffler ; collars, cuffs, and front, and extra shirt studs ; writing materials, and a favourite author or two, to read by the wayside, or when taking your ease at your inn ; some good tea,—the only stimulant one should use on the road, and last, but not least, a tiny tin *multum in parvo*, by means of which you can not only make your tea, but boil an egg or fry a rasher, by the roadside.

I forgot to mention the lamp. Get one that will not bob out when you go over a stone, and do not forget the matches.

The cycling tourist's clothing should be warm and easy without being heavy, and both head and feet should be well cared for.

How to ride.—Do not be in a hurry at the start. Time was made for slaves. Sit erect, unless you have to bend over the handles in doing a hill. Let the feet and legs do the work, and do not keep the body swaying about ; a scare-crow would look better on wheels than a wobbling rider. Let the body be erect, the shoulders thrown back, and the chest well expanded. Have your seat or saddle neither too high nor too low. Breathe through the nose ; a shut mouth catches no flies—nor *colds*.

Beware of rushing hills. Have breakfast before starting on a tour, and do not ride when the sun is extremely hot.

These few hints may be of use to beginners. Experience will teach all else.

In conclusion, let me remind the reader who is wisel bent on going in for athletic exercises, fo. health's and pleasure's sake :

I. That exercises which are entirely devoid of pleasurable excitement are of no more value to you, speaking physiologically, than the treadmill is to the convict.

II. They must be gone into gradually as the strength will bear them.

III. That if not kept up regularly, day after day, about the same hours, they had better be left alone entirely.

IV. That diet and hygiene must be studied.

V. That all out-door athletic exercises, such as walking, riding, or rowing, should be backed up and supported by the use of dumb-bells, chest expander, or Indian clubs at home.

Light.—A rusty shield prayed the sun and said, "O Sun, illumine me with thy rays." The sun replied, "O Shield, make thyself clean." It is vain for man to cry out for light from God, until he has first been washed in the precious blood of Christ.

MY TOPAZ RING.

By Lina Orman Cooper,
Author of "Aunt Tabitha's Trial," "We Wives," "The Cathedral Cave," "Charity Moore," etc.



OW beautiful it is, —my topaz ring!

Three exquisite yellow stones, almost as big as hazel nuts, set in a triple frame of pale gold. It has a curious, old-fashioned setting: a perfectly plain band of the precious metal, which is surrounded with a rim of little beads. A very beautiful ring, as every one says, and worth a good deal. Its intrinsic value is something great; but its chief merit in my eyes, and in those of my mother, is its intimate connection with olden days. The framework is now broken and worn away, but I can remember when it was perfect and complete.

My mother never wore it, and I, Ermyntrude Grey, was nearly eighteen before ever I caught more than a glimpse of it.

Then, one day, in an old jewel box, I came across it. It was my mother's case, and in it she kept her few treasures. Poor mother! they were not many. All her things had been lost in that dreadful Mutiny before I was born. So she had no childish relics or girlish mementos stored away, such as I had after I was married. In that jewel case there was only—first, the topaz ring, and next to it a gold bracelet set with turquoise, a crystal cross my father once brought her from Normandy (perhaps I may tell the story of that crystal cross one day), a black locket containing a bit of my dear father's hair, and a watch and chain that he used to wear.

I took up the topaz ring, and eyed it with much pleasure, but I did not dare slip it over my finger till mother said: "Put it on, Ermine; I intend that you shall wear it in future."

Almost solemnly, for I had a sort of reverential regard for all my mother's "things," I toyed with it, and I believe my face flushed with pleasure, for mother said,—

"I had no idea you were so fond of finery, little daughter, or you might have had the ring before."

My cheeks grew still hotter as I listened, but I made no remark. It was no love for trinkets that made me feel so shy about the gift. I knew the topaz ring had a history (I had heard bits of it before), and I did not want to wear it until I knew whether good or ill "luck" went with the "talisman," as I foolishly named it in my thoughts.

Mother took it out of my hand a little stiffly, and was about to put it away, but I stopped her.

"Dear little ma'amsey," I said, "will you put it on for me?"

She smiled faintly. Then she took my left hand in hers. Only once since have I had a ring placed on my finger as solemnly as my mother drew on the topaz one.

Next she said: "May the God of her fathers bless my Ermine. May this ring be a token that she will follow Him all the days of her life."

Of course I was proud of my topaz ring.

When I went to my usual classes that same afternoon, I made it flash in front of all my schoolfellows' eyes. How they admired it, and envied me! How consequentially I informed them that it was a family "heirloom." Alas! in those days I did not care to adorn myself with the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," but I thought far more of the wearing of gold, and of putting on of apparel (1 Peter 3. 4).

That evening mother called me to her side. I went, reluctantly enough, not knowing what was in store for me.

"Ermyntrude," she said, and I knew something unusual was coming. Mother never called me by my full name except on state occasions. "Ermyntrude, I am going to tell you the story of your topaz ring."

A thrill of proud possession seized me. Mother said *your* instead of *my*. So that beautiful, glittering, yellow thing was really my own! I am ashamed to say I was so much occupied in admiring the glinting lights of the stones on my finger, that I failed to see how my dear mother was trembling. After awhile, however, I drew my stool close to her knee and flung my arms around her.

It was a sad tale enough, and, young as I was, I was old enough to understand some of the pathos and melancholy of it.

"I have never told you, Ermyntrude, how I met, and—and—*lost*, your father. I am going to lift the veil to-night. I was only your age, when to the quiet country Rectory in which I was reared, came a young soldier. He was very handsome, dark-eyed, curly-haired, and tall, with all a lad's enthusiasm about his profession. I need not tell you how—but when Ensign Grey left the village, he carried away my heart with him. Our engagement was recognised. Indeed, he left on my finger this topaz ring. Some years passed away, when news came from India that the Ensign had become a Captain, and was ready to welcome me as his bride. I went out, and we were married." My mother's voice broke a little. "It was from a friend's house, and in it we were made heartily welcome on our return from our short honeymoon. Jack was born, Ermine, and we were so happy together and with him. It was not to last. About a year and a half after our marriage, strange rumours began to be circled about. They said the blacks were growing more uppish and insolent every day. We, in our happy youthfulness, did not care. At last word was brought that a 'Chupattie'—you know the story of it all, Ermine, from reading it in history—had been handed into the village. Very soon after our men mutinied. They said the Captain had bid them bite cartridges greased with animal fat. This was an insult the Mussulmen and Hindoos could not put up with. But it was all an excuse. We were sitting at dinner, Jack playing at our feet, when an old 'ayah' rushed forward, and intreated us to fly for our lives. I was not very strong at the time, and your father waited to help me to a place of comparative safety, before he went to call out his men. I never saw him again. They say he found all in a state of mutiny, and that his death was instantaneous. I fled on wildly, almost unconsciously, with Jack in my arms. *He* had told me to go south, and I obeyed instinctively. As we left the compound, however, I looked back and saw our dear little home in flames. That is how it is, Ermine, I have no treasures or relics or mementos. They were all destroyed that night. The only thing I saved was the bracelet on my arm (I was dressed for dinner) and my topaz ring. We met many a terrified party, and I joined myself to one I knew. It consisted of three persons, the Major of a neighbouring regiment, his young wife, and her baby. Strapped to the cart in which lay the girl—she was nothing more—and her child, was the infant's black nurse. Major King had taken that means of preventing the woman from deserting the child. Alas! it was of no use. In the darkness of that terrible night she managed to escape, and the baby was dead when we arrived at a place of safety."

My mother shuddered as she spoke. I implored her not to tell me more. All the gleams died out of my topaz ring, as I tried to think of the dreadful scenes it had witnessed. But she went on.

"Four months afterwards, Ermine, *you* were born. I wanted to call you *Marah*, but the friends who were round me would not consent, and they gave you your fancy name. I am glad of it now. God in His goodness has taken away the *bitterness* of life, and I would not wish to be continually reminded of the past. Every year brings me nearer to the eternal union with *him*, my husband, who gave me the topaz ring, and every hour proves to me that, in spite of all seeming, 'mercy has followed me all the days of my life.'"

My mother had always seemed a wee bit stern and stiff to me. My dear mother! After she had told me her sad story I did not wonder at it. It was only marvellous that the springs of her affection had not altogether been dried up, instead of perennially flowing placidly and calmly and evenly towards her children. I had also imagined that she thought more of Jack than of me. Now all my jealousy melted away.

It was no wonder that it took some years to make her willing to look upon her *Manasseh*, and to "forget" the past; still longer for her to recognise her *Ephraim*, and become once more "fruitful" in the land of her affliction (Gen. 41. 51, 52).

Thus the first lesson taught me by my topaz ring, was the faithfulness of God to my fathers. Another, and a nearer one, I was to learn soon.

* * * *

My mother and I lived together, and by ourselves (except when Jack was with us), in a lonely old house perched on the shore of a northern loch. We were not very far from a large town, but we had to cross the lake in order to get to it. Consequently I was a very tolerable oarswoman. Ever since I could remember, I had regularly to row myself over to school every morning and back again every night. At first my mother used to be frightened, and always sent Richard, our old man-servant, with me. After a time, however, my attendant gradually dropped off, and I went alone.

It was some six months after I became the proud possessor of the topaz ring, that, one day, as my mother and I were walking on the moor overlooking Loch Diamied, we saw a boat, our boat, pulling into the creek under the house.

It was an unusual thing for any one save myself, or Jack when he was at home, to use the old tub, and we were surprised to see a stranger tie it up to its post and make across to where we were standing. I suppose our figures were clearly defined against the sky—mother in her mantle and bonnet, as neatly



"Neat and trim as ever, with his hair brushed smoothly from his brow, his collar and necktie scrupulously arranged, his cane in his hand, his coat over his arm, but with a curious, perplexed look in his brown eyes."

and nicely dressed as if we were walking on the Brighton Esplanade, and I with my rough hair modestly (mother made a great point of the veil) covered with a bit of gauze, and my hands gloved with chamois gauntlets —for the stranger never hesitated which way to come.

I often thought mother far too particular in her ideas, but I must confess I felt glad that I was robed like a lady, when I saw the gentleman walk towards us. We have often laughed over it, he and I; ay, and grown grave over it, too, many a time! For that sunny afternoon walk proved to be the most eventful one of our lives.

My dear mother suddenly trembled, and leaned for support on my shoulder. Then I heard her say,—

"Is it possible? Major King?"

Ah! her memory had flown back to an Indian jungle, and she was once more following a bullock-cart along the unused track. For the face before her was a *fac-simile* of the one that had helped her that terrible night so long ago. The lapse of years was forgotten; so, too, were her own whitening hairs.

For now once more she leant with Major King over the little dead baby. Once more with him, she searched in vain for traces of the Captain who had gone towards the little home so ruthlessly being destroyed, and had reached a more enduring home by a quick and fiery way. Once more —— But the curtain rose as our visitor doffed his hat.

"Not Major King, Mrs. Grey, but his eldest son, Leonard."

They had a great deal to talk about that summer night, as we sat in the blue room in the gloaming. Leonard was so glad to hear about his step-mother, and of his father's brave devotion to the forlorn widow. Somehow we never felt strangers, though I sat apart from the rest, twirling my topaz ring round and round, and letting the gleams of the dying sun flash upon the pure saffron stones. Sometimes I thought I noticed Leonard looking at it, and pride in my beautiful possession grew into a very strong feeling.

The week that followed was one of the happiest in my life. I was going to say *the* happiest, but I refrain. Days and months of such calm, settled joy have since gone over my head that have equalled, if not overstepped, even that week. We boated together, and walked and read together. I believe my dear mother was so taken up with thoughts of former years, that she never noticed whither we were wending. I sometimes saw Leonard look at my ring in a sort of queer, eager fashion. At moments I even thought he seemed to covet it; but we never spoke about it until one lovely evening.

I had shown him most of my particular haunts—the Gull Island and the Beech Wood, a mallard's nest in the tangle of weeds on the borders of the mere, and I know not what. This evening I undertook to row him to the Wizard's Cave, and we set out with much merriment. As I took my place at the oars, I pulled off my gloves, and there was my topaz glinting in the sunlight.



The most eventful walk of our lives.

Now, I had promised my mother never to go on the water with the family heirloom on my finger. A few moments only would have sufficed to run back with it. But vanity suggested another plan.

"Here, Leonard," I said (the Mr. King had been dropped at the beginning of our acquaintance), "please keep my ring for me. It is a very valuable one; but it happens to blister my palm if I row with it."

He took the ornament from my outstretched hand in an abstracted way. Then he examined it with a dark look on his face. I waited for him to make some remark upon its curious workmanship, but, without saying a word, he put it carefully into his waistcoat pocket.

That row was not such a success as our others had been. The Wizard's Cave was just as beautiful with its wealth of hart's tongue and polypoli curtaining each side. The impudent crayfish, with their long feelers and thick pincers, were as quick as ever in crawling away backwards under our feet. The glory of the sunset was just as superb as any other night, but, somehow, there was a constraint between us.

We both felt it. When I made an early movement to return home, Leonard sighed deeply with relief.

It was a silent pair that locked the boat at the little pier, and a very silent pair that walked up through the pine-wood to our house. As we neared the door, I held out my hand carelessly.

"I may as well have my ring back now, Leonard, please."

I shall never forget the look that came over his face as he put in his forefinger and thumb to extract my treasure.

It was gone!

"I have lost it, Ermine," he said, in a harsh, strange way. "I am afraid I can never replace it."

"Indeed you never can," I cried incoherently. "The family heirloom! Nothing so precious could ever be bought."

"I am very sorry, *dear* Ermine," he said, once again, turning out every corner of his pockets. "Particularly as you prize it so."

Mother was standing just inside the bay window of the drawing-room, and heard our voices, of course.

"What can be the matter?" she queried, stepping outside. "Is anything wrong, Ermyntrude?"

I had to tell her. Leonard was silent, as if overwhelmed with the misfortune; but he said at last, when I had finished speaking and there was an ominous silence for some moments,—

"I will buy the handsomest ring I can get in London, Mrs. Grey, if that will make up to Ermine in any way."

"*Nothing* can take its place," answered my mother stiffly. "But it is Ermine's own fault in a way. She disobeyed distinct orders by wearing it on the water."

There was only one chance. The ring might have been dropped in our walk up from the boathouse. It was getting quite dark, so Leonard went off for a stable lantern, and mother put on her bonnet.

"You stay at home, Ermine," she directed. "I must try and find your father's ring."

As the two gradually drew out of sight, I threw myself on a sofa in a tumult of tears. I had lost what money could never replace. One of my mother's only treasures. My topaz ring!

What should I do?

It was only quite lately I had begun to believe in a prayer-hearing God. Only quite lately that I had learnt to put my trust in a loving, heavenly Father; but, as I lay in the twilight with my face hidden in my hands, I seemed to hear a gentle voice: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive. *Whatsoever*, Ermyntrude Grey."

It seemed almost profanation to me then (though since that night I have learnt that nothing is too small, as well as nothing too hard, for the Almighty) to mention so worldly a thing in prayer. But once more the words came, "*Whatsoever*, whatsoever."

"Dear Lord,"—it was a childish, untaught prayer, but it came from the depths of a heart really distressed—"if Thou dost hear, and canst answer prayer, let them find my topaz ring."

There were a hundred chances to one against it. The night was dark and the gravel thick. The sand and rocks on the shore of the loch were deep and many. The water near the banks was full! What did it matter to me! God had said "*Whatsoever*," and I believed His word.

I had taken off my hat and lighted the big lamp. I had made the tea, and was getting weary of waiting, when I heard steps outside. No need had I to *ask* about my topaz ring. Mother's face was beaming, and Leonard's voice joyful, as they came up the slope.

"Found! found!" he shouted, the gloom all gone from his brow; "on the edge of the pier, Ermine. It was almost a miracle."

So it seemed to be. In taking the key out of his pocket to lock the chain, he had pulled out the ring. It had rolled to a tiny ledge, only two inches in width, and lay there; stopped, I most firmly believe, by the Finger that has put bounds to the sea, and by a Voice that says to the waves, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther."

Mother left the room to take off her bonnet, as she said, but the topaz ring was in Leonard's hand. He held it there wistfully, and I felt constrained to speak.

"I knew it would be found," I said abruptly, for it required a severe effort. "I had no doubt of it."

"Why?" queried Leonard, in not unnatural surprise. "Because you are always fortunate, or because it was valuable to you, Ermine?"

"Neither one nor the other," I answered, with my face flaming and tears in my voice; "but because I asked God, and *He* could not break His 'whatsoever!'"

I do not know how it was, but a moment afterwards Leonard King was at my side, and my head was drawn to his breast while he put on my finger the topaz ring.

"Wear it," he said, kissing the hand he had asked for, and I had given him, "until I can send another to take its place."

So that was the reason all the time of his blackness and silence and wistfulness. Unconsciously, I had worn the family heirloom on my engagement finger, and it had been a cause of great anxiety to Leonard.

My dear mother did not seem so surprised as I anticipated when she came back into the room. I think Leonard must have been speaking to her as they searched together for my topaz ring. She only kissed me and whispered, "God bless my darling."

But what a merry party we were round the tea-table that night! How, instead of "glaring" at my beautiful ornaments, Leonard watched every flash and glint of my topaz ring! How he managed to save my hand from doing any hard work! How he contrived to touch it now and then needs not to be told. Only, at the end of that long, happy evening, I clasped my two hands together between Leonard's, and side by side we thanked a prayer-hearing God for granting us our heart's desire.

It was not very long after that the topaz ring gave place to a diamond hoop; and, not many months later it, too, had to retire to make room for a certain plain gold band that I wear still. That wedding ring has three words in old German letters, engraved inside, "Mit unser Gott," but not less visible to me is the motto to be seen on my topaz one. For once more it was to prove, with God's blessing, a teacher to me.

Our new home—Leonard's and mine—was in the heart of the great metropolis. It was a wonderful change to me after my peaceful, lonely girlhood on the shores of Lake Diamied; and I was anxious that my mother and Jack should profit by it. At this time Jack was idling about at home, not having made up his mind what profession to follow. So I took it into my head that it would be a good thing to have him up on a visit, and give him time to look around.

Leonard did not quite approve. He thought it would be better if Jack were to decide first, and *then* take a holiday. However, he let me have my way, and the boy came up to town. Perhaps it was my being a matron, or perhaps women are really older for their age than men, but somehow I looked upon Jack as a mere lad. He is in reality my senior by rather more than a year, but I patronized and petted him as if the reverse had been the case.

Leonard was away all day at business, and I liked to have some one about me, so when my dear mother wrote and told me to urge the choice of a profession on Jack, I neglected her wishes. "If my brother went away now, I should feel very lonely," I said to myself, and week after week put off the evil day. Alas! that I did not notice how the old words were being verified:

> "Satan finds some mischief still,
> For idle hands to do."

Jack began to go out and stay late at night. He began to be less and less attentive and brotherly to me. He began to be cross, and heavy-eyed, and fractious. Leonard did not notice it. When he came home, the boy was brisk and cheerful. How should *he* know that after he had gone to bed the lad could let himself out, and not return till the small hours of the morning?

Then he began to borrow money of me. At first quite small sums, that I could easily spare from the housekeeping, but gradually his demands grew bigger. I bought cheap tea, and inferior candles, and sandy sugar, and American meat, until even my long-suffering husband began to complain. I had weakly given a promise to Jack that I would not "tell on him," and perversely felt myself bound to my word. So I excused myself to Leonard by saying I had not been out marketing myself lately, but that in future I would see to things better. As he kissed me, and declared his Ermine to be the dearest wife and best housekeeper in the world, I longed to tell him all, but mistaken fealty to my brother sealed my lips.

Now I had to tell Jack determinedly that I would give him no more money. He listened with downcast brows.

"I tell you what it is, Ermine, I *must* have some money this week. It will be the last I ask you for. Give it, like the dear sweet girl you are."

Flattery always had an immense influence on me, and I gave him what he needed.

It is needless to say it was *not* the last time. Gradually *things* were given instead of coin of the realm. Nearly all my girlish trinkets were one by one handed to him, and then there came a pause.

I had nothing more to part with.

I shall never forget that day. Jack, with his boyish face flushed and angry; I in tears, and a great horror before us. For—when I utterly refused to supply him with anything more—my brother told me if he had not the money to replace the sums he had *borrowed*, he would be taken up as a *thief*.

My mother's son! The only representative of a long and honourable line of ancestors a *felon!* The words burnt into my brain, and I sank into my chair gasping.

Then I rushed upstairs to see if there was anything more I could spare. My watch and chain?—that was far too necessary to me. My diamond brooch?—Leonard would surely miss that, and ask me what had become of it. My amethyst bracelet?—it was the only ornament I had to wear on state occasions.

Hopelessly, recklessly, I turned over every corner in the velvet-lined box, and there I saw my topaz ring! I had not worn it for some time, as one of the stones was loose, and the bead setting a little broken. Leonard would never miss that, and Jack must promise only to pledge it, so that it would not be lost for ever.

For one moment I stood with it—my father's ring—in my hand, undecided. Then I heard Jack's footstep go across the hall, and the latch sound in the door!

Downstairs I flew. There was my brother. Neat and trim as ever, with his hair brushed smoothly from his brow, his collar and necktie scrupulously arranged, his cane in his hand, his coat over his arm, but with a curious, perplexed look in his brown eyes.

"Good-bye, Ermyntrude," he said, bitterly, "you will never hear of me again."

How could I help it? The next moment my topaz ring was in his hand, and he was gone.

Of course I expected him to return. Did he not so promise when I gave him the family heirloom?

But I was disappointed.

Leonard was very gentle and patient with me. After his first burst of indignation against Jack, he set his brains to work to find out about him.

The story was easily read and told.

The boy had got into a fast, gambling set. Night after night he had plunged deeper into the mire, until—I can scarcely write the word—he took what did not belong to him—the monies of a certain club of which he was treasurer, to pay his "debts of honour."

My poor mother! Never since the day when she had given me my topaz ring had I ever seen her so moved. All stiffness, and coldness, and stateliness was laid aside, as she bowed herself to meet the blow laid upon her back. My father's death had been a great, a terrible sorrow. But *there* was no dishonour, while *here!*

"*Whatsoever*"—the old lesson connected with my topaz ring was again to be indelibly imprinted upon my heart.

In answer to our impassioned, fervent

prayer, Leonard came into my room one day with something in his hand. A something, battered and broken, with one beautiful stone gone, and the others dim with dust —my topaz ring!

He had recognised it in a broker's window as he passed on his way to the City, and had immediately redeemed it. Better than that, by its means he had been enabled to trace Jack. The man behind the counter said it had been left in pledge by a young fellow not so very long before. From his description, my brother was recognised.

I need not say how we found the prodigal in a far country feeding on husks. How the cry of his unworthiness made us take him back to our heart and home. How we trust that he has, indeed, arisen and gone to his heavenly Father, and received forgiveness.

Leonard has acted nobly through it all. No word of reproach has he uttered for my want of wifely trust and confidence in him. Only, the other day, when he brought me my topaz ring, with its lost stone replaced, and its bead setting carefully mended, he said, gently,—

"Never forget, Ermine, that I am your best friend on earth. Let us have no secrets in the future, dear."

My topaz ring is gleaming on my finger as I write. My dear mother is opposite me, nursing her first grandchild, my precious little son. Jack is toiling away, reading up for the Bar, and Leonard is smiling at me as I look up.

"Don't forget the firstly, secondly, and thirdly, Ermine."

And I will not.

I have learnt three lessons.

One of trust in the goodness of God to my fathers.

One of restfulness on His own promised word to me.

One of implicit confidence in Him to take care of mine.

The unconscious teacher in the Almighty hands has been—

MY TOPAZ RING.

"IS IT RIGHT?"

OUGHT Christians to practise Sunday travelling?

Over 200,000 railway, tram, omnibus, cab, and steam-boat men are kept at work in Great Britain alone, during the day which God has appointed for their rest!

Why encourage Sunday trading in omnibuses, and at railway stations, more than in drapers' or grocers' shops?

God gave to all mankind one day in seven for rest; and man has no right to rob his brother-man of his heritage and birth-right!

The sadly prevalent habit of Sunday travelling is not merely left unattacked by most Christians, but it is Christian people who largely practise and encourage it. Surely it is time for them to awake to the fact, that by using public conveyances on Sunday, they are depriving thousands of men of the day which God has ordained for their rest; they are taking the father from the family, on the one day when surely he should be in its midst; and, above all, they are injuring thousands of souls, not only by keeping the omnibus, cab, and railway men from attending the means of grace, but by making them *dislike religion, which is so much the cause of their seven days' toil.*

"I the Lord love judgment; I hate robbery for burnt offering" (Isa. 61. 8).

AN OLD ROMAN LETTER.

By the REV. CANON DOBBIN, M.A.

THERE is a picture in the Manchester Exhibition, which cannot fail to arrest the attention of every one who has a soul to admire the beautiful and true. A fair young Christian girl is apparently being led away to execution by some Roman soldiers. The story of her fidelity to Christ is so graphically told, that you can almost fancy you see the crown of martyrdom already encircling her brow, while the brightness of the coming glory lights up her face with a radiance not of earth. Close beside her, stand the marble images of the gods, which they seek in vain to make her worship, and right in front of them a tripod, with a brazier full of burning coals, the smoke of which is curling up towards heaven. Only let her cast a few grains of incense on that sacred fire, or lay a proffered garland upon the adjacent altar, and all shall be well. Her life and her liberty shall both be restored to her. But no! Though the bystanders evidently pity her, and the eager looks of the flower-filleted Vestals beseech her to comply, she stands immovable, though not unmoved, for a sweeter Voice than theirs keeps all the time repeating in her ear: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

As one gazes at this picture, he cannot help recalling to mind the celebrated letter sent by Pliny the Younger, Proprætor of Bithynia, to the Emperor Trajan, concerning the Christians. And as that letter is an interesting one in itself, and moreover, one of the few contemporary Pagan records that shed light on the early history of the Church, it may not be amiss to give a translation of it *in extenso*, premising that it was written probably about the year A.D. 108, and certainly not later than 117, when Trajan was succeeded by the Emperor Adrian. The letter, which is taken from Pliny's "Works," lib. x., epist. 97, is as follows:—

"C. PLINY TO THE EMPEROR TRAJAN, GREETING.

"It is my custom, lord, to refer to you all things concerning which I am in doubt. For, who can better either direct my indecision, or instruct my ignorance? I have never been present at judicial examinations concerning Christians; therefore I know not what is wont either to be punished or inquired into, and how far. And I have felt no little uncertainty, whether there be any distinction made as to age? or whether those of howsoever tender years differ nothing from the more mature? Whether pardon be granted to repentance? or whether he who has been a Christian at all, gain nothing by having ceased to be one? As to the name itself, even if it should be free from crimes, whether the crimes attaching to the name be punished?

"Meanwhile, in the case of those who were accused to me as Christians, I followed this plan. I interrogated them personally whether they were Christians. If they confessed, I interrogated them a second and a third time, threatening punishment. If they persevered, I ordered them to be led to execution. For I felt no doubt, whatever the purport of their confession might be, that stubbornness and inflexible obstinacy ought to be punished.

"There were others of the like folly, whom, because they were Roman citizens, I adjudged to be remitted to the city. By-and-bye, in the handling of the matter, as usually happens, the charge extending itself, more cases turned up. An anonymous bill of indictment was put forth, containing the names of many who denied that they were Christians, or had been. When, repeating after me, they called upon the gods, and with incense and wine supplicated your image, which, for this purpose, I had ordered to be brought in with the images of the deities; when, moreover, they reviled Christ, none of which things it is said they who are really Christians can be compelled to do, I thought they should be discharged. Others, named by an informer, said that they were Christians, and presently denied it—that they had been indeed, but had ceased to be, some three years before, some more than three, and not a few even twenty years before. These all worshipped your image, and the images of the gods, and reviled Christ.

"But they affirmed that this had been the sum either of their offence or error—that they were accustomed to meet together on a fixed day, before light, and to sing responsively among themselves a hymn to Christ as God, and to bind themselves with an oath, not to any wickedness, but that they would not commit theft, nor robbery, nor adultery, nor break faith, nor deny a deposit when called upon. Which things being finished, that their custom was to depart, and to come together again to take food, in common, however, and of a harmless kind. But that even this they had ceased to do after my edict, in which, according to your commands, I had forbidden their fellowship meetings to be held. Wherefore I believed it to be the more necessary to inquire, even by torture, from two female slaves, who were said to be ministers, what the truth was. But I found nothing else than a perverse and extravagant superstition, and so, having adjourned the examination, I hastened to consult you.

"For the matter appeared to me to be worthy of consultation, especially on account of the number of those imperilled, for many of every age, of every rank, and of both sexes also, are called in peril, and shall be called. For the contagion of that superstition has spread, not only through the cities, but villages also, and country parts; yet it seems to me capable of being put a stop to, and corrected. At least it is well known that the temples, but lately deserted, have begun to be frequented, and the sacred rites, for a long time discontinued, to be renewed, and victims to be sold everywhere, of which, up to this, scarcely a purchaser was to be found. From which it may easily be conjectured what a crowd of men may be reformed, if there should be a place of repentance."

There are several things in connection with this letter worthy of notice. For instance, the striking evidence it affords of the historical truth of Christianity, and that on the part of an independent witness, called upon to deal with it in a judicial way. If Pliny had been a Christian, it might be said his testimony was not altogether unbiassed, and therefore should be received with caution. But now there is no room for such an objection. He was, we know, a heathen, a man of high position and attainments, an official of the Empire, charged with the government of one of its provinces, and therefore weighted with all the responsibility attaching to such a post. His letter, then, may be looked upon as, to all intents and purposes, a state document, nearly coeval with Christianity itself, and of the utmost value and authority.

Well, what does it tell us about the Christian Faith? Within about eight years after the beloved disciple John, the last of the apostles, had gone to his rest, it represents Christianity as an existing fact, of a very real and substantial kind, in the world. It tells us, moreover, that the religion of Christ had spread so widely through Bithynia,—and we have no reason to think it was singular in this respect,—that not only the cities, but even the villages and country parts, were full of it. So that Paganism had been almost driven out of the field by the onward march of the victorious gospel. How are we to account for these undeniable facts? how explain this marvellous progress of a faith so perilous in its profession, so exacting in its morality, and so naturally uncongenial to the pride of man? Was it by the sword it was

spread? No; the sword was against it. Was it by deceit or fraud? Nothing could be more abhorrent to its disciples. Was it by allurements of wealth, or pleasure, or ambition? None of these things were even thought of in connection with it. Nay, it was by the sacrifice of them, that men were called upon to take up their cross and follow Christ. The only rational way in which we can account for the existence and wide diffusion of Christianity throughout the Empire, at such an early period, is simply this, that it is historically true, founded on the facts it professes and proclaims, and with respect to which it has never wavered,—the life and death, and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ.

And when we bear in mind the importance of His resurrection, as the great fundamental Article and evidence of our Faith, taken in connection with the equally essential fact of His atoning death, it is surely a matter of deep thankfulness that this Letter abundantly confirms both; for it represents the Christians as meeting together for worship round the *Lord's Table*—the memorial of His death—on the *Lord's Day*—the memorial of His resurrection, that being undoubtedly the "fixed day" to which it refers. And these memorials could never have been established at the first, nor perpetuated ever since, unless the facts on which they professed to be founded were absolutely true, and capable of resisting every test.

There are some other matters of interest here, which we shall briefly notice. What a beautiful and simple picture it gives us of the worship of the primitive Church!—its members meeting before the dawn, not so much through fear, as because it was "very early," when the Lord arose; because, too, they would fain devote to Him the first fresh morning hours, while the dew was yet upon the grass; for they were no sluggards, those disciples of the olden time. They were up before the lark, carolling their matin song, singing a hymn to Christ as God. We are sometimes told that the doctrine of our Lord's Divinity was an aftergrowth in the Church. But how can this be? for "in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God"—the very same truth that we have here exemplified in holy chant and psalm. Observe again how soon the Church found out the power and use of music, as the expression of her new-born joy. She could not help bursting into song, and ever since, in times of revival and reformation, it has been the same. It was Luther's hymns that shook the Papal throne, and we all know what an important place the service of song holds in modern mission work; so that to sing the Gospel, is felt to be almost as helpful as to preach it.

It may appear strange to some, that the Christians should be represented here as binding themselves by an *oath* at their meetings, not to commit any wickedness. But the explanation of this is not far to seek. The solemn celebration of the Lord's Supper was looked upon as an ordinance so sacred, and so binding, that it came to be regarded as possessing all the sanctity of an oath; and hence the name "sacrament" was given to it, for *sacramentum* was the oath of the Roman soldier, promising fidelity to his commander; thus teaching us that as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, we, too, are pledged to fight manfully under His banner against the world, the devil, and the flesh. And it speaks well for the pure morality of the Gospel, as well as the blameless lives of its early followers, that after the most careful judicial investigation, no crime could be laid to their charge but that of "obstinacy,"—in other words, adherence to their convictions and fidelity to their God. Oh that we may be as consistent and faithful as they! Some of them, it is true, under the pressure of persecution, denied their faith and reviled Christ (1 Cor. 12. 3). But the majority of them, we would fain believe, remained steadfast and proved themselves to be what Pliny here describes as "real Christians," worthy of their sacred name.

And now, as we began with a picture, let us end with one. Our author himself is the painter. Look at those two female slaves in the hands of their tormentors! What have they done that they should be so cruelly treated? their tender frames racked and tortured by unfeeling men, insensible alike to pity and to shame! Are they conspirators against the state, suspected of some dark and treasonable design, the secrets of which must be wrung from them by agonies of pain? No, they are two poor harmless women, ministers, or deaconesses, of the new faith, who never did any wrong to any man. And yet the might of the Roman Empire, in the person of one of its most refined and accomplished administrators, thinks it no disgrace to enter into barbarous conflict with them, for the purpose, it is alleged, of eliciting the truth. And the truth we know was elicited, at the same time that a noble testimony was borne for Christ; for those two servants of the Lord, not slaves, but free, whose names we know not, but whose record is on high, strong in the power of Divine grace, triumph over all the assaults of their adversary, and oblige him to confess, "I found nothing but a perverse and extravagant superstition," which, rightly interpreted, means a devotion he could not understand, a piety he could not fathom, a faith whose only limit was eternity, whose only aim and end was God.

"COULD *YOU* SAY IT?"

A True Anecdote.

A FEW months ago, a policeman lay dying. It is sad enough to see a woman die; it is sadder still to see a fine fellow of six feet two lying helpless as a baby, while the Shadows of the Valley close slowly in.

Sergeant S—— was a silent man; even his wife could give us no clue to the state of his soul, and though he let us pray with him, and read to him, he never said a word. Soon it would be too late to ask him the plain question, for the power of speech was leaving him.

A young girl who had often been with him, resolved to find out. The truth had been put before him so often—had he grasped it? He knew death was near—was his calmness only the result of extreme bodily weakness, or did it spring from a firm and steadfast faith in the finished atoning work of the Lord Jesus Christ?

Gently, winningly, the fair young girl besought him to tell her if he could face, without fear, the thought of meeting God? With an effort, the man broke through his reserve, and with a light of peace, almost triumph, on his wasted face, said simply,—

"Safe, POSITIVELY safe!"

A few days later, he *was* safe with his Saviour in heaven.

Straight in the face of death, which might come to-morrow, could *you* say, "Safe, *positively* safe"?

WON BY WORKING;

OR,

HIS FATHER'S GOLD.

By Georgina Gollock,
Author of "Ebb and Flow," etc.

CHAPTER V.

A CAPTURED GHOST.

PLAIN John Smith's keen eye saw the advantages of Gerald's suggested sites. Then and there he made an offer for them, which the young man knew to be unwontedly large. Somehow, when it came to the point, Gerald was very loth to part with the spot, but the builder was quite content to get the quarry plot, and to leave the old house untouched and unpurchased. So, only repeating his proviso about the hidden gold, which John Smith agreed to with an incredulous laugh, Gerald gave his assent to the proposed purchase. The moment matters were so far arranged, the builder began to fidget lest he should lose the next train back to town, whilst Gerald lingered longingly, gazing on the well-remembered scenes.

"See here, Burt," said his employer, looking for the twentieth time at his watch, "I'm off. Never trust these country trains. You go round, and take notes for your plans for these villas. Come up late; see me about it to-morrow. Dare say you'll like a look at the old house again—might find that gold."

"All right, sir," said Gerald; "I should like to have a word with the man I have left in charge."

"By-the-bye, Burt, I'll put *you* in charge here when the works begin. Mrs. Nettie will enjoy the country, and you can look out yourself for that gold."

Gerald laughed lightly. "I don't expect to find it, sir," he said; "but who knows? Yes; I should like to take charge for you down here. The country air will be grand for Nettie and the baby."

Two hours later, Gerald stood again on the doorstep of his father's house, and knocked loudly for admittance.

Abner Holt came slowly from the rear, with a hungry, watchful look, as if he suspected every one, and thought every one suspected him.

"Master Gerald!" he said blankly. Then, "Come round by the back, sir, if you want to get in. That door hasn't been opened for months. A nice, lively time I have of it in this place. Bats and mice and rats, that's the company, except for an odd owl. They say the old man walks, but I don't believe it, and I don't care if he did."

By this time Gerald had reached the kitchen, and leaving Abner behind him, strode on into the dreary house. An idea had suddenly come to him. If he was to take charge of the builder's works, why should not he make a corner of the old house cosy and habitable for his wife and child? At least it would be better than country lodgings, and he knew that Nettie would approve of the plan.

He called Abner to him.

"I think I'll come down myself, and drive out the bats," he said. "These four rooms are in fair order, and will look well enough when they are clean. You find a woman to-morrow to scrub them out. Light good fires, and get the place well aired."

"You're not coming to live here?" asked Abner.

"What if I am?" said Gerald. "They're going to build some villas in the quarry plot,

and my wife and I will live here, while I superintend the works."

"The quarry plot!" and Abner's dark face grew darker.

"Really, my man," said Gerald, losing patience with him, "one would think you were owner of the place! Why not the quarry plot?"

"There's a ghost there."

"Rubbish! It had better not cross my path," said Gerald, turning on his heel. "At any rate, the ghost can't break the contract."

"There'll no good come of building there, mark my words," croaked Abner anxiously, following close behind his master. "Take an old man's warning, Mr. Gerald;" but Gerald was gone.

Four weeks saw the quarry plot measured into squares for houses, its fair green sward disfigured by grimy sheds and piles of materials for building.

Gerald, Nettie, and the baby were at the old house, cosily settled in the most weather-proof of the rooms. Abner, lean and unshaven, haunted the men at their work, and told such awesome stories of the quarry and its visitant, that some of the least stout-hearted began to wish they were well through so unpleasant a job. Gerald overheard him descanting on his favourite topic one day, and instantly forbade him, on pain of dismissal, to approach the workmen again.

That night, two of the builder's men, returning late by the lower path from the village, heard a faint, unearthly cry, and looking up, saw the white shadowy figure of old Catharine at the edge of the cliff.

Some one else saw the figure too. Gerald had also gone to the village on some errand for his wife, and was returning by the hill-side path. He was close to the quarry edge when he saw the "ghost."

Abner's whole attitude had made Gerald suspect him of some underhand intention, and he quickly decided that, for some purpose of his own, the man must be personating Catharine. Resolved to capture whoever was in this ghostly guise, Gerald hastened silently onward, and as the two frightened workmen were hurrying out of sight of that figure on the cliff, Gerald approached it from behind, and laid a firm, detaining hand upon its shoulder.

Abner—for it was he—uttered a shriek of terror, which sent the blood curdling through the veins of the ghost-seers below, and then sank at Gerald's feet, entreating mercy. The young man looked so stern, so unrelenting, as he stood erect in the fitful moonlight, that Abner fairly cowered before him.

For a few moments the silence was only broken by Abner's inarticulate whimpering. Then Gerald spoke.

"What is your object in all this mummery? Speak the truth, Abner Holt."

"Oh, sir!" gasped Abner, "I'll make a clean breast of it all, only don't be hard on me."

"Come home, then," said Gerald sternly, "and tell me all."

Slowly Abner, his long white sheet trailing over his arm, and his blue-glassed lantern in his hand, followed his captor to the miser's house.

Gerald entered by the kitchen, not wishing to alarm his wife, and lighting a candle on the table, locked both the doors.

"Now tell me all," said he, and Abner began:—

"I knew something special took old Catharine to the quarry, and I guessed twas the gold. As like as not, the old man told her his secret before he died. I found *that* in the quarry, sir;" and going to an old box in the corner, Abner drew out a remnant of the well-known coat, which "old Si the miser" had worn for years and years. There was no mistaking that peculiar faded brown, with the slight red thread crossing it here and there. Gerald's cheek deepened in colour as he held the piece of cloth in his hand.

"You found this? Why did you not bring it to me?"

Abner began to whimper again.

"Never mind that, man; go on with your tale."

"I made sure, Master Gerald, that the gold must be in the quarry. That's what made me act the ghost to keep people away; but never a coin have I found in all this time, and now those builder's men will make away with it all."

"Don't judge them by yourself," said Gerald. Then he left Abner without further reproach, and, with the fragment of cloth still in his hand, went and told his wife.

Nettie grew very thoughtful over his tale. "Gerald, I almost hope we shall never get that money; it seems to cause nothing but misery and sin. How thankful I am that you have owed nothing to it; its terrible infection has not tainted you!"

"Yet the money that has been a curse might be made a blessing if rightly used," said Gerald. "How strange it will be if this building work leads to the finding of the missing gold. I must have a word with the men about it to-morrow."

"At any rate," said Nettie, looking proudly into her husband's manly face, "lack of gold has not made you one whit less well worth loving. You are nobler now than you ever were."

"I scarcely think you are an impartial judge, little woman," said Gerald; but in his inmost heart he owned that such wifely flattery was very sweet.

CHAPTER VI.

AT LAST!

GERALD told his men the whole story next morning, and the two who had been previously relating their experiences of the night before, had to endure not a few good-natured jokes at their expense. Carefully, as they went about their work, the builder's men watched for any trace of previous excavation, any stone beneath which a box might lie, any suspicious-looking cranny into which the treasure might have been stowed.

Each time plain John Smith came down, he made inquiry whether the gold had been found, but the answer was always the same. As the foundations were finished, and the neat proportions of the villas began to appear well above ground, Gerald's expectations failed. For him there was no golden road to his ambition,—the free pursuit of his art. Slowly, step by step, he must climb the ladder in daily, toilsome work.

He bent his head, and was content. The man who had grown strong enough to govern others, had learned the higher strength of a yielded will. God knew best. If the earthly life-time must pass in uncongenial labour, there was still the full fruition in the life beyond.

But oftentimes, when we least expect it, the yielded will has fruition in this life, as well as in that which is to come. Gerald had learned the lesson; the Master's hand made haste to turn to another page.

Athwart the dark background of greed for gold, of angry passions and unhallowed desires, comes a fair-haired baby boy, laughing in childish glee. Mother had promised to take him for a walk to look for "pitty f'owers." So out into the summer sunshine went Gerald's wife and child. The baby boy had a grand ball to play with, a gaudy, many-coloured thing, and he raced after it to and fro.

They would go to look down on father at his work, Nettie said, and she took the upper path by the quarry edge. "Boy" reluctantly gave up his liberty when the edge was neared, and was held firmly by his mother's hand. Gerald, looking up from below, saw them, and came to join them for a while.

The three stood together, just where Gerald stood when he saw the *something*, that had been old Catharine, lying crushed below. He and Nettie were silent. The silence ill suited "Boy." He seized his painted plaything, and with his free hand flung it from him. Gerald sprang to stop it, as it rolled to the quarry edge, but he was not in time. On, on hurried the ball, its patches of red and blue showing clearly as it sprang from rock to rock; then, near the bottom of the quarry, after one long bound, it disappeared from sight. It must have fallen into a hole, and Gerald thought he could trace a dark square opening. It was only about twenty feet from the ground, and fairly easy of access from below. That naughty "Boy," who was bearing his mother's reproaches with smiling mien, should have his plaything back. In five minutes Gerald was at the foot of the cliff, and mounting towards the ball. But in climbing upwards, easy as was the way, Nettie saw that he missed his footing, and almost fell. Little wonder. Fluttering on a stiff bramble that crossed his path, was another weather-stained fragment of his father's coat. He climbed on again, and reached the hole into which "Boy's" ball had dropped. He took it from the crevice, and felt what lay below—it was a box with iron clamps.

Gerald had found his father's gold! An hour later, amid a crowd of the men, he stood above the opened box. The neat rows of bags showed that the miser's hoard was worth finding indeed. One bag they opened, and "Boy" plunged his chubby hands into the shining pile. No one checked him, for, after all, "Boy's" ball had a large share in the discovery.

There is little more to tell. John Smith growled a good deal at losing his foreman, but he made his will in Nettie's favour all the same. Gerald rebuilt his father's house; the villas had spoiled his plans for the quarry plot. While the old builder saw to the carrying out of the contract, Gerald took his wife and child abroad.

Abner had been sufficiently punished by his humiliation, and the failure of his hopes, so Gerald kept him on till he died.

Nettie is now a comely, middle-aged matron, with tall daughters around her, and "Boy," her only son, is a young architect, who bids fair to make his mark some day. Gerald is a grave, true-hearted, earnest man, foremost in every effort for good amongst his fellows, and gifted with a strong, quiet influence which is widely felt. He has gained his ambition, and stands well to the front in his profession. He knows that but for the miser's hoard, he could never have been an architect; yet, as he recalls his life, he feels that the best things in it, ay, and the best things in *him*, have been won by working, and not by his father's gold.

THE END.

THE JUBILEE GIFT OF THE QUEEN OF HAWAII.

By C. F. Gordon-Cumming,
Author of "Fire Fountains," "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War," etc., etc.

CONSPICUOUS amid that gorgeous throng of Kings and Queens, Royal Princes and Nobles, who gathered around our own Empress-Queen, on the day when the thanksgiving of the whole British race was represented by the solemn Service in the stately Abbey of Westminster, stood one whose rich, copper-coloured complexion plainly showed how far she had travelled in order to bring her congratulations to her Royal sister. This was Queen Kapiolani of Hawaii, that remote group of isles which we, in this country, so unwarrantably persist in calling "The Sandwich Isles," in honour of an English peer of the last century.

Even amid such magnificent surroundings, this dusky Queen, and her sister-in-law, Princess Lilino Kalani, stood conspicuous by the richness of their robes of dark material, heavily embroidered with gold, and their resplendent diamonds, glancing in the sunlight. At other festivities, these ladies appeared attired in the height of Parisian fashion, in tight-fitting bodices, and high bonnets; but on the day of the great Ceremonial, by special request of England's Queen, they adhered to the graceful sacque, flowing loose from the shoulders, which is the form of civilized garment which was introduced into Hawaii by the missionaries who, less than seventy years ago, induced the islanders to assume any raiment worthy of the name.

This sacque (worn by our grandmothers, and reproduced in our modern tea-gown), with the addition of "*leis*," which are simply ropes of flowers, strung together so as to form large necklaces, continues to be the national costume worn by all the women of the Isle, with the exception of such as present themselves at Court. There the ladies vie one with another in the magnificence of their American or Parisian costumes—gold-embroidered white satin, with very low cut body and short sleeves, finding especial favour with very fat, brown chiefesses; while sweeping trains, and ostrich feathers, complete the correct costume for the Buckingham Palace of the North Pacific. The modern traveller, witnessing some Court ceremonial at Honolulu, at which the King and his courtiers wear handsome American uniforms, resplendent with gold lace and orders, while the Queen and her ladies appear in the full Court dress I have described, finds it hard to realise that these and the reverent worshippers in the Cathedral church, with its beautiful choral service, and decorations of fragrant tropical flowers, are, in truth, the self-same race which received Captain Cook with such unsavoury divine honours.

Difficult, indeed, it is to believe that only so brief a time has elapsed, since the dusky maidens of Hawaii swam out to meet the wonderful foreign ships, veiled only by their long tresses, having from prudent economy left on the shore their scanty robes of bark cloth,—a material only suitable for show and sunshine. Till within the last four or five years, we could hear strange stories of those days from the lips of eye-witnesses, in the person of some of the noble old "Fathers" (as the pioneer American missionaries were endearingly called), who could tell of their first arrival in the Isles in A.D. 1820. Previous to this date, the Hawaiians were worshippers of all manner of hideous gods, to some of whom they offered human sacrifice. Now the present generation only know of idolatry from the very few idols preserved in the Museum at Honolulu; indeed, they would require to come to European museums to study the mythology of their fathers.

In the long list of Queen Victoria's Jubilee gifts, we read that the Queen of Hawaii presented a piece of her own work, in the form of a beautiful wreath of glossy, golden feathers, mounted on rich blue plush, set in a frame of gold, with the Royal Arms of England and Hawaii on either side, and an outer border of royal blue, set with golden stars. Each star had eight points to represent the eight isles of the group, which only eighty years ago were united under one ruler, by the strong-handed King Kamehameha. This very significant feather-wreath was surmounted by a royal crown and cushion, set with tiny diamonds. To those acquainted with the brief history of the Isles, this combination of blue plush and diamonds and golden stars, with those precious yellow feathers, is strangely characteristic. For in the old barbaric days, when the mark of distinction of the highest chiefs was to wear a war-cloak and helmet of feathers, this particular yellow feather was reserved for the sole use of the King, who alone had the privilege of wearing a cloak of the glossy, golden treasures; though the Queen and Royal Family had the right to wear a *lei* or necklace of these precious, dainty gems.

The bird which yields them is the Oo, or Royal bird, a species of honey-sucker, peculiar to certain mountainous districts of these Isles. It is a glossy, black bird, and these tiny golden feathers lie underneath the wing, one on either side. As each bird only yields two, the slaughter of these innocents involved in the making of one royal robe was pitiful. The value of such a cloak was inestimable, in fact, it was a priceless heirloom; and though His Hawaiian Majesty now appears in full American uniform, the feather cloak of the great Kamehameha is still worn as the coronation robe, and at the opening of Parliament it is spread as a symbolic covering on the throne. It is eleven feet in width, and five in length,—one sheet of lustrous gold.

But only think of the number of birds represented by such a garment! We need not wonder that the birds are now very rare, though their capture for the annual feather harvest no longer involves their destruction, as was the case in olden days. Their protection is due to the great Kamehameha I., whose wise thought was shown in small things as well as in great. He foresaw the speedy extinction, not of the goose which laid golden eggs, but of the bird which supplied the regalia of the Isles. He therefore commanded that the bird-catchers should henceforth catch the birds alive, and set them free when they had plucked the two coveted feathers. So now, cunning fowlers go up to the mountains frequented by the Oo, and set up baited poles, smeared with very adhesive bird-lime. On these the birds alight, and are captured, robbed of their precious little yellow gems, and then set free again. The feathers are only an inch long, sharp-pointed, and very delicate. Five sell for six shillings, so it is evident that at this valuation the royal feather cloak is as costly a crown jewel as could be worn by any sovereign. Certainly so much human labour was never expended on the setting of any precious stone. About a thousand feathers are required even to make a necklace, which, when finished, certainly does not suggest the labour involved, as it only looks like a round rope of frayed-out silk. Many humble imitations of the royal *lei* are made of small, round, yellow feathers, which, though soft and silky, are very inferior in value to the sharp-pointed royal feather.

Kamehameha's great war-cloak is said to represent all the feathers collected by eight or ten successive chiefs. When the great Conqueror had welded all the Isles into one kingdom, he collected all the small cloaks and necklaces, and had them made into this one splendid robe. Unfortunately a good many red feathers of the Mo-mo have been interwoven with the golden Oo, which detract somewhat from its glossy perfection. This is the only royal cloak now existing in Hawaii. Being the most valued possessions of the Crown, they were from time to time bestowed on greatly honoured foreigners, being intended by the Island King as a gift to some far-away monarch, whose ambassador the traveller was assumed to be. Thus one of the true royal cloaks was given to Bruce, the Abyssinan traveller, and is now in the possession of his great grand-daughter, Lady Thurlow. During the King of Hawaii's visit to England, about five years ago, he made anxious inquiries about this precious gift, which he expected to find safely treasured in one of the royal palaces. But alas! such gifts, though priceless to the donor, are not always fully appreciated even by the recipient, still less by his relations in Britain. Sad to state, this strange garment from the far distant Isles, after hanging for many years amongst other curious foreign draperies, in an old country house, was finally stowed away, and so neglected, that, when at last it was once more brought to light, cruel moths had made their homes in it, and almost destroyed it.

Another of these treasured vestments had descended to the late King Lunalilo, as an heirloom from his mother's royal ancestors. It was six feet square, and when the beloved young King died in his prime, and lay in state at the palace, he was laid on this priceless cloth of gold, which was wrapped round him as a kingly shroud. "He is the last of our race," said his weeping father; "it is his." So the cloak, which, according to Hawaiian estimate, was valued at about twenty thousand pounds, was buried with him who alone was entitled to wear it.

This feather work involves much patient skill, each feather being fastened separately with a loop of fine string, so that the inside of the cloak resembles a closely woven net, while on the surface, the feathers are laid as smoothly as on the living bird, forming a beautiful fabric. The garments thus produced were only worn on very ceremonious occasions, and the rank of the wearer was denoted by the length of his cloak. Some only reached to the waist, whilst others trailed on the ground. The inferior chiefs wore short cloaks, made of the long tail feathers of the cock, the tropic-bird, and the man-of-war bird, with only a border and a collar of little red and yellow feathers. Other mantles were made of white feathers, with coloured feather borders, or a pattern of bright feathers on a groundwork of purple or glossy black.

Amongst the birds which supplied varied feathers for non-regal cloaks, were the purple parroquet, wild duck, and wood-pecker; the latter yielding green, red, and yellow plumage. This sort of work was found on all those isles of the Pacific which were peopled by

the Maori race. The gods of Tahiti had feather covering. Captain Cook records that, in the Friendly Isles, the King's son wore a cloak of red feathers. Neat little coronets of closely-laid scarlet feathers are the only trace of this art which I saw in the Fijian Isles; but in New Zealand, the feather cloaks which are worn by chiefs are very handsome garments.

There is, however, one application of this art quite peculiar to Hawaii; namely, singularly perfect helmets of purely classical form, strangely resembling those of the old Greeks. They were worked over a strong frame of wicker-work,—strong enough to defend the head from a sharp blow. On this foundation, the glossy, golden-hued feathers were so closely laid as to resemble burnished gold. How this peculiar head-dress came into existence is a matter for wonder, as it seems very improbable that it could have been of spontaneous Hawaiian growth; it seems possible, however, that in some forgotten age, these Isles may have been visited by Spaniards, whose cloaks and helmets would naturally excite the envy and admiration of the ingenious islanders.

Another curious Hawaiian use for feathers, is the manufacture of the tall feather brushes called *Kahilis*, symbols of honour, denoting the high rank of the owner; but to irreverent foreign eyes only suggestive of gigantic bottle brushes, the brush part being composed of a long cylindrical basket, about a foot in diameter, and from twelve to fifteen feet in height. To this are attached the feathers, which are generally black or rose-coloured, though some Kahilis are made of peacocks' feathers, and some of parrots' and other tropical birds brought from other isles. These are of all colours—purple, blue, green, black, white, crimson, and scarlet; but of course the most precious are those made of the sacred red Mo-mo, and the golden Oo. When a member of the Royal Family dies, all the great chiefs send their family Kahilis to be ranged around his coffin, just as, in England, people sometimes send their carriages to represent themselves at a funeral. Many of these stand permanently at the feet of the coffins, and at the entry to the royal Mausoleum at Honolulu. Here there is a beautiful little stone chapel, on a hill overlooking the town, offering one more point of curious contrast between the civilized Christian isles of the present day, and the Hawaii of fifty years ago. Then the burial place of the Hawaiian Kings was a wooden building thatched with dracœna leaves, and enclosed by a strong fence; the posts of which were carved in the likeness of hideous gods, with eyes of pearl shell, and wide mouths armed with sharks' teeth. Many of these were grouped all about the place, some beneath shady trees, some on high posts, others on jutting rocks overhanging the sea. There had been a wholesale destruction of idols in 1819, but these guardians of the Royal Tomb were spared, and left to calm decay at the mercy of sun and rain. In those old days, the funeral of a high chief was the occasion of a wild Saturnalia of drunkenness, hideous dances, and every sort of discreditable orgy, accompanied by bloody sacrifices to the idols. At the funeral of the great Kamehameha I., no less than three hundred poor dogs were thus offered to the gods.

Altogether, it must be allowed that Hawaii has good cause to rejoice in the amazing progress she has made in all civilization within one short half-century.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

By Eva Travers Evered Poole.

"Who would not live for Jesus,
Rejoicing, glad, and free?
The music of a ransomed life
Is all He asks from thee."—E. T. E. P.

WHO has not heard of the immortal painter, Leonardo da Vinci, whose pictures, carvings, and sculptures still delight thousands? Who has not bowed in awed rapture before the Divine Face that beams from the canvas of the "Last Supper"? His artistic genius and gifts were rich and rare, but the beauty of his soul was richer and rarer still. He lived in Milan, the grand old city of Italian story, and the peasants there still tell the tale of his life amongst them. In one corner of the market, dealers were wont to sell cages of beautiful birds caught in the wild forests of Italy, or freshly stolen from the soft, warm nest. Leonardo might there be found day by day, buying from the peasant lads their fluttering, frightened prisoners. These ragged, barefooted peasants used to watch for his coming, sure of a certain sale, and smiling at the great painter's craze. No matter how often they supplied him, he for ever wanted more.

Follow Leonardo as he makes his way through the thronged market-place, with cages in his hand and under his arm. The chattering peasants smile and point after him, as he passes out of sight. On he goes, until he reaches the pleasant fields and hedgerows, and then, tenderly, gently, with a holy joy irradiating every feature, he sets the birdlings free!

Oh, the ecstatic trills of regained liberty that rain like soul-music in the summer air, carolled by the birds of the wild wood as they float in the blue liquid ether of the sky! How sweet the notes, and calls, and twitters! and sweeter still the echo in Leonardo's soul. He stands, watching with pleasure the swift-winged birds enjoy their liberty again.

Our hearts cleave to this man. His skill, his magical genius charm us even less than the winsomeness of his tender heart, that is stirred to its depths by the helpless fluttering of a tiny prisoned bird. Leonardo da Vinci preaches the Gospel to us.

God—the great Artist, the Sculptor, the Carver, the Genius of the universe—is revealed to us in His word as restless even in the rest of heaven, while souls of men, like caged birdlings, are being bought and sold in the mart of sin. He is not content, although the creation of His own hands surrounds Him, while man remains a prisoner. Yet He might be. The stars of heaven crown Him, the flowers of earth garland His footsteps, the soft foam of the storm-wave fringes His garments, the floating beauty of the cloudlets form His chariot, and the many-voiced praises of His majestic creation herald His progress through the spheres.

But God was not content. He left His kingdom and came to the haunts of men; He paid a price for the prisoned souls He met there; He was made the mock of devils, yet He cared not. And day by day, one by one, the precious souls He has bought are set free—let out by His own hand, let out into life and liberty.

There comes a joyous day when the fluttering soul ceases to beat against the prison walls of the enwrapping flesh, and, loosed by the hand of God, it finds itself redeemed, liberated, free, to know henceforth no more of earth, and so much of heaven. All its craving is to soar higher, higher; all its powers are spent in praise.

Weary soul! art thou restlessly striving against sin? Are the fetters of the flesh eating into thy very heart? Cravest thou to know freedom? The gentle voice of Jesus speaks to thee, saying: "If the Son shall make you free, then are ye free indeed. And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Believe that He hath bought thee, "giving His life a ransom for many." Let Him liberate thee, and when He bids thee take note that the prison door is open, and invites thee to taste the sweets of freedom, avail thyself of His permission, and soar out into the liberty of the Gospel and into the clear, shining light of the grace of God. Let thy life be praiseful; show by thy gladness how much thou lovest the Great Heart that pitied thee, and wrought thy redemption.

BIBLE JOTTINGS.

Willing Service.

Gen. 22. 1, 11.
1 Sam. 3. 4.
Isa. 6. 8.
Luke 1. 38. } Here am I.

Acts 22. 10. What shall I do, Lord?
Acts 9. 6. What wilt Thou have me to do?
2 Sam. 15. 15. Ready to do whatsoever.
Josh. 1. 16. Whithersoever thou sendest us, we will go.
John 2. 5. Whatsoever He saith . . . do.

Illustrations—2 Sam. 15. 32–34.
2 Sam. 17. 5, 14.
Luke 8. 38, 39, 40.

Gal. 1. 16. Conferred not with flesh and blood.
Neh. 2. 12. Neither told I any man.

Jehovah's titles illustrated in Psalm 23.

Gen. 22. 14 (marg.). Jehovah Jireh, The Lord will provide.
Ver. 1. I shall not want.
Judg. 6. 24. Jehovah Shalom, The Lord send peace.
Ver. 2. Still waters, marg., Waters of quietness.
Exod. 15. 26. Jehovah Rophi, The Lord that healeth thee.
Ver. 3. Restoreth my soul.
Matt. 8. 17 with Exod. 23. 25.
Jer. 23. 6; 33. 16. Jehovah Tsidkenu, The Lord our righteousness.
Ver. 3. Paths of righteousness.
Ezek. 48. 35. Jehovah Shammah, The Lord is there.
Ver. 4. Thou art with me.
Matt. 1. 23. Immanuel, God with us.
Exod. 17. 15. Jehovah Nissi, The Lord my banner.
Ver. 5. In the presence of mine enemies.

Christ our Life.

Bread of Life . . . . . John 6. 35.
Fountain of Life . . . . . Psa. 36. 9.
Tree of Life . . . . . Rev. 2. 7.
Light of Life . . . . . John 8. 12.
Path of Life . . . . . Psa. 16. 11.
Word of Life . . . . . 1 John 1. 1.
Prince of Life . . . . . Acts 3. 15.

Seven times in our Saviour's prayer in John 17., He mentions the Church being given to Him by the Father—John 17. 2, 6, 9, 11, 12, 24.

DARKNESS, DAWN, AND DAY. A STORY OF THREE SNOWSTORMS.

III. Day.

WHEN she reached home, her mother met her eagerly in the hall.

"Come in, Maudie," she said; "you will never guess who has come. Roger Harford!"

Maude's pretty face turned pink. Roger was an old friend of hers, and it was no slight pleasure to see him again.

There he stood by the fireplace, a tall stalwart fellow, with keen, clear-cut features, and a resolute mouth.

He advanced eagerly to meet Maude. "How cold you are!" he said. "What a morning for you to be out!"

"Maude lets nothing interfere with her good works," said her mother, who, much as she in private inveighed against Maude's indiscriminate outgoings, would let no one say a word against her child.

Half-longingly, half-sadly, Roger Harford looked at the sweet, unsatisfied girlish face. Maude Brenton was very dear to him, but he dare not—simply *dare not*—ask her to be his wife, until he was sure about one thing. As he looked at her, he saw that she was changed; her former careless gaiety was replaced by thought; the merry eyes had a softer light; and yet—he could not feel sure that Maude had chosen his Master to be her Master too.

Maude was despatched to get off her wet clothes, and when she came downstairs again she found Roger in the middle of an animated sketch of his life in town. Hard work in a city office all day long, and hard work at night in the slums amongst the poor and outcast. Maude felt that there was a fresh link of sympathy between Roger and herself. But what was the difference? There was a ring about his words that found no echo, only a voiceless longing, in her heart. Roger was *satisfied*, and she was not.

Long in his room that night did Roger Harford pace to and fro. How he longed to let Maude know that he loved her, and to ask for her love in return. Did not this change show that she cared for better things? If she were linked to him, would it not lead her to decide definitely for Christ? Only after a long and prayerful struggle did Roger conquer the wild longing which had well-nigh overmastered him. The morning star had risen before he went to rest.

Next day he feared he would never be able to meet Maude calmly, and say good-bye, but that effort he had not to make.

The result of Maude's walk in the snowstorm was a bad, feverish cold, which kept her a prisoner in her room for many days. The girl was very unhappy; the hopes on which she had built for months had crumbled to the very dust; she had nothing to grasp, nothing to depend on, nothing which felt "sure and steadfast." But no one dreamed that Maude, who was "so good," could possibly need a word of loving counsel; every one looked rather to her for advice and consolation. So the weary days dragged on, and Maude's grey dawn nearly darkened again into utter night.

A fortnight later, another snowstorm came. It was a great year for snow, folk said, as they gathered round their blazing fires. "That hateful snow," thought Maude, as the first white flakes fluttered past her window; "but for it I should have gone to my first ball, and never have thought of religion at all. At any rate, if that second snowstorm had not driven Widow Wilson into such a miserable state of mind, the day I got my cold, I should not be so wretched now."

But this third snowstorm had something in store for Maude. Nellie Dalton, the village doctor's daughter, was on her way home that very day, and just as she got out of the train at the little wayside station, down came the snow, so fast and thick, that her short-legged Shetland pony could scarcely draw the trap. By the time she got half-way to the village, just at the Brentons' gate, further progress became impossible, so Nellie claimed the shelter of the stable for her shaggy steed, and a warm welcome from hospitable Mrs. Brenton for herself. The moment the snowy coat and hat were hung up to dry, Nellie ran upstairs to Maude's room, ready, as is every girl, for a long chat with her friend.

"Why, Maudie," she cried, "how wretched you look! You have had a bad cold."

Maude's only answer was a burst of tears.

"What is it, darling?" cried Nellie, kneeling by Maude's chair; "surely something is troubling you!"

"I thought I was so religious," sobbed Maude, "and it isn't a bit of use. I am just as unhappy as ever, and there's nothing else left for me to try now. I can't bear to think life is all unhappy. I'd much rather die than live, always feeling I wanted something I hadn't got."

"I'm always satisfied," said Nellie, softly.

"I know you are," said Maude, raising her head, "and I can't make it out. Your father isn't half as rich as mine, and you can't do half as much good; I suppose it's your nature to be happy, and mine to be wretched. Roger Harford looked just as happy as you do; I suppose he has the same kind of nature. I'm glad, at any rate, you and he are not so wretched as I am."

Nellie shook her head.

"Well, what is it, then?" asked Maude, almost angrily. "I've tried everything, even religion."

"I know you tried religion," answered Nellie slowly, "but I don't think you have tried Christ."

"Whatever do you mean?" exclaimed Maude.

"It's just this—you have been believing in religion as a *thing*, instead of believing in Christ as a *Person;* you have loved good works, and sought to satisfy your soul with them, instead of with the goodness of Christ. No *thing* in heaven or earth can satisfy you, and no *one* but Christ. Oh, Maudie darling, if you once see Him by faith, if you once touch even the hem of His garment, if you once get even a glimpse of His matchless glory, you will be satisfied; *but not till then.*"

Maude was silent, but the tears gathered slowly in her eyes.

"You will find Him when you seek Him with all your heart," said Nellie softly, and then she left Maude alone, that she might come face to face with Christ.

* * * *

Before the snowstorm had spent its fury, the Sun of Righteousness Himself had turned Maude's Twilight into Day; the peace which she had missed in the Darkness of pleasure, and the Dawn of good works, had become "perfect," past all understanding, in the light of Christ's forgiveness, and the sunshine of His smile.

Roger Harford came down again for the New Year. One glance at Maude's sweet peaceful face showed him that the Light has risen on her life. A few words put things in train with Mr. Brenton, who had pretty well guessed how the land lay, and then it only remained for Roger to settle matters with Maude herself.

It did not take him long.

* * * *

Two busier workers than Roger Harford and his wife are not easily to be found, and as to Nellie Dalton, she is up and down at their house, almost exhausting the shaggy pony with his frequent drives to the station to start her on her journey, or bring her back to be the solace of her father's scanty leisure hours.

So all our story ends in the light of day.

My sisters, ask yourselves, as you stand at the end of another year, "Is it Darkness, Dawn, or Day with me?"

REST.

WHAT a comfort it is to lie down on one's bed at night after a trying, wearisome day! The longer the bed and the softer the couch, the more perfect and refreshing is the rest. "Tired nature" well knows what a sweet restorer is sound sleep on a good bed, where every limb and joint finds rest.

What a bed is to the tired body, Christ is to the weary soul. He indeed gives rest, satisfaction, comfort, peace to the burdened heart in all its anxiety and sorrow.

To know that sin is forgiven, that heaven is secure, and that nothing can separate us from the love of God, this is rest and peace indeed. Just as the body throws itself on its bed, letting the whole weight be borne by the couch; so the soul that throws itself on Christ, letting Him bear all the burden of the heavy heart, finds distractions gone, fear vanished, sorrow fled, because sin is buried, and peace with God secured.





'MID SNOW AND ICE.

DEC. 3, 1887.

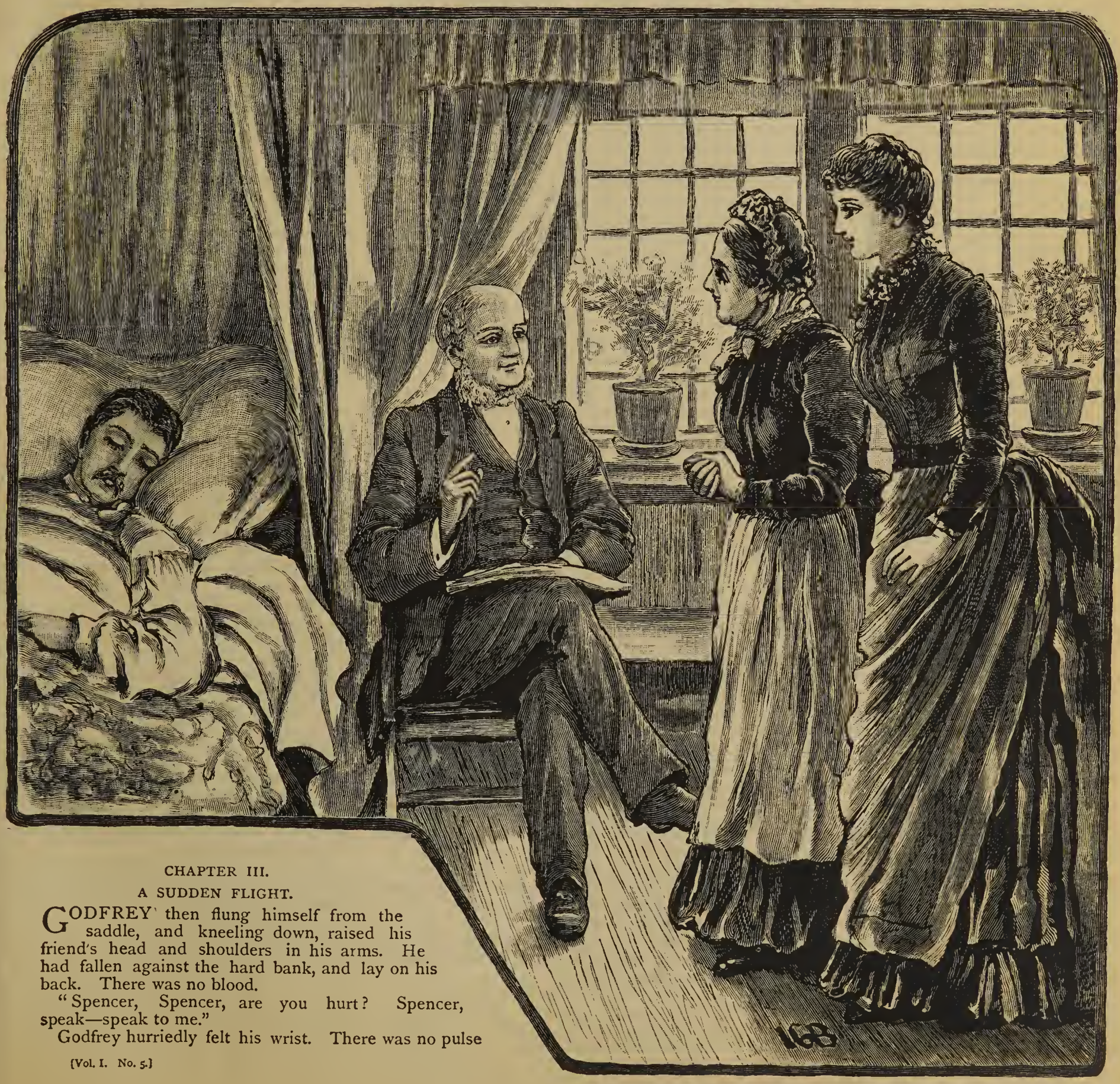
"A.1."

ONE PENNY.

WEEKLY—Edited by MRS. STEPHEN MENZIES.

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the *Snowbird*," "From Pole to Pole," "Thirteen Hundred Miles in My Caravan," etc., etc.



"*Raising his hand, he whispered, 'Hush!'*"

CHAPTER III.

A SUDDEN FLIGHT.

GODFREY then flung himself from the saddle, and kneeling down, raised his friend's head and shoulders in his arms. He had fallen against the hard bank, and lay on his back. There was no blood.

"Spencer, Spencer, are you hurt? Spencer, speak—speak to me."

Godfrey hurriedly felt his wrist. There was no pulse

there—never a flicker that could be distinguished. He lifted an eyelid. The pupil was all dilated, the blue of the iris almost hidden by the centre black. It was horrible!

Hardly knowing what he did, he rushed away to the brook for a hatful of water, wishing, praying, hoping against hope, that he might see a movement, though only the slightest, in his friend when he returned. No, no; there he lay, so still and quiet. Godfrey dashed water in his face. No movement. He once more felt his wrist—no flicker yet, and the hands were getting cold.

The great dog stood whining by, occasionally licking his master's hand or face with a quick, nervous motion.

Godfrey's horse stood quietly on the road, only looking round; the blackbird still fluted amongst the oaks, the brooklet sang, and the wind went whispering through the birches. No sounds save these.

"Speak, Spencer, speak. I've slain my brother!"

With something like a howl of anguish, with all hope dead in his heart, Godfrey threw himself on his face on the sward and sobbed. He was aroused shortly by the rattle of horse's hoofs on the road, the sound coming momentarily nearer. He started to his feet. It was only poor Spencer's hunter coming back, but it roused Godfrey to some kind of action. He patted the animal, then turned its head once more homewards.

"Go, poor beast," he said, "and break the news at home. *I* can ne'er return."

He drew his friend a little off the road—albeit the damp sweat dropped from his own brow as he did so—and covered him with a light dust-coat which he took from the pommel of his saddle.

Pluto lay down beside his master, casting but one more wistful glance at Godfrey as he tremblingly mounted and rode away.

It is a physiological fact that men in the state of mind in which Godfrey now was, are no more accountable for their actions than a baby with a rattle. A complete revulsion of the nerve-cells appears to take place—the will is entirely in abeyance; it is, for the time being, swamped.

Was he about to seek safety in flight? He hardly knew. He felt one thing acutely enough—that his punishment was almost greater than he could bear. If he was going to fly, it was not that he feared death; that to him now would have been a blessed relief, a relief he felt he did not deserve.

Scarcely knowing what he did, he clapped spurs to his horse, and went tearing along the road towards Allandene.

The doctor's house was in the nearest outskirts. The servant came to the door when he bent from the saddle and knocked. She started back in affright at Godfrey's wild and haggard appearance. Yes, the doctor was in. What had happened?

"Tell him," he said with the calmness of despair, "that my cousin Spencer Rae has been dashed—hurled from his horse, and lies in Robin Hood's Dene, and—and I fear that he is *dead*."

He was off again ere ever the good old surgeon could reach the door.

Where now? Should he see Rosa? Never again. And never again would he see father, mother, nor sister, nor darken with his terrible presence the door of their—not *his* now—innocent home. Such were his thoughts.

Men who have slain their fellow-beings and fled, have said that so great did the horror of their situation and state of mind feel, when in hiding, that it was a positive relief to give themselves up to justice; and that when the prison-doors were at last shut upon them, they heaved a deep-drawn, sobbing sigh, akin to that which a child gives when just recovering from some recent grief.

Godfrey's first thought was suicide—(he was not altogether mad, however; he knew there was a beyond)—his next, to give himself up. That would, indeed, have been a relief; but a luxury he did not deserve. He turned his horse's head southwards. If they took him—and he determined to do no skulking, no hiding in woods,—then well and good. If, on the other hand, he was spared, he would seek exile in a foreign land, and the wilder and more savage it was, the better. Even he, wretch that he was, might do good.

Do good? He? He felt he had made a mistake in even thinking the words.

"Oh! oh!" he groaned aloud, and on and on he sped. The village is soon left far behind, and hills and woods and streams. In the evening sunshine the road can now be seen stretching in an even, almost level line, for miles and miles towards the south. They are on a Yorkshire wold—partly moorland it is, partly stunted grass, or short heather, on which sheep are feeding that raise their heads to gaze in semi-alarm as horse and rider dash wildly past. Five miles at the very least he must have ridden along that straight and stony path. But the pace told on the trusty steed at last. He half limps now and then, while in his gallop his feet kick the stones; he is foam-flecked and snorting; so, in mercy, Godfrey draws rein and dismounts.

The sun is nearing the horizon, sinking down and down like a great blood-orange in the purple haze. There are the whirring notes of the grouse among the green heather, and a linnet is trilling its soft, sweet evening song perched upon a bush of furze; now and then a great beetle goes droning past in awkward flight, otherwise it is so quiet upon this wold that he can almost hear the song of the midges.

The broad sward on each side of the road is a mass of wild-flower beauty, and the air is laden with the odour of thyme.

Godfrey leans wearily against the saddle; all the beauty of the landscape is lost upon him. He hears nothing, sees nothing; his eyes are turned groundwards, his thoughts inwards. At last he starts from his painful reverie, gives one hasty glance around him, pats his steed, and remounts.

Onward again at the same break-neck pace. But the wold seems to have never an end. Dusk-shadows are falling; the last rook has passed overhead on its way to the distant woods, and bats are flitting around.

If he could come to an inn now, he would rest his steed for the night. Ah! yonder is one, a solitary house at the corner of cross-roads. He slackens speed, and pats his horse on the neck.

A flat sign hangs from a post near the door. He casts a glance upwards to read it before dismounting,—

"*The Gibbet Inn.*"

A shudder of something like horror passes quickly through his frame.

He cannot stay here.

At this lonely spot, in this dreary wold, the bodies of malefactors used, in days gone by, to be hung in chains.

"A beautiful evening, sir." It was a cheerful voice, and it came from the other side of the hedge that surrounded the little garden.

But Godfrey heard it not, nor heeded it.

"Strange," muttered the landlord to himself. "There is something wrong there."

Then he went inside and closed the door.

CHAPTER IV.

"HE'LL LIVE, I *THINK*."

In less than ten minutes after Godfrey left, old Dr. Wight, having with his own hands put his horse to the trap, was rattling along towards Robin Hood's Dene. His boy, who had been gardening, had arrived at the last moment, else the kindly-hearted medico would have driven off without him. There were occasions when he had to drive with speed, slow though Allandene was, but he never remembered making such haste before, for Spencer Rae was one of his chief favourites.

He did not give the good horse time to walk down the steep hill into the hollow or dene, but trotted him along at the risk of the animal's knees and his own neck.

He was very much surprised indeed not to find Godfrey before him. But here was no one,—only the great Newfoundland sitting by his master's side, and howling as if his poor heart would break. There really is something very affecting in the grief of a faithful dog.

But the doctor thought no more about Godfrey then, but proceeded at once to busy himself with his patient.

No pulse, apparently; eyes much dilated; all precisely as Godfrey had left him.

"Dead," said Dr. Wight, solemnly.

The doctor's boy was wonderfully soft-hearted, and he now began to cry.

"Stay, though," continued the doctor, putting a hand on Spencer's breast; "there still is warmth about the heart,—there still is hope. Run, Tom, as fast as legs can carry you, to the keeper's cottage yonder, and procure assistance to carry the poor gentleman. Stay—tell them to get boiling water ready."

The stalwart keeper and his assistant were soon on the ground, and, wrapped in rugs, Spencer—whether dead or alive, none yet could say—was gently borne to the cottage.

He was put into a warmed bed—the keeper's own—bottles of hot water were placed at his feet, a little tea poured down his throat, and to the doctor's inexpressible joy, soon after, a small thready pulse began to flicker at the wrist, a slight flush danced over the cheeks, and a little sobbing sigh escaped the lips.

Ill news flies apace.

In less than two hours, the farmers, Dennis and Rae, were at the cottage. But Dr. Wight would allow neither indoors.

Even big Jack Wingfield, the keeper, was banished from his humble cot. He had to take his supper out of doors, and for this night, at all events, would have to curl up with his cow.

"Could the doctor give any hope?" That was the question both fathers asked. But the doctor did not care to answer it. He had sent his boy home for "things," and he himself would stay here till poor Spencer was out of danger, or——

He did not finish the sentence, and Dennis and Rae betook themselves to a distance, to sit on a stone, and try between them to solve the terrible mystery.

The burning question was: "Why had Godfrey fled?" But there was no answer to it. A thousand and one conjectures only ended in leaving the matter as much a mystery as ever. But all joy and happiness had clean gone from those honest farmers' hearts for ever and a day, or so it seemed.

The sun went down; the sky became a darker blue, and the stars shone out, with a melancholy crescent of a moon, so that there

was hardly light enough to see each other's faces. The owls hooted in the woods, and now and then flew darkling over their heads between them and the stars.

Then they despatched the assistant keeper for a huge bundle of straw. Behind that rock they meant to make their bed for the night.

About eleven o'clock the doctor came quietly down, with a brighter look on his face.

"Yes," he said, "I have hopes that with great care and careful management——"

They would not let him say another word; each farmer wrung one of his hands.

"Oh! God bless you, doctor, for that," said Rae.

There were tears trickling over his brown face as he spoke, though none could see them in the starlight, for he dearly loved his lad.

Down they lay shortly after this, and in a few minutes were sound asleep.

Morning broke grey and lazily over the wooded hills, but soon the fog lifted, and there was evidence of the advent of a bright and beautiful day. Hours before the sun had lit up the higher clouds with gold and crimson, the blackbird and mavis burst into song. This was a sign for the bats to get under the bridges to hang in dark corners, head down, till eventide, and for the owls, glutted with the blood of innocents, to hide in the darkest thickets of spruce. The sun rose; the wild scabious, bent groundwards by the night dews, raised its head to the light; the convolvulus, pink and white, untwisted its petals; the bee, that had been overtaken by the darkness, and slept all night on a fragrant thistle-top, dried its wings and prepared to fly; and every flower or hedgerow, bank or sward, awoke to be wooed by the joyous sunlight.

Rae touched Dennis lightly on the shoulder. He sat up, bewilderingly rubbed his eyes, and gazed around him.

"Just such another day as yesterday," he murmured, hardly knowing what he said. Then, as the recollection of where he was, and why he was here, stole over him, his face fell.

"Heigho!" said the poor man; "just such another day as yesterday, but how different!"

"We know not, Dennis, what a day nor an hour may bring forth."

"Ah! doctor," added Rae, standing up; "you look a bit haggard and worn. Have you slept?"

"No."

Rae was almost afraid to ask the question next his heart, but the doctor required no inquisition.

"Better now," he said; "but he has had a sad night. Out of danger? Oh, my dear sir, no; but go home. Go home with this comfort in your heart, that I will do my best for your son. Go with a cheerful countenance, and send his mother here, and, if possible, his cousin, Maggie Dennis. We will need them both. I have made arrangements whereby they will have the whole cottage; for Spencer, even if he gets round, cannot be moved for weeks. Send every comfort you can think of for the ladies. I myself will see to Spencer."

"And I cannot even see my son before I return?"

"It will be better not to."

"Amen," said Rae.

An hour afterwards, Dennis and Rae were in Allandene. Rosa Neil was at the gate. She seemed to be looking for them, or for some one, and looked pale and scared.

"Oh," she cried, "what has happened?"

"You have seen no one? You have not seen Godfrey?" said Dennis.

"No," she replied; "is he not at home?"

Farmer Dennis's heart gave a big uneasy thump. It felt like molten lead in his chest—both heavy and pained. Had Godfrey gone anywhere, it would surely have been to the Neils'.

"I know not," he answered. "I know nothing. It is all a mystery, a terrible mystery. My nephew has fallen from his horse. But the question is, why has Godfrey gone?"

There was no answer to this. There could be none.

Dennis and Rae parted at the cross-roads, at the very spot where yester-morn, so lightsome and happy-hearted, their sons had met. They shook hands, but neither spoke; perhaps they dared not trust themselves to. Then each went on his own weary way towards his house of mourning.

One nurse from each farm—Spencer's mother and his cousin Maggie—were speedily established at the keeper's little cottage in the dene.

At first sight of her son, Mrs. Rae was nearly heart-broken. How still and quiet he lay! he who but the day before had been so full of hope and gaiety. The last time she had heard his voice, he was trolling a song that rhymed with the clatter of his great horse's hoofs, as he went cantering past the dining-room window to meet his friend. He had smiled, and kissed his hand to her, as he rode away. She remembered this, aye, and not this alone, but every word and look of her boy for long months before.

The first day wore slowly away, and evening fell. Mrs. Rae and Maggie sat beside the little cottage window, where the sunshine was shimmering in through the petals of the crimson geraniums. They sat quietly knitting, and spoke in whispers,—the mother ever and anon giving an uneasy, wistful glance towards the bed where the restless sufferer lay.

If she had one earthly comfort still remaining, it was to talk of him; to tell Maggie little domestic anecdotes of his early days, of his sayings and doings, of his love for herself and his obedience to his father—a thousand little odds and ends taken from the storehouse of a mother's memory.

"And ah!" she exclaimed that evening, as she laid aside her stocking with a sad sigh, "there he lies, and something tells me I'll never hear his voice again."

"Don't say that," said Maggie, repressing with difficulty an inclination to burst into tears. "Don't speak thus, aunt; your boy will live and be a comfort to you yet, for many a long year."

"Hush! hush! Maggie, niece. We are all in the good Lord's hands; but the best are always taken first."

Dr. Wight was blunt, and honest, and outspoken.

"No improvement." That was his verdict when he came, not five minutes after Mrs. Rae had finished speaking.

"Ladies," he added, "you'll go to bed. Not a morsel of good you'll be if you sit up. Only in the way. I'll be nurse again to-night, and I hate women-folks fussing about me. They are no good at a pinch. Obey orders, there's good ladies."

Grief and sorrow are wonderful narcotics, and this is but another proof that all things are wisely ordained. Both Mrs. Rae and Maggie slept soundly till far into the morning. Morning in the *rural* sense is meant, but it was seven o'clock before either stirred.

Dr. Wight had been to their door to listen a dozen times at least, but he would not wake them—not for the world.

When the two came into Spencer's room at last, they found the doctor sitting reading beside the geraniums. Raising his hand, he whispered, "Hush!" but there was a smile on his face. That smile gave hope, and his words gave joy. He took Mrs. Rae by the hand, and led her away out of doors, Maggie following on tiptoe.

"What a lovely morning! What heavenly weather!" he said at last.

"Yes, doctor; but that is not what you took us out to tell us. My son is better? He will live?"

"He'll do. He'll live, I *think*"—he put a good deal of cautious emphasis on the last word—"*if* he has proper nursing. I'll leave him soon now, to your care, and mind, no noise, no fuss, no sentiment, no expression of feeling, good, bad, or indifferent. You quite understand? Treat him for the time being as if he were a stranger. His life depends upon your strict attention to my orders. And if you don't obey, I'll—why, I'll send you both a-packing, and import a trained nurse from Leeds."

(*To be continued.*)

CLOUD-DRIFTS.

THICK clouds hung o'er the moorland,
Like floating airy isles;
And huge vapours capped the mountains,
And hid the sun's sweet smiles.
The river's roaring torrent
Was dashed to fleecy foam,
And all around seemed cheerless,
And I was far from home.
A stranger in that Highland scene,
A child, forsooth, in years and mien,
I could not see behind the scene.

A vivid flash of lightning
Illumed the darkness round,
And peal on peal of thunder
Now made the echoes sound.
And oh! I felt so wretched
Upon that lonely moor,
Till the mountain mists ungathered,
And the rain began to pour.
And then the sun sent forth his rays,
His genial warmth and steady blaze,
Whilst I upon his face did gaze.

But soon sweet strains of music
Came from the clouds above,
Like the symphony of angels
From the palaces of love.
A tuneful lark was soaring
Above their darkened pall;
He saw the sun's sweet glances
And th' blue sky over all.
Sweet songster! thou mightst well be bright,
For thou could'st see his glorious light,
Whilst I had nought but clouds like night.

That sweet-voiced lark hath taught me
Through years long past and gone—
Oft when mental clouds oppress me
And I think I am alone—
This lesson: that my Father,
With ever-loving care,
Beyond the cloud is smiling,
Though I cannot see Him there.
So, like the lark upon the wing,
My Father's praise I, too, would sing,
And trust Him e'en for everything.

WILL H. ROSS.

"BRING BACK THE COLORS."

OUR MONTHLY TALK.

BY THE EDITOR.

DEAR FRIENDS,—

I hope frequently to have the pleasure of a personal word with you at the beginning of the month, and you will allow me—will you not?—to imagine that we are face to face for a few moments, for a real, earnest talk.

Many of those who read our Paper are followers of Christ; but how few of us openly confess His Name, and so walk as to *adorn* the doctrine. We do love the Lord, but "secretly, for fear of the Jews." We wince under the scoff or reproach of mates; we retreat under the fire of the enemy's guns, instead of holding the ground by an unblushing confession of Him whose name we bear. Christ wants different stuff from that in His soldiers,—think you not? Men ready to stand right out on the Lord's side,—yes! even though they stand there alone. A British regiment was once quivering beneath the heat of the enemy's fire, and the Commanding Officer feared that the day was lost, and his men would be annihilated. "Bring back the colors!" was the reluctant order, as the young ensign, with the gallantry of English discipline, stood to his post, and stood alone. "Bring back the men to the colors!" shouted the heroic young standard-bearer. The enthusiasm of his pluck and daring nerved afresh his dispirited comrades; the broken lines closed up once more, and with a mighty plunge, the men rushed forward and recovered the day.

May I add yet one more incident? A young fair-faced soldier of but eighteen years lay dying in a military Hospital. "Poor mother," said he to the friend beside him, "tell her not to fret. I love Jesus; I put all my trust in Him. Tell my sister to hold out faithful, I want to meet them in heaven." He then committed to his friend's care his pocket-book and several keep-sakes, to be sent home. Then they sang together—

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

And the dying lad so responsively ejaculated: "If *he* (the dying thief) could trust Him, I can!" A short time after, Mr. W—— was sent for again. "He wants to see you." The memorandum-book was asked for, and from it three photographic pictures. They were held up one by one. "Dear mother," said the lad, as he pressed it to his dying lips—"dear mother; good-bye; how I wish I could see you; but I am going to die in G——." The tears flowed fast as he sobbed, "Good-bye,—Good-bye."

The next picture was his sister. "Good-bye; only be faithful." And another kiss was printed on the glass.

There was yet another picture. He gazed at it with unutterable tenderness and unsuppressed emotion; no name was uttered, but he kissed it again and again. Mr. W—— bent down and whispered: "This is hard." "Yes, it is hard," said the dying lad,—"I would like to go home; but I am content." That closing midnight scene can be better realised than described.

Only Christ, and the enjoyment of assured pardon through His precious blood, can give such calm tranquillity in the presence of the King of Terrors. And we must meet Him, too,—though probably not on the battle-field. If Christ be ours, in days of vigour, He will be ours right on through days of suffering, down into the dark valley, and across the river, where we can hold no hand but His. Oh! the blessedness of thus knowing and trusting Christ; of sheltering our guilty, sin-defiled souls beneath the fountain of the blood that cleanseth from all sin. Perhaps you are inwardly yearning for this deliverance? If so, rejoice. The Deliverer Himself is beside you. His boundless compassion allures you; He would even now lay you on His own shoulder, and bear you to His fold, rejoicing. And what doth hinder? Anything on *His* part? Lack of love, lack of power,—*anything?* Nay, verily; He is able to save to the uttermost them that *come*.

Will you not rise up quickly and come to Him? For "him that cometh," saith Jesus, "I will in no wise cast out." Do you ask: "What is it to come?" I give Christ's own exquisitely simple definition: "He that cometh to *Me* shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst." So, "believing" is "coming." A journey without one step! Only to trust Him, just where you are, and as you are.

It is such a grand thing to have the great question of salvation settled. No more halting, doubting, fearing—but calmly resting on the faithfulness of Him who cannot lie.

If I refuse Christ,—what, I ask, can the world give me, or what can the Devil offer? Only an aching, unsatisfied heart; a broken, disappointed spirit, anguish of soul, hopeless despair, and eternal woe. Beloved friends, choose ye this day. Blessing or cursing; death or life? Surely, you *will* choose life, even Him who is the Life.

You will remember what a privilege I esteem it, to be able to help any soul nearer to Jesus. If doubts and difficulties beset your spiritual life, or if you are seeking the Saviour, will you not write to me and let me share your anxiety and help you, through our Correspondence Column, or by personally replying to any letters? No greater pleasure or reward can be given than to be allowed to share the spiritual difficulties and perplexities of those who are seeking the Kingdom of God. By the help of the Holy Spirit, we shall hope to meet these, and you do not need the assurance that they will be regarded as confidential.

I have to thank many of you—and young men amongst the number—for some very hearty words of appreciation of our Paper. Day after day, I am cheered in what is undoubtedly arduous work, by these testimonies; and thus stimulated, one finds infinite pleasure in trying to make our Paper as helpful, profitable, and attractive, as may be possible.

To those Clergymen, Ministers, and other Christian Workers who have distributed Specimen Copies, we are sincerely indebted; nor less so, to a large number of young men, who amongst their fellow-workmen and Bible-Class mates, have taken up our Paper with a determination to make it a success. The steady, we may almost say,—rapid way in which each week's circulation is increasing,—tells with what happy results.

Let me add that I specially rely on my young men friends to use the many opportunities *they* have for circulating "A. 1.;" and will you pray that God will use it week by week to convey many a message of strength and cheer? Its columns are open for the ventilation of difficulties—for answers and inquiries, and for practical suggestions on any and every topic of interest to young men. I want our young men to claim this Paper as their own, and put it to every possible use. "To do good, and to communicate, forget not." How little have we thought of "*communicating*" as a definite responsibility! If we have received help or light, either directly through the Holy Spirit's teaching, or through experience in the Lord's work, let us feel it incumbent upon us to impart to others.

With affectionate Christian remembrance,

Believe me,

Ever your true friend,

M. Jane Menzies

10, *Croxteth Road, Liverpool,*
December, 1887.

GABRIEL PAUNCEFORTH'S BOY;

OR,

"S'POSE YOU BELIEVED IN GOD?"

By M. BUTLER GERDS.

JOHN GREY had been wholly unsuccessful in obtaining in Old England the position he desired in life, so he decided that he would go to the New World, and see if he could not do something there. In New York he set about work at once; and as he had a couple of thousand pounds to start with, he closed with what seemed in every way a tempting offer. Papers were signed and agreements drawn up, and he found himself in partnership with a man thirty years his senior.

For six months matters went on splendidly, but one fine day, when he reached the office, he found the door locked, and a written message posted up that the Firm was "suspended." This was a very cool announcement, and it had the effect of nearly freezing poor John. After making inquiries, he found that his "partner" had been trading under false pretences, that he had fled to escape justice, and taken the two thousand pounds.

For four months John did all he could to find him, but without success. At last, to keep himself from starving, he took a clerkship at ten dollars a week; but finding, after a time, that this would not do, he resolved to try his fortune out West.

With all his worldly possessions in his hands, he was pacing the depôt on the day of his departure, and looked, as he felt, very wretched. Not one consoling thought came to him; and how should it, when he knew not the only Source of true consolation? He stopped in his walk, exhausted by his thought, put his baggage down by his side, and wiped the moisture of nervous fear from his brow. As he did so, he saw a kind-looking, happy-faced young fellow watching him with pity in his searching glance. Their eyes met, and they were obliged to nod—John Grey in a hopeless kind of way, the other with an honest smile as accompaniment. Presently the stranger came up. "Pardon my speaking, but I think we are both bound for the same place. Can I be of any use to you?"

John was in a bad mood. He looked at the shabby clothes of the other man, and for a moment judged him by them.

"Any use?" he said, repeating the words. "No one can be of any use to me now. I have not an office to offer anybody, and not a cent by the side of that."

The stranger did not wince—did not heed the *words;* he was looking at the abstracted, miserable face before him.

"Sir," he answered, "that is not the way

in which I offered to help you. I do not need work nor cents ; but surely if one is entitled to speak to another in brotherly sympathy, I, more than any other man, should be, seeing your misery.

John was touched ; the shabby clothes were forgotten. He saw before him a gentleman in heart and speech. "Forgive me," he said, "I *am* miserable, and so hardly noticed your kind words ; but no one can help me now."

"Ah, we never know what even a seemingly chance word may do. I heard you tell the booking-clerk to give you the cheapest ticket he had. I said the same thing myself in this depôt five years ago, and I thought then, as you do now, that there was no help for me anywhere. I saw no prospect of anything good ; and so, though I am a stranger to you, I asked for the cheapest fare to-day, that I might travel with a man who is, as I once was, wretched."

The cars were coming in, and he stooped to lift John's baggage. "Stop!" cried its owner ; "let me show you my card. I have been in partnership with a rogue, and am taken by some for as great a rogue as he ; though I am more wronged than they."

"Are you John Grey?" interrogated the stranger, a surprised joy discovering itself in his tones ; "then you are more than ever in need of my help. Come, the cars are in."

The two hastened to get seats, and were soon on their way in the most crowded part of the train. Here they began to converse ; and as they sped on towards the place that was the home of one, and the destination of both, Grey opened his heart, and confided all his trouble to the other man. The stranger listened with the keenest interest, then he asked,—

"Did you ever make a partner of the Father of all men?"

"No. What do you mean? I do not like the sound of it." And John's lip curled, half contemptuously, at the idea.

"Just this," replied the other man ; "five years ago, when I came out, I believed in neither God nor man, and a young fellow who helped me to dig the ground on which my home stands now, startled me one day as we were driving the first posts in, by asking me, 'Say, master, s'pose now you b'lieved in God, what would you do? 'Twould make a power o' difference in this yer plot!' I boxed his ears, and told him to mind his own business, and he coolly answered that just now I was his master, so my business was his. I was rather tickled at the notion, so I answered his first question. 'If I believed in God,' I said, 'I suppose I should be reading the Bible, and not troubling to build houses ;' and then I made a bit of a mock of all religion, and ended by asking the boy if he preferred Psalm-singing and such-like to anything else."

"I suppose he said he did?" interpolated John.

"No, not a bit of it. He said Psalm-singing had its place, like everything else, but what he liked best of all was to know that he had made the Lord his active Partner, for he knew that the business would always go well. As he dug twice as much as I did, I thought there was something in this, and I admired his freedom from cant. 'What difference will it make in the plot?' I asked. 'A mighty deal,' he said ; 'if you was the Lord's, this land 'ud be His, and He'd just make it grow splendid ; and you'd lose them wrinkles, 'cause He'd take all the responsibility.'"

But John Grey did not understand this sort of talk ; so he yawned, and looked tired, and said in a business tone :—

"But there is nothing practical in all this kind of thing."

"Oh yes, there is," said the other ; "because I put all my concerns into that boy's Governor's hands. And they have been there ever since. It has been such a plaything, that though I was not worth ten dollars then, I can command fifty thousand now, and more to follow."

"How is it done?" asked Grey, looking more interested.

"This way : You get a peep of your own vile heart ; you soon find that its value is *nil*, but Somebody thinks that it is so precious that He lays down His life for it. This is so wonderful that you feel you had better make it over to Him, which you do. You have now, practically, given *yourself* into the keeping of Another. When a man gives himself, he generally gives all else along with such a bad bargain ; that's what I did."

"I'm still no wiser," said John coldly.

"Then you shall be. I was as despondent as a man can be, when that boy's words woke me up to the real cause of my despondency. I saw it as plainly as I see you. Some men are honest to all but themselves, but I felt that I must be honest with myself, and so I told the boy I was going to try his Master. But as I knew I was a sinner, not fit for such a Master, I made Christ my Saviour, and I rejoice every hour that I did so. That boy is head man now over most of my concerns ; but I am wanting a head clerk. When you have seen my place, perhaps you will be induced not only to keep my ledgers, but to put yourself under my Master. At any rate, I hope so."

All this time the stranger had kept his name a secret, and when John asked for it, he said, "Oh, wait till you get to Kingsville ; you will soon know."

He named such high terms to John, that the latter mentally resolved, whatever the position involved, that he would accept the clerkship. The shabby man began to read a penny Gospel Tract, and when John said : "Have you got a fellow to that?" he drew one out of his pocket, and handed it to him without a word.

At last Kingsville was reached, and there was a buggy at the depôt to meet the travellers. John did not hear the jolly looking driver say, "Ah, you've found him, sir!" or he might have been puzzled ; nor did he hear the reply, "Thank God, yes, I have, Steve," or he might have been more mystified still. They drove through several plantations, then over a splendid acreage of farm land, and at last reached the offices, and then the house of the stranger. John looked everywhere for a name, but could not see one ; he was growing curious. In an interval, being alone with Steve, he asked : "What is my host's name?" "He has not told you, sir? Well, I guess he's longing to do it, and I'm sure he won't keep you long, sir."

At last John and his new friend stood together in a spacious office. The shabby clothes were doffed ; the proprietor of the fine estate and the profitable business looked what he was, a comfortable, thriving gentleman of the best commercial circles.

"What have you thought of my offer?" he asked.

"I accept it, whatever it involves," replied the other.

"Good ; will you kindly sign this agreement, and then we will get some dinner. I know it is waiting."

"Gabriel Paunceforth!" exclaimed John, "the name of the man who ruined me, body and *soul*, I was going to say!"

"The same. I am his son. I have searched for you for two months. I have prayed for you ever since I heard your name in connection with my father's. Part of my prayer has been answered—I have found you ; and I believe all my prayer will be answered ere long. I shall never rest until you are restored financially to the position in which my father found you ; I have placed two thousand pounds to your credit, and ——"

John could hear no more ; he sank into a chair and sobbed, and there Gabriel Paunceforth left him for a quarter of an hour. At the end of that time he returned. John sprang to meet him. "God bless and reward you!" he exclaimed fervently ; "you have filled my heart with gratitude and hope, and you have made me resolve to seek your God ; for a religion that can turn out such a man as you *must* be worth having, and I am going to try it." He put his recovered money into the Paunceforth business, and worked hard to repay so great a benefactor as Gabriel ; he took only half the salary that was offered him, and felt well paid at that ; and last, but not least, he gradually came to put himself into the keeping of the eternal God, his Saviour, and rejoiced Gabriel's heart by making a public profession of the same. Exactly one year and one day from the time they met, and five months after Grey became a Christian, the two men changed their business relations towards each other, and entered into partnership as Paunceforth & Grey.

"There is but one thing in which we do not unite," said Gabriel one day to John.

"Name it," said the latter, "and it shall no longer be so."

"Pray for my poor, erring father," answered Gabriel sadly.

"Ah, then we are not alone, even in this, for I have prayed for him, as you did for me, for the past two months."

Three months after this, they heard from Valparaiso that Gabriel Paunceforth the elder had died in a public hospital there ; and on inquiry, they found that an Englishman visiting him daily was assured of his repentance and forgiveness in Christ. They paid all his debts in full, and John never felt happier than he did on the day when he went to New York, and satisfied, one by one, the claims against his late partner.

And Steve, the boy who sowed the little seed in Gabriel's heart? He got the notion that the Lord *would* have him to be a missionary, and everything seeming to point that way, Paunceforth & Grey sent him to College for three years, and when he left, the board of directors said they had never turned out a more satisfactory missionary than the Rev. Stephen Eames. He left his mark behind him, and he took it with him to Western Africa.

Gabriel Paunceforth never forgot his words to him in the house-plot ; he always declares that that was his first sermon, and all the congregation was converted!

Our first Monthly Part, with striking Frontispiece, now ready of all booksellers, 6d.

Specimen copies of —"A. 1."— will still be sent, carriage paid, to any Clergyman, Minister, or teacher, who can dispose of them to advantage. We heartily thank those who have thus promoted our circulation.

OUR ENGLISH BIBLE.

By the Rev. Canon Taylor, D.D.

(*St. Chrysostom's, Liverpool.*)

THE English Bible is a translation of a book, or a collection of books, originally written in languages long since dead; viz., Hebrew and ancient Greek. Those composing the Old Testament were written during a space of about 1,000 years, from B.C. 1500, to B.C. 400. They were written, as we believe, by inspired men of God, from Moses to Malachi. The New Testament was written from A.D. 40, to A.D. 90 or 95. The books of the Old Testament are thirty-nine, written by Hebrew Prophets; those of the New Testament are twenty-seven, by inspired Apostles. Thus the entire collection of separate pieces amounts to sixty-six. They are written in every variety of style and literature. They are historical, poetical, doctrinal, ethical, parabolical, and prophetical; but the grand subject is one throughout,—salvation by the incarnate Son of God,—redemption through His precious blood,—regeneration and sanctification by His blessed Spirit.

The earliest portion of the Bible was written some 3,500 years ago, the latest 1,800 years since; 1,500 years therefore elapsed between the production of its earliest and its latest portion. Some thirty different men were engaged in its formation. They were of all ranks and conditions, kings, princes, peasants, priests, ploughmen, fishermen, and tax-gatherers. But the marvel of the Book is, that the 66 books make one Book, pervaded by a marvellous organic unity of design and subject. Why is this? Its real Author is God. The Book is a miracle, and nothing can account for it but a Divine Authorship.

The Old Testament was translated into Greek about 270 B.C., and this edition is called the Septuagint. It was the work of some learned Jews in Alexandria.

The New Testament consists of history,—*i.e.*, the fourfold biography of Christ, and the Acts of the Apostles, or history of the early Church; of the 21 Epistles or letters of the Apostles, and of the Apocalypse of St. John the divine. Copies were quickly made, and translated into the other languages of the time. The earliest versions were the Peschito, or Syriac, and the Vetus Latina, both in the 2nd century; the latter became the basis of the Vulgate of the 4th century. There was an early translation of the four Gospels into Gothic, by Ulphilas, Bishop of the Goths. It is at present in the Library of the University of Upsala, and is called the Codex Argenteus.

The English version of the Bible began in some early Anglo-Saxon fragments, notably those of Bede, the monk of Jarrow, in the 8th century. He translated the four Gospels, or nearly so, for he died before they were quite complete. Feeling his end approaching, he told the youth who acted as his amanuensis to write quickly. "Master," said the youth, "there is yet one sentence wanting to complete the text." The aged monk gave it to him. "Master," said the youth again, "it is finished." To which the dying man replied: "Yes, it is finished; it is well." And then, putting himself into an attitude of devotion, he breathed out the doxology: "Glory be to the Father," etc., and passed away. King Alfred produced a Saxon version of the Psalms, and some other portions. But the great work of translating the whole Bible into English was first accomplished by John Wycliffe, Rector of Lutterworth, *circa* 1370. Of course it was all in manuscript, and we can well imagine what a laborious work it was. He was one of the Reformers before the Reformation. In this sense he was before his time; but he sowed the seed, and to some extent disseminated the light of the pure Gospel, so that he has been well called "The Morning Star of the Reformation." He excited the opposition of the hierarchy, and of those who loved the old superstitions, and though he escaped actual martyrdom, he suffered much persecution. Forty years after his death his bones were dug up and burned, while his doctrines were denounced, and his Bible condemned, by the ecclesiastical authorities.

William Tyndale, in 1526, was the first who translated the New Testament from the *original Greek*, and he had it printed.

Wycliffe's work was not from the Greek, of which he was probably ignorant, but from the Latin vulgate; and it was, as stated above, in writing. But Tyndale drew from the original fountain, and gave it to the world by the printing press. He was a graduate of Oxford, priest and tutor, but he was also one of the early Reformers. Luther's great movement was already stirring the heart of Germany, and its pulsations were being felt in England. One threatened him with the displeasure of the Pope. "I defy the Pope," was the reply; and he added that, if he lived, he would make "the boy who followed the plough know more of the Bible than the Pope and all his doctors." He had to fly to the Continent, and then at Cologne, Worms, and Antwerp, he carried on his work, and sent the printed volumes to England. They were bought up by the Bishop of London, and publicly burnt at St. Paul's, in the vain hope of stopping the circulation. The only effect, however, was to enable Tyndale to bring out a better edition, with valuable corrections.

He was betrayed at Vieford, near Brussels, strangled, and then burnt. His last words were; "O Lord, open the eyes of the King of England." (1536.)

A few years after Tyndale's New Testament, Miles Coverdale, of Cambridge, monk, priest, and Reformer, translated the whole Bible into English, out of German and Latin. This was the first version of the whole Bible *printed* in English, A.D. 1536, the year in which Tyndale was martyred.

In 1537, Matthews' Bible appeared. This was an edition published by John Rogers, the first martyr in Mary's reign. The Old Testament of this edition was translated by Tyndale and Coverdale, the New Testament was that of Tyndale. It received the Royal licence through the influence of Cranmer, and in 1538 was ordered to be set up in churches for the people to read. The name "Matthews" was assumed. Cranmer's "Great Bible," so called from its size, was a revision of Matthews' Bible, superintended by Coverdale. It was published about 1539, by the authority of the Archbishop.

The Geneva Bible appeared in 1560. It was translated at Geneva from the original Hebrew and Greek, by Coverdale and others; it was a very valuable edition, much in favour with the English refugees.

The Authorised Version appeared in 1611, by order of James I. Seven years were occupied in its translation, and the forty-seven divines engaged in the work were divided into six companies; two at Oxford, two at Cambridge, and two at Westminster. It received a final revision at London. This work ranks first amongst the English classics.

It has been in undisputed possession of the field for the last 270 years, and in my judgment is destined to hold it still. The Revised Version of 1881 will never supersede it. In some few particulars, no doubt, it is an improvement on the old translation; but thousands of alterations have been perfectly needless, and are, in my opinion, puerile in the extreme. It met with severe criticism from Dr. Wordsworth, the late learned Bishop of Lincoln, and has been absolutely pulverized by the Dean of Chichester, Dr. Bingon. Still, every student of the Bible should have a copy of it, for comparison. It will sometimes cast light on the authorised rendering; but one cannot but feel that in their efforts after literal accuracy, the translators sometimes sacrificed the grand old Saxon idiom, to which we have been accustomed; *e.g.*, "The lamp thereof is the Lamb," reads very tamely compared with the noble rhythm, "The Lamb is the light thereof." So also the description of John the Baptist, as "the lamp that burneth and shineth," instead of "he was a burning and a shining light." And the alteration is the more to be regretted, as the original word in both cases is not a lamp, as in Rev. 4. 5, but a light.

In reviewing the history of our English Bible, we see that the earlier efforts were made under great difficulties, by poor men like Wycliffe, Tyndale, and Coverdale. Truly other men laboured and suffered in the face of great opposition, and even persecution; and we have entered into their labours. They were, however, helped by the providence of God, in the revival of literature in the 15th century, the study of the Greek language, and the invention of printing, whereby copies were multiplied, and the cost of production marvellously cheapened. The price of the New Testament in Wycliffe's time was about £3, equal to £40 of our money. Now we can buy the New Testament, beautifully printed, clear and distinct, for one penny!

The influence of the Bible on the English nation has been wonderful. It has moulded, indeed I may say it has made, England, and formed the national character. The Reformation of the 16th century is inextricably bound up with the English Bible, and the recognition of the Bible as the Divine rule of faith and practice has established the principle that it is the right and the duty of every person to have, read, and study it for himself. This principle necessarily produces, so far as it is practised, habits of intelligence, piety, and self-reliance, and a feeling of direct personal responsibility to God.

A few words, in conclusion, as to the personal use of the Bible.

1. I would recommend the help of an "Introduction" or "Companion to the Bible."

2. Read the Bible daily, using it as a Book of devotion, for the purpose of prayer and praise. St. Paul's Epistles supply the former; the Book of Psalms the latter. Above all, read the life, sayings, and works of Christ, the Life of lives.

3. Remember its great object and subject. Its object, to make wise unto salvation; its subject, Christ and His Redemption.

4. Diffuse it, as the best defence against infidelity and superstition, the surest bulwark of order and freedom.

5. Never allow any, as far as you can prevent, to undermine its authority by rationalistic interpretation, or to overlay it by sacerdotal assumption.

6. Claim the right to have free and unimpeded access to your Father's message, in His own words.

THE OLD VIOLIN.

By E. H. KNAPP.

CHAPTER I.

"And inspirations that we deem our own,
Are some Divine foreshadowing and foreseeing
Of things beyond our reason and control."
—LONGFELLOW.

THE sweet, pathetic strains of one of Mendelssohn's Lieder floated through the concert room, entrancing the large audience with its wistful pleading. At length the last note, prolonged till it seemed a whisper, died away in the silence, and then the clapping of hundreds of hands, and the thunder of applause, resounded through the room again and again, until at last the successful player reappeared. There was no withstanding such an appeal, and once more he played, so they said afterwards, as he had never played before, an impromptu. Sadder and sadder grew the music, until it seemed as if the heart were broken. It was a Lebewohl, unpublished, the production of the moment. No applause followed; it seemed as if a wave of sorrow had passed over all. Tears were in some eyes that night.

Herr Räume, the successful violinist, retired immediately afterwards. He knew the feelings he had stirred; he knew that the silence then was worth all the thunder of the former appreciation.

He was an elderly man, tall and thin, with snow-white hair, which waved over a broad, massive brow. The expression of his face was sad in the extreme. He looked, and he was, a broken-hearted man; for though genius and fame were his, his only son, neglecting the genius which he had doubly inherited from his father, had disappointed all his hopes, and, like the Prodigal Son, left all and gone into a far country, where he wasted his substance and talents in a life of idleness and dissipation.

Conrad Räume had run away when seventeen, with a companion whose influence over him had always been for evil. His poor father, young in years, but old in the trouble which ages in so short a time, was left in the old city of Leipzig, to live lonely and unloved, studying the art which made life worth living to him, and trying to hope for the best. "Watch and wait" was his motto, and day by day he prayed for his erring and dearly loved son, who had lost a mother's care when too young to know anything about it.

In the house where he lodged, lived a widow lady, with an only girl, who had grown up with Conrad as a sister, and now all she could do to comfort the poor father, she did. Esmé was passionately fond of music, and had one of those sympathetic natures, which know so well how to enter into others' joys and sorrows. Herr Räume, when playing that night, felt that Esmé, who was there, would understand his meaning, and each note seemed to tell her that hope was dying. Very sad were her thoughts as she quietly walked home with her mother.

"How ill Herr Räume looks, mother," she said, as they went slowly through the crowded streets; "he gets worse and worse; they say that he is dying. I heard Carl Trinken telling his sister so to-night, when he was playing that lovely impromptu. Poor man! poor man! that wicked Conrad has broken his heart."

When they reached home, they found Herr Räume there. "Esmé, my child, I want to see you," he called out, as he heard her light footstep passing his door.

She went in, and found him leaning back in his chair, very exhausted.

"My child," he said, "I feel I shall not be with you much longer, and I have a last request to make; will you remember it?"

"I will try, Herr Räume."

"Listen, then. When I die, will you keep my violin for Conrad, when he comes home again? for I know he will return, though I shall not be here to welcome him; it is my last wish, little one."

"Dear Herr Räume, you are tired to-night, you will feel better to-morrow; but I promise you."

"You will promise never to let it go out of your possession on any account, or under any circumstances?"

"Never," said Esmé earnestly, adding gently, as she stroked the thin, white hand, that fingered so tenderly the old Cremona violin, which had been his daily companion for so many years, "I hope God will spare you to see Conrad once more; and, oh, I should miss you so dreadfully!"

A faint, sweet smile flitted over Herr Räume's face, and he smoothed Esmé's cheek softly. "You will miss the old violin, my child; it will be silent for a time, till Conrad comes; then he will make it speak again; the soul of the violin will awake once more, when the wanderer returns, though its old master will have passed away for ever. And now I must rest, so good-night, Esmé; to-morrow I will play again to you, if I can. Remember your promise."

"Good-night, Herr Räume; I will not forget," said Esmé, as she stole out of the room, taking one last look at the face she loved so well, ere she closed the door and left him alone.

Early the next morning, when Esmé went in with some fresh flowers for Herr Räume, she found him where she had left him the night before, in the same position, resting his head on his hand, as though asleep.

"Herr Räume, see these sweet flowers, all fresh from the garden; they are for you."

But he moved not, spoke not, and Esmé, in sudden terror, ran to his side. Only too soon did the truth flash on her. The broken heart was healed at last. The wonderful music that he had made last night, was now continued and perfected for him in heaven. For him, Esmé could not mourn; but for herself,—the dreary void in her life could not be filled.

The weeks following his death passed like a dream. The old violin, which was consigned to her, as arranged in his will, was treasured with the greatest care. Fastened to the neck of the violin, Esmé found a thin strip of parchment, with the words, "Für meinen lieben Conrad, wenn er nach Hause kommt," written on it in faint, feeble writing.

Great was the consternation in musical Leipzig, when the death of Herr Räume was announced. In the height of his fame. Now that perfect "Lebewohl" would never more be heard. Lost for ever! buried in the still, deep echoes of the past!

For several years after this, Esmé's life went on monotonously; now that there was no Herr Räume to play to her by the hour, her life felt very empty. Music had always had a different meaning to her than to any of her companions. She had heard, as it were, with Herr Räume's ears, and now that he was dead, the thoughts and feelings of her friend became even more than ever the mainspring of her life.

"Art," he had said one day to her, "is to purify and ennoble; it should ever elevate the thoughts and feelings; it is a gift from God to make others better, and to draw us nearer to Him."

All he did or said was the same, and Esmé had unconsciously been forming her life from his.

She practised assiduously; and, although no genius, yet her music awoke longings in the hearts of those who heard her; for Esmé's whole soul spoke in every note. She was often asked to play at concerts, and one New Year's Eve, which she remembered long afterwards, she was obliged to go alone to a grand choral concert, in which she was to take part; for her mother, who had become rather feeble, was not well enough to go that night with her.

As soon as the concert was over, Esmé hurried off home, feeling anxious to get back to her mother, who had seemed lonely and depressed.

As she walked quickly in the direction of Grieg Platz, where she lived, the streets seemed to become more and more crowded. She never remembered having such difficulty in forcing her way along.

At last, meeting another rush of people coming in a contrary direction, Esmé was carried along in the opposite way to where her home was, and feeling lonely, and rather frightened at finding herself so far away, she managed to slip into a doorway, where she thought she would wait till the crowd passed.

"Grieg Platz is quite destroyed; the whole circle of houses was in flames when the engines arrived," said a passer-by, carelessly, as he crossed Esmé's hiding-place.

A hand was flung on his arm, and a stifled, agonised voice cried,—

"Sir, sir, tell me; what did you say?"

"Pardon, Fräulein," said the speaker, as he turned. "Oh! Grieg Platz is burnt. Why, what is the matter; do you know any one there?"

"It is my home," gasped the girl, white as death, "and my mother!"

"All the inhabitants are safe," said the gentleman, kindly.

"Thank God! thank God!" murmured Esmé, convulsively.

The stranger hesitated a moment, then looking kindly at her, said,—

"I will take you back if you will trust me."

Esmé glanced at his frank, open face, and thankfully accepted the kind offer.

As they hurried on towards Grieg Platz, she found herself telling this new friend many little details of her home life, and of her great love for music.

He proved an attentive listener, and told her how great an interest he took in those who devoted their lives to the study of Art. It seemed a long time to the impatient Esmé, ere they entered the familiar street which led into the well-known Platz.

When they reached the scene of the fire, the smoking houses, falling bricks, and rushing people, bewildered her, and she clung to her kind protector for support.

"If I could only find out where my mother is—ah! there is Gretchen. Oh, Gretchen, Gretchen," she cried eagerly, as a stout, good-natured woman pressed close to her, pushing her way through the crowd, "where is my mother?"

"Miss Esmé, my dear, how lucky I am to find you! Your mother is half wild with anxiety; she was so afraid you would be lost. Quick, come with me."

"This kind gentleman has taken care of me," said Esmé, as she turned to thank him; but he had disappeared. In a few moments, Esmé was clasped in her mother's arms.

"My child, my child, oh! thank God you are safe!" cried the widow, as she pressed her child to her heart.



"Keep my violin for Conrad, . . . I know he will return."

Her mother was saved, that was all that Esmé thought of at first. She had been taken by Gretchen, on the first alarm of fire, to the house of the old washerwoman who had worked for them for years.

Some careless servant had spilt a lamp in an adjoining house; the inflammable oil caught the wood-work, and soon the wooden house was in flames. It burnt like tinder, and very soon the fire spread, and the whole of Grieg Platz was destroyed.

"Nothing could be saved, Esmé," said her mother, "not even the violin. A number of things were thrown out of the house; but even if the violin was amongst them, I doubt if we shall find it again."

Esmé was greatly grieved at this, and the next day she went to the scene of the fire, inquiring of every one if they had seen it; but "No" was the answer which greeted all her inquiries.

She found a table and two or three chairs belonging to them, but that was all. All their little treasures were gone, except just a few things which her mother had brought away with her.

She and her mother were in very poor circumstances after this, for they had lost all their worldly goods; therefore Esmé had to work hard, giving music lessons to try to help her mother.

CHAPTER II.

"Creep home and take your place, lad,
The maimed and halt among;
God grant you find one face there
You knew when you were young."
—KINGSLEY.

How often in the days that followed the fire did Esmé wonder what had become of the old violin.

How often did she grieve over the promise which she would never now be able to fulfil; though, as the years passed by, and no news of Conrad Räume came, the hope of seeing him once more grew fainter and fainter.

Times were hard now to Esmé, and she grew pale and thin with anxiety; her mother's health failed fast, and she could not procure the little delicacies with which she longed to be able to tempt the invalid.

However, one bright, sunny day in the Autumn, some months after the scene described in the last chapter, Esmé was walking quickly homewards with a happy smile on her face.

In her pocket, carefully hidden in the innermost recesses of the little well-worn purse, lay two golden sovereigns, part of her hardly-earned salary, and with it she meant to get a few luxuries for her mother.

As she turned down a narrow bye street, which would take her home a shorter way, her eye was attracted by a large placard in a dingy shop full of quaint old musical instruments, announcing a sale of all the present stock, amongst it a Cremona violin, slightly damaged, dirt cheap.

The violin was hanging in the window, and Esmé glanced carelessly at it. Something in it seemed familiar, and looking at it more carefully, with a start of joy, she recognised the lost violin of Herr Räume.

But how could she use her little bit of money, when her mother needed all that she could earn? How eagerly she had looked forward to getting her some little dainty that night.

It seemed almost impossible to decide. Her promise, and her love for her mother were both fighting for the victory.

While she still stood hesitating, a poorly-dressed, ragged-looking man passed into the shop, and in a minute the violin disappeared.

Esmé hesitated no longer; her mother would say it was right; but how hard it seemed, and there was little chance of its costing less than two pounds.

"At any cost I must purchase it, and fulfil my solemn promise," she said to herself.

She entered the dingy little shop, just as the dealer was saying: "Come, it's no use your standing haggling there; you shan't have it for fifteen shillings, or for fifty shillings; so be off."

The stranger now had lost his chance of the bargain, and, looking longingly at the violin, moved off with a sigh.

Esmé's heart sank; how could she hope to get it with only two pounds?

After nearly half an hour spent in explaining and bargaining, the dealer consented to let her have it for that amount; for, as he said, "she was a lady, and that other fellow was a regular bad lot;" besides, Esmé's story of the violin interested him.

Joyously did Esmé hasten home with her treasure; and her mother's words: "Quite right, my child; I would not have had you miss the opportunity of regaining possession of the violin on any account," rewarded her. "And see, dear, our good Gretchen has made some hot cakes for your tea, as she said you should have something nice to cheer you up before you go to the concert."

Esmé smiled; but the thought of the sacrifice she had had to make weighed heavily on

her mind, as she watched her mother, and noted how fragile she looked. Mrs. Frieden noticed the shadow which passed over her child's face, and, guessing its cause, tried to divert her thoughts, by asking her all particulars of how she had found the lost violin. She soon heard all about the poor man, who, Esmé said, looked so disappointed when he found that he could not buy it.

"I was so thankful, mother, though, that he did not. The dealer told me a poor girl had brought it to him some weeks ago, and I expect she did not get much for it; for the dear old thing has been so hurt by the knocking about, that it is very dilapidated now; but it is a real Cremona, mother, and worth hundreds of pounds; Herr Räume told me so. I suppose some one picked it up after the fire. I hope it will not be spoilt."

"I hope not indeed, dear," said her mother; "but now I think it is time for you to get ready for the concert."

Esmé did not take very long, for her dress had done duty on many occasions before. Her only ornament was a tiny diamond star, which had belonged to her great-grandmother. She looked very sweet as she stood waiting for Gretchen, who was going with her; so her mother thought, as she put a few finishing touches to the simple toilet. She was just saying "Good-bye," when a loud double knock, and a voice asking if "Miss Esmé Frieden lived there," interrupted her; and great was her surprise when Gretchen walked into the room with some beautiful hothouse flowers, and a little note.

"For Miss Esmé Frieden, from her conductor on the night of the fire, Graf Bernardt von Errichstein," read Esmé. So that was her kind protector, the man of whom all Leipzig had been talking; the man who encouraged Art in every form, and who was never so pleased as when rescuing unknown talent from the darkness of obscurity. Why, it was he who was that very night to introduce a stranger called "Der Wanderer," a violinist whom he had found in want and despair in a small, wretched lodging near the Grieg Platz, to musical Leipzig, at the concert in which Esmé was to take part. She had often talked about her kind friend, and wondered who it was.

The fact was, that Graf Bernardt had got separated from her in the crush just as she saw Gretchen, and before he was able to find out her name.

He only knew she was called Esmé. He had been away, too, in Berlin; and in all the rush and hurry of his busy life, for a time he forgot the girl he had so kindly assisted.

Seeing the name "Esmé Frieden" on the programme of the concert, at which he was to be present in an official capacity, the remembrance of the bright, girlish face came back to him, and finding it was the Esmé he knew, he had sent the few flowers from his beautiful hot-house to her, for the concert.

Esmé and her mother were delighted; and as Esmé, carrying the sweet scented bouquet, walked along towards the public Hall, she thought how good and kind her former protector must be.

The first performance in the second part was reserved for the strange violinist, and with a few kind words, Graf Bernardt led forth a very plainly, almost meanly clad man, and with a start Esmé recognised the poor man whom she had seen in the music shop that morning. He had once been handsome, though now his face was emaciated and colourless, and his hair was streaked with grey; in years he must have been quite young. Esmé watched him with a strange fascination.

He began to play, and then all in that immense Hall, in the intense interest with which they listened, forgot his attire, forgot everything; for it was the voice of genius speaking to them once more.

Wilder grew the music; it seemed to tell a story, such a story as few amongst that audience could have understood. To Esmé it sounded like a despairing cry, the refrain repeating again and again: "Ich bin allein nach Hause gekommen." Then the music changed, and in soft, dreamy sweetness it died away. Rest after suffering; peace after loss.

The applause was tremendous. From henceforth "Der Wanderer" would need no more help. He had spoken to every heart in that great Hall.

Graf Bernardt, delighted at his success, came forward to congratulate him, and reached him just in time to prevent him from falling.

"Food, food," murmured the fainting player, as he sank almost unconscious into the friendly arms stretched out to save him.

"Quick!" cried the count, "Herr Räume is starving."

"Herr Räume! Herr Räume!" shouted the enthusiastic Leipzigers, almost wild at the thought of the want which had brought the son of their old beloved master so low.

Strengthening food was soon procured, and Conrad, for it was he, revived a little. Esmé, quite upset by the sudden excitement, could hardly believe that the poor man who had looked so longingly at his own father's violin that very afternoon, was indeed "Der Wanderer."

She hurried home as soon as she had seen Graf Bernardt drive Conrad Räume off in his own carriage, and in a short time her mother knew all.

"Only fancy, mother," she exclaimed; "only fancy; it is just like a story!"

The next day, Esmé and her mother went



"'At any cost I must purchase it.' . . . The stranger now had lost his chance of the bargain."

to the wretched lodgings where Conrad was living, taking the violin with them.

"Herr Conrad, this is yours," said Esmé, when the first excitement of the meeting was over. "It was your father's;" and she handed him the dear old Cremona violin, and gave him the message, which she knew word for word, though the little strip of parchment had been lost.

A happy time followed for all our friends. Conrad told how bitterly disappointed he felt, when he offered all he possessed in the world to the dealer, in the hopes that he might sell him the violin.

"I knew it again instantly. My dear father! How I long to see him once more, if only for a moment, to tell him that now I have sown my wild oats, I have come home to be a better man. Never to see him again! It is a sad home-coming!"

"He knew you would come back," said Esmé, gently; "he made me promise never to part with his violin on any account. It was to be kept for you."

Graf Bernardt rejoiced over the happy re-union of the old friends.

Once more did the violin speak to Esmé, as of old; and Conrad, who had at last realised the importance of the talents committed to him, tried each day to copy the father who loved and mourned him so long.

"I often thought of him, and of you, too, Esmé," he said, one day, as he sat watching Esmé's clever fingers arranging the flowers he had just brought her, "when I was far away in foreign cities; I always knew that home was waiting for me, and now you can understand my feelings, when I find my home gone and my father dead."

The sunshine of prosperity shone on the little home now, for Count Bernardt helped Esmé in many ways, and Conrad had made her take back the two pounds she had given for the violin.

Now my story draws to a close. The old violin is found again; the wanderer has returned; but I can fancy my readers saying, "And is that all? Surely there is something more."

Well, just one more peep at them, then. Conrad finds Esmé's presence so necessary to him while he plays, and it seems so dull and lonely in his lodgings, that night after night he carries his violin over to the little room where he knows he will find a warm welcome; and one sunny evening in July, Esmé heard another story on the violin, and her answer to the question that Conrad asked her after, was so low, that it had to be repeated again. This, dear reader, is what she said,—

"Ewig dein, mein Conrad, ewig dein."

And as from henceforth, Conrad and Esmé and the old violin became life-long companions, so we will leave them with a loving "Lebewohl" in their happy home in the old city of Leipzig.

"ONE drachma for a good book, and a thousand talents for a true friend:—The silent volume listeneth well, and speaketh when thou listest."

A steam tandem tricycle has been devised, and was on exhibition at Atlantic City. The machine does not differ, in front view, from an ordinary open front tandem, and the whole has very little of the appearance of a steam vehicle. The engine, which is capable of developing two-horse power, is of very light weight.

HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

FOR MARRIED FOLK.

By Daniel McCoy,
Author of "Hints on Poultry Keeping,"
"Window Gardening," etc., etc.

III.—Furnishing.

IT is scarcely possible, in an Article such as this, to give an exact catalogue of drawing-room furniture.

But all sitting-rooms should be home-like, and as free from glare and glitter as possible. The days of white paint and gilding are happily passed; even the old familiar white marble mantel-piece has fallen into disfavour. The ideal drawing-room should look like the resting-place of the household.

Of course the floor will be stained, and some prefer to have only soft rugs and skins strewn about. But for real comfort and convenience, a large-sized square carpet in the centre is best; the rest of the floor can be dedicated to mats if you will. The wall paper should have no conspicuous pattern; a soft tone of green, grey, or terra-cotta will best set off pictures, if you have them. In any case, simplicity is better than flights of tropical birds, or distorted botanical phenomena. The paper, and colour of the ceiling should harmonize, or contrast effectively with the skirting-boards and mouldings. Consider the aspect of the room; if north, or east, a much lighter paper must be chosen, as the darker shades add to the gloom.

The choice of window curtains will be governed by the state of your purse. From satin or velvet down to cretonne or striped muslin, you have endless variety. Choose not only what looks pretty by day, and will not fade in the sunlight, but what will also look well at night.

Avoid large expanses of plate glass. They are cold-looking and inartistic. A long narrow strip, running from floor to ceiling, set in a plush frame, or draped gracefully at the sides, is sometimes effective at the end of a room, but it needs to be carefully arranged. A gilt-edged mirror over the fire-place is never bought now-a-days; a pretty over-mantel, with plush brackets for china or pottery, and a pair of dainty little wall cabinets, with bevelled glass panels, will be far more pleasing.

As to the larger articles of furniture: A piano of course you must have; but *wait* until you can buy a good one, which will last. A soft couch—two, if your room be large; chairs light and heavy, high and low; a moderate-sized table in an unfrequented part of the room, two smaller ones for work, books, or afternoon tea, and perhaps a nice cabinet for china, will be all you will actually require. If you can trust your eye as to fitness of form and colour, none of these articles need "match"—be careful that they harmonize.

Do not furnish your room in a hurry; add to it from time to time, as you meet what suits your taste. Be *natural* rather than fashionable in your choice; thus your room will look as if it belonged to you. It is needless to particularise smaller details of ornament, etc.; such things cannot be done by rule.

If there be a library in the house, it will need little beyond a warm, soft carpet and the books, with the means of keeping them, and reading them in comfort. This will include neat strong book-shelves, either of oak, mahogany, or stained deal, with borderings of stamped leather or cloth; one, two, or more strong, useful tables—not cumbered with knick-knacks—on which heavy books can be conveniently handled; deep-seated, leather-covered arm-chairs, in which a newspaper or magazine can be read, and several solid but comfortable chairs for use when studying at the tables. All requisites for writing should be at hand. A few good engravings will improve the walls, and a marble statuette or two, if you happen to have them, will be in keeping with the character of the room.

The schoolroom should be furnished with strict regard to comfort and durability. It is not fair to surround children with breakable things, neither is it wise to accustom them to live in the midst of shabbiness. The carpet should be strong, and easily movable; the tables should possess the same qualifications. Sometimes, especially in a day nursery, it is well to cover the floor with thick cork linoleum, which is more serviceable than carpet, and at the same time *warm*.

The chairs should be both comfortable and roomy, and it is well to have a *flat* couch, on which the tired children can rest. A press will be needed for books, etc., and, if the schoolroom be also a play-room for the elder children, a place where toys and such-like can be tidily stored. The schoolroom will not need curtains if the window fits well,—it will be more healthy without. The table covering may be of American cloth for school hours, and of some dark red material for the afternoon. If meals are taken in the room, no food should, on any terms whatsoever, be allowed to remain from meal to meal.

It ought not to be necessary to say a word about day or night nurseries,—a mother's heart would surely devise the best things possible for these. Still, it is well to emphasize the fact, that everything about a nursery should be bright and wholesome. No old dusty curtains or time-worn carpet; no cupboard redolent of cheese of by-gone years; no chairs with loosened stuffing oozing out, to tempt the baby fingers, and infect the baby breath. Give the children as little as you like, but let that little be spotless and pure. Have old things in your drawing-room, if needs be, but have new in the nursery. Let the little cribs be plain, but provided with the best bedding. A caution as to the regular use of a fire-guard may be needed,—such terrible accidents have been known to happen to helpless children from carelessness in this respect.

As to the bedrooms, their furniture may be either elaborate or simple, according to the purpose they are meant to serve. It is well to have all the carpets on one landing the same, so that those from the larger rooms can be cut down, when worn, to fit the smaller.

It is also desirable that all the windows at the same side of the house should have curtains and short blinds to match.

Various priced suites can be purchased readily, and to these may be added a writing-table, an easy chair, and a couch, if the room be large. The bedstead is sure to be of metal—probably brass; and some variety of wire mattress, with a curled hair mattress over it, will be found far better than any upholstered spring or feather bed. Throughout the house, even in the servants' rooms, these wire mattresses will be found the cheapest and healthiest. They are also light, and easy to move. In choosing suites of furniture, special inquiry should be made as to the age of the wood. It is a common thing for pretty suites to warp so much in a few months, as to make the use of drawers or shelves impossible.

THE MIS-USE OF BIRDS.

By C. F. GORDON-CUMMING,
Author of "Fire Fountains," "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War," etc., etc.

WE have recently spoken of the beautiful feather work of various Pacific islanders, notably those of Hawaii and of New Zealand, and of the law enacted by the great king Kamehameha I. for the protection of the Royal bird, which yields the tiny golden feathers—a law which, though it in no wise regarded the birds' right to their own dainty gems, at least did this good, it preserved their lives.

But what legislation can affect the wholesale destruction of every species of bird of beautiful plumage, which of recent years has resulted from the mania for turning all such to account for personal adornment? Vainly have divers Societies—the Selborne League, the Audubon Society, and the American Ornithologist's Union,—striven both in the Old and New World, to awaken womankind to a sense of the barbarity of causing the annual sacrifice of millions of the loveliest of *God's* creatures, in obedience to a cruel and objectionable fashion of their own creation—scarcely to be described as the gratification of personal vanity, inasmuch as a ribbon will set off a pretty woman's beauty to quite as great advantage, without involving any destruction of her lovely and helpless fellow-creatures.

Ladies who shudder with disgust at the account of wild Indians glorying in the number of foemen's scalps they can hang from their girdle—(the scalp being simply a lock of hair from the crown of the head with the skin attached to it, by no means necessitating a broken skull)—fail to perceive any cruelty in creating a demand for the graceful so-called "Osprey" feather, which now so commonly figures as one item in the trimming of a fashionable hat or bonnet. So airy and delicate a plume seems naturally destined to supply the finishing touch to a dainty lady's head-dress, and few indeed pause to consider at what price it has been purchased, or how the robber has secured it, at bitter cost to the family of its rightful owner. For these slender, fairy-like feathers are obtained from certain graceful, small herons, which wear them only during the time they are breeding.

Therefore, each feather represents a family of poor little helpless herons left to starve in their nest, craning their long necks to watch for the parents who can never return, and screaming pitifully with weaker and weaker cries, till at last merciful death comes to their release. The class of men employed by feather-dealers are not generally tender-hearted, so when they find a heron colony, they do their best to secure all the old birds, without one care for the tender nestlings, whose sufferings matter not one whit to them. Nor does even self-interest stay their hand; for who can tell whether the fickle fashion which this year demands egret's plumes, may not by next Spring have devised some new requirement, so that the poor heron's finest feathers may find no market?

And what is true of them, is more or less so of all other birds, many of which don their best plumage in Spring; and it is evident that the massacre of parent birds, vast as it is, does not represent a quarter of the actual loss of bird life, when the slow starvation of an incalculable number of young ones must be added thereto. The amount of suffering thus represented is something inconceivable. Long Island, near New York, alone furnishes above 3,000 skins of the sea-swallow in the early Spring, and it has been estimated that in the United States, fully 10,000,000 of birds are annually slain for the sake of their plumage. Of these, about half are required for home use, and the rest are exported to Europe, which also receives large supplies from South America, India, Australia, the Papuan Isles, and Africa. One Parisian house states, that in a single year it disposes of a hundred thousand West African birds; and Mr. Musgrave has told us that in *one London auction room* the number of prepared skins sold within four months included:—

404,464 birds from Brazil and the West Indies; 356,389 East Indian birds; 6,228 Birds of Paradise; 4,974 Impeyan pheasants, and 770 Argus pheasants; besides a large miscellaneous collection, including some of the rarer Birds of Paradise, Parrots, Bronze Doves, King-fishers, Golden Orioles, Black Partridges, etc.

This foreign supply secures no immunity for our own feathered tribes, more especially for the sea-birds, whose delicate grey and white plumage is in such demand, that their remotest haunts are invaded. Wherever they have found a resting-place, either on the mainland of Britain, or the adjacent isles, there the destroyer finds his way, and does his utmost to thin their ranks. The Shetland Isles, the Orkneys, the Hebrides, are all harried by professional bird-shooters, and the same may be said of all places where birds abound, where human beings can possess themselves of either guns or bird-lime. The village on Long Island supplied the New York market with 70,000 bird skins within four months, and a ruthless woman on the coast of Virginia contracted with a Paris Firm to deliver to them, during the past Summer, upwards of 40,000 pelts of sea-gulls and terns, at an average price of 1s. 8d. One professional murderer of these innocents states that, during a three months' trip in South Carolina, he prepared for the market upwards of 11,000 skins, and that, on an average, he sells 30,000 annually!

The ladies in America seem to out-Herod those of Great Britain, in their extravagant mis-use of plumage. One gentleman was so struck by this curious prevalence of bad taste, that he took careful notes of the head-dresses of his companions in a New York tramway car, and found that no less than eleven were so adorned,—their stolen plumes including "the heads and wings of three starlings; an entire bird of unknown species; seven warblers representing four species; a large tern; a small tern; the head and wings of three shore-larks; the wings of seven shore-larks and grass finches; one half of a gallinule; a turtle-dove; a virco; a yellow-breasted chat, and a number of ostrich feathers."

Orioles, tanagers, grosbeaks, cedar wax-wings, blue-birds, meadow-larks, and golden-winged woodpeckers are all in great demand.

Some of the details of thoughtless barbarism which have recently come to light, remind me of the story of a man who, whenever he heard of any peculiarly horrible crime, was wont to say: "Now I do like to hear that. It makes me feel as if, after all, I am really not such a bad chap; for I can say to myself: 'Well, I may be bad, but I'm not so bad as that!'" Now this is the sort of feeling with which I read of a lady in Nevada, overburdened with wealth and bad taste, who resolved to possess herself of such a feather coat as should be the envy of all other women, so she sent sharp-shooters to New Guinea for the express purpose of killing Birds of Paradise, in order to secure their gorgeous pelts for her own adornment.

We can all sympathize with our first parents when they made themselves "coats of skin" of the beasts offered in sacrifice; but I think that whoever has read Wallace's description of "Birds of the Sun," or "*God's* Birds," as the Portuguese and Malays respectively call them, must surely feel that the slaughter of such marvellously beautiful creatures comes little short of sacrilege. He tells us of the glorious tropical forests which are the home of 38 species of Birds of Paradise, each more lovely than the other. Of one species, he says that sometimes a flock of perhaps twenty birds in perfect plumage assemble on one tree; they "raise their wings, stretch out their necks, and elevate their exquisite plumes, keeping them in constant vibration. Between whiles, they fly across from branch to branch in great excitement, so that the whole tree is filled with waving plumes of every variety, attitude, and motion. The bird itself is nearly as large as a crow, and is of a rich, coffee-brown colour. The head and neck are of a pure straw colour above, and a rich metallic green underneath. The long, plumy tufts of gold and orange feathers spring from the sides underneath each wing, and when the bird is in repose, are partly concealed." When in excitement, however, the wings are raised vertically, and the long plumes expanded, till they form two magnificent golden fans, striped with deep red at the base, while the softly waving points fade off into pale brown. Such a scene must surely be a relic of that primeval world of which the Creator Himself declared that it was "very good."

But into this Paradise enters covetous man, regardless of all its poetic beauty. The native hunter builds for himself a leafy bower amongst the branches, and therein conceals himself, with his bow and arrow, and whenever a bird alights to seek a moment's rest, its doom is sealed.

When he has killed as many as possible, he descends, skins the poor little corpses, extracts the brain, removes the legs and wings, mounts each skin on a stick, wraps it up in leaves, and dries it in a smoky hut, whence it is despatched with many more to form part of "a consignment" for some trader. So remorseless is the pursuit of all such saleable beauties, that unless it can be checked, there is good reason to fear the extinction, not only of these Peris amongst birds, but of many other rare and beautiful species. Especially barbarous is the havoc perpetrated in the great family of humming-birds—"sun angels," as they are called in some parts of South America, where they live their joyous lives, glancing like glittering gems as they dart to and fro in the radiant sunlight, sipping the nectar from blossoms less brilliant than themselves. Is it not pitiful to know that hundreds of thousands of these dainty darlings are, year after year, sacrificed to adorn hats and bonnets, muffs and dresses, after a little while only to be thrown away as worthless rubbish? and is it not a contemptible fashion which can induce women in all parts of the world to keep up this demand?

Though the lady who provided herself with so costly an advertisement of her barbarity as the mantle of Birds of Paradise, is probably an exceptional case, there is little to choose between her bad taste and that of some of her sisters, both in England and

America, who have sought distinction by trimming a whole ball-dress with canaries or robins! Of one American belle, a Society Paper records that "her dress of unrelieved black was looped up with blackbirds, and a winged creature so dusky that it could only have been intended to represent a crow, reposed amongst the coils of her hair."

Surely this epidemic of bad taste has raged long enough, infecting all classes, from the palace to the scullery. So long as the leaders of fashion have chosen to make themselves walking bird-shows, so long have their humbler sisters followed their lead to the utmost of their power. At last, however, there seems some hope of a dawn of better days for the poor birds,—a Conference of ladies having recently been held in Bond Street, to discuss various points connected with dress.

At this they all happily agreed in a verdict that henceforth the plumage of small birds should be deemed old-fashioned, and unsuitable trimming for either dresses or head-dresses;—a decision at which we may well believe that all "birds with painted plumage" would warble in joyous chorus: "Jubilate! Jubilate!"

CLERK OR SENATOR.

MANY young men covet a comfortable clerkship in one of Her Majesty's various Departmental Offices. Visions of little to do, and a splendid salary for doing that little, have passed before their eyes. My young friend, have you never heard of a proverb intended to teach you that things may seem bright and genuine, and after all not be "A. 1"?

This is painfully true in regard to Government clerkships. I will tell you a story—and a true one—that will illustrate this. In the United States, young men are just as eager for a desk in a Government office as the young men in this country. Two young men, fresh from college, presented themselves for examination for a Government clerkship at Washington. They both passed a highly creditable examination, but the average of one was a trifle higher than the other; consequently, as there was only one vacancy to fill, the one with the highest average received the position. The young man who did *not* get the clerkship then began to study law, was successful, and in the course of a few years became a millionaire, then District Attorney and Governor of his State, and is now a Senator. One day, in his first term in the Senate, he had occasion to go to one of the Government Departments, and when his name was announced, with the title of Senator prefixed, all the clerks in the room looked up from their work, each one eager to serve him. One wizened, grey-haired old man, sitting at one of the desks, stepped up to the Senator, and seized his arm.

"Why, ——," eagerly exclaimed the old man, calling the Senator by his Christian name, "don't you know me? I am ——, who beat you thirty years ago in the examination for a clerkship. I well remember how disappointed you were, and how elated I was; but here I have been ever since, while you—look at the honour and success that has attended you!"

The clerk and the senator, there and then, renewed their long-interrupted friendship; but the Senator says that no young man shall be advised by him to seek a Government clerkship.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES.

THE MANUFACTURE OF FISHING TACKLE AT REDDITCH.

By HENRY H. BOURN,
Author of "Earth's Diamonds; or, Coal, its Formation and Value."

ALTHOUGH angling can boast of a remote antiquity, it is only within the last few years that fishing tackle has been produced in such artistic and finished style as to leave scarce anything to be desired.

Believing that many will be pleased to know how hooks, and flies, and floats, and rods are made, we will give a description of what we recently witnessed when paying a a visit to two of the leading manufactories at Redditch.

The making of fishing tackle is an industry with which the great majority of men and boys in this country may claim to be in some degree acquainted, seeing that at one time or another they have sallied forth with a willow or hazel rod, a yard or so of thread, a bent pin or two, and a number of grubs or worms, to wage war against minnows. But such appliances as these will not suffice for those who desire to become experts, and have the means for procuring the best which are in the market.

We can imagine that many men, and a much larger number of boys, would be delighted if they could see the variety of rods, baits, floats, hooks, and general fixings, ranging in price from a few pence to as many pounds, which we had brought under our notice.

Commencing with the fish-hook department—the wire having first been cut into lengths, the barb, or, as it is technically termed, the "beard" is then cut with a sort of knife or chisel under proper guards to prevent it going too deep. This "barding" is done by pressure, not by a blow, the workman holding several pieces of wire at a time, and with a movement of his thumb and fingers causing one after another to pass under the knife. During the day, a man will beard from 10,000 to 12,000. We saw also a machine which drew wire from the coil, bearded it, and then cut off the desired length, all at the same time. In some instances, and especially for the larger sized hooks, the end of the wire is passed under a stamp or hammer, and flattened, so that the line may be more securely fastened.

After "bearding," the pieces of wire pass into the hands of the filer.

The hook is next bent by the aid of a very simple implement, which is held in the left hand for the smaller sizes, and by a machine, fixed to the bench, for the larger sizes. A woman sitting at one of these machines, with her apron full of hooks, told us that she could bend, on an average, about 30,000 in a day.

The hook is now made, but before it will be fit for use, it has several processes to pass through, such as hardening, tempering, blueing or japanning, and scouring. The latter process is effected by the hooks being placed in hollow, wooden cylinders, with proper grit, soap, and other scouring materials, and then by the aid of machinery turned over and over; in fact, they are simply churned. Very small hooks, being unequal to this process, are shaken to and fro by two men, in canvas bags containing oil and emery. Washing in boiling suds is necessary for both small and large hooks, after which they are dried in sawdust, and then, as the case may be, left bright, or tinned, blued, or japanned.

In the hook warehouse, the amateur would be almost bewildered in the midst of such a variety of kinds and sizes. Some idea may be gathered of the complications of this branch of the business, when it is mentioned that there are about seventy different kinds of hooks, in from twenty to thirty different sizes.

One could scarcely help wondering where so many hooks would be required, until it was remembered that one boat often throws overboard as many as five hundred hooks at one time.

We next visited the shop where flies are made, and saw a considerable variety of patterns. There is one fly which is very popular among Americans, five hundred gross of which we saw in process of manufacture. It is extremely interesting to witness the dexterity with which some of the women pick up the feathers, gut, and silk, necessary for making the pattern required, and the rapidity with which the flies are completed.

The workshops where artificial baits are made, are not less interesting, neither are the store-rooms devoted to that branch of the business. We saw shadow-eels, phantoms, paragons, sylphs, cleopatras, acme, together with all their delusive kin. Then came artificial insects—blue-bottles, locusts, bumble-bees, caterpillars, grubs, may-flies, fern-flies, and artificial shrimps. During our visit, we saw some beautiful specimens, the heads, tails, and fins of which move by the slightest touch, or even the action of the water. A new one covered with luminous paint, which it is thought may allure many unsuspecting fish, was also brought under our notice.

In the float-making department, we found much to interest us. This was the first time that we had seen cork turned in a lathe. The floats, after being smoothed on a grindstone, and having the quills neatly fitted in, were passed on to the painting shop.

The machinery for making swivels is most ingenious. The swivels are cut in strips, cut off, fitted, and the ends rounded in a lathe, after which they are drilled and finished. So accurate is the working of these machines, that either a boy or a girl can superintend them.

After visiting the sheds where logs of wood are cut up into planks and strips, we found much to interest us in the rod department. The rods are rounded in a peculiar kind of lathe, the moveable rest both rounding and tapering them, as it is pushed along on the bed of the lathe. Passing on to other workshops, we observed that all the rods are "taken down" by hand, that is, after having left the turning lathe, the rod is planed by hand, a process which needs great skill and care, seeing that it has to be made perfectly round with a small common smoothing plane.

Most of the work in the ferrule maker's shop is done in the lathe. The ferrules for common rods are cut from brass tubing; those for better class goods are hammered out by hand, and then brazed. If the brass fittings are to be bronzed, they are fixed in a lathe and polished with emery-paper, and while the metal is still hot from friction, sulphuric acid is applied.

The making of reels and winches is the work of another department, and is mostly done by hand.

The rod warehouse contains an assortment of rods, weighing several tons, amongst which an enthusiast might spend hours. We were shown some specimens of rods made from bamboo cane. The cane for these rods

is cut into sections, and these, when glued together, form one solid mass; the sections having been so cut as to correspond from the half butt end to the fine tapering point of the fly rod. Some of these rods, with nickel-plated fittings, seem perfect. Solid built cane rods for pike, with three extra tips, and bound with silk for 1½ in., seemed equal to killing the biggest pike that ever swam. But the best rod was, doubtless, a fly rod 12 ft. long, yet only nine ounces in weight. The work in this rod was really artistic, different coloured woods being inlaid at the butt end.

The different qualities and sizes of gut are rufina, fina, regular, padron, Nos. 1 and 2 marina, and marina extra, which last is used for extra strong salmon lines. The scarcity of gut and the costliness of preparing it make lines expensive. A very small quantity would be worth two or three thousand pounds.

AN EASY PLACE.

A WELL-KNOWN preacher once received a letter from a young man, saying: "Get me an easy position, that honesty may be rewarded." The divine replied: "Oh, my young, honest friend, you are in a hard world! I know of but one really easy place in it; and that is the grave."

The cry of many a young man to-day is for an "easy place." The fact is, that we want more young men to-day with backbones of steel, and possessed of grit and gumption. We want more men like a certain young man in college, that I heard of a little time ago. He could not afford to complete his education as he wished, so left college, and engaged himself as a car cleaner on one of the large American railroads, in order to raise sufficient money to continue his studies. The foreman over the car-cleaners on this railroad stated, that at one time he could have supplied from amongst his men, a man for almost any profession. He had one graduate of a European University cleaning cars for a year; he is now an eminent lawyer. Another time he had three Ministers of the Gospel working for him, young men who had at that time no prospect of pulpits in which to follow their profession. They are now doing well in their respective circuits. They certainly deserve to prosper. These men never asked for an "easy place."

WITS AT WORK ROUND WINTER FIRES.

DURING the Christmas recess, when heads and hands are at leisure, and chilly Winter chains us at home, we propose to announce, week by week, a series of novel and entertaining Competitions, which are sure to arouse interest amongst our readers. We shall keep entirely off the beaten track, and though we shall not divulge all our secrets now, we may state that amongst several other amusing Competitions, a "Spelling Chase" will be a special and mirth-provoking feature.

Money Prizes will be offered each week, and our lists will be open to all. The first Competition, with rules, etc., will be announced in our Number for December 17. We make this preliminary announcement in order that anticipation may heighten the value of the good things in store.

CHESS.

By F. F. ROWLAND.

PART I.

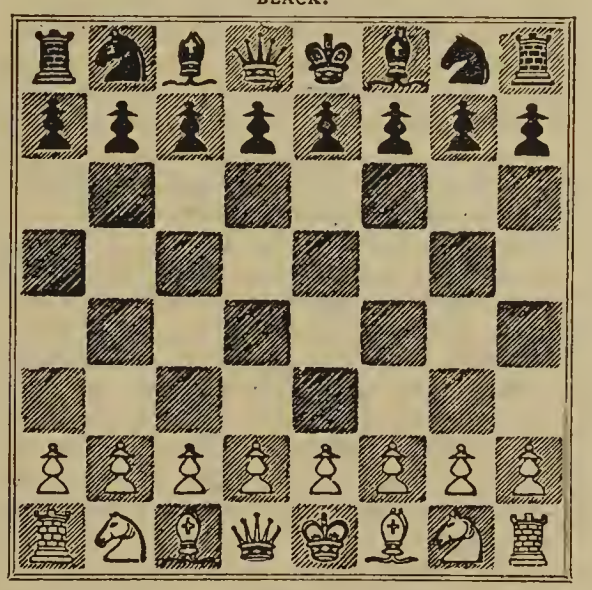
THE CHESSMEN ARRANGED FOR PLAY.

"HOW do you play chess?" is a question that has been frequently asked, and as frequently answered in so vague a way as to shroud the game in mystery, and make it appear all the more difficult to those who desire to learn. It may be, that some of those who answer in such a way, know nothing of it, and perhaps do not like to plead ignorance; or those who do know it, prefer, perhaps, to have all the enjoyment to themselves, and have not the inclination to devote time to teach it to other people.

The first step is to procure a chess board and set of men, then to arrange them as shown on the diagram.

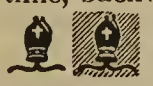


The King is the largest piece in the set, and is easily recognised by the crown which surmounts it. It stands on the fifth square of the first rank, and moves one square at a time in any direction, backwards or forwards, but must not move to a square immediately adjacent to the opposing King. As this piece cannot be taken, it never leaves the board during a game.

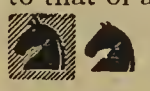




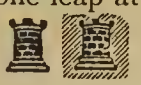
The Queen is the second largest sized piece, and, in the beginning of a game, stands on the fourth square of the first rank. The Queen is the most powerful piece on the board, and combines the moves of all the other men, excepting the Knight. She moves in any direction on the rank, file, and diagonal lines, one or more squares at a time, backwards or forwards.



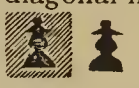
The Bishops stand at each side of the King and Queen; their moves are confined to the diagonal lines only, one or more squares at a time, backwards or forwards in any direction. Being confined to the diagonal lines, they cannot move from the square of one colour to that of another.



The Knights, readily distinguished from the other men by their resemblance to a charger's head, stand next the Bishops, and have the power of leaping over a man, an advantage possessed by no other piece. The move is a leap from the square occupied to the second from it of an opposite colour. If it starts from a black square, it must rest on a white one, and *vice versâ*. This necessitates a sidelong, or oblique leap. It is allowed only one leap at a time.



The Rooks, or Castles, occupy the corner squares, and move in any direction in a straight line on the ranks and files, one or more squares at a time, backwards or forwards, but never on diagonal lines.



The Pawns, eight of which are on each side, move straight forward along the files, one square at a time, except on the first move, when they have the privilege of moving two squares. They capture diagonally, a feat to be hereafter explained. They are not allowed to retreat like the pieces, but on gaining the last square, they may be changed, or promoted to a Queen, Rook, Bishop, or Knight.

(*To be continued.*)

MEN THAT CAN'T.

THE MAN THAT CAN'T SEE IT.

By the REV. J. H. THORPE, M.A.

OF course we hasten to inform our readers that this inability on his part does not really arise from any visual defect. Not at all; he may be endowed by nature with two eyes of average, or even of unusual, power, and yet he will confess himself that he "can't see it," or his neighbours will testify to the same effect, and you will not understand any absurdity thereby.

You will no doubt see at once that the reference is to that keener sight which we may call mental vision; and the blindness which its absence means, though not so distressing, often handicaps people more in the race of life, than that kind of blindness which compels a man to employ a canine friend to be eyes for him, and to lead him along his way.

It is not needful to offer an elaborate proof of the existence of such a disease, defect, or whatever you wish to term it. We take it for granted, that our readers, if they have not read the book, have at least learned the quiet suggestion of the title, "Eyes and no Eyes, or the Art of Seeing." We are persuaded they have by this time appreciated the full import of the words of Solomon: "The eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth," and deduced therefrom, as a matter of most simple inference, that he cannot therefore be expected to see that which is right under his very feet.

Mr. Spurgeon once advised his preachers to have a blind eye and a deaf ear for certain disagreeable things and sounds, and we are forced to believe that these are the unconscious possessions already of not a few who are not preachers. The individuals in whom this sort of blindness we hint at exists, are very diverse in characters, in convictions, and in mental peculiarities, but in this they are all brethren. There is one side of their minds not sensitive to certain things. There is some class of thoughts, distinctions, events, and, without striving after a more elaborate definition, we simply say, they will say it themselves,—they "can't see it."

Would you wish to inquire into this matter further? Your best course will be to notice the causes of this "Can't-see-it-ness."

Some men can't see it from a want of power, a radical organic defect. Some visitors

to a picture gallery paused in their round before a picture,—a study of sea and cloud,—which was marked as having gained a prize, unconscious that the thoughtful-looking man standing by was the artist himself. "I do not see anything in it," remarked one of the visitors to him." "Don't you wish you did?" was the artist's pithy rejoinder.

There are men you meet now and then whose minds seem incapable of perceiving certain beauties, or deformities, or differences, where others do. This want of power, like colour-blindness, is often natural. When it is, these men are to be felt for and judged very kindly indeed, instead of being voted stupid. If He who gave you your mental power of dissection and penetration, witheld the gift from your brother, is it not all the more reason that he should have your sympathy? But I want very earnestly to press on young men, for whom I chiefly write, the fact that it is not always, or even usually so. In many cases this incapacity (rather inability) arises from neglect or indolence, or what we may call mental slovenliness. When the Creator has laid it on a man as part of his burden, most probably He has compensated in some other way for it; but when it arises from any of the latter causes, it is a downright loss to a man.

We suppose many of our readers, like ourselves, have spent the greater part of their lives in cities, paying an occasional visit of longer or shorter duration to the country. On these visits, have you not been surprised at your want of power to see, say little birds? We have. "See that lovely goldfinch," and our bewildered eyes scanned every leaf, but could see nought like a bird! "What a lovely robin! See him just there on that bough to the right," but not a feather could we make out. Why? Because our eyes were unaccustomed to seeing such objects. They were well practised in observing hall-doors and house fronts; in reading sign-boards and samples of the bill-sticker's skill. They could perform feats of observation in a city crowd which would amaze a country cousin; but, strange though it be, we could not, positively *could* not, see a bird on a twig!

Now we make bold to say that many a young man has, from a like *mental* defect, which it was in his power to correct, made sad blunders and mistakes. For instance: Some we know seem not to be able to perceive, or are slow in perceiving opportunities. You meet from time to time men whose lives have not been prosperous; they allege to you in explanation, that they have "never received fair play; they have been passed over; they had not influential friends," and so forth. No doubt these things are causes in some cases, but in many you will find, if you analyse their career, the secret of it all was this—they could not see their opportunities, or they were late in seeing them. Be assured of this, every man has his opportunities, and some men have even learned the secret of making opportunities. Brother, there is a niche in the temple of life for you to fill; there will come a moment or moments when it will be possible for you to step into that place prepared for you, but if you are not ready, it will not be left empty, yet it will not be filled by you. The man who sees his opportunity, and the man who really profits by it is he who is ready; for opportunities will not wait till you are ready for them. Therefore we say, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." Do not sit down in idle dream, waiting for promotion to knock at your door and call you forth to take it. We have no fear if you are worth anything, but that you will have your opportunities; we are the rather concerned that you may be ready for them. "There is a tide in the affairs of men"—you know the rest of it,—well, the man who is left behind, high and dry on the sands of failure, is the man "who can't see it" when it comes.

Turning to another cause, a man "can't see it," *because he is not looking that way.* If it were necessary to quote an authority in support of this obvious reason, could we find a better than Bishop Butler? And this is his remark: "Though a man hath the best eyes in the world, he cannot see except in the way they are turned," and so it is from a mental habit which looks at only one side of a subject at a time, that a man often does not see truth, because he is not looking in the direction where truth lies. The effects of this are to be seen in many ways. Some men seem unable to feel the force of arguments brought to show them their errors, which are yet plain and manifest to others. The art of seeing both sides is a splendid possession, and it is absolutely essential in the search for truth on any subject. If you read the lives of men who have quarried in the mine of truth, and brought forth new and unknown treasures for their fellows, you will see that they combined with perseverance and talent, the art (may I put it thus?) of walking round their subject, and viewing it in every aspect; while, on the contrary, men who have impeded the onward march of right and truth, men who have been so much dead weight on their day and generation, have been those unfortunate individuals who, with reference to the claims of all that is new and enlightened, "can't see it." May we mention two evils which have resulted from this? Bigotry and indifference. Men have burnt their brothers at the stake because they never really looked into the claims and reasons of their difference. Men to-day look on Christian enterprises, such as Temperance Reformation, Home or Foreign Missions, as needless, because they have never lived in places where they could see the full evils of Intemperance or the darkness of Heathenism. So, when you speak of the need of these, they reply in effect, if not in word, that they "can't see it."

May I here suggest some remedies? Become possessed of a horror of getting into a narrow groove. Read the newspapers on the other side, as well as your own pet print. Read good books. Converse with as many different sorts and conditions of men as you can. Go amongst the poor and find out how they live; these things I believe will open your eyes wonderfully.

Some men "*can't see it*," for a plainer reason than either of those we have mentioned, *they do not want to see it; they will not.* Lord Nelson was sailing into a certain harbour, when his admiral sent an urgent message, ordering him to retreat, on the ground that his flank was threatened by another French fleet. Nelson, putting the glass to his eye, took it down, closed it, and turning to the officer who brought the message, said he could not see the fleet the admiral referred to. Of course he could not; we all know Nelson had a blind eye, and it was to *this* he put the telescope. He did not want to see. Granted he did a foolish thing, and had he not won his battle, he would probably have heard more about it. But the story shows that the man who "can't see it" is the man who "*won't* see it." And these are some of the things he does not see for this reason.

Disagreeable things. We shall mention but the one class. Is it not a very disagreeable process to have your faults pointed out plainly and forcibly, to have them dragged out from their hiding-places and held up to your view; especially so when your friend has not a kind way of doing it? Some men are saved the pain by a simple process—they refuse to look! It is easy, but it is foolish. Beware of this tendency. "A wise man heareth instruction." Your faults are the weights which hinder your speed. Who will choose to handicap himself in the race of life, to save his pride a little sting from truth? Let it not be said of you, "There goes So-and-so; he might be top of the tree only for such a fault, and he might have got rid of that fault long ago, but he wouldn't see it." There is another thing we would mention. The most disagreeable thought to some men is *the thought of God.* You meet at times men who profess to be infidels; they laugh at Christianity as a fable, and God as a myth. Ply them with the arguments of Butler or Paley, or any of the noble army of the defenders of the Faith. No use. The most overwhelming argument is lost on them. "They can't see it." Why? Let a good old Bishop of the English Church reply: "Men deny the truth of Christianity, because they hate the practice of it." The seat of their infidelity is not the head; look for it lower down, you will find it in their heart. The strongest argument against Christianity, for a man's self, is a bad life. I leave it to you as a suggested question, whether Atheism does not oftener proceed from a defect in the will than a defect in the reason.

Hitherto, we have dealt with only one aspect; we must just touch another and have done. There are some men who "can't see it," and all honour to their brave hearts! These are the men whose eyes refuse to see the so-called insuperable difficulties in the path of noble purpose. These are the men who are deaf to the cries of the prophets of failure. They enter on holy enterprises against any odds, refuse to see that they are in the minority, and adopt as their motto, "Where God is, there is the majority."

Young man, if you are to do anything very much for God, you will need this sort of blindness. Blindness the world calls it, but we know a nobler and truer name—it is called "Faith." It has been a characteristic of all the men of the Bible who may be called its heroes. We suppose when Moses, having weighed the luxury, ease, and grandeur of the Court of Pharaoh, against the hardness of the lot of the people of God *and their future*, and having decided to suffer affliction with the latter, rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, there were friends of his in the Court of Pharaoh who "could not see it;" but he saw it, and we see it now. The decision is one we have each to make at some time, if we would be with him in the kingdom of God. Blessed and happy is he whose eyes are opened to see the exceeding riches of glory that are laid up for the people of Christ. Blessed is he whose eyes are holden with a holy blindness, which enables him to reply to all the seductive allurements of the world, and the prince of this world—

"I CAN'T SEE IT!"

The Cross of Christ is set up in the marketplace of the City of Destruction—not half-way between earth and heaven. Man has not to climb to a certain height to embrace it, but where he is, and in the very midst of an active life, he may find its power and efficacy.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

SIMPLIFIED LESSONS FOR AMATEURS.

By A. H. WALL.

PART II.

ABOUT THE APPARATUS.

AND first about the camera and lens, which form the photographic eye. It closely resembles in various ways the human eye, although in other ways—size being one—it is very different. I have no doubt that many of my readers will know all about this instrument; for now-a-days, happily, elementary science is taught in most schools; but I trust those who do, will be kindly patient with me while I endeavour briefly to simplify an account of it for those who do not. Bearing in mind what has already been said about the nature and properties of light, you must now consider it from the optical point of view.

Light conveys its images to the eye as sounds are conveyed to the ear, by vibration in the atmosphere. On every object you see myriad rays of light fall, to be reflected (thrown back) and scattered in every direction. When these are intercepted on any surface sufficiently opaque for their reception, images or pictures are formed, faithfully reproducing forms and colour, light and shade, etc.

A dark box with a very small hole in one side—a kind of trap to catch a sunbeam—will have, on the interior side opposite that hole, a picture of outside objects, perfectly recognisable, although blurred, indistinct, and upside-down, because the rays of light entering the box diverge and overlap. To bend them in a contrary direction, and so bring them more or less to points, we must put a lens in the hole. Then the picture will become clear and distinct. Thus altered, it at once becomes a photographic eye, or camera. In your eye the dark box, or chamber, is a round one about an inch in diameter, and the hole in it, which is capable of dilation and restriction, is called the pupil. Its lens is a liquid one. In the photographic box the lens is a glass one. In it, that side on which the picture falls, is called the focussing screen. It is made of ground glass. In the eye, where the light falls, it is called the *retina*, a name derived from the Latin *rete*, which means a net, because the retina is that network of nerves by which we perceive, as the photographer in the dark behind the focussing screen of his camera perceives, those pictures which the light conveys, and focussing makes clear and distinct.

Focussing, or bringing the rays of light to points, is done by the eye unconsciously, by the lens mechanically. If I am looking at a tree, I get a general impression of it as a whole. If I want to examine a bough, twig, or leaf, I immediately find myself doing so. But in proportion as the bough, twig, or leaf has suddenly become more perfectly visible, the tree itself is less perfectly visible. I have altered the focus without knowing it. The rays of light thrown off at various angles get confused in their scattered courses; the lens of the eye, or that of the camera, brings them, so far as vision is concerned, into orderly connection, concentrates or focusses them.

If you have purchased a camera, and it has what the cheaper ones have not, a moveable lens, you may concentrate or focus upon any particular part of the picture, on its ground glass, by turning it with the hand, and screw in or out, until that part is most distinct, or what is technically called, sharpest.

But as a rule, when artistic purposes are to be served rather than scientific, the focus should be nowhere perfect. Out-of-focus images are distorted images. You cannot detect their untruthfulness when the picture is slightly out of focus, as you do not recognise perfect truthfulness where the focus is most nearly perfect. The object of the artistic photographer is therefore to get as near absolute truthfulness as he can, to use his focus carefully, spreading it over as wide a field as possible without recognisable distortion, and thus sacrificing merely that extreme sharpness which could only be appreciated with a microscope, in fact, nothing. But here another point arises for consideration.

If you observe the picture given by a lens on the focussing screen, you will see that it is brightest in the centre, and diminishes in brilliancy as it diverges from it. You know already that the rapidity of the exposure depends upon the brilliancy of the image. Examine a collection of photographs, and you will probably find many of them are wanting in distinctness and brightness towards the edges, or more rarely in the centre. This is due to combined errors in focussing, exposing, and developing, by skilful management of which, such defective effects are avoidable, unless the lens is an imperfect one.

With Exposing and Developing we have yet to deal. Our present subject ought not to be hurriedly dismissed, and you will understand all these things more clearly if you give a little more attention to lenses.

A lens is dependent for its power upon its density and its shape. The lens of the eye has a curious power of altering both, and this power is, as I have said, exercised unconsciously. It is composed of two *humours* (more or less liquid), the one called the *aqueous*, or watery, and the other the *crystalline*, icy or glass-like (*vitreous*). In like way, the lens of the photographer is composed of two different densities of glass, called crown and flint. Their forms are various and differently named. The most common are the bi-convex, the concavo-convex or meniscus (crescent-shaped), the plano-convex, the concavo-plane, and the double-concave. Those which are thicker in the middle than they are at the edges, cause the rays of light passing through them to converge, and those that are thickest at the edges cause them to diverge. The achromatic-meniscus lens has a concave lens of flint-glass, and a convex lens of crown glass, cemented together.

Lenses vary in dimensions, and are used according to the size and kind of picture required. That lens which is suitable for landscape is less suitable for architecture or copying from flat surfaces, and portraiture also requires a special lens, one which of all others gives the brightest image and requires the shortest exposures.

For the beginner, and for small pictures, however, a good, cheap lens may serve all ordinary purposes, if carefully chosen from the stock of a respectable optician or photographic warehouse. This will be a landscape or view lens, a meniscus—sometimes mis-called a single lens. Its main defects are smallness of aperture, which lengthens exposure, and the small field it covers well, or over which the focus is distributed, which becomes very conspicuous when a street or building is taken; and lines outside the centre that should be straight are shown curved. For landscapes it is, however, an excellent lens, and its distorting power can be largely avoided by choosing subjects in which its chief defect is either unobserved or unimportant. Its chief advantage resides in what is called depth of focus, meaning the power of giving objects, removed from each other and the lens, proportionate degrees of focus, without such perceptible distortion as a portrait lens would give if used for the same purpose—or rather misused.

The camera, if a good one, will be perfectly impervious to light for the reason explained in my first Paper. If a cheap one, the focussing arrangement is from the back, and takes the simplest form of sliding in and out by hand. It may be purchased with its lens from a guinea upwards; that price including a three-legged stand or tripod, which should be strongly made and perfectly rigid, and one dark side to contain the chemically sensitized plate, which, when the focussing screen of ground glass is turned up or removed, takes its place by sliding into the groove it had occupied. As complete a set of apparatus, with a more rapidly working lens, may be bought for from three guineas upwards, and with this, a slide which holds two plates is usually provided, as well as chemicals, dishes for solutions, printing frame and paper, dark room lamp, and a packet of dry plates sensitive to light.

BIBLE JOTTINGS.

Seven "Togethers."

"Framed together" . . .	Eph. 2. 21.
"Knit together"	Col. 2. 2.
"Striving together" . . .	Phil. 1. 27.
"Followers together" . . .	Phil. 3. 17.
"Caught up together" . . .	1 Thess. 4. 17.
"Joined together"	Eph. 4. 16.
"Builded together" . . .	Eph. 2. 22.

Seven Steps in Peter's Restoration.

Christ's prayer	Luke 22. 32.
Christ's look	Luke 22. 61.
Christ's message	Mark 16. 7.
Christ's interview	Luke 24. 34.
Thrice-repeated question . .	John 21. 15-17.
Thrice-reiterated command .	John 21. 15-17.
Christ's command	John 21. 19.

Spiritual Progress.

"Hear and understand" . .	Matt. 13. 23.
"Hear and receive" . . .	Mark 4. 20.
"Hear and keep"	Luke 8. 15.
"Hear and do"	Luke 8. 20.

Double Testimony.

"Return to thine house and SHOW"	Luke 8. 39.
"Go home and TELL" . . .	Mark 5. 19.

Seven Operations of the Spirit.

Quickening	John 3. 5.
Indwelling	,, 4. 14.
Outflowing	,, 7. 38.
Comforting	,, 14. 16, 17.
Teaching	,, 14. 26; 15. 26.
Testifying against the world .	,, 16. 8, 11.
Prophesying	,, 16. 13.

References to our Lord's Prayers in St. Luke's Gospel.

St. Luke 3. 21; 6. 12; 9. 18, 28; 11. 1; 23. 34, 46.

INSECTS AND PLANTS.



THE Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms are wonderfully connected and interlaced. There are no isolated facts in Nature, no sharp lines of demarcation, such as we so often "discover" or invent. Man, being finite, can only grasp the universe in sections; God, in His infinity, needs no divisions or arbitrary distinctions, and He has made none. One of the first great facts taught us by microscopical science is this—that the two great kingdoms which appear to be so distinct, in reality blend so imperceptibly, that it is impossible to say where one ends and the other begins. The vast family of Diatomaceæ, for instance, are classed by one scientist in the higher kingdom, while another unhesitatingly delegates them to the lower. When we see animals growing like blossoms on a stem (as the *Vorticellidæ*), or reproducing themselves by buds and offshoots (as in the Fresh-water Polype); when we see vegetable organisms rolling slowly through the water, propelled by whip-like appendages (as *Volvox globator*), or moving with a steady grace by some undiscovered agency (as many of the *Desmideaceæ*), we are fain to admit that the relationship between the kingdoms is closer than at first appears. We can almost appreciate the feeling which led some of the earlier students to maintain that there was no distinction at all, as they believed they had *seen* a plant, under the microscope, bring forth veritable animalcules!

When we ascend higher in the scale of existence, and plant and animal develop from the simple cell form, to varieties of complicated tissue, we find that though the resemblance is less marked, the connection is scarcely less interesting and continuous. The wayside plants furnish "board and lodging" to insects innumerable; the curled-up frond tells of precious eggs entrusted to its friendly shelter; the bared stalk, or punctured leaf, shows where sustenance has been given; while too often the fading, drooping plant betrays the presence of voracious grub, or active wire-worm, feeding and fattening on the hidden root.

We have all had wasps in our primest peaches, and slugs among the earliest gathering from our strawberry beds; we have had our fern fronds nipped by the wood-louse, and our rosebuds injured by the aphis; we have had (to be more prosaic) green caterpillars amongst our cabbage, and have read of the potato bug, the phylloxera, and the locust, until it must seem as if the insect portion of the community were having undue advantage in the struggle of life.

There is, however, another side to the question. An animalcule, so minute as to be invisible without the aid of the microscope, may frequently be seen with a perfect forest of infinitesimal fungi springing from his poor little body, waving gracefully to and fro as he slowly swims along. In New Zealand, a remarkable group of fungi spring from the head of a certain caterpillar, when he buries himself in moss before his metamorphosis. Expecting—if he has power to "expect"—to reappear in butterfly form in due time, he settles to his rest, knowing nought of the fatal fungus germs in his head. Soon a long slender stalk springs up, sucking the juices, and taking the very life of its victim. The life is not extinguished, it is transformed; what might have been a lovely winged butterfly, has turned to a nauseous fungus. Is there not, in passing, a lesson for us here? a word of warning about the danger of self-deception, and the need for the cleansing of our heart, in this present life, from sin-germs, if we would obtain the "better resurrection?"

In the West Indies, wasps are sometimes seen flying about with fungoid plants, nearly as long as their own bodies, attached to them. It is not uncommon to see a blue-bottle killed by the growth of a club-shaped fungus, half an inch in length, from his body. Our common house flies, too, suffer much in Autumn from a fungoid disease. Frequently, on our window panes, will be seen a fly, motionless, but apparently feeding, with



SUNDEW.

extended proboscis, on something on the glass. Touch him, and he will crumble to dust, for he is dead. A fine patch of whitish substance spread on the glass tells the tale. The whole body of the fly is lined with the white, felt-like fungus, which has left its victim with a perfect appearance of life, but no reality. A warning echoes for us: "Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead" (Rev. 3. 1). If sin dwell in our mortal bodies, our life cannot be real, well as it may look from outside. Let us see to it, that He who knows our secret sins has free access to cleanse and keep our hearts.

The *Botrytis bassiana* is a fungus affecting largely the health of the silkworms in Syria and China. It, too, grows in the internal tissues of its victim, and frequently causes the death of a whole stock of worms. Sometimes the caterpillar is only partially affected by the fungus; his vital organs are not destroyed; so he goes through his metamorphosis, and becomes a butterfly at length, but still with the fungus mass in his body. Is it not wonderful? In the waiting time nothing is altered: the fungus that went to rest with the caterpillar wakes with the butterfly; there is life, but such a poor, maimed, hampered life, compared with *what might have been*. We need to "cast away every weight;" for *as* we enter the waiting time, *so* we shall issue from it to the higher state.

Analogies and "lessons" must not tempt us to linger unduly, for there is much yet to be said Perhaps the most striking instances of the retaliation (so to speak) of plants upon insects is furnished by the family of insect-eating plants. It does not seem so very strange to us that plants should grow on insects, as they would in a garden bed; but to picture a plant setting to work not only to capture, but to enjoy, a good "meat dinner" is not so easy at first. Many tropical plants (such as Venus's Flytrap) are insect-eaters, but amongst our native plants there is only one which *unquestionably* has this strange power. The beautiful Bog Violet is generally credited with it; but though its oily leaves are frequently found curled round hapless flies, there is no actual proof that the glands on the surface are capable of absorbing the juices of insects. The Common Bladderwort entraps water creatures in its bladders, and a large species of it is said to have captured tiny fish; but here, again, satisfactory evidence of absorption power is lacking. The Sundew is the only native plant whose insect-eating powers are established beyond dispute. Not only has this strange little plant the power of catching insects,—it is absolutely dependent on them for support. Two vessels containing Sundew plants, which had been taken at the same time, from the same place, and in every way treated alike, were used for the experiment. The plants in one vessel were protected from the approach of insects by a fine wire shade; those in the other were left uncovered. The sheltered plants dwindled and died; those in the uncovered vessel caught flies and throve. This experiment was tried again and again, with the same result.

The leaves of the plant are spoon-shaped, but not larger than an *oval* threepenny piece, and are covered with reddish tentacles, longer at the sides and shorter at the centre. Each tentacle is tipped, when the plant is hungry, with a drop of sparkling sticky fluid. This attracts the insects, and one touch is fatal, for the tentacles have some marvellous power of inter-communication; and though only three or four of them may be in contact with the fly, all the others move slowly towards him, pouring out their secretion the while, until he is bathed in it, and embraced closely by the red arms. For many hours—sometimes for days—the prey is closely held; then the tentacles relax slowly, and the dry body of the fly is exposed to view. The tentacles show fresh dewdrops as soon as the plant needs another meal. It is the sparkling of the tiny drop of fluid on the top of each tentacle which attracts the flies; and though we do not seek to lure to destruction, we need all the attractive power we can to draw to us the flies that buzz on every side. A missed lesson is as bad as a dropped stitch in a long stocking,—pick this one up, and learn from the Sundew that simple, shining, sparkling, glistening in the sunlight, has a mighty attractive power.

(*To be continued.*)

DEC. 10, 1887. ONE PENNY.

"A.1."

WEEKLY—Edited by MRS. STEPHEN MENZIES.

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Thirteen Hundred Miles in My Caravan," "From Pole to Pole," etc., etc.



"'I really wasn't listening, gentlemen."

CHAPTER V.

"MOTHER, I AM CAIN."

SPENCER RAE'S struggle with death was a long and bitter one; for weeks he hovered on the brink of the grave, but his fine constitution prevailed at last, so death, giving up a fruitless struggle, raised the siege.

His first sensible words were spoken to Maggie, who sat quietly by his bedside sewing, in case he should need her.

"Where am I? What has happened? Cousin Maggie, why are you there? Am I dreaming? Have I been ill?"

"You have been very ill, boy; but you are out of danger now, only you must be a good patient, and not talk."

He attempted to raise himself on his elbow.

The exertion was too much, and he fell back exhausted. She put a spoon to his lips, and though he swallowed the contents, his language became wandering and incoherent again.

"We have won the match to-day. Oh! that is fine! Oaksworth never could beat Allandene. I knew they couldn't. Well hit! Bravo! Godfrey, Godfrey, why that look? Why that fearful frown? Here, here, take back the foolish flower. Ah!"

The last exclamation was almost a shriek, and the unhappy patient relapsed into insensibility.

Maggie had trembled while she listened to his words, and now the silent tears were trickling over her face.

But there came a morning when her cousin awoke refreshed and to all appearance well, though weak and feeble as a child.

Maggie was there as before.

He put out a hand—how thin and white it was!—and took hers.

"Dear nursie," he said, "how kind you have been to me!"

"Have you known? Have you sometimes been sensible?"

"Sometimes," he answered, with a faint smile; "often enough to be aware of your sisterly care. I can never reward you. Has Godfrey been here?"

She was silent and very sad now.

With his dark, dilated eyes, he gazed on her face for some moments without speaking.

"Maggie," he said at length.

"Yes, Spencer."

"Tell me truly, have I been talking much during my illness?"

"Sometimes, Spencer."

"Have I talked about Godfrey?"

"You have."

"I've been raving. Remember that, Maggie; I've been raving."

"Yes."

"But I want to get well now. I want to see Godfrey, because I—I behaved badly to him. Poor Godfrey! Poor Godfrey!"

He said no more then, and Maggie was so glad that he fell asleep, for she wanted to get away somewhere to weep. Her heart was full to overflowing.

Once having turned the corner, as the doctor called it, Spencer's progress towards recovery was very rapid indeed, and in a week's time he was back again, and sitting on the sofa in his mother's room.

The story of Godfrey's strange flight could now no longer be kept from him; and miserable enough it made him too.

That same day came a brief letter to his mother from the fugitive himself.

"Burn it when you read it;"—this was part of the contents. "Do not keep in your possession that which my polluted hands have touched. I am going into exile for ever. I am Cain. I have slain my brother; and better it is that I should depart to a living death, than remain in England to bring you all to disgrace. My crime has been great and inexcusable, but believe me, the punishment I shall inflict on myself will be ten times greater than any the law could mete out to me. I write to tell you so, and not to beg your forgiveness—that I do not deserve—but to crave your prayers. Once again I will write—then consider me as dead. I dare not write to Rosa; I dare hardly breathe her name."

The letter ended abruptly, and somewhat incoherently. Mrs. Dennis herself brought it over to Rae's farm, and the invalid saw it.

"He thinks I am dead," he said, excitedly, "and the fault was mine, and mine alone. I will never forgive myself till I find and fetch him home. Oh! mother; oh! aunt. Henceforth I have but one aim and object in life—to find poor Godfrey. If I live, and live I will and must, I shall be successful, if he be in the wide, wide world."

CHAPTER VI.

"I REALLY WASN'T LISTENING, GENTLEMEN."

"I TELL you what it is, Jack," said Desmond O'Neil, "there is money in it."

Jack leant back in his easy chair. "Perhaps," he said, after a pause.

"There is no 'perhaps' about it, Jack; it is a sure and certain thing with ordinary luck."

"Ordinary luck, yes."

"And what is even better to us than money, there will be new and strange adventure. Why, I mean to write a book about it. We're both young, you know, and neither of us has over-much of the needful."

"True, true,—too true."

"Your father is an English baronet, but he won't supply you with unlimited funds. My father is an Irish landlord, and can't if he wanted to ever so much, poor soul. Besides, you know, Jack, I dearly love independence. As to going and settling down on our respective estates, or rather, dads' estates, I for one would rather not till I've seen life a bit."

"Nor I, Desmond."

"I'm too fond of life. And here we have a chance of seeing a bit. If we let this opportunity slide, we'll only repent it once, and that will be for ever. It will never come again. But we go out with this captain; we join in assisting to fit out the ship; we do most of the shooting and hunting, and we come home so rich that we can afford to have plenty of fun before we go home."

"You're sanguine; you're Irish."

"Yes, sanguine and Irish. But now the question is, will you go, or shall I go alone?"

"No, no, my friend; I'll be with you. We are too good friends to part so easily."

A deep sigh from the sofa. Poor Godfrey, *he* was thinking of *his* friend that he ne'er might see again.

"Ha!" said Desmond, as both glanced round, "I forgot we weren't alone."

Godfrey got up, stretched himself, and strode towards them.

"I really wasn't listening, gentlemen. That is, I've been half asleep, but I couldn't help hearing some of your remarks. You are going somewhere, to—to—to do something."

"Yes," and both friends smiled.

"Well, do you want an assistant?"

"What for?"

"Anything—clean your boots." Godfrey smiled as he spoke, but the smile was a sad one.

"But," he added, "I heard you talk of shooting. I may say, I can shoot."

"You are a gentleman's son! Quarrelled with your friends?"

"I've left them—left them all, and will never, never see them again; not even her."

"Sit down, my good fellow," said Desmond O'Neil, kindly. "Forgive me if I have touched a tender chord."

Like a great many Irishmen, O'Neil had a feeling heart of his own. He was, nevertheless, quick and impulsive; his soul had a turn of romance in it, but was all sunshine and shadow, as it were. Rather under the medium height, he was good-looking withal, with light blue eyes and fair hair. Keenness of expression was the most noticeable feature in this young man; at first acquaintance, one would have wondered how he could have been so extremely friendly—nay, but brotherly, I might almost say—with that companion of his, rough and right Jack Silk, with his over-plain features, his dark, jetty hair and swarthy complexion.

Jack Silk by name, but not Jack Silk by nature by any means. There was nothing soft nor simple about Jack. If he said anything, he meant it. If he made up his mind to do anything, he did it, and did it with a will. But he never did do anything till he *had* made up that somewhat phlegmatic mind of his.

I daresay Jack's forebears came over with the Conqueror; I really have little doubt about it. And had Jack been dressed in a coat of mail, with vizier and all complete, with an unwieldy lump of a battle-axe in his arms, he might have sat for one of his own ancestors, and the picture might have been placed side by side with those of the grim warriors that frowned from the walls of his father's picture-gallery.

To make a long story short, Jack and Desmond had served in the Royal Navy, and had been shipmates for three years on African shores. They had been in many a gale of wind together, in many a dangerous squall, and had fought side by side on the battle-deck of Arab dhows. On board their gunboat they were always together; and on shore, in the woods, they were seldom separate.

Jack had once saved Desmond's life; at least, so Desmond said, though Jack himself would not admit he had done anything particular.

But it was not this alone that made Desmond so fond of his friend. It can only be accounted for by saying that they suited each other, and that extremes meet.

Well, these were the two young men whom it was now Godfrey Dennis's lot to meet.

They had left the service on half-pay. It was at a time when the Royal Navy was being reduced, and any officer almost might take his retirement. There was no war, else Jack and Desmond would have remained. No war, no excitement, hardly anything to do on board from one day to another, except to eat, drink, and read. No wonder that two such spirited young men got sick and tired of it.

But what were they to do now? Their united funds did not aggregate much over a thousand pounds. Prize-money this was, which they had received for the capture of Arab slave-dhows on the coast.

They had been on a walking tour in Cornwall and Somerset, and to-night found themselves in the cosy parlour of a little roadside inn, not a long way from Bristol.

They had dined, and now over their coffee they had set themselves seriously to consider the answer to that momentous question: "What were they to do now?"

Partly in fun, partly in solid, sober earnest, the following were among some of the proposals made by Jack Silk, each of which was of course laughingly vetoed by Desmond.

"Sell tea?"

"Live on our money?"

"Take a farm?"

"Work a milk walk?"

"Marry an old maid and live happy ever afterwards?"

When Jack found that none of his proposals found favour in his friend's eyes, he said,—

"Well, old man, what would you do?"

Now, as he afterwards expressed it, Desmond had "his shot ready all the time, only

he wanted to let Jack Silk empty his locker first."

Then Desmond began. He had been to Bristol not long ago, and had there met his old friend Captain Jack Boyd, who owned the bold little steamer *Oonalaska*, a steamer that could go anywhere and do anything. Jack Boyd *had* been comparatively rich, but things had not gone quite so well with him of late. He had made a voyage or two to Spitzbergen, expecting to do wonders among the seals, but had to return almost empty. He would be glad, therefore, if Desmond and his friend would put a few hundred pounds of capital into the concern, so that a fresh start could be made, and he—Boyd—did not doubt but that they would be successful.

Then Desmond explained the whole programme to listening, thoughtful Jack. As he was proceeding, all unobserved by either, a listless, weary young man had entered, and laid himself down to rest on the sofa.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN JACK BOYD.

GODFREY'S adventures since last we saw him had been many and varied. He had sold his noble horse. He rode into the market with him at T——, intending to sell, but saying nothing of his intentions to any one. With a load of grief and wretchedness at his heart that might have sunk a ship, he yet managed to assume the careless, easy demeanour of the well-to-do gentleman farmer. He had been a week on the road, and was so weary of life that he cared not, except for the disgrace it would bring to his people, whether he were captured or not.

Here, at the great fair, was every class of horse, from the hack to the hunter, from cob to thoroughbred. It seemed evident to many gentlemen there that the young man came to buy, not to sell; but they could not help admiring his horse Nimrod, and towards evening several forced themselves on his acquaintance, and made inquiries about the steed.

"I'm going to get refreshments," said Godfrey, off-handedly. "If you like to come with me, I'll tell you all about him while I eat." He called for bread and cheese and a sheet of paper, on which he hurriedly sketched out Nimrod's pedigree.

The animal's sires were known to several of these men.

"I'll give a cool hundred for the nag," said one.

Godfrey looked at him, but said nothing.

"Harry," said some one, "do not insult the gentleman."

"Harry shouldn't have him now at any price," said Godfrey, quietly.

"I don't wish to part with Nimrod," he continued, and he spoke the truth, "nor do I intend to for a song; but in case any of you mean business, I will now be pleased to show you what he can do."

Godfrey was soon mounted. The country about was a stiff one, with here and there a hedge and ditch, and here and there a stone fence.

Horse and man seemed one and the same, and the daring way they took the fences and flew over them astonished all.

"Gentlemen," he said, when he returned, "it is getting late; I must be off. Good-night all."

"One minute, sir," said a quiet, farmer-looking individual, who really was a squire.

They went aside together under an elm-tree. In less than ten minutes Nimrod had changed masters, and Godfrey had the squire's cheque for two hundred guineas.

Crestfallen enough now, he patted his horse, and went wearily away on foot.

In a fortnight's time he was nearly at Bristol, and here, at this roadside inn, we find him to-night.

Godfrey took a seat at the table near Desmond and Jack, and for a few moments neither spoke.

"Ever been to sea?" asked Desmond at last.

"Only down the Mediterranean. But I'm not afraid of it."

"You don't look as though you were afraid of anything much. But you look ill."

"Grief and worry."

"Poor fellow! Well, what can you do?"

"On shore, anything. Shoot, as I have told you, ride to hounds, farm, garden, anything in a country way."

"I don't want to be inquisitive," said blunt Jack Silk, "but haven't you had a tiff with your intended, and run away, and want to get abroad for a bit?"

"You're not *very* far wrong," replied Godfrey, sadly.

"Well," said Desmond, "we have not settled to anything yet, have we, Jack?"

"Yes, we have; I'll go."

"Spoken like your honest self, Jack Silk. I always thought you weren't so soft as you looked."

"Well, my friend, you seem cut out for the kind of life we mean to lead for a time—and a wild enough one you'll find it; and if you will stop here over to-morrow, you will see another friend of mine—another Jack, and all can be arranged."

"You spoke of this Captain Jack," said Godfrey, "wanting funds. I have a hundred or so in ready cash; will you permit me to add that to your capital?"

"I'm sure Captain Boyd will be pleased. My friend Mr. Silk here, and myself, are to be first and second mates; you must be a cabin officer, and we'll have you rated gunner of the first class. Will that suit?"

"Anything will suit."

Next day, Captain Jack Boyd himself came bustling in.

Short, stoutish in build, with an exaggerated brick-dust colour of complexion, and hair and whiskers as white as Greenland snows, he entered smiling, and seemed to bring with him a veritable odour of the briny ocean.

"Hallo! my boys! and how are you? I'm positively glad to see you both together. Indeed, indeed I am."

Then there was a deal of pump-handle hand-shaking, and a good deal of laughing and joking.

After this had gone on for some little time, the captain turned abruptly towards Godfrey. "This gentleman is in your company, and yet you have never introduced him."

"Why, captain, you haven't given us time."

"A farmer's son, or I'm a Frenchman, sir."

"Yes, you're right, Captain Boyd; I'm a farmer's son," said Godfrey, with a faint smile.

"Well, now let me introduce him to you, captain,—Mr. Frank Godfrey, gunner-in-chief to the *Oonalaska*."

"Eh? What?"

"It is a fact what I tell you," said Desmond O'Neil. "He has thrown in his lot with us, and puts a bit in the funds as well."

"Well, well, well. Let me shake hands with you, sir. I hope our venture will be a happy and a paying one for all of us."

"I trust so, sir," said Godfrey; "but as I don't choose to sail altogether under false colours, let me just add that I have not given my complete name. Unhappily, I am under a cloud."

Desmond took Captain Boyd aside for a minute or two, and talked to him.

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" he heard the captain say. Then the honest sailor, with his heart upon his sleeve, must needs come and shake hands with Godfrey once again.

"We'll do all we can to make you forget your fickle fortune," he said.

Now there was quite a deal to be done to, and done about the *Oonalaska* before she could be ready for sea. She was all but ready, but three weeks must elapse before she could actually sail.

Next day, Godfrey's new-found friends went off to Bristol to begin work in earnest, while Godfrey went away to live for a time as a recluse at the small, quiet Cornish village of Newlyn.

Captain Boyd was one of those active, energetic men, who fully appreciate the value of honest labour, and the advantage, morally and physically, of having work to do—duty to perform.

"Sixty-five, and began again," he would have told you in all candour, had you asked his age.

"In the evening of life," said a would-be sympathetic friend of his once, "do you find it a great difficulty to support the burden of existence?"

"Burden of fiddlesticks!" This had been Boyd's blunt answer. "I feel no burden about it. I'm as happy now, and just as active, as I was at forty. Life is precisely what you make it. If I were to sit down and twiddle my thumbs, why, my heart would shrivel, and my soul would shrink, and I'd be in the grave in a year."

There is no doubt about it "plain Jack Boyd," as his dearest friend called him, was a very busy man; and he now set about getting the *Oonalaska* ready for sea.

There was a good deal to be done, but he had able assistants in Desmond and Jack Silk. They were on board the craft, morning, noon, and night, and in their blue serge jackets and trousers of duck, you could hardly have told them from any of the workmen.

The ship received such a cleansing and disinfecting as she had never had before, for she was to carry a few passengers for San Francisco, and ere she reached the Arctic regions—her ultimate destination—she had twice to cross the line, twice to be roasted on the equator. So for three whole days it was scour and scrub, and wash, and swill, and pump. Such scouring, scrubbing, washing, swilling, and pumping had never before been seen by the good folks of Bristol. At last, however, the captain declared she was as sweet as hazel-nuts or new-mown hay.

Then the fitting of the saloon commenced, and repairs in general all over the ship; and the rapping and tapping, and sawing and planing, were almost deafening, while the decks below and above were littered and bedded with chips and shavings, boards and logs, and tools of every shape and form.

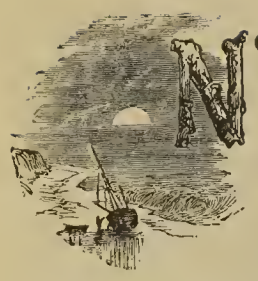
While carpenters were busy below, sailors proper were hard at work aloft, scraping masts, and bending new rigging and extra spars. Nor were the sail-makers idle, for the *Oonalaska* was to be an independent ship—that is, she would sail when the wind was favourable, and steam when it was not.

(*To be continued.*)

WORDSWORTH'S JOY IN NATURE.

By J. H. Rose, M.A.

I.



NOT a few persons who are fond of poetry and of beautiful scenery, yet have an impression that Wordsworth's poetry is dull and monotonous. To such I will try to show that they may from it enrich their lives with a new and lasting delight in Nature.

Wordsworth's life was one of thought rather than of action. He passed through Cambridge with little ambition or distinction; and the French Revolution of 1789–1793 was the only event which stirred his placid nature very profoundly; for he, Coleridge, and Southey shared extravagant hopes of its results.

> "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven."

His faith in its principles outlived the Reign of Terror in 1793; but when the young Republic attacked free Switzerland in 1797, and entered on a career of foreign aggression, disappointment drove the poet in upon his own thoughts and his Cumberland dales. In the downfall of his political ideals, he took comfort from Nature as she reveals herself in mountain, wood, and stream, and in the simple lives of the tillers of the soil.

We, too, may draw fresh hope and strength for life's duties from Wordsworth's pages, even though our lives are spent in smoky cities; for the poet sings not only of the present power of natural beauties on the beholder, but also of the abiding joy which these can exert through the memory.

In fact, Wordsworth made the most (as every prudent person does) of his simple woodland pleasures, both (1) in anticipation; (2) in his present delight, as pictured by fancy or imagination; and (3) in the treasure-house of his memory. Wordsworth has left behind him in his poetry nearly all the thoughts and emotions of his long life; and the great bulk of his writings frightens away many students who know not where to search for his choicest poems. But under the above-named headings much of his noblest teaching about Nature may be conveniently grouped in these Papers.

1. The pleasure of anticipation is described in the "Poems of the Imagination," No. 6, called "Nutting." In the eagerness of boyish hope he set out for a grove where

> "The hazels rose
> Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung,
> A virgin scene!—A little while I stood,
> Breathing with such suppression of the heart
> As joy delights in; and, with wise restraint,
> Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
> The banquet:—or beneath the trees I sate
> Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played;
> A temper known to those who, after long
> And weary expectation, have been blest
> With sudden happiness beyond all hope."

This "wise restraint" has been much admired; and it is like the canny north-countryman, that he should get all the delight possible out of his anticipation, before seizing on the long-coveted pleasure. Nay! the boy found the expectation better than the act of ravage; for when—

> "The shady nook
> Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower
> Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
> Their quiet being,"

then he felt a sense of pain, and his final feeling is:—

> "With gentle hand
> Touch, for there is a spirit in the woods."

2. Present delight in Nature breathes in almost every one of Wordsworth's poems; and it is a thoroughly healthy feeling. I mean that he does not translate *his own* moods into Nature. Perhaps all of us have caught ourselves, at some time or other, indulging in that false sentimentality, that the sky is weeping tears of grief, because it sympathises with our woe. Whenever Wordsworth was tempted to that feeling, he shook it off as unhealthy; as in Stanza 3 of his "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality":—

> "No more shall grief of mine the season wrong."

All of us must feel that this is a more correct and healthy view of Nature than that of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," xi.—

> "Calm is the morn without a sound,
> Calm, as to suit a calmer grief."

But the Laureate's desire for a harmonious background ought to keep us from contrasting too sharply his lines with Wordsworth's.

Many great poets have finely treated the beauty and grandeur of natural scenes as an effective setting to their main theme of human incidents; but in Wordsworth's eyes, Nature and man were of equal importance; and his poetry is full of the influence which the one has on the other.

In the "Preface to the Excursion," he explains this in a philosophical way, viz., that the mind of man is exquisitely fitted to drink in the truths of the external world; and also that Nature has been made by God no less exquisitely adapted to the needs of man's mind. He also touches on the same truth in more popular language in the little poems, "Expostulation and Reply," and "The Tables Turned":—

> "One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil, and of good,
> Than all the sages can."

This belief of an "*impulse*" coming from Nature, and of her moral teaching, is a truth which Wordsworth was the first to explain poetically, and in the next Papers I shall hope to prove that amidst all his delight in natural scenes, his matured mind always found teachings grave or gay, according as they were the results of imagination or fancy.

I say that his *matured* mind saw these lessons, for in boyhood he simply enjoyed his Cumberland mountains and lakes just as every other healthy boy would. As a proof that in his youth his was no old head on young shoulders, read the healthful description of his skating on the lake (middle of "Book I. of the Prelude").

> "So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
> And not a voice was idle; with the din
> Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
> The leafless trees and every icy crag
> Tinkled like iron; while far distant hills
> Into the tumult sent an alien sound
> Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars
> Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
> The orange sky of evening died away.
> Not seldom from the uproar I retired
> Into a silent bay, or sportively
> Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng,
> To cut across the reflex of a star
> That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed
> Upon the glassy plain."

This is a piece of poetry as fine and spirited as the sport it describes; and we may be sure that the boy enjoyed the fun as rapturously as any of his comrades,—in fact, much more so, for he had a poet's ear and eye even then in his boyhood, else he would not have remembered in his later years that the near crags echoed back the sound of the skates, while the far distant hills slowly sent back the weird sounds of horn and halloo; although the boy enjoyed his hare and hounds, we yet see that the reflection of a star was able to entice him aside in frolicsome chase. He had more sources of pleasure than they.

Or take this passage of the calmer joy (Prelude, Book II.) of boating on a summer's eve,—

> "Oh, then, the calm
> And dead still water lay upon my mind
> Even with a weight of pleasure, and the sky,
> Never before so beautiful, sank down
> Into my heart, and held me like a dream."

Such were the influences which played about the young poet. A quiet cottage life, with "plain living and high thinking," in one of the fairest spots of English ground. Would that these healthy conditions of life were more common now-a-days! But as that is impossible, the next best thing is, that those who must grow up amidst the din and temptations of great towns, should drink in some of Wordsworth's healthful teaching.

To those who have an ear for the cadence of poetry, I would commend a close study of the two last extracts.

> "The sound should be an echo to the sense,"

says Pope. The vigorous movements in the first piece are shown by the hurrying metre or abrupt breaks in the lines; while, on the other hand, the quiet ecstacy of the summer eve is reflected in the smooth, slowly-moving lines of the latter.

Mr. Swinburne says: "Wordsworth's metre is sublime; his choice or chance of language has miraculous effects in it, when he feels his foot firm."

For those who care to pursue further the study of his metre, I would name "Poems of Imagination," Nos. 5 and 16; the first ("Yew Trees") because *Wordsworth* thought it the best specimen of his blank verse; and No. 16, because the short, hurrying lines express the various activities of Spring, while the *long* lines of the first verse show the stillness of the oxen and of the field.

Everywhere in Wordsworth, Nature is a Being endowed with active powers and influences; and why not?

Even the North American Indians have called one of their loveliest lakes, "The Smile of the Great Spirit;" and it is said that the reason why they are silent in the woods, is, because they think the leaves may *hear*, and *whisper* of their talk.

THROUGH THE MUD IN NEAT'S LANE.

By A. Stuart Fletcher.

NEAT'S LANE, on a dull winter night, is not the pleasantest place for a walk. For one thing, its only means of illumination is a dim oil lamp, which hangs outside a cottage at the further end ; this faintly lights up a patch of whitey-brown wall, belonging to some Cement Works, and a row of small cottages, with cabbage gardens in front. Between the wall and the gardens is a slough of black mud, traversed by a line of broken bricks and cinders, called, by courtesy, a path. Along this uneven causeway, picking her steps as well as she was able, came a girl, who paused at the gate of the cottage with the lamp, and, breathing a sigh of relief, entered the gârden. She was evidently not an inhabitant of Neat's Lane; the quiet dress, the neatly-gloved hands, the well-poised head, with its mass of smoothly-coiled hair, which the lamp revealed, proved that.

The stranger turned the handle of the door, and looked in. She saw a room furnished with a deal table, forms and bookcase. Round the table sat about a dozen lads, apparently aged from fifteen to twenty, and arrayed, for the most part, in gorgeously-striped woollen jerseys. All the heads were bent over books or slates, and a grey-haired gentleman was talking in a low tone to one of the lads.

The girl entered, and every head was raised. "It's Mr. Morrison's sister, come 'cause he's ill with the Brown Crisis," said one lad to another with a nudge. "There's Mr. Blake a-shaking hands, and asking her to look over the sums."

Ellen Morrison laid aside her hat, and passed quietly round the table. Most of the scholars were lads from the Cement Works, whose holiday attire of bright jersey had been donned for the occasion.

"I've got a tough job here, miss," said one brawny fellow in gorgeous stripes of red and blue, as she passed behind him.

Ellen looked down on the thick fingers grasping a stumpy bit of pencil, and the much-besmeared slate, with its three short columns of oddly made figures, and inquired what the difficulty was.

"You see, miss," said the troubled student, "I adds up the figgers, and they comes to twenty-one. Then I puts down two and carries one, and yet it don't come right."

With some difficulty Ellen made this dark point clear, and lifting her head, met the gaze of a pair of deep-set eyes, looking at her from under thick black brows.

"Do you want something?" Ellen asked the owner, who was conspicuous by the absence of a brightly-striped jersey. The youth nodded, and Ellen took his slate. Instead of the usual additions and subtractions, this contained a problem in Interest, and Ellen had just time to wish that the arithmetical part of her education had been a little wider, when Mr. Blake said suddenly: "Oh, Armstrong, I'll correct that," and muttering a "Thank-you," the lad took the slate again, and passed it to the master.

"Who is your advanced pupil?" asked Ellen, as, an hour later, she walked with Mr. Blake down Neat's Lane.

"Oh, Armstrong," replied Mr. Blake. "There's the right stuff in that fellow ; he'll get on ;—never loses a minute or an opportunity. He has had no advantages, could scarcely read or write when he came to the night-school, but there is no one who comes anywhere near him now."

Wednesday after Wednesday found Ellen at the cottage in Neat's Lane, for her brother's attack of bronchitis proved a severe one, and no other substitute could be obtained.

One evening she found the youth of the thick fingers, Bill Stevens by name, waiting at the end of the lane with a lantern.

"It's awful muddy down tne lane, miss," he said awkwardly ; "I thought I'd best bring a lantern, and light you along." And Ellen accepted the escort gratefully.

Bill Stevens did not make much progress ; his brain seemed of the same texture as his fingers ; but John Armstrong's advance was sure and steady. He read omnivorously, and Mr. Blake told Ellen one evening that Armstrong had read almost everything he could lend him.

"Perhaps my brother could lend you some books," said Ellen to the boy, after class was over that night.

An eager gleam shot from under Armstrong's black brows. "Could he lend me something about America?" he asked.

"I think he could," Ellen answered. "But why particularly about America?"

"Because I am going there as soon as I can save the money," said Armstrong; "they tell me there's plenty of room there for every one who will work. And there's land, and wood, and water, you can have for your own, and there's no need to push another man to the wall when you want to get on. I'm going. I've no one belonging to me, you know, and I shall have saved enough money by the Spring."

Fred Morrison lent the books, and, being now in a state of convalescence, when his enforced imprisonment within doors in the winter evenings became tedious, he willingly listened to Ellen's suggestion, that he should offer Armstrong help in other subjects beyond the night-school curriculum.

So night after night Armstrong sat by the Morrisons' dining-room fire, and worked under Fred's direction, while Ellen, work in hand, sat on the other side, and listened, or joined in the conversation.

Spring came at last, with the light evenings, and the night-school term was ended. On the last evening, Bill Stevens presented Ellen with a huge bunch of wall-flowers and daffodils, "off a barrer," and otherwise gave vent to his gratitude by a lusty "hooray," in which the others joined.

Armstrong lingered when the other lads were gone. With the warmer evenings Fred Morrison's lessons had become less frequent.

"I am going to America next week, Miss Ellen," he said ; "may I come to say 'Good-bye'?"

"Come," said Ellen ; and in a few days he came.

"Good-bye, Armstrong," said Fred ; "you'll be sure to get on! And," he added lightly, eyeing the upright figure in its homely suit, the resolute mouth, and the keen eyes under the deep brows, "you will come back a gentleman."

"I will be as much of a gentleman, sir, as the memory of a real lady can make me," said Armstrong seriously. Then, turning to Ellen, he continued in a lower voice: "You told one of the boys once, Miss Ellen, that he must be a man before he could be a gentleman. I'll be a man, God helping me, and will never do anything a man should be ashamed to do, nor a lady like yourself ashamed to see."

A year passed away, and nothing was heard of Armstrong, and in the months that followed, Ellen almost forgot his existence ; her brother had had a more serious attack of his old complaint, and this time did not rally. After his death, followed sorrow upon sorrow, until to Ellen, now orphaned and alone, the memory of the time when, as a light-hearted girl, she plodded through the mud in Neat's Lane, seemed like a dream. Poverty, too, had been added to bereavement, and Ellen now earned a scanty livelihood by giving music lessons.

One evening in Spring, returning weary from her teaching, the sight of a costermonger's barrow, filled with bunches of wall-flowers, caused her to stop, and spend one or two of her scanty pennies in the purchase of a bunch. A smile lit up Ellen's worn face, as the scent of the flowers brought back the remembrance of the faithful Bill Stevens, and his floral offering.

After reaching home, and placing the flowers in water, Ellen leaned back in her chair, and gave way to the memories that now came thronging into her mind: Bill Stevens and his gaudy jersey ; Armstrong with his intent gaze. Where was Armstrong now? Had he succeeded? Had he failed, or was he, too, dead?

The little maid bumping at the door with the tea-things put an end to Ellen's reverie.

"Please, ma'am," said the girl, as she set the table, "a gentleman came this afternoon when you was out, and he said he'd come again to-night. He didn't leave no name."

The prospect of a visitor was almost an excitement to Ellen, who lived now much alone. As she ate her tea, her mind was busy wondering who the mysterious gentleman who left no name could be, and she had just made up her mind that it must be an old friend of her father's, who sometimes came to see her, when the little maid's blundering knock was heard at the door, and a visitor entered.

Ellen rose from her seat, and gazed at the bearded stranger in amazement. No recollection of having seen him before crossed her mind, till a sudden glance from under a pair of black brows brought back, as in a flash, the memory of the night-school and John Armstrong. He saw the recognition in her face.

"I've come back at last, Miss Ellen," he said.

The rush of memories would not let Ellen speak. She pointed to a chair, and he sat down. Ellen looked at the vigorous form, the expression of power and will in the face, and, meeting the clear gaze of the eyes, felt that his old promise of manliness had been fulfilled.

They spoke of old friends, and of Armstrong's adventures ; then there was an instant's silence, till he said abruptly,—

"The thought of you has never been absent from me one day since I left you ; it has been company in my loneliness ; it has kept me up in the face of despair ; it has come between me and temptation ; it will never leave me till I die. I am a plain man, Ellen, no polished gentleman ; but I have been true, by God's grace, to the promise I made you ; and if you will give me the right now to take care of you till death parts us, there is no man on earth can offer you a truer love."

What could Ellen say?

"Give me time, John, to know you, and to know myself. You have thought of me all these years, you say ; but I had almost forgotten you. Give me time."

"I have waited seven years," said Arm-

strong, "but I could wait another seven if you would only call me 'John' again!"

But it was not seven years, nor even as many months, before John and Ellen stood side by side on the deck of an outward-bound steamer, and watched the English shores as they faded from sight.

"If there is one spot in England I should like to transplant to America," said John at last, as they turned away, "it's that muddy strip of earth called 'Neat's Lane.'"

MEN THAT CAN'T.

THE MAN THAT CAN'T HOLD HIS TONGUE.

By the Rev. J. H. THORPE, M.A.

AT the outset, we hasten to assure you that you are not about to be exposed to the chilling torrent of empty words, which he pours on all who come near him. No; you are only asked to stop a while, and hear *about* him. We do not expect to cure him of his desperate complaint by a public exposure; but by a closer consideration of him, you may be led to pity in some cases, to be patient in others, and perhaps to learn that there are times when "the man that can't hold his tongue" actually rises above being a social bore, and becomes nothing short of a moral nobleman.

Once upon a time, an ancient sage said to one whom he met, "Speak, that I may see thee." We believe this old gentleman was not a poet. Poets, you know, always speak of the eyes as "windows of the soul;" our friend, the sage, may have accepted this as true, but he seems to have regarded the mouth as the door of the soul. After all, people only look through their windows; but they walk through their doors, and let all the world have a full view of them.

Now we are about to investigate the causes of that strange phenomenon—"the man that can't hold his tongue." The simplest way to do so will be to hang our thoughts on this simple peg. "Why can't he?"

Our first answer will savour somewhat of nursery logic, "Because he can't!" Yes; we mean it. We go so far as to say, just here, with not a sound to disturb us, except the tick of the study clock, that some men can't hold their tongues, from a simple inability to keep silent. They must talk.

In ancient story, we read of a certain vanquished warrior, who was tied by the heel to his enemy's chariot, and dragged along in ignominy. Such a sight is a man, dragged by an ungovernable tongue at the end of his conversation, to his own sorrow, and betimes to the injury of his neighbours. He suffers from a fatal facility of speech. His tongue is so supple that, like a well-made and well-oiled machine, it runs along without requiring more than the least out-put of driving power; or sometimes like a railway train, with insufficient brake-power, running down an incline. His tongue makes words a great deal faster than his brain can supply thoughts to fill them.

Meet him in the drawing-room, and you constantly hear him saying "things one would rather have left unsaid," and then lamenting his blunders. Meet him in the "blues" after a party, because when his heart was merry, and the string of his tongue unloosed, he uttered words that were not lawful for him to utter—secrets that had been revealed to him under the sacred bonds of friendship; and now, alas! he cannot mend the mischief. Again, you go to some Public Meeting, and there he sits on the platform—you hope only as a sympathiser with the object in hand, but presently your hopes are shattered. You hear Mr. Blank called upon to move the first Resolution. Up he gets. Perhaps you hear something like a speech actually given in one of our colonies by a member of this family, when impassionately recounting an Indian raid on his native village: "And, gentlemen, when I returned to my home that I had left so peaceful and so secure, I found—I found—sir, I found my children fatherless, and my wife a widow!"

Sometimes "the man who can't hold his tongue" will be clothed in clerical garb. He mounts the pulpit and begins. At first you seem able to trace a good sequence of thought in his sermon, but presently it begins to get rather hazy, though never a word does he lack. On he goes, and by an irresistible association of ideas, you find yourself (mentally) humming the chorus: "Beautiful *words*, beautiful *words*." The usual twenty minutes have run; you expect him to stop. He is *trying* to stop, but he can't; somehow the last thread seems to elude his grasp. On he goes for ten minutes longer, like the child's windmill, which flies round but grinds nothing. At last you cannot say the sermon ends—it stops. Such men will begin with the largest congregation in the town, and scatter it in a few months with no more harmful weapons than *words*.

Is there a man here who suffers from this? Send him to the surgery at once, that we may inform him that the cause why the clapper of the ship's bell tolls the watches—namely, that *it wags in an empty vessel*—is also the reason of his complaint.

Now this poor fellow, who can't hold his tongue, would be completely cured by some mental tonic, which would restore his mind to its rightful place as master of his tongue. If such be not forthcoming, let him resolve from to-day, to exercise severest discipline over his tongue and conversation generally. Next, and most important, he must labour from day to day, to store his mind with knowledge of as wide a range as possible. As a man's mind becomes filled with thoughts, great, varied, and solid, his mouth becomes empty of words that are nothing but words—"*vox et præterea nihil*." The words he then uses, because of their solidity and truth, become the carriers of many treasures to his neighbours, causing them to own him a benefactor. Once again, we would ask him to remember that it is written, "Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." With those words before him, no man can think it a matter of indifference whether his words be many and useless; or few, and to the edifying of his hearers.

We turn from this member of the "Can't" family to another, less amiable, and by far more harmful. There is another man who "can't hold his tongue," because he is possessed with an ardent desire to attract men's attention to himself. This man's tongue keeps up its ceaseless clatter, because it is the lineal descendant of the trumpet blown at street corners long ago by a Pharisee, "to be seen of men." We do not care to say much about him. Putting down buoys in a river to show dangerous places, is no doubt very useful work, but it is somewhat uncongenial to landlubbers. But it is needful, and it must be done, so here goes! This man talks long and loudly in mart and in meeting, in the parlour and the park, in all places, in a word, where he can get a hearer, because his heart is full of his own self-importance, and he wants to talk men into accepting his own exaggerated estimate of himself.

We have met this man more than once. We have ventured to tell of some remarkable achievement. We had barely concluded, when the pompous, self-conceited, inflated tones of this loquacious individual proceeded to unfold before the assembly a tale of his own prowess, which was as much superior to our little anecdote, as St. Paul's Cathedral is to a sentry-box.

We need not follow him further. We have written enough to enable our reader to see him plainly. We are unequal to the task of giving a full rehearsal of the most likely method for his cure. We almost wish the oculist could be called in, with skilful hand and keen tempered steel, to extract this great "I," as he does other "eyes" that have become of abnormal proportions; but we do not expect to live to see science so far advanced, so we are bound to adhere to the old ways still. We recommend him to renounce the selfish pleasure of talking about himself. Let him dwell on the sorrows of his neighbours, and store his memory with his own mercies. Above all, let him seek grace to be "clothed with humility," and, ceasing to *think* so much, he will soon cease to *talk* so much, about himself.

We have suggested the possibility of a member of this clan not being a social bore, but a moral nobleman.

What has been the history of men who have smitten mighty abuses on the head, and, smiting hard enough and long enough, have at last seen them laid low for ever? We believe it was this,—they were men whose hearts were so filled with holy indignation, that they could not keep silent. They spake with their tongues, because the fire had been kindled in their souls. The world said, "Keep quiet," but they felt that if they did, the very stones would cry out. And in the end, there came a day when they held their tongues, because their work was done. Was it not so in the days when Wilberforce and others laid low the giant of Slavery? Has it not been so in the history of the Temperance Reformation? At the outset, Temperance men were laughed at, and pitied, and abused, and persecuted; but they stuck to the talking, and in the Press, from the Pulpit, and on the Platform, they couldn't hold their tongues. As a consequence, while they have not attained the measure of success which we trust lies before them, they have, by God's blessing, accomplished little short of a Social Reformation.

Can you not see the same thing in the history of our holy religion? What, amongst other things, characterized the Apostles? They worked miracles, they journeyed, they laboured at handicrafts, they did many things; one thing they could not and would not do—they couldn't hold their tongues! It was to no purpose they were warned, threatened, beaten, cast into prison, that they should no more "speak in the name of Jesus." "They ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ." Amongst our readers, there are not a few labourers for truth and righteousness. To them we would say, "Keep not still silent." If your voice is to be heard above the din and clamour of life, so as to arrest men's attention, you must "cry aloud and spare not." The world will charge you to keep silent, for the world does not wish to be disturbed by such as you; for that very reason, the more it opposes, do you cry all the more, and "don't hold your tongue!"

LED BY A WAY THAT THEY KNEW NOT.

By F. C. K. Waller.



ATE one evening at supper, a father, hale and middle-aged, sat with his son of about five and twenty, and two daughters, one older, the other younger, than the brother. The room in which they were, and all the table appointments, bespoke comfort and even affluence, for their position in life. Mr. Harris, the father, was accountant for a large auctioneering firm; the son was a clerk in the same; the youngest daughter worked as a daily governess, while the elder found occupation enough in keeping the house going, with the aid of one active young servant. There was a little capital in the background; the united income of the household was quite sufficient for their needs, and the Harrises, as a family, were consequently counted amongst the well-to-do folk of their neighbourhood.

A few moments' observation of the party this evening, was enough to prove that *something* had greatly moved them. They all looked earnest and excited, and, moreover, in sympathy with each other.

"I don't think I ever heard such an interesting speaker on Missions," remarked Mr. Harris, pausing in his supper. "I never wished so much before that I were a rich man. I should like to help the work ten times more than I do."

"Just what I felt, father," answered Sarah, the eldest girl. "I think I understand now the meaning of the expression 'the heart burning within one.' I'm sure mine was burning to do more this evening. What a very interesting Mission it has been!"

"A Mission's mission," remarked Marion, the other girl, with a smile. "What an odd combination it sounds!"

"And the fact that there were no collections after the Meetings seemed to make one more anxious to give," said Alfred, the son. "Just like the contrariness of human nature! But these Meetings, on such warm evenings, are thirsty work, Sarah. Just pass over the claret, dear."

His sister took up the bottle. "You must ring, Alfred; this is empty," she remarked. "I'm afraid it's the last of the cheap wine. Jane," turning to the servant, "bring a bottle of the other claret." Then to her father she added, as the maid left the room, "Will you please order some more of the light wine to-morrow, father? this warm weather makes it go very fast," and she laughed as she looked at her brother.

He met her glance frankly with an answering smile. "It's capital wine," he observed. "I hope the next will be as good; and it's not dear either, is it?"

"Only fifteen shillings a dozen," said his father. "The best wine for the money I have ever had. I shall order two dozen to-morrow. That ought to carry us through the rest of this warm weather. It can't last long now."

"I don't know about that," remarked Sarah, meditatively. "We often open two bottles a day, and October is only just begun. Claret is certainly a delightfully refreshing drink in warm weather," and she reached out her tumbler for a fresh supply from the new bottle.

"It may suit you young folks," said Mr. Harris, laughing, "but there's not body enough in it for a man of my years! Give me out 'my own particular,' Marion, dear. There's nothing like a dash of good brandy in a glass of cold water when one is really thirsty."

"And that reminds me, father," put in Sarah, "you may as well order some pale brandy too. That is your last bottle."

"All right, dear," and he made a memorandum of both liquors in his pocket-book. "But now about this Mission work. Don't you think we can manage an extra subscription? I should like to be doing more if we can. You're accountant-general to the family, Sarah. What do you say?"

She looked thoughtful, and then shook her head. "I don't know what to say," she answered at last. "Expenses seem to increase somehow, though I don't know exactly where. The total for last quarter was higher than usual. In fact, each quarter's expenditure has exceeded that of the last all this year. I dare not promise any more subscriptions till I get our balance at the year's end. We may have to cut down instead of increase them.

"Couldn't we do without something—exercise some real self-denial?" persisted Mr. Harris. "Surely, if we are in earnest about it, we could make out amongst us an extra five pounds for this Missionary work! It seems to me we shall surely suffer spiritually if we don't try, after being so much moved about it, to do something definite to help it on. Come, Sarah, we leave all these matters to you. See if you can't manage it. We're all willing, aren't we, to forego some luxuries for the Lord's sake?" and he glanced appealingly at his younger children.

"Surely, surely, father," was their prompt reply. "If Sarah can arrange it, and tells us what to go without, we'll be quite content."

"Then I'll look over the accounts some day soon," she said brightly. "I should like to contrive it somehow. I think, with father, that we ought to put our feelings into deeds, if we're to profit by them."

The Harrises were not long left in suspense as to where their self-denial was to be made. They were sitting at breakfast one morning, shortly after this conversation had taken place, when Mr. Harris took up a heavy letter, from amongst the rest beside him, and opened it.

"Why, what have we here?" he exclaimed, holding up four tickets. Then reading: "'Public Hall, Ilminster. The well-known William Barnet will give an address. Reserved seat, three shillings.' Well, this is curious, girls! Who can have sent them? It's for to-night. Shall we go?"

"Well, it seems a pity not to go," said the practical Sarah, taking up a ticket to examine it. "The twelve shillings would otherwise be wasted. But I can't think who has sent them," and she took up the envelope and scrutinized the direction.

"A disguised hand evidently," remarked Mr. Harris; "but that does not matter. I suppose it will be worth going to. Do any of you know about William Barnet? What's he going to talk about?"

"Why he's a great Temperance orator, father," answered Marion. "I've often heard of him at the Smithsons'. I knew he was coming, but you know we have never thought Temperance concerned us, so I did not mention it. But I shall like to hear him now we have the tickets."

"Then arrange accordingly, Sarah," was the answer, and soon afterwards the party separated to pursue their daily businesses. They were not able to sit together at the Meeting. Sarah and her father were in one place; Marion with the Smithsons, her employers; and Alfred by himself. Leaflets of various kinds were scattered over the Hall seats, and while waiting for the Meeting to begin, the Harrises, like many other people, studied those they could get hold of. The whole subject was a new one to them, and they were startled and aroused by many of the facts they read, even before the great speaker commenced his Address. Then they were completely carried away by the flood of burning eloquence which poured from his lips. The fearful details of the havoc wrought by the drink traffic were a new and horrible revelation to these simple-minded Christians. The power of habit, and all the misery entailed by an hereditary taste for it, were startling facts; but when, in concluding, the speaker caught up a leaflet from the table, and thundered out all the degrading details of the National Drink Bill; when he drew a pitiable comparison between the amount spent on alcoholic liquors, and the miserable fraction of it which a Christian country was able to give to Missionary work; when he pointed out how much more money must be available for all God's work, if only people would deny themselves the habitual use of what was, at its best, an unnecessary luxury, and at its worst, the ruin and curse of thousands; then Sarah and her father turned and looked at each other with moistened eyes and beating hearts, for, lightning-like, it flashed into the thoughts of each,—this was the direction in which they must seek retrenchment for their additional Missionary subscriptions. How was it they had never thought of it before? Wine was certainly a luxury they could well go without. The extra five pounds would soon be saved out of the wine merchant's account. How glad and thankful they felt to have had the matter put so plainly before them, for surely scores of other people must be feeling as they did!

So when father and daughter left the Meeting, words were scarcely needed to make them at one as to their future course.

"We'll give it all up for the Lord's sake, my dear," said Mr. Harris, reverently, as he pressed the hand which rested on his arm. "It's a pure luxury to folk like us, who have plenty of good food and clothing. Have you any idea how much our quarterly wine bill is? Two or three pounds, I suppose—a grand sum to have available for Mission work! I'm sure Marion and Alf will be feeling with us. Curious, isn't it, dear, that these tickets should come for this Meeting, just to show us what we might do for God's work!"

But when the family party sat down together to their supper, the proposed alteration dawned upon the good man as a real sacrifice. A freshly-opened bottle of the light claret stood on the table, and filled the air with its aroma; and "his own particular" stood beside his glass, also adding its fiery breath to the atmosphere. There had been no opportunity, till then, of sounding Marion and Alfred on the subject; but Marion's action of withdrawing her glass as her brother proposed to fill it, broke the ice.

"We need hardly ask how you feel, my dear," remarked Mr. Harris, giving her a kindly glance. "You didn't fancy it, evidently, after all we have been hearing. Sarah and I have resolved to give up the habitual use of wine for the Lord's sake. The

lecturer's words about Missions seemed like a message straight from God for us. How much is it, Sarah, we shall thus save for Mission work?"

"It used to be only about three pounds a quarter, father," replied his daughter; "but the last year or two it has been increasing. I can't think why. When I came to look over the accounts, it was there the increase came. It was six pounds last quarter. I suppose the long, hot Summer made us extra thirsty."

"Well, we'll take it at its old valuation—three pounds a quarter," was the answer. "That is a nice sum for extra subscriptions. I suppose, Alfred, you'll agree to this household self-denial?" he asked, as he turned inquiringly to his son.

"Oh, yes, sir, certainly," said the young man lightly. "Of course I like my wine, but I daresay I can do without it at home. It was a family compact, and I won't be the one to break it. But as this bottle is opened, I may as well drink it to save it from spoiling. So, here goes for my last glass of claret," he continued, with a laugh, and filling himself a bumper. "It will be strange to drink only water after all these years. I don't think you fancy it much yourself, father."

Mr. Harris glanced rather ruefully at "his own particular." "Yes, it is a bit of a pinch, I own, my boy," he remarked, with a comical smile, as he corked up the bottle. "It is curious how strong these habits of ours are. I'd no idea that I counted on my glass so much, till now that I am to go without it. But there, children, we'll say no more about it! In a few days' time we shall get used to the change. You must give us coffee sometimes for supper, Sarah, as the weather gets colder; then we'll soon cease to miss our strong drink."

And so, quietly and without any special fuss, the Harrises, as a household, became total abstainers. It was also tacitly understood that three pounds a quarter, out of the amount laid aside for household expenses, was to be appropriated to Mission work, either at home or abroad. Sarah was to have charge of this special fund, and give from it according to the calls which might be made upon them.

But though so easily inaugurated, this great change was not destined to be thoroughly established on *principle* amongst the Harrises, without a trial such as they little expected, but from which they were to emerge more thankful and grateful than words can tell.



"'Why, what have we here?' he exclaimed."

One day, about ten days after the Temperance Meeting, Alfred Harris was sent by his employers to the counting-house of a wealthy wine merchant. After finishing their business, the old gentleman courteously offered the young clerk a glass of wine. It was the first time Alfred had been offered wine since the family had renounced the habitual use of it. For a moment, the young man was about to decline; but the wine merchant was already pouring it out, and its aroma filled the air. The young man caught a whiff of it, and suddenly became aware of a great longing to taste it. He had just time to reflect that he was bound by no pledge to abstain from wine-drinking at other people's expense, when the glass was handed to him. He seized it, and drank so eagerly, that the old wine merchant smiled, and hospitably offered him a second glass.

"Just half a one, thank you, sir," replied Alfred. "It is most excellent wine."

"Such as people don't often get," said the old man. "It won't do you any harm; it's a thoroughly sound, wholesome wine," and he poured him out another bumper.

Alfred drank it, thanked him, and took his leave. But before he had been many minutes in the street, he became conscious of a subtle change in himself, which he had never experienced before. He appeared to be possessed with an unaccountable longing for more drink, and something kept urging him to turn into the public-houses he passed, in order to gratify it. The smell of the liquor, as he caught it from time to time, exercised a powerful attraction over him. The longing grew and grew as he passed one and another, till he felt like one possessed. He had never been in the habit of frequenting public drinking-shops, so he could not understand what this sudden fascination meant. Why should he be wanting to go into them this morning? He had often laughed at his fellow-clerks for their frequent visits to these places, and had prided himself on his self-restraint; yet, now, every moment was making it more difficult to pass them by. A thirst for some kind of liquor consumed him. His whole being was calling out for it. So intense did the longing become at last, that as Alfred neared one corner, where he remembered there was a very attractive bar, much frequented by young men of his class, he suddenly turned down a side street to avoid it, and found his way back to his office by another route.

Once alone there, he sat down, and, burying his face in his hands, began to collect



"'Such as people don't often get.'"

his thoughts. What was this strange thing which had happened to him? Even now, alone in his little office, out of sight and smell of it all, he was still longing for more drink. He knew he had liked wine always, and latterly, that he had liked it more than before ; still, for ten days he had lived fairly comfortably without it. Why, then, this sudden passion for it after those friendly glasses given him at the wine merchant's?

Then there flashed into his mind words that he had both read and heard at the Temperance Meeting, and he began to understand it. This sudden and terrible longing must be the first symptoms of the drink crave, the first signs of the appetite for alcoholic liquor, which he had heard so powerfully described that evening !

God have mercy on him ; was it really so ? Great drops of perspiration beaded the young man's forehead as he sank on his knees quite overpowered by the dreadful thought. For he felt it was the truth. His memory rapidly supplied link after link of confirmatory facts. He had been growing fonder and fonder of drink for the last year, and he remembered with a flush of shame how gladly he had allowed himself to be treated of late by his friends, and how much more he had taken at home.

And this was the end of it ! The first taste of alcoholic liquor after his ten days' abstinence had unmasked the enemy ! Well, God be thanked, he knew his position now. He was young and strong of will. The liking could not have got a very strong hold of him, or his ten days' abstinence would not have been so easy. One thing was clear to him : it must be total abstinence again for him for many a long day. He would never willingly run the chance of arousing this enemy again. The struggle had just been real and hard enough to make him realise, that a little longer indulgence in his habitual drinking habits might have made it terribly more difficult to conquer. And Alfred bowed his head in silent prayer to God for strength to overcome this fatal liking, and then set himself resolutely to his work as the best way of forgetting, and living his temptation down.

But this was only the beginning of a long and hard struggle, such as Alfred would not have believed possible a month before ; for the enemy was not going to loosen his grasp on his desired prey without making him feel his power. The thirst, once aroused, was not to be so easily ignored. The young man took no one into his confidence, and, not being an avowed or pledged teetotaller, was continually tried by the invitations and teasings of his friends to share their libations as of old. How thankful he often felt, as he turned into his home from time to time, that there at least was a haven of rest, and freedom from temptation ! What should he have done if they, like his other friends, had assailed him with invitations to drink, and tantalised him with the sight and the smell of it. All unconsciously to themselves, his father and sisters were befriending and supporting him to their utmost by their abstinence. Sometimes in his gratitude, he was almost betrayed into telling his story. But he restrained himself. He wished to win the battle and master his foe, before he let them know of its existence, and told them of the help they had given him in his terrible struggle.

But unexpected circumstances brought all to light sooner than he intended. Alfred caught a violent cold, which developed into a serious illness, and they had to call in medical aid. When at last the young man began to improve, his doctor ordered him a couple of glasses of port wine daily, under the mistaken, old-fashioned, unscientific idea that it would help to "get up his strength."

It was to Sarah the doctor gave this part of his prescription. Not having adopted total abstinence practice from any particular principle, except that of personal self-denial for the sake of God's work, and wholly ignorant of the evil it might work, Sarah made no objection. She fetched up a bottle of the best port-wine from their little cellar, and, decanting it carefully, poured out a glass and took it up to her brother's room, with the beef-tea and dry toast prepared for his luncheon.

Alfred was sitting in an easy chair by the fireside. He was tired after dressing, and had dropped off into a doze. Sarah suddenly noticed, with concern, lines of care about his face not seen there before, and wondered if he had any secret trouble to make him look so much older than he used to do. She did not know of the solitary struggle with his lately-discovered liking for strong drink, which had tried him sorely. But her sisterly heart was greatly touched by the traces it had left behind on his countenance. She placed the tray on the table beside him, put the beef-tea to keep hot on the hob, and then sat down to wait for his waking, full of tender feeling, and trying to make out what could be the matter.

He woke at last with a start. His sister was out of the direct line of his vision, so he did not see her. But his eyes fell on the table with his luncheon tray. Sarah saw him flush up and sit upright, while an eager look came into his eyes. He glared down at the glass of deep red wine with such a longing look, as she never afterwards forgot, and half stretched out his hand to clutch it. Then he threw himself back in his chair with a cry for help.

"Not this, my God, not this !" he exclaimed, clasping his trembling hands together before his face. "Let me not be tempted in my own home. Have mercy upon me, have mercy, and help me to resist."



"'As you love me, take it away.'"

Sarah sprang to her feet in amazement, trembling with excitement. Alfred looked up to meet her questioning glance.

"As you love me take it away, Sarah," he cried, all his reserve broken down by his sense of danger and bodily weakness. "You little know what I've gone through these last two months. Don't you now be the one to put temptation in my way, dear. Home has been my one haven of refuge since I discovered my liking for strong drink. Don't let it cease to be such. Take it away, Sarah; take it away. It's 'the very devil in solution' to such as I. God only knows how soon I might have become a confirmed drunkard, if He had not in mercy opened my eyes."

Sarah was almost speechless with astonishment at this outburst. "Is it the wine, dear?" she asked at last.

"Yes, yes," he answered, irritably; "take it away, do, or I shall be drinking it in another minute, and then——"

"And why shouldn't you drink it, dear?" she asked, but lifting it well out of his sight and reach as she spoke, for his looks and words impressed her powerfully, though she failed as yet to understand him fully. "The doctor says you are to have two glasses a day to get up your strength."

"To get up my strength! to become a confirmed drunkard, I suppose," was the fierce reply. "He's a fool, and I won't take it. It is such men as he that have helped to make England the drunken nation she is. God help us! but it's hard enough to keep clear of this cursed drink all round us, without having it ordered as medicine. If I'd been weak enough to drink it, what might not have happened?"

"But wine is just meant for such as you, isn't it? It says, 'Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish.' You look so weak, dear, I'm sure you want something. I don't understand you, Alfred. What *do* you mean?"

He had sunk back in his chair now, and closed his eyes. This burst of excitement had tried him greatly. His sister was frightened to see how pale he looked, and her nursing instincts were roused.

"Here, take your luncheon, dear," she said, gently, and arranging it comfortably for him. "We'll talk it over when you are better. I don't know what Dr. Ellis will say about this wine business. He made a great point of it this morning."

"Just ask him if he wants me to become a drunkard," said Alfred, grimly. "I'll answer for it that he'll have nothing more to say after that."

"But I couldn't speak like that, dear," said Sarah, in great distress. "Whatever would he think of you?"

"The truth, anyway. There is no use mincing matters. I'll tell him myself, if you won't. But you don't seem to understand me, Sarah. Just look in the right hand top corner of that drawer there, and bring me the papers you will find."

Sarah brought them. He looked them through, and selecting one, handed it to her to read. She looked it through. "Did you notice the passages underlined?" he asked, when she glanced up at him inquiringly. "That is what I was fast becoming, Sarah. I never suspected for a moment that I was getting too fond of drink, till we all gave it up. Ten days afterwards I found it out, when I drank some wine at Mr. Oldham's office. It has just been one long fight ever since, though, thank God, it has not been so hard lately. With His help I shall live it down. But I feel I must never drink wine again. As you love me, Sarah, you must never tempt me again as you did this morning. Even the smell stirs the old longing, and to taste it might bring it all back."

While Alfred was speaking, Sarah continued to study both him and the leaflet. The latter she recognised now as one she had glanced over at the great Temperance Meeting. *Then* she had failed to understand it. It seemed utterly beside the question to such as they. *Now* every word was eloquent. The need for abstinence as a personal matter, was fully brought home to her by her brother's revelations, and a great wave of thankfulness to God, for His wonderful love and mercy to them as a family, began to rise within her.

"May I tell father, and show him this?" she asked at last, holding up the leaflet.

"Yes, do," he answered. "Tell him this evening. I meant you all to know some day. You'll all abstain now for my sake, won't you, as well as for the savings' sake?"

Sarah kissed him her answer. She was not one given to many words at any time, and now was too much moved to speak. She wanted to be alone to think it all over and thank God. So she made up his fire, left all comfortable around him, and then took her departure with the luncheon tray and the discarded glass of wine.

That evening, when her father and sister had finished their tea, she asked if she might read them something, and then went on as follows:

"Again I might dwell upon the prudential motive. I might ask you, without offence, to consult your individual safety. I might remind you of the fact, so mournfully attested, that the drink crave respects not age, nor rank, nor sex, nor profession. I might tell you that women of the utmost refinement are daily being unsexed by it, and men of the highest education enslaved by it. I might assure you that there is no drinking custom, from the coarsest carousal of the gin palace, up to the most delicately veiled indulgence of the best society, which does not furnish its quota of unhappy victims to the inebriates of England. And I might truthfully assure you, that if you were to examine into the histories of that great company of confirmed drunkards, who are at this moment the disgrace and despair of their friends, you would find hardly one who, at the beginning of his downward course, had the least suspicion of danger to himself. *By stages, of which he was unconscious, each became what he is. The liking, carelessly gratified*, grew into an appetite, and the appetite into a disease—a disease defying every remedy that human skill or love can devise. The dipsomaniac tells you *that before he knew his danger, he was a lost man.* And so, with the fullest and saddest justification from accumulating experience, I might appeal to the moderate to beware, and to complete the insurance of health and character by being more moderate still."

"Father," she continued, as she handed him the paper, "we have to thank God today for a great mercy. All in that paper is quite true. People can get too fond of drink without knowing it. Alfred was beginning. He found it out when we all gave it up for the sake of God's work. If we hadn't done so then, he might have gone on like other poor fellows, till he was past cure. You see, we none of us had the least idea of it. But of course that accounted for the increase in the wine bills I told you of. It is dreadful even to think of what might have happened if we hadn't been stopped. Perhaps we women might have become too fond of it! You see, it says there are drunken women!" and she shuddered in horror at the mere thought of it.

Mr. Harris sat silent for a few moments, looking alternately at the leaflet and his daughter. It took time for him to realise both the peril escaped and the mercy bestowed. Meanwhile, Sarah told all she knew. "Let us go up to him," he said at last.

The father and son clasped hands in silence. Alfred looked a little ashamed as he met his father's kindly glance of pity and regret.

"I have been to blame as well as you, my son," said Mr. Harris, noticing his expression. "I ought to have known that drunkards are not made in a day, and that an habitual use of these intoxicating liquors was very dangerous. Thank God for His great mercy in opening your eyes to your danger in time, and thank Him, too, that we have been helps and not hindrances to you since you knew it. We have truly been led by a way we knew not. You have borne the first brunt of the battle by yourself, Alfred; but we'll stand shoulder to shoulder in the future. God has taught us the fearful danger that lurks in habitual drinking habits. We adopted total abstinence practice for His sake. Now we must study its principles, not only for our own sake, in deepest thankfulness and gratitude for our opened eyes, but also for the sake of others, who may be in as great danger as we were—as you were, my son."

"Led by a way we knew not," murmured Sarah. "I haven't done wondering and thanking God yet. It's like a miracle to think that the danger of even our moderate drinking should have been brought home to us all like this. We must all go in for being regular temperance workers now, and try to save others from what might have been our fate, but for God's mercy."

And so it was. The Harrises, as a family, joined the active Temperance Society which had brought down William Barnet to Ilminster, and of which the Smithsons were energetic Members. But none but themselves ever knew why they all became such ardent, impassioned advocates of total abstinence. They often compared notes together, and used to hope, as one and another were induced to give up their habitual use of intoxicating liquors, that they, too, were being "led by a way they knew not," and would realise some day, the richness of blessing thus worked out for them, by the good hand of their God.

"OUT OF HIS MIND."

TWO young men were together in an office. One, looking over the other's shoulder, saw him write these words: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son."

"Why," he exclaimed, "you must be out of your mind to be writing such things! and in office too."

"Yes," replied the other, "I have gone out of my mind. My mind is changed; I have not the same mind I had three weeks ago. I then had an evil mind; now I have the mind of Christ, and I never wish to get back to the old mind again, for it was not a sound one."

HOMELY HOBBIES.

By W. H. Harris, B.A., B.Sc.

Introductory.

AUTHORITIES on etymology tell us that the word "hobby" is derived from the old Norman French *hobin*, meaning "a strong, active nag." In later times, the term had a great fall in dignity, having been used chiefly for the wooden effigy of a horse, on which mummers made sport at Christmas revels, or on which children took their earliest rides in the nursery. With our English love of being in the saddle, it is not difficult to see how there was, by degrees, evolved from the two preceding significations, a third, which is now the common one, and may be defined as "any pursuit diligently followed for the purposes of recreation."

We have written the preceding paragraph because it is always worth while to have a clear idea of our subject, and because we know there are misconceptions in some people's minds on this particular topic. We may possibly make further reference to this point later on. It is, moreover, because we have a great belief in rational and interesting amusements, and because we know the value, both to young and old, of an occupation for leisure hours, that we intend to give suggestions and help to our readers in the matter of "Homely Hobbies." And when we speak of our readers, we refer to both sexes. Men, indeed, are, for the most part, at no loss for diversions; but we are often surprised at the amazing perseverance of women in their knitting and needlework, their crocheting and embroidery, as if nothing else were possible by way of occupation. It would be rude to say we pity them in the monotony of some of their usual employments; but we may, at all events, be right in directing their attention to certain forms of amusing and useful industry, as a relief from their common implements of handiwork, or ordinary household duties.

Even the busiest of brain-workers, who spend many hours daily in teaching or in acquiring knowledge, will be greatly the better for something to call into activity other functions of mind and body, than those which make their life-work. They will be rested and refreshed by having a hobby, and will, in addition, have the satisfaction of having something worth the doing, even in their recreation. Men of business, too, and youths in offices and shops, whose thoughts and activities are engrossed with trade from morning till late afternoon, and professional men, who have been engaged in various ways, heart and soul, in law or medicine or religion, will find wonderful relief from the high pressure of nineteenth-century life, in taking up an attractive diversion, and pursuing it with Anglo-Saxon steadfastness and skill.

Nor should it be forgotten that the interests of science, and the enlargement of our knowledge, have greatly profited through men who have indulged in the pursuit of some hobby.

A late well-known professor of geology was, in early life, a dispensing chemist. Geology was his amusement, but in his hands it received such admirable attention, that he soon became qualified to teach his favourite science in no ordinary manner. If we are not mistaken, one of the best known of living professors of this same science was a London wine-merchant, whose hours of freedom from business became absorbed in learning what was to be known of the crust of the earth, till he attained to world-wide eminence through this very hobby. We could refer to other men who have become distinguished contributors to other departments of natural history, simply by their devotion to what was originally taken up as an amusement.

Once more, home-life will often become the happier and the more refined, in two ways at least, when the different members of a family become interested in one or more recreative pursuits. To begin with, the *désagréments*—a much more comprehensive word than our *disagreements*—which so often arise from individuals having "nothing particular to do," will be diminished. The everlasting "weed," or pipe of the men, or (sad to say) of the boys, will be a less frequent nuisance. The passion for gadding about, for seeing shops and shopping, will subside to a rightful and thriftful point among the girls, to say nothing of a desirable exchange of aimlessness for definite purpose; of inane or mischievous occupation for well-directed zeal; of discontented, depressing, and, therefore, baleful frivolity or vice, for happy, exhilarating, and, therefore healthful effort. Then, again, a common interest of two or more inmates of a house in some special pursuit, will become a new tie to home and kindred, and a new incentive to strive for excellence.

We think we have made out a tolerably good *primâ facie* case in favour of "Homely Hobbies." But we do not forget that certain objections are often urged against them. We will notice three of the most serious of these. It is said, firstly, that they take up a large amount of time, and, therefore, are not suited to people who have not much leisure, or who come home tired with their ordinary avocations. They may furnish the lazy, or the unoccupied, with something to do; but a man or a woman who has been doing something all day, cannot afford any further time for a special diversion. Well, there is something in the concession that hobbies are good to fill up the vacant hours of the indolent, or of those who have no set business in life, and there are really a great many people, to whom it is a distinct advantage to get an object thrust into their unused days. But it is hardly true that all hobbies take an immense amount of time. At all events, those of which we intend to treat shall not deserve this reproach. Of course they must require some time, or they would lose one of their very merits. Secondly, it is alleged that they "never pay." Now, before combating this objection, we must understand what is meant by "paying." If they provide healthful outlets for energy; if they afford pleasant change or relief from anxieties and responsibilities; if they bring enlargement of knowledge and increase of happiness, they will be yielding very valuable returns, whatever their cash results. But suppose we are to consider that by "paying" is signified yielding money-value for capital and labour employed, we are bold to affirm that there are hobbies, and of these we shall specially speak, which will show a very good percentage, if brain-power, skill, and care be bestowed on them. We can, in fact, point to several which are frequently pursued till they become actual means of livelihood, and which have developed new industries amongst us.

Thirdly, it is sometimes urged that people with hobbies are always bores. This is, at best, a half-truth. We may have to concede that there are individuals of one idea, of which alone they can talk, and in which they expect every one they meet to be interested. But these, according to our experience, are the exceptions and not the rule. On the contrary, the common sense required for the really successful prosecution of a hobby, is a preservative against a foolish intrusiveness of one topic. Moreover, it is equally certain that those who have acquired a practical and real knowledge of any particular subject, become some of the most interesting talkers, and often the most amusing companions, illustrating thoughts by the facts of their particular department of experience, and bringing to light new aspects of truth or speculation, of wit or fancy. In the belief that we have cleared the ground, so as to afford a fair field for our subject, we will now proceed to mention some of the directions our future Papers will take.

We shall begin with some talks about geological facts which lie all around us, full of wonders, had we but our eyes opened to behold them, and willingness to study them.

We shall give a series of Papers on poultry-keeping, and show how this may be made an interesting and a profitable pursuit, where circumstances admit of a fowl-run. Rabbit-keeping, and pigeon rearing and flying, will come into our list of topics, and will be proved to furnish useful adjuncts to household welfare.

We may probably, in due season, have something to say about collections of specimens, illustrative of points of interest in animal and vegetable life. Possibly photography and easy microscopy may find a place in our list.

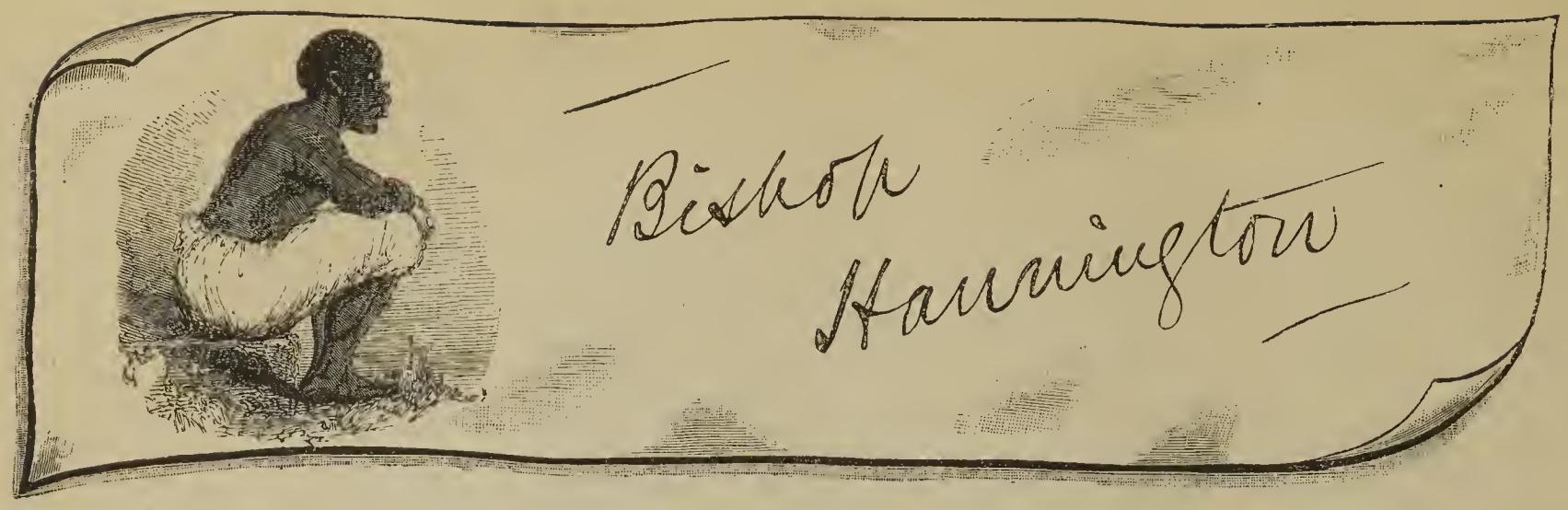
We shall have a good deal to say about *apiculture*. Some of our more youthful and unscientific readers may have their expectations raised in a wrong direction, by the idea that this word has something to do with *monkeys*. Nothing of the sort! It is a good, respectable, highly classical term, fit to stand with "agriculture," "horticulture," and other very well-bred "cultures." In plain English, it simply means *bee-keeping*. And we must ask our friends not to spurn the subject at once, as being one in which they can never be persuaded to take an interest. In due course, we will anticipate and answer all the chief objections which are likely to occur against this pursuit; and we do not hesitate to say that we will present this science and art—for it is both—in such an attractive, and yet absolutely true a light, as shall lead large numbers of our readers to invest in "stocks" of these most wonderful workers amongst insects.

There is one point yet unmentioned, which we shall keep in mind. This is the endeavour to so treat our various subjects, as to lead to that reverential and God-discerning spirit, which suffuses all facts of so-called *nature* with a new joy; which sheds a fresh radiance about our pathway, or, as Shakespeare puts it:—

> "And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Good-bye.—How few understand the full meaning and power of this expression, so continually on our lips. "Good-bye," that is—God be with you; I commend you to God. Do we indeed, when we say this, feel we are carefully committing the one we leave to the Almighty care? If, on parting, any one was to say, "The Lord be with you!" we should feel surprised, but it means the same thing; it is only the commonness of the expression that makes us indifferent to its meaning.

Discretion is most useful, seldom seen, and little valued; but it preserves the feet from many a pitfall, and keeps the life harmonious and consolidated.



A NOBLE LIFE LAID DOWN.

By F. Burton Irving.

Part I.—His Home Career.

At the end of February, 1886, when taking our last gaze on the beautiful Bay of the Tagus, from the deck of a homeward-bound vessel, we heard an old gentleman, who was returning from Lake Nyassa, exclaim in a horrified tone, as he looked up from a paper just opened, and only recently brought on board by the ship's agent: "Could not have thought it possible! Why, what a blow to the Mission, and Hannington so young too!"

Thus we, also returning from the land for which Hannington died, received our first intimation of the loss sustained to the Church militant, by the martyrdom of James, first Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, the brave man who had journeyed through life—

"As one
That makes no pause, but presses on his road,
whate'er betide him,
If some urgent need impel."

Traits of childhood indicate future possibilities in the man; though whether the early promise shall ripen to fruition or not, is dependent upon many things, such as health, education, force of character, and tenacity of will.

James Hannington had circumstances in his favour; he was a lad of fearless, excitable nature, who spent the first thirteen years of his life at a worthy home, or in travelling and yachting with his parents, and the next two at a private school. Now any one who takes a bright young lad on such voyages, with equal conditions of comfort, implants in him a love of going abroad that, like thistle-down, may be passive for a time, but takes flight some day, sooner or later; for the travel passion, once roused, still cries: "Move, move, move," and will not be satisfied with a stay-at-home life, though sometimes compelled to endure it. Therefore it is not surprising that after six years of counting-house routine, James Hannington found himself wholly unsuited for the monotony of commercial pursuits.

"Forward and frolic glee were there,
The will to do, the soul to dare;
The sparkling glance soon blown to fire
Of hasty love, or headlong ire."

Hence we can understand how pent-up energies found a safety-valve during the clerkship era by amateur soldiery. His capacity for being a leader of men is indicated by the fact that he was made Captain of the Volunteers in his eighteenth year, and his fitness for authority is shown by much painstaking effort for the welfare of his corps. He procured suitable recreation rooms for the men, organised concerts, readings, and games for them, carrying out all his schemes with a hearty cheerfulness that ensured success, and from boyhood until his death he could always be "entirely relied upon to carry out anything he had once undertaken, and that not only in the letter, but in the spirit."

Fortunately for the Church and world so sorely needing such gifts as his, they were not suppressed by an unsuitable calling; but he was allowed to choose his path. His bent manifested itself by yearnings for ordination. Far be it from us to even seem to cast a slur on mercantile life; for there are records of men, living and dead, and there will be thousands more of those who find in it their successful niche, and whose uprightness in their vocation is a matter to thank God for, as well as a bulwark of natural strength at home and abroad. We must only remember that there are diversities of gifts, and happy is that young man who can glorify his own order, and stand to the end of the days in a lot to which he is called by character and Providence.

In James Hannington's diary for February, 1867, we find the following entry: "I lost my ring out shooting, with scarcely a hope of ever seeing it again. I offered to give the keeper ten shillings if he found it, and was led to ask God that the ring might be found, and be to me a sure sign of salvation. From that moment the ring seemed on my finger. I was not surprised to receive it from Sayers on Monday evening. He had picked it up in the long grass in cover, a most unlikely place ever to find it. A miracle! Jesus! by Thee alone we can obtain remission of our sins."

With his Biographer we would ask: "Is there no evidence in this of the assured, reasonable, though child-like trust in God, which so distinguished him in later life, and marked him pre-eminently above his fellows as a man of faith?"

The year 1868 was most eventful. On April 23rd, he wrote to his mother that he had decided in favour of the Church, and believed God was with him in the matter. In the October of that year, he bade farewell to business, and entered his name as a commoner in the books of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford.

In his twenty-sixth year, he became Curate of Martinhoe, where we find him serving the poor, and ministering to the needy, preaching strong sermons, too, against immorality and drunkenness, but weighted with the burden that he was a blind leader, pointing to a rest he had not found. He began to be troubled; words of spiritual advice in a friend's letter—unanswered for thirteen long months, though frequently re-perused—led him at last to apply to the writer for help and guidance. Thus, "after many days," that true friend received the reward of his faithful counsels, and was honoured to be the instrument of leading Hannington into the Light. From then until the end of his earthly career, James Hannington lived under the shadow of God's wings, and in the assurance of faith; —now, therefore, having peace with God through Christ, he was able to testify *that he knew*, and found no lack of willing hearers, rejoicing in a Pastor earnest in Missionary effort, zealous for their soul's welfare, and who also gave good heed and help to all, promoting their physical well-being and temporal prosperity.

Removing to Hurstpierpoint in 1875, he immediately took a public stand on the side of Abstinence, by accepting the Secretaryship of its Temperance Association. The coldness and indifference of people upon this subject distressed him greatly, his own zeal being such that he never went from home without a pledge-book. Once when advocating Temperance interests from the pulpit, he had an extraordinary gathering of different Denominations to hear him. He said: "Wherever I looked, I saw somebody I knew. I preached from 1 Timothy 5. 23, and as I gave out the text, "Take a little wine," I thought I saw some of them look terrified, but I went on to show that my brother had a stronger claim upon me than my stomach!"

Under date of September, 1876, we find he had transformed his coach-house into a Mission-room; on October 4th he started a Mothers' Meeting; two days later he commenced a Women's Bible Class; and on the 11th we read of him at his Male Bible Class, having an attendance of sixty. While in his twenty-ninth year, he qualified for yet wider usefulness by a highly suitable marriage, and was united to a lady who entered heart and soul into his work.

In the thirtieth year of his age, when taking part in the Birmingham Mission, the following entry appears in his diary: "February 14th. I pray and keep praying for the Holy Spirit." Here was the secret of power, and we do not wonder that he was in after request for similar services. In 1881, another reference is made to this special mode of evangelisation: "Arrived at Holy Trinity Vicarage, Blackheath. I am advertised to take twenty-seven services in eight or nine days, and they are pleading for more."

By his father's will, James Hannington

found himself, in the June of 1881, the owner of St. George's Chapel, but also in the awkward position of the possessor of a church without a stipend, or the means of providing one. He was still willing, as hitherto, to give his ministrations without recompense; but he felt that in case he were led to undertake any other work, it would be extremely difficult for him to provide a proper stipend for a successor, out of his own strictly limited private income. He felt that his father had made a mistake in omitting to make a suitable provision for the chapel. However, he cheerfully writes as follows concerning this grave difficulty: "The Lord will provide, and I will honour my father to the utmost of my power." With regard to this chapel, we may say here, that before his last journey to Africa, his eldest brother heartily undertook all responsibilities.

James Hannington's first longing after Foreign Mission service was created by hearing of the heroic labours, and violent death, of Lieutenant S. Smith and Mr. O'Neill, on the shore of the Victoria Nyanza. It culminated in the offer of himself for a period of five years, for the Nyanza work, on condition that the Church Missionary Society would supply his place at St. George's Chapel. He also offered to the Treasurer of the Society £100 per annum, to help to defray the expense of his maintenance abroad, as well as £50 towards his outfit; and had he not been bound to consider the needs of those who were dependent upon him as well as himself, he would have gladly poured all he had into the treasury, and have gone forth as a simple evangelist, to the nations which lie in the darkness and in the shadow of death.

After his acceptance for African work, he preached a farewell sermon to his people at Hurstpierpoint, from 1 Samuel 30. 24: "As his share is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his share be that tarrieth by the stuff; they shall share and share alike." He said that "if he lost his life in Africa, no man was to think it had been wasted. As for the lives which had been already given to the cause, they were not lost, but were filling up the trench, so that others might the more easily pass over to take the fort in the name of the Lord."

When it was finally settled that he was to go to Uganda, he wrote a letter to the *Times*, to ask subscriptions to enable him to carry a new boat, in which to navigate the Victoria Nyanza. The appeal was liberally responded to, and he took one out in sections.

On the 16th of May, 1882, there was a Valedictory Dismissal at St. James' Hall, Paddington, when "eleven missionaries were committed to the care of the Lord of the whole earth, and sent forth into the regions beyond."

Of James Hannington's farewells to his personal friends, his wife and his little children, he said: "The pound of flesh, blood and all, must be cut away;" and after these were over he felt as "one paralysed;" but the sustaining grace which nerved him to the great sacrifice, enabled him to add to his diary on the same night the words: "My God, how tender Thou art!"

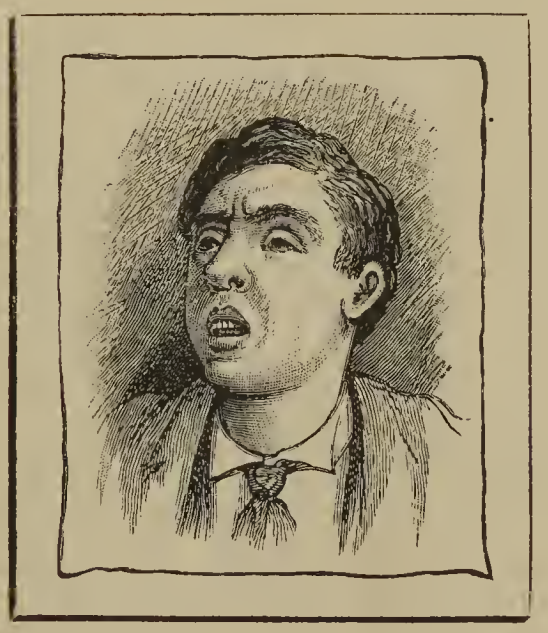
SNEEZING.

THE VIRTUE OF A NECESSITY.

By Tracey Lavard Robinson.

DO we not often offer the salutation, "God bless you!" to one sneezing? and that, too, with only a very remote idea of why we say it. There is probably more superstition connected with sternutation than with any other human effort. Moreover, the superstitions are universal and of very ancient origin.

Famianus Strada, the Italian historian, author of "The Wars in the Netherlands," once wrote a treatise expressly devoted to sneezing. He declared that the custom of saluting those who sneeze is a relic of paganism, though it was in use both amongst the Jews and the Romans. In his "Account of Monomotapa," he says: "Whenever the prince sneezes, all his subjects in the capital are advertised of it, in order that they may offer up prayers for his safety." The author of "The Conquest of Peru" tells us that the cacique of Gachoia having sneezed in the presence of the Spaniards, the Indians of his train fell prostrate before him, stretched forth their hands, and displayed to him the accustomed marks of respect, while they invoked the sun to enlighten him, to defend him, and to be his constant guard. The ancient Romans saluted each other on what may be called sternutatory occasions; and it is related by Pliny, that Tiberius exacted every sign of homage from those around him if he happened to sneeze while riding in his chariot. In these more enlightened days, when snuff and tobacco smoke, not to mention fogs, dust, and chimney smoke, cause continued titillation to the mucous membranes of the nasal organ, it would hardly be expected of a large body of intelligent sight-seers to fall upon their knees, calling for a blessing upon the head of some great personage who had happened to sternutate while proceeding in state through their midst. Still we preserve the custom to a certain degree. Among the ancients, however, the person sneezing made a short prayer to the gods, Ζεῦ, σώ ζε, "Jupiter, save me!" It is related of Timotheus that he was one of the very first to ridicule the



superstitious practices about sneezing. Having sailed out of the harbour of Athens with his fleet, his fauces was tickled by some dust, or was irritated by the briny atmosphere, and he forthwith gave vent to a loud "Attishoo!" His officers, fearful of this natural effect being an omen of evil, begged him to return into the harbour. But Timotheus refused, saying reprovingly: "You are struck with astonishment, because amongst ten thousand there is one man whose brain is moist." His ultimate successes must have somewhat shaken the credulity of his Athenian friends, though doubtless, when he eventually died an exile in Eubœa, there were some wiseacres who put it all down to "that sneeze."

Superstition, whose influence debases everything, degraded even the honourable customs in regard to sneezing. All sorts of favourable and unfavourable omens were attached to the act, according to the hour of the day or night when it occurred, according to the existing signs of the Zodiac, according as a work was more or less advanced, or according as a person sneezed to the right or to the left. If, for instance, a man sneezed on rising from table, or from his bed, it was necessary for him to lie down again. To such degraded form of the superstition is due the old rhyme with which many must be familiar, but which is worth repeating, as it is only rarely met with at the present day. It runs thus:—

"Sneeze on a Monday, sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on a Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on a Wednesday, sneeze for news;
Sneeze on a Thursday, a new pair of shoes;
Sneeze on a Friday, sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on a Saturday, see your sweetheart tomorrow.
But if you should sneeze on the Sabbath morn,
You had better wish you had never been born."

This rhyme has many variations, but we believe this to be the correct one *par excellence*. It is a matter of wonder that so many ridiculous, contradictory, and superstitious opinions, have not abolished the customary civilities which are still preserved to a great degree by all classes. Probably, however, the cause is not far to seek; they are preserved just because they are mere civilities, and cost nothing.

Amongst the Greeks, sneezing was almost always a good omen; it excited marks of tenderness, of respect, of attachment. The

young Parthenis, hurried on by her passion, resolved to write to Sarpedon an avowal of her love. She sneezes in the most impassioned part of her letter. That is sufficient for her; this incident supplied the place of an answer, and persuades her that Sarpedon loves her. Penelope, harassed by the vexatious courtship of her suitors, begins to curse them all, and to pour forth vows for the return of Ulysses. Her son Telemachus interrupts her with a loud sneeze. She instantly exults with joy, and regards this sign as an assurance of the approaching return of her husband.

"She spoke. Telemachus then sneezed aloud;
Constrained, his nostril echoed through the crowd.
The smiling queen the happy omen blest."
(*Hom. Odyss. lib. XVII.* Pope's translation.)

Xenophon also has a sternutatory experience. He was haranguing his troops; a soldier sneezed at the exact moment when he was exhorting them to embrace a dangerous but necessary resolution; the whole army, nerved by this presage, determined to pursue the project of their General, and Xenophon himself orders sacrifices to Jupiter, the preserver."

Of course it is only natural that a superstitious reverence of such a universal habit, and so ancient, should attract the attention and curiosity of the old philosophers. Aristotle refers to the sources of natural religion, because the brain is the origin of the nerves, the organic seat of the sentiments and sensations. The Jewish rabbins have a tradition about the custom, and Polydore Vergil, who seems to have touched a little upon a vast variety of subjects, says it took its rise about the period of the plague, which began in Europe in 558 A.D., and extended over a great part of Asia and Africa before its force abated. At this time, many of the people fell dead in the streets, though to all outward appearance they were in good health; the first and only warning they or their friends had of their approaching end, being a severe fit of sneezing. Hence the custom grew, of praying the Almighty to avert the terribly dreaded doom of the plague-stricken, whenever any person sneezed. Strange to say, we can find no mention of sneezing in the works of Shakespeare, though he says, "at Naples, that they speak i' the nose," and makes many references to various noses; neither does he neglect several allusions to snoring, and "to hear by the nose, it is dulcet."

BEGIN AT ONCE.

REMEMBER in all things, that if you do not begin, you will never make an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed cast into the ground, the first shilling deposited in the Savings Bank, and the first mile travelled on a journey, are all important things; they make a beginning, and thereby give a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest in what you are undertaking. How many a poor, idle, hesitating man, now creeping and crawling on his way through the world, might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his promised industry and amendment, he had only made a beginning! Therefore we say to you, with all earnestness: Begin the new course you speak of at once. Don't waste your good emotions and intentions in wishes and words, but act at once, and let your decision be for life, and let it be formed in the strength of God.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS FRIENDS.

By M. Butler Gerds.

SHOW me a man's friends—the factors of his immediate environment—and I will tell you the character of the man before you introduce me to him.

Standing in a city counting-house one day, watching the various applicants for a vacant clerkship, and listening to their stories, I was struck with the reception accorded to one young man.

"I see So-and-so's name mentioned here—he is a friend of yours?" said the principal, perusing a brief letter which had been put into his hands.

"Yes, a great friend of mine, sir," volubly replied the would-be clerk, as if the fact were an undeniable letter of credit.

"Then *you* may go! No friend of his shall enter my employ, for I know him to be an unmitigated rascal, loafer, and gambler."

"Birds of a feather flock together." Here is a young man walking down one of the streets leading out of the Haymarket; he gives a knowing nod to every "horsey" man he meets; he is close-shaven, lean, and with his hands in his pockets, and his eyes upon every horse in the road, he savours so unmistakably of the stable, that you would never think he is the lace-buyer in an Emporium of fashion not a quarter of a mile off. His *alter ego* is coming up the street. I know they will meet, turn, and together enter a gambling club, and I am not surprised when, a few months later, I see the name of this man in the police news, and learn that he has been robbing his employer to a large extent. He has "backed" any number of real and imaginary "favourites," and his betting book shows the amount of his defalcations and losses. He has been ruined by his *friends* (?).

Another man will persistently choose the companionship of those whose idea of enjoyment is to be found in a full glass and the free use of profane and foolish expletives, and whose Utopia is the bar-parlour. You know the *end* of such a man? I saw him yesterday, dishevelled, prematurely old, bleareyed, with but one set—his outer—of tattered garments; his blotched face, swollen nose, and trembling hands tell their own tale. He cannot get, even if he were capable of understanding it, a smile from his once-effusive friend, the barman of his pet tavern, for he has no money to pay for drinks now. Poor, easily led creature! A pauper's grave, and a drunkard's doom are before him; and though I know he deliberately chose them by making friends of the tavern-seekers, yet I turn with pity to the poor stumbling wretch, and pilot him across the road.

I am looking at the portrait of a young fellow, who once used to write to me as a Timothy would have written to a Paul. He was a Member of a large Y.M.C.A.; his name was on many of the lists of workers; he used to take Classes, and visit thieves' kitchens, preaching the truth, and giving evidence that it was the most precious thing he possessed. Dear fellow! as I scan his features—the weak mouth, and the large, capable, though unformed brow, tell me that this one will need careful hedging about, or he may be tossed to and fro "by every wind of doctrine." I hear from some of his associates that he is forming new and more intellectual (so *he* says!) friendships. Presently I hear that he is withdrawing his name, as he has done his presence, from Classes and Meetings, and the old channels of good. My letters remain unanswered, and I find, ultimately, that he is the leader of a red-hot Socialist club, a speaker at an embryo (atheist) hall of science, and writer for a libellous Sunday Paper!

I get down-hearted as I think about him; for I know the young fellow has been led into all this through bad friends.

I am thinking, too, of poor B——. What a bright prospect was his! His father gave him his choice—a profession, or a business, and he chose the former. Yes, he would be a lawyer. Some of you fellows who have gone through it all know just what this means: the hard reading, the examination, successful or otherwise; more reading, more cram, more exams., until you are able to put up that slip of brass—the last of a long line of slips, some with their well-known legends nearly erased, through the housekeeper's desire that the owner shall leave an untarnished name behind him—on the door-post of some dingy pile of chambers, Lincoln's Inn way, and you know how you have had to pull *against* the stream (only dead dogs and dry leaves go *with* it) to keep all straight. Well, poor B—— had none of that sort of pluck in him; as long as he was at home, with his mother to speak to and to comfort him, and his father to plan and propose, he was all right. But, once out of this element, with plenty of cash in his pockets,—the worst thing he could have under the circumstances!—any amount of animal spirits and "go" in him, and no definite principle to guide him, he was *lost*. Yes, he made friends with a wild, racketty crew of young clerks,—one, especially, led him into vile and secret sin,—his study was neglected, his promises broken; he missed in his exam., and went from bad to worse, until he had to flee the country—a disgrace to his name; a blot on humanity; a worthless, useless wreck. And the verdict was—"Poor fellow! he was led away by bad companions!" Do you think I am painting *pictures* merely, or drawing on my imagination? Would to God it were so, for some reasons! No; I am writing sober truth.

"But there are friends very different from those you have described," say you; and you are right. I know two friends of this type. One, a jolly, clever, open-hearted fellow, as 'cute a man of business as you could well meet; thoroughly up in all that is going on around him; sincere, staunch, liberal,—yet not yielding one jot or tittle of his principles before anything that he does not feel to be the truth. His friend, his dear companion, is younger than he by some years; calm, upright, generous; as tender as a woman, yet every inch of his six feet a *man*. These fellows have been friends in travel for years—friends at home, friends in everything, for they are friends in *soul*. They work together in the name of Christ, both being engaged in that branch of philanthropy which snatches friendless young fellows from evil associates and themselves, and gives them reading, pleasure-giving occupation,—a mental, moral, and spiritual lifting out of all that defiles into whatever will purify. The elder married during this friendship; but, unlike the married woman, who often drops the friends of her youth, these men are as necessary to each other as ever. Thank God for such blessed friendships! They cannot be without their hallowing influence on all who come within the range of their genial warmth.

A great writer has defined friendship as "A strong and habitual inclination in two

persons, to promote the good and happiness of each other," and I doubt if we can find a better definition than this. One of the old sages advised: "Always treat your friend as if he were one day to be your enemy." It looks what it is—a cold, calculating, faithless creed, that could lay down such a canon; yet there is an element of sound truth in it. How? Where? you ask. I take it to mean this: Never say, do, suggest, or support any word or thing in the course of your friendship, that the eye of God may not behold with pleasure, and that *you* would or could regret or dread did your friend become your enemy. Let thoughts, actions, words, the thousand little nameless expressions that belong to the intimacies of the soul, be so pure and blameless, that when you see your friend lying dead before you, you will not have to say, as one recently said under such circumstances: "Oh, God forgive me! would that he had never known me!" How different the verdict upon that romantic and beautiful friendship of Jonathan and David! —"My brother Jonathan, very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

We read that Jonathan loved David "as he loved his own soul;" and without indulging in sentiment or speculation, we see the source of that love in the words that follow, from the lips of the princely and self-forgetting Jonathan: "The Lord be between thee and me for ever." No compact between the flesh, of place, power, possession or pride; no covenant made in their own strength, with a glass or two of wine, and a cigar to seal it; no agreement entered into with hands clasped over the card-table, and brains excited with losses or gains thereat; no unholy affinity discovered in the haunts of sin, the sharing of vicious pleasures, the proved power to extricate one another from the outside consequences of folly and wickedness. No; but the *Lord* between them, to shield, to guard, to *keep* them in all their tempted ways, so that it was easy for Jonathan to meet David in the thick of his troubles, and to "strengthen his hand in God."

That is the kind of friend we need—one to *strengthen* us; for though we boast of our firmness and our power, we are weak at our best. Outside we can, and do very often, put on a bold front; but *in*side—ah, there are clamouring voices, importunate demands; eager, growing, insatiable cravings that seem as if they will *not* be denied—monsters within us, who frighten us with their din and strife; and unless we have on the soldier's unrusted armour, alas! we often yield. *You* know it; *I* know it; and at such times our inmost soul cries out: "Save me from *myself!*" Oh, have not you passed through this trial, my dear fellow? You have; and how have you come through it? with not even the smell of the fire you have passed through upon you? or, God pity you! scathed and marred, and writhing and blackened? You want a friend, then, more than ever you wanted one—a friend to *strengthen* you, to lift you out of yourself. You know what I am going to say; you know perfectly well that there can be no compromise, no half-way measures. You must turn *from* yourself to God, and His power in you will give you the victory you covet and long for, yet have not strength nor will to compass for yourself. Make *Him* your Friend, first and last, and then you will find it easier than you think to *be* a friend to others, and to find friends in those who are of the brotherhood of God.

Let friendship walk *slowly* to perfection; and in choosing your friends, think of those who will "wear." The man who is all rush and gush, who links himself to you the moment he catches sight of you, and swears he never met a fellow to suit him as you do; who drains his pockets for you in the first week of acquaintance; who places himself and his banker (if he have one) at your disposal; who will do anything and everything for you; who is always dropping in upon you, even in your busiest or most private moments; who offers to introduce you to everybody as "That very particular friend of mine, don't you know? of whom I have told you so much," and who uses your possessions and your name in the most persistent and public manner, after an unwarrantably short acquaintance, is a friend of whom I counsel you to beware!

To the youth just going out into city life I would say: Never forfeit your self-respect, nor place yourself in the power of another by permitting him to use his purse in your behalf. Be independent, and very firm in this. The man who will seek to buy your friendship with his gifts is not worthy the name of friend; he is forcing himself upon you, putting you under humiliating obligations to him, and purchasing your society at the ultimate cost of your self-esteem.

One day you will bitterly regret having leaned upon him, or in any sense having put yourself into his power.

But when you *have* found the man after your own heart, do not lightly part with him. Remember then that talking to your friend (I am quoting the author before named) is but thinking aloud. The restraints, the polish, the ease, the truth, the depth, the trust, the unselfishness, and the *purity*, of friendship, will elevate every one of your thoughts and passions, and make you fitter for that holiest and most enduring of all earthly friendships —the lifelong companionship and love of her who is to crown your life as sister, lover, wife, and *friend*.

"HE AND SHE."

I.

TWO little vessels, side by side,
Over the rippling waters ride,
Sailing onward so bright and gay,
Over the waters far away.
Guided each by a youthful hand,
Leaving behind them childhood's strand,
He, so stalwart, so staunch, and true;
She, so fair with her eyes of blue.
Dreaming not of stormy weather,
Happily they sail together.

II.

Days pass quickly; the years soon fly;
Storm-clouds gather across the sky;
But though the winds and raging gales
Have soiled and riven their snowy sails,
Still they are floating side by side,
Floating adown Life's rapid tide.
Happy still, no care for weather,
"He and She," for they sail together.

III.

Time rolls onward, and one sad day
One little vessel sailed away,
Sailed away to the better land,
Moored at last on the golden strand.
Desolate, left behind is he,
Roving across Life's wintry sea.
One little wand'rer o'er the foam,
Soon will he, too, be safe at home,
Safe on the waves of the Crystal Sea,
Happy for ever, "He and She."

BIBLE JOTTINGS.

Isa. 61. 1. *Acts* 5. 19, 20.

The object of preaching is to open prison doors.

The object of opening prison doors is that disciples may preach.

Abundance promised.

Peace	Psa. 37. 11.
Pardon	Isa. 55. 7.
Truth	Jer. 33. 6.
Entrance	2 Pet. 1. 11.

Abundance given.

Consolation	2 Cor. 1. 5.
Grace	2 Cor. 4. 15.
Joy	2 Cor. 8. 2.
Mercy	1 Pet. 1. 3.

Therefore let us abound in

Faith	2 Cor. 8. 7.
Hope	Rom. 15. 13.
Good works	2 Cor. 9. 8.
Love	Phil. 1. 9.
Thanksgiving	Col. 2. 7.

Sevenfold link in the conversion of the woman of Samaria.—John 4. 1–8.

1. Envy of the Pharisees drove Jesus to Galilee.
2. He must needs go through Samaria (geographically).
3. Jacob's well.
4. Christ weary.
5. Woman comes at an unusual hour to draw water.—Gen. 24. 11.
6. Jesus asks for water—this leads to conversation.
7. Disciples having gone away, gave opportunity for the same.

Man as he was, "crowned."—Psa. 8. 5.
Man as he is, "crownless."—Lam. 5. 16.
Man as he may be by grace, re-crowned.
—Psa. 103. 4; Rev. 3. 21.

"Continue."

John 8. 31.	"Continue in My word."
John 15. 9.	"Continue in My love."
Acts 13. 43.	"Continue in My grace."
Col. 1. 23. / Acts 14. 22.	"Continue in the faith."
Rom. 11. 22.	"Continue in goodness."
Col. 4. 2.	"Continue in prayer."
1 John 2. 24.	"Continue in the Son."

Trial and Triumph.

Job 7. 18.	"Try him every moment."
Isa. 27. 3.	"I will water it every moment."
1 Pet. 1. 6.	"Manifold temptations."
1 Pet. 4. 10.	"Manifold grace."

Ecclesiastes 9. 8.

Jas. 1. 27.	"Unspotted from the world."
Eph. 5. 18.	"Filled with the Spirit."

Job 29. 11.	"When the ear heard *me*, then it blessed me; when the eye saw *me*, it gave witness to me."
Job 42. 5.	"But now mine eye seeth Thee."
Isa. 6. 5; Luke 5. 8.	"I abhor myself."

Song of Solomon, 3. 6–11.

Ver. 6.	"The Church in the wilderness."
Vers. 7, 8.	"The Church militant."
Vers. 9, 10.	"The Church the dwelling-place of Christ."
Ver. 11.	"The Church triumphant."



(*Continued from page* 80.)

WE have most of us seen in hothouses, and perhaps in our country rambles, plants of the Orchid tribe, whose blossoms have a curious resemblance to bees and other insects. The reverse of this—insects with a strange resemblance to plants—also frequently occurs. Not long since, when clearing some dried twigs from a rose tree, we essayed to break off a rugged, mottled brown caterpillar, who had projected himself from the end of a branch, a little thicker than his own body, and had posed himself to look so exactly like a bit of withered stick, that the most enterprising bird would never have tried to eat him.

This "protective resemblance" is found in a very marked degree among some tropical species; the "leaf" and "stick" insects are familiar examples in our museums. Thus unconscious mimicry saves the creatures, to a great extent, from watchful foes. Well may the Psalmist say, "His tender mercies are over all His works."

The relations between insects and flowers are of extreme interest. Most people are sufficient botanists to know the parts of a flower. They can show you the *pistil* in the centre, with the *stigma* at its top, supported by the *style*, while the *ovary* lies at the base. They can also point out the *stamens* surrounding the pistil, bearing on the top of their little pillars—called *filaments*—the *anthers* in which the pollen is found. For the production of seed, it is needful that some grains of pollen should get on the stigma, and through the style to the ovary, to fertilise the ovule, and thus produce seed. When the stamens are longer than the pistil, this process is easy, as the pollen grains, when ripe, naturally fall, and some of them alight on the stigma. In very many flowers, however, the pistil is longer than the stamens, or there are structural difficulties which prevent the pollen from reaching its destination, without external aid. Here the insect agency comes in. The bright colours of the corolla, which charm our eyes, also attract the insects, and it will be noticed that most flowers have either lines or hollows in the petals, leading direct to the centre, where the parts to be fertilised are. The perfume of flowers also attracts insects, as does the drop of honey so often concealed near the ovary. Even a casual glance at the leg of such an insect as the bee, will show how admirably it is suited to brush the light pollen off the anthers, or gather it up from near them, and deposit it unknowingly upon the stigma of some other flower of the same class. It is a noteworthy fact that bees generally devote a whole day to one class of flowers, thus avoiding the mixture of pollen, which would nullify their work. Flowers which are open by day are fertilised by day insects; others, which open only at night, by moths. Certain flowers of peculiar structure can be fertilised only by one kind of insect; for instance, the pollen of the Common Red Clover can only be reached by the weighty bumble bee. By a curious chain of connection, it happens that the more cats there are in a neighbourhood, the more wild clover there will be! The cats eat the field mice, the great enemies of the bees; the mice being kept under, the bees work in peace, and so the clover multiplies.

The "Cuckoo-pint," or "Lords and Ladies" as it is sometimes called, is dependent in a very curious way on insect aid. The greenish spike in the centre of the flower contains both stamens and pistils,—the stamens at the bottom, the pistils at the top. To add to this initial difficulty in the way of fertilisation, the pollen is ripe long before the pistils are ready for its reception. But down at the bottom of the spike there is a drop of honey, which attracts insects, and a curious *chevaux de frise* prevents any insect who reaches that honey from escaping. Insects in this temporary prison get quite covered with the ripe pollen, and as soon as the stigmas at the top of the spike are ripe, the *chevaux de frise* withers away. The pollen-covered captives crawl up the spike, effectually fertilising the pistils, and enabling the plant to produce its lovely scarlet berries.

WANTED—A CAB.

By Anna Shipton.

I WAS once much troubled in the north of London with the incivility of the cab-drivers and the discomfort of their cabs. It was not until I was fairly worn out with the annoyance, that I thought of my Heavenly Friend, to Whom I could make known all my grievances. I asked Him to lead me to a cab in the neighbourhood, driven by a respectable man, who would be near enough to my lodgings to enable me to engage him without any difficulty.

Only a few days later, I had to walk towards the City, and, forgetting my former request, I prayed to be directed into the route for a cab. I saw none, and being unable to proceed, a good-natured lad offered to send me the first he met if I would wait. I did wait. The Lord had remembered my petition. In five minutes, there arrived a comfortable brougham, driven by the proprietor. He drove me to my lodgings, and finding that I remained there, he asked me if I would like to employ him, as he lived in the mews close by. I did so, and praised the Lord many a day for the convenience and comfort gained by this granted prayer.

Fifteen months afterwards, I was at the West End. I had walked the length of Bruton Street in much distress, not wishing to hire one of the jaded horses that at the close of a hot summer's day passed by.

I paused, hesitating what to do, and said in my heart: "Oh, that the Lord would send me a good cab and horse, as He did at Islington." My heart melted within me at the remembrance of the Lord's loving-kindness, followed by my regret that I had withheld from *Him* the request of my lips so long. As I crossed the street, a coachman with a fresh, strong horse touched his hat to me, and I recognised him as the same man that had driven me for five weeks at Islington. He told me that he had followed me the length of the street, hoping that I should need his brougham, and had striven in vain to gain my attention. He rejoiced my heart by telling me that the books and tracts and papers that he had collected, while I employed, him had been in great request through that Winter, and not a stableman in the yard but came from time to time for the loan of some of them.

At once I gave him all I had with me, which he gratefully accepted; and this blessed seal on "Whatsoever," strengthened my faith in an unfailing God.

HOW QUARRELS ARISE.

TO avoid all quarrels and differences, we should ever bear in mind the characteristic tendencies of those who oppose us; for the peculiar tempers, constitutions, habits, and previous life have much to do with the impressions produced in our minds by facts or statements that we hear and see.

Have you ever noticed how widely different are two reports of what has been said, or two descriptions of what has transpired? Two different minds have each received different impressions, which, when compared together, seem neither to harmonise nor agree in most essential points; very often it ends in charges of untruthfulness, wilful perversion of facts; and so strife begins.

Is it not best, in all our differences, to let charity and consideration guide us? Look at things with the eyes of others, and place ourselves on their standpoint before we condemn. Bear and forbear. Forgive and be forgiven.

It is the glory of kings to pass over a transgression; be therefore like a king, so that you may the more readily join in the prayer—"Forgive us our debts, AS WE forgive our debtors."

Our Life.—Every day is a short life; our whole life is but a succession of days. He, therefore, who loses a day, loses a part of his life that never can be recalled or re-employed.

DEC. 17, 1887.

"A.1."

ONE PENNY.

WEEKLY — Edited by MRS. STEPHEN MENZIES.

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Thirteen Hundred Miles in My Caravan," "From Pole to Pole," etc., etc.



"He told her all his funniest stories."

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE WINGS OF THE TRADES.

AFTER the painting and varnishing had been finished, there was a general "clear up" of litter; but still the saloon and half-deck smelt of turpentine. Boyd was equal to the occasion. For two nights he had buckets placed all round the decks, filled with some mysterious mixture that he alone knew the receipt for; and lo! at the end of that time, all odour of varnish had fled.

Meanwhile, stores were being got on board, and the donkey engine kept puffing and blowing, and rattling and clanking, all day long, and far on into the "stilly night."

Then blue-jacketed stewards took possession of the pantries, and kept moving in and

out of cabins, and curtains were hung, and beds made, and table-linen looked over, folded, and put away. Lamps were hung in the saloon, to say nothing of vases filled with flowers; at night all the place was lit up, and as Jack Silk walked through with the captain, he declared that the saloon looked like a fairy-land afloat. And Jack Silk really was not far wrong either. A good deal of perception had Jack.

At last all was ready, and away went the *Oonalaska* on a trial trip. She came in again next day, and you could have told by the smiles on Captain Jack Boyd's rosy face, that everything had gone as merrily as marriage bells.

On the same evening, "a few friends"—this is how the Captain phrased it—came on board to dine, and wish good luck to the brave ship and her bold crew.

On the very next morning, the passengers came on board, and expressed themselves delighted with all around, and the care manifested for their comfort.

The last to join was Godfrey.

About one o'clock the *Oonalaska* slipped her moorings, and soon after began to steam slowly away.

Captain Boyd turned his eyes away from the shore at last; there was moisture in them. He was leaving home.

By sunset the ship had made good offing, and as the wind was fair, fires were banked, and all possible sail shaken out.

It fell dark soon after nine; the stars were out, the good ship was bowing and bobbing to the seas, while the water went swishing round her bows, and rushing and bubbling aft on each side. There was singing forward, and laughing and talking downstairs in the saloon.

The captain walked rapidly up and down the quarter-deck with Desmond O'Neil, whose watch it was.

"Well," he said, "we have sailed propitiously—sailed without a hitch. So may our voyage end!"

"Amen!" said Desmond.

During the night the wind increased to half a gale, but as it continued fair, no one grumbled. Great waves, however, chased the ship, and threatened to poop her, and rake the decks from aft to fore.

The sea was a sight in the morning. None of the passengers, however, came up to admire and wonder at it.

"Toes up, every one on 'em, sir." That was the report of the head steward, when the captain asked why his good people did not come to breakfast, as sensible people invariably should.

"They didn't look much like invalids when they came on board, sir; but la! sir, you should see 'em now."

The truth is, that, with two exceptions, every one of Captain Boyd's passengers was supposed to be an invalid. At least, being bound for San Francisco, they had been recommended by their several doctors to sail with Boyd on this long voyage round the Horn, instead of taking the ten-day trip to New York, and going thence by sail to 'Frisco.

So they did not care how long the voyage lasted.

The gale continued—increased, in fact. With the exception of some cloth on the fore-yards, and a close-reefed main top-sail, there was little else carried. And much to the joy of Boyd, even with this scanty canvas, the *Oonalaska* went tearing through the broken water and wind-tormented waves, at a good twelve knots an hour.

The wind increased; but still she scudded on. The captain knew his vessel well, else the danger of being pooped would have seemed imminent. Those rushing, chasing seas would have struck terror into the heart of a landsman. At one moment the *Oonalaska* would be so down by the stern, that she appeared to be inviting the wave on board; but just as it came surging and curling up, preparing, as it were, for a spring, "No, you don't," the *Oonalaska* seemed to say, and down by the head she went, till the spray surged over the bows and forecastle.

Some of the bravest of the passengers appeared at the dinner-table about the third day, while the wind was still doing its best to make it uncomfortable for all hands.

"It is only a puff," the captain told them, consolingly.

"If it be only a puff," thought the passengers, "what can a gale of wind be like?" And they tried to grin and bear the thoughts of it. They smiled grim and ghastly smiles when the ship kicked at a sea, and their soup was spilled about their legs. They pretended to think it was no end of a good joke when a green wave darkened the skylights, and the potatoes hopped up and went chasing each other over the decks. But for all that, they were very glad when dinner was over, and they found their way back to their wave-darkened cabins.

In less than ten days, the *Oonalaska* had made the port of the wondrously beautiful isle of Madeira. And by this time, all the passengers were sea-fast, and as gay as ever gay could be—the gentlemen wearing light suits, and the ladies looking well in dresses of white. The most noticeable and attractive of the latter, and the only two with which our tale has much to do, were Miss Graves and her cousin Kate. Now Miss Graves was an old maid. She was, nevertheless, about as unlike your ideal old maid as any one could wish. She was not tall, lean, and scraggy; she did not give herself the airs and graces of sweet seventeen; she never said she could have married well, had she cared to; she did not own a cat, and never made allusions to a lover who had been drowned. She was fair, fat, and, maybe, forty.

She took the bottom of the table (the captain being at the head), in the most natural way possible, from the very first day she recovered from her *mal de mer*.

"I'm going to sit here," she said, "opposite you, Captain Boyd. You and I are old people—at least, we're getting on. So I'll be ship's mother, and you'll be ship's father."

"Capital!" said plain Jack Boyd—"capital!"

"And at table, ladies and gentlemen, all remember I am to have my proper title. I am to be addressed as 'Mother.'"

"Agreed," said everybody.

Kate Graves was only a baby—to all appearance, I mean. She was seventeen, or perhaps a little over, very small and slight, though round-faced withal, and if I add exceedingly pretty, I shall only be throwing in my verdict with that of all hands. But it was a baby beauty for all that.

Nat Graves was Katie's brother—a stalwart, broad-shouldered, handsome young American. He and Kate were the only two of the passengers who were not so-called invalids.

What ailed *Miss* Graves then? Nothing much. If you had asked her, she would have said: "Nerves, or something."

For the matter of that, there was not a sickly looking person sat down to dinner. Once past Madeira, and on the wings of the trades, the way those invalid passengers caused the viands to disappear, was a source of astonishment to the head steward.

"If they go on as they're doing now," he told the captain one day, "we'll hardly have fresh prog to take us to Rio."

'Let them—bless them—let them eat." That was the captain's reply.

The captain made very much of Kate, who, by the bye, soon became Katie. She sat at his right hand at dinner, and he told her all his funniest stories, to which she was never tired of listening.

Black Jack Silk pulled his friend right aft one morning, and told him to lean over the bulwarks, and look at the sea with him, till he made a confession.

No one could hear it thus, except Desmond.

"Desmond, my lad," said Jack; "you've known old Silk for some years now?"

"Yes."

"Well, you never knew me fall in love anywhere or with anybody, did you?"

"Not exactly."

"Dess, I'm in sober earnest."

"Really! well, heave round."

"I'm going to heave round. You're not smitten with the charms of Katie, are you?"

"Not the least wee bit, Jack. But you don't really mean that you——"

"But I do mean it. And as the coast is clear so far as you're concerned, I mean to go ahead. I mean, that though I may never tell Katie I love her, I won't prevent myself from loving away at her on the quiet. But had you been going to be my rival, I'd have brought myself up with a round turn."

"All right, Jack; I'll keep your secret."

One evening Captain Boyd, Katie, and Miss Graves were seated abaft the mizen, and after a pause in the confab,—

"Do you know, Captain Boyd," said Miss Graves, "whom I consider the most interesting individual in the ship?"

"Couldn't guess."

"Your mysterious passenger, Mr. Godfrey."

"Ah! poor fellow! Yes."

"Then there *is* a mystery?"

"N—no; that is, ye—yes, somewhat."

"Oh! I'm so glad; a mystery is quite refreshing. But he is so handsome, yet so gloomy and sad at times, and his smile is never a very merry one. There is no infection about it. It doesn't make others smile. Do you know the name I give him in my own mind?"

"No, Miss Graves; I'm bad at riddles."

"Eugene Aram."

"'Eugene Aram'?"

"Yes, but hark! there goes the second dinner-bell."

CHAPTER IX.

"WE HAVE FOUND STOWAWAYS ON BOARD."

BOTH morally and physically considered, "life is full of contrasts" (the latter part of that sentence is so ancient and trite, that the printer has been requested to put it within inverted commas); but so far as travelling is concerned, those contrasts form the chief charm. Yet people who make their round-the-world-in-sixty-days' tours see far too few of them. Independent of the fact that the rate of travel in these cases is far too fast, the tours themselves are too much within the same parallels of latitude to afford scope for a deal of change.

The voyage of the good ship *Oonalaska* was of a widely different character.

Leaving England and the boisterous Bay

of Biscay, at the very time that Autumn—often in this country a season of clouds and gloom—was drawing nigh, hardly had they been afloat a week, ere they were in the regions of what might be called perpetual Summer; and the atmospherical effects, the balmy wind, the life-giving sunshine, the ozonic breath of the blue sea, the clear sky and fleecy clouds, appeared to gladden the hearts of all. Even the worst of Captain Boyd's invalids were fain to confess that there was but little ailed them, after all.

Under a press of canvas, that looked almost snow-white in the sunshine, the *Oonalaska* went stretching away over the ocean southwards, with a point or two of west in it. Although the ship made quite as much motion as ships of her class are wont to do under sail, before she had been three weeks out, every passenger on board, including Katie Graves, had acquired that amount of agility on deck, which enabled him or her to boast of the possession of sea-legs.

On a long voyage like this, there is always some sort of fun and jocularity occurring on board. On the very morning, then, after they had left Madeira, and just as breakfast was finished, a very pretty surprise fell to the lot of Captain Boyd and his passengers.

Prayers were read every morning; and to-day, during this matutinal service, it was noticed by Miss Katie Graves, who probably ought to have been looking somewhere else, that Dr. Duncan McPhee, the surgeon, several times forgot himself so far as to smile. The honest Scot evidently had something on his mind. So thought Katie, and when the surgeon, immediately after prayers, drew Captain Boyd aside, and confided something to his ear that made that gentleman stare and start back, Katie was sure of it, and made her cousin remain on deck.

"Call all hands," cried the captain.

"Ladies," he continued, approaching Miss Graves, "we're going to have a sort of drum-head court-martial, without the drum. We have found stowaways on board."

"How romantic!" said Miss Graves.

"How delightful!" said Katie.

The captain looked from Kate to her cousin, and from her cousin to Kate. He was very nearly saying, "Bother the romance!" but his gallantry forbade him. He only wheeled away rather crossly, and said something in a low tone to Desmond O'Neil.

"Ay, ay, sir," said that young gentleman. Then he shouted in a loud voice: "Rig the plank!"

As such an order had never before been heard on a civilized ship, the men did not know how to obey it. But "Chips," the carpenter, and "Pipes," the boatswain's mate, were summoned forward, and, under the supervision of Desmond, the thing was soon done. The plank was a broad piece of timber, one end of which was lashed to the bridge, which crossed from bulwark to bulwark abaft the mizen; the other end overhung the sea.

"Bring up the stowaways, and let them lay aft."

The order was obeyed, and a stranger or more badly matched trio, when they did appear, was probably never seen on the deck of a ship before.

The crew were drawn up in two lines in the ship's waist, and between these the culprits had to march on their way to the quarter-deck.

First came a little dumpy old woman with a funny red face, black beads of eyes, and hair as white as lime.

Behind her a regular bean-pole of a fellow in knee-breeches, a long ragged ulster and brimless hat, with a clay pipe stuck through it—Irish without a doubt. He marched with head erect and a jaunty air; the expression on his face was comical enough in all conscience.

Bringing up the rear was an old-fashioned, cheeky-looking, pale-faced boy. Any one would have put him down as a Londoner at first glance, and a Londoner he was.

Sally, for that was the name she gave herself, walked very slowly, with a pretence of being infirm, though her face belied her footsteps.

She groaned aloud. "My poor back," she said. The men began to titter.

Sally stopped short, glancing at them left and right. "You'd laugh at poor me, would you? Old enough to be yer grandmother, ye graceless boys. Heigho! my poor back!"

"Trip along wid ye, mother," said Paddy from behind; "shure, can't ye see his honour the captain's awaitin' to grant us an audience?"

"What's your name, my good woman?" asked Captain Boyd.

Sally's answer was given with many enforced sighs and groans, as if she were too feeble to talk.

"My name, sir? Heigho! my poor back! Which it is Sarah Bennet, sir. But the boys of my village calls me Sally Bunny, sir. Heigho! And those boys do be so plaguey, sir, and keeps a-callin' of me names that—Heigho! my poor back!"

"And what possessed you to stow away in our coal-bunkers?"

"Heigho! which I'm a decent married woman, sir, and I have a darter in Ameriky. But my man is a bad un, sir, and the third day of our wedded life, sir, as ever was, he threw a boiled sheep's head at me—which I'd boiled it with the hair on, sir,—and I never see'd him from that day to this."

"I don't wonder," said the captain, laughing. "So you're going to Ameriky to look for him?"

"No, sir; my darter, sir. If *you* please, sir."

And Sally curtseyed and smiled, and a titter rippled round amongst those on the quarter-deck, which infected the men, and ended in a general explosion of laughter.

"Go away forward," said the captain; "somebody will look after you."

And away went Sally; the boatswain's mate politely giving her his arm, much to the amusement of all hands.

"Lay aft here, you two fellows. Stand in a line. Now, your names?"

"Turlough O'Brady."

"Samivel Bates."

"Give account of yourselves."

"Oh, indade, your honour. The story uv me loife w'dn't be worth listening to at all. It's a jarvey I've been; you know the song, sir,—

> "'Ach! she dearly loved the jolting of an Irish jaunting car.'

"Well, sorr, I'm likewise an amatair fotograffer, and sure I thought I'd try me luck on t'other side o' the water; and the boy here came wid me for luck."

"Did you entice the boy, then?"

"Sorra a much entoicing he naded, sorr, for the matter uv that."

"Did you come of your own free will, boy?"

"In course I did, sir. Why, d'ye think a scarecrow like that 'ere 'ud hinfluence the likes o' I? Ye doesn't know Samivel Bates yet, sir; that ye doesn't."

"I don't want to know much of you. But what made you come on board?"

"The School Board, sir," replied Samivel, drawing himself up to his full height of four feet five; "the tyranny of the School Board, sir. Wot with the teacher a-caning of me all day, and my mother a-jawing at me in the evening, my fine constitution, sir, was beginning to give way. 'Samivel, my boy,' says I to myself, 'you were designed for a 'igher career. Go to sea, Samivel; go to sea.' So I wented, and 'ere I be, sir, beggin' yer parding, and 'oping no offence."

"You see that plank there, both of you?" said Captain Boyd, assuming a seriousness he was far from feeling; "in a few days you've got to walk that plank on at one end, and off at the other."

"Ah! shure yer honour," cried Turlough; "ye niver mane it. Ye won't drown a poor bhoy! Ah! sorr, say you are joking, and sure it's Turlough will work for ye till his bones stick out——"

What more Turlough would have said, or where the bones were to stick out, may never be known, for at that moment the boy Bates touched his forelock to the captain.

"Got too much jaw, that 'ere chap," he said. "Samivel Bates don't mind bein' scran for the sharks. Sharks is better nor School Boards, sir. By-bye, ladies. Give us a bit o' baccy, matie."

The latter was addressed to a sailor.

"I've found," said kind-hearted Miss Graves next morning, "that Sally is not half a bad creature; and with your permission, Captain Boyd, I shall have her for my maid."

"Oh, do what you like with Sally," said the captain, laughing.

Now Captain Boyd was a man of the older school, and had a very great reverence indeed for ancient customs. Knowing this, no one in the saloon was surprised, when one bright moonlight night, while the *Oonalaska* was steaming quietly through a calm sea, with apparently showers of diamonds sparkling in her wake, a voice from the sea hailed in stentorian tones,—

"*Oonalaska*, ahoy!"

"Ay, ay," roared the captain through his trumpet.

"Any babies of mine on board?"

"Who are you at all?"

"Neptune, god of the waves and king of the ocean."

"All right, Nep, old man," cried the captain; "there's something for you to do in the morning. Come on board, and bring the missus with you."

Next afternoon, the ship was right on the Line, if ever ship was there before.

Old Sally Bunny said she'd often heard speak of the Line, and would like to see it.

Desmond O'Neil tied a black thread across the large glass of a telescope, and bade her look through. Sally looked, and then turned up her face and hands.

"And is that the 'quator?" she exclaimed. "What would my darter in Ameriky say to that? Why, you could dry clothes on it."

Plain Jack Boyd was as good-hearted a sailor as ever handled a wheel or adjusted a compass; but he looked upon the stowaway as one of the meanest kind of walking frauds, and determined to punish O'Brady and Bates in his own peculiar fashion. They had been strict prisoners since their trial, and had been fed on biscuit and water.

When Neptune came on board, they were the first to be brought up—blind-folded, and with their hands tied behind their backs.

A plank really was rigged from the bridge, but it hung over an immense tub or tank of water on deck, instead of over the sea.

They were led up the steps and along the bridge, by the boatswain's mate, and on to the plank—Paddy praying to the captain to "spare a poor Irish bhoy's life, for the sake uv the mother that bore him," Boy Bates bringing up the rear, and saying but little.

"Tell 'em at 'ome, old un," he cried to the captain, "that Samivel died game, and that sharks is nothing to the tyranny of a School Board."

How long Turlough O'Brady might have stood on that plank bemoaning his fate, and beseeching for mercy, there is no telling, for Boy Bates gave him a sudden push, and next moment Paddy was struggling in the tub. The boatswain tilted the plank, and down went Boy Bates on top of him.

Both stowaways had received a lesson they were not likely to forget; the bandages were taken from their eyes, and the play was over, so far as they were concerned.

The fun now grew fast and furious, for there were many young fellows on board who had never crossed the line before, and who were now duly ducked and shaved.

There was a late dinner that night in the saloon, and a deal of talking and laughing about the events of the day. But by ten of the clock (four bells by ship's time) all was hushed and serene both fore and aft, and the moon shone calmly, brightly down from a sky of palest blue, in which the stars were but dimly visible.

South and south went the good ship *Oonalaska*, steaming when the wind was light, sailing whenever possible, and before a great many days were over, they had reached the wildly romantic and beautiful harbour of Rio de Janeiro.

Provisions and coals had to be taken on board here, for it would be quite a long time ere the vessel again touched at any civilized place. Four days were spent at Rio, though Captain Boyd could have got off to sea again in half the time; but he was good-natured, and Miss Graves and Katie spent most of their time on shore. They took Godfrey with them as a protector, and Sally as a companion. Sally looked quite gay in the light-coloured cotton dresses and broad sun hat her new mistress had given her. She gazed and wondered at everything she saw, both in the town, with its strange market, and in the forest they visited.

A hundred times a day at least, Sally felt constrained to turn up her hands and eyes, and relieve her feelings and her "poor back," by exclaiming in rapture,—

"What *would* my darter in Ameriky say to that?"

Well but, joking apart, there is a deal of the wondrous and beautiful to be seen here; and really, nobody should die, until they have paid a visit to Rio.

This pen of mine would be worn to a stump, long before I could describe half the quaintness and romance of the place,—the loveliness of its flowers; the look and the odour of its luscious fruits; the gloom and glory of its silent forests; its humming birds; its splendid butterflies, almost as large as ladies' fans; its curious and gaudily dressed people, including its slaves; the villages and huts; the mountains; the water; and the brightness of its cerulean sky.

The whole forms a picture, or rather a series of ever-changing pictures, that deeply impresses itself on the memory of those who behold, and to which, amid the wild and lonesome scenery soon to be described, one looks back, again and again, as to a half-forgotten, but happy dream.

(*To be continued.*)

BE GENTLEMEN.

By the Rev. THAIN DAVIDSON, D.D.

GEORGE MACDONALD gives sound advice to those who have the upbringing of children, when he counsels them to treat them "as souls having bodies, rather than as bodies having souls." But the mistake he guards against, is one that all religious teachers are apt to fall into; and that not only in dealing with the very young. Nothing is more common than to remind you, individually, that you have a soul, that God has given you a spiritual nature which must not be neglected, and which demands your constant and assiduous care; I am finding no fault with this mode of teaching, *only*, there is another side of the truth that is just as important in its way.

But, come along, I am not going to mince matters; there are one or two characters that want to be very plainly spoken to.

First of all, I shall name the SLOVEN. We have all seen him at times, and a very objectionable fellow he is,—clothes, gait, hair, hands, everything about him denoting a lazy, indolent nature, that is utterly without self-respect. For anything like gracefulness and decency he has only contempt; his neglected person, untidy attire, and loutish appearance proclaim the absence of even a trace of natural refinement. If this were necessarily linked with poverty, I would be the last to say an upbraiding word; but the character I point to may be found at every step of the social ladder. The faultless elegance of one's outward get-up cannot alone decide the question; else the barber, the clothier, and the shoemaker might turn any one into a gentleman. At the same time, character is often betrayed by externals, and you can generally tell the sloven at a glance. If you keep in mind this little text: "A body hast thou prepared me," you will feel it a sacred duty to keep your physical frame in proper condition, and by every attention to personal cleanliness, tidiness, and order, to show that you have a high sense of true self-respect. Even the use of a clothes-brush may be significant, and an honest patch is better than a half-concealed rent.

Secondly, I name the BOOR. He is not unknown, even in respectable company, and he merits a good castigation. He shall get it, too, if I have a chance! Here he comes, slouching along, arms and legs working, apparently, on "universal joints," and not a bit of rigidity in his frame. (Wouldn't six months' drill do him a world of good?) Lifts his hat in the presence of a lady, or when he meets you on the street? No; would never think of such a thing. Did you ever see such a Goth?

"Be courteous," is a Scriptural admonition we should all endeavour to obey. The word occurs but once in Sacred Writ, but perhaps is the more observable on that account. It means deferential, having a due regard to the feelings of others; and this is always characteristic of the true gentleman. It is not a question of birth, or money, or gold rings, or tailoring, or anything of that sort; genuine refinement is an essential element of character.

It is only a fool who imagines that it is the hairdresser, outfitter, and jeweller, who from the raw material can turn out the genuine article. I have seen the highest refinement where outward accessories there were none. A young man of true Christian instinct, though brought up amidst the humblest surroundings, will soon acquire the culture and urbanities of good society.

Take a word of advice, my lad, and get rid of any uncouthness of gait or manners. Whatever you are, don't be a boor!

Thirdly, as little would I like to see you a FOP. Dandyism is one of the most contemptible developments of humanity, and always betokens extreme littleness of mind. It is hard to tell which is the worse of the two—the sloven or the fop. In the one case, sensible men avoid you; in the other, they laugh at you.

How ridiculous does Samuel Pepys make himself in his entertaining "Diary" (which, I presume, most of you have read), by his repeated reference to his dress! If we are to believe contemporary testimony, he was a shrewd and accomplished man, a conscientious and valuable servant of the State; but how *small* does he seem when we read such entries as these:—

"22nd January, 1659. This day began to put buckles to my shoes." "July 1st, 1660. This morning came home my fine camlett cloak with gold buttons, and a silk suit, which cost me much money, *and I pray to God to make me able to pay for it.*"

You cannot but feel, when you see a man who, as Carlyle says, "rather lives to dress than dresses to live," that he must be a weak and effeminate creature. When the exterior is the object of such pains and attention, you suspect there is not very much beneath it. The youth who wastes his precious minutes before the mirror, and whose supreme ambition is to be up to the latest rule of fashion, is not likely to make a man of business, or to be good for much in any trade or profession; he is so occupied with the husk, that he gives little thought to the kernel.

Such gentry have commonly a horror of hard work. They have a particular aversion to be seen carrying a parcel, and would rather die than stain their kid gloves by any form of manual labour. The body God has prepared them is to be pampered, dressed, and perfumed,—so they think, but was never made to sweat with honest toil. There is hardly a town or village which has not some instances of this glaring insanity; in London their name is legion. To them the real enjoyment of life is unknown. The poor, but industrious man, is always happier than the rich and idle; and honest work, hard but not excessive, is the best promoter of health, both of body and mind.

In David's beautiful description of morning, in Psalm 104. 23, he says, "Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening." The sun ariseth, the wild beasts betake them to their dens; but man goeth forth to work!

A man may work as hard with the pen as with the pickaxe. The toil of nerve and brain is more exhausting than that of muscle. Now the fop is essentially an idler, and

> "An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
> As useless when it goes as when it stands."

Avoid such a fellow if he comes in your way; he will do you no good. His mind is much more upon play than upon work. He is a great authority, possibly, upon sports and *prima donnas*. He can tell you all about the latest race, or the forthcoming regatta; but question him about his business, and he is silent. He dearly loves to talk of his club and of the opera, and is full of stale jokes and town gossip; but as to all serious and important questions, his mind is a vacuity Well, bow him politely out of your company; life is too short to waste it on a silly coxcomb. Try to be "examples of believers," "the sons of God *without rebuke*."

GIRLS I HAVE MET.

By Mrs. SKINNER.

IV. THE GIRL FROM THE COUNTRY.

HER cousins and I met her at the railway station. As she alighted, and I noticed her thoughtful, ruddy face, the rough red hands, the ill-fitting clothes, and heard her broad dialect, my heart went out in sympathy towards her. Quiet snubbing, hints rather harsh, admonitory advice, home-sickness,—all, I was sure, were in store for her.

How indignant the cousins would have been, had they known what I was imputing to them! Of course they would not wilfully be unkind; but then, so many of us are blind to our faults, and indulge in such painful behaviour without realising its nature.

Oh, the number of packages she had! an edition of "Mrs. Brown's luggage!"

"Mother thought you'd like some fresh fruit, and these posies all came out of our own garden. Oh, what a noise there is! It's worse than it is at Watcombe Fair." She had hardly finished speaking, when her plums fell, most of them rolling on to the rails.



Country Lizzie.

There was a cry, a rush to recover them; but Milly, the eldest cousin, forcibly detained her. "You might get killed. You must let them go. Don't pick any up. See how people are staring at us."

"I am so sorry; they came off our best tree—the one that grows near the gate."

"Never mind; plums are cheap enough."

"But——" and then she stopped, a pained look coming into her face, and she bit her lips to keep the tears back.

Florry, the youngest cousin, had meanwhile got a cab, and we were all stowed inside, packages and all. Half a dozen ragged urchins feasted upon those precious plums as we drove off.

None of us could help smiling just a little at her quaint remarks, as we went along. The sights, all so stale to us, were so fresh and wonderful to her, evidently having a keen eye, quick intuitions, and an open way of expressing herself.

"You make me think," said Milly, "of the old man from the country who stood by the Bank, waiting for the crowd to go by."

"And what harm was there in that?" she innocently asked. "Did he stand long?"

Milly laughed. "Wait till you see the crowd there; then you will understand."

"I understand already," she said, after a pause; "the crowd is there all day. Poor old man! I can sympathise with him, because I am from the country as well."

"And it is the best part of the world, too," I put in, fearing an unkind pause. "'God made the country.'"

"'And man made the town,'" she added. "You can see that there," pointing to the end of a narrow, squalid street we passed. "God made wide commons and great hills,—nothing like that."

"Hear, hear," cried the girls; "our cousin is an orator. Who would have thought it!"

"Let us have the finish of that quotation from Cowper," I said. "Please give it us, Milly,"—just to see whether she knew more or less than this girl from the country.

"What quotation?"

"'God made the country, and man made the town.'"

"Oh, I don't know it. Isn't it from Tennyson?"

"No," said Lizzie, "it is from Cowper's 'Task.' It goes on:—

'No wonder, then, that health and virtues, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves.'"

"Well done, Lizzie! You read to some purpose," said I.

"Oh, yes," she answered, with a smile, the first since the catastrophe of the plums; "we read a great deal in the long winter evenings."

"Precious dry stuff, if that's a sample," remarked Florry.

"You must be quite a blue stocking," said Milly.

"Oh dear no; I never go in for that at all; I've something else to occupy me."

At the door of her aunt's house we parted, but I met her again the following week. It was at a girls' working party. She had on some of Milly's ornaments, her hair was turned up in the latest fashion, and Florry quietly informed me that they had been two days altering her dress. But they had not been able to soften her accent, or whiten her hands; and the silver bracelets made them look even a deeper red than before.

She seemed very constrained and awkward, quite different to the outspoken girl I had met before; the result, no doubt, of private lessons given by the cousins. At tea, I noticed Florry and Milly take their places one at each side of her, and more than one of Lizzie's sentences came to an abrupt ending because of an admonitory pull.

During the evening, a solo or recitation was asked for, and as usual there were many obstacles, difficulties, and apologies in the way, that formed quite an entertainment in themselves. But "the girl from the country" quietly stood up, and at once gave a selection from "The Lady of the Lake."

"How ever could you do it?" whispered Milly at the close.

"Because I knew it, was asked to give it, and hate making a fuss," was the brave reply.

Calling at the aunt's house next day, I happened to mention the needs of a certain small orphanage. Two other ladies were in the room, who *looked* unutterably sympathetic, and spoke in very smooth tones; but Lizzie from the country was the only practical helper.

"I'll give you a sovereign," she said.

"My dear, you cannot afford it," said her aunt.

"Oh, yes, I can; I can do without that travelling trunk you wanted me to buy, aunt; and it is my own money, not father's, so he would not mind."

"I suppose it was your father's first?"

"Indeed, no, it was not."

"Have you got a private fortune, my dear?" asked Milly, rather sarcastically.

"No, I have not; but I earn money."

"By churning, no doubt," said Florry.

"No; I'm a market gardener."

"Oh, my dear, how shockingly you talk. Pray, friends, don't listen," said the aunt.



Town Lizzie.

But the sympathetic-looking ladies and myself wanted very much to know all about it.

"I rent two fields from father. Mother gave me twenty pounds when I was twenty-one, so I stocked them, and I send all my produce by train to Milford, our nearest town. I have had some forcing houses put up this year, so shall get early things into the market soon."

"Well done! you are a sensible girl," remarked the ladies.

The aunt and cousins were listening in speechless amazement. What would come next? If only those two ladies had *not* been there, it would not have mattered at all; but they were the richest and grandest acquaintances they had. What would they think?

"And do you make much?"

"Oh, yes."

"You must be quite rich," said Florry, with something like a sigh.

"Oh, no," rather bashfully.

"What do you do with it, then?"

No answer.

"I suppose you give it nearly all away?" said her aunt, with some curiosity. It was

spoken in jest; but many a truth is thus unconsciously clothed.

"It is the only way I have of doing good," she replied, as the red in her cheeks spread over her face; "I'm not clever, like some girls are."

There are days in our lives, whose memories are burnt in upon us; days that haunt us; days that will never die. The day I met Lizzie again was one of these. Will it ever leave me? Nay, I do not wish it to leave me; the very pain it brought gave joy.

I called to ask her to accompany me to one of the hospitals. She was all alone, the aunt and cousins having gone to a garden party.

"I did so want to go with them; but aunt said it would be too tiring for me. It seems strange, because, in a usual way, I am very much stronger than either Milly or Florry."

"Those sort of parties are fatiguing, certainly."

"Are they? Then it was kind to leave me here; but I felt so lonely at first, I really cried. You don't think, then, it was because they are ashamed of me?"

"What a question! I don't think they need be, dear."

"Ah, I see you don't like to say. How glad I shall be to get home. I am going to-morrow. Do you know what I shall sing then? Listen;" and then she broke out in a sweet, low voice:—

"'Stay at home, my heart, and rest,
Home-keeping hearts are happiest;
For those who wander they know not where,
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.'

"And so it is, too."

"You sing very nicely. I did not know you were a singer as well as a gardener."

"Why, Milly says she would not like anyone to hear me, as they would know directly I had not been taught; but I thought you would not mind."

Instead of going to the hospital, I went with her to some celebrated nursery gardens, out in the country, where she did some business. Unconsciously, we had gone in the same direction as the aunt and cousins had previously taken, and as, in the quiet of the evening, we were walking back towards the station, we heard a loud noise behind us, and, turning round, saw dashing down the hill a pony carriage, the pony mad with fright, the reins dragging on the ground. In an instant we each saw that the three occupants of the carriage were the aunt and cousins—knew them by their feathers. At the bottom of the hill was a sharp bend; should the pony take a straight course, it would hurl the carriage down a steep bank into a wide canal. From where we stood, we could see the red gleam of the setting sun on the waters, like an awful danger signal.

"I maun save them," she almost shrieked, in her broadest tone.

"Girl, it would be madness to attempt it," I exclaimed, gripping her arm. But she had gone; my touch was like a child's, compared to the energy awakened in her.

Shall I ever forget that little figure, standing so erect and motionless in the middle of the white, dusty road—the wild, dashing beast so close upon her?

With one strained effort, she clutched hold of the bridle, with the agony of death in the grim grasp. For an instant she was lifted off her feet, and then I heard the word, as from some far-off land: "Steady!" The voice had a magic ring in it. The animal stood still, trembling in every limb, and in almost a moment's time, it was surrounded by strong men.

Lizzie, the girl from the country, had saved those three lives. The folks were full of her praises; but she lay motionless by the side of the road. She had broken her arm through falling on the shaft of the carriage, and had fainted.

After we had got her home, and the doctor had set the arm, we began to praise her for her heroic deed.

"Oh, don't!" she implored, "it was nothing. I once broke a pony in; I know well how to quiet them."

But the aunt and cousins could not keep from praising her. How could they? She had saved their lives.

"How can we ever repay you?" said Milly.

"There is only one thing," she replied faintly.

"What is it? Oh, do tell me," and she bent down in her eagerness to listen.

"Don't ever be ashamed of me again."

"Never, *never*;" and Milly threw her arms round her cousin's neck, and the two girls wept together.

"Ashamed again of Lizzie!" said Florry to me in private afterwards; "I should rather think of being ashamed of the Queen. Why, she's a gem, a brick,—I don't know what she is not. God keep me from ever being ashamed of any girl again, simply because she is not stylish. It was nothing but abominable pride that caused it. How I hate myself for it."

The cousins did all in their power to atone for the past, petting and feasting and fêteing Lizzie all day long. Through the accident, the visit was considerably prolonged. There was no going home the next day, or next week; and yet I am sure, in spite of the changed feelings manifested towards her at the close of her visit, this brave Lizzie, the girl I met from the country, still sang to herself, as once more she stood in her peaceful humble home,—

"Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest,
To stay at home is best."

ON SITTING STILL.

(RUTH 3. 18.)

By the Rev. J. B. FIGGIS, M.A.

THIS is a restless age. It sometimes seems as if upon us, especially, had fallen the imprecation of the psalmist: "O my God, make them like unto a wheel!" That is just what people *are* like. The whirl and the buzz are incessant, and the mischief and the misery thus occasioned, are enough to make angels weep; but especially the angels of young people, the angels of the lad or maiden just starting in life.

"Starting in life!" what an expressive phrase that is, with a touch, too, of the same disquiet in it. It makes us fancy ourselves at the railway station. Trains rushing in; trains rolling out: all commotion and excitement; your own head full of both, for you are going for a long journey. Well, and so it is with those "starting in life;" you, too, are going for a long journey. Are you sure that you are in the right train? You want to go to heaven; but what if the train you are entering should be for quite another place? You want to be happy; what if it should travel through, and to, a land of misery, where happiness would be unknown?

So, anxious for you, my reader, to be in the right train, what can I do better than what Naomi did, say to each one of you, "Sit still, and think; sit still and look; sit still and listen; sit still and learn; sit still and love"?

Many a fine property is ruined; many a fair name stained; many a precious soul lost, for want of thought. It is so about money; five minutes' reflection would have prevented that man taking the desperate step, which plunged him in ruin. He was hurried into it because he would not *sit still and think*.

It is so about marriage. Anne Boleyn might have saved her life, Mary Stuart her crown, and many of lesser name their character, if only they had pondered the consequences of a step the most momentous of their lives. There is much need in this matter that every Ruth should take the counsel of Naomi, and "sit still."

It would be easy to multiply instances; what we want is to apply them; not to talk about thinking, but to think.

Suppose one were to come to you and say: "You have in your possession a fair and costly jewel, nay, that which can create jewels, and transmute the pebbles under your feet into pearls," would not your heart leap, leap with delight, only tinctured with incredulity? Yet, why be incredulous? Every soul has that within itself which is capable of being made happy, and of making others happy, yea, of making God happy; may it not be fairly called a jewel? There are others no greater than you, no richer, no cleverer, who, just laying their ability, or want of ability, at the Master's feet, have received from Him power to be an immense blessing to others.

I would give anything if I could stir in some of your hearts the holy ambition of being of some use in the world. At present the comb stands almost empty. Take care that it be filled by-and-bye, and with pure, sweet honey.

Especially think of duty. You say: "I do not like the word, and I do not like the thing. I love my friends, and I want my friends to love me. But cannot one have

pleasure, without always thinking about this dismal, dreary duty?"

But is it possible to have real pleasure without duty? It seems to me that it is like a fairy ring, or some other enchanted circle, inside which all is happy; outside all is sad. The same games played within the ring are delightful, while without, they are miserable, and make people so. Now duty is that sprite or fay, and every one that lives inside lives merrily; every one that lives outside, lives miserably. On which side of the ring are you?

Yet, after all, duty will not save. In the court of conscience, none of us shall find salvation. Duty will not save, but Jesus will, Jesus and His work. I heard them compared to a lightning rod, which attracts all the danger current to itself, and keeps the house it touches free. Do you live in this house? Have you this danger rod, drawing the doom, justly due for your sins, away from you, so that you stand safe, free, forgiven?

Not merely about the main issues of life, but about all the side issues, be sure to ask yourself both, "Is it right?" and "Is it safe?" Beginning such a habit, beginning such a book, beginning such a friendship, sit still and think. Think of life with all its possibilities, what you might be, what you might do; think of death with all its possibilities, what it may bring, how near it may be. Thoughtlessness is your great danger, the rock on which, if your bark is shipwrecked, ten to one but it will split. Oh! do not be thoughtless; sit still and think.

Sit still and look. For indeed there is much to look at—a wonderful sight, a wonderful Face. What face? you say. Whose face? Nay, look at it a little first, that even the look may attract you, as looks do and may. We read of one, that Jesus "looking on him loved him." I want you to look at this Face, that you may love it. It is a Face all fair, so fair that you never saw a lovelier. And it is pure as it is fair, utterly pure and noble and good to the fullest—the very Face to be worthy meditation. It is gentle and generous; millions of men forgiven by it have only made it more forgiving. True, also, there is a firmness about those lips that make you sure of everything they say, sure of the lightest word, or least. Oh! a holy Face, yet a happy Face too. It beams, as the little child said of Mr. Pennefather, beams upon you with a heavenly smile, a smile new made in heaven itself. Oh! such a sight, such a Face. "Sit still" and look; you might look at it for hours and not be tired, nor feel it waste of time. But whose face is it? Nay, do you not know? Whose face could it be? There is no such face but one, none good but one, none pure but one, none all holy, all loving but one. It is the face of Jesus, and Jesus is just the Face of God, the frontal visible, through which and through whom the invisible God is seen. Look at Jesus, I say. Have you ever done so? ever spent five minutes in thinking—just *Jesus*, five minutes in considering and contemplating Jesus, five minutes in meditating and gazing on Jesus? Never? Why, then, you are like a person walking about with blind eyes. But stay. There were blind people in Christ's day, and though they could not see Jesus, Jesus could see them, and He let them come to Him, as He sees you now, and will let you to-day, if you will.

"Sit still and listen," was what I meant to say next, but I think "*Sit still and love*" must come in here. For seeing is believing, and looking is loving in some cases, and I am sure it is so in the case of Jesus. Who can look at such an one as Jesus, know what He has been, think of what He has done, and not love Him? Only adamant hearts can look thus. Other hearts must be bursting, be burning, they cannot choose but love. What! I,—so loved, so lovingly dealt with, so lovingly sought and smiled on,—and yet not love, not love Jesus?

And this love of Jesus must—

"All vain love expel."

Let me say to you, very solemnly, that the sort of character to make others happy must be cast in the mould of Christ. I know there are thousands who are attractive, and yet not Christian. But attraction is one thing, affection is another; and I do believe that to win that highest prize, and wear it long, piety must be the basis of the character. You were made for heart union, I know, but miserable is either the man or woman who bases it on anything else than Christian, Christ-like character. He hath built his house upon the sand; the floods of life's sorrow will find out his mistake. So be Christian, be Christ-like; and what I bid you to be in yourselves, I bid you to seek in others.

When your friendship is sought, above all, in that deeper friendship which claims a dearer name, "Sit still;" sit still, I pray you, and consider what it must be to base your hopes of happiness elsewhere. You cannot expect agreement, assured happiness, where you have not two ideas in common; and those who are one in and one out of Christ, really have *no* ideas in common; a whole world keeps them apart. You may think nothing of this now. It may be quite possible to get through the present, to get through the preliminaries with seeming satisfaction, because, for the time being, your minds have enough to think of in one another; but wait awhile, and divergence, on so cardinal a point especially, is sure to tire, sure to grieve, sure to divide. Suffer the word of exhortation. But if it be never needed on this point, it may be on another, and that is, to let the love of Jesus not only rule out all love contrary to His, but exalt and ennoble all according thereto. Keep Him first. Count not friendship nor love, paradise; but only the fullest of all friendships, only Divine Love.

Sit still and learn, shall be my next word. There is so much to learn, to learn of God, and "who teacheth like Him?" It is so sweet to be taught by one we love; blessed learning, indeed, that is. So sweet to have Jesus say, therefore: "Learn of Me;" and, as I say, there is so much to learn. I am so glad there is, do you know? It would be such a dull time if we knew all at once; but as we only pick up knowledge, like the birds their food, a grain at a time, it gives zest and interest all the way. Intermeddle with all knowledge, secular as well as sacred, art, science, as well as Scripture; for, for the sake of others and yourselves, I urge you to the blessing of a well-stored mind. But have a care that one door, which stands open night and day,—open to the poor, to the busy, to the servant as well as to her busy master, God's precious Book, teeming with science, bright with poetry, rich in the wisdom of "the only wise God,"—be your constant companion, your guide, and your counsellor. And now for my last word.

Sit still and listen. They say that the Red Indian, when upon the war track, by putting his ear to the ground, can detect the presence of the enemy a long way off. And if we have the open ear and use it, we may know the approach of danger and of temptation, and avoid them thus. But there are other voices to hear also. "Hark! 'tis angels singing," rejoicing now over a soul new-born on earth, now over a saint new-born into heaven. And do you not hear very different voices sometimes? Do you not hear the voices of bitter wailing? Methinks I do, and amidst the surges of sorrow, I can detect articulate words, such words as these: "If I had only sat still and pondered, I should never have come to this pass, I should never have come to this place!"

So for the great crisis of being, and for every lesser crisis, "sit still." If a great sorrow come into your life, or a great joy, "sit still." To do so, will turn sorrow into joy; not to do so, will almost turn joy into sorrow. As Mary the Virgin, sit still and listen; as Mary of Bethlehem, sit still and learn; as Mary of Magdala, sit still and watch; and you shall not watch in vain.

BIBLE JOTTINGS.

"Once."

Christ appeared once	Heb. 9. 26.
Christ was offered once	Heb. 7. 27.
Christ suffered once	Heb. 9. 26.
Christ entered once	Heb. 9. 12.

The Believer's Attitude towards "all men" (not only fellow-believers).

Provide things honest	Rom. 12. 17. 2 Cor. 8. 21. 1 Thess. 4. 12. 1 Pet. 2. 12.
Live Peaceably	Rom. 12. 18. Heb. 12. 14.
Servant unto all	1 Cor. 9. 19, 22.
Give none offence	1 Cor. 10. 32.
Please—for profit	1 Cor. 10. 33. Rom. 15. 2.
Be patient	1 Thess. 5. 14.
Do good to	Gal. 6. 10. 1 Thess. 5. 15.
Abound in love	1 Thess. 3. 12.
Pray for all	1 Tim. 2. 1.
Be gentle	2 Tim. 2. 14.
Showing meekness	Titus 3. 2.

"This is the will of God."

Eph. 1. 1.	1 Thess. 4. 3.
John 6. 40.	Heb. 10. 10.
Gal. 1. 4.	1 Thess. 5. 18.
Jas. 1. 18.	1 Pet. 2. 13–15.
Eph. 1. 5.	Eph. 1. 9, 10.
	John 6. 39.

"Thy will be done."

The Lord carries His people:

1. On His shoulder. The place of strength.	Exod. 28. 12. Isa. 26. 4. Luke 15. 5.
2. In His bosom. The place of confidence.	Isa. 40. 11. Prov. 29. 25. John 13. 25. Psa. 25. 14.
3. On His heart. The place of affection.	Exod. 28. 29. Jer. 31. 3. Cant. 8. 6.
4. On His hands. The place of safety.	Isa. 49. 16. Cant. 2. 6. Isa. 41. 10. John 10. 28.
5. On His forehead. The place of thought.	Exod. 28. 38. Psa. 40. 5, 17. Jer. 29. 11. Psa. 115. 12.
6. On His wings. The place of power.	Exod. 19. 4. Deut. 32. 11.
7. In His arms. The place of support.	Deut. 33. 27. Psa. 55. 22. 2 Sam. 22. 19.

HOW SAM'S INFIDELITY FAILED.

By ANNIE FRANCES PERRAM, Author of "Go Work," "The Opposite House," etc.



"'*Come with us, will you?*'"

CHAPTER I.

PROGRESS HALL.

"I SAY, Sam; do you know that the infidel folks have rented the Hall down —— Street, and have dubbed it Progress Hall?"

"You don't mean that? I wonder what they'll have to say for themselves, and how many converts—*perverts*, I suppose, would be more correct to say—they'll make."

"That's more than I can say; but there's going to be speechifying to-night, and I, for one, shall be there. Come with us, will you?"

"I don't mind if I do," answered the man who had been addressed as Sam.

He had been surrounded from infancy with religious influences. Like Samuel of old, whose name had been given him, he had been dedicated to God and His Church by a godly father and mother, who, in their village home, were still praying for the boy who had left their roof in his early youth, all unprepared to battle with the temptations and snares which awaited him, in the circle of godless men amongst whom his lot was cast. But as yet their prayers were unanswered, save that the remembrance of them had hitherto availed to prevent Sam from joining in the more open sin of his lawless companions. Yet there was every prospect that close association with those who feared not God, nor regarded man, would shortly bear its inevitable results; for, one by one, familiar landmarks were being left behind, and he was already carelessly drifting towards those fatal rocks of scepticism, on which many a goodly bark has been broken. He was in this state of mind when a fellow-workman gave him the above invitation to an infidel lecture.

For the first time in his life, Sam listened that evening to a definite statement of infidel tenets, and, prepared though he had been, by years spent in the company of those who cavilled and sneered at revealed truth, he was staggered by the new and startling speculations that were advanced. With a great revulsion of feeling, he left the place, and as he found his way to his solitary lodging, the simple faith of his parents and the purity of their lives, rose in strong contrast to the complicated theories propounded by the lecturer of that evening, and the life of open sin, in which he well knew many such theorists to be indulging.

"Can my father and mother be deceived? Is the Bible all false? Is there no God?" So he questioned, and questioned in vain. The next morning he met his fellow-workmen, and, while listening to the sophistry of their arguments, began to think that after all they might have arrived at a more reasonable conception of truth, than those whom he had left in the secluded village home.

He visited the Progress Hall again and again, until the questions that were raised in his mind on the first evening he spent there were silenced, and his conscience lulled to rest; he presently embraced, and afterwards publicly advocated, infidel principles.

* * * *

"A letter from our boy, father," said Mrs. Richards, Sam's mother, a few months after he had openly professed his change of sentiments; "God grant that it may be good news. Why, the dear fellow's got married at last. Eh, dear! I hope he's made a wise choice," said the old dame, as she read down the first few lines of the letter.

"Tell us who it is, quick, mother," answered her husband.

"Why, it's the sister of one of his mates —a dear girl, he says—and she sends her love to father and mother, and says she'll try to make a good wife for their boy. Well, I'm sure I hope she will—bless her. Not a word about anything else, father. We must just hope and pray on for him and his dear wife now, and the answer's sure to come."

Yet how it tarried, as month after month passed, and Sam grew more bitter in his hostility to any form of religious truth, and openly reviled its adherents.

So matters went on, until after the birth of his first child. Watching with pride its cradle slumbers, during one of the earliest weeks of infancy, he suddenly looked up and said to his wife,—

"I shan't wish to interfere much with your management of baby, Millie dear, especially as it's a girl; but there's one thing I must insist on. You must never teach her any religious humbug, hymns or prayers, or anything of that sort; and you must keep her away from people who would be likely to say anything that would make her think about stuff she could never understand, any more than her father. When she's old enough, I'll give her plenty of ideas worth having, especially if she turns out a sensible child, as she's likely to do, with such a mother. You understand, don't you, dear?"

"Yes, Sam, and I will attend to your wishes; but it will seem strange for the little thing never to hear about what the poorest child knows now-a-days," replied his wife.

"Better without such knowledge, as I'll prove my little girl shall be. Well, good-bye, wifie. I'm off to the meeting. Wish you were coming with me, as you used to do." And kissing his wife, Sam left the house.

A sigh, for which Millie could not have reasonably accounted, escaped her, and she lay back in her comfortable arm-chair, and indulged in a prolonged reverie. The time had been, when, in early womanhood, she had pictured, as every woman does, a happy home of her own, with little children around her, whose hands she would fold in prayer, and whose lips she would teach to frame the name of God, in accents of reverence and love. And now the happy home was hers, and she had carelessly consented that her first-born should be kept in total ignorance of Him, whom till a year or two previous, she had believed in as the Saviour of helpless infancy and childhood. She thought of the doubts insinuated into her mind during the first days of her intimacy with Sam; and how, in her strong love for him, she had heedlessly allowed him to undermine the foundations of her early faith, until, in profession, at least, she stood side by side with him as an avowed unbeliever.

But she was a true woman, with a woman's deep craving for rest and satisfaction, that was not to be found in human love. So, while for a time he was content with his new theories, she was not; and when, in the hour of a mother's pangs, there had been a sudden fear of a fatal termination read in the anxious faces around her bed, her mind had vainly searched for an assurance and ground of safety, which infidelity utterly failed to yield. When she had struggled back to life again, no words passed her lips concerning the darkness which had appalled her as she faced an unknown future. She resolutely turned her thoughts away from that vivid experience of insecurity, and rested in the devoted love of her husband, and the joy of her new possession. But now, with Sam's

edict fresh in her mind, she could not help the wish rising, that her child might have been permitted to learn the sweet stories of the Bible, and the childish hymns which even then rang in her own ears, and which, strange to say, she had caught herself humming as lullabies to her baby. But she had given her promise, and of course her word must be kept to Sam, who so completely trusted her.

As she rose to prepare supper, words from the long-neglected Book came to her mind: "Without God, and without hope in the world." Wearied at length with the incessant mental repetition of the passage, she presently exclaimed,—

"If there is no God, as Sam says, isn't it better to put all thought of an imaginary Being out of our lives, and to face the truth that we stand alone to do the best we can for ourselves? And as for being without hope, people who do their duty, like we do, never need to be hopeless. We've always something to fix our minds on, something to look forward to."

She stopped suddenly, as the thought of her own hopelessness, while standing on the brink of the cold grave a short month before, recurred to her.

"Oh!" she said, with her hands on her breast, "death *is* an awful, hopeless mystery. Who can fathom its unknown secrets? But what am I talking about? All these things, Sam says, are not to be thought of. We must live to enjoy ourselves while we can; and surely I ought to be very happy with so much more than many to make me so." In this way Millie sought to banish her unwelcome thoughts, and to forget the God whom she once professed to love.



"'*You must never teach her any religious humbug.*'"

CHAPTER II.

JULIA'S GRANDMOTHER.

FOUR years went by, and a long-talked-of visit from Sam's mother was arranged. The evening she was expected, Sam said to his wife, "Millie, I don't want to grieve my old mother, so don't say anything about the Progress Hall, and my doings there; just keep little Julia with you as much as possible. She's not too young to pick up rubbish that my mother may try to teach her."

"Very well, Sam," replied his wife, and Sam left the house to meet his mother.

It was a great pleasure to Millie to welcome the mother of her beloved husband, and she left nothing undone which might add to her comfort and enjoyment during the visit. But it seemed as if the chief pleasure in her son's home centred in the little grandchild. They soon became inseparable, and scarcely a day had passed before the child's silvery voice was everywhere heard repeating, "Grannie, Grannie."

On the third evening of his mother's stay, Sam was absent from the home, and Mrs. Richards was sitting before the fire, gently swaying the little one backwards and forwards. Presently Millie rose, saying, "It's time for Julia to go to bed, mother." The child turned to her grandmother, crying, "Grannie, take me," and, well pleased with the request, Mrs. Richards rose; but Millie interfered, saying,—

"Julia shall come to say good-night to Grannie when mother has undressed her." But Julia cried and sobbed so bitterly with disappointment that Millie grew alarmed, for any excitement had been strictly prohibited for the sensitive child, who, from her infancy, had been liable to sudden attacks of faintness, if unduly agitated. At last she was hushed by Mrs. Richards' promise to accompany her, and the trio adjourned to the bedroom, where Julia patiently waited until arrayed in her white night-dress. Then, making a spring across the room, she climbed to her grandmother's knee, and said, "Dood night, dear Grannie; please put me in my little bed."

"Bless you, my lamb, yes; but you must say your prayers first," and Grannie tried to fold the little hands, as she had folded those of Julia's father years before. But Julia did not comprehend the movement, and smiled at the novel proceeding.

Mrs. Richards looked up in bewilderment at her daughter-in-law, and said,—

"Why, Millie, any one would think the child had never said a prayer in her life."

Seeing no other way out of her difficulty, in desperation Millie answered,—

"They'd think right, then, mother, for she has never been taught."

"Oh, Millie! how could you let her first years go by, without telling her what her heavenly Father expects of His little one?" exclaimed the grandmother.

"Well, mother, you may as well know first as last. When she was a wee thing, Sam made me promise that I'd never teach her anything of that sort; and he wouldn't like to know that anything had been said before her, because she's so sharp—she picks everything up," answered Millie, hanging her head, partly from shame, and partly from a regret that she should have been compelled to reveal the truth to one who would mourn on account of it.

"I can't understand it, Millie; I can't, indeed. My boy, who was so early taught to read his Bible and pray, not liking his little child to hear about the Saviour who loves her, and who called the little children to His side and blessed them, when He was upon earth. I know he is careless of these things himself; but surely he can't think it right to keep Julia in ignorance of the God who made her," replied the poor old lady, looking helplessly for further explanation from Millie.

"Oh, mother, I can't say anymore to you. Sam must tell you all his reasons himself, for he will explain so much better than I can," cried Millie, sadly perplexed; and continuing: "but I must not let you talk any more before Julia. She'll be asking questions for days to come, about what you've been saying, as it is, and if her father gets to know, he'll be really angry. Kiss grandmother, my pet," and in another minute Julia's golden head was nestling on her pillow, while for a second Mrs. Richards stood looking down upon her with tenderness, and a voiceless prayer for the child who had been launched upon the troublesome waves of life, without a chart by which to avoid hidden rocks, or fatal sands. Silent and thoughtful, with her head resting on her withered hands, Mrs. Richards sat until Sam returned, and took his place in the chimney seat opposite. Then she said: "Sam, I've been shocked to hear what Millie's told me. Why, she says it's your wish that the child shall never say a word of prayer, or hear about good things. What can you be thinking about, my boy?"

His mother's troubled eyes were scanning his face, and Sam looked away from them into the glowing coals. After a moment's hesitation, he said,—

"I'm very sorry to say anything that will trouble you, mother, the first time you've come to see us; but I'd better speak the plain truth, and say that of late years I've thought differently of these things, and I've

come to the conclusion that I can't believe in what you and father stick to. Of course it stands to reason that I can't have my child taught what I think is false."

Her son's confession was a terrible blow to her hopes concerning him.

"Sam," she presently said, "I can't reason and argue with you; but I'll never believe but what at some time or other you'll come to see what an awful mistake you're making. My heart will be sadder than ever before—and that's saying a good deal, my boy—until I hear that you're back in the old path."

"I'm happy enough, mother. I've got a dear little wife and a bonnie child, and health and strength to work for them; and I'm sure you might go home well contented with what you've seen of us, instead of worrying," replied Sam, in a half-annoyed tone.

"I can't help troubling, Sam, when I think of you, and know that a time's sure to come when the things you've set your heart on will slip between your fingers, and you'll want something that your new-fangled ideas can't give you," answered the mother.

"Well, we shan't agree upon the matter, and we'd better let it drop, mother;" and Sam rose and took down his pipe from the mantel-shelf, and settled himself back in his chair for a prolonged smoke.

(*To be continued.*)

GRANDFATHER.

GRANDFATHER sits in his old arm-chair,
And dreams of a bygone day;
Sweet visions of children with golden hair
Before him in fancy stray.
He feels soft kisses upon his brow;
Bright faces around him throng,
And he dreamily watches, and wonders how
They have left him alone so long.
The fire-light flickers, the light grows dim,
While the hush of the twilight falls over him.

Grandfather listens, and seems to hear
Sweet voices he loved before,
He fancies they're calling "Father, dear,"
As they did in the days of yore;
And he smiles as he sees his darlings there,
And calls them in wistful tone,
Outstretching his hands to the empty air,
While he sits by the fire alone.
The fire-light flickers, the night grows chill,
Yet the angel faces are with him still.

Grandfather sighs, and with tear-dimmed eyes
He watches the flickering flame,
While as it quivers, then softly dies,
He whispers each well-loved name;
He sees them beckon, he hears them call,
Ere they fade away in the light,
And deeper the evening shadows fall,
As they pass from his dimming sight.
And the darkness gathers, the night winds moan,—
Still grandfather sits by the fire alone.

The night has fled, and now, loud and clear,
The clock strikes the hour of four;
But it falls unheeded upon his ear,—
He will list to its voice no more;
For although he still sits in his old arm-chair,
And the morning dawns rosy red,
And sunbeams, flickering in radiance fair,
Fall softly upon his head,
'Tis the light of God's glory rests on his brow;
He is with his darlings in heaven now!

WASTED HALF-HOURS.

THE daughter of a well-known artist, bred in comfort and luxury, who had trained herself as a first-rate musician, had a sort of religion which "did not satisfy her." It was a strange thing to see her at the penitent-form. She seemed, however, to get saved that Sunday night, but the next Friday she was again in trouble. What was the matter?

The evangelist put his hand on the girl's shoulder, and said, "Weren't you here last Sunday night?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Didn't you get what you wanted?"

"Yes; God saved me, I haven't a doubt."

"Well, what do you want now?"

"Why, if what you've been saying to-night is true, I want something more. I need to be saved from wasting half-hours. I want power to put aside a book which does me no good, and won't make me fitter to do good to others."

"Wasn't that a good way to put it?" asked the evangelist, when he told us the story. "It set me thinking, was I saved from wasting half-hours?"

And it set me thinking, too. Saved from wasting half-hours! Are you? Am I?

Are you saved from wasting half-hours over books which do you no good, over papers which do you positive harm? Or are you one of the people who always seem to know what Parliament is doing, and are up in the details of the latest murder, and yet "haven't any time for Bible study"?

Are you saved from wasting half-hours in useless talk? When you come to the meeting unusually early, do you gossip—mild, amiable gossip, about meetings and so forth, with somebody who needs, perhaps, to be praying every minute for power to do his duty in that very meeting? Or do you keep a sharp look out for any sinner who may drop in early, too, and pray straight through it all? Lord, keep those half-hours before meetings in Thine own hand!

Are you saved from wasting morning half-hours? Those half-hours when one lies partly awake, and realizes sleepily that there will be time to eat breakfast and get to work in time, if we stay in bed just half an hour longer! But will that half-hour dozed away leave you time to feed your soul; time to pray with your lads before they go off to school—with your wife before she faces the trials of her busy day? We have proved in our own experience that the busiest day is less tiring, if that first half-hour is flung into the Godward side of the scale!"

"Isn't you going to give me my little bit of Bible?" asked our astonished four-years-old child the last time we overslept, and had to hurry off without explaining to her the one verse of Scripture we teach her every day. We don't mean to over-sleep again!

"The King's business requires haste," and we can save many a half-hour for it if we train ourselves to quick motions, rapid thought, habits of putting our clothes, and our tools, and our song-book, and everything just where we can lay hands on them.

How many half-hours of thought do we waste, or worse? "Bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ" means a great deal. It does not allow us to spend time in thinking what we *would* do to the man who had cheated us, if we were not saved. It compels us to bring all our spare thinking to bear on the problem of how to get him saved from cheating.

If you once get saved from wasting half-hours, you will be surprised to find how many of them you can accumulate to give away to the people who need them. The last six weeks have been almost the busiest I have ever lived and worked through. Yet I have managed to crowd into them more odds and ends of help and work for other souls than usual, simply because I knew I was so busy that I dare not waste one moment or one thought. It is down-right sin to be so busy that people feel afraid to tax us with their worries. The work cannot be of God's shaping, if it crowds us so for time that nobody would even think of dropping into our office, or our workshop, or our kitchen, or running round to our house after hours, to get a bit of advice, or ask us to pray with them.

He was a very busy man to whom I once took a budget of difficulties and perplexities, very much as a child takes a hurt finger to its mother, when it knows she can't cure it; but I found the busy man "ready to help."

"Good-bye," I said, as I rose to go. Then, glancing at the pile of letters on his table, I added: "It is good of you to have wasted your time over this."

"That is not what I call wasting time," was his grave answer. It gave me a fresh view of our mission, and made me freshly eager to be saved from wasting half-hours.

£5 5s. IN PRIZES.

WE now announce the first of our series of Competitions. We trust the mental exercise will pleasantly occupy leisure hours. We are aware that we have set our competitors a task which will be no slight test of their ability and ingenuity, but they will feel all the better pleased when they see their names in our list of successful competitors.

A PRIZE OF £1 1s.

is offered for the best Double Acrostics on the names of men well known in—

1. Church and State.
2. Army and Navy.
3. Art and Science.
4. Commerce and Agriculture.

The Primals must spell the name (either surname only, or surname and first name) of some celebrated man in a Christian Church, the Finals the name of some celebrated statesman, and so on. The names must be kept in pairs, as arranged above.

Further: for each pair of names a secondary Acrostic must be constructed, whose Primals and Finals spell some characteristic of the first and second names of the pair respectively. These characteristics may be either substantives or adjectives.

RULES.

1. The Acrostics must be strictly original.
2. Each Competitor must do the Four Acrostics, and the secondary ones to match, but the choice of names is left entirely free.
3. Questions may be asked (stamped addressed envelope for reply); but when sending in their Papers, competitors are required to state how many questions they have asked. Each question will *slightly reduce* the marks awarded.
4. The Competition is open to *all*.
5. As no Acrostics can be returned, copies should be kept.

The Competition closes on January 31, 1888, on or before which date, all Papers must reach the Office of—"A. 1,"—62, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

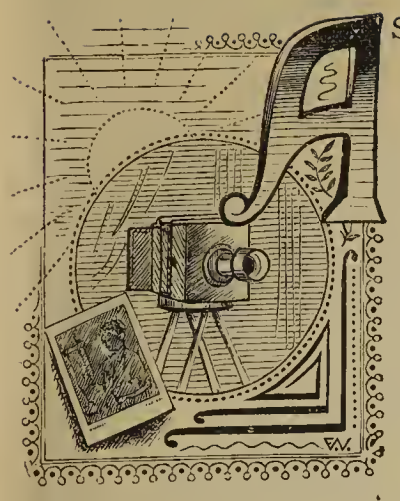
£4 4s. WILL BE OFFERED
in the following consecutive Numbers.

PHOTOGRAPHY:

SIMPLIFIED LESSONS FOR AMATEURS.

By A. H. WALL.

PART III.—FOCUSSING.



S you have now a knowledge of the simple optical and chemical principles which govern photographic operations, you may turn attention to their practical applications, with comparatively greater chance of being successful. Half the failures, at least, in what is now a very simple and easily-attained art, are due to ignorance of How and Why, rather than any want of manipulatory or mechanical skill, or deficiency of intelligence in the operator. The process has been so simplified by the introduction of dry plates, that every one may succeed in taking a photograph of one kind or another; but he or she who understands the principles upon which success depends, ought certainly to surpass in the perfection and beauty of the pictures, the mere happy-go-lucky mechanical operator.

Focussing is done with your head and the camera under a dark cloth, and, as I have already said, either from the back of the camera, with a rack or screw arrangement attached to the lens, or by one part of the box sliding in and out of the other, or by an expanding and contracting arrangement of folds, such as an accordion or a pair of bellows has. Whatever the arrangement, the purpose is the same—that of securing, *in the first place*, distinctness, or sharpness. It is done with your head under a black cloth to secure sufficient darkness, and the view, as you already know, is reversed.

With the better kind of lenses, operators have what are termed *diaphragms*, from the Greek, meaning a partition or "stops;" the purpose of which is to enable you to increase the sharpness of the image, by using only the central, that is to say, the best portion of your lens, and thus stopping out marginal rays of light which are less perfectly focussed. These diaphragms are thin metal plates, made to slide down between the parts of your lens, through a slit at the top, provided for that purpose, and they are perforated with circular apertures of different dimensions, usually from one-eighth of an inch upwards, the smallest giving the greatest degree of sharpness, and of course the least light. As the rapidity of the chemical or photographic action on the exposed plate is proportioned to the amount of light admitted through the lens, the smaller the aperture of the stop, the longer must be the time given for the plate's exposure in the dark chamber, before the opened lens. This exposure varies with the subject and the light's character, and lengthens *pro rata* as the size of the aperture diminishes. As the dry plates are so rapidly acted upon,—some professedly more so than others,—you will find that this increased exposure is not very often a matter of any particular consequence, while the gain in truthfulness of representation is certainly considerable.

Carefully observe the changes in the image on the ground glass, produced by the use of different "stops," and you will glean a very useful preliminary lesson. Presently you may, with even greater benefit, notice with like carefulness differences between photographs of some one subject taken with the different diaphragms.

In some of the cheaper lenses, the stop is a fixture, and instead of being between, is in the front of the lens. For all purposes, except copying from the flat surfaces, such as prints and paintings, this is a disadvantage. It causes not only a loss of light, which means of course chemical power, but optically also it is defective; the pictures it gives are not so well defined or focussed. The disadvantages of the "stop" being fixed, are, that you have but one, that the image is less brilliant, and that you cannot first examine the effect of the image with the whole aperture of the lens open.

"By the skilful adaptation of his diaphragm," says an eminent artist photographer, Mr. Lake Price, "one operator shall, with an inferior lens, make a fair picture; while another, inexperienced in its use, will utterly fail with the most perfect instrument that the optician can furnish. . . . *Time of exposure* and *quality of definition* are entirely dependent upon the proper use of the diaphragm, so the necessity of carefully studying its varying action will be apparent, and also that of so altering the size of the aperture, as may be most appropriate to the circumstances of *light*, size of *reflecting area* of subject, and the *distance* of the lens from it, that not one pencil of light shall be suppressed which could contribute to forming the image correctly, nor any allowed to remain, which, by their obliquity, would distort or confuse the picture." But apart from the lens, there are other focussing conditions which will make or mar your photographs.

Parts of the picture which on the ground glass, when you were examining and focussing it, appeared clear and distinct, will not be so in the photograph; because the colour of one and that of another, having different chemical powers, act so as to alter their relative tones in the chemically produced picture, and make them more alike or less alike than they were in nature. Some large, brilliantly lighted object in the distance, for instance, although on the ground glass it kept its place, by losing atmospheric effect in the exposure, will, in your resulting photograph, come so forward, that even immediate foreground objects appear much further from you than it does, and a more subdued and smaller object in the foreground is made to retire beyond it. This will be especially striking if you chance to have focussed upon the bright and prominent distant object, as most beginners would be tempted to. The colours and luminous variations of objects are indeed the photographer's chief focussing difficulty, and the proper time to think what their chemical, pictorial, and optical effects will be on the plate, is while your head is under the dark cloth. Everything depends now-a-days upon the focussing. You should always devote quite a long time to preliminary drill in focussing, until you could tell why one scene which looked particularly pretty on the ground glass—I am of course not speaking of portraiture—would be a very poor thing as a photograph, and why another, much quieter and less strikingly attractive in the camera, would produce a far more effective and pleasing result. Objects which, in nature, and in the picture given by the lens, stand out round, bold, and distinct, in consequence of their position, lighting, and colours, will often in the photograph be neither one nor the other, because of the optical and actinic (chemical) conditions involved in connection with exposure.

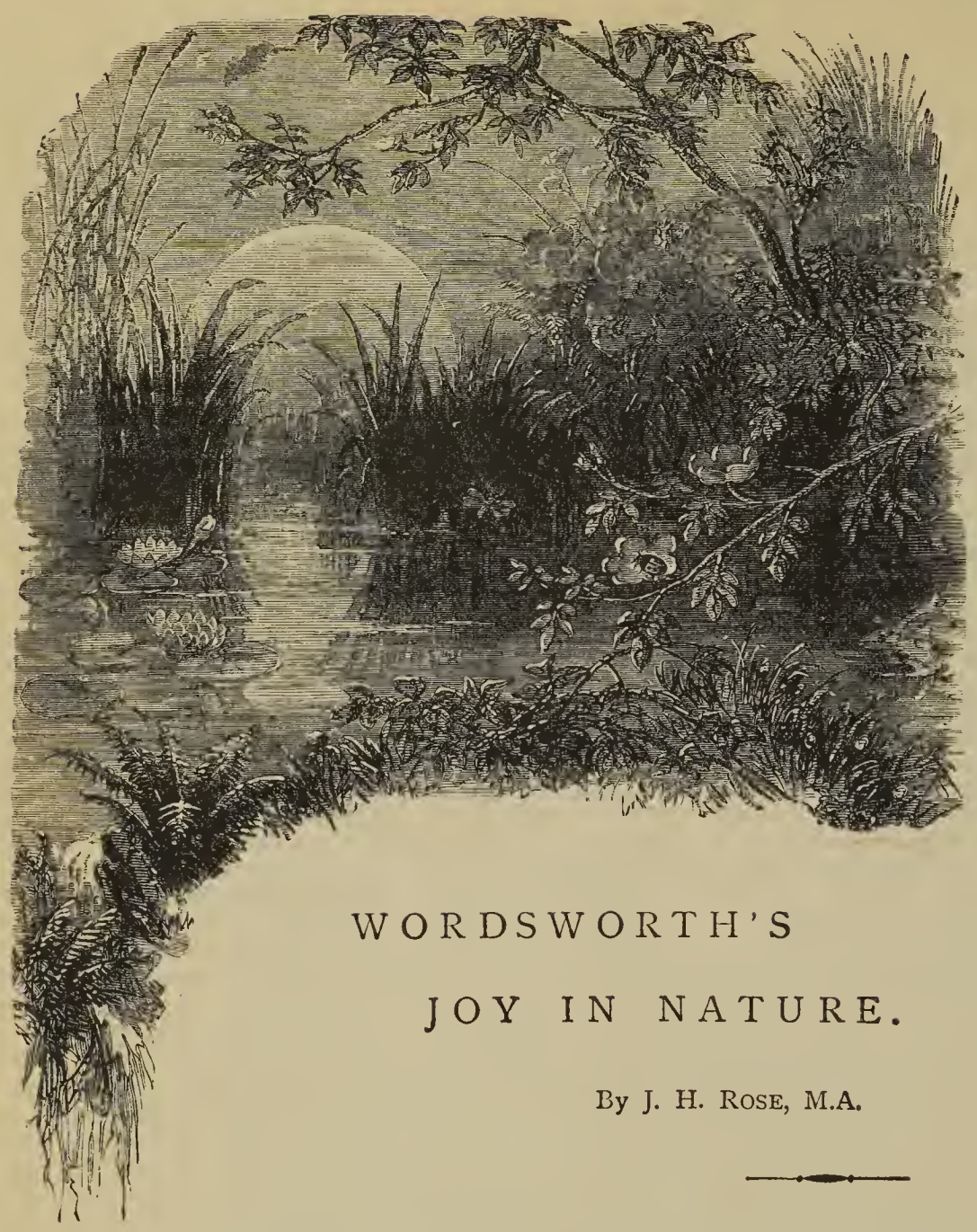
For photographic art is not a mechanical one easily excelled in, but one which requires training and study.

Much will depend upon how the scene is lighted. In the shadowless aspect of a noonday view, the effect may seem very beautiful in nature, but it is apt to be spotty and inartistic in the photograph. When the atmosphere is purplish, and shadows lengthen, and the light grows golden as day declines, the contrasts are less brilliant, and the exposures are longer, because there is less chemical power in the light. But admirable pictures are often then obtained by the skilful and experienced. Good effects are secured most frequently, with the light falling at an angle of about 45 degrees.

The sky being blue, and clouds pearly and white, or softly grey, these are impressed upon the plate so rapidly, that the instantaneous exposure required for them is not sufficient to ensure objects beneath them being properly impressed on the plate. To take sky and landscape together, is therefore regarded as a photographic triumph.

Lakes and rivers reflecting sky and cloud, and being also very strongly luminous, present like difficulties, when in association with objects far less luminous, and of colours having much slower chemical action—such, for instance, as foliage, etc.; but when the colours on the banks are reflected in the water, or the colour of its bed affects it, the conditions are altered for the better, and the task of properly photographing water becomes easier. Motion in leaves, waves, and grasses, cattle and figures, is often an element of difficulty; substituting, for the clear, variously characteristic outlines of trees, the sharp, clear-cut ripples and wave-curves of streams or lakes, and forms of men and animals, blurrings and patches, and eccentric shaped spots of light and dark, which represent nothing but optical defects and chemical shortcomings. And all these things have to be seen and partially mastered on the focussing screen, as preliminary to more complete mastery in the exposing and developing.

The easiest subjects, and those which the beginner should select for his early efforts, will be rocks, ruins, wind and water-mills, cottages, barns, and farmhouses; groups of foreground plants; a motionless figure; ruined buildings; boats ashore, amidst their fishing and sailing gear, with a boatman or two, if you can induce them to be quite still, and not look at you or the camera. The first thing you photograph might well be a plaster bust or statue, as these are easiest, presenting no difficulties of colour, no polish of surface, or possibility of movement. Put the cast in a quiet, soft, uniform light, with fairly well-defined cast shadows. By cast shadows are meant shadows thrown by projecting surfaces. Other shadows are those which are caused by their retiring from the light.



WORDSWORTH'S JOY IN NATURE.

By J. H. Rose, M.A.

Part II.

In the first Paper we noticed some passages which described Wordsworth's youthful rapture amongst the scenery of the Lakes. We must now turn our attention to poems where his Fancy and Imagination come into play. He encountered no small amount of ridicule and opposition in his day, because he named many of his poems, not according to their outward form, but according to variations in his treatment,—thus, "Poems of the Fancy," and "Poems of the Imagination;" and he was the first great poet after Pope, who maintained that the outward form of poetry was far less important than the feeling which it enshrined.

Wordsworth had many talks with his friend Coleridge about the difference between Fancy and Imagination. They concluded that Fancy is a lighter and sportive kind of Imagination. Fancy playfully seizes on outside resemblances which the *mind* can feel or prove. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" is in the realm of Fancy; "Hamlet" is in that of the Imagination. But if you wish to see examples of this contrast, read over some of Wordsworth's "Poems of the Fancy," and then those of the "Imagination." Notice that he has a poem to a Skylark in each class; that the treatment of the one is bright and joyous, whereas the other closes with a comparison which our brain has to think about, before we see its full beauty :—

"Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,—
True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

Now, there is no external resemblance between the skylark and the wise; but the poet's flash of thought shows us a hidden resemblance, viz., that the wise in all their soarings of thought and learning, though they have their aspirations after heavenly bliss, are kept from aimless wanderings by the home ties of love and duty. It is one of the highest aims of poetry to set forth in a beautiful way, great and inspiring thoughts like this.

Of Wordsworth's "Poems of the Fancy," I would also recommend the study of the two on the Daisy, the two on the Celandine, the Redbreast, the Wren's Nest, and the Kitten and Falling Leaves. Every one of these shows what Wordsworth has well called—

"The harvest of a quiet eye."

For what are the subjects? Most ordinary and common-place, some may say, with a half sneer! Quite so; but that is the charm of these idylls or little pictures. Their subjects are so very ordinary, that we have lost sight of their beauty; but when a poet describes them in smoothly tripping verses, and shows us what we *may* all see if we open our eyes, surely he gives to us all a new source of health and contentment. Our poet does not merely photograph the scene; but, as an artist, he makes it *live* in our thoughts by adding some touch of human truth.

Thus, in the first poem to the Daisy :—

"In youth, from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill, in discontent
Of pleasures high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy;
But now my own delights I make,
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And gladly Nature's love partake,
Of thee, sweet Daisy!"

This little flower, then, taught him to rise above the "glad animal pleasures" of his boyish days, and to reach a more regular and restful joy in natural scenes; and if, in his mature years, "stately passions" and ambitions burned in him, he felt a rebuke whenever his eye chanced to turn on the modest flower, so beloved by all poets down from Chaucer's time.

You will notice that Wordsworth cares little for garden and hot-house flowers. He scarcely notices them in his poetry; but he often sang the praises of the foxglove, primrose, daffodil, daisy, and, above all, of the little celandine. Why? Because they come fresh from Mother Earth without man's interference. The poet himself confesses, that for thirty years or more he had seen the celandine, before he really found out its beauties; for,—

"While the pătient primrose sits
Like a beggar in the cold,
Thou, a flower of wiser wits,
Slipp'st into thy sheltering hold;"

and its glossy face, scattered broadcast in the earliest Spring, is Nature's sermon to us, to turn gloom into cheeriness,—

"Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none."

In fact, Wordsworth's eye was always for the happy and inspiring side of Nature; he does not treat of her tempests and earthquakes; but he fixes his eye rather on her kindly influences in our English climate—for truly we are more favoured in climate than our love of grumbling will admit. Thus, in the "Wren's Nest," he gives us a pretty picture of the primrose leaves growing up to hide the tiny nest from intruders; and though falling leaves often bring to us sad thoughts, yet the sport of the kitten leads him up to the cheery wish :

"Spite of care, and spite of grief,
To gambol with Life's falling leaf."

These are a few of the easy and sportive lessons which Wordsworth's fancy threw off as he wandered about his dales; but more serious and profound thoughts came besides, and in the next Paper we must notice some of the lessons which Imagination saw—

"By observation of affinities
In objects where no brotherhood exists
To passive minds."

It is just this which marks the difference between poetical and prosaic minds: the latter are passive in this matter; they see no resemblance between Nature and human life; in fact, they see resemblances only between things which are as much alike as two peas.

Those, however, who wish to enjoy good poetry (as distinguished from mere verse-making) must try to get rid of this rigidly accurate, yard-measuring spirit, and look beneath the outward show of things.

Let us close this Paper by noticing a few poems, which are not grouped under "Poems of the Fancy," but under "Poems referring to Childhood," and "Poems founded on the Affections." (What a pity that Wordsworth gave such long, cumbrous titles to his poems!) In fact, a notice of our poet's easier teachings would not be complete without a reference to some of these poems; but, because they refer to the period of childhood, you must not suppose that they are childish poems, for they were composed during the best period of his life, between the ages of twenty-eight and forty. For though these poems contain the "Idiot Boy," which Byron so laughed at, saying,—

"That all who view the 'idiot in his glory,
Conceive the bard the hero of the story;"

yet this group also contains "We are Seven," and "The Pet Lamb," which every one knows, or ought to know. These two little

poems beautifully set forth teachings of "natural piety" and kindliness; and in the grander poem, "Michael," is a touching account of one of the "Annals of the Poor."

Mr. Matthew Arnold has pointed out the wonderful pathos, both in the thought and rhythm, of the lines near its close:

> "That many and many a day he thither went,
> And never lifted up a single stone."

If you read the poem, you will understand the pathos of these lines.

For a short study of Wordsworth's best poetry, I would suggest the following plan:—Begin with the poems last named in this Paper, referring to Childhood and to the Affections; then pass on to a study of the poems which I select from the Poems of the Fancy, and of the Imagination, and these will lead you up to the "Ode to Duty," and the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality."

BISHOP HANNINGTON:

A NOBLE LIFE LAID DOWN.

By F. Burton Irving.

Part II.

WORK AND DEATH IN AFRICA.

"Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them,
Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
They were bound, but Thou hast freed them,—
Now they go to free the slaves.
Be Thou with them:
'Tis Thine arm alone that saves."

JAMES HANNINGTON'S voyage from England to Aden was made in the *Quetta*. As usual, there was a mixed company on board—worldly men, profane and irreligious men, as well as Christians of differing creeds. We find mention made of Congregationalists, Baptists, Churchmen, and Wesleyans. Here Hannington's catholicity came to the light, and he evidenced, by his courtesy and charity, that when a man is in close fellowship with the Master, he is sure to live in peace with all the Master's servants. Hence he met with co-operation—not opposition—when he made it his first business on board to go to the captain and petition for public prayers, which request was granted.

A good deal of his time on the outward voyage was passed in studying Swahili, as a qualification for usefulness in the interior; for Hannington knew what was essential and valuable, and he was not the man to have to seek his straw when he wanted to make his bricks.

David of old spent many years, before the erection of the Temple, in gathering materials, and it would be well for young men the world over, if they would copy this example, spend less time in dreaming of duty, and more time in preparation for it. Grinding at rudiments of grammar, and studying ways and means, with an eye to the executive, is not heroic business, but it is a sure foundation. No man is likely to do acceptable mission work, at home or abroad, who neglects this primary delving at the commonplace and needful.

Even doctors of divinity, medicine, and science, have had to commence their career by a study of the alphabet; and the dullard who despises arithmetic at school, is not likely to become Prime Minister afterwards. The royal road to every position of power and usefulness is the road of hard work, and the first Bishop of Eastern Africa began his by studying the intricacies of Swahili.

From Aden to Zanzibar, Hannington voyaged in a dirty vessel called the *Mecca*, which, in addition to being dreadfully overcrowded, swarmed with cockroaches, black ants, and bugs; but the discomfort did not end here, for stormy weather, bad food, bad management, and sea-sickness were added, and the good missionary wore clothes for three days without an opportunity of changing. Thus, before he set foot in Africa, the discipline of suffering began, which was to continue with little intermission, save the brief European visit necessitated by broken health, until the end. Now and henceforth he was in his measure like the great apostle of the Gentiles, "in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in perils in city, in wilderness, and in sea."

On landing, he had to make acquaintance with the fact, that travel into the African interior must be accomplished in a very laborious fashion. No train, no tram, no steamboat—not even the old lumbering stage-coach to help his progress; neither good roads nor yet good halting-places; and, without any means of transport but native porterage (generally clumsy and frequently untrustworthy), he must convey on every journey, almost all the stores a vessel would need when arranging for a voyage; viz., clothes, tinned stores, medicines, tools, tents, guns, ammunition, with various other et-ceteras, and, as in this special case, a boat in sections. He was often oppressed by the lethargy of his African helpers, and found it notoriously difficult to set anybody or anything in motion; to English notions, alas! it was even then "motion without progress."

But we need not linger on this usual trouble of procuring porters, or of weighing loads, except to say that the maximum burden for each being seventy pounds, much calculation was necessary in the adjustment of the several packages. Therefore clever generalship, and a knowledge of needs on the route, were as essential to the missionary's success, as Bible lore, and an insight into tribal vocabularies.

So much for the harassments of the start; now for a brief description, from diary and letters, of some of the less understood hardships by the way. At Ndumi the drinking water was so full of filth, it could have been "cut with a knife;" and Hannington writes further, "an English cow or Irish sow would have turned from it." This explains why, on similar occasions, he went "three or even four days at a stretch without drinking anything."

Next we find him battling against a forest fire, dashing through burning grass as high as his head, and then, "scorched and dripping with perspiration," urging on other workers, with all possible lung power, to beat back the foe with green boughs. "Suffering severely from black ants; nearly driven mad with pain by contact with the short red hairs of a malignant bean; volumes of dust, swamping beds, blankets, boxes, buckets, everything—that night we slept in a dust-heap; this is the kind of thing all the way to Ugogo. It is bad enough in a hot climate to have dust in your hair and down your neck, but when every mouthful of food grates your teeth, I leave you to imagine the amenities of tent life."

Again: "Tangles overhead, rough, stony ground below, for three miserable hours we stumbled on, not without many cuts and bruises. . . . Fever, violent sickness, intense pain in every limb, burning thirst, nothing to drink, tongue so hard and dry that when I touched it with my finger, it made a noise like the grating of a file . . . too feeble to stand, carried in a hammock by two men."

In the dry season "leafless boughs form no protection against the burning rays of the sun. . . . We came upon skulls, broken boxes, and other signs of a fight with robbers."

At Wanyamwezi there was a native dance in honour of Hannington as "great master." He writes: "We grew pale with the ceaseless thudding of the drums." At length, when the dance was over, he showed the women a doll he had with him, and undressed it, to illustrate the way in which the white sisters clothe themselves.

In September, 1882, he had an attack of acute rheumatism, which, added to previous fever and dysentry, brought him to the gates of the grave; but, in the weakness of this serious illness, he would sit up in bed to write a book that should be helpful to the Missionary Committee in London, and also to men who, like himself, embarked in the enterprise of preaching the gospel to the heathen in Central Africa.

On Christmas Day, 1882, though still very ill, he celebrated Holy Communion at eight o'clock in the morning. For dinner he killed a kid, while Mr. Ashe made a pudding from flour, not only musty, but full of beetles and fermented raisins. This pudding, such as it was, stuck to the bottom of the sauce-pan, and was turned up under-boiled. Much is suggested of previous privation on the score of diet, when he can style this wretched mess "a real treat," and add: "I cannot remember ever to have enjoyed a Christmas pudding half so much."

With indomitable courage he was still pursuing his journey, though, after leaving Kagie, he had to write in his journal: "Very ill with dysentry and violent internal pain; my liver, too, is in such a state that I have to walk with my hands tied to my neck, to prevent my arms moving, as their least motion gives me intense pain." Such experiences went on from bad to worse, until he

reached Msalala, when, fainting from suffering, he had to confess that he was "done," and reluctantly consent to return invalided to England, where, on the tenth of June, 1883, he was received with joy and thanksgiving, as one "alive from the dead."

As soon as he recovered health, he spent himself, without stint, in advocating the claims of the Church Missionary Society on home platforms; and six months later, the fifth of December, he penned a jubilant letter, containing six "hallelujahs," because the doctor said he might resume work abroad. Afterwards, when offered the bishopric, "he took it as a sign from God that he had work to do for Christ in Africa, and could no more say 'NO' than did Gordon when he went to Khartoum."

HOMELY HOBBIES.

RECREATIONS IN GEOLOGY.

By W. H. HARRIS, B.A., B.Sc.

NO. I.—INTRODUCTORY PAPER.

ONE of the writer's friends—a man who has worked hard for more than thirty years at one of our most trying professions—resolves, at considerable intervals of time, to give himself the mental diversion of reading some popular novel. With this intent, he goes to a large library to select his book. Over and over again he has been known to come away, after a lengthened scrutiny of the catalogue, not with any work of fiction after all, but with a volume on some branch of science. If jested with on the breakdown of his resolution, he is apt, in a half-apologetic tone, to plead that it was so difficult to pick out any romance worth anything; but, if twitted with the dryness of his story-book, he is apt to fire up, and say that no efforts of human imagination can vie in interest with the marvels of Nature. Moreover, he boasts that he has this further advantage over the novel-reader, that whereas, when the latter reaches the end of his sensational plot, he has to acknowledge to himself the unreality of all the characters and the conversations, the student of science can rejoice that all the wondrous incidents, the changes, the chances, the "situations" he meets with, are *realities* capable of verification, which repeat themselves in miniature all around him. He is right, too; and we have no hesitation in recommending our readers, if in need of mental recreation, to take up, with more or less thoroughness, according to their opportunities, some natural history pursuit.

By way of putting them on one such track, we intend to furnish a short series of Papers on the oldest, the most comprehensive, and by no means the least interesting, of nature-volumes. We refer, of course, to the history of our earth's "crust," or "rind." As a science, it is called geology. Though its pages are the most ancient, though they have been everywhere under the foot of man since his first appearance on the globe, and though, for hundreds of years, he has been dipping, for various purposes, into many leaves of this great book, the history itself is one of the latest written by pen and ink. It is true that various attempts at a connected narrative have been made, but these proved abortive until the present century from several causes. It is not necessary now to enter into a discussion of these reasons; but there is one which must be mentioned, because its removal not only marked a new era in the science, but because it affords the possibility to any one to become now a searcher and a finder in this field of truth. The circumstance to which we allude, is the doing away with a fundamental error of the early workers in geology. To them it soon became evident that past changes of the original position had taken place, in many *strata* or beds of rock; that whole species, genera, and even types of plants and animals had passed away for ever from the earth, to be succeeded by altogether new ones, which in their turn had yielded to others of dissimilar nature. To account for such revolutions in the earth's history, it was thought necessary to call in the supposed occurrence of tremendously destructive agencies—earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, floods and catastrophes vastly exceeding anything within the experience of man. The Noachian deluge was credited with a force inconceivable in violence and extent, and all sorts of impossible powers were attributed to the land and water of the globe. It is one of the scientific glories of our nation, that these delusions and mistakes were corrected by an Englishman. To the late Sir Charles Lyell, students of geology are supremely indebted for showing how all the marvels to which we have referred can be accounted for by agencies at work all over the globe at the present day, and without any enormous exaggeration of their actual potency.

Now, it is this circumstance which makes geology fit to be taken up as a "homely hobby." Hundreds of interesting facts connected with this science lie round about us. In our daily walks and journeys, in our holiday rambles in our own country and abroad—nay, in our houses and our *homes*—there are plenty of subjects for investigation.

Further, just as we may enter on historical studies piecemeal, taking an incident here and there—a biography from one and another period; the establishment of this principle and that in one century and another; and by this means may lay a good foundation for a comprehensive understanding of the growth of our nation, and the development of our political institutions; so, in geology, we may direct our attention at first to points more or less distinct, and gather from them facts and principles which, later on, will enable us to grasp the whole subject more widely and connectedly.

To illustrate our meaning, we may, for instance, find out what we can of the history of the soil of our gardens and fields; of the gravel of our paths; the bricks of our houses; the slates of our roofs; the mortar of our walls; the materials of our mantelpieces and fire-place jambs; the coal of our grates; the stones of our pavements; the iron of our locks and keys; the water of our wells and cisterns; the gold and silver of our coins; the precious stones of our jewellery—all "homely" enough subjects; and when we have obtained reliable outlines of knowledge on these matters, we shall have laid a basis on which we may easily erect a structure of scientific value.

There is another point of immense importance, to which immediate and definite allusion must be made. In order that all geological phenomena hitherto ascertained by men should be explicable on principles, and by forces, still manifestly at work, it became necessary to extend enormously our ideas as to the period during which this world has existed. In fact, just as the development of the science of astronomy led to an indefinitely great enlargement of the one of our elementary conceptions—that of space—so the progress of geology has induced a similar enlargement of our ideas of the other—that of time. Moreover, just as the facts insisted upon by discoverers and reasoners in the celestial sphere brought down on them charges of heresy, and even of atheism, so, also, equally grave objections were taken to the conclusions of workers at terrestrial phenomena and questions. It lies outside the scope of our purpose to reconcile the various cosmogonies or theories of creation with that given in the sacred Scriptures; but we may make one or two remarks on this matter for the removal of difficulties which might otherwise be felt.

We say, first of all, that most undoubtedly the 4,000 years of the formerly received chronology, as the extent of the earth's age, must not only be given up as utterly inadequate for the explanation of scientific certainties; but such a period can be considered as, proportionally, little more than the space traversed by the minute-hand of the geologic clock, going uninterruptedly for a thousand years. If we are asked how, on any thinkable theory, we reconcile such a statement with the Biblical account in Genesis I., we answer that the words: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," supply a period long enough to include any number of ages of ages. If asked, further, how far science and Scripture are at variance with respect to subsequent operations of Divine energy, we reply, first, that the seeming discrepancies have greatly diminished with a better understanding of the Word of God; and, secondly, that the correspondences between the two, thus far made out, are so remarkable, that it appears to us perfectly incomprehensible, from what we know of ancient science, that the unaided intellect of man could, in the time of Moses, have reached conclusions so much in accord with the discoveries of modern investigators—the heirs of the knowledge of all the centuries subsequent to the days of the inspired Hebrew writer.

Let none of our readers, then, be staggered by any so-called contradictions between what man has found out and God has revealed. The divinely written books of Nature and Revelation cannot be radically opposed in their teachings. We may err in our interpretations of the one or the other, or even of both; but the truly scientific method is to collect and collate all ascertainable facts, and to wait in patience and assurance for the theory which shall embrace and explain most or all of the phenomena. This is the mental attitude in which we shall conduct our story of some of earth's wonders, and it is that which we recommend with unfaltering faith to our readers.

CHESS.

By F. F. ROWLAND.

PART II.

ABBREVIATIONS, NOTATION, AND THE TECHNICAL TERMS EXPLAINED.



NFERRING that our students have become thoroughly acquainted with all the moves, as given in our last, we will at once enter on the notation, so that what we will have to say hereafter may be more readily understood. Our chief aim is to impart a thorough knowledge of the preliminary steps, and if anything should arise which may not be quite clear, we should be pleased to answer any inquiries sent to us.

The lines running across the board are termed *ranks;* those running up and down *files;* and those in a slanting direction, *diagonals.*

The abbreviations are as follows :

K for King.	sq. for square.
Q „ Queen.	ch. „ check.
R „ Rook.	dis. ch. „ discovered check.
B „ Bishop.	dbl. ch. „ double check.
Kt „ Knight.	en pas. „ *en passant.*
P „ Pawn.	x. „ takes.

The squares of the board are numbered from 1 to 8 along the files, and are called after the pieces which occupy the first rank at the beginning of a game. For instance, K stands on Ksq., Q on Qsq., KB on KBsq., etc. The square in front of the K is K2, the one beyond it is K3, etc.

The diagram we give, shows the squares numbered from White's side only; but it must be borne in mind that they count from Black's side likewise. The black K's square is the white K's 8th, his 2nd is the white K's 7th, etc.

The object of the game is to try to *checkmate* the opposing King, that is, to hem him in so that he is unable to move, or escape by the interposition of a man or capture of the attacking foe. Any squares the men may be able to move to, are *covered* or *attacked* by them; and if the hostile king should be on any such square, he is in *check.* To give check, the player moves a man to a square, from which it attacks the one occupied by the adverse K. In doing so, he must give his opponent warning of the attack by saying "check;" then his opponent must either move his K out of check, interpose a man, or capture the checking one. If he is unable to do any of these things, he is checkmated, and his game is lost.

The King is the essential and vital piece, and, therefore, the chief object of attack and defence. To be more explicit, we will say that each player's object is to compass the capture of his adversary's King. True it is that, as a conventional mark of respect shown to his majesty, the King is not removed from the board, as are the other men when captured. With the King it is sufficient, according to the laws of chess, to aim such a blow at him as he cannot parry, repel, nor avoid. Every beginner should play as though the King were to be captured.

While duly looking to the safety of his own pieces, he should never rest content with standing merely on the defensive, but should make a spirited attack on his opponent.

BLACK.

QR 8	QKt 8	QB 8	Q 8	K 8	KB 8	KKt 8	KR 8
QR 7	QKt 7	QB 7	Q 7	K 7	KB 7	KKt 7	KR 7
QR 6	QKt 6	QB 6	Q 6	K 6	KB 6	KKt 6	KR 6
QR 5	QKt 5	QB 5	Q 5	K 5	KB 5	KKt 5	KR 5
QR 4	QKt 4	QB 4	Q 4	K 4	KB 4	KKt 4	KR 4
QR 3	QKt 3	QB 3	Q 3	K 3	KB 3	KKt 3	KR 3
QR 2	QKt 2	QB 2	Q 2	K 2	KB 2	KKt 2	KR 2
QR sq	QKt sq	QB sq	Q sq	K sq	KB sq	KKt sq	KR sq

WHITE.

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE

AND

ODDS AND ENDS.

E. M.—Will any reader inform E. M. how stammering may be remedied?

Willie.—A quiet walk with a Christian friend on Sunday afternoon may not be otherwise than helpful in itself. But, since Sunday afternoon is made by thousands an occasion of pleasure-seeking, should not Christians avoid what must certainly give encouragement to this? Further,—are not the hours of Sunday afternoon too valuable to spend thus? Can you not teach a Sunday School Class,—or yourself join a Young Men's Bible Class,—and thus lead other young men to join? Or, why not go out tract distributing? The question is not so much one of right and wrong,—but of using to the best advantage for God, hours entrusted for His glory. We quite agree with you as to the wearing of flowers on the Lord's Day.

Sanitas.—The ventilator in the chimney is a very inexpensive contrivance,—a perforated piece of iron let into the wall above the fire-place, and about six inches from the ceiling. It relieves the room of much warm and impure air, which, as we know, is pressed upwards by the cold air entering by the door and windows. The Table of Expenditure in our first Number was not intended to be exhaustive, but rather suggestive, as would be seen by the omission of many items of such ordinary and necessary use as tea, coffee, soap, etc. It must also be borne in mind, that the price of almost every article varies widely, according to locality, and also according to the experience and skill of the housewife in purchasing.

Eine Unzufriedene.—Your letter has interested us intensely; we understand your yearning to dig more deeply into God's Word. Breathe that longing into your Father's ear. Surely He will delight to satisfy your soul. Plead for the Holy Spirit's teaching; do not give up the consecutive reading of your Bible—straight through from cover to cover; then you will never be perplexed what to read next. Finally, always have a definite subject on hand to be studied with a Concordance, or some Scripture character, about whom should be gathered together every reference or allusion. This will unfold continually to view the hidden treasures of God's Word; and, as you feed thereon, you will grow thereby. Especially make the daily portion the subject of your communion with God; when He speaks to you, respond, pray over it, speak of it with God.

YOUNG MEN'S DEFENCES.

THE famous Brooklyn Tabernacle was recently crowded early one Sunday to hear Dr. Talmage's sermon on "Young Men's Defences." The popular American preacher read for his text the words: "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man." (2 Kings 6. 17). Dr. Talmage used the text as a basis on which to build a sermon to young men, his object being to show how young men might be defended from the snares of the world, and their lives made successful. The first, and, as he said, most solid defence was a good home. The home of piety and prayer, the home of sad, it might be, but still sacred memories. Such a home, well remembered and fondly cherished, was, and could not but be, a powerful defence to the young man.

A second defence was industry, or industrious habits. There was the young man who, not finding success coming fast enough, puts his hands in his master's till. There was the young man who, by way of exercising his pen, learned to copy his master's signature, and did it once too often. All these were in error, as they generally found to their cost. What was wanted was industry.

A third defence to the young man was a sacred regard for the Sabbath day.

A fourth defence was a high ideal of life. It was all-important for a young man that he should have a purpose—a preconceived plan. The young man was about to build. It was for him to say whether the finished structure was to be a Tartar's tent, or a St. Mark of Venice. There were those who, like the foolish mariner, went to sea without a chart, sailed without a guiding star, and who sought no harbour. Such could come to no good.

The first of a series of twenty-three Sunday night Evangelical Meetings for college students only, was held recently at Dockstader's theatre, New York. These Meetings are the result of a mission of Professor H. Drummond, of Edinburgh, to the Institutions of learning in the United States, advocating a Union Association of American colleges. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, who addressed this Meeting, said that one of the intents of the Association was the correcting of false notions of manliness, now prevalent in colleges, and to convince students that true manliness does not lie in drinking, gambling, and sensuality. He said he never yet knew of a young man who kept his mother's Bible about him who went to the bad.

An immediate result of the Meeting was the organisation of the Christian Association of Columbia College.

There are 234,000 young men in London between the ages of 15 and 23.

In Mexico, it is the custom to address people of both sexes by their given names.

The Young Men's League of the Emmanuel Baptist Church, Brooklyn, has established a free reading room in one of the main streets of "the city of churches," where many advantages will be offered to young men.

ST. PATRICK, THE APOSTLE OF IRELAND.

WHO was St. Patrick? Comparatively few persons are able to answer this question, except in a very superficial manner.

A doggerel well known in Ireland, says:—

"St. Patrick was a gentleman,
And came of decent people."

That fact has still some charm, even in our republican times. For, notwithstanding the denunciation fulminated by noisy demagogues, the appellation of "gentleman" is still held in honour amongst our working classes.

In his *Confession*, or *Autobiography*, St. Patrick states that he was of "noble faith," that his father was a "deacon," and also a "decurio," or local Town Councillor, in his own locality. His name was Colpornicus. The grandfather of St. Patrick was also a clergyman, a "presbyter," named Politus. In all ages, the ministers of religion have been looked up to as the leaders of men, and St. Patrick's forefathers belonged to that noblest of all professions.

It is generally thought that St. Patrick began his work in Ireland in A.D. 432. The place of his birth has long been a subject of controversy. Scotland, France, and Ireland have all claimed the honour of being his native country. It is now generally believed that his birth-place was Dumbarton, on the Clyde. He was taken captive at the early age of sixteen, with a thousand others, and brought over to Ireland. Irish pirates at that time often made descents on the Scottish coasts.

St. Patrick speaks of his captivity, as having been a punishment for ungodliness and indifference to the teaching he had received in his youth, and for his inattention to the offers of salvation made frequently to him by his parents in his own home.

The captives taken in this raid, were dispersed amongst all the nations of Ireland. St. Patrick, having been sold as a slave, occupied a miserable position in the midst of a strange people. Of him it might almost be said literally, that "he was sent into the fields to feed swine." But in this low state, the Lord revealed Himself to His poor, sinful servant, and had pity on him, and comforted him "even as a father does his son."

It was because the Lord had this mercy on him, that Patrick felt unable to keep silence, but was forced to declare the great mercies of the Lord in the bond of his captivity. He felt that after the chastening he had received, he was bound to exalt God's wonderful works before every nation under the whole heaven.

In his *Confession*, which is the name given to the writing which is virtually his Autobiography, he expounds briefly the Gospel, which he had learnt, one might almost say, not from men, but through the study of the Word, by the teaching of the Holy Spirit. The instruction which he had received in his youth, came home to his soul with great power. He says, "He has poured upon us the abundance of His Holy Spirit, the gift and pledge of immortality, made us sons of God, and joint heirs with Christ, whom we alone adore, one God, in the Trinity of His sacred name."

Patrick confesses that he was deeply ignorant. He speaks of himself as a sinner, the rudest and most contemptible. The thought of his unworthiness often oppressed him. But he wished his brethren to understand the longing of his soul, and his desire to testify to the goodness of the Lord, and to bear witness to the power of Divine grace, like David, Paul, and the Apostles of the Lord. He wrote his *Confession* in order to declare what the Lord had done for him.

He seems to have been long uncertain whether he should commit his thoughts to writing, because he feared the scorn of men. He was fully conscious that he possessed little learning in both secular and sacred things. He was obliged in Ireland to speak in a language which was not his mother tongue, while his knowledge of Latin grew less by constantly hearing and speaking Irish.

He evidently wrote his *Confession* in his old age. He lamented that he had neglected the opportunities of learning languages in his youth, but he pleads as his excuse, that he was only a boy when he was taken captive.

"I blush to-day to expose my unskilfulness." He often felt that he could not express himself with clearness, even when stirred up by the Spirit. Though he well understood what he wished to say, he had not the words "with which to express his thoughts as well as he desired." But he comforted himself with the reflection that it was written: "A stammering tongue shall speak plain," and he felt strongly, with St. Paul, that all Christians should be the epistles of Christ.

In his weakness he had been made strong, by the power of Divine grace. God had used him to do a mighty work, although he had been a rustic; a fugitive; unlearned; and, until humbled, like a stone lying in the mud. He therefore boldly exclaims to those who cavilled at him: "Be ye therefore astonished, both great and small, lords and learned men, that He has aroused me, a fool, to perform the work of Christ in Ireland." He goes on to say that Christ had inspired him to preach the everlasting Gospel with humility, as long as life was granted to him.

THE SHIELD;—PROTECTION, DEFENCE, VICTORY.

By Mrs. Halliday Douglas, Author of "Under the Old Oaks; or, Won by Love," etc., etc.

IN olden times we know that no warriors went to battle without the shield. They were of different forms at different periods, and were used for defence, chiefly in warding off the missiles of the enemy. At one time, the shield worn by the Greeks and Romans was circular in shape, the body generally made of wood, covered with leather, or with plates of brass (1 Kings 14. 26, 27), or sometimes of gold (1 Kings 10. 17); then, about the third century, the shield took the triangular shape, so well known to us in pictures.

The word "shield" is used in three ways in Scripture. First, as a protection. When God wishes to strengthen the faith, or allay the fears of His people, He reminds them that even as a shield protects the body, so does He cover His loved ones, shielding them from the danger to which they are exposed. Thus, He reminded Abram, in a vision, saying: "Fear not: I am *thy shield*" (Gen. 15. 1). It is in this sense that the Psalmist so often uses the word, saying (Psa. 3. 3), "Thou, O Lord, art a shield for me;" and again (Psa. 5. 12), "For Thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt Thou compass him as with a shield." Blessed protection! If we are shielded and protected by our God, what evil do we need to fear? What darts of the enemy can reach us?

The word is also used specially as a *defence*—not merely as a protection, but as a weapon to be used in fighting with our enemies. In this way Bunyan uses it, when he tells how Christian, when sorely beset in the "Valley of Humiliation" by the arch-fiend Apollyon, caught the flaming dart which his enemy threw at him, on the shield which he had in his hand. We, too, need so to use our shield, which is given to us to quench all the fiery darts of the evil one (Eph. 6. 16); and, knowing that Jesus, the "Anointed of God," is our shield (Psa. 84. 9), we can just put Him between ourselves and our great foe, and then we know that Satan's missile cannot pierce us.

"What do you do when Satan tempts you?" asked the beloved Scotch evangelist, Mr. Hay Grant, of Arndilly, of a little boy who had lately given his heart to Christ; "do you fight him?" "Weel, no, sir," was the reply; "I used to try that, but noo I jist rin ahint the Saviour, and let Him fecht for me." That boy had learned how to use Jesus as a shield; and, in like manner, King David, when pursued by his enemies, besought God to be his shield, praying, "Plead my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me. Take hold of shield and buckler, and stand up for mine help" (Psa. 35. 1–2).

We read in the Word of God of shields, when battles were over, and victory obtained, being hung up in the temple, and dedicated to God, (1 Chron. 18. 7; 2 Chron. 23. 9; Song of Sol. 4. 4). So shall the redeemed of the Lord, when they stand before the throne, declare that in the battles in which they overcame, the glory was due, not to themselves, but to their great "Shield," who fought for them, and through whose blood they were "more than conquerors."

Ere we end our short talk to-day, let us read together the eleventh verse of Psalm 84: "The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."

The words of the verse we have just read were used some years ago, to lead two young girls to the cross of Jesus. They had gone to visit a friend for some days, and there the Lord met them, and revealed Himself to them. They took up the cross, and followed Jesus. They needed the shield, and also the sun, and they got both; and more still, the promised grace was given to them, through years of their earthly pilgrimage, and now both are drinking of the river of life, before the throne of God and of the Lamb, and walking in the full blaze of the glory there.

DEC. 24, 1887. ONE PENNY.

"A.1."

WEEKLY — Edited by MRS STEPHEN MENZIES.

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Thirteen Hundred Miles in My Caravan," "From Pole to Pole," etc., etc.



"'*Godfrey lives,*' *he said;* '*that is enough for me.*'"

CHAPTER X.

ON SHORE AND AFLOAT.

FOR many and many a long year, it had been the custom with the good folks of Allandene to go to their clergyman for advice in all cases of difficulty, concerning either their temporal troubles, or their deeper spiritual anxieties.

He was an old man, a very old man; he was pastor, and one might say father, of the village. No one ever left his small, old-fashioned study, without some hope and comfort in his heart. He had had to listen to many a strange confession

in his time, and to ease many a conscience.

Old Mr. Lea—for that was this clergyman's name—was bending over his manuscript one Autumn evening, when a lady was announced.

He put a paper weight quietly on his half-finished sermon, and welcomed Mrs. Dennis.

Only a few months had passed since fate had bereft her of her only son, and yet in that brief space she had grown old. She held in her hand a letter.

Mr. Lea beckoned her to the easy-chair, and took a seat right opposite and close to her, so that the light of the French window streaming in, fell right upon his clear-cut, semi-stern, but earnest face, and lit up his long white hair.

There were no tears in Mrs. Dennis's eyes. Perhaps she had been crying, though.

"It is his—my Godfrey's—last letter. He will never, never write again."

Mr. Lea was quick with comfort.

"But he *lives*, Mrs. Dennis. While there is life, there is hope. That thought alone should serve to keep your spirits up."

"He has gone, sir, to a land—or is it but a sea of ice?—where no one can ever follow him, and from which he can never return."

Mr. Lea was silent. He took the letter from the mother's hand almost mechanically, and read it through and through. There was grief and anguish and repentance in every line; the outpourings of a breaking heart, a heart that had lost everything that binds one to this world below. It ended by bidding his mother, his father, and his sister a long and last farewell, and asking for their forgiveness and prayers. The letter was for their eyes alone; with the exception of Mr. Lea, no one else was to see it, or even to know that he had written it. This last injunction, Godfrey hoped, would be looked upon, and kept as inviolate as the mandate of one dying.

Mr. Lea read the letter twice ere ever he spoke, while the mother sat as rigid as stone, her eyes on the face of her pastor.

"Mrs. Dennis," he said at last, "this letter concerns us all; it ought to be read, thought over, and considered by us all."

"Mr. Lea, does he not say it is for our eyes alone?"

"Mrs. Dennis, circumstances alter cases. Poor Godfrey, whom I loved, as you know, like a son, has gone away with the notion that he has slain his friend. Miss Neil, his all but affianced bride, has heard the sad story from Spencer's lips; Mrs. Rae and Mr. Rae are mourning for Godfrey as for one who is dead. There is a gleam of hope in this letter. Mrs. Dennis, you have asked me for advice, and I unhesitatingly tell you that this gleam of hope belongs to us all."

Godfrey's mother sat thinking for a moment, then she slowly rose and walked towards the room door. She turned when half-way, and extended her poor thin hand to her pastor. "Mr. Lea," she said, "I leave it all to you."

Then she went her weary way homewards. The parson sat down again as if to write; but he soon pushed the papers away.

"I have a duty to perform first," he thought; "then my mind will be clear."

A minute afterwards, he was riding on his old white pony, as fast as that somewhat self-willed steed would canter, towards Rae's farm. Spencer was galloping over a field of stubble. When he saw Mr. Lea, he swerved round and came rapidly towards him, though he had a hedge to leap and a five-barred gate. Perhaps his hand was a trifle nerveless, for he did not succeed in raising his horse clear over the latter, and the top bar came rattling down.

"This is your day in your study, Mr. Lea," were Spencer's first words. "You do not break through old customs for nothing."

"I do not."

"You are a good man, and bring good tidings."

"My tidings are there."

Here Mr. Lea handed Spencer the letter.

Joy and sorrow, hope and disappointment, flitted over Spencer's face as he read, like cloud-shadows and sunshine over a Spring landscape.

Which would be victorious—the sunshine or the shadows? The sunshine won. Spencer smiled—a happy and hopeful smile.

"Godfrey lives," he said; "that is enough for me."

He was about to hand the letter back.

"No," said the parson; "restore it to me when you have read it to your father and mother, and to the Neils."

Spencer hardly stopped long enough to say "Good-bye," but went galloping along the road to the village of Allandene.

He found the old man and Mrs. Neil in the parlour, Maggie by the window curtain, Rosa at the piano, singing—yes, singing; but it might truly have been said of Rosa, as of the Irish heroine,—

"She sings the wild song of her dear native land,
Each note that *he* loved awaking;
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
That the heart of the minstrel is breaking."

Changed was Rosa? But little. A little paler, perhaps, a little sadder-like than usual; but her paleness and sorrow only added to her extreme beauty. Maggie and she were all in all to each other now.

They both rose to welcome Spencer. He plunged at once *in mediis rebus*.

"I do not yet know," he said, as he refolded the letter, and put it carefully away, "how it is to be done; but I, who am the cause of this great grief to you all, am going to seek for my cousin. I am going to bring him back to you, Maggie; to his mother; to you, Miss Neil, whom I have so bitterly wronged, and to us all."

Old Mr. Neil got up from his chair, and shook Spencer's hand.

Maggie only sat gazing out of the window at the setting sun and the falling leaves.

Rosa was quietly weeping.

Perhaps there was moisture in Mrs. Neil's eyes, for she wiped her glasses before she spoke.

"I am this old," she said, in her queer Scotch phraseology—"I am this old, and I never yet knew of an answer in peace being refused to an earnest, heartfelt prayer. If you go, Spencer Rae, you'll have an old woman's blessing and prayers."

* * * *

The *Oonalaska* was beating round the Horn, about the very time this conversation was taking place in Mr. Neil's parlour at Allandene; but it was morning instead of evening. The ship had got well to south of the Diego Ramirez group of islands. No business there? Certainly she had no right to be out of her course; but she had encountered a gale of wind of hurricane force, and here she was.

It was a morning to make any one shiver; yet the quarter-deck was crowded, and the passengers, clad in their warmest, with cloaks of fur or sealskin, paced rapidly up and down the planks to keep themselves warm.

"The glass is settling down for a blow, I think, Captain Boyd," remarked Desmond, as the gentleman addressed passed him, with Katie Graves as usual by his side.

"Well, my boy, we'll have to take our chance; we have already weathered the biggest gale we're likely to encounter on this side the Arctic Circle—and weathered it well."

Katie looked anxiously into the captain's kindly, trustworthy face.

"You don't think there is danger, do you?"

"No, my child, no," he said, laughing in a way that quite reassured her.

But all that day the wind went on increasing, and the waves waxed bigger and angrier. The ship herself seemed to be getting out of temper with them, judging from the irritable, quick way she plumped her bows into the trough of the seas. Now and then she shipped a sea, that came tumbling, foaming and fretting aft, carrying with it whatsoever lay loose on the decks, and the passengers had to jump on the seats or sky-light, to escape wet feet and ankles.

There were times, also, when the screw missed catch of the sea, and went rattling round in the empty air.

The sun went down with an ugly, yellow-red glare; then the sky looked all solid and black-blue, while the horizon appeared to creep nearer and nearer as night fell.

There would be little comfort at dinner on this particular evening. A glance down into the saloon showed the fiddles already stretched across the table, and the stewards staggering about, apparently very much out of the perpendicular indeed.

Presently Jack Silk was observed coming towards the quarter-deck. His face was longer and darker than usual. The captain went to meet him alone.

"The engineer has discovered a flaw in the shaft, and wants to stop the engines, sir."

But even as he spoke, high above the hissing of the waves and the roar of the rising wind, was heard the sound of a concussion, that seemed to shake the ship from stem to stern. In a moment more, the engines stopped, and the chief came up to make his report.

"All hands make sail."

Yes; there was danger. Every one on board knew that now—even Boy Bates. Yet the ladies were very brave. There was an item of comfort, at all events, in hearing the men rushing about at their labours, in the creak of hoisted yard-arms, the flapping of canvas, the tightening of tacks and sheets, the repeated words of command, the boatswain's shrill pipe, and the song of the busy crew, as they bent every nerve and sinew to the work.

It was fully an hour ere Captain Boyd got down below. His oilskins were shining with wet. But of these, with the aid of a steward, he quickly divested himself, and came forward smiling.

"Sorry to keep dinner waiting," he said; "but we'll be easier now."

"And quieter as well," said Katie.

"Too quiet, I'm afraid."

"But the danger is over, is it not? The vessel is much more steady."

"I haven't admitted that there was any danger yet, but we are laying-to. Henceforward, and until we reach 'Frisco, we will be a sailing ship."

"I'm so glad." The captain looked at Katie half inquiringly.

"Oh," she added, by way of explanation, "it will make the voyage ever so much longer, and there will be less noise—not the constant rattle of engines and screw, and the shouting of the men taking up ashes. Why, Captain Boyd, it was precisely like living in a mill before."

"Well," said Boyd, "'it's an ill wind that blows nobody good.'"

So used, however, had the passengers been to the noise of the mill, as Katie called it, that hardly any one slept a wink through all that wild and stormy night. If there was no rattle of engines, there was the roar of the wind through rigging and cordage, the dash of the waves, and the dull thuds ever and anon, as some huge sea struck the good ship, often followed by a strange stillness, as the green water filled her decks, that caused Katie in her cabin to tremble and assure her cousin that the ship was foundering—"going down to the bottom of the merciless ocean."

It was a long night and a dreary one; but morning broke mistily over the sea at last, and when Katie went on deck, she found that the ship was once more holding her course on the wings of a beam wind.

It was Jack Silk's watch. The waves were still houses high, and the ship anything but steady. So Jack gave Katie his arm; and a happy man was Jack. He did not say very much—it was not his way—but when the steward's bell rang for breakfast, and Desmond came aft to relieve him, he wondered how the time had slipped away.

Desmond went aft to have a peep at the binnacle; he gave Jack one sly look as he passed, singing,—

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

CHAPTER XI.

SPENCER MEANS BUSINESS.

THE voyage to San Francisco was a very long and a very pleasant one. They encountered more than one gale of wind, but they did not mind them; they were becalmed for weeks at a time, but they did not care. They had quite settled down to sea life. Even old Sally complained less of her poor back, though she never could resist talking about her "darter in Ameriky." Boy Bates became a smart hand—almost too smart; he was by far and away the cheekiest boy in the ship. Turlough O'Brady had dragged his photographic apparatus out of the coal-bunkers, and proved himself such an excellent artist, that Captain Boyd vowed he would be an acquisition to the expedition, and determined, on his arrival at San Francisco, to furnish him with the best lenses and chemicals procurable, and take him in the ship to Arctic regions.

Captain Boyd was good-natured; and whenever Miss Graves or Katie asked him prettily for a boat, when in the neighbourhood of any of the islands that dot the blue Pacific, he would have the fore or mainyard hauled aback, and let them go.

If Miss Graves laid any claims to being an invalid, and if she had—some folks delight in it—any pride in being called or thought so, it was a pity she did not look more delicate, or even do things that delicate people do. But she looked "bonnie," as Boyd told her almost every day at the breakfast table.

"You're looking bonnie this morning, mother," he would say; "but I really would like to see you on deck before breakfast. Invalids should take exercise of a morning, you know, and in your delicate state of health, with your finely-strung nerves, you——"

"Captain Boyd," Miss Graves would reply, "that cold tongue is delicious," or she would say something else, equally *in-a-propos;* so plain Jack Boyd would have to cease his banter, and turn to, himself, at cold tongue.

One morning, Miss Graves sailed up as usual after prayers, and looked languidly around her. It was certainly a delightful day from a landsman's point of view. There was not a cloud in the sky as big as a blanket; the ocean all around was unruffled and glassy, of a light blue in the distance, greener and more transparent alongside, where you could see the sharks swimming, and lovely medusæ, as big as parasols, floating lazily in the sunny water.

Miss Graves sailed past Godfrey, who was seated in a chair with a book. She did not stop, but only smiled him a kindly "Good-morning," and went right away to Jack, who was aft.

"Jack Silk."

"Yes, mother."

"It is a lovely morning."

He knew she did not come on purpose to tell him that, so he offered the lady his arm, with all the politeness and *finesse* he could muster. Poor black, and somewhat grim Jack! he could not muster much.

Miss Graves looked at him, smiled, and took his arm. Jack always felt not-at-home when he had a lady "in tow," as he called it.

"It's the getting about that's the bother," he told Desmond. By "getting about," he meant turning round. "It's the getting about, Dess; walking along the quarter-deck is plain sailing, but when you come to tack and turn, and they don't round in the slack of their dresses, why, ten to one it gets round my counter, and Jack Silk finds himself on his beam ends, unless he can catch a hold of the binnacle or something, and bring to like that."

"Jack Silk, I like you very much."

"Thank ye, mother."

"You've a good heart, Jack."

"Thank ye, mother."

"And so has a walnut."

"In a rough shell, mother?"

The ship's mother nodded.

"Now mind, I'm your friend."

"What's in the wind?" thought Jack.

Then he started, as if a centipede had crawled up his sleeve. She had discovered his secret about Katie.

A poor diplomatist Jack would have made, for he merely looked at Miss Graves, and said,—

"How ever did you know?"

She was about to reply, when Captain Boyd stepped in front and stopped them.

"Yes, Miss Graves, you can have a boat, and yonder is your island," he said.

"Oh, how delightful! A pic-nic!" This from Katie Graves.

"Honolulu!" cried Jack Silk,—this was Jack's mode of expressing himself when excited. "Honolulu! Look at that shark!"

He rushed off to get his rifle, and Boyd called away the second whaler.

* * * *

The game of draughts is not one that requires a very powerful amount of either knowledge or forethought, unless, indeed, you happen to be playing with such a mathematical and psychological wonder as the Scotch Herd Laddie. But for the simple reason that the game is easy, and the two friends are well matched, the brothers-in-law, Farmers Dennis and Rae, whiled away many a long evening with it.

Even Yorkshire farmers cannot always talk about cattle, grain, and root-crops; and there are times when even game and shooting get dull, as subjects for conversation.

So, of an evening, Dennis would come to Rae's hall door, or Rae would come to Dennis's, as the case might be, and simply open the door and walk in. They knew each other's footsteps; and while the visit*or* would be rubbing his feet on the mat, or hanging up his coat, the visit*ed* would pitch aside his book or newspaper—the latter generally a week old—and reach down the board.

"Come away, Dennis," said Rae, one evening, precisely at the time Captain Boyd called away the second whaler; "come along and have your revenge."

Rae rattled the pieces defiantly as he spoke, and Dennis smiled and sat down.

It was soon evident that revenge, even if meditated, was out of the question. After making one or two ridiculous blunders, Dennis placed his hand on the board, and mixed all the pieces up into chaos.

"There! Bother!" he said. "I can't play to-night, and I wonder that you can. Hasn't Spencer told you?"

"No, nothing; it is just his way. He always goes straight to you first; for he knows that you will give him a patient hearing. Then, when he has got you on his side, both you and he tackle me, and then, where am I?"

"Nowhere, brother; but listen. We've both of us, Spencer and I, been going to work in a quiet, business kind of a way. We've been studying shipping lists, and making all kinds of calculations, and we've found a cue at last."

"Tell me."

"Well, a week ago, instead of going to the Show at York, as you thought we did—oh! we know that you'll forgive us—from information received, we bent our steps to Bristol, and then we found out that my boy—bless him——!"

There were tears on Farmer Dennis's eyelashes. Rae bent over the table and grasped his hand.

"Brother," he said, "call him *our* boy."

"Our boy, then, brother, sailed for San Francisco, *viâ* the Horn, *en route* for an unknown land, on the shores of the Bering Sea."

"Yes, well? This is not all you have to tell me?"

"No; I almost fear to add the rest. But Spencer is a wise lad; he will do nothing rash."

"I see it all, Dennis; Spencer means business."

"Yes; he will tell you himself. He will start for San Francisco by New York, and, brother, you and I will supply the needful."

Rae sat for a moment in deep thought. Then he got up, and folded and put back the draught board; but in so mechanical a way, that, had he been asked the next moment where it was, he could not have told without looking.

Dennis only waited and watched him.

"Yes, brother Dennis," he said at last; "you are right, and Spencer is right. Spencer will do nothing rash; he is a wise lad, and from my heart of hearts I thank Heaven at this moment, who hath made him so. Money? Yes; what is money to you and me, brother Dennis, but to give happiness to those we love? Spencer must go, even if——"

"Don't breathe it, Rae. Don't think it. It has pleased Providence to cloud our lives with sorrow. Let us trust Him, Rae. It is for good, and He will clear the cloud away."

* * * *

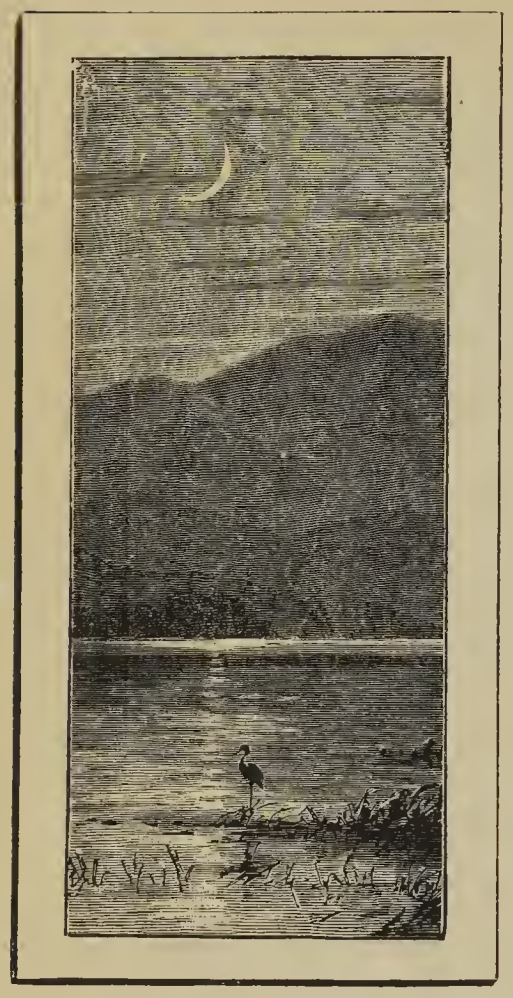
"The second whaler is all ready, sir," said a sailor.

"Thank you," said Captain Boyd. "Tell the ladies."

(*To be continued.*)

WORDSWORTH'S JOY IN NATURE.

By J. H. Rose, M.A.



Part III.

OUR poet showed, as early as his sixteenth year, and just before leaving school, that he possessed much more than the mere rhyming power, which misleads so many young people into the belief that they are poets. In the little piece placed first in order of his published poems, he expresses the wish (happily fulfilled) that his old age may greet the scenes of his youth, just as the sun does at sunset,—

"A lingering light he fondly throws
On the dear little hills where first he rose."

This is a beautifully imaginative comparison which raises that little poem into the region of true poetry; but it must be confessed that there are many pages of Wordsworth's poems which are unimaginative and uninspired. A search after his loveliest thoughts sometimes seems like a search after precious ores, in a vast mine or quarry. The precious metal is there, but often overlaid with much rubble; and one of the aims of these Papers is to guide students easily to some of the poet's best work. Now the most precious vein of truth which runs through Wordsworth's works is perhaps this:—That this is no dead, mechanical universe which we see around us; but that God's Spirit is ever moving in the world which He has created; that this Spirit causes the miracle of life, and will always breathe healthful influence through Nature, on those whose minds are open to receive it.

Of his youth he says, near the end of Book. II. of the "Prelude":—

"I was only then
Contented, when with bliss ineffable
I felt the sentiment of Being spread
O'er all that moves, and all that seemeth still."

And at the end of the well-known poem, "Hart Leap Well," after relating the pitiful end of the Hart, he adds:—

"This beast not unobserved by Nature fell:
His death was mourned by sympathy Divine.
The Being, that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom He loves."

In fact, Wordsworth firmly believed that God had created all natural objects as counterparts and companions to His human family. The researches and discoveries of scientific men have since done much (far more than Wordsworth could ever have hoped), to show the beautiful fitness of this world of ours to the varied needs of its inhabitants; but the poet has shown how it was fitted to man's *mind*, and in the "Prelude" and "Excursion" he has traced the influence which Nature had on his own growth, and on the lives of the peasantry; but I would warn my readers away from these longer poems, until they have well studied the shorter poems noticed in these Papers.

Perhaps the easiest and most beautiful sketch of Nature's education, is in No. x. of those first "Poems of the Imagination," which contain so many of Wordsworth's best short pieces. It begins:—

"Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, 'A loveliер flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take,
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.'"

This child lived in a humble cottage near the source of the river Dove; and Wordsworth has described his admiring love for her, in Nos. vii., viii., and ix., of his "Poems founded on the Affections;" but in this poem we can see the source of her fascination over the poet. In his eyes she was as superior to a fashionably dressed young lady, as a celandine was to a hot-house flower. Read over and over again this poem, whose beauties perhaps culminate in the lines—

"And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

In his poem, "To a Highland Girl" (No. vi. in "Memorials of a Scotch Tour"), he feels the same delight in gazing on another of Nature's nurslings:—

"For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall,
And thee, the Spirit of them all."

Wordsworth, however, held that only the pure in heart could see God *in Nature*, so he was led to utter a passionate protest against the worldliness which clouded men's eyes, and clogged their minds, in *his* days (what would he have said now?) in the famous Sonnet No. xxxiii. (Part I. of the Sonnets):—

"The world is too much with us: late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

What powers? Why, those powers of seeing a vision of God in Nature, which, if we do not use them aright, may, alas!—

"Fade into the light of common day,"

as the poet tells us in his famous Ode. Learn by heart and treasure up this Sonnet xxxiii., which is more than ever needed now, as a protest against our feverish and sensational age. Its closing lines have been wrongly taken by some, to mean that the poet's hold on Christianity was weak. Not at all so! The contrast is between the nature-worship of the Greeks, and the mammon-worship of moderns, who only look on sea and landscape with an eye to their own profit; and our poet means that the former, though it is a "creed outworn," is at any rate better than to be out of tune with Nature's harmonies. The worship of sea-gods was at any rate better (cries our poet) than looking on the sea as a mass of salt water, or as a fish-pond for the epicure. Wordsworth had a poet's love for the Greek mythology. See his second poem on "Love lies bleeding." ("Poems of the Fancy," No. xxix.).

Almost equally rapturous is the comparison in Sonnet xxx., of the calm of an evening sunset, with a "nun breathless with adoration." (Literal-minded persons may perhaps, at first, see no possible resemblance between the sunset and a nun! But, if they will put their yard-measures away, I think they will see it). All the time, too, the Sea (the "mighty Being") booms a deep pedal-note of harmony, and the living forces of Nature are all actively breathing their blessings on the poet, and on the child by his side. She knows it not in her happy glee; but, all the same, she is—

"In Abraham's bosom all the year."

As a last example of imaginative comparisons, turn to "The Solitary Reaper" ("Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803," No. ix.). He heard a Highland lass singing to herself, quite alone in the vale:—

"O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound;
No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands;
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In Spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides."

The last four lines have been singled out by Mr. Matthew Arnold for special praise; and truly it is the most vivid of the three pictures given in this poem,—the first one of the actual scene witnessed by the poet, and the other two painted by his imagination. We seem to see the cold, leaden, calm sea, with its gray islets filled by that "wandering voice," as the poet elsewhere calls the cuckoo; and if we think about it, we shall see that the two similies fitly illustrate the Highland Reaper's song. The rocky solitudes filled with the overflowing voice, are present in all three cases; but a prosaic mind would never, on hearing the song of the Highland lassie, flash across to the oases of the Arabian desert, and then back again to the farthest isles of Scotland, for poetic illustrations.

Even the best and noblest narrative may be relieved and adorned by this by-play of imagination. A mind thus trained, will quickly note points of interest in events and scenes, which call forth no response from a sluggish and untrained mind. The nimble brain will see new light and teaching in art, poetry, history, and politics; and you will thus have taken the first step towards fostering the imagination, without which much of Wordsworth's beautiful poetry must remain for ever a sealed book.

AN ANTIDOTE TO ENVY.

By EDWARD BUTLER.

"YOU need not be so proud of your long legs," said a short man to a six-footer; "you legs only reach to the ground, and so do mine." With foot on earth, and face skyward—our basis of present operations, and our future destiny the same (subject, of course, to the solemn decision of our free-will)—there is every reason for exertion and activity, abundant stimulant to enthusiastic hope, and to great joy in living; but little indeed to nourish envy, jealousy, bitter competition, and rivalry.

The sour spirit which I have pillorised in the last four words, is the product of natures that are "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in wretched, narrow bunks of ignorance, without sufficient light, air, and space. The blue mould of envy will gather on any soul that does not disport itself in the full sunshine, and expand in the broad spaces of the thoughts of God.

We want largeness. "O Corinthians," cried Paul, "our heart is enlarged. Now, for a recompense in like kind, be ye also enlarged." Great peace enfolds the spirit, panting from some arena of competition, when it perceives that all earth's competitive glory is vain-glory, and that the true glory of the spirit of man is its station in God, its motion in God, its progress towards the central light and love which are its home.

Worldly distinctions have their value, of course. They have a bread-and-butter value, which is not to be scoffed at. They also have a value in the confidence they impart to the wearer—in some cases, but not in all—of his possession of power and faculty. But if they proceed to the further effect of making a man measure his merit against his fellows, and fall to drawing comparisons and contrasts, and revelling in sense of superiority, then the mischief inherent in these distinctions is closing round him, shutting him into a narrow cell of self-adoration, wherein the blessed light of day, which is the heritage of all his race, is exchanged for the wax-tapers he burns before his own shrine. But if even in this sanctum of self-conceit, with his own precious image reflected from innumerable mirrors, and his high qualities testified by the decorations of his shrine—by his certificates, degrees, testimonials, and mystic arrangements of the letters of alphabet, following after his name, like little pages holding up his resplendent train—he still prays to God, he shall not be left in his cell. Whether the door be quietly opened, and he be gently "led forth into the large place" of man's common heritage and common glory, or whether a wind from the Lord tumble his pretty little palace about his ears, he shall not be left to be suffocated in the choke-damp of his pride; he shall come forth in God's mercy, to stand in rank with the simple, the poor, the lowly, to rejoice that all are heirs with him of the sole genuine dignity of his race,—the capacity of receiving the Spirit of God.

I would therefore say to young men, and most emphatically to the most generous-hearted amongst them: make not the cardinal mistake of aiming at self-elevation. In these days of whirring wheels, of pushings up and beatings down, of scrambling, jostling, elbowing, and hustling, of fevered competitions, of endless prize-givings, of honours for the jubilant few, and failure for the dejected many, there is danger of being swept away in the nineteenth century hurricane. The Lord is not in the whirlwind. Your title to ecclesiastical peerage, amongst "thrones, principalities, and powers," depends on no rough-and-humble play on the surface of this planet. Councils, and Examining Boards, and Educational Departments, can neither give it nor withhold it. God offers it. You can either accept or reject it. That is all.

Believe this: you can give scope for the action, room for the indwelling of Deity. Be your equipment of abilities and opportunities, to your thinking, great or small, God has made you, God can use you. Probably you have but a very poor notion of what He can do by you and in you to His glory. He must first have unlimited submission. He who fed five thousand with five small loaves and two fishes, will be at no loss to work by your slender means; but the tiny store must be offered to Him.

"Bring them hither unto Me;" where the King dwells, the royal standard waves, and the cottage is a palace. In calmness of mind, and peace of heart, lay yourself and your abilities before the Lord, a living sacrifice that shall not be rejected; and dwell for ever in the quiet upper air, looking down, as on things far beneath, upon the angry thunder clouds of men's vainglorious strife and rivalries.

£5.5. MONEY PRIZES.

Offered in our Special Christmas Competitions.

THIS week we announce the Rules for our Spelling Chase. Next week we shall publish an incorrectly spelled paragraph, which our Competitors are to write out correctly.

We give the Rules a week beforehand, because, from the nature of the Competition, we can only allow it to remain open for *one week*, and without such due notice, many might not observe it until the time had almost expired. After the Competition is over, we shall publish an illustrated page of results, showing, in a novel manner, the names of successful Competitors, and the words which were most frequently mis-spelled.

A FIRST PRIZE OF £1 1s.

and Four Second Prizes of 5s. each will be awarded.

RULES.

I.—The Competition is open to all.

II.—No dictionary may be used, nor is any help to be in any way obtained as to the spelling of any word.

III.—Two consecutive hours is the time allowed for writing out the paragraph. It must not be written from dictation, nor be re-copied after it has once been written out.

IV.—A certificate, signed by some responsible person, must be appended to the paragraph, as a guarantee that the Rules have been kept.

For Paragraph and final regulations, see our next.

PROSPECTS.

WE desire to call special attention to the arrangements for our January Numbers. The thrilling serial, *Oonalaska*, will be continued; and we shall also have a vigorous and pungent story by the Rev. P. B. Power, called "Luck and Pluck." The Rev. J. G. Wood, F.L.S., and W. H. Harris, B.A., B.Sc., will contribute Science Papers. Thain Davidson, D.D., and Major Seton Churchill, will be represented by Papers on moral and spiritual subjects. "Volcanic Mythology," by Miss Gordon-Cumming, will find a place in an early Number; and also a striking Paper by Emily Sarah Holt. We shall continue our series on "Chess," leading our readers to the deeper science of the game; and two sets of Papers of great interest will be begun—one on "Love, Courtship, and Marriage," by Phyllis Browne; the other on "Anatomy Spiritualised," by the Rev. J. Hiles Hitchens, D.D. Some fresh and weighty Papers on "Marine Zoology," by Professor A. C. Haddon, are in process of arrangement; and the Rev. F. B. Meyer has undertaken for us a Series of spiritual Papers, similar to those previously so widely appreciated from his pen. Arrangements are pending for Serial Stories by well-known writers. A column of Skeleton Notes on the International Sunday School Lesson for the week, will be given in each Number. It is expected that these will prove specially helpful to teachers lacking leisure for independent research. As varied questions reach us, Crisp Correspondence will gain fresh vigour, and will be increasingly helpful. From time to time, Competitions similar in nature to those arranged for our special Christmas series, with Money Prizes and Certificates, will be announced.

"STOP! DON'T WRITE THERE!"

"STOP! Don't write there!" said a father to his son, as he was tracing letters on a window-pane with a diamond.

"Why not?" said the boy.

"Because you cannot rub it out," was the reply.

Stop! Don't write there, young man; you can't rub it out. Those deeds are being indelibly impressed for all eternity.

Stop! young woman. Don't write there; you cannot rub it out. The step you are about to take is an *irretraceable* one; once done, there is no reversal, nor can the writing be effaced.

HOMELY HOBBIES.

RECREATIONS IN GEOLOGY.

By W. H. Harris, B.A., B.Sc.

No. 2.—The Soil of our Gardens and Fields.



E are going to give a series of simple Papers as the first of our "Homely Hobbies." It will be needful for readers at the outset, to make their minds perfectly familiar with two or three preliminary facts. To one of these we made very distinct allusion in our Introductory Paper last week,—we referred there to the enormous periods of time in the history of the earth's crust. Another is the amazing results produced by the long-continued action of simple agents. A third, is the instability of the land and water surfaces of the globe. Of these points, the last will probably be the most difficult to realise; yet it is as certainly true as either of the others. Instead of the present continents and oceans having existed from the creation, all the known lands of the world have many times been covered by the sea; and we have every reason to conclude that vast tracts of the now marine parts of our globe have, at other periods, been dry land, and have been so for ages on ages.

All three of these elementary truths must be remembered in trying to solve the question: How has the soil of our gardens and fields been made? To begin with, there is no doubt that our own country has been for millenniums on millenniums above the sea; long enough, for instance, for the waves to widely separate England from the Continent, and Ireland from England. Those pieces of water-work were not done in a few thousand years; and, during all that period, and the ages which may since have elapsed, the quiet, but telling energies of various natural agents, have been in operation on the earth's surface. Yet, though the present general outlines of our country may have been the same for an indefinitely long time, there have probably been slight oscillations of height above the sea-level, which have considerably affected the work done, for example, by rain and rivers, in making the top soil and the subsoil.

There are several ways in which we may learn something of the constituents of the black mould of our flower-beds and fields. With a good magnifying-glass, it is easy to see that there are gritty particles of different sizes, glassy looking and very hard. Then, amongst these, and distributed throughout the dark and finer parts, we may discern vegetable fibres, rootlets, and decayed pieces of leaf, or of minute branches. Besides these, there are shapeless small pieces of mineral matter which are either finer sand or clay.

Again, if we put some soil in an iron or earthenware vessel, and heat it to redness for a time, we shall see, when it cools, that it has lost bulk considerably, and that what remains has changed colour to some extent. Now, a chemist would tell us that it is the organic matter, or what has existed in animal or vegetable structures, that has disappeared, and that mineral matter alone has resisted the fire's consuming power, though it may have had its tints altered.

Once more, if we take a small portion of mould, and shake it up in a good quanity of water, it will, at first, render the liquid perfectly turbid. If allowed to stand, even for a minute or two, the upper layer of the water will be seen to become clearer than what lies below; and if the bottle be left at rest for twenty-four hours, there will be a considerable portion of the fluid quite transparent. Then, if the sediment be examined, it will be seen that the bottom part contains the little pebbles and coarser grit, that on these are finer sandy particles, and above these again there is a very smooth, almost impalpable, mud. Floating on the surface of the water, or lying on the mud, will be observed little root-like or stick-like particles; so that by all three methods of investigation, we arrive at similar conclusions, viz., that the ground of our gardens and fields consists of organic and inorganic material, and that the latter contains particles of two or three kinds, and of very various degrees in size. This variation in size is especially true, of course, of our field-soils, for we take care to have our gardens raked tolerably clear of all large stones, such as frequently abound on our farm-lands.

Now, let us inquire into the origin of these two classes of constituents. We will begin with the inorganic. We have said that one part of these will almost certainly be made up of pebbles or grit. But whence have these come? The answer to that will depend chiefly on the replies to two other questions: Firstly, what is the nature of the subsoil? and secondly, what kinds of rock prevail in the neighbouring higher grounds? If at a little depth below the surface, we find abundance of flints, or gravel, or sand, we shall conclude that the hard, glassy particles of the soil have had a common origin with what lies under it. But that material itself may have had a wonderful history. It may have been formed at the bottom of the sea, or may have travelled for miles in the heart, or under the foot of a glacier; it may have floated scores or hundreds of miles on or beneath an ice-floe, or on the back or underside of an iceberg, before it found its present resting-place; or it may be the remains of thick strata, all of whose finer and more friable portions have been, in the course of ages, carried away by rain and streams, to be deposited elsewhere. Or, once again, these pebbles and gritty matters may themselves have gradually been brought down from the neighbouring heights, by storms and miniature deluges, after having, perhaps, been split and comminuted by frost.

How powerful these agents are in destructive and transporting energy,—we can see for ourselves, in our own hilly districts; but, for a full appreciation of what they have done and are still doing, we must go to mountainous regions. Tourists to Norway or to Switzerland, will find abundant evidence and most instructive examples, of changes being still wrought by snow and ice in various forms, by rain-storms and their consequent floods. In the beds of mountain torrents may be picked up boulders and stones of all sizes, down to the finest sands, which have evidently travelled down, in many instances, thousands of feet below their former height. At the ends of glaciers are to be seen mounds of rock rubbish of varied dimensions, which accumulations have been slowly carried from lofty peaks, and crags, and mountain sides, to the valleys. These heaps are gradually broken up and hurried down still further by the streams issuing from the glaciers, till they find their way into a lake or arm of the sea, leaving, it may be, in flood-times, some of their finer portions spread on the lands along the river-courses. If we want to know how much carrying work is being done by ice-floes and by ice-bergs, we have only to read the accounts of arctic explorers, or to remember that the great Bank of Newfoundland has been built up, and is still increasing, from the material deposited by the vast ice masses stranded upon it, or melting as they reach it, from Greenland and other lands of the extreme north.

That our own country has been subject, in bygone periods, to immense ice-action, there cannot be the slightest doubt. Hundreds, nay, thousands of feet have, in all probability, been swept away gradually from our mountains and hills, and whole strata have been ground down and transported to lower levels by ice or water. Everywhere our valleys show evidence, also, of having had, in past times, rivers running through them vastly larger than their present streams. In many instances, for miles on either side of their water-courses, the soil has evidently owed its origin chiefly to material deposited by floods or rivers, flowing with gradually diminishing speed, and, as they slackened in current, allowing the settlement, in more or less regular order, of gravel, sand, and mud. What is being done on a similar grand scale at the present time, may be seen in the annual floods of the Nile in Egypt, and along the basins or at the mouths of such mighty rivers as the Ganges, the Mississippi, the Amazon, and the Yank-tse-kiang.

Again, we must not forget what has been said about slight oscillations of level in our land surfaces. Now, a rise of a very few feet at the mouth of a river, would lead to the flooding of a wide extent of land up the stream, and to the deposit of much earthy material. If, subsequently, the river cut its bed deeper, or a sinking of the land at the lower levels took place, we should have large districts with soil made as we have described. Then, also, the blocking of estuaries by drifted ice has often taken place, when the climate of our latitudes was much colder than now. The effect of this would be to dam back the waters of the rivers just when they were bringing down most earthy matter, and immense districts in the valleys would then be be flooded, and covered with a thick deposit of mud.

Ice acts also in other ways in the formation of soil, especially by splitting porous stone, and separating particle from particle, as well as breaking up larger pieces. Every wet season, followed by sharp and continued frosts, illustrates the disrupting power of water, as it passes into a solid condition. The flakes of stone copings, and indeed from stone-buildings, the destruction of the mortar-joints between courses of bricks, so that one may often see lines of fallen material at

the foot of walls, will serve as illustrations, on a small scale, of what is going on in every foot of frozen soil. When such a disintegrating process has continued for a vast number of years, we can understand that its total effects will be very great.

Again, we must not ignore the silting up of river-mouths, so that places in our own country, once at the very borders of the sea, are now at a considerable distance from it. As examples, we may note Rye and Winchelsea, whose former commercial importance has suffered greatly from the effects of deposits, brought down by the streams running by them.

A similar process of the laying down of material by streams in the lakes into which they flow has, in many cases, resulted in partially or wholly filling up lake-basins, converting them into land fit for man's purposes, and adding considerably to the extent of surface on which vegetation can thrive. It seems likely that the great district of the "fen-country," in the East of England, was once a series of lakes, now reduced to small water dimensions, partly by mud and silt carried down by streams, partly by the growth of vegetation, which would serve to delay, and help in the settlement of earthy matter, besides making contributions of decaying organic materials, and partly, too, by the extensive human engineering works which have reduced swamps to *terra firma*.

As to the part played by vegetation in the formation of soils, we can form an idea for ourselves : first, from the deep beds of peat found in many parts of England, and notably in Ireland ; secondly, from turning up the ground under the trees of any old forest ; thirdly, from noting what has been the result of the growth simply of grass on chalk downs, or other districts never at all wooded. Again, when we remember that most of our country was once covered with forests, and think how much plant-matter perishes every Autumn and Winter in the leaves of trees, the stems and branches of herbs and shrubs, and the decay of roots, it is not surprising that we find in our fields and gardens a more or less thick layer of dark-coloured mould. Our coal-beds furnish us with the most surprising evidence of the extent to which vegetation has contributed, in various geologic periods, to surface-soil.

Of the part played by the decay of animal remains, we may be inclined to think less ; and yet the larger proportion of animals, as they perish, add "earth to earth." The scientific world, moreover, was surprised a few years ago by learning, through a most eminent student of Nature, that such apparently insignificant creatures as earth-worms had played, and still take, a remarkably important part in the formation of soils. They do so especially in two ways : firstly, by passing through their bodies, again and again, very large portions of the plant-made soil ; secondly, by bringing up from considerable depths, materials in which they find nutriment, and then ejecting at the surface, the indigestible portions of their earth-meals. Doubtless, too, by the decay of their own bodies, these diligent toilers and feeders contribute to the increase of the ingredients of our soils.

We have now said enough, we hope, not only to furnish an outline of the subject of our Paper, but, what is still more important, we trust the eyes of many of our readers will be opened to see how much opportunity for interesting inquiry and investigation lies at our very doors. We have only touched the fringe of the questions we have been discussing. Those who wish for further information, may find it in such books as "Lyell's Principles of Geology," "De la Beche's Geological Observer," Charles Kingsley's "Scientific Lectures and Essays," or in most modern handbooks of Physical Geography, which are full of interest and easily procured.

A CHRISTMAS STRAIN.

ALL hail, Thou Lord of love !
  The sweet bells chime Thy birth ;
The echoes float above,
  And, pealing through the earth,
The psalm of praise is ringing wide,
O Lord of holy Christmastide !

Let young and old rejoice !
  The blessed Yule is here.
Let every happy voice
  Be turned to carols clear ;
Let ageing lips Thy love proclaim,
And little children lisp Thy name.

Around the Christmas glow
  We bless Thee for this time—
The meetings that we know
  Amid the clanging chime.
Heart throbs to heart, hand touches hand,
Joy quivers out o'er sea and land.

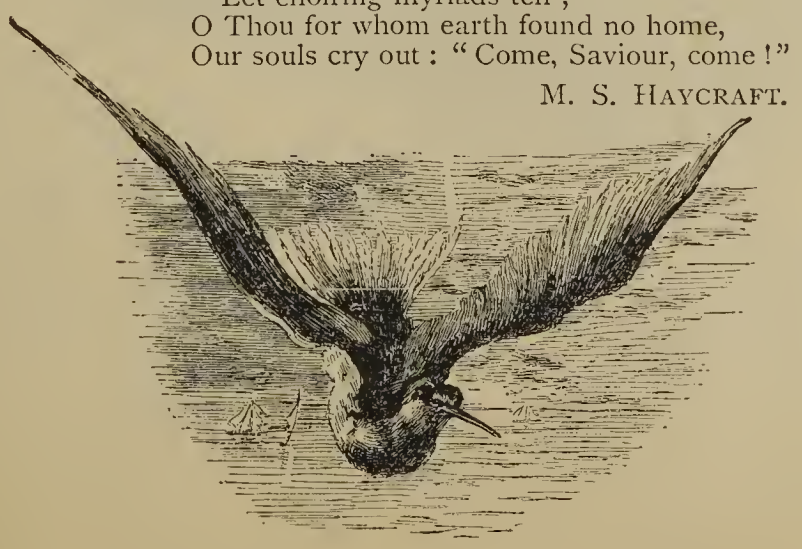
The poor, the sad, the lone,
  Shall gaze in pity's face ;
Shall hear a tender tone,
  For sake of Christ's sweet grace.
"Come in, for we have room for ye ;
In Jesu's name our brethren be."

O Lord of Christmas peace !
  Great Giver of all good !
Now may these hours increase
  The bands of brotherhood.
Light Thou the lamps of love and aid,
And guide them to the paths of shade.

We thank Thee, Love unknown,
  Because Thou changeless art ;
We thank Thee Thou hast shown
  For aye the Father's heart.
To bring us to the sinless fold,
Thou didst come down, at cost untold.

Ye tongues of silver, ring !
  And let the anthems swell ;
The mercies of our King
  Let choiring myriads tell ;
O Thou for whom earth found no home,
Our souls cry out : "Come, Saviour, come !"

M. S. HAYCRAFT.



HOW SAM'S INFIDELITY FAILED.

By Annie Frances Perram, Author of "Go Work," "The Opposite House," etc.



"Her father marked for awhile her thoughtful face."

CHAPTER III.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

MRS. RICHARDS' visit came to a close, but not before she had begged that Millie would break her word, and tell her little child of the One who was watching her from His home in heaven. Although Millie would make no promise, she was much moved by the earnest words of her mother-in-law, and pledged herself to think seriously of the matter. But before she could arrive at any definite conclusion of what she should do, her child settled her uneasy questioning.

Millie wondered that Julia had made no reference to the few words which her grandmother had uttered in her presence, and had been considerably relieved, as the days passed without any troublesome childish interrogations.

But the little one had not only heard, but during many an hour of silent play had wondered over the strange conversation, and finding herself alone with her mother, shortly after her grandmother had returned to her home, she suddenly looked up and said, "What does 'saying my prayers' mean, mamma?"

Startled by the abrupt query, Millie answered sharply, "What do you mean, child?"

"What Grannie said, I mean. She put my hands like this, and said, 'Say your prayers before you go to bed;' and then you said I hadn't been teached, and Grannie was so sorry, and said daddy ought to have teached me 'bout the Saviour who loved me. So please, dear mamma, teach me now."

In dismay, Millie sank into a chair, wondering what the child's father would say; but Julia continued to plead, and at last Millie took her up and said: "Father doesn't think it right to teach his little girl how to say her prayers, and he would be angry if mother did."

But the child persisted, saying: "Grannie thinks I ought to know 'bout it, and don't you think so too, mamma?"

Millie's slumbering conscience vibrated to the innocent question, and she answered truthfully: "Yes, my pet, I think you ought to know."

"Then tell me now, mammie, and I'll be such a good girl and listen," said Julia, lying back and folding her hands.

Falteringly at first, but more steadily as she proceeded, Millie told the child the marvellous story, "never old, ever new," of the human life and cruel death of the Son of God. And as in simple words the truth fell from her lips upon her child's wondering ear, her own heart accepted it, and she said to herself, "Oh, it must be all true! I dare not think it only a story fit for childish hearts, for it reaches this unsatisfied craving in the depths of my own spirit, as nothing ever has before, as nothing else ever will."

"Isn't it bootiful, mammie?" asked Julia, as her mother paused. "Now, how shall I pray to the dear Jesus, who loves me, up in heaven?"

"Like this, my child." And Millie rose and knelt with her little girl. Holding the reverently clasped hands in her own, she uttered the first prayer that had left her lips since the days of girlhood.

"O God, whom we cannot see and cannot touch, and yet who art in every place, knowing all we do, or say, or think, we come to ask that Thou wilt mercifully forgive our many sins, and wash our hearts in the blood of Thy dear Son. Forgive me for my backsliding, and teach me the truth about Thyself, and help me to train my little one for Thee; and, oh, have mercy upon my dear husband, and bring us all to heaven at last, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Long after her voice ceased uttering the language of petition, Millie remained on her knees, absorbed in sorrowful meditation, not observing that little Julia also was still kneeling, with folded hands, until the murmur of her childish voice caused the mother to turn and listen.

With serious, upturned face, and closed eyes, she was speaking to the Being of whose existence she had not known until that hour.

"Dear Jesus," she was saying, "make Julie a good girl, and don't let her ever forget to say her prayers, and make daddie and mammie always say their prayers, too, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

"Bless you, my darling! Keep on praying, and you'll be answered," cried her mother, seizing the little one, and covering her with tears and kisses. Through that day, Millie went about her duties with a sense of freedom and safety unknown before. But with this new experience, there was a longing that her husband, the father of her child, might share in her rest of soul. She thought that in her guileless chatter, Julia would quickly divulge what, perhaps, she herself would not have courage to reveal. But although the little one had been talking all day long about the fresh theme of interest, she met her father with no mention of that which filled her mind. She sat somewhat more soberly than usual upon his knee, and in answer to his questioning, "What has my little daughter been doing to-day?" she only answered, with some gravity, "Talking to mammie."

But when Millie, as she was preparing her for bed in another room, asked the child why she had not told her father that she had been hearing about Jesus, Julia replied,—

"'Cos you said that daddie would be very angry with you if you told me 'bout Him, and I don't like my daddie to be angry with you."

"Dear little soul! If you want to tell your daddie, never mind about his being angry with me; perhaps it would do father good to know," replied her mother.

"I'll tell him some day then, mammie."

And with this resolve Millie rested content, determining to wait until Julia should break the silence, and make confession for both. So the days passed; and all that Millie could tell her child of the familiar stories from the Book of Life, and of its hidden teachings, was not sufficient to satisfy

the little one's constant craving. Her mother marvelled at her rapid growth in spiritual things, but the Good Shepherd was Himself unfolding to the childish heart the deep things of God.

"I can't think what's come to Julia lately, Millie; she's just as sweet and playful as ever, but she watches me with her earnest eyes wherever I go, almost as if she'd something on her mind," said Sam one evening, after Julia had gone to bed.

"She's a sweet lamb, and never gives me cause to say half a word of reproof to her; it's quite enough to tell her I don't wish anything done," replied his wife.

"Take good care of her, Millie, and let her play about all her time," said Sam, with a touch of disquietude in his tone; for Julia was the very darling of his heart, and lately there had been that in her wistful regard of him, which, although he could not well define it, had yet caused him, whenever the remembrance of it occurred to him, a vague sensation of uneasiness. It was as if the child in her first years, and in his very presence, were growing apart from him, and held in her little soul, thoughts and feelings in which she felt that he could not participate.

One evening in the Spring-time, he took her into the fields some two or three miles away, to pick buttercups and daisies. After she had gathered a lapful, she sat down to arrange them in a bunch for her mother. When her task was complete, she still remained sitting, and with wondering eyes gazed at the lovely sight of the sun sinking behind the trees to his rest. Presently she gave a little sigh, and, quickly looking round, the father marked for a while her thoughtful face, and then said,—

"What is Julia thinking about that great red ball, up there?"

"Julia isn't thinking 'bout that at all, daddie," answered the child.

"What then?" asked the father, curiously.

"'Bout who made it and the pretty flowers;" and the same wistful, appealing look which had troubled him before, was in Julia's eyes, as she turned them upwards to her father's face.

"What do you think you know about Him?" he asked quite sharply.

"I know He loves Julie, and Julie loves Him," she replied, with a quiver in her voice; and before the pure, unquestioning faith of his little one, Sam was struck speechless. He could not at that moment even ask where and how she had learned the forbidden creed of his own childhood.



"'Oh, Sam, she's died for you; she's died for you.'"

CHAPTER IV.

JULIA'S MISSION.

"DADDIE," said Julia again, in a minute, "I'd like to go home to mammie; I'm so tired. Please take your little girlie home."

Glancing at her as they rose, he saw that the colour had left her face; and, as they walked towards home, he felt her hand tremble in his.

"Why, Julia, what's the matter?"

"I think I'm sick, and if you don't carry me a little way, perhaps I'll fall," she answered in a faint tone.

Sam instantly picked her up, and looked anxiously at her, as her head sank upon his shoulder.

"We shall soon be home, my darling. Be father's brave little girl," he said encouragingly; but Julia did not answer, and, until he reached home, she lay exhausted in his arms.

"Millie," he said, entering with his burden, "I'm afraid Julia's very unwell. I've had to carry her all the way back. Be quick and give her something reviving."

A cordial was placed to the child's white lips, but she only took one sip, and then, shuddering, fell back upon her father's breast.

"Oh, Sam, what is it?" asked Millie, gazing in terror at the pallid face.

"I don't know," he answered. "She came over faint before we started to come home."

"You must go for the doctor, Sam, at once."

Millie took the child, and Sam rapidly strode away. The little one looked up into the anxious face that bent over her, and, finding herself alone with her mother, whispered: "I've done it, mammie."

"Done what, my treasure?" asked Millie, stooping low to catch the feeble tones.

"Told daddie that Jesus loved me, and I loved Him. It made me shake so much, 'cos I thought he might be cross; and I couldn't tell him any more, 'cos I was nearly sick; but you'll tell him all about it, won't you, mammie? Julie did her little best."

The child tried to say more, but her voice failed, and she lay back, panting for breath. Millie's hot tears fell fast upon the little one, as she began to understand the meaning of her sudden illness, and for a moment there rose a strong feeling of indignation in her mind against the father, who had been the cause of Julia's suffering.

But it soon passed, as the child continually murmured words of love for her "dear daddie," who shortly took his stand beside her.

"Your little girl has been over excited, Mr. Richards. The action of the heart is almost imperceptible, and she must be kept in absolute quiet, for any further excitement would be fatal to her just now," was the doctor's verdict.

The husband and wife looked at each other in silent terror; but even in that moment of agony, Millie remembered her place of refuge, and grew calm to meet the emergency. Hour after hour Julia slept, or appeared to do so, on her mother's knee, while Sam sat opposite, ready to mark the least movement. It came at last, and Julia opened her eyes and gazed around, until she saw her father.

"Dear daddie," she whispered, "won't you love Julie's Jesus too?"

Sam hastily rose and left the room. Julia turned her grieved face round to her mother, seeking sympathy and comfort.

"Julie's so sorry — so sorry, poor daddy's angry with his little girl," she murmured slowly.

"No, my darling; father's only sorry to see his little girl so ill, and Julia mustn't talk till she's feeling much better."

But the warning came too late. Again the fatal symptoms showed themselves; and, in obedience to his wife's low call, Sam re-entered the room, to find the child struggling and gasping for air. When the spasm had passed, she fixed her blue eyes with steadfast gaze upward, while over her face there spread a glow of heavenly radiance. Was there at that moment revealed to her childish soul the vision of a waiting, welcoming Saviour? It may have been so; for, stretching out her hands, as if in eager response to some unseen Friend, she exclaimed: "Julie's coming, Jesus," and then the wide-open eyes slowly closed, the hands dropped lifelessly down, and the riven hearts that watched, saw the grey shadows of dissolution creep over the little face, and knew that for ever on earth the sweet voice of their darling was hushed. One short week, and then all that remained of the angel child, who had so early fulfilled her mission, was borne from the desolate home.

"Oh, Sam, she's died for you; she's died for you," cried Millie through her tears that evening to her husband, who had thrown

himself at her feet, and lay there with his face hidden. The strange exclamation made him start appalled; for they were the first words that had left the lips of his faithful wife, concerning the cause of their child's sudden death.

"What are you saying?" he hoarsely asked.

"Sam, dear, it's quite true that our darling died for you. Do listen, and don't be angry while I tell you about it. She'd been so anxious about you ever since grannie was up, and since she'd known about good things. Forgive me, Sam, for breaking my promise, and telling her that the Saviour above loved her and died for her. I'm so glad now to think that ever I did. Many a time she wanted to tell you, and to ask you to love her Jesus, but she was afraid you'd be angry with me; and when you were fetching the doctor, she told me that she had spoken to you at last, and that it made her feel sick and bad, so that she couldn't say any more to you; and it was that last effort she made, after the doctor came in the night, and the fear when you left the room that she had vexed you again, that took her off; for you know the doctor said any excitement would be fatal to her just then."

"Wretch, that I am! I have killed my only child!" exclaimed Sam. "Why don't you turn against me?" he continued fiercely, starting to his feet, and glaring at his wife.

"I don't feel like it, Sam. When I think that our darling Julia loved you so much and died for you, and when I remember"—and Millie's voice trembled as she spoke—"that Julia's Saviour loved you and died for you, I, too, can only love you, and beseech you to turn to Him who has saved your wife and your child;" and Millie put her arms round her husband's neck and clung to him.

"Oh, Millie; you're an angel, and I'm a brute! Teach me as you taught your child, for I'm as dark as sin and the fear of death can make me. Tell me how I can find my mother's God, for my child has gone to Him, and I must follow her, or she has died in vain for me," wept the man, to whom the overshadowings of sudden bereavement had revealed the dreary hollowness of the scepticism which had been all-sufficient in the days of unclouded sunshine. Millie put away her own grief, while she led her husband, step by step, into the light and truth of that Gospel which he had sought, but happily without avail, to hide from his child.

"Millie," he said, when at length she paused, "go down on your knees and pray for me just now, for I can't bear my misery much longer. I know it's all true what you've been saying. I feel it, only I don't know how to believe that such a sinner as I have been, can find mercy."

Millie knelt and poured out her soul in fervent prayer; and that hour there was vouchsafed to Sam's broken heart the healing balm of forgiving love and Divine peace. "Oh, that my little one could know what a change has come to her wicked father!" he said.

"She does know it, assuredly, dear husband, and is rejoicing because of it," replied Millie, striving in vain to check her grief.

"My poor Millie. It is I who have caused you this suffering. Would to God I could live the past over again! But I promise you, by the grace of Him whom I have openly blasphemed, to live differently, and to stand up for my child's Saviour; and if you ever see me hiding my colours, just remind me—though I'll be a monster if ever I forget,—that my precious child died for me, and that she waits and watches for me in her beautiful home above."

Sam's Infidelity failed; his faith did not.

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL OF THE PAST.

By WILLIAM J. LACEY.



IGHT we say that the Christmas carol, of all our Yule-tide fashions, old and new, — save only that of generous charity to the sick and the needy,—is the one most nearly allied to the events of which all our modern Christmas keeping is the professed celebration? The song of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill to men," has been taken up by erring, trembling human lips, and the melody of the Christmas carol is an echo of the happy message. As its sweet strains are most effectual in winning the heart to responsive gratitude, and an access of holy joy, so in its origin, is it more truly sacred than almost any other adjunct of the chief yearly Festival.

But in affirming this, the reference must be restricted to the truest and most ancient type of the Christmas carol. There are carols *and* carols. A broad line of distinction exists, as a glance at the history of these compositions will reveal.

As regards the derivation of the name "carol," there is some divergence of opinion. By some writers, it is traced back to two Latin words: *cantare*, to sing, and *rola!* an exclamation of gladness. Others identify it with the French *carole*, round dance, and the Welsh *caroli*, to reel, and believe that the word carillon (a peal, or "round dance" of bells) is closely allied thereto. The name is at all events parallel with the French *noël*, Christmas, which has become a useful generic designation for the Christmas carol, wherever found. The word *noël* is derived from *natalis*, and expressed originally, a cry of joy at the birthday of the Redeemer, so that the fitness of the term is beyond question.

It has been already stated that the first Christmas carol was sung by an angel band, over the quiet Judean fields. Jeremy Taylor quaintly writes: "As soon as these blessed choristers had sung their Christmas carol, and taught the Church a hymn to put into her offices for ever, on the anniversary of this festivity, the angels returned into heaven." But when this glorious example was first followed by those who owned Christ as their Lord and Master on earth, it is impossible to say with definite assurance. Much has been made in certain quarters of an alleged representation of carol singing, discovered on a Christian sarcophagus of the second century A.D.; and it is, of course, possible that such an interpretation of the postures, and apparent engagements of the sculptured figures, may be correct. Yet it is conjecture merely. A claim for the continuity of the observance will scarcely be acknowledged by the sceptical mind, on evidence so meagre.

The twelfth century is reached before the annalist of the Christmas carol can feel that he stands on firm ground. The dates of many early examples still extant, or named in mediæval manuscripts, may be either mythic or correct. But with reference to the famous "*Prose de l'âne*," a singular composition, in use in several old continental cities for the Feast of the Circumcision, there is little doubt. It was in existence at least as early as the period mentioned above. The chanting of this carol formed part of a ceremony, very similar in spirit and execution to the miracle play. A representation of the flight into Egypt was given, and, as mother and Child on their lowly steed were conducted through city streets, to cathedral or church, the accompanying crowd gave vent to their enthusiasm in the words of this apposite song.

Several very beautiful German carols are commonly believed to have been composed in the century immediately following. To the period 1200–1300 belongs also the earliest specimen preserved in the British Museum. It is written in the then prevailing Norman-French. Another early example extant in the same storehouse, bears the Latin title: "*Xristo paremus canticus—in excelsis gloria.*" It belongs to the fifteenth century. Somewhat modernized as to spelling, etc., the first verse runs:—

> "When Christ was born of Mary free
> In Bedlem—in that fair city,
> Angellis songen with mirth and glee
> *In excelsis gloria.*"

The pioneer English collection seems to have been formed in the reign of Henry the Eighth. The specimens afford curious, and even pathetic proof, of the intellectual darkness and prevailing superstition of the time. The people were credulous; and absurd monkish legends were forthcoming in abundance.

Carol singing, however introduced into England, had plainly become popular, and established itself as an integral part of the Christmas ceremonial. Gradually a new departure came about. The carol was diverted from its original purpose: that of praising God for the gift of the Babe of Bethlehem, and made to receive the impress of the old pagan and bacchanalian spirit, which still deformed so very much of the pageantry and feasting of Yule-tide. From this stage, classification is a necessity.

Before considering, however, what may be termed the company of carols of good cheer,

—of the dining-hall and the roaring Yule-log—it will be well to note the oddities of the local mediæval carol, and glance briefly at foreign work in the same field.

The metrical compositions that came to prevail in the several English shires, and respectively to distance all competitors in the winning of rural suffrages, were often little better than doggerel rhymes, set to sweet and simple airs. The burden of the words was a mixture of fact and fable; the latter frequently predominating. Perhaps it shows the innate conservatism of the English character that, once choice was made in any locality of a particular carol, variation was rare. Villages and towns, but a very few miles apart, would thus possess their rival favourites, and be jealously loyal to them. Even if in some districts no special form of words had received the sanction of tradition, and of continuous usage, it was highly probable that an old-fashioned tune had become the recognised orthodox setting to the changing ditty. In this department, as in others, improved methods of intercommunication have worked a revolution.

At Paris, in 1601, was published the famous "*Mélanges de la Musique*," of *François Eustâche du Caurroy, Maître de chapelle* to three of the French kings. It was a posthumous work; for its compiler died the year before its issue. Eminent authorities hold that in it was offered to the musical world of the Middle Ages, carols for the first time successfully treated in polyphonic style.

This claim to precedence is, however, contested as against France by champions of Italy. Giovanni Maria Nanini, who died at Rome in 1607, composed the magnificent Noël,—"*Hodie Christus natus est*," a labour doubtless of love, which for beauty and effect has not easily been surpassed. Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

One thing is evident on comparison. The Italian specimens surpass their French rivals in sustained excellence. But then, again, the French issued collection after collection, and their poets and musicians were continually striving after improvements and greater originality, while the Southern composers rested on their laurels.

The introduction into these sacred carols of the word *noël* as a refrain—it is employed under the form of "*noe*," in the Italian example just instanced—was frequent in the Continental and the Anglo-Norman examples. Some have conjectured that, used as a sudden, sharp cry of ecstasy, it is a transformed survival, an altered form of the old heathen *Io!* or *Ioul!* often heard in the wild revels of the Saturnalia. It is more agreeable to believe that the resemblance is only a surface one.

No glance at these Christmas hymns of gratitude and praise would be satisfactory, without the quotation from perhaps the most truly representative—so far as England is concerned. This is the first stanza:

"God rest you, merry gentlemen;
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy!
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day."

Under the later Norman monarchs, the gradual degeneration of the carol into a convivial song was taking place; and it was not long before this good old custom had lost its exclusively religious character, and become, to a greater or lesser degree, confused in the popular mind with other observances of Pagan origin, or of dubious advantage. It is generally understood that the ancient rites attached to the home-bringing of the Yule-log—and indeed that part of the paraphernalia of Christmas itself—dated from Scandinavian times. But now, when the huge tree was drawn in triumph from the woodland to the castle, the beginning of the custom was forgotten or ignored. The carol was brought into requisition, and lays of the new and purer faith were chanted around the symbol of the old superstition.

Not only so, but the eating and drinking, associated from the earliest times with the keeping of Christmas in England, was specially celebrated in the Christmas carol. To this order of production belongs the Boar's Head song, originally printed in blackletter in a volume of "Christmasse Carolles," issued in 1521, by Wynkyn de Worde. It runs as follows:—

"A carol bringing in the Boar's Head.
Caput apri defero,
Reddens 'laudes' domino.
The boar's head in hande bring I,
With garlandes gay and rosemary,
I pray you all singe merely.
Qui estis in convivio.

The boar's head, I understande,
Is the cheefe service in this lande,
Loke wherever it be fande,
Servite cum cantico.

Be gladde, lords, both more and lesse,
For this hath ordeyned our Stewarde,
To chere you all this Christmasse,
The boar's head with mustarde."

Robert Herrick, too, in whose "Noble Numbers" is found a beautiful "carol, sung to King Charles at Whitehall," of the older and exalted type, has the following verse:—

"Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here,
The while the meat is a-shredding;
For the rare mince pie,
And the plums stand by,
To fill the paste that's a-kneading."

But a day was coming when the carol should be rescued, at least for a season, from the hands of the spoiler. The reign of the Puritans began; and with the grim earnestness that made them formidable, whether as soldiers or reformers, these worthies vetoed the semi-Pagan (as they considered it) riot and revelry of Christmastide. Holly and mistletoe were made unlawful badges. The business of the mummers; the dignity of the King of Misrule; the pomp of the feast table, decorated with boar's head and peacock,—were all menaced with suppression, and psalms were appointed instead of the corrupt carols.

The effort to abolish Christmas and Christmas doings by Act of Parliament failed, and in process of time, the second group of carols became even more distinctly bacchanalian in character than before. Nevertheless, the struggle may have had its use. The older, and purer, and loftier songs have since found their claim to supremacy better honoured, and to-day are almost alone recognised in the popular imagination, as Christmas carols.



BISHOP HANNINGTON:

A NOBLE LIFE LAID DOWN. By F. Burton Irving.



"'I had to stop a tremendous fight with my umbrella.'"

Part III.

A BETTER ROAD.

On the fifth of November, 1884, James Hannington left England again, to fill, in a tropical climate, a position that demanded not only earnest Christianity, but also courage, endurance, tact, and continual self-abnegation. The honour of being a bishop under such conditions needed, as he said, "condolence, not congratulation," and reminds us of the lines :

> "The clouds are not a nest,
> Spite of rose tints and of gold tints,
> There no weary wing may rest."

On landing at Frere Town, the headquarters of Church Missionary work on the East Coast of Africa, his earliest duty was to remove the reproach that the missionaries there dwelt in houses of cedar, and the ark in curtains. Hence, he at once arranged for the building of a new sanctuary, that should neither be "a tin ark nor a cocoa-nut barn, but a proper stone church—a church to the glory of God." Then, by stirring Addresses, he pressed upon the workers a high standard of Christian life, and aroused the desire to win souls. From Frere Town, too, he indited a number of valuable letters, which throw light on divers knotty questions, and will prove of permanent good. Amongst other things, he wrote that it was little short of homicide, to permit young married women to go beyond the neighbourhood of the coast, in connection with mission agencies, and added : "Nothing shall induce me to give my consent, that ladies attempt to cross the Wanyamwezi Deserts in the present state of the country. As a hardy, even somewhat reckless traveller, I shudder at the idea of attempting these, by-and-bye, myself."

During his journey to Taita, we find the old and common trouble of camping without a water supply. "How little," he says, "we appreciate our comforts at home. The blessing of a wash, for instance. No water means no wash. Being an old traveller, I meet the difficulty by filling my sponge before starting, and tying it tightly in its bag. If we have two days without water, the first day I have what a school-boy would call 'a lick and a promise;' then the second day I wring out the water, and get quite a brave wash, the water afterwards coming in for the dog and the donkey."

Difficulties abounded. He goes on to say : "After six hard days' travelling, Sunday came round again, and most gladly would we have accepted the divinely given day of rest ; but it could not be, for food was running short, and to lose a day would be to starve the men. The effect of their provisions being scant began to show itself in their growing rather quarrelsome, for soon after starting I had to rush in, and, like Mrs. Brown, stop a tremendous fight with my umbrella. Words had not only waxed high, but guns were about to be used. Your uncle seized one of their guns, but it was some time before I could drag it out of the man's hands ; nor did I feel safe in the skirmish, for a full-cocked loaded gun with weak and worn-out locks, is not the safest thing to be wrestling over, but such is life out here—one cannot stop to think what is safe, or what is unsafe."

Next, he is *en route* for Chagga. On reaching it, he writes : "May God give Chagga to His Son. It is a lovely spot. I often exclaim, 'Here is England, England!'" He never forgot the "object of his journey," which was the establishment of a chain of mission stations westward to the Lake.

Again, to cull from diary and letters :— "Marched with weary, stiff frames along a heavy wet road to Taveta, after two nights' exposure, amid torrents of rain. . . . April 7th, 1885. Fever threatening, but I won't give way. April 8th. Scotch mist and very cold, then terrible rain. The hammock men went ahead, leaving me to walk through the rivers. . . . Puts me in great danger of fever. Wring my socks, and get on as best I can. More rain, tremendously long grass. Arrive in camp 6 p.m., tired almost beyond endurance." Then comes an entry about exhausted stores, and a day or two on famine allowance. "Barely eating enough to support life, and it was difficult to eat that ; for the poor starving Wa-Taita came round and watched every mouthful we took, like hungry dogs. I think I should go mad if this went on much longer." After his work at that place was accomplished, he returned to Frere Town and wrote : "I have to praise God for one of the most successful journeys, as a journey, that I ever took. For myself, too, I have enjoyed most excellent health almost the whole way, during a tramp of four hundred miles. May the result be the planting of the Cross of Christ on Kilimanjaro!"

The results of this journey by the new westward route, as compared with his experiences in marching the previous year from Zanzibar to the Lake, filled him with a kind of triumph, and he began to think how grand it would be "to push straight through, as Thomson had done, to the north end of the Nyanza." The way was both healthier and shorter, and there was no reason to suppose that the Baganda would offer any opposition to an approach from the north-east. He apprehended no difficulty except from the lawless Masai, and was unfortunately ignorant of the suspicion with which "all visitors from the north-east are regarded by the people of Uganda." If Thomson's route could be opened, he judged that the work of the mission would be centralised, and that caravans might ply between Frere Town and Rabia, affording suitable employment to reliable Christian men. How could he know that an alarm existed "in the minds of the natives of Central Africa, with regard to a European Mission," and that the young king, Mwanga, was being trained to repel the entrance of white men by the "back door" of Kavirondo ; while the report of German annexations had excited the people to the verge of panic?

Thus the real danger was an unsuspected one, and, alas! the only one unprovided for.

We read again of unsparing exertions, a twenty-four mile walk to Fulladoyo ; then, on the second of May, of a tramp of thirty miles with the addendum, "Not even tired at the end of it. Since March I have walked about six hundred miles. To Him be the glory! Amen!"

Following this, there is an account of his joy in being permitted to ordain the first native Ministers of the infant East African Church ; the holding of his first African Confirmation Service at half-past six in the morning, with thirty-three candidates, and celebration of Holy Communion. Then at noon, "the Bishop and his party were dismissed with prayer, for their second journey into the vast interior," going by what Hannington considered the better route. Again we call attention to a feat of pedestrianism, one hundred and twenty miles in exactly three days and half an hour, with blistered feet, cloudless hot weather, and dew at night which wetted him through. At this period, he records the memorable sentence : "I am taught never to be disappointed, but to praise."

Another extract points to his trust in God amidst danger. "Much comforted and helped by the 9th verse of the 146th Psalm : 'The Lord preserveth the stranger.' Another man could add nothing to my safety—in Jesus' keeping I am safe."

All his leisure, whether in tent, by camp fire, or on board the steamer, was filled up by official correspondence, yet out of his toilsome days he reserved a little space for letters to his children in England, enlivened with pen and ink sketches, of which we give two, to make them attractive to juvenile eyes ; and we do not think he would have been so loveable, but for these evidences of home-loving nature and a father's heart.

Some of these references are exceedingly humorous, as the following extract will show :—

"The curiosity of the natives in these parts was unbounded. They swarmed round our tents from morning till night, asking to see everything we possessed, and, as they are noted thieves, we had to keep an uncommonly sharp look-out. In some of the places I passed through, they had never seen a white man before. They would gather round me in dozens, and gaze upon me with the utmost astonishment. One would suggest that I was not beautiful—in plainer language, that I was amazingly ugly. Fancy a set of hideous savages regarding a white man—regarding your uncle—as a strange, outlandish creature, frightful to behold. You little boys that run after a black man in the park and laugh at him, think what you may come to when you grow old. The tables may be turned on you if you take to travelling, just as they were with me. As with other travellers, my boots hardly ever failed to attract attention. 'Are those your feet, Whiteman ?' 'No, gentlemen, they are not. They are my sandals.' 'But do they grow to your feet ?' 'No, gentlemen, they do not. I will show you.' So forthwith I would proceed to unlace a boot. A roar of astonishment followed when they beheld my blue sock, as they generally surmised that my feet were blue and toeless. Greater astonishment still followed the withdrawal of the sock, and the revelation of a white five-toed foot."

On the twenty-third of July, 1885, Hannington led the way out of Rabia at the head of a caravan, two hundred strong. The difficulties of keeping such a mixed, undisciplined company well in hand, must be undertaken to be understood. The Rev. E. C. Dawson says : "A caravan leader needs the arms of a Briareus, and the sleepless vigilance of an Argus, to keep his men well together during the early stages of a journey to the interior." The men, to the dismay of the good Bishop, used water meant for two days in two hours, and then, half dead with thirst, they had to be urged on to the next well. In crossing the burning Desert of Taro, Hannington wrote : "Starvation, desertion, treachery, and a few other nightmares and furies hover over our heads in ghostly form." Yet we find him singing hymns in this cruel wilderness ; his especial favourite being :—

> "Peace, perfect peace, the future all unknown,
> Jesus we know, and He is on the Throne."

Merciful indeed was the goodness that veiled from his eyes the coming end.

Writing to his wife from Maungu, saying that he had just done forty-five miles, lit his own fire, eaten very little for eighteen hours, and had no rest for two days, he adds : "I am afraid, however, that our hardships have not even commenced . . . How gracious God has been in giving me so good a wife, and such dear children and relatives. . . . Do not expect another letter for a month or two, but just leave me in His hand."

Soon after, however, there came an unexpected chance to send a letter to the coast, of which he gladly availed himself, and on the eleventh of August, penned the following to the same dear partner : "The burden of my song must be 'Praise,' and the teaching of every lesson has been 'Trust ;' so comfort your heart during my absence." Then, in respect to his journey : "If this is God's time for opening up the road, we shall open it up. Let our watchword be, 'We will trust, and not be afraid.'"

His friends heard no more, until the telegram which reached Zanzibar on the first of January, 1886, telling of Bishop Hannington's seizure by the king, within two days' march of Uganda, and the report that there were secret orders to have him executed. His pocket diary, and the journal of the Rev. W. Jones, furnish the last links in his life chain.

On the twenty-fifth of August, they were reduced to the verge of starvation, the camp being full of weeping men asking Hannington "if they had been brought out to die ?" so much difficulty was there in getting the natives to sell them food. On the second of September, the Bishop went out with seventy men to buy everything himself, having to deal with natives notoriously treacherous and cruel. He writes : "The Masai people are as dangerous and troublesome as half-tamed leopards ; the traveller has to be for ever on the alert, or he will be pinned by the throat." On the twelfth of October, Hannington decided to proceed alone with fifty men, leaving Mr. Jones behind in charge of the caravan at Kwa Sundu, and, despite an inflamed leg, he walked eighteen miles that day. Twenty-eight days passed without tidings, and then the report came that the Bishop and his party had been killed.

Upon reaching Uganda, Hannington was stopped by the people, who said they wanted to send a message to their chief before he could advance. Soon after, he was seized, stripped of his valuables, hurried along, pushed against trees, or dragged on the ground at the rate of five miles an hour, until he was forced as a prisoner into a hut. He had purposed to find a better road ; he did not fail of his purpose. The feeble always fail—he was a man that would channel his own course, like the waterfall in the proverb. Alas, too, like the waterfall he was to be broken to pieces at the end. The horrors in the interior of the hut into which he was hustled, almost baffle description ; but it was through this "Inferno" that he must pass to finish his course and reach God's Paradise. We read that the floor of the Bishop's prison was covered with rotting banana peel, leaves, and lice ; a literal burrow for rats and vermin. There was a fire too, but no chimney or other ventilation to carry off smoke, and by this fire his guards were cooking food and drinking pombe.

Yet, bruised and suffering, racked by fever and bodily outrage, apart from his comrades of the mission, deprived of all the decencies of life, and without any of the alleviations of civilization, he wrote in his little note-book on the twenty-ninth of October, that he was greatly comforted by Psalm 30., which came to him with much power. There were eight days of imprisonment, in which he had no tidings touching his future, and until the last moment he did not know that he was irrevocably doomed to death, nor that Lubwa was acting the cruel and unmanly part of cat's paw to Mwanga.

He was summoned from his tent. Was there in his brave heart the hope of release, we wonder? Perhaps ; but God, not man, was about to set him at liberty. He heard a wild shout, when the warriors fell upon his helpless caravan men, and by their spears covered the ground with dead bodies. Then the Bishop faced his destiny like a Christian and a man, bidding them say to their king that he was about to die for the Baganda, and that he had purchased the road to Baganda with his life. The soldiers who were told off to murder him, hesitated ; he, calm even in the last crisis, pointed to his gun, which one of them discharged. Then he was free ; free from pain, free from anxiety about the morrow, free to leave Africa without reproach, free after thirty-eight brief earthly years, to enter upon glory, honour, immortality, and eternal life.

Only four men out of the fifty who accompanied Bishop Hannington, escaped the massacre, and these carried the tidings to Kwa Sundu and to Mr. Jones. Such is our brief outline of a noble life laid down.



OUR COMPETITIONS.

£5 5s. IN PRIZES.

THE preliminary announcement of our Spelling Chase will be found on page 117. We would remind our readers of the Prizes offered for Double Acrostics, in our last week's Number. This Competition does not close until Jan. 31, so there is still time to enter. Full particulars on page 106. The results will be announced as soon as possible.

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

An Invalid would like to know how to make skeleton leaves.

A Perplexed One. — Bagatelle played quietly at home is probably the best substitute for a billiard-table. Billiards at home might easily engender the taste for the billiard-room at a Club,—and hence it is safer to refrain from billiards altogether.

Amateur Fretworker.—Wood for Fretwork can be bought reasonably, either at any large Tool shop or Cabinet Maker's. Fretwork is much used in Pianoforte shops, or Depôts for Fancy Articles. Thanks for your hearty words about our Paper.

George H. R.—A wide distinction should be made between an affirmation and a blasphemous oath. What is technically understood by the "oath of allegiance," is only an affirmation of loyalty to the Sovereign. This is very different from profane swearing, deprecated by our Lord.

K. Killock.—Christians must not selfishly think only of their own spiritual advantage. Certainly give up one Bible Class a week, if by that means you can go out and search for or win souls for Christ. "It is more blessed to *give* than to receive."

Household Management.—"I have been a clergyman's wife for over ten years, and for our two selves and two servants I have found, after many times going through the items, that 1s. a day per head, is a good average calculation for food only. The items might be stated as follows :—

Per week.	£	s.	d.
Meat	0	11	0
Bread and flour	0	2	6
Milk, 1s. 6d.; Eggs, 1s. . .	0	2	6
Vegetables	0	2	0
Groceries (butter, tea, sugar, etc.) .	0	8	0
Fish	0	2	0
	£1	8	0

Fish may appear to be entered at a rather low figure ; but then the meat is put down higher than it would be if much fish were used. A great help to economy, is to draw out the amount that ought to be spent on each head per week, and then aim at keeping the books down to that amount. By this means, it is easy to balance one week with another, and so keep the expenditure within fixed limits."

"Petrel." — St. Paul did not think he might be a "castaway" from *Christ*—God forbid !—but from the *prize* which he was contending for, as the reward of his apostolic ministry. This he might lose without thereby forfeiting his salvation, as he expressly teaches in 1 Cor. 3. 14, 15.

M. E. C.—Anonymous reparation is *not* confession of sins ; and unless we are willing to confess, and repair *openly*, we give no proof of our sincerity. How can you expect full forgiveness for that past sin, until you obey the Holy Spirit, who is most clearly urging you to confession? God's peace lies on the other side of your humiliation.

MEN THAT CAN'T.

THE MAN THAT CAN'T FORGET HIMSELF.

By the REV. J. H. THORPE, M.A.

AT first, perhaps, our readers will be disposed to pass on, feeling that "the man that can't forget himself" is an individual who deserves to be forgotten. But we crave a moment's attention. Beyond all doubt, "the man that can't forget himself" is one who, very often, is a slave to that giant tyrant, Self. And so he has very little sympathy with outsiders, occupied as he is in his master's service. But he ought not to be condemned outright, without a patient hearing. "The man that can't forget himself" is not always brought to that pitiable condition by selfishness. On the contrary, he is very often a man quite innocent of such a charge. He is oppressed with an ever-present consciousness of his own personality, arising entirely from his nervous temperament.

In proof of this, see the experience of public speakers. Many, at the beginning of their career, have had a sore battle with self. Excellent and well-prepared discourses have been spoiled in the delivery, by the fact that the speaker was oppressed by the feeling of his own existence there and then. His advancement in his power of public speaking, has been almost in proportion as he became able to forget himself in his theme. But having set forth this exception, we are quite prepared to join in the ordinary verdict on "the man that can't forget himself." For this man, the whole universe is divided into two parts. We were going to write the word "bisected," but this would not do, because it means "divided into two *equal* parts." Our friend's division is not of such a nature. It is—(1) Himself ; (2) The whole remainder. Put these two in the scales, and the end of the beam over the scale containing number two, will be pointing to the sky.

In different men, this sort of ever-abiding memory assumes different forms, and produces correspondingly varied effects. In one man, for example, the exciting cause will be the fact that he has come of a good family. He seems never able to forget that his father did something more than was his duty, or that his grandfather was Sir Somebody in particular, or that some other relative farther removed did, or was, or said, something just a little off the beaten track. We do not for a moment lightly esteem noble or respectable ancestry. We believe the remembrance that he has come of a noble line has helped many a man, where a higher motive was wanting, to walk in an upright way. When a man, in God's providence, has been born of a family which has given to the world men of renown in the service of God, or the State, it is no small honour ; and inasmuch as it may be a stimulus to him for good, it carries with it a responsibility all its own. We have no sympathy with the cry which demagogues have raised in every age against a nobility ; for we feel that in every state, rightly constituted, there must be, and there will be, a nobility of some sort. Our shaft is aimed in quite another direction. We mean game of a different feather. We point at the man who is always boasting of his ancestors, and who has little, perhaps nothing, else to boast of. He thinks that because he is of good birth, he is to be recognised as lord over his fellows. He may not be able to make a sensible remark on any subject requiring thought and an expanded mind. He may have failed to hold a place in the honourable contest of a School or University. He may not have two ideas in his head. Yet he expects that because he is the Honourable Mr. So-and-So, or the grandson of the great Alderman Thomas Noddy, he is to assert himself on all occasions, and be the top of every social circle he moves in.

We do not suppose any of our readers will find the foregoing a mirror in which they can see their own image. But in case they should meet such a character, we would suggest a thought or two worth mentioning to him. In the first place, the man who, in virtue of his birth, is called to fill a prominent position in society, will, for that very reason, require all the more to be a man highly qualified, mentally and morally. To think that because he is "a swell" he may be an idler, is a profound blunder. A tree on the hill top is more exposed to the storms than one down in the valley. The higher up the mountain you go, the more you will feel the keen blast. So the higher a man's position, the more he is exposed to the critical observation of his fellows. The greater the airs a man gives himself, the more closely will men examine him, and search in him for solid foundations, whereon he might base his claims ; and if these be found wanting, the more withering will be their contempt. Besides, as a matter of mere worldly wisdom, such a man should be reminded that he is constantly meeting men who have no pretensions to noble birth, but who are highly gifted by nature ; though, alas ! many of them wanting in Christian principle. Let him know that every time he asserts himself, and affects a superiority over them *which is unsupported by personal worth*, he stirs up their animosity, and, if this be continued, they will probably develop into full-blown enemies of his. Therefore, tell him to speak but little about himself ; tell him to come down to the level of his fellows ; tell him to measure himself with them as a man ; tell him to show them that he is at least as good as, if not better than they, and then he may be sure his noble birth will receive their willing respect.

We might go on for many pages, pointing out the different ways in which the spirit we write of shows itself. In some it arises from a fancied or real mental superiority, which leads "the man that can't forget himself" to imagine that he has a monopoly of truth. His opinion is the only one which could by any possibility be the right one. And so, if you venture to express a view not exactly in harmony with his, you are at once exposed to the full play of all his argumentative artillery, and finally retire with a very vivid apprehension of your friend's personality.

At other times, you will see this in a man who has attained a position of some consequence. An unvarying haughtiness of manner, an "unbendability," a reluctance ever to enter into familiar conversation with old friends, lest he should unwittingly compromise his dignity. But we now turn to what we believe to be the pleasanter and more profitable side of our subject. Those readers who would avoid the character of "the man that can't forget himself," should addict themselves to *the pursuit of truth.* It may seem a startling statement ; but self is often a hindrance to this. This is chiefly the case, when the truth presented for our acceptance is opposed to our views or convictions. Self-love sometimes influences judgment. It is not always easy for a man to own as truth that which shows that he has been in the wrong hitherto. Therefore, let every man, in forming his opinions and judgments, take

cognisance of this. This very thing was one of the reasons why the Pharisees and Scribes long ago rejected the Saviour's teaching. They occupied the proud position of leaders of the people. They were the learned classes. They were the men whose opinion would be accepted on any question of religion.

Christ came "out of Galilee;" He taught entirely out of the ordinary groove; He set forth truth in an unconventional way; He did not dress it in the regulation forms; He "spake with authority," and He taught such truth that, if they acknowledged it, they would thereby own themselves till then in error. This they were not prepared to do, and so they conspired "how they might put Him to death." May not this have been the case also with the learned of Greece and Rome? Is it not possible that some to-day reject the Gospel for very much the same reason? It comes to them in a simple form, which does not harmonize with their elaborate systems, trimmed and adorned and fashioned with great show of intellectual ability.

Again, we would remark that this character should be guarded against, by any one who would make his passage through life happy and smooth. "The man that can't forget himself" is always very sensitive. A small thing will often grievously wound his feelings. He is so conscious of himself, that his tendency is to misconstrue words and deeds, imagining insults and disrespect to be intended, when they are not. Does he not thereby give himself many a needless and bitter moment? Does not this tell on his manner, making him sometimes retaliate, thus provoking real insult, and causing irritation and pain?

So we say: Avoid being a "man that can't forget himself!" Young men! Take the advice given to the writer when he left home: "Keep a hole in your pocket for insults." Or better still, think of the Lord of life, "who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not." Take a hint from one who has mixed a little in the world; the majority of insults which men think they receive, are unintentional. Few men deliberately insult their fellows. Don't *make* insults.

A word as to the bearing of our subject on direct work for God. We believe that "the man that can't forget himself" will never do much to spread God's most holy truth. The man who wants to be used of God in blessing to the souls of his fellows, must begin by laying aside every thought of self. One thing we learned long ago from the popular sport of fishing: a good fisherman never lets his own shadow fall on the water. He who would "catch men" for Christ must be careful to hide self; for nothing so mars a man's usefulness as his desiring to share in that which is only God's—the glory of good. Are you a Minister of the Church of Christ? Are you a Sunday School Teacher, or a District Visitor? Pray for grace thus to forget yourself; to be

> "Only an instrument ready
> His praises to sound at His will."

With respect to the difficulties of your work, you must be "a man that can forget himself." Moses was a man that could not forget himself, when God spake to him out of the burning bush, and commissioned him to deliver Israel. See how often his difficulty arises from himself. Note that his difficulties were overcome, but another was sent to share with him the honour which, we believe, would have been all his own had he gone forth to obey, like Abraham, and left the difficulties to God. Oh how much God's work suffers from this! How many are to-day neglecting their life's work, because they are dwelling on their infirmities and lack of gifts. They call this humility; we call it distrust. Do you not think that if God appoints you a work for Him, He will take care that your ability will be sufficient for it? Is the path of duty plain before you to-day? Friend, step out! let us hear no more whining and whimpering about your unfitness. If you are lazy, be honest and say so; if you are unfaithful, do not dare to charge God with the same; if you are REALLY fearful of your inability, take your wants and defects to Him in prayer, and be assured that if you follow where He leads, He will cause you to go from strength to strength, and make His grace sufficient for you!

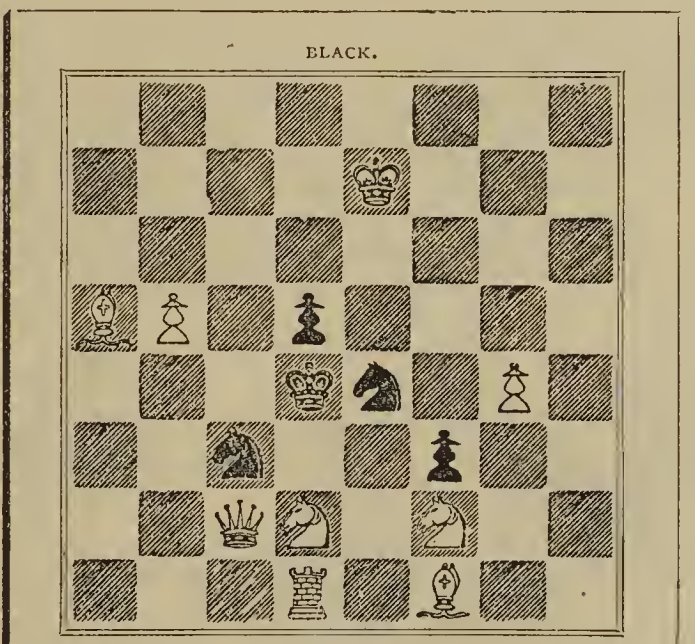
CHESS.

By F. F. ROWLAND.

PART III.

ILLUSTRATIVE POSITION, NO. 3.

White to play and mate in two moves, or White to play and draw by perpetual check.



THE chess-board should be so placed that each player has a white square in his right-hand corner. The Ks, Qs, Rs, Bs, and Kts are termed *pieces*, and the small men *pawns*, and when arranging them for play, care should be taken to place the Queen on a square of her own colour,—as shown in the diagram first given.

According to the notation given in our last, the position of the men on the above diagram would read as follows:—

White—K at K7, Q at QB2, R at Qsq, Bs at QR5 and KBsq, Kts at Q2 and KB2, Ps at QKt5 and KKt4. Total, 9.

Black—K at Q5, Kts at K5 and QB6, Ps at Q4 and KB6. Total, 5.

To make a capture, remove from the board the man to be taken, and place your own man on the square it occupied. All the pieces can capture on the squares they can move to, but not so with the pawns; they move straight on, as already stated, and capture diagonally. In the problem we give, each of Black's Kts are in danger of being captured by the Q; a piece or pawn thus threatened is *en prise*. The Kt at K5 is also *en prise* to the Kt at KB2, which, as well as the Kt at Q2, is in turn *en prise* to it, also the black P at KB6 is *en prise*.

Check can be given six ways in the above problem; viz., Q to R4, or Q3, or Q takes either Kt, or QB to Kt6, or takes Kt; but, in the present case, such checks will not aid in checkmating, on account of Black's defences.

Discovered check is given by removing one man from before another, which opens an attack on the adverse King. For instance, play Kt at Q2 to QKtsq., or QB4, takes Kt, and *discovered check* from the R is given.

Double check occurs where the man, whose removal opens discovered check, gives check itself; as, for example, Kt at Q2 to Kt3, or takes P.

Perpetual check occurs when a player has two or more squares on which he can give check, and his opponent can only parry one check by affording an opportunity for another. If the first player then persists in the repetition of these checks, the game must be abandoned as drawn. In our position, White can draw by perpetual check by 1Q×Kt at B6ch, Kt×Q, 2B to Kt6ch, K to K4, 3B to B7ch, K to Q5, B checks again at Kt6, and White repeats the moves.

Checkmate has been already explained, so we will not enter further into the subject than to give illustrations of how it is accomplished. The problem we give is difficult of solution, and may not, perhaps, be the best illustration for beginners; however, having it before us, we will proceed to solve it, and so make our students' path much more easy for what is to follow. As already noted, White cannot effect checkmate on his second move by commencing with a check; the first move is Q to Bsq., then checkmate, and in some cases double check and mate, can be given after each move of Black, as follows:—

BLACK.	WHITE.
1. K to K4.	2. Kt×P checkmate.
1. K to B4.	2. Kt to Kt3 checkmate.
1. K to K6.	2. Kt×Kt discovered mate.
1. Kt at K5 moves.	2. Q×Kt at B6 checkmate.
1. Kt at B6×P.	2. Kt×P double check and mate.

Checkmate is also known amongst players by the term *mate*.

As we find that our readers appreciate this systematic instruction, we shall continue the series for some weeks longer. Beginners should not be disappointed by the seeming difficulty of the moves; they will readily be learned by practice on the board, though they may seem puzzling on paper.

SCRIPTURAL CHARADE.

A VERY ancient city for my first,
That with idolatry became accursed,
Yet the same streets the pious Jews oft trod,
And raised an edifice to Israel's God.

To find my second please a letter see,
A personal pronoun 'twill be found to be.

My third is (strange to say) my first again,
And we from Scripture have the statement plain,
That one who was beloved both far and wide
Did from this city claim his chosen bride,
Blest while he lived, yet blessing those around—
In him the tried a benefactor found.

My total is a root we oft have seen,
The plant appears in nature's garb of green;
It grew, we're told, in ancient Egypt's land,
When Israel's children were a toiling band;
Yet ere the pen is laid from willing fingers,
Our busy thought upon this word still lingers,
Which when 'tis backwards spelt reveals to you
Another city twice, and pronoun too.

For key to above, see our Number for January 21st.

THE ORIGIN OF OUR CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

By J. M. Laing.

THE time-honoured custom of decorating our houses with evergreens and mistletoe at Christmas, is of more remote origin than many who indulge in it are aware of.

In the mythology of ancient Greece and Rome we find that it was customary to deck not only private houses, but also the temples of Saturn, with laurel and evergreens, at the Saturnalia, or feast of Saturn, which was held in December. The festivities of the Saturnalia were afterwards intermingled with the rites and ceremonies of the Druids, as observed by them at their festival of the winter solstice, and later on, to these were added the grim mythologies of the ancient Saxons.

On the introduction of the pure and gentle doctrines of the Cross, its ministers found it almost impossible to win their converts from indulging in their old amusements and superstitions. They accordingly ingrafted the rites of the Christian religion on the old heathen festivals, in the hope that thereby the cause of Christ would be promoted. For instance, they put branches of evergreen in their places of worship, and, amongst themselves, regarded them as emblematical of Christ, "the righteous Branch." The result of this amalgamation has been "the strange medley of Christian and Pagan rites, which contribute to make up the festivities of our modern Christmas."

In some parts of Germany, the holly is termed the "Christdorn" (Christ-thorn), and the Danish and Swedish name for it has the same meaning. It seems particularly associated with Christmas.

A fanciful legend gives a romantic origin to our Christmas decorations. "The houses," it says, "were decked with evergreens in December, that the Sylvan spirits might repair to them, and remain unnipped by frost and cold winds, until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their abodes." Not our motive for decorations now!

The wax-like berries of the mistletoe form a prominent feature of Christmas decorations. In the Scandinavian mythology, the following legend thus explains some of our associations with the mistletoe:—

Balder, the Apollo of Northern mythology, was hated by Loki, the god of mischief, and of our earth. Loki wished to injure Balder, but as all that springs from fire, earth, air, and water had been sworn not to hurt Balder, there was little left with which to do mischief. However, the wicked Loki bethought him of the mistletoe, and he gave to the blind deity, Hoder, a twig of mistletoe, which he had fashioned into an arrow, instructing him to throw it at Balder, at a feast that was being held in his honour, when all were to throw missiles at the beautiful Balder, to show how impossible it was to injure him. But Hoder's piece of mistletoe (not having been sworn), directed by Loki, killed Balder, who was only restored to life at the earnest request of the gods. The goddess Friga, or Freya, as she is sometimes called, henceforth took charge of the mistletoe, which could not again do harm until it touched earth, the dominion of Loki. "Friga, the Scandinavian Juno, presided over marriages, hence it is that the mistletoe is suspended, and persons passing under it give each the kiss of peace and love."

The mistletoe is a parasite, and is believed to be propagated, in its natural state, by the missel thrush, who feeds upon its berries. It may be propagated artificially by squeezing the berries, which are viscid, on the bark of fruit trees, where they take root, and germinate rapidly. It grows abundantly in the orchards of the west Midland counties of England. Large quantities are cut, and sent to London and other places, for Christmas decorations both in home and church.

Amongst the Druids, the cutting of the mistletoe, at the time of the winter solstice, was one of the greatest events of their year.

"With much pomp and jubilation, the priests went into the forest, followed by the people; and the white-robed chief priest, ascending into the oak, cut off the berried tuft with a golden sickle, and dropped it into a white cloak, held up to receive it by two other white-robed priests. Two white heifers were sacrificed at the foot of the tree, and, sooth to say, often a fair youth or maiden." The mistletoe thus gathered, was divided and distributed amongst the people, who hung up the sprays at the entrance to their dwellings, to propitiate the woodland sprites.

In London, four centuries ago, the mistletoe and ivy were excluded from the list of Christmas decorations, on account of their association with Bacchus and Druidical superstitions.

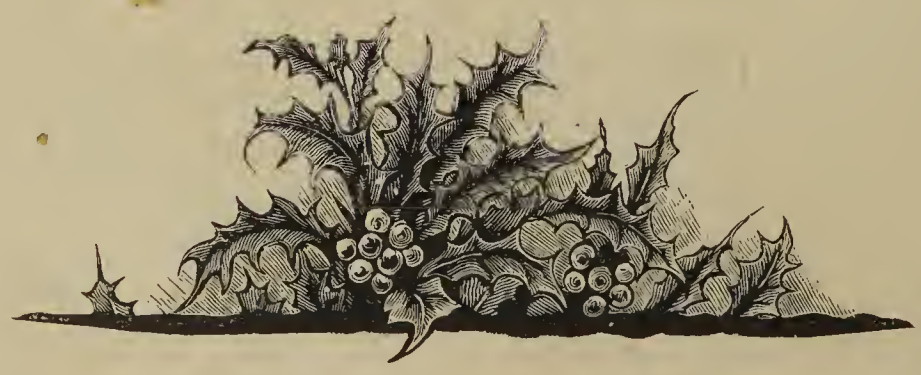
In olden times, mistletoe was believed to be a panacea against every disease, and a remedy for poisons.

The church decorations must be cleared away before Candlemas Day. The same holds good, as a custom, with regard to private dwellings, superstition in both cases rendering it a fatal presage, if any of these sylvan ornaments are retained beyond the period indicated.

"If the Christmas decorations are not carefully cleared out of the church before Candlemas, there will be a death that year in the family occupying the pew where a leaf or berry is left," runs a popular superstition; and so persuaded are credulous old ladies of its truth, that they have been known to send their servants on Candlemas Eve, to make sure that those employed to clean the church had left no fragments behind!

"Down with the rosemary, and so,
Down with the baies and mistletoe;
Down with the holly, ivie, all,
Wherewith ye dressed the Christmas hall;
That so the superstitious find
Not one least branch there left behind;
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see."

—*Herrick.*



With best wishes for a bright and joyous Christmas.

DEC. 31, 1887.

"A.1."

ONE PENNY.

WEEKLY — Edited by MRS. STEPHEN MENZIES.

"Oualaska."

by Gordon Stables R.N.

CHAPTER XII.

PARTLY A RAVEN AND PARTLY A GOOSE.

JACK steered the boat; and really Jack never looked more at home than when steering a boat. Perched on the gunwale, with his feet on the seat, and as far aft as he



"An 'ignorance' he called it. . . . Lives on wegetables. Well, that's consoling."

could get, holding the tiller carelessly in one hand,—that was Jack's free and easy style of steering. Only a sailor could have balanced himself so.

The sharks came lazily after the boat; there might have been three or more,—you could not have told,—but there they were in the wake of the whaler, a fin showing every now and again. Miss Graves glanced somewhat uneasily at this terrible following, and thence at Jack.

"You're quite safe up there, I suppose, Jack Silk?" she said.

Jack laughed and began to whistle. Just like Jack. But Miss Graves' little old maid, Sally herself, must needs put in her little old oar. She lifted hands and eyes skywards first, and screwing her little old mouth, muttered an "Oh!" which was partly a groan and partly an ejaculation.

"Oh, dear sir!" she exclaimed; "do have a care o' your purty self. Supposin' you were a-goin' to tumble in, sir, and them awful sharks to devour you! Oh, it takes my poor old breath away to think on it."

I daresay it never occurred to any one to call Jack Silk "purty" before. He took off his cap and bowed to Sally, and every one was glad of the chance to laugh without seeming rude.

The island they were bound for, was further away than it looked from the quarter-deck of the *Oonalaska*, whence it appeared like a ribbon of green, just where the blue of the sea and the blue of the sky were softened into one. But the men laid well to their oars, and the boat went dancing over the water. Sometimes she seemed to distance even the sharks themselves; but if these ugly gentry disappeared for a minute in one place, they speedily showed at another.

The shore soon hove in view,—a long line of silver sand, with palm-trees nodding over it.

And now the water grew greener; the great medusæ were more numerous, but the sharks kept aloof, for they love the depths of ocean, and dread coming in-shore, unless impelled by hunger.

"Up with her, men! Pull with a will!" cried Jack, and in a minute more she was rasping on the beach. Then two bare-footed sailors jumped merrily overboard, and hauled her high and dry. Jack jumped next, Desmond followed, and both were ready with a shoulder to assist the ladies to alight. Big, brawny Godfrey lifted Sally right out of the boat, and dumped her down on the sand; and Sally blessed "his handsome face" by way of thanks.

Now on board ship the sailor folks, as Miss Graves called them, could do as they pleased; but on shore, on an island, she herself took command.

"Shall we commence exploring, cousin?" said Katie's brother.

"No, indeed," replied Miss Graves, "we'll dine first. I don't believe in explorations conducted fasting."

The party spread themselves along the beach to pick up curios, and marvel at the strange and wonderful shells that lay all about; and, somehow or other, Jack Silk found himself alone with Miss Graves.

"What a booby you are!"

"Thank you, mother; but the booby is a very sensible bird."

"Perhaps; but it doesn't look so, Jack Silk. It looks partly a raven and partly a goose. I know why you have come after me. You want to know how I found out that you love Katie."

"That's it. Because I feel sure enough that Dess would never tell tales out of school."

"No; Jack Desmond is a gentleman, and so are you, only very shy and stupid."

Perhaps at that moment Jack Silk looked more like a booby than ever.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "nobody told you, because I never told anybody, so you must have guessed it. You're very clever, mother."

"No, Jack Silk, I'm only a woman of the world."

"Well," said Jack, "I confess I do care for—but when I come to think of it, I must be a booby—partly a raven and partly a goose."

"Poor boy!" said Miss Graves; "now go and see after the dinner."

"Mother, you have the funniest way of changing a subject ever I heard! Instead of easing off a bit with 'Wo-ho!' and a 'Gently does it,' you let go all standing, and down comes Jack Silk by the run 'kerslap!' from the realms of bliss. Dinner? All right; I'm off."

And off he went. And something else was off too; namely, and to wit, a load off Jack's mind. He had found a friend, he felt sure of that, so he was happier by far than he had been in the morning. There was hope in his heart—hope that brightened his very face, and sparkled clear out through his hazel eyes, as he bustled away to see about the dinner.

"Now, my lads," he cried, cheerily, "bear a hand with the prog. Steward, follow me up here; we'll lay the cloth under the trees. The bank is green and soft, the shade is delightful, and—— Honolulu! the ladies mustn't see that fellow, steward; Miss Kate would be frightened to death."

The "fellow" referred to was certainly one of the most repulsive-looking reptiles imaginable. A monster lizard, at the foot of a tree, fully six feet in length; he was covered with scales from crown to toes, with a back like a saw, a huge pouch beneath his chin, and eyes in his horrid head that looked very cunning and very dreadful.

"That's an iguana, sir," said the steward; "shall I get the gun and shoot him? He's no end o' good eating—tender as a chicken, sir, and with the flavour of a pheasant."

"No," said Jack Silk; "we won't shoot him to-day. I daresay he enjoys life, and this island is big enough for all of us. Here, Boy Bates!"

"Aye, aye, sir; here I is, sir, as large as life, and twice—— O! la! sir, look at this wonderful crockydile. Scuse me, sir, but I want to run away. I feel all over as cold and shivery as two penn'orth o' cow's-heel. Hush! I 'opes he won't come this way."

"Here, now, don't be silly, boy. That's an iguana, and he lives on vegetables. You've got to take a bough and switch him off,—I never saw one so tame before,—and keep him off till we finish dinner."

The steward clapped a branch into one of Boy Bates' hands, and a hunk of pie into the other, started the lizard, and told the lad that he was on sentry till dinner was done.

Boy Bates went slowly away after the ugly reptile, talking to himself.

"Which I begins to wish now I'd never stowed away. There ain't any o' them chaps on Hounslow Heath to frighten a poor chap to death. An 'ignorance' he called it; well, I can't say he's a beauty. He's turning round to look at me. Hush! Lives on wegetables; well, that's consoling. Hush—sh!"

As the iguana went up a tree out of the way, Boy Bates sat down and began to eat.

Godfrey had gone away alone, and returned in time for dinner, laden with rich fruit, and loud in the praises of the romantic beauty of the interior.

It was certainly a pleasant spot for a picnic, and a lovely, though somewhat drowsy day. Jack Silk was brimful of merriment and fun, but he never mentioned the iguana. Desmond and Katie's brother talked enough for four at least. Katie herself was all smiles; her cousin looked happy, apparently because everybody else was happy; and even Sally, who had been honoured with a seat close beside her mistress, with a huge pie in her lap, was the picture of content. The best of it all was that every one was hungry. The sailors were not forgotten, and squatted on the sward, near enough to hear all the talk, and enjoy all the fun.

The steward, at Jack Silk's request, took a huge branch of ripe bananas away to the sentry, and the sentry immediately registered a vow that he would eat them all before he stirred.

"There's only 'arf a dozen more," he said to himself, after eating eighteen, more or less. "Only 'arf a dozen; I could do that little lot standing on me 'ead. But, oh my! wot a lot o' money they'd cost to buy 'em in Whitechapel! I dessay now——"

Boy Bates never finished the sentence; the heat of the day and those eighteen bananas were too much for him; his eyes closed, and he began to snore.

Then something very wonderful happened. First a kind of whistle was heard amongst some branches overhead, and immediately after, down dropped a huge iguana, then another, and then a third, and the three of them made straight for Boy Bates's bananas; and it is only a wonder that the noise they made, as they snapped their shelly jaws together, did not wake that intelligent youth. The whistle must have been a signal of some kind, for the reptiles came rustling through the withered leaves and tall grass in dozens, passed over the sleeping sentry, as unconcernedly as if he had been an old tree stump, and made directly for the picnic party, intent on fruit.

Jack Silk had just volunteered a song—he only knew one—when the head of the horrible regiment hove in sight.

Old Sally shrieked; the men sprang to their feet; the ladies ran screaming towards the beach; birds and monkeys joined the chorus; such a commotion was surely never before witnessed on an unknown island, since the days of Robinson Crusoe. Meanwhile, frightened, perhaps, by the excitement they had caused, the innocent iguanas disappeared as swiftly and silently as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up.

But it took Jack Silk and the steward fully half an hour to calm the ladies' minds, and restore the *status quo ante*.

There really is a deal of sense in that proverb about the "ill wind." If any one had told Jack Silk, when he turned out of his hammock that morning, that to so hideous a reptile as an iguana he would be beholden for one of the happiest days in his life, Jack would have laughed the speaker to scorn.

But so it was; for when Miss Graves proposed an expedition to explore the interior, Katie Graves refused to leave the beach. It might be the *status quo ante* with the rest—and they might go—it wasn't the *status quo ante* with her, and she wouldn't budge.

"Well," cried Jack, "I'll stop with you, Miss Katie, if you'll let me."

Katie turned her bonnie face, all smiles, towards Jack.

"I'd rather you than any one," she said, "because you're so brave."

Jack Silk told Dess afterwards, that at this moment he was so taken aback, that you could have knocked him down with a sledge-hammer. When everybody was gone, Jack cleared his throat to speak.

"Miss Katie, ahem! Miss Katie, I——"

"Yes, Mr. Silk."

"I—I—I was going to say—to say something, but you've driven it all out of my head."

"I, Mr. Silk? I am truly sorry."

"You! No, no; not you. Of course, not you,—I mean—I mean the iguanas."

Katie looked fearfully round, and crept so close to Jack, that his big lump of a heart began to flutter.

"What should or *could* we do, if they all came back, Mr. Silk?"

"Get into the boat, I suppose."

"Can't we—can't we go there now?"

"Happy thought!" said Jack Silk. Next minute he had lifted Katie on board. How light she felt in his big arms! Then he shoved the boat off, and sprang in as soon as she floated.

After this, what more natural than that he should seize the oars, and begin rowing slowly round the island?

"Oh, Mr. Silk, this is so truly delightful! I feel like one in a dream, a beautiful dream!"

"So do I," said Jack; and he never spoke truer words.

They passed over a sub-marine garden before long, and he drew in the oars, to let Katie gaze and admire.

And oh! the world of beauty and grotesqueness that lay down beneath the crystal sea; the coral rockeries studded over with living flowers of every tint and hue,—sea chrysanthemums Katie called them; the sea-weeds themselves waving their curling fingers to the flow of the tide, olive green, black, pink, or pearl grey; the great medusæ with limbs gemmed with blue and crimson; the strange, uncouth-like fishes, some black as midnight, with weird, fierce, yellow eyes, others painted in all the colours of the rainbow; the patches of white sand amongst the weeds, like clearings in a primrose forest, on which crept, or crawled, or wriggled, or stalked, or walked, creatures so sad, and at times so uncouth and ogre-like, that Katie grew half afraid. Fairy tales, and stories of naiads and mermaids, and what not, began to run in her mind, till she almost believed herself gazing on some scene of enchantment,—those awful-looking, warty crabs being but knights in disguise, and the fairy, floating fishes, maidens in distress. She pressed her hand wearily over her eyes at last, like a child half tired of the glories of a pantomime.

Jack resumed the oars.

"Sing," said Katie.

Jack did. He sang his only song. It was all about stormy winds that blow—i—o! and sails in sight—i—o! but it had the real sea ring about it. Jack Silk had a fine, manly voice of his own, while the rattle of rowlocks and dip of the oars formed an appropriate accompaniment.

"Hullo!" said Jack, when he had finished his song for the second time, for Katie had duly *encored* it. "Hullo! Where are we now?"

The question was a very natural one, under the circumstances, for gone was the silvery beach, with its fringe of waving green; gone was the emerald shoal water; the sub-marine gardens were gone, and only deep, dark water was all around them. They were not far from the shore, however, but its aspect was entirely changed; instead of coral sands, here were coal-black rocks, overhung by rolling clouds of foliage, and away behind were hills, tree-clad to their very summits, though by no means high.

This island, then, was not polypiferous, not entirely coral-built, like most of the Pacific islands. At some remote period, it had very likely been part and parcel of the mainland. Hence its unusual *flora* and *fauna*.

Jack headed away for an opening he saw in the cliffs, and found, not to his surprise, but to Katie's delight, that it led to a lovely little inland sea; and it would be difficult, indeed, to imagine a more charming scene than that presented to their view. It was wholly tropical in character; rocks and cliffs and hills all were covered with trees, all with climbing plants, all with flowers of every hue,—whites, and crimsons, and purples predominating.

Jack Silk was not usually of a very romantic turn of mind; but even he felt the enchanter's spell now, and when they landed at last on a tiny sandy beach, and stood listening to the low, melodious song of birds, mingling with the sound of falling waters, and the whisper of wind-stirred leaves and flowers,—for the south breeze that had commenced to blow gave life and motion to everything,—it seemed nothing more than natural for Jack to say emphatically,—

"I'd like to live here all my life, I would!"

They wandered up the glen, still side-by-side, up and away by the banks of a stream, past the little waterfall, the spray from which, in a rainbow-tinted cloud, rose high above the trees; up and away, till they found themselves in a green place, with glimpses of the blue sea appearing between the flower-clothed branches. It was here, in this very spot, that Jack had an inspiration; that is what he called it, at all events, when afterwards talking to his friend Desmond.

"Miss Kate," he said, almost abruptly, "the view all around us reminds me of a scene in a book I once read."

"It is surely more lovely by far, Mr. Silk, than any scene that could be described."

"Aye, that it is, of course, but still it is similar; and there was a brigand chief in the story, and a beautiful young princess, as if it might be you, Miss Katie, and he was telling her what novelists call the old, old story."

"And what did he say, Mr. Silk? Can you remember that?"

Jack's chance had come.

Usually this young sailor was slow of speech. But it was not so now. Love lent him energy; love lent him wings, on which to soar to realms of eloquence itself; and in earnest, low, impassioned tones, with speaking eye and gesture, he told the story—the story which, though old as paradise, is ever new.

Katie listened in silence, but with slightly heightened colour, till Jack had finished.

"And was that the story of the brigand's love?" she said. "How beautiful! and how well you tell it, Mr. Silk! I believe you are an actor born, and if you were to exchange the quarter deck for the stage, you might make your fortune. Shall we go now? See how low the sun is getting."

Poor Jack Silk! He came tumbling down from his seventh heaven, and did not make a very graceful fall either.

They went silently back to the boat, and Jack rowed all but silently round the island to the coral beach, where they found the rest of the picnic party waiting their arrival with some impatience, and a considerable deal of anxiety.

Before embarking, Miss Graves found time to say just one word to Jack.

The word was—"Well?"

"You're right enough, mother," was Jack Silk's reply. "I *am* a booby,—partly a raven and partly a goose."

The *Oonalaska* had cast anchor in shoal water, fully three miles from this strange and romantic island, so the boat had a long way to pull. Jack sat himself up on the gunwale, as was his wont, and whistled. Both his hands were deep in the pockets of his blue jacket, and he just touched the tiller now and then with his knee. Jack Silk was thinking.

Miss Graves sat the port-side, facing Jack, and looking at him with a half-amused smile on her face. She, too, was thinking.

Next to Miss Graves sat Katie; her face was turned back and away to the island, already getting smaller and beautifully less on the horizon. Was she also deep in thought? And were they pleased thoughts? I cannot tell; but she looked very innocent and very interesting, with that semi-sad, far-away look in her eyes.

Miss Graves glanced from Jack to the girl by her side; then, as if impelled by instinct, for there seemed nothing else to account for the act by any process of psychological reasoning, she placed her hand on that of Katie Graves, and gently patted it. Did soul speak to soul in that magnetic touch? Again, I cannot answer; but there was something so winning, so motherly, so soothing in it, to poor Katie's nerves, that she drew closer to her cousin's side, and her head drooped languidly on her shoulder.

How very calm the sea was! How very clear the sky! Now and then a nautilus—brightest gem of the ocean—went floating by, in its fair, fragile, azure shell; now and then the pinions of a sea-bird glinted white against the sky's sweet blue; but sound there was none, except the steady monotonous click of the oars, as the men bent to their work and the boat went bounding on.

Katie opened her eyes several times very widely indeed, for something seemed to weigh them down, and that something succeeded at last—for Katie slept.

Slept and dreamt. She was in that boat no longer, but back once more on the green island. But what a change appeared to take place as she glanced around! The glen became a gloomy, beast-haunted cañon; the murmuring streamlet with its cascade, that but a short time ago sung so softly in the summer air, was changed to a roaring, foaming torrent; the trees were all leafless and bare, and spread their skeleton fingers against a sky of dark and threatening clouds. Even as she gazed, a storm came howling from the hills, bearing on its wings dry, powdery, suffocating snow, that filled the air around her, as if a thousand whirlwinds were fighting for the mastery.

It was an ugly dream while it lasted, but a well-known voice dispelled it.

It was Jack Silk's, speaking to the men:

"In bow—weigh enough—oars."

And here they were, alongside the *Oonalaska*, and next minute on her quarter-deck.

Katie still felt cold. She hoped she had not screamed in her "silly sleep."

"Haul aft the jib sheet."

How home-like everything looked on board! How rosy the captain's face! How pleasant his smile as he met them.

"Now then, ladies," he cried, as he rubbed his hands together, "yonder comes the breeze. You've brought it with you. We'll pray now for a clear sea, and a fair wind to 'Frisco."

(*To be continued.*)

WORDSWORTH'S TREASURE-HOUSE OF MEMORY.

By J. H. Rose, M.A.

Part IV.

THE memory of past scenes, and its influence on our lives, has been treated more fully by Wordsworth than by any other great poet.

As a first easy instance, see the end of "Yarrow Visited" (Scottish tour, 1814).

> "I know, where'er I go,
> Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
> Will dwell with me—to heighten joy
> And cheer my mind in sorrow."

Wordsworth's life must indeed have been filled with truly bovine contentment, by this wholesome habit of chewing the cud of his old delights in beauteous scenes. Amongst many other instances, see No. xii. of the first "Poems of the Imagination," which begins :—

> "I wandered lonely as a cloud
> That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
> When all at once I saw a crowd,
> A host, of golden daffodils;
> Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
> Fluttering and dancing in the breeze."

The whole piece is one of the most beautiful little poems in our language; for notice the stately flow of the first two lines, in the first verse quoted above, and contrast that with the eager run of the next lines, and the rollicking dance of the last line. The poet's loneliness is gone at once; for he feels that daffodils, out-doing the sparkling waves in glee, are living companions, meant by Nature to cheer him; but the joy is not to be momentary, for the fourth verse gives us a lesson of solid and abiding value. It raises the poem above the level of mere beautiful description, to the height of imagination, for it shows us at once what a treasure-house of wealth we might all carry with us. Mrs. Wordsworth suggested the lines :

> "They flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude,"

and we should all be thankful to her, not only for the beauty of the thought, but for the new source of peace and strength opened to us in times of care and difficulty, if we cherish the habit of living over again our past delight in the scenes of Nature.

In the last Paper, I quoted some passages to show the silent influence of Nature on the countenance and mind. After again noticing them, turn to "Poems of the Imagination," No. xxvi. ("Tintern Abbey"), which can be quarried into by lovers of Wordsworth, ever with fresh discoveries of new veins of truth.

It is a description of a second visit to the valley of the Wye, after an absence of five years, during which he has passed from heedless youth to thoughtful maturity. A brief analysis will perhaps aid some readers to a fuller understanding of his train of thought :—

Lines 1–22. A minute but artistic description of the scene, with loving re-greeting.

Lines 22–35. Its power in his memory to restore and beautify life,

Lines 35–49, and to give his mind a clear vision of truth.

Lines 50–57. Tribute of thanks to the Wye.

Lines 58–65. Memory is renewed, and lays up a fresh store for future years.

Lines 66–93. His boyish delight in Nature has now grown into a mature joy in her, as man's teacher,

Lines 93–110, and as being everywhere pervaded by God's presence, which thus may stimulate all our senses and thoughts.

Lines 111–end. The inspiration of his sister's sympathetic presence, and prayers that her life may ever be beautified and enriched by Nature's influence.

The most practical lesson in this poem, is in the lines 32–35, and 137–141, where the poet shows us the power for good, which a memory well stocked with beauteous scenes may have.

> "On that best portion of a good man's life,
> His little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love."

This result of memory is of higher importance than the instance previously quoted from the "Daffodils," because this has reference to—

> "The still, sad music of humanity,

which ought constantly to be in the minds of all earnest men, whether they are poets or not. In the Eighth book of the "Prelude," the poet describes his love of Nature leading up to love of Man; and so it should be with all studies and enthusiasms which are not vain. So, when the poet prays at line 139 of "Tintern Abbey," for his sister :—

> "Thy mind
> Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
> Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
> For all sweet sounds and harmonies;"

remember that this is not a prayer that her mind may be well stocked for her own culture and joy, but with a view to her usefulness to the whole human family.

There is a little poem which well describes the influence of remembered feelings and joys on the character, and it also shows how very ordinary sights may lead up to noble thoughts and aspirations. It stands first in "Poems referring to the period of Childhood."

> "My heart leaps up when I behold
> A rainbow in the sky:
> So was it when my life began:
> So is it now I am a man:
> So be it when I shall grow old,
> Or let me die!
> The child is father of the man:
> And I could wish my days to be
> Bound each to each by natural piety."

Here the sight of a rainbow carries the poet back to the same sight, seen with the same rapture in childhood, and he hopes he may not outlive this feeling of exultant greeting, so he thinks of the healthy continuity of feelings and pleasures all through his days. This leads him on to the impressive line :

> "The child is father of the man."

And yet again this thought, that our childhood influences our riper years, slowly filtering through our life day by day, inspires him with the ennobling wish that each day's connecting link may be "natural piety."

Now what started this train of thought? The sight of a rainbow! And yet this not uncommon sight led the poet on, without straining any link, to the ennobling thought at the conclusion. This thought, indeed, is one of the central truths of Wordsworth's poetry; he has shown that he regards it so, by placing it as the text on which is reared his ode: "Intimations of Immortality from recollections of early childhood."

I will close by referring you to one of the finest of Nature's teachings, which the poet's reflection afterwards gleaned from a midnight ascent of Snowdon. It is at the beginning of the last Book of the "Prelude." With a guide and a travelling companion, he climbed up, for an hour or more, in a thick, dripping fog; but at last the ground seemed to brighten more and more,—

> "And lo! as I looked up
> The moon hung naked in a firmament
> Of azure without cloud, and at my feet
> Rested a silent sea of hoary mist.
> A hundred hills their dusky backs upheaved
> All over this still ocean; and beyond
> Far, far beyond, the solid vapours stretched
> In headlands, tongues, and promontory shapes
> Into the main Atlantic;"

and yet through the fog rose the sound of torrents roaring at Snowdon's foot. It is a grand scene grandly described; but what marks Wordsworth off from many other poets, who have given us fine descriptions of scenery is this: Wordsworth views it as a starting-point for ennobling thoughts on human life.

When he had reflected on this glorious vision of the night, it appeared to him like a majestic intellect; and he makes a comparison of the world of sense with the world of thought, which has, perhaps, never been surpassed in our poetic literature. It is difficult to grasp all the details, but the main thought is this :—

Just as Snowdon and his brother mountains raise their heads above the mists of earth into heaven's clear light, and yet brood over the noise of the waters at their base—so, the majestic intellects of great men rise above the tumults and confusions of earth; and yet they intently listen to them, though they themselves are attuned to celestial harmonies—

> "Like angels stopped upon the wing by sound
> Of harmony from Heaven's remotest sphere."

THE WATERSHED OF 1887-8.

By EDWARD BUTLER.



"THE thought of our past years," says Wordsworth, "doth breed in me perpetual benedictions." Ah! But I presume they must be some time "past" before this grateful glow of memory is generated!

A year that is only just gone by, has not had time to gather the rich colouring and soft cushioning of lichen and moss. It is raw. Its agitations are not sunk to rest. Its combatants still have hand on sword-hilt. The purple haze of distance has not slid between us and its troubles. And yet we cannot avoid the retrospect.

The week that begins with Christmas and ends with New Year's Day, is a time consecrated to merriment. Is not Father Christmas amongst us? Are there not processions of boiled turkeys and roast geese, puddings and mincepies? Is there not mirth and music? And yet—— My instinct leads me to think, first, of the young hearts that are also heavy hearts; of tears that gather slowly in dulled eyes, that, by right of years, ought to be sparkling bright. The pealing bells will waken many sad memories, and emphasise the desolation of many a vacant chair. Voices for ever silenced will be heard in the solemn clangours, and pictures of vanished joy will rise before the inward eye. But in this season of the year, the great Healer of all sorrows seems especially present. However dim and solitary our way, even though loss and pain seem to have made the world a wilderness for us, all the symbolism of the time cries to us in resonant, cheerful tones:—

"Make straight in the desert a highway for our God."

He whose breath is love, whose eyes are lamps of hope, and whose strong right hand is omnipotent help, is no buried hero of eighteen centuries ago, but the strong Redeemer of to-day. The light from His face makes rainbows on all our clouds. Taking His proffered hand, we "forget the things that are behind, and press forward." The dawn is before us. Our fears of the future are scattered. The snow-clad mountains and the hills "break forth before us into singing," and even the leafless "trees of the field clap their hands." "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." It is a kindly voice that urges us.

Sometimes we bemoan the unresting hurry and scud of the years; but should we choose stagnation? Whatever may be our views of evolution, as that word is understood in the battles of the scientists, we know that we are each one the subject of personal evolution; and that, if we eagerly submit to the noble spiritual influences which crave leave to do their glorious work upon our souls, we are being educated and fashioned for some superb blossoming in the skies. The years follow one another faster and faster, with seemingly accelerated speed; but shall they make us melancholy? God forbid! The symbol of a Christian life on earth is the ascending spiral. Every coil is traversed more quickly than the one below, but every coil rises nearer heaven. Forward, then! with song, and not with sigh. The voice which gives spring to our onward step, falls not from the merciless lips of old Time, with scythe and hour-glass; it falls gently from the throne and mercy-seat, through the gold-flooded azure above us, and bids us go, not forward only, but upwards; out of the morass, on to the firm ascending highway; out of the fog, into the purer air and sunlight of the mountain slope.

To "take no anxious thought for the morrow" is a precept we are apt to break, to our exceeding disadvantage, as we stand on the ridge of time, between two years, and scrutinize the obscure windings of the pathway before us. Are they sounds of music or weeping that we hear? Is it purifying but keen fire, or gentle sunlight, that casts that glow upon the road ahead? There is no voice in answer to our questionings, but the Hand that leads us tightens its grasp on ours, and there is a reassuring smile on the face of our Guide.

He "knoweth the way we take." As each step is taken, the next is clear; and, now and again, over the billowy mists, shines on the far horizon, the mount of God, and the city that "hath no need of the sun."

Some day, in some year,—and it may be this,—shall plant our feet on those eternal hills, where earth's shadowy terrors flee before the face of the all-conquering day.

> "So be it; there no shade can last
> In that deep dawn behind the tomb;
> But clear, from marge to marge, shall bloom
> The eternal landscape of the past."

The advent of 1887 was ushered in with the usual joyful clang of bells; and men greeted one another with the customary salutation, "A Happy New Year." The illustrated journals "welcomed the little stranger," and impersonated 1887 in forms of infant innocence and grace. And the world wondered, with a sigh, if 1887 were "the good time coming," and prayed concerning the disappointing and discarded 1886,—

> "Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
> The flying cloud, the frosty light,
> The year is dying in the night;
> Ring out, wild bells, and *let* him die!"

But to how many the infant year was a bloody Nero, a tiger-kitten! Is it not pathetic, the way in which we fondle each new year as it comes, thinking, "This, ah, surely this, at last, shall bring us the joy we long for!" When will men learn that every new year shall, or shall not, exult and triumph with new and permanent joy, according as we do, or do not, graft upon its wild briar stem, new rose shoots from Eden? It lies with our free will to determine whether the new year shall be a weary round, a monotonous repetition of days, blighted with failures and feeble acts of repentance, or a growth in grace and glory—an arena possibly of perpetual struggle, but of exhilarating spiritual success, and joyous progress.

What shall 1888 do for us? and what, by our hands, shall it do for the world? We desire for ourselves and for the world, true progress; and the conviction is strong within us that the world is making progress. Amidst all the turmoil, the eddying, retreating, and again rebounding currents, and the occasional apparent triumphs of reaction, we seem to hear the measured tread of the Divine purposes, unhasting but unresting, ever moving onward in our front. How shall we keep time with those great footsteps? How shall we lead the stream of our poor deeds into that deep-rolling current of Divine intent, so that their "mortality may be swallowed up of life"? The answer lies in a word: in our social, political, private and public life, with the nation as with the individual, the secret is—"Christ in us."

If in any realm of our life there be activity without results, commotion without progress, it is the heavenly wisdom that is a-wanting—the wisdom that is not a quality but a person—"Christ, the wisdom of God, and the power of God."

In our Parliament, our Municipal Councils, our innumerable Boards and Departments, how would our advance towards the goal of justice, freedom, and happiness be accelerated by the welcomed and recognised presence of the Master? The miserable blunder of cutting our life in halves, and confining the Son of God and Son of Man to one half, leaving the other to be ruled by our own maxims, must be shaken off like an asp into the fire.

We raise our ecclesiastical edifices; we sing our *Te Deum;* we intone our prayers that His kingdom may come, and His will be done on earth as it is in heaven; we hold our solemn functions, and are exacting in our ritual; but, as a nation, we still fall terribly short of that unquestioning deference to the Divine Will, which alone can make us worthy to be called a Christian nation, or can stud the new year's sky with stars of promise.

There is one infallible guide of men, which perfectly unites Conservatism and Liberalism; a guide, which, if implicitly followed, will secure the unity of the Empire, the freedom of the subject, reverence for law and self-government; a leader in peaceful revolution, but the uncompromising foe of tyranny, whether of emperor, priest, or mob. It is radical in its uprooting of evil, and constitutional in its demand of instant obedience to the highest law. It is cordially hated by all pretenders, hypocrites, and quacks. It breaks loose indignantly from the bridle and harness of those who would set it to drag the car of any one sect, or community, or scheme of dogmas, or hierarchy, or class. It makes free, and it insists on freedom. It is the charter of true democracy, and gives the patent of true nobility. It glows with the enthusiasm of humanity. Slavery withered under its steady gaze. The sacred claims of the poor, the widow, the fatherless, and "him that hath no helper," it maintains with an authority which all but fools must tremble to gainsay. Hospitals and orphanages, and all manner of institutions designed for the mitigation of human woe, rise at the waving of its wand. Its index-finger is pointed now, with menacing emphasis, to our legislation in Greater Britain for licensed sin, to our haunts of immorality at home, to our opium traffic, to all our national sins and failings. If, through the coming year, we take it for our guide, we may fearlessly scale the slopes of 1888, descend its valleys, skirt its precipices, ford its rivers. The seal of God is on the brow of this guide: it is THE BIBLE.

Brothers and sisters! let us clasp hands with this guide, the sole vicegerent of the Most High, in our confused and darkened, but redeemed world. Let us go forward hand in hand with the Bible, and then, as God lives, we are sure of

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

PHOTOGRAPHY:

SIMPLIFIED LESSONS FOR AMATEURS.

By A. H. Wall.

PART IV.—EXPOSING, DEVELOPING, FIXING, AND PRINTING.

EXPOSING.—Over or under exposure is dangerous. If over-exposed, the plate, in the process of development, rapidly blackens over, and the picture is more or less, or entirely, obliterated by the very agent of its production. If unexposed, the development proceeds very slowly, and is imperfect in a degree proportioned to the extent of under-exposure. Properly exposed plates develop neither rapidly nor slowly, but gradually; and when held up, after development, between the eyes and the light, show numerous degrees of transparency and opacity, ranging from bare glass, which prints black, to touches opaque enough, when printed upon, to leave the sensitized paper beneath them, white, or in other words unacted upon. A print from an under-exposed negative would be nearly all black; one from an over-exposed one would be nearly all white. Where the glass is opaque, the action of light is strongest; where the light has been weakest, its chemical action is least powerful. Too much opacity or transparency in a negative, means the absence of those proper gradations of light and shade, which give form and detail, with depth and transparency in the shadows, and to the planes of distance, and objects near and distant, their proper proportions of relief or aërial perspective.

Water, reflecting the light and colour of the sky, is also a difficulty, especially if associated with objects in shadow, which have non-actinic colours, such as act slowly on the chemical surface of the plate. Trees in shadow, especially if their greens are yellowish, or brownish, or have assumed their autumnal tones of red, brown, and yellow, require long exposure, particularly when there is no great body of blue air between them and the lens; in other words, when they come into the foreground.

As to the time of exposure, experience only can be your best guide. One lens is quicker than another. The dry plates you purchase ready prepared for use, vary in their degrees of sensitiveness to chemical action, either professedly, or because of their being prepared by different makers. The lenses vary in their degrees of slow or rapid action, and the above considerations, with those I have previously mentioned (optical and chemical), all step in to modify exposures. A view embracing only bright water and sky, cannot be too quickly exposed, even with a slow lens and the least sensitive plates. Grass, foliage, etc., in sunshine, require about half a second's exposure. A view chiefly composed of foreground trees, may require from one to three seconds; and the gloom of a thicket may necessitate an exposure of from a minute to four or five, and sometimes ten minutes. Interiors of caves, rooms, or churches, or other such subjects, will also require these greatly lengthened exposures. The beginner will find it an excellent plan not to defer the development of his plates until he reaches home. When you are sufficiently experienced, errors in the way of selection and exposure will become few and far between. In the days of learning, they are sure to be somewhat numerous. The plate, when exposed, takes the place of the focussing screen in the camera, and must be in *precisely* and *exactly* the same plane. In drawing up its shutter, allow any motion you may have caused, to subside before you uncover the lens. Cap your lens before you close the shutter of your slide, and cover it with the focussing cloth in removing it. Of course an exposed plate must see no light but that of "the dark room," which is artificial, and of a non-actinic colour. Any room will serve, providing you can exclude daylight from it. If it has not a sink with water laid on, a pail of water and a deal table must take their place. The light is that of the Developing Lamp you have, I presume, purchased with the rest of your apparatus. The plate must be carefully removed from the slide. It is still, apparently, what it was when first manufactured, but the latest picture is there all ready for the next chemical process, which is that of—

Developing, or making it visible and printable. In other words, we continue without light, the chemical action already commenced by light. Great knowledge and manipulatory skill are now required, and it is in the development that you will assuredly make your most frequent failures. The danger is proportioned to the power you exercise, and there is a great deal of it within your reach. In developing, a plate, considerably under or over-exposed, may often be made fairly presentable; parts which are over-exposed, and parts which are under-exposed, on the same plate, may be cleverly "dodged" by development. You may, by clever manipulation, stop the developing action here, while continuing it there, and so bring into more harmonious relationship, land and water, sky and distance, light and shadow. A mass of foreground foliage in shadow, which would otherwise come out black, opaque, and heavy, with no suggestion of light and air in its depths, or of its leaves quivering and its branches swaying in the breeze, may in this way be made more truthfully and beautifully representative and suggestive. For this reason, I would advise all beginners, before they attempt to develop their own negatives, to have the first dozen or so developed for them. Most professional photographers will do this, and return the negative with a print revealing your shortcomings or your triumphs; and will, moreover, explain the why and wherefore of either the one or the other, for a trifling consideration in the way of payment. You may glean, in this way, far more than you could acquire by any other method in the same time.

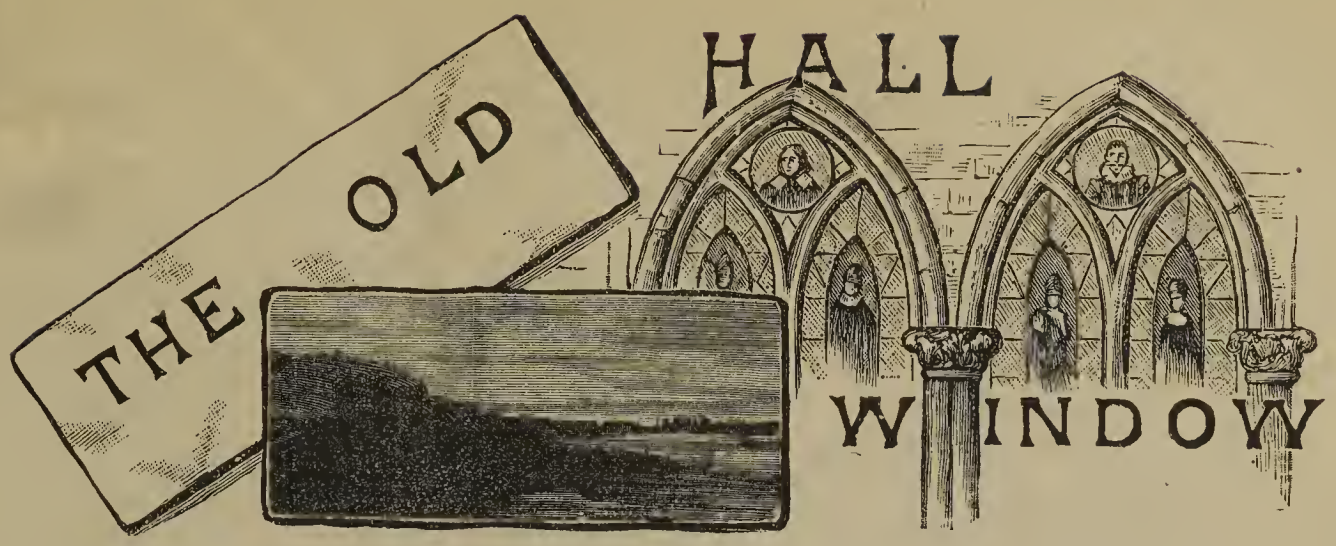
To resume. The plate being removed from the slide, is now ready for the solutions which are poured into two of the little porcelain dishes belonging to your set of appliances. One of these solutions is made with powdered alum in water. It is what chemists call a saturated solution, that is to say, it contains as much alum as the water can absorb. The other is a solution of hypo-sulphite of soda (five ounces in a pint of water), kept ready for use in a stone jar or bottle, and in a dry place. The hypo. (as it is called) is bought in white, transparent crystals; and as it varies greatly in quality, and should be the best, it is well to purchase it only of some very respectable and reliable chemist.

We next take eight drachms of bromide of potassium, which is a mixture of bromine and caustic potash, from which the oxygen has been removed, and one and a half ounces of liquor ammonia, which is a powerful alkali, and mix them in six and a half ounces of water. Bottle in what chemists call a sixteen-ounce bottle, and fill it with water. Then mix, and treat in the same way, in eight ounces of water, two drachms of citric acid (the acid obtained from certain fruits in a prepared condition), and one ounce of pyro-gallic acid (a powerful deoxidiser). Bottle as before.

From each of these bottles, pour into your measuring-glass (which has a graduated scale duly numbered) one ounce of mixture.

Place your negative in the third of your porcelain or ebonite dishes, with the film uppermost, and pour the mixed solutions rapidly, and with a sweeping motion of the hand, over the plate. When covered, keep the fluid in action, flowing to and fro, smoothly and evenly over the plate, so that no part is uncovered. In the way already explained, you will now perceive whether the plate has been exposed properly. In about eight or nine or more seconds, you should see parts gradually becoming more or less transparent, and others appearing more or less opaque, and, in about four minutes, the development will be complete. The next process is that of removing the plate from its bath, draining, and washing it for some two or three minutes with the water. Now have ready, in another tray or dish, the alum solution; and after a minute or so, remove, drain, wash as before, and place it into the other dish with the hypo. or fixing solution, which acts by removing the semi-opaque whiteness, and leaves the darks transparent. By the bye, this hypo. solution must be kept very carefully from your fingers, and from everything else, or it may prove a source of great chemical mischief. After it has been about nine or ten minutes in this solution, remove and wash it *very thoroughly*, and put it on the rack to get perfectly dry, after which, varnishing completes your negative.

For printing purposes you will have received, in the first place, a glazed wooden frame to hold the negative when exposed to light, with the prepared sensitized paper behind it. It has appliances for keeping paper and glass in close contact; but a little blotting-paper folded and placed over the paper, when it is laid upon the negative, will increase the flattening pressure. The back of this frame opens, so that a hurried glance tells when the printing is dark. A good toning bath may be made by adding one drachm of acetate of soda, and two drachms of chloride of gold, (purchased in tubes of glass) to sixteen ounces of water, to be used not less than twenty-four hours after mixing. The prints taken from the printing-frame are well washed, first in one dish and then in another, until the water ceases to appear milky, and are then placed in a third, perfectly clean dish, with the toning solution. When they assume the right colour and intensity, they are again thoroughly washed, and then receive their bath of hypo-sulphite of soda, to render them permanent. In this bath the print, or prints, remain about twelve minutes, after which a long and thorough washing in repeatedly changed water completes your work; the print is then dried, cut to shape, duly mounted, and, if agreeable, framed and hung up as a specimen.



A THRILLING NEW YEAR'S STORY.

NEW YEAR'S EVE! and a cold and stormy one, even for the wild Cornish coast where Treherne Manor stood, looking bravely down on the huge waves, tossing and thundering on the beach below. The keen north wind swept whistling through the low fir plantation, on the edge of the cliff, until it burst with gathered fury upon the house, whose thick stone walls had mocked at wind and storm for more than a hundred Winters. The estate had belonged to the same family for several centuries, and more than once had this old home, so dear to its owners, been rebuilt, almost from the foundations, on the selfsame spot.

Just now, it wore a specially hospitable look on its grey old face; for, from each wide, low window shone cheery lights, so suggestive of inside warmth and comfort, as to quicken the footsteps of a boy, who, with fur cap pulled over his ears, and hands plunged in his pockets, was making his homeward way over the crisp snow to the Manor House; and yet, in spite of the inviting glow within, and the bitter frost without, for fully five minutes did he stand, gazing earnestly first upon the smooth sheet of snow beneath the old west window, and then at the building itself; and not until the great bell sounded, did he wake from his reverie with a start, and hasten along the path.

Certainly most people, even on such a night as this, would have bestowed at least a passing glance on the grand old stained-glass window, lighted up from within; while the soft mingling of rich colours on the pure carpet of snow without, had a strange, unusual beauty, that might well make one pause, and almost forget the biting wind and frosty air.

But it was not the mere beauty of the scene that had thus held the boy entranced. A feeling deeper than mere admiration had suddenly been awakened; it almost seemed to Noel as if those knights in armour, looking down from the coloured window, were speaking a message to him; and though not very clear, and scarcely even shaped into words, it somehow ran like this:

"Boy! Life may be noble and grand, but only when lived to others; and Death, though terrible, is fair, if bravely met for the sake of fellow-men. Shun sloth and selfishness, if you would be worthy of your name and race."

Though all unspoken, and partly the work of fancy, yet this came indeed as a message to Noel—a message from a long line of noble ancestors; for each painted figure in that window had earned his shrine by falling on the battlefield, when fighting bravely against some form of wrong and oppression. And this it was that made young Noel's heart swell with a vague, undefined longing, and caused the half-formed wish to rise, that he had lived in those old times, before such knightly deeds had become mere legends of the past.

But now the great bell had ceased its clanging, and Noel soon found himself in the dining-hall. Every face brightened as the boy joined the circle standing round the fire, full of eager excuses for being so late.

"Indeed, Muriel, you will forgive me, when you know the reason," said he, turning to his brother's young wife, who now seated herself at the head of the long table. "That unlucky little fellow, Robbie Garth, came down this afternoon, to watch the skating, tumbled over on the ice, and broke his ankle, so he said, though it is only a sprain, I fancy. Anyhow, he could not walk, so I had to carry him back to his mother's cottage; for he set up a perfect roar when he thought he would be left sitting on the bank all night, and miss the New Year's dinner to-morrow."

"Terrible prospect for a small boy!" said his brother Arthur, the young squire of Treherne Manor; while Muriel added that Robbie would have missed more than the good dinner to-morrow, for his father was expected back from a long voyage. The 'Stormy Petrel,'" she added, "is to sail past here to-night, on her way to Trelogan Harbour, and I hear that there are at least a dozen Treherne men on board, Robbie's father amongst them."

It was a small but very merry party that sat down to dinner in the old hall, where the firelight danced on the quaint oak panels, and lighted up the ivy and mistletoe boughs. Noel's elder brother, Arthur, and his young wife, with her father and her little sister, Amy Leicester, made up the number. At last Noel slipped away, and returning with a warm wrap, placed it over Amy's shoulders, begging her to come outside just for a moment, to look at something well worth seeing.

On reaching the west wing of the house, Amy's exclamation of delight at the sight before her quite satisfied Noel, and they stood a while in silent admiration of the almost weird beauty of the scene. Strange, rich colours were thrown from the old hall window upon the smooth snow,—brilliant and distinct, close at hand, but growing fainter and fainter as they lengthened away into the distance, till at the far end of the lawn, they softly tinged with fairy tints the drooping pine-trees, bowed down with their weight of snow.

As they turned to go into the house, Amy, giving a parting glance at the coloured window, asked: "Whose are those six figures, and why is one space left empty?"

"Have you never heard our family legend?" asked Noel, laughing. "Come in, and you shall be enlightened this very evening." So saying, he led the way to the library, and, pulling two arm-chairs close to the fire, he displayed to Amy's wondering eyes a huge old, vellum-bound book, with brazen clasps. Then, partly reading from that, and partly in his own words, he told her how in the days of good King Alfred, a certain Sir Gareth Pentreith, in a time of much trouble and famine, had opened his house to the aged and poor, and from his store, had given food to the hungry little ones, and to the fierce, half-barbarous fisher-folk, for many miles around. At last, when he had exhausted both stores and money by his open-handed generosity, on a cruel, rigorous Christmas Eve, his first child, a little son, was born. Then Sir Gareth could find nothing but coarse, hard food for the Ladye Amyce, his wife, and his grief was great, till, as he sat sorrowfully watching by the embers, he fell asleep, and in his dream it seemed to him that the Christ-Child appeared, and called him. Sir Gareth thought that he arose and followed, and the shining figure led him on and on, till they reached a place near the cliffs, where a sheltered hollow lay between two hills. In the midst of this hollow was a flat, grey stone, and the voice of the Child bade him raise it, and take what lay beneath. With the effort to move it, Sir Gareth awoke, and found himself watching alone by his cold hearthstone. Yet so strangely did it press upon his mind, that he rose up, and with no attendant but his faithful hound, went out by star-light to seek the hollow, which was known to him, though he could not remember the flat grey stone. But truly there it lay, with the glittering frost upon it, one half all buried in the snow. With a mighty effort, Sir Gareth turned it over; and there, beneath, lay a leathern pouch, which was heavy to lift, stiff with age, and filled to overflowing with golden coins of some unknown land. With joy, Sir Gareth hastened back to tell the Ladye Amyce; then



" Fierce shouts from the men on shore showed that he was discovered."

on his swiftest horse he sped to Tintagel, where dwelt many wealthy thanes, who willingly made exchange for his golden coins; and at break of day on Christmas morning, Sir Gareth returned with a train of pack-horses, bearing food for his household, and for the poor around. And to his little son he gave the name of "Noel," because he was born on the eve of Christmas, and also in remembrance of the vision.

After some few years, when the house was burnt to the ground, Sir Gareth built up the new one on the spot where the old grey stone had covered the golden treasure; all the people willingly helped, and there were great rejoicings when it was finished. The little Noel was brought to the feast by his nurse, clad in a tiny suit of chain-armour, with a small sword in his belt; and he walked amongst the people fearlessly, while they praised his beauty and his golden curls; till at last an ancient crone, said to be gifted with strange powers, looked fixedly upon him, and muttered, in a weird, deep voice: "Fair babe, thou comest of a noble race,—noble in their living, and noble in their dying, and before *thee* lies a joyous life. But

'After thee
Shall seven Noels be,
Who will yield their life,
In noble strife,
For Christ and their countrie.'"

And the child wept; for though he knew not what she said, yet her face and manner frightened him; a hush fell on the assembly; the evening grew chill; heavy rain began to fall, and the people went to their homes.

Now the wise mother's prophecy was handed down in the family; yet it did not prevent the name of "Noel" being given to a son of each generation, nor was it till long after, when a certain Sir Noel Pentreith fell, in defending some harmless peasants against a party of free-booters, and some years later, his young son of the same name lost his life in the Holy Land, for refusing to smite the Cross when captured by the Saracens, that the words of the old crone seemed to hold any truth. But when the sixteenth century had come and nearly gone, and the great dining hall was built, with its large west window, the then owner wished to represent in coloured glass, various brave deeds of those earlier knights; and, after searching the family records, the names of four Pentreiths were found, who had met with their death nobly in defence of others. All of these bore the name of "Noel," and as time passed on, two more were added, until but one division remained unfilled.

"Oh, Noel, how beautiful!" cried Amy, when he had finished his story; "but is it really true?"

"Well," said he, "one is bound to believe one's family legend; but I should be sorry to say how much is fact and how much fiction. Of course it can't all be true; but anyhow, there were some fine old fellows amongst those early Pentreiths, and some day I mean to hunt through our history to find a seventh, to fill up the last space; it's a pity to leave it unfinished like that."

"I want to have another look, Noel, now I have heard the legend," said Amy, rising; so once more they went into the garden, and retraced their steps to the old hall window, where they stood for a minute in silence, looking up at the stalwart figures of the brave old knights, standing out against their background of crimson, blue, and amber. Then Amy suddenly exclaimed: "Why, Noel, that seventh place is waiting for *you!*"

He started, and once more there arose within him that great longing that he, too, might do something for his fellow-men, something worthy of the descendant of those whose noble natures had made them choose peril and death, rather than see the weak oppressed, and the helpless suffer wrong.

But, shaking off his dreams, Noel led Amy back to the house, and then, bidding her "Good-bye," ran off to the cottage where little Robbie Garth lived, for he had promised to look in during the evening, with gingerbread and a picture-book, to console him for the "broken ankle." As he made his way along the cliff-path, in the face of a keen wind, he could hear the waves dashing on the rocks of the rugged coast.

Now this bay was nowhere accessible from above, and only at very low tides from below, so that it was with some surprise that Noel heard the murmur of voices from below, and the tramp of heavy feet upon the shingle. Who could possibly be down there at such a time, and on such a night as this?

Presently, while still wondering, he heard the splash of oars, and a boat was pushed off and rowed away. He stood a few minutes to watch; then, suddenly, a dull red light appeared, and from its movements, he judged that it was being hoisted up the mast of another boat, for soon the first returned, the men drew it up on the beach, and all was still. Much perplexed, Noel passed on his way. "Surely," thought he, "the days of smuggling are over! Yet what can be the object of that strange red light, and why are the men in this lonely bay so late at night?"

However, before he had solved the difficulty, he found himself at the cottage, where Robbie's mother, Jenifer Garth, was putting all in order for her husband, for whom she was beginning to watch and listen. After hearing that little Robbie was peacefully asleep, and that his foot was better, Noel asked Mrs. Garth if she would tell him the meaning of that red light out at sea.

"Away at Trelogan, sir? Why, it's just the Harbour signal. The coast about here is all so much alike, that many a good ship used to come ashore on the rocks below, till the Trinity House gentlemen (as they call them that look after such things) had that Trelogan light put up."

"But we cannot see Trelogan Bay from here," said Noel, "and the light I mean is just below,—right under the cliffs on the Manor grounds."

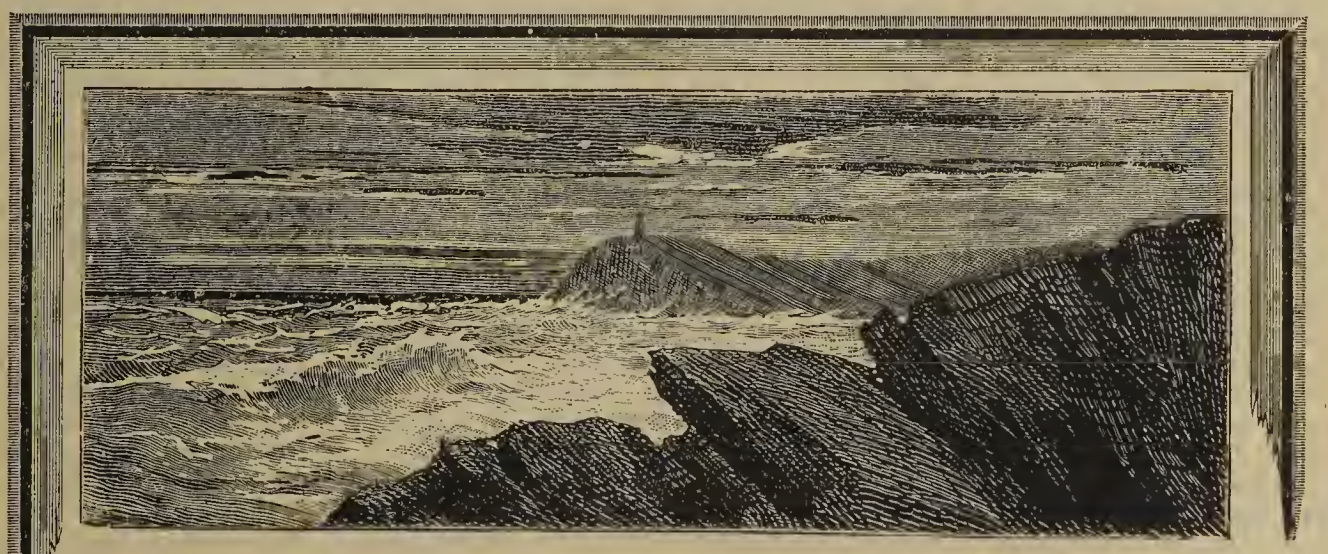
Jenifer Garth dropped the new blue Jersey she was making for her husband, and the colour slowly faded from her comely face, as with a scared look, and choking voice, she sobbed out: "Oh, sir, oh, sir, what shall us do? It's those wicked wreckers at their plots again! There's a band as goes about these parts, and like enough, they've heard the 'Stormy Petrel' was coming in to-night for Trelogan Harbour."

"What do you mean?" asked Noel; "what can they do?"

"Why, sir, there's a reef of sunk rocks just outside the Manor Bay, and they've hung out a false light, to make them think it's Trelogan, and decoy them on, like they did that French ship, two years agone; and the 'Stormy Petrel' is well laden, as the villains no doubt know. There's my poor man on board, and many another from the village, whose wives will wring their hands to-morrow, for they're as good as dead men now!" and she wept and wailed afresh.

"Can't we get a boat," cried Noel, "and tear down that wretched light?"

But his face fell, on hearing that it would be full two hours before a boat from the village could get round to where the lantern hung, for a far-jutting promontory lay between: the "Stormy Petrel" was, in all probability, even now making for it, as she was due at Trelogan sometime before midnight.



"He could hear the waves dashing on the rocks of the rugged coast."

For a few moments Noel stood deep in thought, then, as if seized by some sudden inspiration, he hastily left the cottage, and hurried back to the spot where he had stopped before to look down upon the little bay. He saw the great lantern, with its dull red glow, swaying with each motion of the boat, as it rose and fell; and he thought of the many lives it was luring on to death and danger on those hidden rocks, while the evil men, whose voices could now and again be heard from the beach below, were gloating already over their promised spoil. Then his resolution was taken.

Another moment, and Jenifer Garth, following behind, was just in time to see the brave boy disappear down the side of the steep and jagged cliff.

Swinging himself from ledge to ledge, now clinging to tufts of coarse grass, now digging his fingers into crannies of the rock, and finally jumping some ten feet, Noel at last found himself at the bottom of the cliff, bleeding, bruised, and sorely shaken. Paus-

ing to take breath, he saw at the farther end of the little bay, a group of powerful-looking men, gathered round a fire, behind the shelter of some rocks. One of them, who stood apart, had a telescope in his hand, directed towards the horizon; and Noel, following its line, was dismayed to see a far-off light, which seemed to be making straight towards the false, red beacon.

No time was to be lost; yet, what could Noel do? The wreckers' boat was drawn up close to their hiding-place; and even if he could secure it, it was far beyond his strength to manage. Clearly, in swimming lay his only hope, and so, thinking of the many lives he hoped to save, and little of the one he perilled, the brave boy plunged into the seething waves, prepared to struggle through the fifty yards that lay between him and that beacon of death.

At first the icy chill benumbed him, and his strokes were slow and feeble; but once outside the line of breakers that made this bay so dangerous, he summoned all his strength, and calling on God to help him, he battled in fierce earnest against the powerful waves, which seemed like conspirators, leagued with the wreckers and the false, red light.

When, at last, he reached the anchored boat, his strength was almost gone; time after time as he vainly sought to climb the side, the force of the water drew his legs underneath, till he was ready to give up in despair. Then suddenly, he caught sight of the lights of the approaching ship, less than a mile away now; while the hidden rocks lay half-way between. With an agonised prayer for help, Noel put forth all his remaining strength, and at last raised himself so high, that he could climb into the boat. For a few minutes he was too much exhausted to move, but the rapidly approaching ship left him no time to spare; so drawing a few deep breaths, he braced himself for his remaining work. High above him hung the lantern, swaying at the end of a pole, which was tied to the head of the mast. At first he tried to climb it,—but in vain, for it was slippery with frozen spray, and Noel was stiff and numb with cold. What could he do? He shook the mast, but his strength was not sufficient to displace it. He thought that by strenuous effort he might over-balance the boat, and make the mast-head dip into the water, but in vain.

While still striving to carry out this intention, fierce shouts from the men on shore showed that he was discovered. By the red glare of the lantern they had seen him, and threatened to shoot him dead instantly, if he touched the light.

Noel heard, and made one desperate attempt to reach the rope that hung dangling from the lantern. Then came a flash of fire, a sudden sharp agony in his side, and the next moment he was struggling in the waves, but he had caught the rope.

Consciousness was nearly gone; only the strong determination remained to cling with all his might to the rope. The lantern fell from the mast, the light was quenched, and its power for evil gone. But his grasp weakened, and his strength ebbed away, till at last the dashing of the waves and the wreckers' shouts seemed to fall on his ears as from an infinite distance; and then he knew no more.

* * * *

Twelve months have passed away, and New Year has come round once more. The old Manor House is again lighted up, and in the dining-hall the guests are listening to the young squire's kind welcome with somewhat subdued faces. Many a sturdy fisherman draws his rough hand across his eyes, as words are spoken in loving remembrance of the bright, young life which, just one year before, had braved the cruel waves and still more cruel wreckers, to save a homeward ship from being dashed on the rocks.

The tears are rolling down the cheeks of many a wife and mother, as she thinks of the handsome lad whose lifeless body was tossed up by the sea last New Year's morning; turning it into a day of heavy sorrow, both for the Manor and the cottage,—and yet, as the young squire reminded them, a day of thankfulness too, that a great ship, with many lives on board, should have escaped the treacherous snare and safely ridden into harbour.

None too soon had that false light been quenched; a very few more minutes and the anguished cries of many drowning men would have gone up to heaven, instead of the sigh of one brave parting spirit.

The listeners' hearts were deeply touched; to many, for the first time, there came that thrill which the nobler nature in us ever feels, when it rises in sudden, warm response to the story of SELF-SACRIFICE,—a story which runs in golden letters down the dark pages of this world's history. For in Christ, the God-Man, self-sacrifice reached its height, and the Divine image in which man was made can never be wholly blotted out.

So intent were all the guests on hearing what the young squire said, that none noticed when a little white figure glided softly from the room,—away from the light and the warmth, out into the cold night air, to where the old hall window was once more throwing its fairy colours on the snow.

There Amy Leicester stood awhile, gazing with tearful pleasure on the now completed window; for the seventh space was no longer empty!

And of all those pictures of brave deeds, done in the spirit of true knighthood, none is more beautiful than the seventh and last, which shows a fair and noble youth alone in a boat on a stormy sea, with one arm round the mast, and his eyes fixed on a distant light, while all the earnestness of a high and noble purpose is shining in his face.

COMPETITION NOTES.

Our Spelling Chase is given *in extenso* on page 142. Its novelty will ensure it a hearty reception. Most people *think* they can spell correctly;—we shall be much interested in noting how many are able to pass our test. The Competition is open for *one week only*, and closes on January 7th, but in order to prevent the need of using the Sunday post, papers need not reach our Office until Tuesday, January 10th.

£100 *Competition*, the third of our Special Christmas Series, will be announced next week.

Our "Acrostic Competition" remains open until February 29th. For Rules, etc., see the Number for December 17th, page 106.

The Literary Competition, with its £14 14*s.* in Prizes, has well-nigh swamped our Office. Hard work for our Examiners! All the same, we are thoroughly cheered by its success. Lists of the successful competitors' names will be published at the earliest possible date.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR.

"Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given you."—JOSH. i. 3.

LORD: the wide tract Thy Providence prepared
That I should traverse here, thus far I've trod;
Mine 'tis become, since mine own foot hath gained
That which to me Thy Royal Charter pledged.
But what avails the territory won,
If it be poor and sterile soil, that yields
Vain leaves, scorched blossoms,* or abortive fruit?
Thou, Lord, didst read the volume of my life
Whilst yet to me its pregnant page uncut;
Thou knew'st my path, and spiedst out my ways.
What landmarks prominent didst Thou descry
But frailties there—and impotence—and sin?
Not "failures," unto Thee dare I miscall
The weak and laggard efforts I have made
To meet my conscience' all too just demands,
And follow up its impulses to right.
Excrescences they were of hybrid growth,
Passing for virtues. Sin-*tinged* as 'twere,
But in man's judgment all they need have been.
Such may not be the off'rings of my heart;
Not such the Temple-tribute the free child
Will pay, who knows they are but "filthy rags."
Nay, take them only at their worth, my Lord,
And if the light of mercies undeserved,
Unsought for and unnoticed—unimproved—
Serve but the more ingratitude t' expose,
Disfigured with its blots, and blurs, and blanks—
Just take my page as 'tis—and *all* forgive.

Maybe, when I shall one day rise to claim
The full fruition of the purchas'd joy
In yonder Holy Land that waits for me,
Some lot, with this life here commensurate,
Will be the lot of mine inheritance—
The "place" by my great Surety there "prepared,"
"Reserved" for me in that exclusive sense
In which the ground I've travelled o'er towards Heaven
I now may call mine own.
Yea, to Thine Hand
I render up the work, all incomplete.
I never may revoke the part that's done—
But pray Thee scan it closely, and in love
Blot out its faults. And for the time to come,
Grant that the Blood on my heart's lintel shown
May fright th' avenging Angel ever hence.
Nor let incipient sin e'er build its nest
Within the altar that my God hath cleans'd.
Restore my soul, in paths of Righteousness to walk,
Whilst yet Thou bidst me go my earthly way,
The bounds of my possession to enlarge.
One stage towards Death's dark goal to-night I've made;
Nay, but one stage towards the height of bliss
And endless dwelling in my Saviour's joy.
So press I forward to the Heavenly Prize,
Whilst saying to the year I leave behind
The willing, hopeful, thankful word—
"Good-bye!"

S. D.

* "When the sun was up."—MATT. 13. 6.

HOMELY HOBBIES.

RECREATIONS IN GEOLOGY.

By W. H. Harris, B.A., B.Sc.

No. 3.—The Bricks of our Houses.

IF we are fortunate enough to live in houses built of stone, it is easy to understand that a geological inquiry, as to the origin and relations of our wall-material, may be full of interest. Sandstones of various kinds, for example, would suggest the breaking up of crystalline rocks by sea-waves, or by frost, rain, and other atmospheric influences; the rounding of fragments, and their continual wearing away by dashing and rolling against one another, till they were reduced to minute grains. Then we should have to think of the spreading out of this sand on the floor of the ocean, layer on layer, till a thickness of many feet had been accumulated. While this process was going on, waifs and strays from land and water would be here and there entombed, each one serving as a letter to be spelled out in the history of the stratum by a geologist, after an indefinite number of ages had passed away.

Next, we should have to imagine a gradual depression of the sea-floor, and the laying down of other strata, till our sand-bed, brought within the reach of the high temperature below the upper layers of the earth's crust, and acted upon by water percolating its mass, and impregnated with oxide of iron or other cementing material, had become compacted into coherence, that is, had been transformed into stone. Once more we must call fancy into play; yet it will only be revealing realities to us, as it pictures oscillations that must have occurred to bring again to the surface the stratum we are considering, and to place it within reach of the energies of man. This bare outline of the story would be filled in with various and wondrous details, according to the age and particular origin of the sandstone with which we might be dealing.

An Aberdonian, in his house of granite, would, in his investigations into the geological nature of his walls, have to go back in thought to a yet more ancient and more extraordinary series of operations, which have gone on deep down below the surface, and far above it; but we may, perhaps, have more to say on this point in a subsequent Paper.

A house built of material from one of our many limestone quarries would suggest facts widely differing from those previously alluded to. Some of these we intend to detail when we come to speak of our mantelpieces and fireplace jambs.

But now, it might be thought that such prosaic, man-made things as bricks can have little worth knowing about, as regards either their composition or geologic history. Yet, common, and it may be ugly, as they are, they will repay us for consideration and inquiry. Let us try to make good this assertion. And first, we shall have to learn the nature of the materials of which bricks are moulded, and whence these are obtained. Then will come the question how these earthy matters were made ready for human use, in the great workshop of Nature; and lastly, we will say a few words as to the processes of their manufacture into brick.

Whatever theory be adopted as to the growth of the simpler arts amongst different peoples, it is easy to see how the fashioning of plastic clays, and their hardening into desired shapes, would arise, even in very primitive conditions of civilization. The commonness of such materials, their easy softening by water, their drying and solidifying under the influence of sun, heat, or fire, would be facts suggestive of their utility to man, in most regions of the globe. It is certain, from the monuments of Babylon, of Egypt, and of China, that brick-making dates back many centuries B.C., and that the materials and workmanship of those remote "brickies" were so good as to defy all the disintegrating influences of the atmosphere, through the many centuries to the present day. We fear that the New Zealander, or other antipodite, who is to survey the ruins of London thousands of years hence, will not be able to speak so well of the materials of our house-walls, as to durability; and this, it must he confessed, not so much on account of inferiority in our clays, as through the badness of the labour expended on them.

This mention of *clays* is indicative of the most important of the mineral constituents with which we have to deal in our present subject. The beds furnishing the best kinds of plastic matter are called "brick-earths." They are found, for the most part, in wide valleys, not very high, and yet distinctly above the present river-plains. The mode of their formation is not difficult to understand. They consist, in fact, of the finer sediments of water-borne materials, washed down from the more elevated parts of a river-basin, and quietly settling, layer upon layer, as the stream slackened in speed, from the slight slope of its bed, or from the opening out of its course into wide, lake-like expansions. In some instances, natural depressions in the surface, met with by rivers, have been entirely silted up, and have given rise to very deep beds of useful clay. In other cases, repeated floods and freshets have brought down mud in large quantities, much of which has been accumulated by settlement on either bank, over wide distances, as the waters subsided into their natural channel.

We have ourselves seen in Switzerland, an instance of the amount thus brought down from higher ground, and of its rapid deposition under favourable circumstances. We were staying not far from Interlaken, and at a house, near which was the bed of a streamlet, fed from the neighbouring mountains. During most of our visit, this was a "course" without water; but one afternoon, during a thunderstorm of two hours' duration, the stream developed into a torrent, which rose eight or nine feet in height, overtopping by a foot or more a substantial bridge of stone and planks, whose predecessor had been swept into Lake Thun, two years before, by a similar freshet. On the next morning, the water had fallen to within the boulder-built banks; but on the bridge was a layer of fine mud, nearly two-thirds of an inch in thickness. It was easy from this to understand what a quantity of sediment had been carried into the neighbouring lake; and how, in the long course of ages, its present bed would be made into dry land. The process, indeed, was plainly seen to be going on effectively on either side of the streamlet's *embouchure*.

Now, although our brick-earths have, in most instances, had a much slower building up than the above-mentioned rate of deposit, yet their origin has, in the main, been similar. Their particles have all been washed down from more elevated strata, and carried along by a river-current till their weight enabled them to settle.

We spoke in our preceding Paper of periods when the land surface of our country was much higher: of its being planed down to its present level by ice, frost, and rain, which agencies gave rise to rivers vastly greater than those which now run through our valleys. By atmospheric and climatic changes, these destructive instruments diminished their violence, but they have left abundant evidence of their former potency. Then, by degrees, as the stream cut its bed deeper and deeper, the extent of the flood-plain would be lessened, till at length a series of terraces, marking its varying extent at different epochs, would be traceable.

But now, it may be asked, what is clay? Mineralogists and chemists tell us that, when pure, it is a bisilicate of alumina, that is, alumina—a compound of the metal aluminium and oxygen—with a double dose (so to speak) of silicic acid—a compound of silicon, the basis of flint, with oxygen. Clays, however, are very rarely pure. As might be expected, their particles, coming from various sources, show us, in addition to argillaceous matter, minute grains of sand and limestone, and frequently of mica, talc, hornblende, and other materials of crystalline rocks. Nor is this a disadvantage, but rather a great gain, in the eyes of the brickmaker. For, first, clay purely aluminous would crack in baking; and secondly, certain amounts of sand and limestone of some sort are useful in the partial fusing together of the particles of the bricks. Frequently, indeed, coarse sand and chalk are added in considerable proportion to natural clays, deficient in siliceous and calcareous material. In many parts, at least in the South of England, brickmakers mix also a quantity of ashes with the other constituents of their manufacture. These ashes consist in part of purely earthy or mineral substances, but in part, too, of coal only half-burnt. This latter ingredient assists much in the subsequent "burning" of the bricks.

We have spoken of the formation of the clay and sand. In a subsequent Paper we shall relate the geologic history of the coal. Now we will devote a paragraph to the wondrous story of the chalk. Its appearance as a white, friable kind of rock, is familiar to every one. It is easily reduced to powder, and when thoroughly pulverized, or "levigated," and allowed to settle from its admixture of water, it forms the substance known as "whitening." When carefully washed and examined with the microscope, it is found to be made up very largely of the remains of the calcareous cases of various lowly organisms, and chiefly of those called *foraminifera*. These creatures consist essentially of exceedingly minute portions of jelly-like substance, having the singular power of abstracting carbonate of lime from sea-water, in which it is dissolved, and building for themselves shelly abodes. They are of many and beautiful shapes.

They still exist in countless millions in

certain parts of the ocean, notably in the N. Atlantic, on the floor of which there is now accumulating an *ooze* precisely similar to chalk in constitution and in origin. There is every reason to believe that the whole of the immense masses of the chalk-formation are chiefly due to these minute and lowly creatures. They live, probably, in the upper parts of the sea, fulfil their days, and then their tiny abodes slowly sink to the bottom. Geologists have reason to believe that a mere film is annually deposited. If, therefore, our readers want a not difficult sum, but a very difficult conception of the time taken for the deposition of, for instance, the Dover Cliffs, or the chalk in any pit with which they are acquainted, they have only to find out how many sheets, say of blotting-paper, would go to an inch in height, and calculate the number of inches in (roughly speaking) six hundred feet of the cretaceous beds; and then it will be easy to reckon the number of years, within a few thousands, occupied in the deposition of this one series of strata.

The process of brick-making is not very complicated. The clay and its admixtures are well kneaded with water in a machine, till a proper consistency and a thorough amalgamation of materials is effected. From this, lumps are cut off and thrown to the "moulder," who with a wooden mould so rapidly shapes the bricks, that from 4,000 to 5,000 are frequently made by one man in a day. They are at once arranged in long rows or planks, turned when firm enough to be handled, then set on edge with spaces between, and row on row, in the form of a loose wall, protected from rain by straw or wooden roofing, and left to dry as much as possible by the air. When this drying is complete, they are put together in huge stacks called *clamps*, with layers of small coal and cinders between the rows, and filling wider spaces called *flues*, sufficient in amount, when once fired, to continue burning till the whole mass of bricks has been cooked to requisite hardness. This part of the process often takes three months for its completion, so slow is the combustion of fuel in and among the bricks. Sometimes the burning is done in kilns. When the clamps have cooled down, a certain separation into various qualities is made, and the bricks are then ready for sale and distribution.

When we remember that every particle of each brick has been taken from the ground, we can imagine same rather large, if not very deep, excavations must have taken place to supply the materials for the hundreds of thousands of our brick habitations.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES.

THE MANUFACTURE OF BOOTS AND SHOES.

By Henry H. Bourn,
Author of "Earth's Diamonds; or, Coal, its Formation and Value."

BOOTS and shoes are articles so constantly moving in all circles of society, that a few words about them may prove of interest.

Boot and shoe making is a very ancient craft. Robert, the eldest son of the Conqueror, acquired the surname of "Short Boots," probably from adopting a style of boot new to the Normans. Sharp-pointed, long-piked shoes became the rage under the Plantagenets, till an enactment of Edward IV. restricted their length to two inches beyond the toes. The nobles, however, were exempted, and to some of them, doubtless, might apply the joke raised against the Roman patricians,—that they carried their nobility in their feet. The loss in length appears to have been gained in breadth, for a proclamation of Queen Mary restricted the expansion of the toe to six inches. Denied extravagance in length and breadth, high heels, and soles of extraordinary thickness, increasing the height of the wearers, came into vogue. To this absurd fashion Hamlet's exclamation doubtless refers,—

"Your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine."

Through the Stuart age, boots with immense pliant folding tops became the glory of the men, till William of Holland introduced the large jack-boot and buckled shoe. The ladies rejoiced in wearing high red wooden heels, till the time of George III.

The cost of a pair of boots for the use of King John, in the year 1213, was ninepence; of a pair of shoes for the leader of Henry III.'s greyhounds, fourpence; of the winter shoes for the fox-hunter to Edward I. and those of his assistants, seven shillings.

At what precise period the boot and shoe trade first took up its abode in Northampton and its neighbourhood, is not certain; it was, at any rate, some centuries ago. An entry in the minute-books of the Corporation for the year 1550, refers to the fact that shoemakers had obtained the franchise, and enjoyed the liberties of the borough as local traders. It was enacted at the same time that every shoe-maker desiring to set up a shop in the town, if he had not been an apprentice to the trade, should pay at his setting up the sum of 30*s.*; or 13*s.* 4*d.* to the Mayor of Northampton, 13*s.* 4*d.* to the Chamberlain, and 3*s.* 4*d.* to the fraternity. So much as to our ancestors' boots and shoes. Let us walk together through a well-ordered factory to-day.

Before proceeding on our tour of inspection, however, we notice that the store-room is well supplied with raw materials—satin-hide; glove-hide; splits and sides from America; bends from the Cape of Good Hope; basils from Australia and New Zealand; buffalo hides from America; crup from Doncaster; seal and levant from Newcastle; kid from London and Leeds; elastic webbings from Leicester and Coventry; linings from Belfast; cloth from Huddersfield; twist and thread from Manchester, Skipton, and Johnston; silk twist from Macclesfield; eyelets and buttons from France and Germany; and other grindery from Birmingham.

In the showroom we find orders being executed for South America, New Zealand, Australia, and many other distant countries. The yearly value of exports from Northampton alone is estimated at one million sterling, to say nothing of the quantity required for the home trade.

In passing through the factory, we first meet with the "clickers," who are busily engaged in cutting out tops of boots, while boys, in the earlier period of their training, are as actively employed in cutting out linings. After seeing the different parts of the uppers and linings tied into bundles, we follow them into a room where a number of women and girls are busy closing the uppers; but what with the noise of the machines, and the loud chatter of their grimy and slatternly attendants, we pass on as quickly as possible, and watch some boys working piercing and eyelet-ing machines. It is interesting to watch the automatic action of the latter, as the eyelets run down a short spouting, and take their proper place in the hole, after which the bur is formed; the operation being so rapid that the eye can scarcely follow it.

We next see machines for cutting soles out of a hide, with one stroke. A man can cut out 100 pairs of soles in an hour. We pass on to another room, where uppers and soles are tied in bundles for the rivetters. In some factories the rivetting is done on the premises, but by far the greater part is done in the shop of a middleman, or at the home of the operative. In some cases, however, only a part can be done at home. It is part of the business of the rivetter to last the boot or shoe; that is, to fasten the upper and the inner sole together. Sometimes he can do this himself, but often he is compelled to take the work to a rivetting shop, where the union is more satisfactorily made. A machine, driven by power, forces a rough cut wire through both upper and sole, then cuts it off, and burs the rivet on both sides. The boots or shoes are then taken to the workman's home, and the outer sole is attached. If they are to be rivetted, the rivetter completes the operation himself, but if they are to be sewn, he has to take or send them to a shop where such work is done. Again taking them back, he covers the stitches, and soon has them ready to be carried to the factory. They are then put into other hands for heeling and finishing; this is done partly by machine, partly by hand.

There is a machine which attaches the heel to the boot, from the inside, with seven or more nails; pares the heel to any shape required; and, at the same time, breasts it—that is, cuts the front part in an instant to any curve required. All these operations are performed, and the boots made ready for finishing, at the rate of from thirty to fifty pairs per hour. The finisher then takes the boots in hand, and makes them fit for sale.

TWO SIDES OF THE SLATE; OR, CHRISTOPHER KERRIL'S ACCOUNTS.

A STORY OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

CHRIS KERRIL held out his hands towards the fire. "Let me see," said he, "let me see." Now there was no one present to keep him from seeing, so the sentence was uncalled for.

Chris scratched his head—ruffled his hair, if you prefer the phrase—it wasn't good manners, but it was expressive, and seemed to set him more at ease.

The room he sat in was meant to be four-square, but as some one had stolen a corner of it for the adjoining almshouse, it was a kind of triangle,—an odd-looking, comfortless little spot. Still, a man past work, and with no balance at the banker's, may do worse than accept a triangle, rent-free. Chris got one-and-sixpence a week, and a Christmas dinner, as well as the aforesaid geometrical portion of space. The extra glow induced by remembrance of the meaty dinner, was warming him up for his work to-night.

It was New Year's Eve;—though it seems unkind to tack the new-comer's title to the expiring hours of an old familiar friend. The crisp snow outside the almshouse window was pressed by hurrying feet; some going to dance out the old, dance in the new; others going to the Watch-night Service in the chapel hard by. Neither rout nor service drew Christopher Kerril from his fireside; this was to him the most important night of the year. He meant to strike a balance before he got to bed.

He rose and drew a small table in front of his "easy" chair. He went to the cupboard which truncated the acute angle of his room, and produced a large, much-bechipped, frameless slate and a stumpy slate pencil. He turned up the little lamp as high as it would go, and finally seated himself again. From the depths of his trousers pocket he extracted a pair of horn-rimmed glasses, polished them, and set them on his nose. Then he was ready for work.

"Only the simple rules," said Chris to the fire, which cracked cheerily in reply; "only the simple rules, but it takes a deal o' working, 'specially when it's got to be done in double."

Chris propped the slate on a book, and made the first entry: "Simple addition."

"I doubt that," said Chris, drawing a line under the adjective, "at least to such as me. Here I am, with a clean slate, a-going to do my year's addition. I've a power of adding up before me; God and the devil have been very busy all this year. Well, to get the worst over first, I'll take the devil's side of the slate. He's been bad enough himself, a deal of venom he's had, an' a deal of strength, a-comin' at me when I'd least expect him, an' pretendin' to wish me well. The worst of it is, I've given him many a help. His isn't a tidy sum to do at all. He seems to keep the figgers muddled, so as you can't add them up. Never mind, I'll write them out in my best ledger hand, units, tens, hundreds, in the proper place. Eh! I'm afeard there's a goodish bit of sin to go on his side of the scale. Never a big line of figgers—he is too cunning for that—but such a many little ones, and when you come to add them up they——dear me! dear me!" and Chris Kerril wiped the moisture from his brow. "This is fearsome work; the little figgers add up as quick as cockles in a basket. Surely there's some mistake. I'll check 'em through again. That's for lies (the devil never called 'em *that* when he whispered 'em in my ear), and that's for envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness,—dear me! dear me!—and that's for lost opportunities, and that's for the lust of the flesh." Chris stopped dead short. "Now, what *did* he call that at the time? A 'harmless indulgence,' sure enough! Well! well! well! I just dursn't add up the lot."

Chris took off his glasses, and turned down the lamp. He was disappointed; he wanted to think a bit. He just hated the way he had behaved; he seemed to have put all his figures on the wrong side. Then he turned up the lamp so suddenly that it began to smoke, and took the stumpy slate pencil again into his lean, nervous hand.

"Let's have a look at what I've been able to add on the other side," he said; "maybe I've done a good bit there. I've said many a time to myself, 'That'll look well on New Year's Eve.'"

Units, tens, hundreds—he drew out his columns again.

"'Good thoughts,' let me see; dear me! I can't remember many. 'Kind words'—well, I comforted Peter Guire's baby girl when she fell over the tombstone, an' a few other such. 'Self-denial'—um! I sent Sally Browne that beef-tea they gave me from the squire's. 'Attendance at church,'—that don't count for much; for I'd lose the almshouse if I didn't go. Two, four, six—dearie me! *my* part of this sum don't go very far; there's the envy, hatred, malice, an' all uncharitableness, to say nothing of the lost opportunities an' lies all to be made up for! There's only the Lord's part to add to this side now, but that'll bring it even, maybe. Let me see! There's the almshouse, an' the one-an'-sixpence a week (the devil nor me had nothing to do with that), an' the Christmas dinner. An' there's the bottle that took the pain out o' my rheumatics. An' there's—dearie me! 'tis addin' up—the large print Bible parson gave me."

Here Chris stopped and thought.

"Well, to be sure! It's the wrong end I've begun at! Counting the outside blessings first—just like old Chris!"

The old man shut his eyes. He wanted to forget the visible blessings of his triangle, and contemplate the blessings inside.

"Yes!" he said slowly and softly, after a moment's thought, as he began to write again; "it's 'most too good to be true. There's the love of the Lord, who sticks by old Chris Kerril, bad as he is; an' the joy of the Lord, that keeps dancin' in my heart like a sunbeam. There's the peace of the Lord, that baffles the devil himself; an' the grace of the Lord, that holds me up when I'm like to go astray." Chris Kerril stopped and looked at his slate. Every line was full. "I can spare a line at the top," said he, and he rubbed out the "good thoughts."

"There's the Spirit of the Lord that teaches me, an' comforts me by night an' by day; an' now the blood of the Lord that cleanses me, an' the home of the Lord that's waiting for me, an'—an'—the forgiveness of the Lord for this bad old year—they've got to find a place."

Nothing for it but to rub out the "kind words," "self-denial," and the "attendance at church;" then the extra lines went in, and the slate was full.

"Dear me!" said old Chris Kerril; "on one side there's me an' the devil, but the Lord Himself fills up the whole of the other side! Just the same as He did last year. Nothing old Chris does is worth counting beside Him. See now, I'll add them up; the Lord has a big total, after all. Now there's simple subtraction; take one side o' the slate from the other—all that's over is the work o' the Lord. Then there's simple division. I divide that total by what Chris Kerril deserves—a big round O; the total stands the same. Now for simple multiplication—three-score years an' ten the Lord's been the same; eh! that brings the total up—praise the Lord!"

The New Year bells rang out cheerily as old Chris Kerril laid his slate aside, and opened his window to let in the joyous peal.

"The devil gave me a fright to-night," said Chris. "I might have known the Lord wouldn't fail. No more 'rithmetic till this year's gone. May the Lord help me to keep my entries off the devil's side of the slate!"

SERIES OF
SPECIAL CHRISTMAS COMPETITIONS.
£5. 5s. IN PRIZES.

SPELLING-CHASE.

FIRST PRIZE, £1 1s. FOUR SECOND PRIZES OF 5s. EACH

TO THOSE WHO WRITE OUT MOST CORRECTLY THE FOLLOWING PARAGRAPH.

RULES.

I.—The Competition is open to all.
II.—No dictionary may be used, nor is any help to be in any way obtained as to the spelling of any word.
III.—Two consecutive hours is the time allowed for writing out the paragraph. It must not be written from dictation, nor be re-copied after it has once been written out. All writing, indeed each letter, must be so clearly formed as to be unmistakable.
IV.—A certificate, signed by some responsible person, must be appended to the paragraph, as a guarantee that the Rules have been kept.
V.—No MS. can be returned.
VI.—Questions may be asked (stamped addressed envelope for reply), but each needless one will deduct from the total marks awarded to the questioner.

Open for one week only. The Competition closes on January 7th. All Papers, marked "Spelling Chase" outside, must reach the Office of —"A. 1."—62, *Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., on Tuesday, Jan. 10th.*

NOW for the work! We expect quite a swarm of Competitors, and look forward with pleasurable dismay to the task of making our awards. We purpose giving a novel page of Results by and bye, illustrated. If several persons "tie," a further test will be set before the final award. We shall select a good dictionary, and will abide by its decisions in every case. The name of the dictionary will be published when the Competition has closed.

PHILLIP AND HIS DOMAIGNE.

[*The Paragraph which Competitors are required to write out correctly.*]

THEIR was once an ancient castleated manner, envelloped by a mote wherin muscles caught their pray. The parrapet was Elizabethian in stile, and the gargoils were parallel to one another, ocassioning much coment by there archeological symetry.

The posessor of the domaigne was a miner, and his irrascible guardian had irrevoceably decided upon the spoiliation of his estate.

Poor Phillip! rich as he was, his physionomy betrayed that he was peculiarily week from a psychological point of view. He had an irremediable fisher in his palette, and his pretenscious phrasiology added to the unintelligibility of his pronounciation. Phillip had no incite into charactor, and by his demienour he unconsiously insighted his guardian to employ unjustyfiable means to obtain the reciept of his income. Pecuniarry considerations moved his grim custodean to imediate action. Arranging the minutea of his marterdom was not an agreable task, but it was not desireable to ajourn it.

Should he higher an asassin to administer some drams of stricknine in his matitutinal farinacious food, or mix it with the yoke of an egg in his omlette? Should he look in the Pharmacopia for some aneasthetic which would have a sopporific influence, or try the effects of fumigation with incandecent salt peter, which had been recomended to him as a sucessful practise amongst the aborigenal Misissipians?

None of these plans seemed feesible, but it was the 31st of December, and his guardian resolved that Phillip should not see the comencement of another year. Nought but prompt action would avail.

As the hier sat mewsing, and contemplating the cieling, which was decorated with arabesk designs, round the corner by the rabbit borough, came a man with a comendatory letter in his sachel. Phillip rose to recieve him. The letter contained a complement to his purspicasity, and ernestly asked him to council the bearer in reference to a draught on his banker. Phillip heard him redily, and then in concieted silables, preceded to give him some advise. Courtiously acknowleging his kindness, the man said he would esteam it a priviledge to obtain a clarkship. Phillip sinically told him his calliegraphy was so ilegible as to render him ineligible for any post but a synecure.

The man esayed to make a tier ouse from his lackrimal duckt, but finding that imposible, he spoke extemporary, and with some aspiration:

"Bass vilian! I indite you for being acessory to my iretreiveable ruin. Though it reigns heavily, and their is a leek in my umbreller, I will draw my freize coat around me, and cast myself into a lime-kill."

He watched Phillip with the eyes of a links. Dispair was dipickted on his youthful linements. The threat was terific, and like a peripathetic philosopher, he miandered up and down.

"I will give you my etymological collection," said the lad, pausing before a cabbinet of insects, "if you will not asociate me with this peice of navery. I am not a medlar, but a man of metal."

The stranger rased himself to his full heighth, and seizing a knarled beach wand which lay ajacent, he asaulted the lad. From shear surprise, Phillip staid immoveable, and then sank unconcious to the ground.

The asassin, fearing Parlamentory investigation, fled, leaving his victim stationery.

As Phillip slowly became convalecent, he murmured:

"Bring me the encyclope—encyclopœ—encyclopæ—encyclæpædiæ,"—he never could articulate a dipthong, "that I may escape to cousin Lettuce."

He took a seditave draft, and examined his rout.

He found that by hastening along the key to the peer, where his yatch was ancored to prevent her drifting on to a lea shore, he could redily bored her, and sale away at the rate of 12 nots an hour. Picking a spray of fuchsia to remind him of his domesne, he fled to cousin Lettuce, and in her matternal solisitude, found solase for his former greifs.

The remaining Competitions of this Series will appear in following Numbers.

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE
AND
ODDS AND ENDS.

Lucia.—The meaning of "Philareté" is "Lover of Virtue."

A. R. G. and **E. S.**—No advertisements are bound up with the monthly part of —"A. 1."— Perhaps you would prefer having these bound rather than the single numbers together at the close of the year. Your hearty words are cheering.

Laddow.—Probably your gifts would be acceptable to the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, London.

Sunday-School Superintendent.—Your plan is first rate; we hope hundreds of Sunday School teachers will follow. Giving a copy of —"A. 1."— each Sunday to all the scholars who attend regularly is a stone which kills more than *two* birds! It stimulates the scholar, it sends wholesome, helpful reading once a week into every home, and last (surely not least) it spreads the influence of our Paper. If the teachers in any one school will combine to adopt this plan, we will supply at a special rate. We hope to hear from some teachers.

Medicus.—"Much as you wish it, you cannot make up your mind to trust Christ." Paralysis of the body you know well amongst your patients. Beware! for you are encouraging paralysis of the *will* in yourself. St. John says: "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong." Do not deceive yourself; if you are in earnest, God has given you enough will-power to enable you to accept salvation. Unconsciously you are trying to make out that it is *God's fault* that you are not saved. "Young man, I say unto thee, *Arise*." "The Master is come, and calleth for *thee*."

"A. 1.," Brighton, asks, "If only some are elected now, can all be saved who will?" As a speculative question, this involves a difficulty which is perhaps insoluble by human reason, for we have no faculties capable of reconciling the finite with the infinite, the human with the Divine. But as a practical question, it is one that meets us every day of our lives, and that we find no difficulty in answering. Thus, *e.g.*, God has determined the number of our days (Job 14. 5). And yet, as regards the preservation of our health, we find ourselves at perfect liberty to act on our own responsibility, to shorten life by our neglect, or to prolong it by our care. So it is with respect to salvation, which is the health of the soul. Our moral freedom is in no way practically diminished by the Divine Sovereignty, nor is our responsibility for our actions weakened or destroyed by the doctrine of election. "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God: but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children."—Deut. 29. 29.

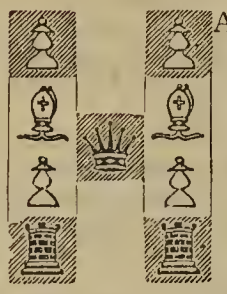
Gordon Homes.—Through the Manager of one of these Homes for lads, a brisk business in —"A. 1."— is carried on in one of our large manufacturing centres. The boys are sent out with the Paper in the neighbourhood of the Factories, where about 12 dozen weekly are thus disposed of. The lads are now well known, having a large —"A. 1."— painted on a piece of canvas. How many a lad might be put in the way of turning an honest penny, and at the same time circulating attractive literature. If this should meet the eye of the Manager above referred to, we return him hearty thanks.

CHESS.

By F. F. ROWLAND.

PART IV.

ILLUSTRATIVE POSITION, NO. 4.



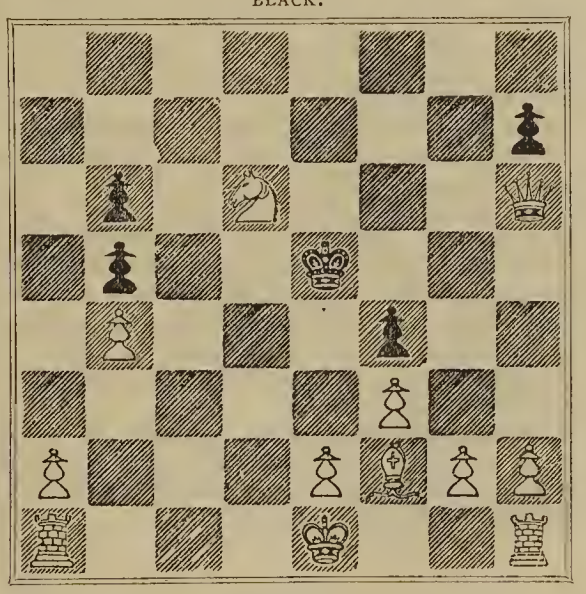
HAVING already cleared the ground, and made much, that at first seemed puzzling, quite clear, we shall in this and the succeeding Papers, take our readers a little further into the science of the game. Having learned the more general moves, nothing but application and perseverance will avail the beginner. Chess is too well worth learning to be quickly acquired.

P × P *en passant*.—The only moves that remain to be explained now are P×P *en passant*, and *castling*. It is known that the moves of the P are one square at a time straight forward, except in the act of making a captive, when it moves diagonally on to a file beside it, to occupy the square from which the captured man is taken. When a P has reached the fifth square, it may take an adverse P on the file beside it, if the latter play two squares for its first move. In the problem we give, White proceeds with P to K4, Black, having a P at KB5, plays P×P *en passant*, that is, he removes White's KP from the board and places his BP at K6.

Castling, which is White's second move in our problem is accomplished with the K and R, and is one of the principal moves in the early part of a game. It is done in order to place the K on a square of greater safety, and to bring the R into instant action. The K may castle on either side of the board. To do so on the K's side, move K to KKtsq, and R at KRsq to KBsq. To do so on Q's side, play K to QBsq, and R at QRsq to Qsq. Castling is not allowed under the following circumstances:—1. If the K is in check. 2. If the K or R had previously moved. 3. If any square the K passes over is covered by the enemy. 4. If a man stands between the K and R.

It is on the Q's side White castles in the problem we give, the solution of which is:—

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves, or White to play and draw by perpetual check.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to K4.	1. P×P *en passant*.
2. Castles QR.	2. P moves.
3. P to B4 mate.	

or 3 Kt to B7ch and draws by perpetual check.

A stalemate is a drawn game, and occurs when a player, whose turn it is to play, and whose K is not in check, has no move to make. In the above position it will be observed that the Black becomes stalemated if White plays R to Qsq.

Doubled Pawn.—When a player has two of his own pawns on the one file, the front one is termed a *doubled pawn*. The black P at KKt4 is a *doubled pawn*.

Isolated Pawn.—A pawn standing alone without any support or protection, as the black P at KR2 is, is an *isolated pawn*.

Passed Pawn is one which has no adverse pawn to obstruct its march on the same file, or on either of the next files. After Black plays P×P *en passant*, White's KBP becomes a *passed pawn*.

Forced move.—When a player has only one legal move at his command, it is termed a *forced move*. Black's first move in the problem we give is forced.

Restrictive move is one which curtails the adverse K's liberty. It will be noticed that the black K has one square to play to, White's move of P to K4 *covers* that square, hence it is a restrictive move. This and the following terms are more frequently applied to chess problems than to games.

A *Flight square* is one which the King can play to. In Position No. 3, given in our last, the black K has three flight squares; in the position before us he has one.

Blocked squares are those which are occupied by the player's own men, as Black's KB5 is.

A *Dualmate* is a choice of two ways to mate. For instance, if Black plays 2 P to K7, a *dual mate* occurs by P to B4, or B to Kt3.

(*To be continued.*)

ABOUT OURSELVES.

OUR new paper is thriving and growing fast. Such a hearty welcome as we have had! Little wonder that we are cheered and nerved to fresh effort, and face the coming year with high hopes of blessing and success. We mean, with God's help, to *deserve* the popularity which we already enjoy.

Our next week's Number will be of special excellence. The voyagers in the good ship *Oonalaska* have some novel experiences in San Francisco. We give also the first instalment of a characteristic story, by the Rev. P. B. Power, entitled, "Luck and Pluck," and a complete Scottish tale, "My Friend Angus." "Recreations in Geology," and "Chess," will be continued, and two new serials will be begun: one, "Love, Courtship, Marriage," by Phyllis Browne; the other, "Anatomy Spiritualised," by Rev. J. Hiles Hitchens, D.D. In addition to these the Number will contain a New Year Talk, by the Editor, and a beautifully illustrated poem, "Snowdrops," by M. S. Haycraft.

A column of Notes on the International Sunday School Lesson for the week, which it is believed will prove quite a feature in our paper, will be begun, and the announcements of our special series of Christmas competitions will be continued.

BRITAIN 1800 YEARS AGO.

By Minna Rivers.

WE scarcely realise that when our Saviour walked by the Sea of Galilee, British history had already begun ; and that, possibly, the same Roman centurion who stood watching by the Cross of Jesus Christ, might some ten years later have accompanied the Roman Legions to Britain, and helped to plant her eagles on our shores. Here, too, Titus fought our ancestors, some years before he witnessed the destruction of that city, where was crucified the Lord of Life, and the burning of the temple, where Jesus Christ had walked and taught, which, even he, the son of a Roman Emperor, was powerless to save, when the fiat of Jehovah had gone forth.

Much of the early history of Britain is so mixed with fable, that it is difficult to unravel truth from fiction. Pardon us if we diverge slightly from the given title of this Paper, and try here and there to catch a glimpse of times further back.

It appears certain that the country was known to the Phœnicians, who traded thither for tin, which, mixed with copper, formed the well-known bronze or brass of early days. This metal was largely used in the construction of Solomon's Temple, and the chief worker was Hiram, a man of Tyre (1 Kings 7. 13), one of the cities of the Phœnicians ; and as bronze (the early brass) could not be made without tin, and the latter was only, at that period, to be obtained in Spain and Britain, it is almost certain that the latter country largely furnished one of the materials used in the building of that magnificent temple.

It was those same tin mines, which seem to have called the attention of the Romans to these Islands ; for Roman colonists in conquered Gaul (France), were not long in discovering the treasure so near at hand, and in opening up a lucrative trade.

Many of us have been accustomed to regard the ancient Britons as a race of savages ; but we learn, that at the time of Julius Cæsar's first invasion, B.C. 55, he found the inhabitants of Cantium (Kent) differing but little in their manners from the Gauls, skilled in the arts of dyeing, spinning, and weaving wool, and wearing a dress not unlike that of the Highland Scots of the present day, which, indeed, still retains the name of "the garb of old Gaul." Later, we have an account of the dress of the ill-fated Queen Boadicea, as "robed in plaid of many colours, and wearing a rich gold collar.

At the time of Cæsar's first invasion, there were three grades of civilization. In the South, nearest Gaul, most progress had been made, and the people had long ceased to be savages. Further inland, there were herdsmen, who tended their flocks, and lived on milk, flesh, and game from the woods, but did not sow any corn ; while in the forests of the North still dwelt the wild savage, the veritable tattooed, wood-stained Briton, sleeping in caves and under trees, living by snaring game and eating berries, and, during Winter, wrapped in deerskin. Trained to war from infancy, brave and warlike, the well-disciplined legions of Rome had great difficulty in subduing them, and never has the National motto :

"Britons never will be slaves,"

been more exemplified than in the resistance then given to their conquerors. Their war chariots, armed with huge scythes, cut through many a Roman phalanx ; and had they but recognised that "union is strength," the palm of victory would often have been more doubtful.

Their real rulers were the Druids, who exercised an unbounded sway. Their sacred emblem was the mistletoe ; their sacrifice, the white bull ; though, alas ! they often offered human victims. It is singular to meet, in the records left by Julius Cæsar of their manners, customs, and religion, these words : "They consider that the favour of the immortal gods cannot be conciliated, unless the life of one man be offered for that of another." Surely here we catch a glimpse of the instinctive need felt by man in all ages of a substitute !

The Druids taught the unity and eternity of God, under the figure of a serpent and fire, also the immortality of the soul, but "burdened with the doctrine of transmigration."

Most interesting are the accounts of the various attempts of the Romans to subdue Britain. Each time they returned, it was to find the brave spirit still unquelled. But what Roman valour could not altogether perform, was wrought by other means. Julius Agricola, who won his laurels in Britain, had then studied the character of the people ; and, on being given the supreme command, under the Emperors Vespasian and Titus, he so introduced the luxuries and pleasures of Roman civilization, that the sons of the hardy warriors, who had fought for country and for liberty, became enervated, and were thus more easily taught to obey.

This brings us to about eighteen centuries ago.

It was in the year 78 A.D., that Agricola was made Proprætor (Governor) of Britain. The destruction of Jerusalem had taken place eight years before ; Pompeii and Herculaneum, the buried cities, were still in the full blaze of fashionable pleasure, little thinking of the fate awaiting them within one short year. St. Paul had received his "crown of glory" in martyrdom, about ten years previously ; and the Apostle John may have been in exile at Patmos.

This was the period when Agricola, by arts of peace and wise government, as much as by his warlike campaigns, was gradually converting Britain into a Roman province.

To us, in this nineteenth century, is visible the impress of the Roman civilization of that age. The long, straight Roman roads still traverse our land ; one crossing now a Westmoreland mountain, two thousand feet above the level of the sea. Roman villas, such as that at Brading in the Isle of Wight, show us much of the arrangements of a Roman house, while the discovery of "hypocausts" reveal that it was warmed with heated air, much like our modern conservatories. Neither was drainage neglected, as the remains of huge sewers show. Roman baths remind us that it was an age of luxury and refinement. We get peeps of ladies' dress and ornaments, in bronze brooches and pins for fastening up the hair ; mirrors of polished metal, wooden combs, tweezers, scissors, knives and spoons, locks and keys, and sundry articles, point to the domestic arrangements ; while needles show us that Roman ladies in Britain were not idle.

Even our gardens are indebted to the Romans for sweet-smelling roses and violets, which they are said to have introduced, and now first the luxurious cherry began to mingle its brilliant fruit amongst that of the golden apple and pear, already natives of British soil. Everywhere urns and tombs (sarcophagi) remind us that "death has passed on all ;" and amidst the sad memorials, we look in vain for any *certain* mark that the rich Roman lord, or his British slave, was cheered by the Christian's hope ; though remains of heathen temples are still scattered thickly over the land, and heathen inscriptions are found upon the tombs.

Tradition tells us of a possible visit of the Apostle Paul, and monkish legend credits Joseph of Arimathæa with the planting of the famous Glastonbury thorn. The stories of British martyrs in these very early days are scarcely trustworthy ; yet we may reasonably hope, that as St. Paul had written his Epistle to the Romans more than twenty years before, there were many among those who were humble followers of Jesus Christ, and that the glad tidings may have reached the ears of some British slaves, and cheered their sad lives with the glorious news of a bright home beyond. God had then, as now, His "hidden ones," and it may be that the Great Day will reveal many who, even then, had accepted a Saviour's love ; while there are some, who, in these days of an open Bible and Christian privilege, scornfully reject the "free gift of God, which is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Such, in brief detail, was Roman Britain. Our review will not have been fruitless, if it remind us that we, too, are leaving our impress on the lives of others as we pass along ; and that a memorial is being kept in God's book of daily deeds, which one day will be unmasked before the world !





Departed Glory—The Cause Discovered.

JAN. 7, 1888.

"A.1."

ONE PENNY.

WEEKLY — Edited by MRS STEPHEN MENZIES.

"Oonalaska."

by Gordon Stables R.N.

Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "1300 Miles in My Caravan," "From Pole to Pole," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

"A MUSHROOM city, as you observe, sir," said Captain Boyd, as he cracked another walnut, and dipped the kernel in salt. "Yes, San Francisco

"'I am going out with you, to help to find the Pole, or whatever other wild goose you are going to chase.'"

is a mushroom city; but where can we find such mushrooms in the old country? Pass the raisins, if you please, Desmond. Yes, steward, I *will* have another cup of coffee. Our cups on board the *Oona* are buckets, compared to this morsel of an egg-shell. Yes, Mr. Graves, America is a great country. Why, it takes, I'm told, two men and a little boy to see the other shore of some of your rivers. Well, sir, we should have just as big rivers in the old country, and as tall mountains, and as broad lakes, if we had room for them. But I'm afraid the Mississippi, for instance, would find itself rather crowded in Cambridgeshire. You may well be proud of your country, Mr. Graves."

The party who sat round the table in the spacious hotel were all men. There were Captain Boyd, Desmond, our bold Jack Silk, Nat Graves, and another new Nat Graves.

The new Nat was nothing more or less than a brother of our Miss Graves. He joined her almost as soon as the *Oonalaska* had dropped anchor in the roadstead off San Francisco.

The new Nat was the elder Nat, however; perhaps not a day under fifty, but wondrous tall, and wondrous straight and wiry. There was many a far younger man than he, who would have thought twice before planting a quarrel on this splendid specimen of an athlete. Nat senior had been everywhere, and done everything; not as your soft-footed Cockney tourists do things, dawdling over the world in well-found steamers, and engaging every comfort capable of keeping them easy, and every conveyance calculated to save their legs. Nat senior was not one of your "after breakfast, please," heroes; he had roughed it in all corners of the globe, where a bit of genuine sport or adventure was to be had; and that, too, by land and by sea. Yet he was an Englishman. Hear his reply to Captain Boyd's remarks.

"Yes, Captain Boyd," he said, "I am proud of it. I am proud of my *adopted* country."

"What! You are not an——"

"No, not an American. My young cousin here, and his sister, belong to the very city in which we now sit. My sister and myself came out here more than twenty years ago. We were young then, and as poor as rats. Needn't be ashamed to own it? We are not, sir. Well, she was plain Mary Graves, and I was Nat, and nothing more. She stayed with her aunt, and taught this young idea here how to shoot, and he thinks he has sprouted to some purpose. San Francisco wasn't much of a spot then, I can tell you; only a few rough shanties, and more Injin element about than most of us care to see. The mushroom city hadn't begun to burst through the earth then. Well, sir, I had as good a constitution in those days as I have now—I can't say better; but I was soft and green. The yellow fever began to show itself soon,—I mean the gold excitement, you know,—and I was the first to fall a victim. For two years, sir, I loafed about, prospecting here and prospecting there, but never making much progress towards success and independence; for I really was in too great a hurry. I presume though, that fortune would have found me out one day—'*Fortuna favet fortibus*,' you know,—but I had an adventure one afternoon, and that turned out a lucky affair for me. I saw two white men abusing an Indian. Now, mind, I don't like Indians; I know them too well. But here were two to one, and that isn't fair, even on a Red-skin. I slipped in, and though I didn't come off Scot free, I saved the Indian. I met him some days afterwards, when I was feeling shockingly down on my luck. I daresay he wanted to show his gratitude; but anyhow, he beckoned me to follow him, and I did. After walking for two whole days, we came to a wild, lonely bit of country—and to gold and silver. The richest mine in California lies there now. No, Cousin Nat; I do *not* wish it were my property. I made my pile. What more do I want? I've enough. I don't want a white elephant, and riches are sometimes quite as cumbersome.

"Well, that's how I made my bit, and I've been trying ever since to see the world. I've been a trapper in the Rockies, and up in British Columbia; I've been in the Australian Bush, the Cape, and on the Pampas; and my sister Mary, sir, has been with me in many a strange country, and in many a strange adventure."

"You surprise me, Mr. Graves," said Captain Boyd. "Your sister never told us anything about her wanderings."

"It isn't Mary's form. Ah! you don't know Mary yet, Captain Boyd. If there be any one in the world I'm proud of, it is sister Mary. She has been as much to me,—although I seem to boast in saying so,—as Livingstone's wife was to him, or Baker's to that wonderful traveller. No, sir, you don't know Mary yet."

"Alas! Mr. Graves, I fear I never will, then, for I hardly expect to stay over a week at 'Frisco on my return."

"But, bless my heart, hasn't she told you?"

"Told me? Told me what?"

"Why, that I'm going out with you to help to find the Pole, or whatever other wild goose you are going to chase. That is, if you'll let me."

Boyd's face beamed like a full moon-orient, as he reached over the table to shake Nat senior by the hand.

"I'm delighted, downright delighted. But, Miss Graves,—Mary, as you call her, is she——"

"*Is* she? Why, of course she is. D'ye think I'd go without her?".

"Hurrah!" cried Jack Silk; "the old ship's mother is going with us, Dess."

"Well," said young Nat, "in that case, I and my sister Kate will want to be part of the party."

"Do you think," said the Captain, turning with a kind of puzzled look to Nat senior, "do you think it would be quite judicious to——"

"To allow Kate to go?" Nat laughed as he replied, "My dear sir, we all belong to a tough old family, and we've been in the habit of having our own way so long, that if you really do not object to have us as passengers, then pray book us."

"That I will," Mr. Graves, right heartily.

"Hurrah!" from Jack again.

But a single "Hurrah!" did not seem sufficient on this auspicious occasion to alleviate this honest sailor's feelings. He must get up and shake hands with everybody all round the table. Then he sat down again, and at once made an attack upon a huge pine-apple, but there was nothing huge about it when Jack laid down his knife.

* * * *

"Now, Sally," said Miss Graves to her maid that same evening, "you are free to go on shore and live here. But if you desire to come with us, and think you are not too old to stand the cold, I shall be delighted to have you."

"Which I'd never think o' deserting you, my dear lady, as has been so kind, and Miss Kate, the purty creacher as is goin' with us, and all. Which I'm not so young, bein' sixty and over, dear lady; and the cold, bless you, what with an extra petticoat and stockin's to match, ma'am, I—what was I going to say? Dearie, dearie, but this is Ameriker, isn't it, ma'am? and to-morrow I'll go on the land and see my darter. Eh! she will be glad."

Miss Graves laughingly dismissed her faithful maid, and Sally waddled forward, feeling all over as happy, she told Turlough, as she had been on her wedding-day.

Both Turlough O'Brady and Boy Bates determined to go on shore with Sally next day, and help her to find her "darter."

They were as good as their word, and probably a more comical-looking trio had never been seen on 'Frisco streets. Turlough was dressed for the occasion in a green tailed coat with buttons of shining brass, a tall, somewhat shabby, and almost rimless hat, stuck jauntily on one side, and a holiday necktie of crimson and yellow. He had a bit of short stick under his right arm, and he stooped gallantly to the left, in order that dumpy old Sally might conveniently lean on his arm. Boy Bates brought up the rear, with his cap on the back of his head, his hands in his breeches pockets, and whistling—quite the irrepressible London lad from top to toe.

Everything was new and strange to Boy Bates, but the possibility that he himself looked odd in the eyes of 'Friskyites never once occurred to him. He seemed bent on enjoying his "houting," as he called it, and set about it in his own fashion. He sprinkled his chaff freely, too, whenever and wherever he had a chance. A spectacled German stopped to look at him, for example.

"Well, old goggles," said the boy, "*you* looks pretty 'ealthy, you does. My! there's a stomacher. Thorley's food? Hey? Never seed a real Henglish gemman afore I dessay, did yer now?

"Hullo! Vere are *you* a shoven to, hey?" This to a Chinaman. "Yes, and I'll pull yer tail again too, if yer valks back'ards and tramps on my corns. Gorlong—yah!

"'A boss shine for five cents,' did yer say, little boy? Don't mind hif I does, as you're so pressin'. Turlough, my beauty, let us patronise one of the hinstyetooshins of this free and enlighteninged country. Sally, old hauntie, ow's yer poor back? Lean agin the wall 'ere, both on yer, till this Briton 'as his boss shine. Bravo! young Day and Martin; that's the way to shine 'em. You'd make yer little fortune in London, you would. W'y, 'ere's a pretty crowd a-getherin' round us. 'Ow d'ye do, my dear? Didn't know I'd come, hey? Glad to see ye hany time on board the *Hoonalaska*. Put on yer best bonnet, my love, when ye comes, and make yer mother comb yer air.

"Keep the change, little boy," he continued, handing the boy a fourpenny-piece, which the lad looked at somewhat doubtfully. "Keep the change, to buy yerself a hopera-glass; yer won't find anythink near about us. Born haristocrats, hall on us, from the shores of Merrie Hengland. Ladies and gemmen, this is my guvnor, and 'ere's my old mother. Bound for a day's houting we are.

'Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
Britons, never, NEVER, NEVER, shall be slaves.'

Ladies and gemmen, I now 'and round the 'at. Yer can't hexpect to 'ave all the fun for nuffin. Thank ye, sir; services, ma'am, keep the pot a-boilin'. The hentertainment is just about to kermince. The guvnor is about to sing, arter which the hold lady will dance a 'ornpipe."

How far the entertainment might have proceeded, it is impossible to say, for at that moment the law, in the shape of a policeman, put his hand on Boy Bates' shoulder. But he did not not take the lad's breath away, by any means. Boy Bates' composure was not easily overset.

"Now then, hold cockalorum," cried the boy, "who are ye a shovin' of? and wot d'ye mean by 'git'? If yer wants a feller to move on, w'y don't yer say so, hey? And w'y don't yer lift yer 'at, ven ye finds yourself hunexpectedly thrust into the company of Henglish haristocracy, hey? Hit's a novel hexperience, hain't it?"

"Git," said the man again.

Boy Bates pulled himself up to his full height of five feet nothing-at-all, and eyed the policeman from top to toe with ineffable disdain; then he threw up one hand with a sudden and startling "tsh!" that made the man spring back. The crowd laughed aloud. Boy Bates bowed; then giving his right arm to Sally, on they marched with due solemnity, once more.

There was so much to be seen and wondered at, that hours passed most pleasantly away, and Boy Bates, whose appetite was of the finest, suggested dinner.

"Bizness furst, my bhoy," said Turlough, raising that wonderful hat of his as he spoke, to a pleasant-faced elderly gentleman, who was passing by.

"If ye plaze, sorr, would ye be after informing me where the best photographer's shop in all the city of Sandfrand-Siseky lies?"

The gentleman—he was an editor, so the appellation must be correct—smiled and pointed to a studio near by.

"You'll find that about the best. You're strangers, I presume?"

"Your presumption is roight entirely, sorr. I come myself from the kingdom of Connaught, and this good lady——"

"I come from Barks, sir," said Sally, all smiles and nods. "And a pleasant-lookin' gent you be, sir. A—this is Ameriker, sir, isn't it?"

"Part of it, ma'am."

"And my darter, sir. Poor dear! if she only knew her old mother was so close to her, she—oh! sir——"

Here Sally waxed sentimental, and tried to screw out a tear.

"Does your daughter live in this State?"

"Oh! sir," sighed Sally, "she don't live in no state, sir. She be in a good situation, sir; and if ye sees her, sir, tell her her mother is come."

Sally's search for her "darter" did not end here. She asked the photographer that took their likenesses, and promised, at Sally's request, to stick them in the window for her "darter" to see, and everybody else, everywhere, when a chance presented; but strange to say, nobody seemed to know Sally's "darter."

"Poor dear," said Sally that evening to her mistress, "I do 'ope, ma'am, that nothinks has come over her."

All next day, and all next week, aye, and all the weeks that the *Oonalaska* lay at 'Frisco, poor Sally lived in hopes that her "darter" would appear; but woe is me! she never did. It is but right, however, to mention that Sally was by no means much cast down about the matter; and when Miss Graves informed her that, on the ship's return, a thorough search would be made for the missing lady, she regained all her good spirits at once, and resignedly agreed to wait until that unknown date.

CHAPTER XIV.

"IT IS A LOVELY HOPEFUL CLOUD."

MANY a faster ship has left the Pacific shores, but seldom, I ween, one stronger or better found and fitted than the *Oonalaska*.

She sailed on a lovely morning in May—*sailed*, not steamed; for a breeze was blowing that filled the canvas fore and aft. The ship had been all ready for sea for days before, and might have *steamed* away; but Captain Boyd was a sailor of the old school, and he waited for the wind. And a glorious breeze it was—East, with a few points of South in it. But verily the *Oonalaska* seemed loath to leave that lovely shore, and when the last boat had left her, when the last farewell was said, and the last ringing cheer had died away on the water, it was but slowly at first she forged ahead; then the royals and topsails took firmer hold, and the lower sails filled and bellied out in the wind, the *Oona* shook herself into action, as it were, and long before noon the land was seen far astern, one long, rugged, green-capped line.

The breeze increased to a hearty blow, and there was sufficient roll on to make one feel one really was at sea. The vessel dipped and plunged as the waves played under her stern, raising her head as they went hurrying forward, till her well-scraped jib-boom pointed high over the clouds that lay on the western horizon. But neither dip nor roll had an angry lurch in it. The motion was a steady one, and told every sailor on board that the *Oonalaska* was settling down to business, but that it would not blow a bit harder for that night; mayhap not for days.

Thanks to Jack and Desmond, everything about the good ship's decks and rigging was as neat and clean and taut as eye could wish to see. Not a rope uncoiled; not a pin out of place; the woodwork about the bulwarks glittering in black and brown; the brasswork shining like silver; the deck planks so white that it was a pleasure to walk on them; the capstan bars scoured and neatly stowed; the capstan itself neatly capped in canvas.

Everybody was on deck in the evening; it would have seemed a sin to be below in such glorious weather. Almost every idle eye was turned astern. When would these adventurers look upon that lovely land again? Some of them—never.

The day faded slowly away. It felt a positive relief to many when the sun went down at last, sinking through the blue-grey haze like a burnished copper shield, rayless and red.

Just one more look at the land; the stars come out in the east, and it is lost to view.

Godfrey was up on the bridge. His back was turned to the distant shore; his face was turned west away, where the sun had just gone down, leaving the sea all leaden and dull—not more leaden and dull than his joyless heart, from which hope seemed for ever fled.

But all was not leaden and dull in the west. No, not *all;* for even as Godfrey gazed, one little cloud, that till now had lain fleecy and white, high up in the heaven's blue, suddenly assumed a bright crimson glory that was almost dazzling.

He was looking at it, with a new-born feeling akin to joy; he was almost praying it would not fade.

"Mr. Godfrey!"

He turned quickly round, and found Miss Graves by his side. She had a snow-white, cloud-like shawl around her shoulders, and her eyes were bent on Godfrey with a look of earnestness that almost startled him.

Only for a moment though; then she glanced upwards at that crimson dove's wing in the west, and smiled.

"Mr. Godfrey," she said, "that is a good omen. Do you regard it as such?"

"Miss Graves, that is a strange question. Pray what—what mean you? Good omen of what—to whom?"

She looked at him archly now.

"Of a fine day to-morrow. Come, give me your arm, Mr. Godfrey. Take me down to supper. But," she added, glancing westward once again, "it is a lovely *hopeful* cloud. *We* will not forget it, will we?"

"N—no!"

"Come."

The two passed silently along the bridge. Godfrey handed her down to the deck; then they went below.

Every one was bright and cheerful around the table that evening; but brightest and cheerfulest of any were Captain Boyd and the ship's mother.

"I declare to you honestly, Miss Graves," said the former, as he prepared to attack a huge round of roast beef in front of him, from which a cloud of savoury steam was rising, his own face looking over it like a full moon—"I declare to you, Miss Graves——"

"Mother, please!"

"Well, mother—that the older I get, the happier I seem to become. When we sailed away from old Bristol, we didn't expect to have such pleasant company beyond 'Frisco, I do assure you. We thought we'd land you ladies there, and that then the boys and I would be all alone. Instead of that, 'Frisco gives us a brother; and there you sit, mother, and there sits Katie, and here we all sit, looking as happy all round this table as—as a black man in a barrel of treacle. Jack Silk, my boy, aren't you glad and pleased, eh?"

Jack just glanced up once from his plate, but his face spoke volumes. It was not by any means a pretty face, but it was a wonderfully good-natured one.

"There, there, lad; don't speak; don't answer. I can read your soul from your figure-head. Besides, you're slow of speech at the best."

"Oh! by the way, Captain Boyd," cried Katie, "after we have all settled down a little, may we not get up some concerts and recitations; I feel sure we have quite a deal of talent on board. I——" She paused; Jack Silk seized upon the opportunity, and, somewhat uncavalierly and certainly unromantically, exclaimed:—

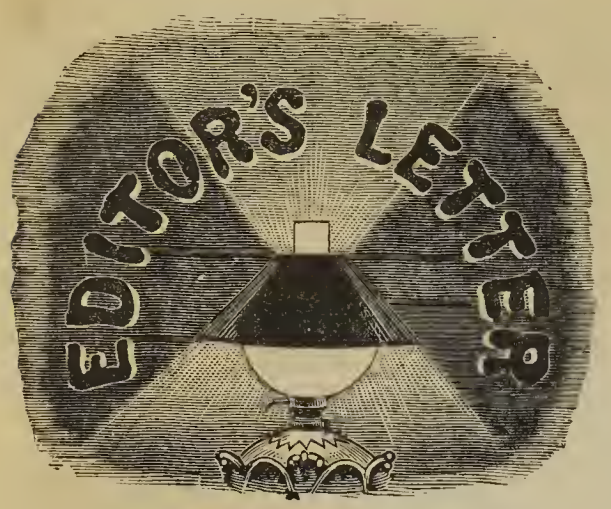
"Captain Boyd, I'll trouble you for some more beef; steward, take my plate round, and tell Captain Boyd that he needn't cut it quite so thin—it is not for a lady."

Miss Graves shook her head and smiled at Jack, and Jack shook his and smiled somewhat defiantly. Whereupon big Nathaniel felt bound to look first at the one and then at the other, somewhat puzzled. Then he went on with his dinner.

"There is some little secret between Jack Silk and Mary," he thought to himself; "but it is no business of mine; whatever Mary does is bound to be right."

Nathaniel had the most perfect faith—aye, and pride—in this sister of his; and if you had asked him the reason, he would have told you that it was because Mary was so very unlike any other woman he ever knew. He would have launched right away out into a speech, descriptive of her many good qualities, her deeds and doing, her cleverness, and her strange, matter-of-fact ways, and ended by saying, "You don't know Mary yet."

(*To be continued.*)



THE NEW YEAR, 1888.

OUR MONTHLY TALK.

BY THE EDITOR.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

I think we may all congratulate ourselves upon the excellent—I may almost say exceptional—start which our Paper has made. To reach within the first four weeks of its publication an issue of over 20,000 was beyond our expectation; yet this will soon be surpassed, judging from the letters of hearty greeting, and the promises of unflagging co-operation which pour in day after day. If these are not acknowledged as promptly as the writers and ourselves could wish, our correspondents will kindly understand that it is from no lack of appreciation, but because we are devoting all our energies to our Editorial responsibilities.

Our—"A.1."—is attracting also the notice of men in influential circles, who sympathize with its aim and tone, and are ready to lend to this enterprise the weight of their name and position. We cite the testimony of two such leading men as the Rev. Prebendary Macdonald, of Manchester, and the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

The latter writes:

"We have seen an advance copy of the first Number of 'A.1.', and we like the look of it. It is lively and gracious. There is no mistake about the ring of the Paper; it is true metal, but it is not heavy; it is devout, but not dull. If it can be kept up to the quality of the first Number, it will fill an orbit of its own, and spread light far and wide."

The Rev. Prebendary Macdonald writes:

"The character of after life depends very much on how a young man's or young woman's leisure time is spent, and the number of persons who spend much of their leisure in reading, is increasing every year. A grave responsibility rests on Christian people to be beforehand, and to occupy the soil with such seed as may be expected to yield the harvest of useful lives and happy homes. A literature such as Dr. Arnold (Rugby) longed to see, was never more urgently needed than to-day,—in which themes of everyday life which come home to men's business and hearts, should be treated on a basis of Christian principle, and pervaded with a religious tone.

"This is the character of two excellent Magazines: 'OUR OWN GAZETTE' and its Weekly companion, just launched, 'A.1.' It is safe to predict success. It promises to be 'Sound, Strong, and Seaworthy.' So far, it is characterized by Christian wisdom—variety of useful matter, with freshness and vigour, and genial sympathy, which is sure to find its way into the hearts of its readers."

Hearty words of greeting have also reached us from Lord Polwarth, the Rev. G. Handley Moule, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Rev. C. Garrett, Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, Lawrence Gane, Esq., M.P., Q.C., and others.

With testimonials such as these we may well go forward with renewed activity, determined to make our Paper more worthy of its unique, ambitious title,—yes! designedly ambitious, because we would ever be aiming at increased excellence; and if, as they have already so manifestly done, our young men and young women will still put their shoulder to the wheel, and each enlist a new subscriber, we shall make rapid bounds towards a world-wide influence. Let us be enthusiastic about *our* Paper; let us be ambitious for its success, but still more for its power and influence; let us, above all, be united in constantly praying that God will use it as a channel of life-giving messages to many.

To-day we stand on that narrow threshold of time which divides the Old Year from the New. We look back and sigh. We look back and deplore; we look forward and resolve. How little of the past would we recall! And yet what a record of faithfulness and lovingkindness—of realised hopes—of averted sorrows. Shall we withhold the full, glad tribute of hearts led captive by the love of Christ, and cleansed by His blood? for the past *is* under the blood; and "as far as the east *is from* the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us."

> "Therefore with quickened steps
> We'll tread our heavenward way,
> Until the shadows vanish,
> Until the break of day."

And as we enter upon another stage of life's journey, shall it not be in the fixed assurance that the failure of the past need not be the inevitable rule of the future—that the nets in which our feet *have been* taken this year, need not ensnare us to-morrow? The inspired Psalmist told of great deliverance when he said, "Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord, for He shall pluck my feet out of the net" (Psa. 25. 15). But more blessed still was the secret of victory learned by him who could triumphantly say: "The Lord shall be thy confidence, and shall keep thy foot *from* being taken" (Prov. 3. 26). He who died to save, now lives to keep; "He will keep the feet of His saints."

Friend, He can—He *will*—keep *your* feet; in that moment of temptation, when you are weak and the enemy is strong, when the foe presses your soul and you feel desperate,—you think you must yield,—but why? when the Captain of the Lord's host is by your side; He fought and conquered in this very battle, and the enemy you dread is already beneath your feet. Gird on your armour,—put your hand upon your sword. It is written, "Sin shall *not* have dominion over you." The appealing glance of faith shall bring the Lord as your ever-present Shield, 'twixt you and the enemy, and you shall be more than conqueror. Then you too shall exultingly exclaim: "Thou hast delivered my soul from death, and my feet from falling."—"The Lord is thy Keeper" is a blessed and practical reality—alike for the Young Man at the University, or in the Counting House,—or as Partner of a Business Firm. And not alone from the world without, but from the traitor foe *within*, can the Lord shield you. That heart of thine—whence are the issues of life,— is a citadel safe only in *His* keeping. Hand it right over; bid the King enter; give Him absolute and undisputed sway,—and then not only of His Government, but of *your* peace also, there shall be no end. Blessed Keeper—blessed keeping; may we more and more know the One, and realise the other, through every coming day of this New Year.

Am I writing to one who is venturing to enter alone the dark, mysterious portals of another Year? How *can* you walk alone? How can you engage the foe, lying in wait at every corner? How meet the dread solemnities of Eternity,—with that millstone of unpardoned sin around your neck? Repentance,—resolutions,—reformation, none of these can avail, so long as the old score remains unsquared. Shall swiftly fleeting moments of the old year leave you still without God—without Christ—without hope? Will you not rather—ere they close—get you to the stronghold, where alone that naked, exposed soul of yours can be hidden within the shelter of a Saviour's embrace, and that guilty soul of yours be for ever cleansed by His precious blood? Then "thou shalt call Me 'My Father,'" and you shall enter upon the New Year possessing a new life, and rejoicing in a new-found Friend—with whom you shall journey in closest fellowship, until you enter eternally upon the new inheritance, and join the ranks of those who sing "the New Song." "Behold, I make all things *New*."

And not for *yourself* alone will you thus walk in light, and enjoy rich spiritual blessing. How shall your influence tell in the coming year? What souls are to be *your* joy and crown of rejoicing in the Day of the Lord Jesus? Will you not lay yourself afresh upon the altar, a living sacrifice,—time, talents, influence, wealth, position,—all surrendered to be used *of* God and *for* God.

Thus shall we realise in its fulness, the fulfilment of the promise: "And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul . . . and thou shalt be like . . . a spring of water, whose waters fail not."

That this year, 1888, may be emphatically a New Year of gladness and fruitfulness, deepening day by day, is the earnest desire of

Your true friend,

M. Jane Menzies.

January, 1888. (*Mrs. Stephen Menzies.*)

TOLD IN A LINE

"A PROSPEROUS New Year to [A.]1 and all,"—so we are fain to modify the wonted wish.

We have advertised this week's Number as "special,"—readers will agree that we were right.

Our Spelling Chase closes to-day. Results in the earliest possible Number. Competitors should be on the *qui vive*.

The third of our Special Series of Christmas Competitions is announced on page 158.

Our Notes for Sunday School teachers, on page 158, will be a new feature of interest.

We want readers—readers want a good brisk Paper. Send a friend's name and address to 62, Ludgate Hill, for a specimen copy of —"A. 1."—

Very hearty thanks to our very hearty helpers. We shall soon publish a column of "What They Say."

Snowdrops.

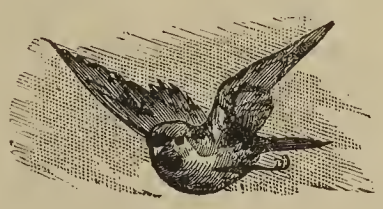
By Margaret Scott Haycraft.

INFANT band of beauty,
Flowers of love and faith,
Witnesses of triumph
Over seeming death,—
Rise and wave your banners
O'er the shadowed lea;
Spring is faintly breathing,—
Nature shall be free.
In your valley-pulpits,
Surpliced pure and white,
Preach of resurrection,
O ye buds of light!



Soon a host will waken
At your quiet voice;
Blossoms bright and golden
Newly shall rejoice.
Daffodil and cowslip
Shall with primrose stand,—
Violets come creeping
Through the fragrant land.
Now, though chill and lonely,
Yours is glory's dower,
Holding consolation
In each quivering flower.

Teach us to be patient,
Blossom-hearts of peace!
Though the winter tarry,
Bid our doubtings cease;
Teach us all to hearken
To the Master's word,
"Comfort ye My people—
Witness of the Lord:"
Bearing grail of gladness,
Hope and trust for aye,
Heaven make our spirits
Snowdrop-white this day!



HOMELY HOBBIES: RECREATIONS IN GEOLOGY.

By W. H. Harris, B.A., B.Sc.

No. 4.—The Slates of our Roofs.

ARTISTS and the lovers of Arcadian simplicity and beauty, naturally prefer the roof of thatch, with its varied tints and lowly forms of vegetation creeping over it: with its associations of rustic life, and with its suggestions of warmth in Winter and coolness in Summer. But the dwellers under such coverings would have something to say of co-tenants, in the way of sparrows, and possibly also of rats, and of insects of various genera, not conducive to the comfort of the human occupants below. The landlords of such tenements, moreover, looking at affairs from the practical points of security and endurance, would tell us of the dangers from sparks escaping from chimneys, of the spread of conflagrations in villages from a single cottage, on fire, distributing pieces of burning material in all directions, and of the difficulty of extinguishing thatch when once well alight. We should hear, also, of the frequency of repairs, and the repeated renewal of the whole of the straw, necessitated by the gradual but sure decay of the vegetable substance. Hence we cannot be surprised that more substantial and less dangerous materials than thatch have been sought for, to furnish roofing for our houses and buildings generally. Nor has the search been by any means in vain. At the present time we may see slates, tiles, flagstones, corrugated iron, tarred felt, and even prepared paper, used as coverings for structures more or less permanent. For houses, however, in most parts of the country, slates are more extensively employed than any other of the above-mentioned substances.

The reasons for this are quite easy to discover. Slates are light in weight, easily handled and fixed, very durable, and impervious to the abundant rains of our climate. They do not readily allow water to soak into them, and hence do not split by frosts. They are readily removable if alterations of roofs are required, and are replaced without difficulty if they slip from their positions. If imperfect or broken, sound ones can be substituted with little trouble; in addition to all these benefits, slates are now very cheap. Hence the probability that the majority of our readers are living under this kind of house-roofing.

Now, while thatch may have its artistic beauties and its poetic associations, it must not be thought that slate is wholly ugly, and without suggestiveness. Mr. Ruskin, indeed, of all people in the world, has said that, where there is a brick wall and a slate roof, there need be no want of rich colour in an English landscape. It would not be difficult to show how the various tints of slate, under sunshine and rain, April showers and December frost, with occasional little patches of yellow lichen showing here and there, may be worthy of even an artist's admiration. But when we set ourselves to learn the history of a piece of slate, we enter on a field of exploration of wondrous interest, and of indefinite extent. We have to take a flight on fancy's wings, which might become fatiguing even to that marvellously fleet steed of thought. We must travel back to a period so remote in our earth's existence, that our minds fail utterly in the effort to grasp the idea of the years that have elapsed; we shall find ourselves face to face with problems, which have yielded their solution only to some of the most patient workers and deepest thinkers of our day.

Let us try to make good these somewhat startling statements. First, then, as to the age of our slates. They are quarried from almost the oldest of the geological formations. They come chiefly from the Cambrian and Silurian systems. What that means, as expressed in *ages*, we will not attempt to estimate. To get an approximate notion of the time would baffle the greatest human intellect. The millions of years have been long enough for the whole animal and vegetable creations to have been slowly, but entirely, changed over and over again. Mountains and valleys, lakes, rivers, seas, and lands,—even the very continents and oceans, have repeatedly changed places on the surface of our globe, since the materials of the slates of our roofs were brought together, and consolidated into the form in which we make use of them. "As old as the hills" would be a feeble emblem of the antiquity of our palæozoic strata. They were venerable in their untold years, "before our mountains were brought forth."

But, now, what agencies have given birth to these immensely ancient and useful substances? The quarryman who separates them from their rock-masses; the workmen who cleave them, or who fix them on our houses; possibly the builder himself; and certainly most people who know nothing of geology would say, if asked about the origin of slate, that, of course, it was made when the world was created, and was put just where we find it.

A very slight investigation, however, is sufficient to invalidate that theory, and there are several ways of setting about our inquiry. In the first place, if we go to a slate-producing district, and notice what is called the "weathering" of the rock, we shall find that it crumbles into a tolerably fine dust in dry weather, and makes a very decided mud or clay, under the action of rain. We can, indeed, make slate into mud or clay for ourselves, by pounding it up very small, and mixing water with it; and then, if we examine the product chemically, or with the microscope, we shall see that it is made up of the same components as clay. This means, in other words, that slate consists of very small particles of older rocks, which have been ground to powder, and carried down by rivers as mud to some sea-bottom. So much for its origin.

Now we come to that property which renders slate so exceedingly useful for the purposes of man; viz., its quality of splitting easily into thin parallel plates. The scientific mind is what has been aptly termed "an animated note of interrogation." Of course, therefore, this question of slaty "cleavage," as it is called, attracted the attention of geologists, and led to inquiries as to the reason of it. Naturally the first idea entertained was, that the division into laminæ took place along the original lines of "bedding" or deposition. But this theory was soon shattered by the certainty that, in many districts, the directions of bedding and cleavage crossed each other at all angles, and that the latter was apparently quite unaffected by the former. Professor Sedgwick, who entirely refuted this first theory, came to the conclusion that, after the deposition and partial consolidation of the original mud or clay, certain crystalline forces caused a special arrangement of the component particles, and especially of the plates of mica, and that hence, just as certain flagstones—or, to take a much homelier illustration, a piece of sugar-candy—will split more easily in certain directions than in others, so slates similarly assumed a crystalline structure. This was called the *molecular* theory, because it had to do with the ultimate atoms of the materials.

Further observations, however, revealed the fact that fossils embedded in slate had often undergone curious distortion, and this always in the lines of the *cleavage*, not of the *bedding*. Then Messrs. Sharpe and Sorby, following up these facts—the latter aiding his investigations by the microscope—found further evidence of pressure and squeezing, and hence arose the *mechanical* theory of slaty cleavage. Still, Mr. Sorby thought that the splitting was greatly dependent on the re-arrangement of the mica particles and scales of oxide of iron, consequent on the pressure to which the strata had been subjected. Subsequently, Professor Tyndall conducted a series of experiments, which led him to the conclusion that pressure alone would account for all the facts. He showed that a lump of white wax—a purely homogeneous substance—when submitted to great pressure, split into plates of surprising thinness. He adduced as a very familiar instance of similar effects from a like cause, the fact that certain kinds of pastry, when well rolled by the cook, become flaky after baking. He also instanced the case of iron, which, when taken from the puddling furnace, is spongy to some extent; but, when passed under heavy rollers, it becomes fibrous. We are all familiar, also, with the flaking of the metals of our rails at stations where the heavy trains often slide along, instead of rolling, as the brake stops them. We may then take it as established, that slaty cleavage has resulted from pressure, and that the lines of cleavage are always at right angles to the direction of the squeezing force.

Next comes the question, What agencies have been able to exert the enormous power required thus to change a consolidated mud into a flaky slate? We will mention two, as having probably been those most effective in this matter. First, in the great slate districts we find abundant evidence of old volcanic activity. The rocks have been pierced by "dykes" of molten material. Here and there ashes, of a similar kind to those thrown out from existing craters, are found among the slate beds, and it is not difficult to imagine that dislocations, and upheavals, and distortions, attended by immense pressure in certain directions, resulted from these subterranean energies.

Secondly—and this opens up a wide field for thought and scientific imagination—there is good reason to believe that, from the time when our globe first began its revolution about the sun, it has been giving out heat into space. Now, what would be the result of this? We know that nearly all substances expand as they are heated, and contract as they cool. A bar of iron which just passes through a ring when cold, will not go through it if heated to redness. Again, a similar bar, which, when red hot, fits tightly into a tube, will, when cold, slip easily up and down this same tube. In like manner, rocky materials swell when heated, and contract as they are allowed to cool. Hence we conclude that, supposing the earth's crust to have fitted, originally, an under nucleus of molten material, as the outer portions cooled, and so shrank, they would become wrinkled and puckered, giving rise to mountain chains of various heights. For this remarkable, and we may say, magnificent conception, we are indebted to an eminent French geologist,

M. Elie de Beaumont. Should the theory be thought extravagant, we have only to consider the exceedingly small proportion which the loftiest heights on our earth's surface bear to its whole mass. The roughness on the skin of an orange would be immensely too great to illustrate the relation. It would be much more truthfully exemplified by an ordinary grain of sand on a globe twelve feet in diameter. This consideration serves to show how very small a wrinkling of the crust, compared with the whole bulk of the earth, would suffice to make vast elevations on the surface. Now, if we combine these two theories, and suppose volcanic action to produce, at certain spots, great increase of temperature and consequent expansion, followed by contraction as the interior heat escaped, or went in some other direction, we shall have, we consider, three *veræ causæ* of the pressure which has resulted in slaty cleavage.

LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

No. 1.—Young Men and Maidens.

A GOOD old man, who had lived for many years in happy wedlock, was once asked how it was that he came to fall in love.

"I never did fall in love," was his reply; "I walked gently and deliberately into it."

Tumbles of any sort are never very agreeable experiences; they always involve getting up again, and they generally leave an unpleasant bump or scar behind them. Tumbles into love are no exception to the rule. They are to be avoided. If young men and women were always steady on their feet, and not liable to become giddy now and again, we should never hear of them.

One reason why people fall in love so unconcernedly is, that they have come to think that to get married is the end of life, and that to miss being married is to miss the best and the sweetest thing in it. To an extent they are right. If all marriages were perfect marriages, founded on love and judgment, there would be nothing better than marriage known to mortals. But, unfortunately, all marriages are not perfect. On the contrary, perfect marriages are very rare, perhaps as rare as perfect personal beauty. We very seldom see either a man or a woman who is perfectly beautiful. We see one who has good eyes; another who has a straight nose; another who has a graceful figure; another with abundant flowing locks; but in all there is something that falls short. In describing them we say, "Such a one is very handsome, *but*——"

So it is with marriages. There is scarcely one, concerning which, if we were to speak honestly, we should not bring in the "but." The "buts" spoil everything, and the "buts" would not be nearly so common if people would walk down gently into love, instead of falling into it.

Yet there are very many happy marriages. Poets and philosophers of all ages have agreed in this. The poet Cowper says that "domestic happiness is the only bliss that has survived the fall." The great Martin Luther said, speaking of marriage: "The utmost blessing that God can confer on a man is the possession of a good and pious wife;" and again he said, "To rise betimes and to marry young are what no man ever repents of doing." One old English poet pronounced a true marriage "a pattern of celestial peace," and another called it "heaven on earth." It would indeed be easy to write whole pages of quotations, from the writings of wise men, in praise of true marriage. We all number amongst our acquaintance just one or two couples who are thoroughly happy in their marriage; and these people are so strong, so cheerful, so thoroughly contented, that it is no wonder that young folks feel inclined to follow their example, and try to secure married happiness on their own account.

This leads them to look out for some one with whom they may fall in love. Curiously enough, however, what we call the perfect marriages are never made by people who look out for them and scheme for them. They are always brought about naturally. It follows, therefore, that with regard to marriage, the best thing young people can do, is to refuse to scheme and plan for it, and to do their work well. If one of these best marriages is in store for them, it will come. There is no need to drag it into their lives. The marriages that are dragged in, are the sham marriages, which are to be dreaded both by men and women,—the marriages in which two people are tied together, merely to be a hindrance and a continual pain to each other. Compared with such a marriage, to be an old bachelor or an old maid is freedom and bliss.

Some girls have a great terror of being old maids. Certainly it is difficult to be a successful old maid. An American humorist once said that "everybody seems to look upon old maids as they do on dried herbs,—articles which ought to be kept in a garret as handy for sickness." Yet even this individual went on to say that "it would be better for a woman to be an old maid for four thousand years, than to marry the wrong man."

Young men now-a-days are not so much afraid of being "old bachelors" as girls are of being "old maids." Some foolish ones amongst them think it is rather grand to be free: they have a notion that at any time they can throw down their handkerchief, and two or three girls will run to pick it up. Perhaps, if the truth were known, it would be found that there are not twenty self-satisfied old bachelors in England at the present time, who have not, at one time or other of their lives, been refused by some woman. Also, it would be found that of the two, old bachelors have more reason to regret their loneliness, when youth is gone and age approaches, than even old maids have. Women can generally, if they will, find a corner where they can nestle down; but men have not so often this power. Solitary human beings are always sorry objects; but a solitary man is more to be pitied than a solitary woman. Now and then we meet with elderly, staid, serious-minded people, who seem to think that young men and young women ought to act as if they did not know there was such a condition as marriage. This is impossible. It is true that in these days young folks allow their thoughts to dwell too much on the subject. They read stories which give them quite untrue pictures of life, which show marriage as the be-all and end-all of human life, and mortals as puppets who prepare for the wedding-day, and then retire into the back-ground, and are no more heard of. The staid, serious-minded, elderly people, and the romantic young ones, are equally mistaken. There is such a state as marriage. A knowledge of it—yes, even an expectation of it—is natural to both young men and maidens. In time, the large majority of these young people will enter it; those who remain outside will be quite a small minority. Thus it has been since the world was made, and thus it will be so long as the world lasts.

It has been said that the large majority of the young people who succeed each other on our planet will enter the marriage state, but it is also true that the fate of these young people will be largely determined by the kind of marriage they make. Their hopes, their fears, their characters, their happiness, their usefulness, will depend very much upon whether they are married or not, and the kind of marriage they make. A young man may work hard in business, but, as the old proverb says, "he will have to ask his wife's leave before he can get on." A young woman may determine to live for the highest, try to do her duty, and make the best of this life and of all life; but if she is bound to a partner who does not "see with her," it will be as if she spent her days and years trying to roll a large stone up a steep mountain. For both men and women, there can be nothing but pain, weariness, disappointment, and failure, when the marriage has been a mistake. But though marriage is thus momentous in its consequences, young men and maidens look upon it as a joke. They treat it as fun, they *fall* in love, they frolic through courtship, and when brought face to face with marriage, think chiefly of the dress they shall wear at their weddings.

Would it not be more sensible if they were to look at the subject quietly, throw the light of common-sense upon it, and try to learn wisdom from the teachings of experience? It is in the belief that this is so, that I am beginning to write these Papers; and if young men and young women will read what I have to say, I will try to give them the best advice which is at my command concerning Love, Courtship, and Marriage; at least, I will try to help them to see these things as they really are.

WHAT SHALL I BE?

THIS is the all-important question that ninety-nine young men out of every hundred ask themselves on leaving school for business life. I had a long chat the other day with a shrewd, wide-awake man of business (who had tried many different lines of trade), on the choice of employment for young men. I asked my friend which he considered the best for a young man to do,—having the opportunity to enter a large wholesale House, should he choose the office work, or the business of selling goods? Said he: "It would be better, in my opinion, for a young man to start business life dusting buttons at eight shillings a week, than to go into the office and receive three times that amount. The life of a salesman is far preferable to that of the man who sits upon a high stool, with a cash-book before him from morning till night. A salesman is out and about, and has the chance of making friends and acquaintances whom he can use in after life. Of course men's natures differ; some are fitted for office work, others for salesmen. But, if ever I have a son, I will put him to selling goods in some good wholesale House, and if there is anything in him, he will be bound to work himself up."

"LUCK" AND "PLUCK;" OR, "ONE LETTER DID IT."

By the Rev. P. B. Power, M.A.,
Author of "The Oiled Feather," "The Talking Fire-Irons," etc.



"'What does this make it spell?' asked Mr. Barbel, as he again flourished the chalk."

"THERE'S only one letter difference, my girl," said old Timothy Barbel, to a bright young girl of about sixteen,—"one letter, my girl; but that one makes all the difference, just as one figure would make all the difference, provided only you put it in the right place. Here now, here are half a dozen noughts for you," and old Timothy got up, and chalked six great "O's" on the floor before him. "How much are they, my girl?"

"Nothing, grandfather."

Then Mr. Barbel, making three or four flourishes in the air with his piece of chalk, which made that chalk say, "When next I make a mark, look out, for it will mean something," at last descended on that floor, like a hawk on some little bird, and clapped a "1" in front of the row of noughts.

"Now, Betsey, my girl, how much is it?"

"Units, tens, hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands—a million," said Betsey; for, not having much to do with millions in life, she had to count up on her fingers before she could hit the number off. But that we shan't trouble about; Betsey got it right, and that is the main point.

"Now, my girl, you see what a little thing will do, if 'tis only put in the right place. A little figure—and a little letter will do the same. What does that spell?" said Mr. Barbel, chalking the letters "L, U, C, K," upon the floor.

"Luck," said Betsey, getting rather red in the face as she said it.

"And what does this make it spell?" asked Mr. Barbel, as he again flourished the chalk, and made it descend suddenly upon the ground, this time to deposit a "P" in front of the other letters. "Now, my girl, let us have it spelt."

"P, L, U, C, K," spelled out Betsey, getting redder and redder as she pronounced each letter.

"Say out the whole word," said Bet's grandfather; "the letters are no good unless you put them all together; and even then they're no good, unless you go and work them out."

"Pluck," jerked out Betsey, as if some one had given her a slap on the back, and knocked the word clean out of her mouth.

"That's it, my girl; that 'P' will do the business—not without God's blessing, you know; without Him 'nothing is strong, and nothing is holy,' as it says in the Collect; but with that, with the blessing, if I wagered—which I never do, and am not fool enough to do—I'd lay 100 to 1 on that 'P' in the

right place. The end of the race would be, 'Pluck,' ridden by Betsey Barbel, came in first; and 'Luck,' ridden by Jenny Light, was nowhere. Hah! hah!" laughed out Grandfather Barbel, "I can read an account of the race," and snatching up his newspaper, the old man pretended to read:

"'Luck' was the favourite. Ten to one was bet on her freely; and, indeed, her appearance justified her backers in their confidence. She came to the post with her coat shining like polished marble, and her jockey—Light—was full of confidence. Her competitor, 'Pluck,' was too heavily built, in the opinion of most. That she had good staying powers every one confessed; but she did not appear to have the speed. The race seemed a foregone conclusion for 'Luck.' But things turned out very differently from what was expected. 'Luck' pranced about a good deal at the start, but finally went off with a rush. Her running was very uneven, going a great pace at times, and then almost dropping into a trot; while 'Pluck' started as if she meant business from the beginning. She soon gathered herself up, and went forward at a good steady pace, evidently full of most dogged perseverance. This stood her in good stead. When the horses came to the heavy ground, 'Luck' dropped behind, and finally broke her leg. She had to be shot where she fell, and her jockey walked in without her. 'Pluck's' jockey received a regular ovation, and the horse is likely to be heard of again.

"Hah! hah!" laughed old Timothy Barbel, "I was one of the fools that used to go horse-racing and betting, when I was young. I know all about their jargon. That's the way, Bet, they'd put it down in the newspapers. And now, my girl, here's the race of life to be run, and you're fretting because Jenny Light is a lucky girl, and you think you are not. You think Jenny has a better mount than you; but I'm an old man now, and have seen a good deal of the world, and I can tell you this, that if you'll be content to ride 'Pluck,' instead of 'Luck,' as sure as my name's Timothy Barbel, and as sure as my father's name was Timothy Barbel, and as sure as his father before him was also T.B., so surely will you do better than Jenny Light—that is, if she goes in for 'Luck' only."

Now, the reader must be put into possession of how it was old Timothy Barbel and his grand-daughter came to be conversing on this subject at all; and this will account for how it was that, in spelling the word "Luck," our friend Betsey had coloured up to the roots of her hair.

Betsey Barbel was very much put out just now, because an acquaintance—and, indeed, a kind of friend—had come in for a sum of £20, by the death of an old aunt. "Just like her 'luck,'" said Betsey; "and she's turned out the finest girl in the mill, and Bob Spanker has offered to her. There's no denying that she looks wonderfully well in her new hat."

Had Jenny looked badly in the hat, I am afraid—such is the evil of poor human nature—the vexation would not have been half so bad to Betsey; but what with her high colour from excitement, and her bright manner, and the hat itself,—no doubt in the world of it, she looked very well.

Then there was Bob Spanker; there was no denying that Jenny had the smartest young man in the mill. All this was too much for Betsey Barbel to endure in silence; so she told her grandfather all about it, and this was what made the old gentleman do all that figuring on the floor.

"List to me, my Bet," said the old man, as he took his grand-daughter's hand between his two; "list to an old man, who has seen many go up, and many come down, in his lifetime; and who has seen many who were up, stay up, and many who came down, never get up again. Never trouble yourself about other folk's luck; mind yourself, and your own business. Do your best in whatever station of life you are; and whether you seem to get all you want or not, stick to your duty, regularly, honestly, determinedly, Pluckily—mind the 'P' Betsey—'pluckily,' and it will come out well in the end. Now, look here, my girl, I know Jenny Light well enough, and I know a bit about you, too; and if I had to make a wager, I'd bet not ten to one, but a hundred to one, that you will come out better in the end than she will. You have more grit in you—more backbone, more 'make-up-one's-mind-to-it' in you—than she has. With God's blessing, 'Pluck' will carry you where 'Luck' will never carry her. 'Pluck' will keep you where 'Luck' will never keep her. 'Pluck' will stick to you, long after 'Luck' has left her. For one's 'Pluck,' one has within oneself, and is one's own; but one's 'Luck,' nobody knows what it is, and it may be here to-day, and gone to-morrow; and if the one who had it had nothing else, she may find herself left without anything at all."

We don't always take in things in a moment, and it required a little time before Betsey Barbel could quite fall in with her grandfather's notions, especially as Jenny Light took every opportunity of looking in upon her. On these occasions she not only exhibited herself, and her hat, and its feather, but also Bob Spanker, and his new waistcoat, and his new necktie, all of which—(I don't mean Bob Spanker himself, but the waistcoat and the tie)—had come out of Jenny's £20, which was fast coming to an end.

Now it is a grand thing to think—think—think, to ask of this and that, whether these things be so, to come at the bottom of things. And Betsey Barbel went in for thinking; as soon as the pettishness wore away the thinking process immediately began.



"It was Betsey Barbel . . . with plenty of pluck in her stiff backbone."

"Well," said Betsey to herself, "grandfather has seen a good deal in his day; folk about here think he has a deal of sense; they're always coming to ask his advice about this and that, and as he says 'Pluck' is better than 'Luck,' I'll go in for it."

"But what about your being *only a girl?*" said something inside her, for as you know, good reader, whenever anything of any value begins to spring up and sprout in the mind, there's sure to be some evil bird about, to try and pick at it, or some thorn or thistle to choke it. But Betsey was equal to the occasion. "Only 'a girl' indeed! And why should I think 'only' a girl? Hasn't a girl hands, and feet, and a head, and a heart, the same as a man? There are plenty of women in the world as well as men. Some folk say there are a great many more, and a deal of the hard work in life comes to them too. I'll tell you what it is," said Betsey to herself, "I'll go in for what grandfather says. As to 'Luck,' it may be here or there, or it may not; I'll go in for 'Pluck,' for I know where that may be—that is, in myself."

From this day out Betsey Barbel, as she said herself, "got up a stiff backbone," and determined to put "Pluck" into her life. She soon had a chance of putting her new principle into practice.

"Now then, girls," said the foreman at Banwell Mills, "we have to make a push for it this week; 'twill be a hardish bit of work, but if we do it, we'll get more orders from where this came from."

Not a stir amongst the girls. Some few might have been inclined to fall in with the foreman's views, but they were afraid, afraid of such girls as Jenny Light, or of such Bob Spankers as there were in the mill; they had not the grit—the backbone in them, to say out what they thought.

At last a girl at the far end of the room stood up; she looked pale, for she was making a great effort, but she made it, and succeeded too. She said, "I'll lend a hand."

All eyes were turned towards the speaker. It was Betsey Barbel, who was standing up with her stiff backbone, and plenty of "Pluck" in her heart and her voice. There she stood, not as if she were ashamed, or afraid, or likely to knock under if she stood there for a month. Presently up got another, and then another, until at last some thirty girls stood up, leaving some twenty, amongst whom was Jenny Light, refusing to do an extra stroke.

"That will do," said the foreman; "I can carry it through with you," and the work was done at the week's end. The pull was pretty severe, and more than one girl seemed likely to give in; but Betsey kept her eye on all round her. She cheered and encouraged them; she said, "Let us put what 'go' we have into it; we'll carry it through; we'll show them what women—what girls can do;" and Betsey came out of that affair the leader of all the girls worth having in Banwell Mills. She and her thirty kept the winter's orders for the mill, every penny of which would have gone to Germany, if this order had not been taken in hand, and bravely and promptly carried through.

The owner of Banwell Mills knew to whom he was indebted for the order being carried out, and Betsey's pluck put her, in three months' time, into a place in the mill with at least half as much wages again.

No doubt Jenny Light thought herself a most lucky girl to get Bob Spanker;—every girl thinks herself very lucky when she gets a lover, and finally a husband; but I have my own doubts sometimes about this luck. I have seen the luck turn to what was very unlucky indeed; and I think Jenny Light would have been much more lucky, in reality, if she had never seen Bob Spanker, even though he did make such a beautiful appearance in that sprigged waistcoat and red necktie. For Bob Spanker had no religion in him,—that was the worst of all; but neither had he grit, pluck, backbone, stick-to-it, or anything in him to make him last; and if I were a girl, I should go in for a man that had some of these things in him, that I should. No sprigged waistcoats or red neckties for me, unless inside the waistcoat was a good, sound heart, and inside the red tie a good, honest throat, that could do something more than swallow beer and sing songs; one that could say "No," when "No" was the proper thing to be said, and say "Yes," when "Yes" was the proper thing; and then stick to them as if he were fixed to them by a hundred of nails.

But next week I shall be able to tell you how this extra "P" worked in the matter of a husband.

(*To be continued.*)

ANATOMY SPIRITUALISED.

By the Rev. J. Hiles Hitchens, D.D., F.S.Sc.

Author of "*Ecce Veritas*," "The Young Men of Scripture," etc.

No. 1. The Head: or, Responsibility of Thinking.

Fable says that when the gods created man, they made a lamentable oversight. They constructed a marvellous body, endowed that body with a vigorous intellect, and provided for both body and mind suitable employment. But they overlooked the necessity for recreation. No amusements were furnished. So the deities met in solemn conclave, and, after due discussion, decided that men should find their enjoyment in the study of one another.

This classical myth is doubtless based upon the fact, that untold pleasure and profit have been ever derived from the thoughtful observation of the characters, habits, and acts of men. The matter for study is inexhaustible. Pope well writes:

"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man."

In Scripture, every power and part of humanity is claimed for God. Every faculty is earnestly appealed to. As from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, man is represented as spiritually and morally diseased and emasculated, so the whole man is to be brought into subjection to the law and love of the Eternal One. We purpose, by a little spiritual anatomy, to try to enlarge acquaintance with ourselves, and our relations to God and man.

We begin with the *head*, which Addison says Nature has designed to be the "cupola to the most glorious of her works." Being the uppermost part of man, and regarded as the seat of thought, the head is often taken, in the grand old Book, as indicative of the entire person.

The difference between man and the brute is very conspicuous in the head. The Creator has made the lower part of the human face to bear a smaller proportion to the forehead than in brutes. Man has been given height and proportion of forehead surpassing all other creatures,—a brain, which is the organ of the mind, and the seat of nervous energy, and the facial nerves and muscles, to convey to the face the prevailing passions, or sudden emotions of the mind. It is not that the brain perceives, reflects, or determines. Thinking is *not* a property of the brain. All its material properties are possessed as much when we are not thinking as when we think—as much when we sleep as when we are awake. It is the mind that employs the brain as a sensorium, and uses it as a medium. Yes, the Divine Proprietor has bestowed upon us an immortal and expansive mind, capable of looking outward, inward, around, and above—capable of ranging over the fields of the past and gathering treasures for present possession and future service—capable of circumnavigating the globe, sounding the depths of oceans, rising on the beams of the sun, and resolving those solar rays into their constituent colours—capable of weighing the marvellous but merciful utterances of Infinite wisdom, of soaring into the Divine presence and gazing upon the ineffable glory—and yet, alas! liable to grope in ignorance, to be stunted by custom, to be misled by hellish cunning, to be poisoned by the tempting draught of Beelzebub, and thus to reduce the whole man to a state on which good men cannot look without shame, and angels cannot gaze without surprise. It is because the mind chiefly operates through the brain—plays upon it as a musician plays upon a piano—that the head has the dignity and value it possesses.

"It is not from his form in which we trace,
Strength join'd with beauty, dignity with grace,
That man, the master of this globe, derives
His right of empire over all that lives;
That form, indeed, the associate of a mind
Vast in its powers, ethereal in its kind;
That form, the labour of Almighty skill,
Framed for the service of a free-born will,
Asserts precedence, and bespeaks control,
But borrows all its grandeur from the soul.
Here is the state, the splendour, and the throne,
An intellectual kingdom all her own."

The thinking done by men is of varied kinds. We become more or less acquainted with

our fellow-creatures' thoughts, and the disclosure thought makes of itself by words and actions. But there are many, many thoughts which pass through or dwell in the mind that make no discovery of themselves, either on the face—the soul's dial-plate—or at the lips, the portal of the soul's temple. Every man is an unknown world to his fellow-man. Beneath all that we see and know of one another there is a secret life, of which we know nothing. But the Great Artificer has the key to the secret and mysterious cabinet of the human mind. He discerneth the thoughts and intents of the heart. The *weakest* thought that flits across the spirit, like the fleecy cloud which passes almost unobserved over the azure of the summer sky, and the *weighty* thought which accumulates like an autumn nimbus, giving a sombre and depressing aspect to all the surroundings; the *good* thought that shakes itself from the dust of the earth, like a feathered songster, and soars toward its native skies, and the *evil* thought that, serpent like, coils around the flowers of the heart, and leaves its trail on all the fruits of the intellect; the *presumptuous* thought, that rushes like a maniac into the presence of the Infinite Monarch; the *uncharitable* thought that lurks in the highway of life, to wound a passing pilgrim; the *covetous* thought that goads the man to fraud, injustice, and oppression; the *ambitious* thought that bars the entrance of contentment into the city of the soul; the *murmuring* thought that with vile ingratitude tramples upon Heaven's priceless gifts; the *idle* thought that, like excessive foliage in a fruit tree, carries off the strength and energy of the mind—all, all lie open to the searching gaze of our Divine Father. Every imagination, wish, or purpose is as legible to His vision as if written by a sunbeam. This should comfort and strengthen those persons who *try* to think and act aright, but are misunderstood by men—those who desire to serve the cause of truth, but cannot give utterance to their thoughts because words fail, ideas slip from the mental grasp, and the feelings are voiceless. On the other hand, the fact that God reads every rising thought should startle and stop those who knowingly indulge evil imaginings. To know that *He* is fully acquainted with the thoughts of dishonesty, sensuality, fabrication, misrepresentation, hypocrisy, hatred, cruelty, and crime should be enough to check sin, and bring us to our knees in sincere contrition.

Let it be remembered that our thoughts affect our dispositions and characters, and so influence our eternal destiny.

> "All our actions take
> Their hues from the complexion of the heart,
> As landscapes their variety from light."

He whose mind is wont to be engrossed with the things of this world, will contract a character of a worldly cast. He whose thoughts run riot in the realms of crime will soon become dissolute and reprobate in life. He who dwells mainly upon the fashions and frivolities of society will speedily lack all solidity and solemnity. If a man indulge evil thoughts, they will add links to the chain which fetters him to earth. But if he encourage good thoughts, they will be as living germs, which will produce tenfold their own quantity. Whether good or bad, no wave of thought can visit the continent of the mind without leaving a deposit on the shores of life, either beneficial or baneful. The unholy thought will give a hue to the disposition, and leave a spot upon the memory, which life itself will never see wholly eradicated; but the holy, honourable, orderly thought will yield a sweet perfume which, like aromatic leaves in a jar, shall retain their pleasant aroma to perpetuity.

> "You may break, you may shatter the vase as you will,
> But the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

Further, let it not be forgotten that our thoughts are far-reaching and undying. No thought ever yet truly perished. There is an immortality about our thoughts. There are certain seeds that can endure an extraordinary amount of unnatural heat and unusual cold without losing their vitality. Some have passed through processes of boiling and fermentation, and when thrown away as useless, have vegetated and produced fruit. Such seeds are emblems of the vital power of human thoughts. The children in the fields carefully pluck the little downy head that takes the place of the dandelion petals, and then blow the winged seeds from the tender stem. Away—away in diverse directions those tiny seeds are borne, and little do the youngsters think how they are propagating the gaudy flower in a hundred meadows and gardens. So we think and give expression to our thoughts, but cannot tell how, right round the sea-girt globe, those thoughts will find an avenue to other minds, and how, on and on, to the final epochal hour in earth's history, the effects will be felt. Haughty, envious ambition—"restless, ruthless fiend"—takes possession of a man's mind, and that stubborn, uncurbed thought stains continents with human gore, and hands on to posterity a terrible heritage of national woe, weakness, and ill-will. Fierce and intolerant bigotry takes hold of a man's mind, and the baleful thought leads to divisions, persecutions, and social jealousies for generations. Sensuality possesses the mind, and the loathsome thoughts kindle the fires of vice in the breasts of thousands of mortals. On the other hand, a benevolent thought is conceived by one, and the cheer it accords to the sad, the relief it affords to the troubled, is inconceivable. An ambitious thought led to the fall of our entire race. A bigoted thought led to the crucifixion of the Son of Man. A benevolent thought led to the establishment of our numerous societies and institutions for the instruction and relief of men. A holy thought led to the composition of those invaluable treatises which will be ever prized. A thought led Tom Paine to write what has ruined many a precious soul. A thought led John Bunyan to pen his inimitable "Pilgrim's Progress." Thus thought is a blessing or a curse, not to us only, but to others; and the responsibility of thinking is therefore terribly great and solemn.

Then, reader, carefully guard your mind. The things which enter your mind come either from *above* or from *beneath*. Every idea conveyed to our intellectual capacities must be from one or other of these sources, so far as their moral effect is concerned. The Evil One and his emissaries are ever on the alert to cast some noxious weeds of error into the garden of the soul. It is our fault if we allow those evils to stay there. Be it ours, then, never to permit an evil thought to *dwell* in our minds. Let the saying of the heathen abide with us: "What ought not to be done, do not even think of doing." But let every good thought be welcomed as a hallowed guest. The thoughts which God conveys to the mind will prove to be unseen Seraphim, transforming our heart into a temple, and perfuming that temple with holy incense.

GOD IS HOME.

By EDWARD CLIFFORD.

WHAT a word "home" is. It will bear treasuring in the heart, and saying over and over again.

Home! What home have you loved best? Look back and think about it.

My first home was a common enough house in Bristol, one of a long row—26, Somerset Street. But to this day I love even its doorstep, and its brass bell, and its window blinds. I love the bannisters where I broke my arm, as I slid down them one day. I love the gum cistus in the garden, and the snapdragons on the garden wall, and the sound that all the church bells of Bristol make, ringing together on Sunday morning and on Sunday evening. Above all, I love the dear father and mother who made it home, and the sister who played with me. She and I loved to adventure out into grander places, and to find treats and wonderments in the outer world; but we always were joyful to come back home.

There all was familiar and natural; it was the place we belonged to, and it belonged to us. There all company manners and company restraint were put away.

Perhaps you never had such a home, but in your heart you understand all about it.

And now I have exactly the same feeling about God. He is Home. In Him I find quiet, natural, refreshing, comforting rest. In Him all things are ours—life and death, and angels, and all good gifts of joy or sorrow. We can love Thee, O God, for Thou only art our Home. As the tree to the turtle-dove, as the air to the frigate-bird, as the desert to the ostrich, as the earth to the acorn, as the water to the fish, as the meadow to the lamb, as the mother to the babe, so is God to the man who seeks Him.

In this Home of homes there is no fear, no constraint; all is love, and wisdom, and power, and tenderness.

Escape, then, into your home, poor hunted soul; sin and the devil, fear of death and fear of hell,—above all, the hated self that you have discarded, how they worry you!

Wounded, bruised, lame, and poisoned though you may be, sink into God, your Home, and be made whole. And if you ask how to get there, know that Christ is the Way, and Christ is the Door.

Another word—that Home is Love. That also is a word to hide in your heart and to live upon, for love is the one great reality, for God is Love. I hope we all know what it is to hear those three words,—"I love you," said to us by one whom we love.

They are lovely words to pass between parent and child, or between friend and friend, or between husband and wife, or between God and man. "I love you. I love you."

What a new thrill they give to life!

I am glad to think that our Lord knew the joy of having those three words said to Him, during those thirty-three years spent in our sorrowful world.

"She loved much," He testified of her who bathed His feet with her tears.

"Ye have loved Me," He said to His disciples on the night of His betrayal.

And three times before He ascended, He craved to hear those three blessed words—"I love Thee," from Peter's mouth.

Do you sometimes tell the Lord, when you are alone with Him, that you love Him? Do you say to Him, "I love Thee"?

If you do, this will happen—your love will become brighter and stronger.

MY FRIEND ANGUS; A SCOTTISH TALE.

By Josiah Forester.

YES, to be sure, he was a Scotchman, and a Highlander to boot; but neither he nor I ever saw any reason to be ashamed of that fact. He was born under the shadow of the Grampian Hills, where literally his "father fed his flocks—a frugal swain." I am bound to say that Angus' reasons were so novel and so striking, and were presented with such an accent of conviction, and with such fervid eloquence, that to doubt the conclusion to which they tended would have been treason; the more so, that I fear I have a good deal more Scotch than English blood within my own veins.

Angus' father was only a shepherd on the Scotch mountains, but he was no ordinary man, for all that. His father, old Angus Macpherson, had been owner of the very hills on which his son tended his flocks; but every farthing of his wealth, and every inch of his land, had gone in the cause of "Bonnie Prince Charlie." Strange to say, his son, so far from being angry at the cause of his poverty, found only one other fact to be prouder of, and that was that he was named Charles Stuart Macpherson, after the Pretender, who, some said, was present when the babe was baptized. To his last days—and he lived to be an old man of ninety-one—Charles Stuart Macpherson was a strong Jacobite, and mourned bitterly the sad times on which his unhappy country had fallen.

When my friend Angus was a boy at home, he has told me that there were days when his father seemed to be seized with a kind of Jacobite madness. He would suddenly appear from the hills, rush into the miserable hovel which he called home, take down the bagpipes, and spend hours striding up and down the glen, or on the hill-sides, blowing pibrochs and slogans as if he meant to call the clans from their very graves to fight the Prince's battles over again. It has even been said that he had more than once buckled on his father's claymore, lighted the fiery cross, and spent the whole night in scouring the country with the burning brand; but of this Angus could not speak positively.

According to Angus, his mother was a more extraordinary character, even, than his father. To the Jacobite fervour she added an imagination the most lively, a memory the most retentive, and a voice which, had it been cultivated, would have made her rank amongst the finest singers of the world. On winter evenings, when the sheep had been looked after, the whole family would gather round the great peat fire, and for hours the mother would keep the whole family open-eyed with wonder and delight, as she sang or recited Jacobite song and ballad, graphically described the battlefields of Scotland, the feuds of the clans, or told marvellous stories of ghosts, brownies, skelpies, and other such unearthly creatures, until the children were afraid to stir from their stools.

My friend Angus very early displayed a strong predilection for music and mischief. If he were not busily engaged in the one, he was sure to be in the other. By the time he was six, he could whistle like the mavis, play on the shepherd's pipe, and make it too, like Pan, and could even play a reel or strathspey upon the bagpipes, to his father's delight.



"He would take down the bagpipes, and spend hours striding up and down the glen."

That was a red letter day in his history, when his father brought home from the fair, twenty miles distant, a penny tin whistle. Until it was hopelessly battered in the daily struggle for its possession with his jealous brothers and sisters, it never was more than a foot away from his hand, day or night, and wonderful were the strains the boy could bring out of it.

The day of days, however, in Angus' history was unquestionably his ninth birthday. It so happened, that on this memorable day his father forgathered, as the Scotch say, with another shepherd on the hills, and the conversation turning on family matters, Angus' name came up. The father was expatiating upon his boy's wonderful musical faculty, when his hearer interrupted him to say that there was an old fiddle in a green bag, lying idle and useless in his own house, and if the boy cared to have it, he was very welcome. Angus' father thanked his friend, and said oracularly, that if there was any music anywhere in the thing, Angus was the boy to bring it out, even if he had never set eyes on the kind of instrument before.

It was dusk when the shepherd got home to deliver his piece of good news; but the words were hardly out of his lips when Angus, with a cry of delight, started to fetch home the new treasure. It was full six miles to the other shepherd's cot; but what was that? He would have gone, if it had been twenty, and though he had no earthly idea what a violin was like. Everybody laughed the way he shot out, without waiting so much as to pick up his bonnet, for it was quite characteristic. His brother Donald ran after him with it, but it was a hopeless task, in spite of his shouting and fleetness of foot. Angus only turned his head once, and, thinking Donald was sent to bring him back, he doubled his speed, and was soon out of sight.

Angus says his father's cot was a miserable enough dwelling that night. The violin could boast of just one string, and rub as he might with the bow, he only succeeded in frightening his youngest brother into fits, and reducing himself to despair. His father was almost as miserable as he was himself; for, willing as he was, he could see no way to supply the missing strings. The nearest place where they were to be had was twenty miles distant, and he was afraid they would cost more money than ever he could afford to part with. Angus, when he heard this, went to bed and cried himself to sleep.

When the family awoke in the morning, both Angus and the fiddle had disappeared. The day passed without his appearing, and it was getting dusk when Angus, footsore, but brimming over with excitement, dashed in, flourishing aloft the fiddle with its full complement of strings.

Awaking very early on the morning after the advent of the new instrument, the lad had made a sudden resolution to take his tin Savings Bank, and walk the twenty miles to see if he could not exchange his pennies for the needed strings. He walked every foot of the way there, and was successful above his expectations. The music-seller was so

taken with the enthusiasm of the lad, that he not only refused to investigate the contents of the bank, but overhauled the instrument, which he pronounced to be a very good one indeed. Footsore and tired Angus was, when he set out on the return journey; but as he got a lift for several miles on the way, and above all, had the fiddle all right under his arm, he thought little or nothing of the pain and hunger he was suffering; he had got what he wanted—that was enough.

In a marvellously short time, Angus, without any helper, learned to play his instrument in a way which astonished everybody, especially the schoolmaster, who was himself a bit of an amateur musician, and very fond of the violin. This good man persuaded Angus' father to let the boy continue at school; for he had been taken away to help with the sheep. The schoolmaster not only proffered to receive Angus without fee, but to teach him what he himself knew of the theory of music; and though that was not very much, it seemed a marvellous opening.

Angus had been about a year under the kind tuition of the schoolmaster, when a hunting party, returning from the hills one day, stopped to rest at the schoolhouse. It so happened that Angus was playing at the moment the party knocked at the master's house door; and the style of playing struck one of the gentlemen, who was a professional musician, as exceptionally good. So great was his surprise at finding the player to be a lad, and a peasant to boot, that he was loud in his praises, and emphatic in his prophecies of a great future for him. Before he left, he even hinted to the schoolmaster that there were more unlikely things than that he should send for the boy, and give him all the advantages that a training in London, under the best masters, could afford.

In a weak moment the master mentioned this hazy promise to Angus. The prospect intoxicated him with delight; by day he divided his time by thinking of it, and by playing on his instrument, and by night he dreamed of nothing else but London, and triumphs of musical skill. Two years of hope deferred passed without a word from the great London musician; and Angus, now sixteen years of age, resolved upon taking his fortune into his own hands. He would go to London, find out the musician, and remind him of his promise; and then success would be sure to follow. Remonstrances from parents and well-wishers, instead of shaking his resolution, only served to confirm it. He was determined to search for his promised friend.

At last the eventful day came, when he was to turn his back upon his home and his native hills, and seek his fortune in the great city. Armed with his violin, five solitary shillings, and the great musician's address, and followed by his inseparable companion, a collie dog, which he had reared from puppyhood, Angus set out on foot for the El Dorado of his dreams,—the great lonely city of London.

I have not space to detail the experiences of the memorable journey, full of strangeness and painfulness as they were; suffice it to say, he reached the Metropolis, and lost no time in making his way to the musician's house.

Passing along a West End street one day, a friend of mine observed a lad sitting crouched upon the doorstep of a stately mansion, his head wrapped in a faded tartan plaid, and his breast heaving with sobs. A green baize bag, with the bow of a violin sticking out of it, lay beside him, as if thrown down in disgust; a large collie dog looked with great wistful, pitying eyes at his broken-hearted master. My friend, who is a Scotchman to the tip of his fingers, soon extracted the story of the unkind, not to say brutal rebuff he had received from the once laudatory and prophetic musician. Angus' tale transformed his hearer at once into a good Samaritan. The boy was taken to a comfortable home, and a place was found for him in the city warehouse, where my friend held a responsible situation. Thus it was I came to know Angus, and learned so much of the touching details of his story.

Angus' new friend encouraged him in every way to go on with his beloved art, and rested not until he had found a man who was willing, for a trifle, to give the young musician lessons after business hours. A more unfortunate choice of a teacher could not have been made. True, the man was competent enough as a teacher, but his moral character would not bear investigation. His bad influence upon Angus was not long in becoming apparent. First of all, he would assist his master at music halls of a doubtful character, and then, at the old man's suggestion, he occupied a post in the orchestra of one of the leading London theatres. Over this he had a rupture with the friend who had given him a home, when alone and helpless in London; and the next step was, that he lost his situation in my friend's house of business. The next we heard was, that Angus, to eke out his living, had accepted a post in the orchestra of a large Roman Catholic church, and there he played on Sundays. There was no question about Angus' power over his beloved instrument growing with rapid strides; but, alas! there was equally no doubt about his moral fibre degenerating. There was reason to fear that the serpent of intemperance was tightening its folds about him. He was not a drunkard yet, but we feared for him.

We had lost sight of him for some time, when one day my friend called upon me and said: "I want you to go to St. Bartholomew's Hospital with me to-day. Come, now, put on your hat, and ask no questions until you get there." I obeyed, and never to my dying day shall I forget the scene in that ward that day. Yes, there upon the bed was Angus, white and ghastly with pain and suffering, while his eyes were distended with an agony which was of the soul more than of the body. My friend, enjoining silence upon the sufferer, told me the story. Coming home from the theatre one night, slightly dazed with drink, Angus was thrown down by a hansom cab, and his right arm became so crushed that amputation at the elbow was necessary.

"And I shall never, never play any more," burst out the poor young fellow, the hot tears coursing down his cheeks. "O God, let me die! let me die! I can't live and not play. O, God Almighty! I cannot, I cannot! Oh, let me die!"

Never in all my life have I found it so difficult to soothe and comfort a poor sufferer as it was on that memorable day. Comfort of hope he would have none. We both continued to visit him, and did a little to cheer him, with the assurance that all was not yet lost. But the one to do him the most good was a devoted Presbyterian minister, now in heaven. Through the charmed medium of Angus' mother tongue (Gaelic), the man of God found a way to the sufferer's heart, and led that bleeding, sinning heart to the Saviour.

Angus came out of the hospital a new man. The violin had to be discarded; manual labour was impossible, but he and his friends awoke to the fact that he possessed, in addition to a ready flow of speech, a wonderful richness and melody of voice. After some months spent in training both mind and voice, with which, I am proud to say, I had something to do, he accepted the position offered him by a devoted Christian lady, of Scripture Reader and Evangelist in a certain district of the Highlands. I had the pleasure of meeting him amongst his native hills, and hearing him say that he thanked God for the plucking off of his right arm, for he had thereby entered into life,—a brighter life than he had ever known in the careless past.



THE OBLIGING SKELETON.

By EDWARD BUTLER.

THE difficulties which poverty presents to progress in knowledge may often be overcome by an alert seizure of opportunities. A young man, of whom I have read, furnishes me with an illustration. I do not vouch for the truth of the story; there is room for hesitation in accepting it as authentic; the lesson it conveys may be received freely.

This young man was a student of anatomy, but had not access to a real human skeleton. He heard, however, that in a certain churchyard at night, a skeleton was accustomed to appear to such belated travellers as took the churchyard path. This seemed to offer gratuitous instruction to the impecunious devotee of science. He took a lantern one night and sought the resting-place of the dead, of whom one was so very restless. The skeleton appeared.

"Oh, thank you," said the student; "pray be seated on that horizontal stone—or stand if you prefer it. May I come a little closer? Now I can observe. Your skull seems quite perfect. I note the thorax, formed by the twelve dorsal vertebræ, ribs, and sternum. I think I can see all I want to see of the vertebræ, from cervical to lumbar, without troubling you to turn round. If you would kindly bend down towards me, I could master the relative positions of the frontal bone, parietal and temporal bones, and occipital bone. You lift your right hand to the sky. Very impressive. Please do it again. It enables me to make a study of the humerus, radius, and ulna, and the movement of the humerus in the glenoid cavity. What! must you go? Well, I suppose you have an appointment to keep elsewhere. Would it be too much to ask you to be here to-morrow night at the same hour? I trust that even in your present circumstances of total deprivation, you are able to feel some pleasure in being useful. I do not know whereabouts you feel it, but that is a mere detail. Good-night."

I am sure it is unnecessary to say that that diligent young man was well rewarded for stopping up late at night, though early hours are the most healthy. Need I assure any of my readers that he rose to a high rank in his profession? and though he lived to have many skeletons of his own (in cupboards), yet he always gratefully remembered the service rendered to him in his youth by this peripatetic inhabitant of the old churchyard; and it was always understood that these kindly feelings were reciprocated by the midnight wanderer.

Young men! seize your opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and let no false delicacy stand in your way.

Nothing to do.—When time hangs heavy on our hands, it is a sign of either mental, moral, or physical malady. To have nothing to do implies blindness on our part, or wilful ignorance of our responsibilities.

Motives.—We may be thankful that our motives are not visible to our fellows, or else the edge of much-admired actions would often be taken off; but He that searcheth the heart knoweth all about them.

Brooding.—To brood over misfortune, or to dwell on an ailment, is the sure way to increase it. The best remedy for all trouble is to get out of ourselves. Occupy the mind and heart with something else.

No man can be provident of his time who is not provident in regard to his companions.

"£100 COMPETITION."

£1. 1s. IN PRIZES.

HAVING already announced two of our special Christmas series of Competitions, in which Prizes to the amount of £5 5s. are offered, we should like this week to test our readers' perceptions of the value of money, and their ideas as to the best way of making it. We leave them perfectly free to imagine any circumstances or surroundings they please; we shall base our rewards on the grounds of practical common sense.

We offer a

First Prize of 10s. 6d.,
and Two Second Prizes of 5s. each,

for the two best paragraphs on—

1. How to *make* £100.
2. How to *spend* £100.

RULES.

1. Each paragraph must not exceed 1,000 words in length.
2. Each competitor must write a paragraph on *both* the above subjects.
3. The paragraphs must be fastened together, and must bear name and *full address* of competitor.
4. The work must be wholly original.
5. No MSS. can be returned.
6. Competitors may ask questions (stamped envelope for reply), but we ask that needless questions may be avoided.

The Competition (open to all) will close on February 4th, on or before which date all MSS., marked outside "£100 Competition," must be sent to the Office of —"A. 1.,"—
62, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

BIBLE JOTTINGS.

1 Peter.—God's Children.

As obedient children . . .	1 Pet.	1.	14.
„ new-born babes	„	2.	2.
„ lively stones	„	2.	5.
„ pilgrims and strangers . .	„	2.	11.
„ servants of God	„	2.	16.
„ heirs of the grace of life .	„	3.	7.
„ brethren	„	3.	8.
„ good stewards	„	4.	10.
„ partakers of Christ's sufferings	„	4.	13.
Ye *were* as sheep going astray	„	2.	5.

"He that abideth in Christ."

Should walk as He walked .	1 John	2.	6.
Loveth his brother	„	2.	10.
Not be ashamed at His coming	„	2.	28.
Sinneth not	„	3.	6.
Has the Spirit given	„	3.	24.
Hath the Father and Son . .	2 John		9.
Ask what ye will	John	15.	7.
Bringeth forth much fruit . .	John	15.	5.

Christ's Mission.

"I am come to fulfil" . . .	Matt.	5.	17.
"I am come to call sinners" .	Matt.	9.	13.
"I am come to give life" . .	John	10.	10.
"I am come a light" . . .	John	12.	46.
"I am come to seek and to save".	Luke	19.	10.
"I come to do Thy will" . .	Heb.	10.	9.

His people prepare for Christ on earth.	Matt.	3.	3.
	Luke	10.	1.
	Mark	14.	15.
Christ prepares for His people in heaven	John	14.	2.

OUTLINE OF INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

JANUARY 8TH.

THE MULTITUDE FED.—*Matthew* 14. 13–21.

GOLDEN TEXT: "I am the Bread of Life.—*John* 6. 35.

THIS lesson a contrast to last Sunday's. A sunny scene. The *only* miracle recorded by all four Evangelists. Closely connected with previous lesson. John's disciples come and tell their sorrow to the One we love to call the MASTER.

He was *sorrowful;* the news would be sure to cause Him grief, and make the thoughts of His own death press heavily upon Him.

He was *weary* (see Mark 6. 31). The incessant mental strain was telling upon His body.

He was *compassionate.* Did not leave His disciples to work while He rested. "Come *ye yourselves*, and rest awhile." "And when He saw the people, He had *compassion*" (Mark 6. 34). Did not simply mean "mouth-mercy," but compassion shown in deed.

He was *ever ready* to help. The interrupted leisure was used to the best of His powers in teaching and healing. Not one hint of Christ ever being annoyed by people thwarting His plans, and never too tired to work for His Father.

How *surprised* must He have been, considering Him only in His humanity, when He came out from the cabin of the boat in which they had crossed the little inland sea, to see, waiting His arrival, the MULTITUDE.

They were so *anxious* to hear Him, that when they missed Him, and saw one of His friends' little boats out on the water, those that had boats followed; others *ran* round by the land so fast, they got there first. Those that had sick friends bore them along as best they could. Some were on their way to attend Passover at Jerusalem. When the heart wants to find Jesus, it will surely find a way to get at Him.

How dear to them ever afterwards would be the MEETING-PLACE—a Bethel, a place where Memory would erect many an Ebenezer stone. Matthew calls it a "desert place," or uninhabited; John, "a mountain"; Luke, "belonging to the city called Bethsaida." Says Dr. Morrison: "At the south-east corner of the plain of Bethsaida, there is just such a desert place as will accord with all the circumstances of the evangelist's narrative." "The mountain," says Dr. Thomson, in his "Land and Book," "shuts down upon the lake bleak and barren. It was doubtless desert then, as now, for it is not capable of cultivation." Both Mark and John tell us there was grass growing, and at the southern base is a spot which would form a splendid dining-ground.

"On this beautiful sward," continues Dr. Thomson, writing from the spot, "at the base of the rocky hill, the people were seated to receive from the hands of the Son of God the miraculous bread."

There occurred the MIRACLE.

Night began to throw its shadows over the scene. People hungry. Disciples advise they be sent away. Christ's command: "Give ye them to eat." How could they? It would cost over seven pounds to buy such a multitude bread! For illustration, see 2 Kings 4. 43. A lad followed the crowd out of curiosity. Thoughtful mother had supplied him with five thin barley cakes, food which Romans despised, and two small salted fish, something like sardines. He tells Philip of his little hoard. Philip tells Jesus. Jesus *took it, gave thanks* (see Acts 27. 55), *blessed* it, and *broke it*, standing in the midst. All eyes fixed on Him. Like the meal in the barrel, the loaves and fishes never grew smaller. Then began the MEAL.

Commanded to sit down, that none—especially the children—might be overlooked. In fifties. Christ, the God of order. Picture the hungry people eating, but still looking at the holy hands of Christ.

"There is no end to the loaves and fishes yet," they whisper to each other in awe-struck voices.

The wonderful story the boy who gave the loaves and fishes would tell his mother at night. How she would hardly believe it, till neighbours corroborated his tale! How she would ever think of the wonderful fate of those loaves every time she baked her bread!

"Gather up the fragments." Christ an economist. "Twelve baskets full." Each disciple had a basket. More than what they started with. Now for the MEANING of it all.

With God all things are possible.
Thy God will supply all thy need.
Every meal is a miracle.
Christ will take our smallest gifts, and make of them great blessings.
We receive in order to give.
Christ is the Bread of life.

C. C. SKINNER.

FURTHER NOTES,
By REV. J. H. THORPE, M.A.

The Lessons to be drawn cluster round three centres.

OUR LORD "went into a desert place." St. Matthew connects this with the death of John the Baptist. Jesus desired retirement; perhaps His spirit was sad at the cruel treatment of His forerunner. See here the love and tenderness of Christ for all His servants. (2.) Note *the patience and gentleness of Christ.* He desired retirement; but yet, when the multitudes came, not a word of complaint or impatience (see St. John's account in R.V.: "He welcomed them." Learn, Jesus is willing to hear and bless at all times. Remember, Jesus never sent one seeker away. (3.) Note the *thoughtfulness of Christ.* Who first suggested food for the crowd (see John 6. 5)? Jesus, not His disciples. He knows our necessities before we ask. "In due time Christ died for the ungodly." Why did He order the men to sit down in companies? That there might be no confusion, and so the women and children would not be overlooked in the crush. Christ never forgets the weakest who trust Him. (4.) Note the *use Christ makes of difficulties.* Why did He ask Philip the question? (See St. John). "He Himself knew what He would do," but He wanted to lead Philip to think of His power. Difficulties are sent us to send us to God for power. Our difficulties are God's opportunities. (5.) Note the *character of His blessings.* "Did eat and were filled." Jesus can "satisfy us with good things."

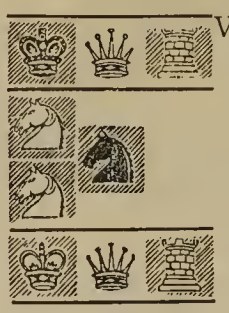
THE DISCIPLES. (1.) Note their *forgetfulness* (*v.* 17). They thought what food they had, too little. Had they not forgotten Cana of Galilee, and the water turned into wine? (2.) *What they learned* (*v.* 18). "Bring them hither to Me." Their small abilities, brought under the power of Christ, became able to do what was needed. Antigonus heard two of his soldiers conversing the night before a battle, and comparing their small numbers with the host of the enemy, when he rushed in and shouted, "But how many do *I* count for?" Where God is, there is the power, the success, the majority.

THE MULTITUDE. (1.) Note, "*their* sick." See the wealth of suggestion in the pronoun. Their sick brought them to Jesus, and so they received a blessing for themselves. See how much of loving ministry is in the word. (2.) Note in their case we have a fulfilment of Matt. 6. 33. They sought Jesus for their own sake, their friends' sake, and to hear Him; they thought not of provisions, but it was "added unto them," according to their need.

CHESS.

By F. F. ROWLAND.

PART V.

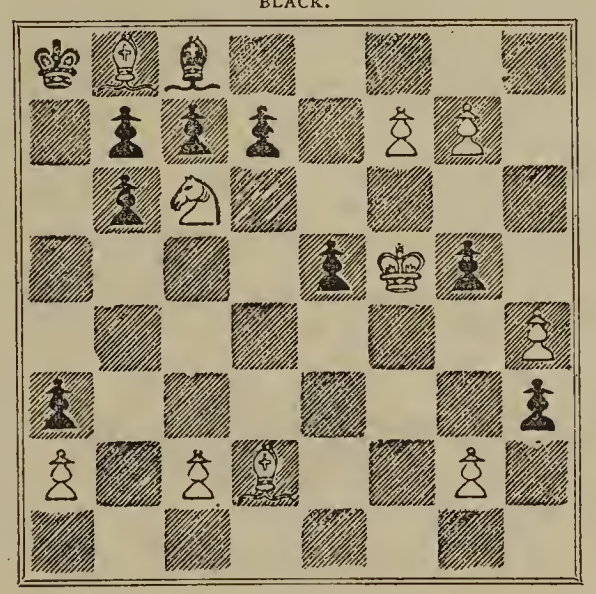


EVERYTHING depends on the careful observance of the laws of the game, which we give as established at a meeting of the British Chess Association, held during the International Chess Congress, London, 1862.

I. THE CHESS-BOARD.—The board must be so placed during play, that each combatant has a white square in his right-hand corner. If, during the progress of a game, either player discovers that the board has been improperly placed, he may insist on its being adjusted.

II. THE CHESSMEN.—If, at any time in the course of a game, it is found that the men were not properly placed, or that one or more of them were omitted at the beginning, the game in question must be annulled. If at any time it is discovered that a man has been dropped off the board, and moves have been made during its absence, such moves shall be retracted and the man restored. If the players cannot agree as to the square on which it should be replaced, the game must be annulled.

POSITION ILLUSTRATING LAW V.



Black has made two moves in succession. What was the latter of these moves? When found, retract it; and say in how many moves can White effect mate.

III. RIGHT OF MOVE AND CHOICE OF COLOUR.—The right of making the first move, and (if either player require it) of choosing the colour, which shall be retained throughout the sitting, must be decided by lot. In any series of games between the same players at one sitting, each shall have the first move alternately in all the games, whether won or drawn. In an annulled game, the player who had the first move in that game shall move first in the next.

IV. BEGINNING OUT OF TURN.—If a player make the first move in a game, when it is not his turn to do so, the game must be annulled, if the error has been noticed before both players have completed the fourth move. After four moves on each side have been made, the game must be played out as it stands.

V. PLAYING TWO MOVES IN SUCCESSION.—If, in the course of a game, a player move a man when it is not his turn to play, he must retract the said move; and after his adversary has moved, must play the man wrongly moved, if it can be legally played.

VI. TOUCH AND MOVE.—A player must never touch any of the men, except when it is his turn to play, or except when he touches a man for the purpose of adjusting it; in which latter case, he must, before touching it, say: "I adjust," or words to that effect. A player who touches with his hand (except accidentally) one of his own men when it is his turn to play, must move it, if it can be legally moved, unless, before touching it, he say, "I adjust," as above; and a player who touches one of his adversary's men, under the same conditions, must take it, if he can legally do so. If, in either case, the move cannot be legally made, the offender must move his king; but in the event of the king having no legal move, there shall be no penalty. If a player hold a man in his hand, undecided on which square to play it, his adversary may require him to replace it until he has decided on its destination; that man, however, must be moved. If a player, when it is his turn to play, touch with his hand (except accidentally or in castling) more than one of his own men, he must play any one of them legally movable that his opponent selects. If, under the same circumstances, he touches two or more of his adversary's men, he must capture whichever of them his antagonist chooses, provided it can be legally taken. If it happen that none of the men so touched can be moved or captured, the offender must move his king; but if the king cannot be legally moved, there shall be no penalty.

VII. FALSE MOVES AND ILLEGAL MOVES.—If a player make a false move—that is, either by playing a man of his own to a square to which it cannot be legally moved, or by capturing an adverse man by a move which cannot be legally made—he must, at the choice of his opponent, and according to the case, either move his own man legally, capture the man legally, or move any other man legally movable. If, in the course of a game, an illegality be discovered (not involving a king being in check), and the move on which it was committed has been replied to, and not more than four moves on each side have been made subsequently, all these latter moves, including that on which the illegality was committed, must be retracted. If more than four moves on each side have been made, the game must be played out.

MORAL CYPHERS.

HAVE you ever noticed the position a "cypher" takes in arithmetic? There it stands by itself, of no value and significance. It is naught pounds, shillings, or pence; just one round figure "0" and nothing more; a mere cypher. Are there not a great many people like cyphers, filling up space, without power, value, or influence?

To such we say, "Be something." Take king David's advice to his son Solomon:—"Be courageous, and show yourself a man." Don't let life be a blank, your days spent in idleness, with no record in life's diary for you; but be, do, feel, and think. No longer be a round "0," but have a figure before it, and be ten, one hundred, one thousand.

A STYLISH COACH; OR, MY GRANDMOTHER'S ADVENTURE.



LET me tell you what my grandmother once told us. She was one of the most lively story-tellers I ever met with. As we sat round the fire on winter evenings, she would often amuse a large admiring audience with tales of what had befallen her when she was young. But I think the most laughable of her little adventures took place when she was a somewhat portly, middle-aged matron.

"One bright July, girls," she said, "about thirty years ago, the town where your grandfather and I were then living, was in a state of great excitement over the coming marriage of our good Member's daughter with the eldest son of a noble duke, who lived only fifteen miles away. Great festivities were to be held, and we, in common with the other tenants of the bride's father, were presented with tickets of admission to the grand old abbey church, where the ceremony was to be performed. Wednesday was the wedding-day, and on the previous Monday I suddenly determined to make a trip to a village several miles distant, to see a valued servant, who had gone to stay with her parents for a change of air.

"Accordingly, on Tuesday morning, off I started by coach, for railroads were then unknown. I paid my visit, but, in returning, I managed, to my great chagrin, to miss the last coach, and was obliged to spend the night at Mary's cottage. I was somewhat consoled, however, by hearing that it would be quite possible for me to reach home in good time for the wedding next morning. Determined not to be again left behind, I started very early to cross some fields which led to the high-road. What was my consternation, before I had got half-way, to see the coach coming along at full speed! If I kept to the path, I knew I should never be in time to attract the guard's attention, so, tucking up my gown, and frantically waving my umbrella, I rushed across a field, calling: 'Stop, stop!' I must have been anything but dignified; but what cared I, so long as I caught the coach? At last, some of the passengers saw me; they certainly could not have heard me for the noise of horns and trumpets they kept up. I could only afford an outside fare, so, though somewhat disconcerted to find that all my fellow-travellers were gentlemen, I was bravely preparing to mount to the top of the vehicle, when a young gentleman, who had politely dismounted on perceiving my approach, opened the door with a flourish, and, bowing low, begged to be allowed to help me in, at the same time remarking that the price for inside and outside passengers was precisely the same. Congratulating myself on my good fortune, I stepped into the coach.

"Away dashed the horses, and louder grew the noise of laughing and trumpeting. We stopped nowhere; but as we passed through the villages, people rushed out to see us go by, and to bob and curtsey respectfully to the distinguished lady inside. At last, as we drew near the city, I began to wish that my lively friends would behave themselves in a more seemly manner, if only out of consideration for my feelings. But no—instead of being quieter, they seemed bent on attracting all the attention possible. We drove down the principal street, the horses galloping, the people cheering and hurrahing, and craning their necks to get a glimpse of the lady who was being driven about in such style. We passed the office where I ought to have been set down, madly dashing up one thoroughfare only to turn down another, till I was nearly frantic. At last I put my head out of the window, and tried to attract their attention, first by shouting, and then by thumping with my umbrella; but they either could not or would not hear, and on we went, until, to my horror and surprise, we drew up at the Member's house, which was gay with the wedding decorations. Footmen rushed forward to open the door, and to assist me to dismount; but the young gentleman himself interposed, and I had to alight before the wondering gaze of a large party of gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen, who had come into the hall to welcome the occupants of the coach. 'Sir,' I exclaimed, in great confusion, 'why did you not tell me of my mistake?' 'Madam,' he returned, 'we feel much honoured to have been able to assist you. The Duke wishes me to ask what refreshment you will take before going further?'

"You may be sure I hurried away from the eager throng, who were busy quizzing the lady who had arrived with the bridegroom and his friends. How your grandfather laughed when he heard how I had actually mistaken the duke's coach for the regular stage! And he would have it that the young gentlemen had driven me about out of pure fun and wickedness; and I privately thought it extremely likely. Notwithstanding my exciting drive, I went to see the wedding; and a very pretty sight it was, and very happy looked the little bride and her frolicsome bridegroom, who turned out to be, after all, 'the best of husbands.'"

"UNION IS STRENGTH"; OR, ANTS AND THEIR ANTICS.

SOME of the most clever, persevering little insects are certainly the tiny *Formicæ* or Ants. Let me tell you two stories respecting them which are perfectly true, for they were witnessed by two gentlemen, chaplains in the Navy, who were on board H.M.S. *London* and H.M.S. *Tartar*, where the following occurred.

Ships are often infested with these little insects; and many find it most interesting to beguile the time by watching their habits. Their regularity and order is quite marvellous; and the patience and perseverance with which they set about their work deserves success. So much for introduction, and now for the story.

On board H.M.S. *London* there was a skylight, not often opened, above the wardroom, let into the deck, and a spider had fastened his web securely all round the sash, completely covering the glass. In the centre of his fairy-like home he had carefully placed a collection of Cockroaches' eggs, on which he intended to feast when he felt disposed; but, alas! for his hopes. One day a little ant espied these dainty delicacies, and longed to have a taste. It communicated this desire to its comrades, and awoke in their minds an ardent longing to become possessed of the contents of the spider's larder; for the one thing they loved was the egg of a cockroach. Spider and ants being on anything but friendly terms, they deemed "all is fair in love and war," and therefore one morning, from all parts of the woodwork appeared advanced guards of ants; more followed, and on all uniting, they divided into parties and surrounded the web in order to cut the threads which connected it with the sash. At a given signal they all commenced biting them, greatly to the dismay of the spider, who, seeing himself thus encompassed by enemies, ran from side to side of the web, trying to glue the threads again to the sash. However, all his efforts proved unavailing. Numbers gained the day; and the web having been separated from the sash, fell on to the glass. But the ants could not yet attain their hearts' desire, for they could not cross the web to reach the eggs which they beheld in the distance; and so, with the utmost precision, the clever little things began to roll it up! Frantically the spider, who saw its last hopes crushed, tried to spread terror and confusion amongst the ranks of the enemy by darting every now and then on an invader, and killing it by rolling it in the web. But it was all of no avail—as soon as one was seized, another took its place, and at last the unlucky spider, convinced that "discretion is the better part of valour," determined to evacuate his long-defended fortress, and, charging through his relentless foes, he escaped, leaving the victorious ants to regale themselves on the feast they had so cleverly concontrived to obtain.

The other little incident took place in a small crevice, inside a port-hole where an unfortunate cockroach had got jammed up, so to speak, and could not get free. Now ants are almost as fond of cockroaches as of their eggs, and information that one of their prey was thus in durance vile, spread among the ants who inhabited the framework surrounding the port. Great excitement ensued, and it was determined to try to take him prisoner. So, silently, quietly, there issued from their quarters a band of ants. They advanced to where the poor cockroach, unsuspicious of the sad fate in store for him, was drowsily dreaming—if a cockroach can dream—the hours away, and immediately arranged themselves in order of attack.

With stern determination they entered the crevice, and flung themselves upon the foe. First—for they were afraid that perchance it might escape them by using its wings — they began literally and deliberately to eat it up, bit by bit! One wing was demolished; then the other. With the courage of a martyr the cockroach tried to defend himself; but he was cramped and hindered by the narrow space he was confined in. The ants continued, unmoved, their cruel work. They nibbled off his feet, and then his legs, till it might be said of him—"And when his legs were smitten off, he fought upon his stumps." Poor cockroach! He prepared to die—and when, after finishing their piecemeal operation, the ants, gathering their forces together with almost superhuman effort, lifted all that was left of him, and carried him off to their headquarters, he expired, feeling that fate had been very cruel to him. Though one cannot help admiring the cleverness and patience exhibited by these ants, one cannot refrain from pitying the poor victim, who suffered such a slow, torturing death.

JAN. 14, 1888.

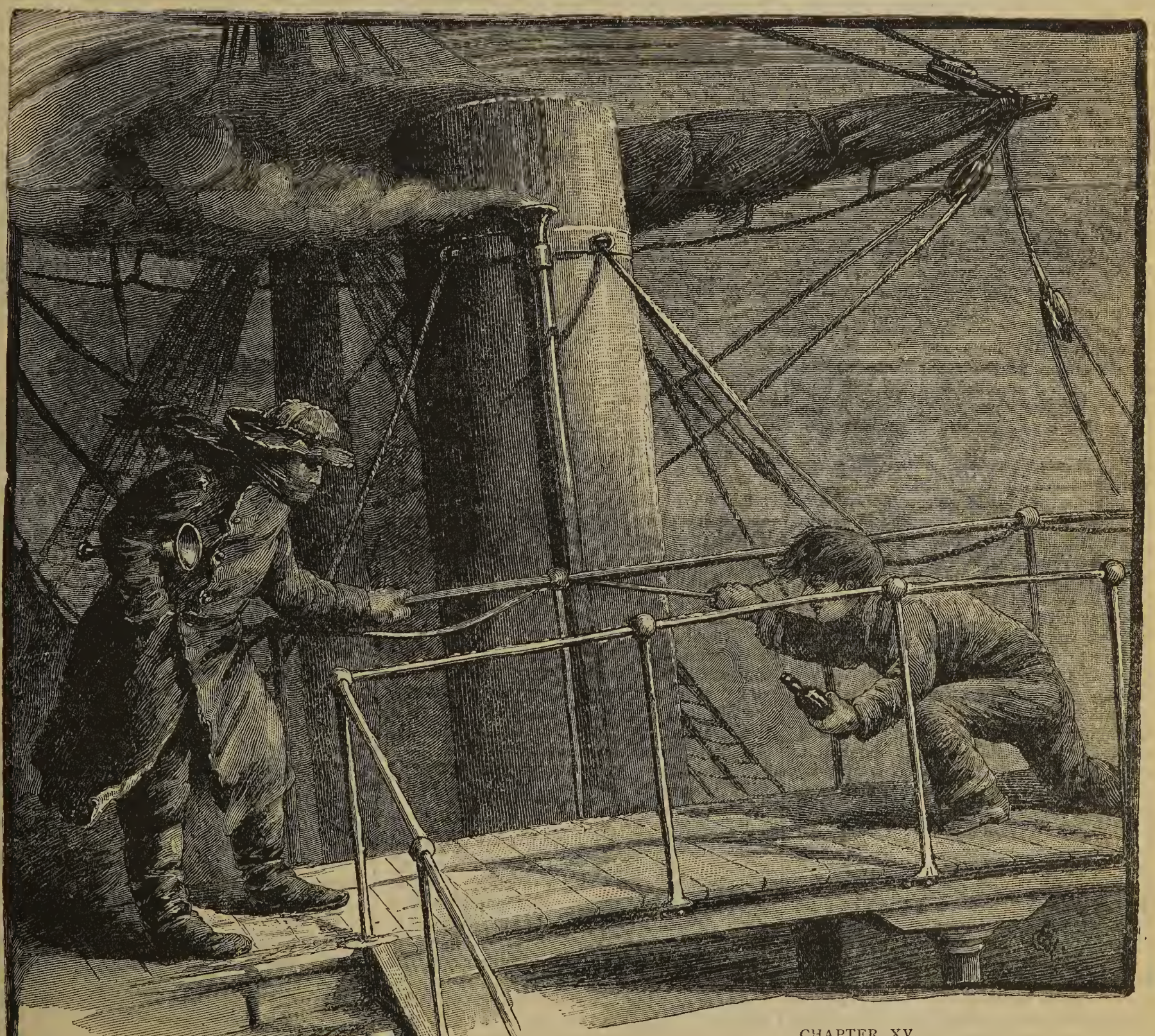
"A.1."

ONE PENNY.

WEEKLY—Edited by MRS. STEPHEN MENZIES.

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Thirteen Hundred Miles in My Caravan," "From Pole to Pole," etc., etc.



"'Hullo!' he cried, as he now noticed a figure creeping towards him along the bridge."

CHAPTER XV.

"BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW."

WHATEVER may be the feelings of the passengers of a ship starting on a long voyage, in a short time all calm and tone down, and life moves on with regularity; and regularity that, if individuals had not within themselves the resources of enjoyment, would become monotonous.

In little over a week, things had quite settled down on board the *Oonalaska*. Everything was ship-shape, and routine reigned supreme. The very dogs, called Great Danes, under the supervision of Boy Bates, knew

their way about, and if anything unusual occurred,—a whale in sight, for instance, a shoal of porpoises, or a shark, they mounted the bridge with everybody else, or stood up against the bulwarks and barked so loud and fiercely, that it was evident they considered themselves part and parcel of the ship's defence.

Right abaft the saloon, and with two great windows overlooking the sea, was the captain's private snuggery; the other cabins were off the saloon, and two were forward in what was called the half-deck. Although a door led from the captain's quarters into the saloon, this was mostly kept shut, because a private winding staircase had been devised at the suggestion of Jack Silk; and a great convenience this was found to be, the officer of the watch being thus enabled to communicate at any time with Captain Boyd, without going through the saloon and disturbing the passengers.

And what a snug little snuggery it was, to be sure! Katie Graves spoke of it as though it had been the last thing out in new bonnets, and called it "a love of a room."

As the ship was now steered north by west, the weather before long got cold enough, early Summer though it was, to make a bit of fire in the stoves seem not out of place after sundown. The captain's stove always looked extra comfortable in the evenings; so Katie thought, when occasionally she was permitted to come there, and read a book beside it. You see it was of polished brass, with a large coffee urn, also of brass, over it, and the steward took pains to keep both as bright as a watch; then there was an easy chair, with a nicely cushioned and softly upholstered couch, and a great lamp with a coloured shade depending from the roof, and bear-skins or goat-skins everywhere, to say nothing of a bookcase and a small piano. But discipline was so far kept up that not even Katie Graves herself, entered the snuggery without first knocking and asking leave. One individual only had free run of the place, going and coming just as it suited him, and this was Robin Hood, one of the Great Danes. The other dog lived forward, and as often as not, shared his bed with Boy Bates. But Robin greatly appreciated the comforts of a bear-skin, and as soon as the dinner-bell rang, he used to find his way down the private staircase—generally tumbling down the last three or four steps—and curl up in a corner, where he was sure of a nap till dinner was done.

As the quarter-deck dog was called Robin Hood, it stood to reason that his companion and canine shipmate should be known by the name of Little John. Not that there was a deal of difference in their height; apart, you could hardly have told them one from the other, but when standing cheek-by-jowl, Robin had it. Tremendous in strength, and fully thirty inches and two at the shoulder, slate-grey all over, even to the bright little funny eyes, these splendid creatures lived in the greatest amity, and in the matter of bones even, respected each other's property.

But Little John never came to the captain's quarters unless he thought it was time for a romp; then he would stand at the companion and give one loud bark, which went rolling all over the ship from stem to stern. And if Robin Hood was not most particularly engaged indeed, discussing the remains of a cold fowl, for instance, he never failed to respond to that signal. Up he would rush. Then the fun began. With their little pricked ears laid back on their necks, and a grin of merriment on each of their faces, round and round the decks they would fly, engaging every now and then in mimic warfare, that looked terribly real while it lasted, until they were completely done, when, with red ribbons of tongues lolling out, they would lie down and look at each other, till both fell fast asleep.

When Robin and John were having a bit of fun, it was no joke to cross their hawse; whoever did, went rolling to the deck, and was more cautious ever after.

Yet, on ordinary occasions, two more sedate-looking members of the canine race could scarcely be conceived. Behold them there, for example, walking with slow and almost solemn steps, behind Captain Boyd and Nat Graves, senior, whom in future we shall call Nathaniel.

Whenever the men wheel, the dogs wheel, and it would scarcely be difficult to believe that they were listening. The conversation had been earnest enough, at all events. Both men were smoking, for it was the evening of a lovely day, and dinner had been discussed a good hour ago.

There was a merry party in the saloon, evidently; Miss Graves was seated at the piano, and up through the skylight came the rolling tones of Jack Silk's voice. He was singing his one song.

"Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The mainmast by the board,
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stored,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear—
The roaring winds and raging sea,—
In hopes on shore
To be once more
Safe moored with thee.
Aloft, while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that send along,
And surges roaring all below,
Shall my signal be,
To think of thee,
And this shall be my song—
Blow high, blow low."

"Well, Mr. Graves," said Captain Boyd, quietly breaking in upon the company, "you seem to rule my fate this voyage, or it seems you want to; come below anyhow, and have a peep at the chart, and I'll tell you more."

Below they went. Little John trotted off forward, and Robin Hood dived after Captain Boyd; it really was a dive, because he went head first, and tumbled down the last four steps, as usual; I do not believe he would have been happy had he not done so.

"Sit down, my friend. Now then, here is the chart of the Arctic regions, including Alaska and Kamschatka too."

"A glorious chart of a glorious country," said Nathaniel.

"You've been there?"

"Never."

"Well, let me tell you that all the glory you'll get in the Arctic will be hardly earned."

"There is a glory and a mystery about it, nevertheless; a mystery many and many a good and brave life has been laid down to solve."

"A mystery, Mr. Graves, neither you nor I shall seek to solve this cruise."

"One day the stars and stripes will float *there*."

He put his finger on the Pole as he spoke.

"We won't object a bit," said Boyd, laughing, "because the Union Jack will have been hoisted on the same spot years before."

"A noble rivalry between the two noblest nations in the world."

"Well now, as I was telling you on deck, the boys and myself have come round here on a bit of a speculation. Seals are played out; whales are nowhere; so we thought we would go in for a little fur-hunting and a little exploring at one and the same time: run up through the Aleutian Islands, visit Kamschatka, sail up some of the great Alaska rivers and back again, and——"

"And home, eh?"

"Yes; with a good paying cargo of sea-otter skins."

"But, my dear sir, Alaska doesn't belong to the British."

"It doesn't belong to the Yankees."

"No; but it soon will. Meanwhile, it is the land of the Czar of all the Russias."

"Ah! my dear sir, we don't mind that much; we will go farther north than Russia ever showed a face. Yes, sir; the boys and I have it all cut and dry, Mr. Graves."

"Well, I'm with you, heart and soul; only my plan, I think, bids fair to give you all the hunting you're likely to want, and to give me the opportunity I have long wished for—that of seeing this far north land.

"See here," he continued, "on this chart is Behring Sea; we pass over that, through the Straits of Behring, and, turning east, we skirt the northern shores of Alaska. On our way we can do both hunting and exploring. It is a wondrous land,—so travellers have told me."

"Travellers do tell tales. Then you would return?"

"Nay, Captain Boyd; my ambition does not end here. I would bear north still, north and east to Banks Land. There it lies. Then east through Banks Straits to Melville Sound, or through Lancaster Tower to Baffin's Sea; south now through Davis Straits into the broad Atlantic, and so *home*."

"With good luck, and an open summer, it might be done, Mr. Graves; but would you care to lead your sister——"

"Oh, sir, she would glory in it. You don't know Mary yet; she would be wild with delight if the subject were only broached in her presence."

Captain Boyd was silent. He knew the risk was very great. He was wavering. He got up presently, and took a turn or two across the floor; then he stopped in front of Nathaniel.

"Put into plain business English," he said, smiling, "you want to charter the ship. Well, the boys and I came out on speculation, and if we secure success, it doesn't matter a pin-head where the success comes from. That is my idea."

"Spoken like a man!"

"Well, I'm willing, if the boys are. Let us send for them."

"Honolulu!" cried Jack, when he heard of the project; "a better plan couldn't be conceived. Mr. Graves, you are a brick. Now, Dess, what do you say? and you, Godfrey?"

"I give in my adhesion at once," said Desmond.

Godfrey smiled, and simply nodded.

He was thinking, somewhat sadly, that it mattered but little to him where his future home should be. To England again, he never meant to return.

"Now, you fellows, just sit here and yarn, will you? I shall go and break the news to the ladies; besides, 'mother' is going to teach me a new song. She's going to complete my musical education, old 'mother' is. 'Blow high, blow low——'"

And away went Jack Silk, singing to himself.

It did blow high and blow low too, though, before morning, and poor Jack had to keep the middle watch with oilskins and a sou'-

wester on—the latter tied under his chin—and a battered old speaking-trumpet in his hand, to shout orders through.

Jack Silk got in all the sail he could, and close-reefed the rest ; and as she was all but dead before the wind, she clove through the water like a thunderbolt, shipping big seas that nearly drowned the binnacle lamp.

"Blow high, blow low !" Yes, it was a dirty night ; and though, away behind those murky blankets of clouds, there was a morsel of a moon, it gave no show, any glimmering of light there was, coming from the froth of the breaking waves, that careered after the good ship like wild horses.

Sometimes, as if to vary the play of the storm, there came quick, vivid flashes of lightning, followed by rr—rr—rr—rattling peals of thunder, and accompanied by hail, that cut across the men's bare hands and faces like whip-thongs.

"Blow high, blow low!" How the wind did roar, to be sure. The masts must have been bending like fishing-rods, only nobody could see them, and the waves were flying over the funnel and washing the main-top. Jack staggered to the binnacle ; he could hardly see how her head was, for the glass was sadly dimmed, and his eyes felt sticky with the salt water.

"Keep her as she goes."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Another hand to the wheel." This command was shouted through the trumpet. It was obeyed almost at once.

Crack—rack—rack—rr—rr—rr. A sail had gone.

Matters were getting more serious.

"Blow high, blow low !" The noise was indescribable,—incessant.

"I might have laid to," Jack thought. "Now if the rest of the sails should go ! But it isn't *very* likely. Only—the ladies !"

Jack Silk waited a moment till a big sea went curling over him, then—

"Now for it," he said to himself. "I'll be on the bridge before the next comes."

So he was.

"Below there !" he shouted through the tube.

"All right, sir."

"Can you get up steam soon ?"

"In half an hour. Sooner, perhaps."

"Bravo, McPherson ! *Sooner*, if you can."

"Jock," cried the engineer to his assistant, "licht the fires. Haven't you got a pound or twa o' bacon, gey an' fat ?"

"Lots of it."

"Stick it in, then, for it's an awfu' nicht. The sooner steam's up the better. My wife'll no be a weedow if I can help it."

"Blow high, blow low!" Yes, but what was happening now? There had come no lull in the storm, the wind still went shrieking and tearing through the rigging, but to a large extent there was a sudden cessation of motion, and the waves no longer broke over the ship, or beat against her sides. Had some mighty magician stretched his wand over the troubled, tempest-tossed ocean, or what had happened?

Jack Silk gazed around him in astonishment, not unmixed with a feeling of awe. The moon at the same moment broke through a rift in the clouds. Far behind was the raging, boiling sea, but to starboard and port and away ahead was nothing but a heaving sheet of leaden grey.

The mystery was easily explained. The vessel had entered upon a vast stream of slush or partly melted snow. Jack remembered having read of something of the kind, and he took speedy advantage of it.

"Away aloft," he shouted. "Clew that rattling sail."

A few of the hardiest fellows on board, men who had been in the *Oonalaska* before in Arctic regions, and in many an Arctic storm, sprang speedily into the rigging, and tough though the job was—some of the oldest sailors amongst them turning giddy and squeamish with the awful heaving—the canvas was soon made fast and secure.

The sky was clearing, and the smoke was now rolling in round black clouds over the funnel, cut clean off by the wind, however, as it issued, and carried away ahead over the grey snow-clad sea, and Jack Silk heaved a sigh of relief.

"Hullo !" he cried, as he now noticed a little figure creeping towards him along the bridge, guiding itself by the life-lines.

It looked like a sprite, and not a pretty one either.

"Honolulu ! what or who is it ?"

Jack Silk, like most seafarers, was just a trifle superstitious.

"Don't be afeared, sir," said the sprite, creeping nearer, "it's only me, sir. Boy Bates, sir, as ever was."

"And what on earth are you doing here, boy ?"

"W'y, nuffin much, sir ; I brought yer this 'ere drop o' 'ot coffee in a bottle, sir."

"Thank ye, my lad ; did—a—did anybody send you on this message ?"

"No, sir ; honour, no, I 'opes no offence, sir, but bless yer, sir, I knows wot it is to be hout o' nights, hunder a harch maybe, or all along on a door-step, rainin' and blowin' like Billy-O, and the bobbie a chivyin' of ye hevery arf-hour."

"Well, Bates, you're a good lad, and I won't forget you."

"Oh ! I 'opes yer will forget, sir. Don't make hany bones about a drop o' coffee. I didn't do it for that, sir."

"Is it your watch ?"

"'Es, sir."

"Well, go and turn in ; you're wet to the skin."

"Please, sir, which I'd rayther not."

"Why not, lad ?"

"'Cause, sir, I don't want my mates to come for to go for to call me a duffer. That's 'ow, sir."

"Then do as you like, my boy."

"That's better, sir. Done wi' the bottle ? Thank 'ee. Good-night, sir."

And away went this young cockney sailor, to weather out the storm.

In less than half an hour steam was up. No fear of pooping now.

Towards the end of his watch, Jack Silk crept down below into the captain's snuggery. There was a light burning there, and in his glittering wet oilskins this young sailor looked a very uncanny spectre indeed. Robin Hood knew him, and wagged him a welcome with his monstrous tail.

Jack went to the state room, and cautiously drawing back the curtain, peeped in and said, "Ahem !"

"I'm not asleep, Mr. Silk."

"All right, sir ; I didn't want to disturb you, only I thought I might just tell you that there is no danger *now*."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Silk. You've got up steam, and quite right too."

"Well sir, we carried away a good bit of the canvas. We hadn't much more than a close reefed foresail to get along with, and if that had gone, we might have broached to."

"Ah ! well," said Captain Boyd, "I knew *you* were on deck, Mr. Silk, so I was easy."

"Thank you, sir."

"And now, Jack"—note that Captain Boyd called him *Jack* now, for duty was over—"now Jack, lad, have a drop of coffee. Any ice about ?"

"No ; only that field of slush stuff."

"We'll have plenty of that ere long. Now go and turn in. You can sleep, I suppose ?"

"Sleep, sir ! rather," Jack said. "Good-night," and went away laughing. He found Desmond already on deck.

"Keep a look-out for squalls, Dess, old man, and I shouldn't wonder if there were stray bits of ice about. So just keep your weather-eye skinned."

But no more of ice was either seen or felt. Next morning at breakfast all the talk was about the wonderful snow stream.

"I felt it," said Miss Graves ; "the strange sensation woke me. It seemed unaccountable, and for a time I thought I must be dreaming. There was the dismal wind still howling through the shrouds—don't you call them shrouds, Jack Silk ?"

"We call certain bits of the rigging shrouds, mother. You're quite right."

"Well, it is a ghostly sort of a name at best, but I heard the wind, and now and then I heard your voice, Jack, but the sea appeared as calm as if a thousand barrels of oil had been spilled on it, and motion itself appeared to have ceased. It was dreadful."

"Oh !" cried Katie enthusiastically, "I should have liked to have been on deck, and seen this wonderful snow stream."

Jack laughed, but hastened to say,—

"There wasn't much to be seen, Miss Katie, only just for a moment or two, when the moon got an oar in, then it was a queer sight enough. The waves were houses high, but they were muffled and draped in dismal grey, only where the light lay on them, and those parts like—like——"

Jack was feeling around for a simile.

He pulled a big silver chronometer watch out of his pocket at last, and turned the back of it to Katie—

"Like that, Miss Katie," he said. "Steward, I'll have another red herring."

Every one laughed, but Jack Silk did not mind that. Poetry was not his strong point.

"But," said Nathaniel Graves, "is it not somewhat strange to meet ice so far south, Captain Boyd, at this season ? We are hardly yet abreast of Kamschatka."

"There is nothing certain at sea, Mr. Graves, but the unexpected. And when I am sailing north, I make up my mind not to be astonished at anything. True, however, though stray icebergs are often seen here,—runaways from the far north, that soon disappear when they meet the warmer waters that swish round from the shores of the seas of Japan,—to fall in with a snow stream is very unusual."

"How is such a stream formed?" asked Katie.

"In this way, Miss Graves. A large portion of the sea near the land gets frozen over in early spring. The ice may be a foot or eighteen inches thick, but it is called bay-ice. Well, secondly, snow falls ; and thirdly, a storm or a heavy swell comes in, and breaks it up, and away it goes afloat. This same stream we have come through may have come from a thousand miles to the nor'ard, and it betokens heavy ice beyond the Arctic circle."

"'Coming events cast their shadows before,'" added Miss Graves.

Captain Boyd looked at her with a quick, subdued smile on his face, then went on with his breakfast.

(*To be continued.*)



RECREATION.

By MAJOR SETON CHURCHILL,
Author of "Stepping Stones," etc.

IT is an important thing to instil into the minds of young people that there is a great difference between worldliness and lawful recreation. There are plenty of very worldly-minded people who are what young fellows call "duffers" at all games, and on the other hand there are many who can hold their own at sports of all kinds, who are, nevertheless, *not* worldlings. Dr. Culross says with truth that "Life will not be less earnest and solemn to us, or less full of glorious purpose, nor will God's love be less the joy of our hearts, that we have our seasons of innocent and healthful recreation." It is well for young people to clearly distinguish between that which is injurious to their spiritual life, and that which helps to develop physical health and strength.

The former they should carefully avoid and the latter they should cultivate vigorously. From not clearly understanding this subject, some young people take their pleasures in a very dull way, as they are not quite sure whether or not they are doing right in going in for games. Now, it is one thing to live for pleasure, but something quite different to utilise pleasure as a means to an end. There is nothing so sad as to see young men and women growing up with no higher object in life than the search after pleasure. Recreation thus abused brings its own penalty, for, strange as it may sound to say so, mere pleasure-seekers are seldom, if ever, happy. Pleasure should never be made the object of life, as she is coy, and recoils from those who woo her too vigorously. The happiest are those who have higher objects in life than to flit about from pleasure to pleasure like a butterfly. Having a definite object set before them, they never know what *ennui* is, and the pleasures they are enabled to enter into are enjoyed, with a zest of which the mere pleasure-seeker knows nothing. How often poor people are compensated for their poverty, by pleasures to which the rich are complete strangers! The pleasure to a poor man of purchasing a book to which he has been looking forward, and for which he has been saving up for a long time, is quite unknown to his rich neighbour, who can obtain as many as he likes. The pleasure of a holiday trip into the country, or to the seaside, to a poor man, who can only now and then at long intervals enjoy such a treat, is something the rich man cannot understand. It is true that the pleasure to the poor man extends over but a short space of time, but as it comes in a more concentrated form, it is all the more real while it lasts.

In the same way, although in a far greater degree, does the hard-working man enjoy his recreation when he gets it. The time in his life devoted to mere pleasure may be, comparatively speaking, small, as compared with the time set apart by the pleasure-seeker, but it comes in a form which makes it far more enjoyable, being such a thorough contrast to the ordinary duties of life. Added to which, he who only indulges in pleasure for the sake of true recreation, does not know that terrible reproach of conscience, telling him that his is a wasted life.

Recreation of some sort is an absolute necessity, and the word itself teaches us a scientific truth. There is a waste of tissue and energy going on in each of us daily, which arises from the wear and tear of life; and what we need as an antidote is a something that will *recreate* in us that which will supply the loss. It stands to reason, therefore, that what is recreation to one is not the same to another. A game of cricket is great recreation to a man of sedentary habits, whose duties bind him down to an office life; but such a form of occupation would not be recreation to a professional bowler, whose duty it was to play cricket every day.

It is said that once an old 'bus conductor, who had never had a holiday for twenty years, was granted one by his generous employers! So little did he know how to make use of it, that he jumped up into a 'bus conducted by a friend of his, and drove about with him! There are some men in life who have neglected to cultivate the science of recreation, and thus, having defied nature's laws, what can they expect but sooner or later to be called to account for their folly?

No man can get on well in any calling of life without a fair amount of health and strength, and nothing helps to develop these very desirable acquisitions so much as games and healthy recreation. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Consequently, every Christian lad who wants to do good in life, should make a point of going in vigorously for manly, healthy games. There are now so many forms in which young fellows can obtain pleasant recreation, that it would be impossible for any one man to excel in all; but he should take every opportunity of going in for as many as possible, and as far as possible he should try to hold his own in those he does take up. The field of selection is large, as his lot must indeed be unfortunate who cannot get one or more of the following:—Cricket, boating, gymnastics, hockey, la crosse, archery, fives, lawn-tennis, riding, shooting, bicycling, skating, athletic sports, swimming, fishing, or football. The more studious a person is, the more important it is that he should utilise every spare moment of his time for rest and recreation, and healthy, innocent amusements of the above-mentioned kind. Many a young fellow has wrecked his constitution, and failed to grasp the prize for which he strove so hard, simply because he did not work wisely. No constitution, least of all that of a young man, can stand a too excessive strain; and many a hard-working lad has been saved by his love of games.

A simple walk by way of recreation is of course better than nothing, but at best it is but a poor substitute for healthy out-of-door games. The object of recreation is, to a very great extent, to divert the mind from the topics on which it has been dwelling throughout the day. This, a walk frequently fails to do. Of course, if games cannot be obtained, a walk is, as a rule, the only substitute, but even then it should not be a *lonely* walk. A pleasant companion, whose conversation will change the current of thought, adds very materially to a walk, as a form of recreation. What is true of a walk is more or less true of a ride. A companion in a ride is not only welcome for his own sake, but is a desirable acquisition, as a means of diverting the thoughts from the engrossing work on which the mind has been dwelling throughout the day. An old hymn writer says that—

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

The truth of this statement is never so clearly exemplified as in the case of young men and lads. There is a certain amount of youthful energy which is common more or less to all young people, but more especially to boys and men. Games, and healthy recreation of all sorts, work off this superfluous energy, and, at the same time, tend to develop a more or less manly character, as character itself is often formed by the surroundings with which a youth's early life is associated. Often when parents are unwise, and fail to obtain healthy recreation for their boys, they become muffs, and have no single amusement which they can take up *con amore*. Having nothing definite to occupy their spare time, the chances are very much in favour of their being led into different forms of temptation.

The muff is by no means a lad who can be expected to avoid the grosser sins of manhood. He frequently develops into a weak, irresolute character, little able to exercise self-control, or to resist evil. When, on the other hand, a youth excels in one or more games, he acquires a taste for them, and takes them up vigorously. Consequently, so much of his spare time is fully occupied, that he avoids many temptations of every-day life. Added to which, it very frequently happens that much of the energy and vigour with which a young fellow takes up certain games, becomes a part of his character, a kind of second nature, and it is introduced into everything else that occupies his mind. It is a matter of common observation how many of the earnest young Christian men at Oxford and Cambridge (such, for instance, as the three brothers Studd), have excelled in cricket, boating, and rifle-shooting. Of course all cannot expect to excel, but there is no reason why, because a man becomes a true child of God, he should not at least attempt to hold his own in the ordinary games of his own age. Whatever a fellow takes up, he should devote his whole energies to it for the time being. Those who work hard indoors, should play hard out of doors.

Some never take up anything with energy. They neither work hard nor play hard. It is sometimes said concerning certain men, who have done well in some calling, that it is a matter of surprise that they are also very good at some one game. Whereas, as a matter of fact, it was perhaps the skill at the game that helped them to bear the mental strain required in the profession. Each one should look out, and cultivate that game, or different kind of recreation, which suits his circumstances best, as those that are convenient to some, are unsuited to others. Above all, let each one realise that recreation, in moderation, is not only a pleasure, but a duty to God who made him.

HOMELY HOBBIES: RECREATIONS IN GEOLOGY.

By W. H. Harris, B.A., B.Sc.

No. 5.—The Mortar of our Walls and Plaster of our Ceilings.

DAYS there were, long, long ago, when men seem to have had reasonable leisure for their work, and could afford to do everything slowly and well. Many of their stone erections were built without mortars or cements. Each block was so carefully shaped and so accurately fitted, that the lines of junction were scarcely visible, and yet the structures were secure enough to last thousands of years. But when various circumstances led to the use of smaller masses of natural or manufactured material, it became necessary that those should be made to cohere, if a substantial edifice were to be constructed.

At first, no doubt, clay was in general use for this purpose. Its abundance, its plasticity, its smoothness, and the ease with which it could be worked, rendered it suitable, especially in dry and warm climates. Where much rain, or frost, or both prevailed, it would soon be found a disadvantageous material. We learn that bitumen was often also employed, where it was found naturally existing.

It would be interesting to know how lime came first to be employed. In all probability its special properties were discovered by accident. It is easy to imagine that, in many parts of the world, men might be using pieces of rock for enclosing their fires, or for making their rude ovens. From time to time it would happen that, when limestone had been thus subjected to considerable heat, perhaps over and over again, and water had afterwards been spilt or thrown upon it, startling results would be seen to follow. First, there would be a swelling of the stone, then a great rise in temperature, accompanied by the giving off of volumes of steam; when this had gone on for some minutes, the previously hard material would be found crumbling to pieces of its own accord. That this series of phenomena was somewhat startling to our own ancestors seems indicated by the terms "quick," *i.e.*, "living," which they applied to limestone thus behaving when "slacked," or "slaked" with water. The former of these terms, according to etymologists, has to do with the *loosening* process which takes place; the second, to the mixture of water with the lime. And here we may remark that something more than a mechanical mixture really is effected. An actual chemical combination occurs between the lime and water, and this is the reason why so much heat is evolved in the slaking. We shall refer again to this point, which is practically important, as affecting the drying of mortar and plaster.

But now, before explaining any further the qualities and manufacture of lime, we must speak of the geological nature of a few of the rocks from which it is made. In a subsequent article on "The Marbles of our Mantel-pieces, and Fire-place Jambs," we shall have to notice limestones which have undergone so much *metamorphism*, or change from their original structure, as to have become crystalline. In speaking, therefore, of our mortars and plasters, we will select, for a few particulars as to their origin, some of the less compact and altered varieties. Chalk, the lias limestones, and gypsum, will answer our purpose.

The two former of these belong to what are known as carbonates of lime, or—according to more recent nomenclature—calcium carbonates. In other words, they consist of carbonic acid (or carbon-oxide), in combination with lime or its metallic basis, calcium. They have, in a sense, all been derived from the same source, viz., the mineral matter dissolved in the waters of the ocean. But it must not be supposed that these solid substances have been deposited into rock-masses by settlement, or as encrustations, such as take place in our boilers and kettles. The carbonates, at least, are due to the marvellous power possessed by certain animal membranes of extracting, and fixing in a solid form, the salts of lime from sea-water. We have such membranes in our own body. These secrete the bony matter of our teeth and skeleton. Similar structures enable oysters, mussels, cockles, and periwinkles to encase themselves in hard shells. The power seems to reside in exceedingly minute cells, to which the term *bio-plasts* has been given. These exist in enormous—we may say, inconceivably great — numbers in all living animals, and their functions are very varied. They, in fact, build up all the various tissues of which animals consist, and secrete the different substances which, in the lower orders of creatures, envelope and protect their softer parts. We are wholly unable to say why one set of these cells should take from blood, for instance, the ingredients of bone, and build up the hard portion of a limb, while another set will fashion nerves, and a third set, veins. Nor can we explain why some should draw from sea-water the lovely coloured materials of our tropical shells; while others, again, form the numerous organs of the living creatures themselves. Still the fact remains.

But what is, in some sense, most wonderful is, that in certain cases the agents in limestone-forming have been little more than tiny pieces of animated jelly, possessed of the faculty of attracting to themselves the invisible particles of calcium carbonate, dissolved in sea-water. We have referred to this point already, when speaking of chalk in a previous Paper. We may here just mention that the name of these minute, but immensely effective workers, is derived from the circumstance that their shells, or cases, are pierced with very numerous openings (*foramina*, Lat.), through which they thrust thread-like prolongations of their body tissue. These "pseudopodia," or *false-feet*, as they are named by naturalists, in some instances coalesce at their bases, and continue their limestone secreting energies, building up the tiny shell-cases into complex and beautiful forms. These, in numbers perfectly inconceivable, contributed all over the globe to form rock masses in past geologic ages. Not only so, but we know that their remains are, at the present day, being distributed on the floor of the ocean in many places, and over extensive areas.

There are, however, other creatures more advanced in structure, which have taken no inconspicuous share in building the limestones of which we make use. All our readers are familiar with the appearance of different sorts of coral; but some, it may be, are not aware that these stony masses have been built up by animals, often erroneously called coral "insects." They have no claim whatever to the last term. The railway-porter, who made the famous classification, "cats is dogs, and rabbits is dogs, and so is parrots; but this here tortoise is a hin-seck, and so there ain't no charge for 'im"—was not more wildly wrong. The proper term for the coral-builders is polyps. In structure they are closely allied to the sea anemones, with which zoophytes we are all familiar in rock-pools of our beaches, or in aquaria. They consist, practically, of a fleshy substance hollowed out into what serves as a stomach, opening below into the general body-cavity, which is further divided into a number of vertical compartments, by partitions, which, in many instances, become stony plates, through the secretion of calcium carbonate. This substance they still further elaborate into a calcareous skeleton or framework, thus making what we call *coral*. These creatures live in vast colonies, increasing chiefly by a process of budding, as if they were rather vegetables than animals. Their name,—"Zoophytes," meaning "animal-plants,"—points to their alliances to both kingdoms of the organic world.

From the ocean floor, but at no very great depth, they build up *fringing*-reefs, *barrier*-reefs, and *atolls*. We cannot afford space to detail the interesting theories connected with the making of each of these. Any modern work on Physical Geography will supply the requisite information. The point we wish just now to bring out is, that in long past ages in the world's history, similar creatures to those of which we have been speaking, have over and over again added masses of limestone to the earth's crust.

There are many other kinds of animals which have also had a share in this work. Shell-fish, as they are commonly called, but they should be spoken of as *molluscs*—having soft bodies protected by hard shells; echinoderms, rough or prickly-coated creatures like sea-urchins and star-fishes, together with their relatives; the crinoids, or stone-lilies, have enormously contributed, by their calcareous coverings, to the limestones of various epochs.

Now it is time to return to the making of lime, and to an explanation of the differences between it and the rocks from which it is derived. We will consider the second of these points first. To put the matter into a few words, the cardinal difference between the two is, the presence of carbon-dioxide in the native rock-masses, and its absence from lime. This is got rid of by the simple process of baking. Lime is prepared for building and other purposes by heating some sort of limestone in kilns, by means of either coal or bituminous shales. The carbon-dioxide is thus driven off, and *quick* or *caustic* lime remains. In some districts, peat or wood is used instead of coal; and for some sorts of limestone, it is said, impure or shaly fuel is better than the purer kinds, because the stone burns with it more slowly

and evenly, and is less liable to slag or melt. The quantity of combustible material used is about one ton to four or five tons of rock. The amount of lime by weight obtained is from 55 to 60 per cent. All the loss is accounted for by the expulsion of the carbon-dioxide.

For making mortar, the quicklime is slaked with water, in the proportion of one volume of the liquid to three of the solid matter. The lime then crumbles to pieces, as before described. By the addition of more water, it is made into a sort of paste, to which is added three or four times its bulk of sharp sand. The mixture is thoroughly worked up into a stiff sort of pulp, and is then ready for use.

Now arises the question—What makes mortar *set*, or become hard? There appear to be two chemical processes involved in this. Firstly, the lime in part attracts to itself carbon-dioxide from the air, in which the gas exists to the amount of $\frac{1}{2500}$. This reunion of the two substances makes, once more, a compact limestone. But, in addition to this, a combination takes place, to some extent, between the lime and the sand, giving rise to a material so hard, that in some of the edifices erected by builders in our own country 200 or 300 years ago, it is easier to break the stones, strong though they are, than the mortar which was used to connect them.

Two or three paragraphs must be given to the subject of the plasters of our ceilings. These are made of various substances, according to the immediate use to be served, and the rapidity of drying required. They are generally prepared from the more carefully made limes, and the best sands, *i.e.*, those whose minute particles are least rounded by attrition. Greater attention than is needed for mortars, must be paid to the complete slaking of the lime, and the thorough mixing of the sand. If small pieces of the former are left unslaked, they gradually absorb water after the plaster is used, and swell, or "blow," as plasterers say. Hair from tan-yards is often mixed with the other two ingredients, so as to give greater cohesiveness, and enable the material to hold on more firmly to laths or to brickwork. These ordinary plasters dry slowly, giving out their chemically combined water in place of carbon-dioxide absorbed from the air. Hence their hardening is partly a chemical process, and not a merely evaporative one. In newly built rooms, it is not uncommon to assist the drying process by braziers, in which charcoal is burnt. The combustion of the fuel forms carbon-dioxide, in quantities which would be fatal to human beings sleeping or remaining long in such rooms; but it is not at all unlikely that the extra amount of this poisonous gas, thus produced, aids in the chemical part of the plaster-drying.

When rapid "setting" is necessary, some "plaster of Paris," that is, sulphate of lime, deprived of its naturally contained water, is added. This substance has, in a most remarkable degree, the property of incorporating water with its particles, so that what is at first quite a thin paste, will in two or three minutes become of firm and almost stony consistence. Hence a small quantity of plaster of Paris will greatly increase the drying power of ordinary lime-plaster.

When walls and ceilings are being covered, the coarser layers are first applied, then the finer, and lastly, a perfectly smooth surface is made by what is called a "floating" of cream-like consistence. Special modifications of plasters, known by various names, owe their properties to mixtures of various chemicals in the process of manufacture; such substances as alum, borax, and pearl ash, being incorporated with plaster of Paris.

LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

No. 2.—MAKING ACQUAINTANCE.

LORD Tennyson once wrote a poem called "The Northern Farmer," which is supposed to repeat the advice given by a money-loving father to his son, about marriage. This advice, shortly spoken, was, "Don't marry for money, but go where money is." The farmer was very wise in his day and generation, from his own point of view. He thought money was the best thing any one could have, so he recommended his son to choose his acquaintance amongst people who had money; then he would be likely to meet with some one who, taking his fancy in other respects, would yet possess the one desirable qualification.

From this poem, even those who are not like the farmer may learn a lesson. It is wise to choose acquaintances of young people of the sort we should like to marry. Apart altogether from marriage, it is a very good thing for young people of both sexes to meet frequently; it does both sides good. It is a great pity when either boys or girls have to grow up without companions of the opposite sex. Boys who do not mix with girls become awkward in their manners, rough and uncouth. Girls who do not mix with boys are in danger of caring for nothing but tittle-tattle; they become narrow and uncharitable. It would be hard to say whether girls or boys benefit most by intimacy with each other, because both benefit so very much.

Some parents are greatly afraid of their girls mixing with boys, and of their boys mixing with girls; they fear the consequence will be imprudent marriages, and love difficulties of one sort or another. Really, however, there is much more danger of complications of this kind when young people are kept in retirement, than when they meet as a matter of course; because the young folks thus restrained have no opportunity of comparing one individual with another, and so forming a true opinion. A young man who never sees anything of girls, is much more likely to think the first girl he encounters a mysterious angel, than is the youth who has been intimate with his sister's friends for years, and who has learnt, from observation, that there are girls and girls. So the girl who has played from childhood with her brother's friends, and who is therefore accustomed to the society of boys, is much less liable to be attracted by mere surface qualities, than is the girl who has not learnt from experience how very easily surface qualities rub off. In America, parents and guardians have been so completely convinced of the advantage of bringing children of both sexes up together, that they send boys and girls to the same schools. Even in England we are beginning to venture on the same daring course, and there are one or two colleges where male and female students work together. There are also a limited number of schools where the same method is adopted, and authorities tell us that these mixed schools are more successful than any. The girls humanise the boys, and the boys make the girls learn. Nor can we wonder that this should be. When we put boys and girls together, we follow Nature's plan, and we need to be very wise indeed, if we are to improve upon Nature. Nature does not separate the sexes. She sends brothers and sisters into the same family, and she makes the man incomplete without the woman, the woman without the man. Why should man put asunder what God has joined together? There is every sign that in the future the sexes will be brought together, in social every-day companionship, more closely than they have been in the past. The old restrictions are breaking down, and the old barriers are being removed. We cannot stop this by refusing to believe it. It *is* so, and if we look at things as they are, we shall be compelled to acknowledge it. We may say it is unfortunate, but our complaint will not alter the fact.

We may all, however, do our part to make it a benefit, rather than an evil.

In this matter, both young men and young women have a duty to society. The duty which rests upon young men in this crisis is, that they should respect women as women. The wisest, purest, and best men have, in every age, been distinguished for this respect; the coarsest, rudest, most vicious, and most infamous men have ever been distinguished for their lack of it. The more civilized a nation is, the more its women are guarded and honoured; and the more savage a nation is, the more its women are degraded. There is no surer test of the character of a young man than the way in which he speaks and thinks about women. Some young men scorn women, and sneer at them, imagining that thus they "put women in their right place," as they call it, and exhibit their own superiority. On the contrary, they do nothing but make a needless exhibition of their own littleness and narrow-mindedness.

The duty which rests upon young women is, that they should be worthy of respect, and that they should make the best and highest use of their influence. Men are stronger than women, but women of the right sort are more spiritually-minded than men. By this I mean, that in them con-

science speaks more quickly; they are more open to religious appeals; and they are more disposed to hold fast to religious ideas than men are. Thus we find that it is very usual for the women of a family to think seriously, when the men of the same family are careless and trifling. When children grow up with earnest thoughts of God and duty, we generally find that their mother taught them to do so. There are countries where the men have learnt to think lightly of religion; but even here the women cling to it still. They may have mistaken ideas about it, but they are loth to give it up. It would almost seem as if to women had been committed the guardianship of religion; and it is very, very sad when women or girls are faithless to their trust in this direction. When a girl allows her companions to joke and sneer at sacred subjects in her presence; when she allows swearing or coarse language to be used without rebuke, she is thus faithless to her trust. There is not much to make us hope for the best in a company where the young women do not stand up for what is honest, and pure, and of good repute; while, at the same time, there is little hope for the girls themselves, who turn away from their duty in this respect. Young men are always most ready to honour girls who lead, instead of being led. They are generally ready to amuse themselves, and have a little fun with the girls who can be led to do anything; but these are not the girls whom they hold in highest honour.

The question we are now considering, however, is not so much how men and women should behave to each other, but rather, how should they make acquaintance with each other, and get to know one another well, so that pleasant friendships and agreeable companionships may be formed between them? Some people are very slow to make acquaintance. They are afraid to speak to strangers; they look askance at every one who is different from themselves, and they dread being imposed on in any way. Others are quick to make friends. They are willing to trust every one they meet, ask no questions, but are ready to answer any number. Both these kinds of people make mistakes, because they go to an extreme; of the two, however, the cautious ones are the wiser. The friendships that are worth having are made slowly; those that are made in a day pass away in a day.

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new hatch'd, unfledged comrade."

Young folks who trust easily, quarrel easily, and their love is no more to be counted on than their dislike is to be dreaded. Both are of mushroom growth, and speedily die away. There is a secret connected with making friendships worth having, which few have discovered. It is stated loudly, often enough, but it is not welcome news, and so it is only believed once and again. Here it is, however, spoken out once more in broad daylight, and young people who feel lonely and forlorn are invited to listen.

If you want to make friends worth having, look for them amongst the people with whom you work, not amongst the people with whom you play. Young people make a mistake, in that they do just the opposite. They look for their friends when they are on a pleasure trip, when they are out for a holiday, when they are busy only in idling; and the consequence is, that their friends are only of the butterfly sort, very much on the spot when the sun shines, but nowhere to be seen when the rain-drops fall, and the clouds look heavy and lowering. Yet companionship in mere pleasure very seldom unites people closely; companionship in work does, and companionship in sorrow does more than all. We always trust those most who have been with us when we were in trouble. We put on our gayest attire and our brightest smiles for the holiday friends, but we make no effort to appear different from what we are every day for the friends with whom we work. Be sure of this, the working friends are best worth having; and as for most of us, life is made up much more of work than it is of play, we shall be much safer if we take our life-companion from the workers.

Our greatest English poet, Shakspeare, in one of his dramas, called "Much Ado about Nothing," told a story of a young lady called Beatrice, who, besides being very beautiful, was very clever, very witty, and very sensible. She was wooed by a fine Spanish prince, named Don Pedro, and after a time, this Don Pedro asked her if she would marry him. She replied, "No, my lord; not unless I might have another husband for working days; your Grace is too costly to wear every day." Young folks who are seeking to form acquaintance should think of this speech of Beatrice. Friends, to be a comfort and a strength, must be friends for every day, not for high-days and feasts. Of all the work in which young men and young women engage, there is none which brings them together in pleasanter intimacy than Work for Others,—Charitable Work. Work of this kind is mostly carried on in connection with religious communities, and this is why so many friendships, delightful in themselves and full of promise for the future, have their origin in churches and chapels. It is probable that more acquaintances which have ended in marriage engagements have been commenced when attending churches and chapels, than any other way. There is this to be said for such engagements: they have, for the most part, ended happily; they have not so often led to misery and pain in the future, as have the engagements formed in scenes of pleasure and gaiety.

People who engage, perseveringly and zealously, in work for the same object, and that an unselfish one, must, to an extent, be like-minded; and what more reasonable basis for future congenial companionship can there be than harmony of taste and sentiment? The secret of happiness in marriage is that a wedded pair should pull together; and there is no more reliable sign that they will do so, when joined together, than the fact that, when apart, they naturally pulled in the same direction. It follows then, that where earnestly disposed young people wish to make acquaintances who will bring brightness and inspiration into their daily life, the best thing they can do is to take their part in unselfish work for others. When doing this, they are almost certain to encounter individuals of an earnest temperament and disposition, like their own. If, in the future, the acquaintanceship thus formed should ripen into something closer and dearer, there will be as little fear that harm and disappointment will follow, as there can be in anything in this strange condition that we call life. If no such intimacy should grow out of the friendship, at least there will be reason to rejoice that useful, honest work has been done; and the consciousness thereof will be abundantly satisfactory.

OUR SPECIAL SERIES OF CHRISTMAS COMPETITIONS.

£5. 5s. in Prizes.

WE have now come to the fourth and last Competition, which we trust may prove no less interesting than the others. The subject seems an easy, perhaps even a semi-humorous one; but we have a very serious purpose underneath. It cannot but be interesting to note the ideal of womanhood which a young man has before him, as well as the ideal of manhood which a girl pictures to herself. We do not ask for a definition of the most fascinating friend or lover, but rather for a sketch of one possessing those qualities which will prove a permanent joy and blessing in the home. We do not want competitors to be unduly solemn; we want them to look at this subject from the highest standpoint, and then they may be as pleasant as they please.

First Prize of 10s. 6d.,

Two Second Prizes of 5s. each,

for the best definition of

A MODEL HUSBAND.	A MODEL WIFE.
By a Lady.	By a Gentleman.

1. Definitions *must* be original; they may be either in prose or verse.
2. Papers limited to 1,000 words.
3. Competitor's name and address must be written on each MS.
4. No MS. can be returned.
5. Questions may be asked, if stamped envelope be enclosed for reply.

The Competition closes on February 11th, on or before which date all Papers, marked outside "Fourth Christmas Competition," must reach the Office of —"A. L.,"—

62, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

WINTER.

"WHAT is the winter?" I asked, and one
Answered, "With me, it is sport and fun,
Skimming the ice in the bracing blast,
My only trouble—frost goes so fast.
Meeting again with the friends who are dear,
By roaring fires, and with Christmas cheer,
While the world is wrapped in glist'ring rime,
Hurrah for the jolly winter time!"

"What is winter?" I asked another—
A heavy-eyed and pale-faced mother.
"Winter," she murmured, "is pain and care,
Little to eat and little to wear,
Shivering children and hopeless mate,
Stitching early and stitching late,
Cowering close o'er the fitful blaze.
Alas, for the dreary winter days!"

Is it not always thus in our life?
One has the vict'ry, one the strife.
Ever is Dives feasting in state,
Ever is Laz'rus laid at his gate.
Yet, though poverty ne'er shall cease,
It matters little, so love increase.

Since life is wasted if lived for pelf,
And worse than wasted if lived for self,
Shall we not each have a brother's heart?
Shall we not each do a brother's part?
Thus mingled voices of joy and praise
Shall rise to God through the winter days.

"LUCK" AND "PLUCK;" OR, "ONE LETTER DID IT."

By the Rev. P. B. Power, M.A.,

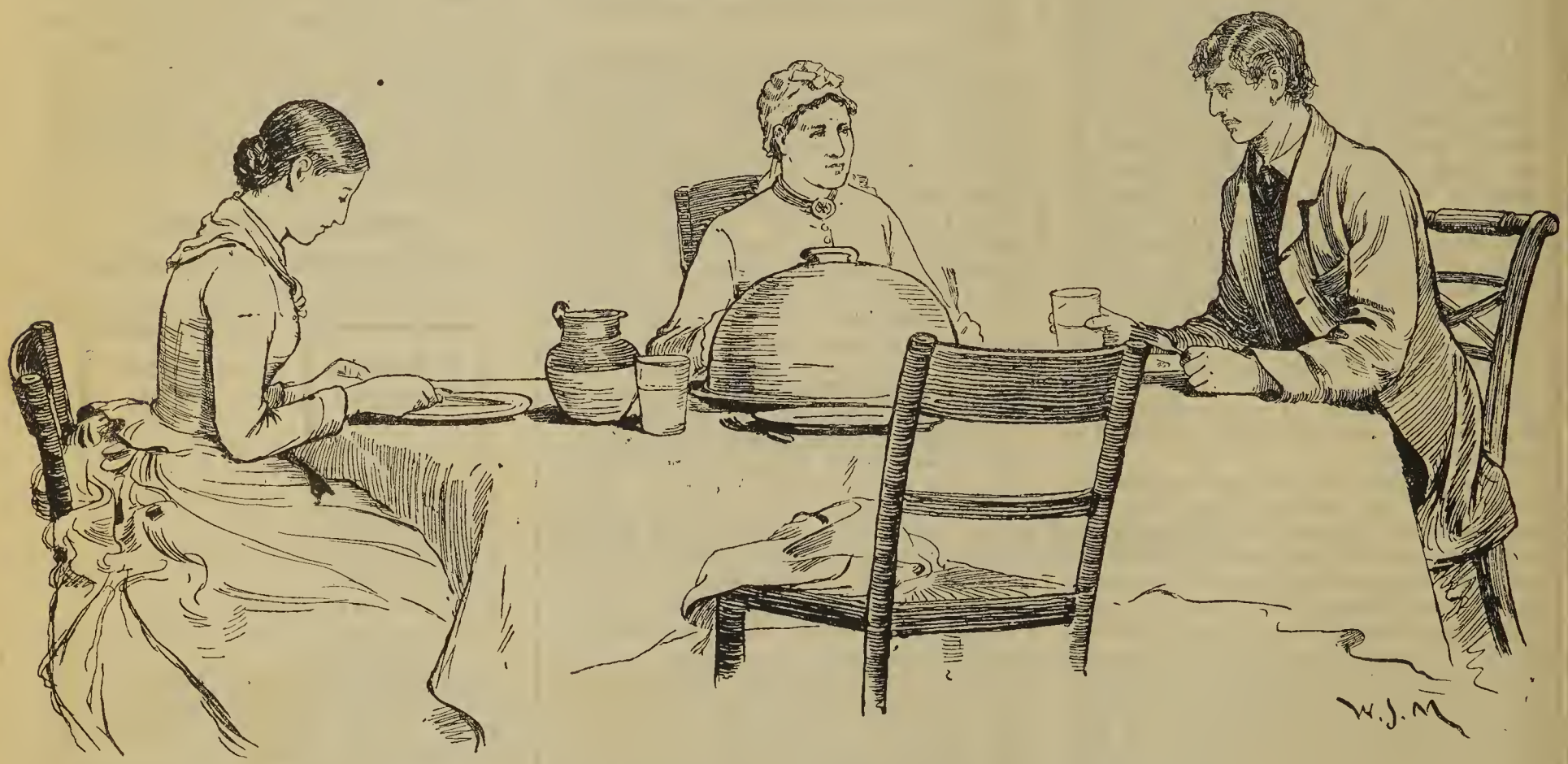
Author of "The Oiled Feather," "The Talking Fire-Irons," etc., etc.

PART II.

BETSEY BARBEL'S "Pluck" put her in the way of real "Luck." The foreman at the Banwell Mills kept his eye on Betsey, was nicely twiddled about at the corners, so that he looked like a man who could say pleasant things; and his chin was on the square, which meant that he was a young man who had some determination in him. Indeed, he might be said to be somewhat in the same boat as Betsey Barbel, for it was by his pluck he was in his present position. It was he who had the pluck to go in amongst the men at the mill one day, when there was almost a riot, and, by a few sensible and determined words, put an end to it. Mr. P., junior, had not played fast and loose with his constitution; he was no beer-cask; and so he had a good, sound constitution. He looked healthy, and he was healthy. He could rattle off a beefsteak with any young fellow of his own age, and digest it too; and if any one wanted to know where his beefsteaks and other wholesome food went, Mr. P., junior, had only to tuck up his shirt sleeves, and show the inquiring gentleman the muscles of his arms, professing, if he were not satisfied, to give him a taste of their quality. We all have our weaknesses, and I am bound to say that, having nice, small feet, Mr. P., junior, *was* particular about his boots, even going so far as to have his own lasts; the heels were moderate, for he knew that too high heels throw the body out of shape, and produce, in some cases, the most lamentable results.

Every Sunday did these two,—that is, Betsey Barbel and Mr. P., junior,—sit opposite each other at dinner; and every Sunday did Betsey eat the slice of beef which was next to Mr. P.'s on the joint, and Mr. P. ate the one which was next to Miss Barbel's.

Now I want to know, good reader, what you think? For my part, I never can account



"Every Sunday did these two . . . sit opposite to each other at dinner."

and got her promoted yet further to the overseership of one department of the mill. Finding her, as people say, "game,"—*i.e.*, plucky for meeting every difficulty as it arose,—he began to think she must be a girl worth something; indeed, the idea struck him that she would make a capital wife. Now Mr. Preston, having already a wife, could not personally do anything for Betsey in this line; but Mr. P. had a son, and he felt that if that son only married a good wife, it would be a great comfort to Mrs. P. and to himself. And so he began taking stock of Betsey, to see whether she would not make a capital Mrs. P., junior. Not that he was going to make a match—oh dear, no! He knew that match-making was a very ticklish business; but he might let the young people see each other; there was no harm in that. So Mr. Preston asked Betsey Barbel to his house, and there of course Mr. P., junior, saw her.

Now I must tell you that Mr. P., junior, was a very nice young man. I'll tell you precisely what he was like. He stood exactly 5 feet 10 inches and three quarters in his stockings—that made a trifle over 5 feet 11 inches in his boots; his hair was brown, and inclined to be a little bit curly; he had dark-grey eyes, and his nose was a little hooky (which would come in handy when he was older, and would require specs); his mouth

for these things. There's some kind of a mystery in them. Why,—if you know why, do tell me,—why, after they had thus eaten fifty-two slices each—one hundred and four in all—*i.e.*, after fifty-two Sundays had elapsed, since these two sat at the same table, did they not look at each other straight in the face as they used to do, but only take an occasional peep from under their eyebrows, and be dreadfully ashamed when they were caught?

Why, after the fifty-second Sunday had passed, did Mrs. Preston ask Betsey to spend all Sunday with them, breakfast included? and can you tell me whether it could be because Betsey now began to eat the very next slice of bread at breakfast to Mr. P., junior's, as well as the next slice of beef at dinner, that matters hurried on so quickly?

If you know why, no doubt you also know why Mrs. Preston took to calling Betsey "dear"; and why she began to tell her how happy Mr. P. and she had been; and how she thought people were happiest in the married estate, when they were properly, suitably, and really well married. And apparently unlocking herself somewhere inside, Mrs. P. took Betsey into confidence about her Tom; and how she was anxious that Tom should settle; and then she said she thought Tom himself was anxious to settle. But then she was full of anxiety lest

Tom should make a mistake—and indeed, Tom himself was rather nervous on that point; and if only she could meet with the very suitable person for Tom, and if only Tom himself could meet with her, how happy they both would be!

Once set fairly a-going, there was no stopping old Mrs. Preston. She must have been a wonderfully active old lady, for she made a sudden spring from Tom to Betsey, and began to tell her the kind of girl she should like for Tom, and indeed what she knew Tom would like for himself. Then she began to describe Betsey to herself, until one would have thought the old lady had taken to photographing, and was at that moment taking Betsey Barbel's likeness. "He does like a girl, my dear, who is modest in her looks and in her dress. He does like a girl, my dear, who knows the right, and is *determined* to do it; he knows that's the girl to make a home happy. He doesn't want any nonsense, my Tom. He has plenty of fun in him, my dear—that's seen in the corners of his mouth; but no nonsense or humbug—that's seen in the square of his chin. They say he's very like me, my dear; at least he was when he was a child. He wants a girl with a head and with a heart; and his father and I—and I believe he himself, too—have seen the very girl for him."

Poor Betsey! at these last words her heart, which had been going at a pitty-pat while she had been hearing herself thus described, seemed suddenly motionless; were all the slices of beef and all the slices of bread coming to nothing? 'Twas only for a moment; old Mrs. Preston had something better than a smelling-bottle at hand. On she went:—

"Said I out loud, as Tom and I were sitting by the fire yesterday, 'I love my love with an A, because she's amiable.' Go on, Tom. Tom looks at me a moment, and then twiddles up his mouth, and says, 'Shall I tell you, mother, the real reason why I love my love with a B? Would you believe it, my dear? he hits off in one go what I had been thinking of for three months. He doesn't say, 'I love my love with a B, because she is beautiful'; but, 'I love my love with a B, because she's Barbel.' Then he jumps up from his chair, and kisses me, and squeezes my hand; and in a moment it all came into my mind. At last I've found the girl to give my grandmother's silver teapot to, and the six egg-spoons to match. You shall have teapot and spoons, for they go with Tom—and Tom himself, and father, and me; you shall have us all, Betsey, if only we may have you."

"Yes!" said Papa Preston, who came in at this juncture, "Tom's just been telling me about it; and I doubt if I haven't broken the poor boy's knuckles, I've given him such a squeeze."

Now you know, good reader, that the strongest of us are weak at times, and plucky as Betsey was, you'll hardly believe it, but she began to cry. Then Papa Preston kissed her, and Mamma Preston kissed her; and they only stopped her by telling her that, if she kept on crying, they must then and there send for Tom, who perhaps might kiss her too.

This was too much for Betsey; so, gradually she turned over to smiling, and then to laughing, and then to wishing that Tom should be sent for, or in some way or other should come.

But Tom did not appear; in spite of his square chin, somehow or other he wasn't up to the mark in "pluck." And the silly fellow, contrary to all his principles, would keep thinking of his "luck."

I never heard how the affair was managed. I believe old Mrs. Preston went in search of her spectacles at the very moment Tom came in to tea, and took an hour to find them, which is not wonderful, seeing they were on her nose all the time. And when this great discovery was made, it was found on her return to the parlour that very little bread and butter had been eaten. The tea was cold, the fire was nearly out, and Tom Preston and Betsey Barbel were going to be man and wife.

And so, Betsey, even in this respect you reaped the reward of good honest pluck. I have scarcely mentioned anything about this pluck, except your standing up for an effort to keep English work for English girls; but there had been plenty of pluck besides. Many's the day when you went to the mill determined to do your work, though you were not up to it that day, when others in like circumstances stayed away. You were known as a dependable girl. Many a time, with a brave heart and a cheerful face, you bore all the sneers and jeers of other girls in their tawdry finery, because you *would* have what was within your means, and modest-looking and good. Many a saucy word you put down, so that the lads around were obliged to respect you, whether they liked it or not; and when you stood up before that young man, whom you saw misleading one of your fellow mill-girls, and told him to his face what he was, you saved a fellow-creature, and showed what good mettle you were made of.

And long after, when you were Mrs. Preston, it was your pluck in keeping up night after night with your husband, never giving in, that saved his life; it was your pluck that saved the mill itself, when it was in difficulties; and you went yourself to London, and brought down with you the man who could and would have sold it up. Seeing is believing, and he saw that there was plenty of security for his money, and he let it lie until the mill worked round.

As to you, poor Jenny Light, no doubt you became Mrs. Bob Spanker; but what of that? what good did that do you? No good



"Apparently unlocking herself somewhere inside, Mrs. P. took Betsey into her confidence about Tom."

at all, but a great deal of harm. And no doubt you had several strokes of what is called luck, but I want to know what good they did you? None, that I ever heard of. You were left as much as £200 in all, by one relation and another, but no good came of it. And when last I heard of you, you were on the look-out for some more "luck," but I'm very doubtful as to whether you'll meet with it; and even if you do, I doubt whether much will come of it. You were ever so much cleverer than Betsey Barbel, ever so much prettier, ever so much more lucky, but ever so much less plucky; and where are you, Jenny Light? I beg your pardon, Jenny Spanker; and where is she?

The pluck to go about her house when she was as ailing as you, kept everything in order, and made her husband love his home; when your giving in, and hoping that you'd have the luck to have some neighbour look in to give you a hand, left your home often untidy and miserable.

The pluck that made Betsey Barbel go to worship God, even though other girls and Bob Spanker laughed at her, strengthened her for resisting her temptations and performing her duties; while you, staying at home rather than to be laughed at, had no strength, and so easily came short, here, and there, and everywhere. And now, where is Betsey Barbel, and where are you?

It may be that some people think that "pluck" is not a word for girls, but I am sure it is a far better one for them than "luck." I don't see why boys and men should have all the pluck in the world to themselves. And I am very sure, my fine fellows, that you have not. I know lots of plucky women and plucky girls, and they are just as nice and much nicer than many who have no go in them at all. And, moreover, I know where the right kind of pluck is to be got: "Be strong *in the Lord*, and in the power of His might"; "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." The pluck, the courage that God gives, is the genuine thing; and give me any day—

"PLUCK MORE THAN LUCK."

OUR CHRISTMAS COMPETITIONS.

WE would again remind our readers that we give in this Number the fourth and last of our series of "£5. 5. 0 Christmas Competitions." For the advantage of new subscribers this year (who may not be able easily to procure the back Numbers), we would recapitulate :—

Our "Acrostic Competition," announced Dec. 24th, will close Feb. 29th.

Our "Spelling Chase," announced Dec. 31st, closed Jan. 10th.

Our "£100 Competition," announced Jan. 7th, will close Feb. 4th.

Our "Definition Competition," announced in this Number, will not close until Feb. 11th.

In the announcement of our Competitions, we shall always arrange that subscribers to our Monthly Parts (of whom we have already a large number), will have ample time to compete.

We congratulate ourselves upon the return MSS. having already taxed our Post-Office Department, and we fear we may also have to draw upon the patience both of our examiners and subscribers. Results will be announced as speedily as possible.

GIRDING UP THE LOINS.

By THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"GIRD up the loins of your mind." Stirring words of one who once girded his fisherman's tunic about him, and leaped out of the boat to swim to his master. The ancients wore loose, flowing garments, and when any strenuous exertion was required, they gathered up the folds of their drapery, and bound a girdle about their waist. A similar process is essential to a vigorous Christian life.

Jesus Christ does not put you or me into His Church just to make us comfortable. Getting to heaven is not the sole object, or even the chief object of becoming a Christian. Obedience to Jesus Christ is the first thing. This is the core of Christianity. The phrase "girding the loins," implies readiness for duty. On that last night in Egypt, the Israelites were commanded to stand with girt loins, and sandelled feet, and staves in their hands, *ready* to be off at a moment's notice. Paul, at the start, inquired: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" At the finish, he exclaimed, "Now I am ready to be offered up!" We pastors soon discover who are the minute men in our churches. Whether it be work, or money, or service of any kind that is required of any Christian, their cheerful response proves that Christ has the first hold on their hearts. Eagerness for the fight marks the true soldier; eagerness for the run made the successful Olympic racer; eagerness to do Christ's will, or even to endure hard blows for his Master, marks the happy, ready-hearted Christian.

Another idea suggested is the compacting of all our powers upon the work we have in hand. *Consecration* is not enough without *concentration*. Paul's "this *one* thing I do," tightened his resolves, and kept him from frittering away life on trifles. Sir Isaac Newton's secret of success was "fixing his mind upon the thing." Pericles only knew one street in Athens, the street that led from his own house to the Executive Chamber. At this chilly season of the year, the feeble sun-rays may be so focussed by a burning-glass as to *set wood on fire*. Many men and women of moderate abilities, under the concentrating power of the love of Christ, make wonderfully useful Christians. This compacting of one's self for the duty at hand is well described by the current phrase of a man's "pulling himself together." Some Christians go to pieces for want of a stout girdle.

Loin-girding also implies a wholesome idea of *restraint*. Laxity is the curse of the times. Loose thinking leads to loose living. We cannot do just as we like. A robust Christian, like a robust soldier, understands the value of drill and discipline, and learns to obey. It is not a good sign when a follower of Christ begins to loosen his girdle. He is preparing to shirk, skulk, or go to sleep. Tighten the loins, brother or sister, and make up your mind that a victorious Christian life is not the easiest thing in the world. Easy things, like many cheap things, are of small value. The best attainments must be paid for. God has put some pretty steep hills on His road to heaven, and you will need girded loins if you expect to climb them. He provides the girdle; you have but to clasp it about you. He offers you a belt with these words on it: "My grace is sufficient for you." Clasp it on, and you will find that the things which seem impossible, become possible to a resolute, unshrinking faith. Mr. Moody's negro woman was about right when she said that if God ordered her to jump through a stone wall, the jumping was her part, and the getting through was His. God promises that He will "gird us with strength," and that strength is always equal to the load to be carried, or the cliff to be clambered.

Life is not a frolic, and the service of our crucified Lord is not child's play. The end of all things is at hand with each of us. There is an exultant joy in the daring and the dash, the push and the climb of a well-girded soul on his way to his crown. The prize is for the racer, and none else. They who would fain go to heaven in, what Rutherford calls, a "close-covered chariot," may not gain admission at the gate; or if they do, they will be ashamed to look God's heroes there in the face: "Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men who wait for their Lord."

YALE *V.* OXFORD OR CAMBRIDGE.

"I MAINTAIN that there is no question but that Yale can send out a crew to England, that will not only defeat any crew Oxford or Cambridge can pit against them, but any crew of amateurs that rows in England." The speaker was Captain "Bob" Cook, the coach of the racing eight of Yale College in the U.S.A. Some years ago, Captain Cook passed six weeks at Oxford, studying the long stroke method of rowing, as practised by the English University crew. On his return to the United States, Captain Cook taught the Yale eight to pull the long stroke, and this gave Yale the "pull" over her rival—Harvard. Last Summer Captain Keys, of the Harvard 'Varsity eight, has mixed with English oarsmen, picking up points in order to strengthen Harvard's form next season. Speaking on the subject of the position of the thole-pins in the racing "shells," Captain Cook said: "The rigging in England is pushed too far back of the thole-pin, and they will never change its position, until they are defeated by an acknowledged representative crew of American amateurs. Putting the thole-pin exactly opposite the rower, brings the power of the entire eight more to a uniform level than is obtained in any other position, and a much greater evenness of action is the result. In England they have not yet applied this principle. We have. In this we are as superior to them as they were to us in their long stroke before we adopted it."

While I am writing about Yale, it may be of interest to our young men readers, if I give a few facts about this great American University. To spend a year at Yale costs a young man between £60 and £70; but when the tuition charges are remitted, as they are in the case of any worthy student, then £40 will cover expenses. There are about 100 scholarships annually distributed, which cover the cost of tuition. A yearly fund of a little over £2,000 is also at the command of the Corporation, and is applied to the relief of indigent and deserving students. Then there is a loan fund for the benefit of needy students. Serving the college, as assistants in the libraries, monitors, and similar capacities, are quite a number of men, who thus earn from £15 to £30 a year without interfering seriously with their studies.

WASPS.

By the Rev. J. G. Wood, F.L.S.,
Author of "Homes without Hands," "Strange Dwellings," etc.

WHAT are wasps? How shall we know them? What do they do?

Wasps, like bees and ants, belong to the very remarkable group of insects, called Hymenoptera, and known by the fact that when they fly, the upper and lower wings of each side are connected together by a set of hooklets on the lower wings, and a groove-like fold on the upper wings. When the insect is at rest, or on foot, the four wings are mostly disjoined, so as to be conspicuously separate. This can easily be seen by watching a bee on a flower, or a wasp while it is crawling in search of food or building material. But there is one peculiarity in the front wings of the wasps, which at once distinguishes them from the bees. These wings, when separated, are folded longitudinally, so as to reduce them to half their width.

What do wasps do? The answer to this question depends very much on the species, as we shall soon see. There are solitary and social wasps, just as is the case with the bees and ants. The habits of the solitary species are comparatively devoid of interest, and I will therefore restrict myself to the social species, giving the chief part of the space to those which inhabit this country.

There are seven acknowledged British social wasps, some of which inhabit the ground, and others make their nests on branches; while one species prefers hollow trees, and similar sheltered situations. As is the case with the hive bee, the bulk of each colony consists of the partially developed females, which are appropriately called Workers, as by them the whole of the work is done.

The foundress of the community is a single female, called the queen; the males are comparatively few in number, only appear in the Autumn, and have but a short life. Here, however, the resemblance ends, as the queen bee never has anything to do except lay eggs, and be waited on throughout the whole of her life; while the entire labour of founding a new colony falls upon the queen wasp, until her young are strong enough to help their mother.

Let us watch the progress of a new wasp-nest from its beginning to its completion, taking the common field-wasp (*Vespa vulgaris*) as our example. Most of the workers, and all the males, die at the end of Autumn; a few workers which have attained full development, hiding themselves in some sheltered spot during the Winter, and passing into that singular phase of existence called hibernation.

When the Spring has fairly set in, a wasp issues from her hiding-place, and hunts about for a favourable locality for a new nest. As far as is known, she never returns to the nest in which she was bred, but starts an entirely new establishment. This is always in a hole in the ground, generally the abandoned burrow of a field-mouse, such as Burns turned out of its nest with his plough. At the extremity of the hole there are sure to be some roots of plants, especially if, as is often the case, the nest is made in a bank. To these roots the wasp affixes the rudiments of her nest. First, she has to procure materials. The nest of the wasp is not made of wax,—the insect not being able to secrete that substance,—but of a fabric made by masticating woody fibres, so that in fact the wasps were paper-makers long before man learned that art. True, the paper made by our wasps is of the roughest description, but the nests of some of the tropical wasps are as white, smooth, and hard, as if they had been made of good cardboard.

The wasp mostly obtains its fibres from decaying wood, and all through the Spring and Summer, wasps may be seen in numbers on any old post or decaying tree, busily engaged in nibbling off the fibres and masticating them. They are so absorbed in their task, that they will even allow themselves to be watched through a magnifying glass.

Having procured a supply of material, the wasp makes with it a single cell of very small dimensions, and fixes an egg into it; then sets off for more material, and places three similar cells round the first, depositing an egg in each. All these cells are attached to a stout footstalk, which the queen strengthens as she finds necessary. Her next task is to make over the cells a sort of umbrella of paper, so as to guard them from falling earth. By this time the eggs are hatched into grubs, and then the queen has to become nurse as well as builder, and to be continually engaged in feeding her young. They grow very fast; and in proportion to their growth, the mother adds to the walls of the cells. Besides these labours, she continually builds new cells, deposits eggs in them, and increases the size of the umbrella.

At last the grubs that were first hatched are full fed, and are about to change to the pupal form. This they do in the cells, spinning over the mouth of each cell a silken cover, more or less white, and always convex. In due time they become perfect wasps, issue from their cells, and do the work which was before the task of their mother alone, leaving her little to do except lay eggs.

In proportion as the wasps are developed, the nest increases, the earth being continually carried out of the burrow, so as to make room for the nest. A second layer of cells is then made below the first, much larger in diameter, and suspended by a series of footstalks like the first. The umbrella is also increased in like manner, and so the nest goes on until completed.

Towards the end of Autumn, the males, or drones, make their appearance, and become the husbands of the young females, which, as I have already mentioned, attain full development. When the cold weather begins to make itself felt, the workers, knowing that they can no longer supply the grubs with food, pull them out of their cells, drag them from the nest, and drop them on the ground outside, where they speedily die. With this task, the lives of the workers end. The males are already dead, and then those of the young females who are destined to become the queens of new colonies, abandon the nest, and betake themselves to their hiding-places, where they will remain until the following Spring.

Like the cells of the hive bee, those of the wasp are hexagonal, though, as they are not wanted to retain honey, they do not possess the singular plates at their bases which are so distinctive of the waxen cell. To my mind, the paper cell of an exotic wasp is peculiarly valuable.

There are always persons who cannot receive the idea of instinct according to its right definition, and try to account for everything by the "laws of matter," or some such phrase. Now, the mathematically accurate angles of the bee-cell have always been a stumbling-block to such minds. They refuse to believe in the unconscious action of Divine wisdom through the insects, and so have been driven to invent a series of theories, two of which are still upheld at the present day, though they are mutually subversive of each other. These theories are called by the names of "Equal Pressure" and "Opposite Sculpture." The first theory maintains that the cells were at first cylindrical, and were forced into hexagonal shape by pressure against each other. The second theory asserts that the bees first raise lumps, or walls of wax, and then, standing at exactly regulated distances from each other, they scoop away the wax as far as they can, and so make the cells. Neither of these theories accounts for the real wonder of the bee-cell, *i.e.*, the three diamond-shaped plates at the base of each cell, which form the key to the whole structure, and which cannot be due either to sculpture or pressure. Then, how are the bees to see each other on opposite sides of a thick cake of wax, and in almost total darkness? How do they manage to place themselves at mathematically exact distances apart, and retain those distances through the whole of their work? Certainly not by reason; and if by instinct, the question is yielded at once. But, supposing that we could find hexagonal cells composed of soft material, where no pressure exists, and where opposite sculpture is impossible; we must admit that cells can be hexagonal without either of these explanations.

Now, there are in the British Museum some specimens of a nest made by a South African wasp, belonging to the genus *Icaria*. In these nests are long and perfect cells, some of which are only connected together by one side, and have five other sides with their angles sharply marked, and yet wholly unconnected with any other cell. The late Mr. F. Smith, of the British Museum, the most accomplished hymenopterist of his time, held Equal Pressure and Opposite Sculpture in the supremest contempt, and was wont to point to the Icaria nest as an indisputable refutation of both theories. Another very common species, *Vespa germanical*, builds almost exactly in the same manner, except that it uses sound instead of decayed wood for its nest.

Mr. Stone (who kept wasps as other people keep bees, and had a number of nests in full work in his own room) mixed two swarms of these species, and supplied them with both kinds of wood. They made a joint nest, which presented a curiously mottled appearance; the brown and yellow of the sound wood contrasting with the grey of the decayed fibres. I happened to be speaking to Mr. T. Smith in the insect-room of the British Musem, when Mr. Stone brought the nest for inspection. He could do almost anything with wasps. He made a single swarm of wasps build six nests successively, each differing from its predecessor, and being in some fantastic shape, such as a claret bottle, the cave of Staffa, etc.; and when I last saw him, he said that in the course of the following Summer, he meant to join a number of nests together, and make the wasps build a model of St. Paul's Cathedral. His lamented death, however, prevented this bold design from being carried out, and no one since his death has been able to fill his place.

A remarkable example of mixed material was seen during the Crimean war. Every tree and shrub had been cut down for the use of the troops, and the wasps had no wood wherewith to make their nests. So they availed themselves of the paper covers of expended cartridges, and worked them up into their nests. Now, the English cartridges



Our Ranche Hut up the Creek.

were made of white paper, and those of the French with blue, so that the cells were striped with blue and white, according to the kind of cartridge found by the wasps.

Some wasps build their nests in, or rather on, the branches of trees; the nests being seldom larger than an ordinary orange, and much of the same shape. They are entirely covered with paper, and, if a section be made, one or two umbrellas are to be seen inside, so as to afford an additional protection against rain. The aperture through which the wasps enter and leave the nests is always at the bottom.

The Hornet (*Vespa crabro*), the largest of our wasps, mostly builds its nest in hollow trees, though it often avails itself of an old building, or the space between the upper rooms and the roof. In all important respects, the nest of the hornet is the same as that of the wasp, but the insect has an awkward habit of working by night as well as by day, so that to take its nest is a difficult task, through the insect being very strong and active. Some years ago I wanted some specimens for dissection, and having found a nest, I stationed myself as near as I dared, and with a net, captured the hornets as they left the nest. Though I rolled the insect in the net as it was caught, and killed it immediately, there was not one of them which had not bitten a hole in the net and got its head out. Had one of them escaped, I should have run away as fast as I could, for the insect would have gone back to the nest, and brought its companions on me.

The hornet may be at once distinguished by the colour of its dark spots and stripes.

"COLLEGIAN" TO "COWBOY."

A STORY OF INFLUENCES.

By M. F. Billington.

IT is a dreadfully cold, foggy, winter's night. I am very tired, and somewhat sick at heart after a long day's visiting in the great South-London parish of which I am curate. My little sitting-room looks cheery enough as I enter. Tea is on the table; the savoury scent of a mutton chop greets my nose, and the fire blazes brightly. A letter, however, in deepest black-edge, lies on the mantel-piece. The writing is quite unknown to me, but it is in a delicate, lady-like hand, of the period before the present, when all young ladies wrote alike, in great back-handed scrawls. I tear it open in haste, and I find it contains a foreign enclosure; but I read the lady's note first. It runs thus:—

Birmingham, *Nov. 29th*, 188—

Dear Mr. Lucas,—

You were such a friend of our darling Walter's, that I am sure you will read with the deepest sorrow the letter I enclose. The grief that it causes to his father, sisters, and myself, I can never tell you; but perhaps you can conceive a mother's anguish at her only son's lonely death in the far prairies. The blank seems irreparable. I can only look above, to Him who is acquainted with grief. Forgive more now. I scarce know what I write.

Believe me, ever for his sake, your friend,

Lucy F. Howell.

With sickened fear I unfolded the thin sheets, and read:—

Blacktail Camp,

—— Co., Montana, U.S.A.,

Oct. 25th, 188—

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Howell,—

I am not much of a hand at writing letters: it does not come very natural to a fellow who spends all his days in the saddle, so if I tell you my news—and I do wish it was better to tell—in short words, you must forgive me. I can't put in texts and verses, so my story will seem plain. Well, I must tell you what happened a week ago. Jim Steere, Walter, and me,—we were to be off to go to the station right up the creek, and to bring in all the cows—they're all cows, out here—on that part of the Ranche, for we meant to fat all the best in the stalls, for the next drove East. We guessed it would be about a ten days' job, and we took up blankets, flour, pork, and all the rest of it on a wagon. Day after we were fixed in there, Walter and Jim were riding hard after a wild heifer, and I saw Walter's horse go down, and him off over its head. He never seemed quite up to these horses out here, somehow. Jim jumped off, and I went up to him, for we saw something was wrong. The horse had broken its foreleg by putting it into a hole, so I put my six-shooter behind his ear, and *he* lay dead. But poor Walter didn't move. He was kinder faint, and didn't speak when we asked him what was the matter. We picked him up, and carried him to the station, just as gentle as we could. I remembered there was a can of Swiss milk, and I made him some tea and put some in, but it was an hour or two before he opened his eyes. I said, "Where are you hurt?" and he answered, "All over. My head is bad, and my back ain't right." "I guess," I said, "whether this ain't a bad job?" "You're right," he answers, "old boss. It will be a good many weeks before I'm right." Jim shot a deer up the creek, and I made some soup, and we tried our level best for him for two days. He lay there quite quiet, but he couldn't move a bit. Second night, I said, "Think whether you'll get over this? Hadn't I better read a bit out of my Testament?"

I never was what they call religious, but when I started out West, I promised my old mother I would never leave that little book behind, and I never did. Sometimes I'd read it to myself by the fire, and I'd think, "Some day I'll learn more what's in it; it's real good." But Walter answered quite sharp, "I don't want your reading. There's nothing any good in the Bible. I don't believe in it." Well, I didn't say any more just then; but it was the fourth day after his accident, and I was cleaning my gun, and Walter said,—"Boss, isn't there rather a nice piece somewhere in the Testament about the Good Shepherd?" "Yes," I says, "my old mother's read it many times; but I don't know where it comes in, I'll have it sometime." So I sat down, pulled out my Testament, and—perhaps you'll not believe me, but it's true—I opened it at that very page, and I read it, and I read on two or three chapters. Walter said presently, "Do you think that's true? I should like to think it was. It wouldn't seem quite so bad to die, if I thought I wasn't too black and poor a sheep for the Shepherd to go after."

I wished to say more, but I ain't learned. I only said, "Yes, Walter, I know it is true. A good shepherd would go after any of his flock, and I know somewhere it says, He came for the lost—I guess that means *all* the lost. They must all be brought in, else the account won't be right." Every day he

got worse. His legs were as cold as ice, and he had no more power with them than a baby. He liked the reading. Jim or me was almost always reading to him, and sometimes he'd cry out and say, "I wish I'd known this before. I don't think Jesus would have thought it worth being crucified to save me. Heaven can be filled with better than me." "There'll be room there for us all, I reckon," I answered. But I can't go on telling you all the talks we had. I'm only Boss of a station, and I couldn't explain as well as I wanted to. By this time, you must know that I have to tell you of his death. It was afternoon, and Jim and me was sitting by him. Jim had been reading about the Prodigal Son, and Walter didn't speak when it was done. Presently he said, "It's all over now. The Good Shepherd's found me, and I'm going into the Fold. Good-bye, Jim; good-bye, Boss; you'll write and tell my father and mother at home, that I'd come back at last to the fold I'd strayed out of. Give them my love, and say I died trusting in Him." Jim shook hands with him, so did I, but he kept mine in his, and thanked us both, and he whispered of the Shepherd again once, and very soon was dead. Jim and me felt mighty queer and lonesome. We'd all been good friends, and he'd always acted straight. Next day we buried him. There wasn't a minister within call, so I read about the Good Shepherd over his grave, though a lump in my throat seemed near choking me all the time, and Jim said, "Ain't there a verse somewhere about the sea giving up the dead?" so we read that, and a bit more about the New Jerusalem. It didn't seem so bad to leave him there then. We built a pile of white stones over his grave, and came back, and now I'm writing to you. Jim and me are real sorry to have to write such bad news. He is as much cut up as me.

I remain, yours very sincerely,

JOHN F. HUNTLEY.

P.S.—We shall send you his watch and chain, and other things; but Jim wants to keep his pipe, and I would like his knife.

J. F. H.

I put down the letter, utterly dazed with grief and remorse. For *I* was his murderer! Yes, I, the hardworking curate of Saint Mark's, here in England, was morally just as much his murderer as if I had shot or poisoned him. Poor handsome Walter Howell—my greatest friend—dying alone, save for the rough humanity of two cow-boys, on the distant banks of a Montana stream! As I sit with my head on my hands, my fire burns low, and old Cambridge days rise before me with a vividness of reality almost painful.

* * * *

I was an undergraduate of a small College, which, for convenience' sake, I shall designate St. Paul's. I had been there a year when Walter Howell arrived as a freshman. In the course of that year, I had joined a little private society, which had for aim the study of German metaphysics and "higher" Biblical criticism. I was not an "atheist" in the usual sense. Perhaps I shall best define my religious views at that period if I say they were "modern and advanced." They did not steady me in the least; and I am afraid that I did a great many things that did not redound at all to my credit. I gambled considerably, both at cards and horse-racing; and though it is a very grave offence in University eyes, and is not permitted, I managed on more than one occasion to go to Newmarket. I called on Walter Howell, and liked him at once. There was a dash and pluck about him that was lacking in me; and he did things thoroughly, whether for good or for ill. He was an extremely able linguist, and I introduced him to our Society, where, instead of stopping at an illogical semi-negation of religious truth, he soon somewhat startled us by avowing himself a complete infidel.

I must admit that I felt rather uncomfortable about this; for I knew that he had been sent to Cambridge in the hope that he would take Theological Honours, and, in any case, read with a view to becoming ultimately a clergyman. It was not long before his extreme views became generally known; for he never attempted to conceal them, and indeed openly ridiculed the daily "chapels" and sacred ordinances of all kinds.

He was more than once gravely remonstrated with, to which arguments he always listened with an air of assumed pity for the holders of such antiquated doctrines. Not satisfied with having blasted his parents' hopes of a career of ministerial usefulness, I further initiated him into my own vices and follies, and rendered him thoroughly idle. Though his talents were very high, in some points he could not satisfy the examiners without working; and to his own mortification, but to no one's surprise, he failed to pass his Little-go. When he came up again, at first he worked fairly steadily; but in the course of a few weeks my bad counsels, and the seductions of the rowdy set into which he had drifted, soon brought him into his old ways. He was "sent for" by the Dean, but no remonstrances did him good; and it was not long before he found himself "gated" for the rest of the term, for not "keeping" his due number of "chapels" during the week.

One evening in the May term, Walter and two or three other men were in my rooms, and amongst them was a fellow named Hall, whom we described always as an "awfully pious chap." He did not belong to St. Paul's, but to another College. He was perfectly sincere in his convictions, and moreover was a very good athlete, and was in his College boat. He had a class of big lads in the Sunday School, and was deservedly popular. Both Walter and I obtruded some of our views upon him on this occasion, and he took the opportunity of expressing his opinions of our doctrines in terms the reverse of flattering to ourselves.

I must admit, too, that he "shut us up" very much; and our pride was wounded that it should have been done in the presence of the other men, who, we could see, were considerably amused at our discomfiture. One of Hall's "manias," as we termed it—I offer no comment here as to whether it was altogether advisable or not—was to preach or conduct a short Gospel service on Sunday nights on Parker's Piece; and, as he went out, it flashed into my mind that we might somehow wreak a vengeance on him through this.

"What a beastly prig that fellow is!" I said; "it's enough to make one ill to think of him, tub-thumping and shouting Moody and Sankey on the Piece on Sunday nights. Howell, can't we conduct an opposition meeting, and banish him somehow?"

"I warrant you don't shut him up," answered Crewe, one of the party. "He's more popular than you think."

"I'll warrant I do," replied Howell; "he wants a jolly good take-down."

It was not long before Crewe and Jackson went out, and I urged Howell to render the service or sermon next Sunday an impossibility.

I was a miserable coward about it myself; for though my own University character was not openly a good one, yet it was nothing like as besmeared as Howell's.

With heartless selfishness, I argued to myself that he had little to lose in the matter, if it caused a serious row, while I had more at stake. So I resolved not to arrive in time to be actually in the disturbance, and then to deplore that I had mistaken the time.

Sunday night came. Hall was addressing a large crowd, and suddenly Howell appeared on the scene with a miscellaneous troop, some of whom had drums or brass instruments, which they played vociferously. Hall made a quiet and gentlemanly appeal for order, but it was disregarded; and before many minutes had passed, the opposing factors were in collision. A very noisy *fracas* ensued, during which the Proctor arrived quite unobserved; and after a second's pause, he quietly stepped up to Howell, asking him in the usual formula, "Your name and College, sir?" The crowd melted almost by magic at the sight of the dreaded representative of University regulations and



"Walter and Jim were riding hard after a wild heifer."

order; and very crestfallen indeed was Howell when told to "Come to me, sir, to-morrow morning."

Walter came to my rooms, and told me what had occurred. I felt like a brute as I made my own plausible excuses, and knew the trouble he was in. We agreed that it was a most unfortunate business; and we knew that, under the circumstances, he would assuredly be rusticated for at least a term. But Hall was a favourite everywhere, Howell was not. Everything was against him, and the "Dons" therefore pronounced sentence of rustication for a whole year.

It was a terrible blow to Walter's family. His father came up and saw the tutor, and arranged to take his name off the College books at the end of the year. Their whole hopes centred in him were thus blighted; and I certainly realised what remorse meant, when I saw how deeply grieved and disappointed his excellent old father was. He was very kind to me, and I felt bitterly ashamed of the cruel injustice that my bad influence had worked towards them. For no one else had had the influence over him that I had; but I did not let Mr. Howell know how evil this had been; and with horrible hypocrisy, I posed before him as the counsellor whose words had been neglected. Walter was far too chivalrous to enlighten him.

Well, I have told my story. My wretched example and counsels had closed the door of Walter's life-hopes of a profession, and had sent him to the Far West as the only alternative. He was unfitted for the life, and it killed him. Yes, I am his murderer! O God of pity, I can only thank Thee for calling him back to the fold again, whence I had driven him out.

Perhaps you wonder that my own life is so changed. God employed Hall, now my fellow-curate at St. Mark's, as His means to convince me of the error of my ways; and most thankful am I for the happiness I know now. But to the end of my days I must carry a burden of anguish and sorrow that I can never—no, never!—lose; and the thought of that lonely grave in that distant State will be my daily cross. I shudder as I think how much heavier it might have been, but for the Divine Mercy that interposed to remove the most cruel work of my fatal influence.

The triennial Conference of the representatives of the Y.M.C.A.'s of the entire world, will be held in Stockholm, Sweden, in the month of August, next year.

The latest invention in hat-lining is a map of the city of London, printed on silk, so that any stranger may see at a glance if cabby is taking him the nearest route.

I once saw a shepherd, who used to divert himself in his solitudes with tossing up eggs and catching them again without breaking them, in which he had arrived to so great a degree of perfection that he would keep up four at a time for several minutes playing in the air, and falling into his hands by turns. I think I never saw a greater severity than in this man's face, for by his wonderful perseverance and application, he had contracted the seriousness and gravity of a privy counsellor; and could not but reflect within myself that the same assiduity and attention, had they been rightly applied, might have made him a greater mathematician than Archimedes.—*Spectator.*

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

R. F.—Have any of your Homœopathic readers found any medicine of service for chronic enlargement of the tonsils?

"A Suggestion."—We beg the writer to accept our hearty thanks for his hearty and practical interest in our Paper. We specially welcome such communications from young men—they will always receive thoughtful consideration.

J. W. H.—You will find in future that great care is being taken so to arrange our Competitions and the date of their closing, that subscribers to the Monthly Part shall have equal advantage with those who take our Weekly Numbers. Accept our sincere thanks.

"A Reader."—The difficulty will be entirely obviated by purchasing the Monthly Parts instead of the Weekly Numbers, for binding at the end of the year.

"A Young Man over 21."—We thoroughly endorse your opinion, that mere witticisms and common-place jokes are a mark of folly rather than wisdom. Conversation "seasoned with salt" becomes a young man, and this is cultivated by the reading of thoughtful and elevating literature, and, above all, by the daily, prayerful and humble study of God's Word. How many are drifting from their moorings in these days of subtle heresies and open departure from the Truth,—because not established and grounded upon this Rock. God bless you in your work amongst the lads.

"Hythe."—If confession of sin to the one you have injured be *possible*, this is enjoined by God's Word. If this be impossible, then pardon and peace may be realised at once, on seeking the cleansing of the blood of Jesus. We decidedly consider it wrong for a Total Abstainer to repair to stimulants when feeling tired or weak. A tonic or good beef-tea, etc., ought to suffice. If not, seek medical advice. To fly to a stimulant is most dangerous. Our sympathies are entirely on the side of Total Abstinence as distinguished from *Temperance.* "Teetotal 'tween drinks" is no clause in *our* creed.

"Housekeeping on 10/- per Week."—Impossible to give any information without full details of circumstances. Send us these, and we will gladly reply.

"A Hewer of Broken Cisterns."—So by this very pseudonym you admit that the cisterns at which you have vainly tried to slake your soul-thirst are "*broken,*" holding no water. Then why not seek *the Fountain* of the river of the water of life? "HE SATISFIETH,"—yes, He satisfieth all the infinite yearning of your whole being, whether mental or spiritual. But the spiritual need must be met *first.* Here lies your grand mistake. You are seeking to satisfy your mind, your intellect; you must needs have God's wondrous plan cut and dried, all square to your finite comprehension. Nay, friend; let all this remain aside for the present. There is a deadly disease at work in your system; it is not arguments nor theories with which you must deal in your perilous condition; it is the Physician Himself you need. Repair straight to Christ; one touch of His life-giving hand, and you shall be whole; one word of pardon, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee," and the crushing load of unforgiven sin shall be lifted from your conscience. Personal contact with the living Christ shall bring life out of death, light out of darkness, and you shall step out in the courage of *faith* into the glorious liberty of the children of God. We should be glad to write at greater length if we had your address.

"A Seeker of Truth."—We trust our readers seeking, like yourself, spiritual help through our columns, will never be disappointed. In 1 John 2. 15, 16, it is THE LOVE of the world which indicates a worldly-minded person. If you have no *love* for the world and worldly pursuits, you will sit very loosely to them, you will use them with jealous moderation, and it will cost you very little effort to avoid them altogether if they in any way conflict with your own close walking with God. Re-created men and women want very little "recreation," so-called; they find their *rest* in change of work for their heavenly Master.

"Amicus."—Though not possible for you to compete for "OUR OWN GAZETTE" Scripture prizes, you will be glad to know that we propose issuing a special series of questions shortly in "A.I." Meanwhile you will find our Notes on the International Lessons very suggestive for private Bible study. It is a good sign when our young men turn to their Bibles. Your hearty words are very welcome.

"Fretworker."—We are glad to give further information as follows:—

Wood for fretwork can be purchased from the following hardwood merchants:—

L. Marshall, 14 and 15, James Street, Old Street, London, E.C. Richmond and Graveson, 8, Clifton Street, Finsbury. Short Brothers, 256, Old Street. Westlake and Sons, 51, Tabernacle Street.

Fretwork is largely used by organ builders, church furnishers, musical instrument makers, etc., and such trades would be the likeliest market for such a product.

OUTLINE OF INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

JANUARY 15TH.

JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.—*Matthew* 14. 22-36.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Be of good cheer; it is I."—*Matthew* 14. 27.

Miracle given by three Evangelists. One seeming contradiction; Mark says they were going to *Bethsaida;* John to *Capernaum.* No discrepancy whatever, they were to keep near the shore, passing Bethsaida on the way to Capernaum.

For result of miracle studied last week, see John 6. 15. The people wanted to make Christ king. His determined refusal. Why? John 19. Sends His disciples away in a boat; He goes up the hill, at the base of which the people had been fed, and there, in one of its clefts, spends the time in prayer. If we would be great in faith or work, must be often in prayer. Illustrate from Scripture characters.

"On *The Sea.*" Different names it had. Note surroundings: mountains, cities, villages, pebbly beaches. Its commerce. Its present state—desolate.

Bible references to Sea: Exod. 14., Jonah 1., Isa. 51., Rev. 20. Emblem of life.

"ON The Sea." Descriptive of most varied experiences.

Five points in this lesson.

1. "*Sorrow* on the Sea" (Jer. 49. 23).

Picture the little boat putting off (sad sights at starting of emigrant ship). Such sad faces. No happy boating song kept time with the splash of their oars. See the boat slowly disappearing in the twilight. Why sad? Disappointed, their Master would not be made king; sad, because He had sent them away alone. Was it right for them to be sad? No; Christ was praying for them, watching them, planning everything for their good. He *was* with them. We often have similar sorrow; think things are going wrong, because they are not as we wish; think that Christ has left us. Great mistakes.

2. *Storm* on the Sea.

Wind arose. The bright day had a stormy ending. They got frightened. Little boat tossed and whirled about. Darkness and dread. Storms in life. Every life has its troubles; but storms purify the atmosphere. When troubles come, never let fear magnify them; never lose faith or courage.

3. CHRIST on the Sea.

Describe the white figure on the top of the white-crested waves. Disciples thought it a spirit, more frightened than ever. A miracle (Ps. 77. 19; Job 9. 8; Hab. 3. 15). Nothing impossible with God. Christ's cheering words, translated by some, in spite of the grammar, into the tender, homely phrase, "It's only Me; don't be frightened." "It is I"—majestic king, "I" who created the sea. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." In the dark hour Christ will come.

4. *Saved* on the Sea.

One man in that little boat, very excitable and impetuous, wanted to go to Christ; could not wait. A little word borne by the wind to him, "Come." He was very courageous, got out of the boat. Perhaps some of his comrades tried to keep him in. Soon got frightened, when he looked at the waves. Christ's call to him; Christ's hand catches him. Christ saves him. (The five words in English Bible, "O thou of little faith," are in the Greek given as one compound word, meaning "Little-faith," the name given by Christ to Peter. Years afterwards he was Master *Great*-faith.) Christ's call to us is, "Come." Christ's hand ever outstretched to help.

5. *Sunshine* on the Sea.

It was about six o'clock in the morning, in the month corresponding to our April. As soon as Christ got in the boat, the storm ceased. Where Christ comes to dwell, there is eternal sunshine.

Further Notes by REV. J. H. THORPE, M.A.

THE whole passage (with the exception of Peter's action, recorded only by St. Matthew), is common to Matthew, Mark, and John. Note 26th verse in the Revised Ver.: "It is an apparition." Peter's words, "Lord, if it be Thou," do not imply doubt, but may be taken to mean "Since it is thou." Note the coincidence between the accounts in St. Matthew and St. John. The former tells us the "wind was contrary" to the disciples; therefore, of course, they could not use a sail; so the account of the latter is most natural, "when they had *rowed*." Note *v.* 24—"the ship was . . . in the midst of the sea"—two or three miles from land, showing that Christ could not have been walking on the shore, as some have contended.

Christ will teach us harder lessons as we go on in His service. This was not the first storm the disciples had been in. See Matt. 8. 24; but then it was day, and they had Jesus with them; now it is night, and Jesus is not with them. The whole passage is like a string of pearls,—we can only select a few. From our Lord's dealings, we learn—

1. *His humility.* Ver. 22. St. John tells us why. He "perceived," etc. *He* was clothed with humility, and no garment so well becomes His servants. Humility is to religion what the bushel is to the heap of corn—its measure. 2. *His use of prayer.* He prayed at the *end* of the day's ministry. Do not some think it enough to pray at the *beginning* of their work? 3. *His knowledge.* The disciples were far out at sea. It was a stormy night, yet (see St. Mark 6. 48) "He saw them toiling in rowing." Remember, Jesus knows all, and in His own time will bring relief. 4. *A lesson about His providence.* He sometimes does not send help till the last moment (see *v.* 25). He came to them in the fourth watch—the last. It was "when they wanted wine" at Cana, and when Peter was "beginning to sink," He put forth His power. "Tarry *thou* the Lord's leisure." He may send you help in the way you least expect it. 5. *Note how Jesus comforts.* He said, "It is I." He comforts by revealing Himself.

From the disciples, learn:—(1) *Trial times often follow times of privilege.* Graces are given to use, not to possess. Afflictions and curses are the grindstones by which God sharpens His instruments. (2) *We are not always good judges of what is most for God's glory.* Thus it was with them, when they wanted to make Christ an earthly king. (3) *To trust Christ, though we may not see Him.* There is a faith, which can see in the dark. Get it. (4) You too will have your storms, your waves of trouble; if He is in your heart by faith, they cannot harm you.

From St. Peter, *learn that the only safe way is to walk "Looking unto Jesus."* You need not fear failure, if you trust in and look to Him, Whom "winds and sea obey."

From "them that were in the ship," learn that deliverance should be followed by worship of the Deliverer.

International Lesson Notes, continued.

Disciples.

1. Influenced by His power, ver. 22.
2. Watched by His eye, Mark 6. 48.
3. Troubled at His presence, ver. 26.
4. Cheered by His voice, ver. 27.
5. Invited to Himself—"Come," ver. 29.
6. Crying to Him in distress, ver. 30.
7. Object of their worship, ver. 33.

"Be of good cheer."

1. The good cheer of His *Presence*, Matt. 14. 27.
2. The good cheer of His *power*, John 16. 33.
3. The good cheer of *progress*, Acts 23. 11.
4. The good cheer of *promise*, Acts 27. 22.
5. The good cheer of *pardon*, Matt. 9. 2.

"He said, Come," ver. 29.

Seven Comes.

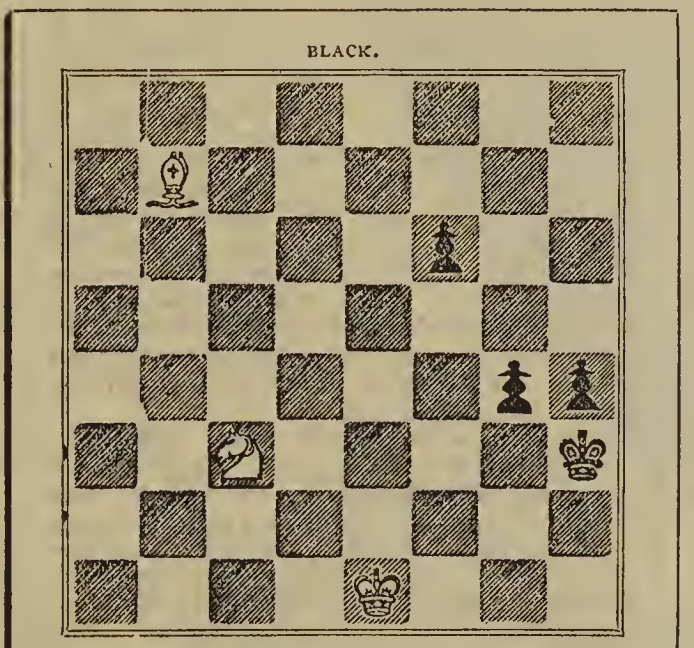
1. Come *down*, Luke 19. 5—*Conviction.*
2. Come *forth*, John 11. 43—*Conversion.*
3. Come *to Me*, Matt. 11. 28—*Consolation.*
4. Come *apart*, Mark 6. 31—*Communion.*
5. Come *out*, 2 Cor. 6. 17—*Command.*
6. Come and *take*, Mark 10. 21—*Conformity.*
7. Come *away*, Cant. 2. 10—*Coming One.*

CHESS.

By F. F. ROWLAND.

PART VI.

POSITION ILLUSTRATING LAW X.



White to play and mate in three moves.

THE LAWS OF THE GAME *(continued)*.

VIII. CHECK.—A player must audibly say "check" when he makes a move which puts the hostile King in check. The mere announcement of check shall have no signification, if check be not actually given. If check be given, but not announced, and the adversary makes a move which obviates the check, the move must stand. If check be given and announced, and the adversary neglects to obviate it, he shall not have the option of capturing the checking piece, or of covering, but must "move his King" out of check; but if the King have no legal move, there shall be no penalty. If in the course of a game it be discovered that a King has been left in check, for one or more moves on either side, all the moves, subsequent to that on which check was given, must be retracted, or the game annulled.

IX. ENFORCING PENALTIES.—A player is not bound to enforce a penalty. A penalty can only be enforced by a player, before he has touched a man in reply. Should he touch a man in reply, in consequence of a false or illegal move of his opponent, or a false cry of check, he shall not be compelled to move that man, and his right to enforce a penalty shall remain. When the King is moved as a penalty, it cannot castle on that move.

X. CASTLING.—In castling, the player shall move King and Rook simultaneously, or shall touch the King first. If he touch the Rook first, he must not quit it before having touched the King; or his opponent may claim the move of the Rook as a complete move. When the odds of either Rook or both Rooks are given, the player giving the odds shall be allowed to move his King as in castling, and as though the Rooks were on the board.

XI. COUNTING FIFTY MOVES.—A player may call upon his opponent to draw the game, or to mate him within fifty moves on each side, whenever his opponent persists in repeating a particular check, or series of checks, or the same line of play, or whenever he has a King alone on the board, or—

King and Queen,
King and Rook,
King and Bishop,
King and Knight,
} against an equal or superior force;

King and two Bishops,
King and two Knights,
King, Bishop, and Knight,
} against King and Queen.

and in all analogous;

and whenever one player considers that his opponent can force the game, or that neither side can win it, he has the right of submitting the case to the umpire or by-standers, who shall decide whether it is one for the fifty-move counting; should he not be mated within the fifty moves, he may claim the game shall proceed.

XII. PAWN TAKING IN PASSING.—Should a player be left with no other move than to take a Pawn in passing, he shall be bound to play that move.

XIII. QUEENING A PAWN.—When a Pawn has reached the eighth square, the player has the option of selecting a piece, whether such piece has been previously lost or not, whose name and powers it shall then assume, or of deciding that it shall remain a Pawn.

XIV. ABANDONING THE GAME.—If a player abandon the game, discontinue his moves, voluntarily resign, wilfully upset the board, or refuse to abide by these laws, or to submit to the decision of the umpire, he must be considered to have lost the game.

XV. THE UMPIRE OR BY-STANDERS.—The umpire shall have authority to decide any question whatever that may arise in the course of a game, but must never interfere, except when appealed to. He must always apply the laws as herein expressed, and neither assume the power of modifying them, nor of deviating from them in particular cases, according to his own judgment. When a question is submitted to the umpire, or to by-standers, it must be by both players. The term "by-stander" shall comprise any impartial player of eminence who can be appealed to, absent or present.

SOLUTION TO POSITION ILLUSTRATING LAW V.

The only move Black could have made last, is P at QKt5 takes Kt. Retract that move then, it being White's turn to play, he announces mate in two moves. To effect this, White plays 1Kt to Kt5. Black must, according to Law V., play 1P to Kt6. White then mates by Kt×P.

PENS, INK, AND PAPER;

OR,

THE STORY OF OUR WRITING MATERIALS.

By Rev. D. Cooper Hunt, M.A.

WRITING is one of the commonest methods by which we convey our thoughts and feelings to others. Almost every one in a civilized country, such as England, France, or Germany, can write; although there are a few who, through lack of education, or inability to learn, are unable thus to express themselves.

How did writing commence? who invented the Alphabet? and how did our present mode of writing arrive at its present state of perfection? These are very interesting questions; and though it is not possible to answer them fully, owing to the scantiness of the information we possess, still there is much which we can gather to satisfy inquiry.

The letters at present used are not the same as those employed many hundred years ago. Ancient writing was picture-writing. This mode of writing was not very easily carried out, and very little could be expressed by it at a time. Of this kind were the Egyptian hieroglyphics, which at first were series of pictures, very difficult to read, and at one time thought to be undecipherable and understood only by the priests; hence the name, from *Hieros*, meaning *sacred*, and *glypho*, *to carve*. Writing, therefore, amongst the Egyptians must have been a very tedious process; and we are not surprised to find that the elaborate picture-writing gave way to a simpler form, when the mere outline of the figures was given; and at length a sign, or kind of mark, only was employed, which was universally adopted.

The symbolic appears to have been the connecting link between the hieroglyphic and the alphabetic manner of writing. The alphabet was supposed to have been invented by Thoth, a son or descendant of Mizraim, the father of the Egyptians. No one can doubt the great benefit which the invention has conferred upon the world. It diminished to an enormous extent the difficulty of writing; it shortened the labour of memory; and was capable of expressing all subjects, all ideas, every possible thought, with the greatest variety and ease. The Phœnicians appear to have been the first who obtained a knowledge of the new system. They imparted it to the Jews and Arabians, and carried it over into Greece. From that country it was sent, or conveyed, to other lands, and spread eventually over the whole world. The Chinese alone rejected, and still continue to reject, the valuable discovery, and adhere to their ancient mode, which, though somewhat modified from what it once was, is in reality the same symbolic, hieroglyphic form.

The materials used for writing upon were various. As far as we can gather, leaves were first employed; and probably this was the reason why the divided sheets of paper, which are bound together in a book, are called *leaves*. Later on other materials, such as stones, sheets of metal, plates of lead or copper, were adopted. Thin pieces of wood or tables were also used, covered with a coating of wax; upon which marks were made with a piece of iron, called a stylus, pointed at one end, with which the letters were formed; and blunt or flat at the other, which was used for rubbing out what had been written, either when it was necessary to make an alteration, or to use the table or tablet for other writings. By a good or bad *style*, therefore, was meant, at first, simply the quality of the instrument with which the writing was made. The term was afterwards employed to describe the *character* of the language itself.

The Egyptians early prepared the Papyrus, a reed, or flag, growing very plentifully on the swampy banks of the Nile. Sheets were obtained from the stem of this plant; and upon these sheets, letters were engraved with an instrument similar to that used for writing upon wax. The substance so prepared was called *Charta*, from a city of Tyre of that name, near which the plant was also found. From the word *Papyrus* we derive our word *Paper*.

Another material, brought into the service of writing, was the interior bark of certain trees, prepared by beating it, and then cementing it together by a solution of gum. The inner bark of trees was called *liber;* and this gave the name to the book made from the material—a name which is still used in the word *library*, a collection of volumes or books. *Vellum*, or the skins of animals—called also *parchment*—was subsequently employed; the use of which seems to have originated from a curious circumstance. The King of Pergamos, being denied the supply of papyri from Egypt, caused the preparation of the skins of sheep to be made, which preparation was called *vellum*, signifying a fleece or skin; it was also called *parchment*, from Pergamos, the place where the art of preparing the skins in this manner was discovered and improved, and first brought into general use.

Linen, silken and cotton cloths, were afterwards manufactured into paper. Paper is by no means a modern invention. The Chinese have known how to make it for a very long time from raw hemp, or the rind of either the mulberry tree or the bamboo, a cane growing very extensively in their country. The Romans were also great paper-makers. The natives of Mexico, before Mexico was taken by the Spaniards, prepared their paper from the leaves of a tree called *Agave*. Later still cotton was employed, instead of leaves or the bark of trees. The Arabians made paper from cotton as early as A.D. 700. Cotton gave place to linen; and it is now made from a variety of materials.

An early writer gives a brief but very comprehensive description of the manner in which paper was made from the Papyrus plant. The stem of the plant was divided with a kind of needle into thin plates or sheets, and as these were separated, they were extended on a table, and laid across each other at right angles. In this position they were moistened, and, while wet, put under a press, and afterwards exposed to the rays of the sun.

The pen employed in writing has not always been the same. Mention has been made of the *stylus*. Another kind was the reed, or bulrush, cut in the shape of a quill. The word *pen* was originally *penna*, which signified a quill. The reed was cut to a point and slit, very similarly to our own pens. The Chinese use a camel's hair pencil brush, which they hold perpendicularly, and with it they write exceedingly quickly. The Hebrews appear to have used a reed.

Great attention was paid to the manufacture of ancient ink. The material was prepared chiefly from lamp black, with the addition of gum. The ancient Roman ink was for the most part made of these ingredients. The Chinese use the same. Inks were made of various colours. It is said that the works of Homer were written in letters of gold upon a roll 120 feet long, formed of the intestines of serpents.

There has been in the matter of writing, what we see in all other branches of knowledge—a gradual growth. Our present easy mode of conveying on paper our thoughts and impressions did not arise all at once. Many centuries passed, many plans were adopted. Step by step improvement was made, until at the present day it is the exception for any one not to write. At one time writing was confined to the few; and these were regarded as remarkable personages. Now that one is singular who cannot write.

By written documents, we have been enabled to improve upon the past. Past experience has been recorded, and by means of it we have been enabled to step still upward in the path of knowledge. At one time everything was inscribed with the pen; even books were thus written. and copies of them made, which necessarily rendered them very expensive.

Many of these ancient volumes, or manuscripts, are still in existence, and are, owing to their age and scarcity, very valuable. The printing press has brought about a complete revolution in literature, and now, what required such a great deal of time to produce, is accomplished in a few days, or even hours. Writing is by no means so laborious as it used to be; and what with the introduction of shorthand, of which there are several systems, as well as the perfection to which printing has attained, it is possible to have the words of speakers, as well as writers, recorded easily, and very inexpensively; so that knowledge is increased, and we may hope, much good is thereby done.



JAN. 21, 1888.

"A.1."

ONE PENNY.

WEEKLY — Edited by MRS. STEPHEN MENZIES.

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.



"'*There!*' *said Captain Boyd;* '*who's going to first set foot in the crow's nest?*'"

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Thirteen Hundred Miles in My Caravan," "From Pole to Pole," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

MIST.

CONSTANT longing of the mind for knowledge and for change, sends so many of us wandering abroad, and contributes to our enjoyment while visiting new countries, or sailing over unfamiliar seas. And the more complete the change, the greater the enjoyment.

If this be true,—and I think it is,—then the reason is not hard to find why travelling in the Arctic regions exerts so great a change and charm over the minds of those who have spent one winter in those wild, weird climes.

Now, two of the most successful physicians this world knows,—or ever did or will know,—are Dr. Hope and Dr. Change. Give a man hope, and you half cure him. Send a chronically sick person abroad, or even to the seaside of our own country, and you often give him a new lease of life. Is it change of air that does this? No, but change of scene and change of thought. Why! an invalid has change of air every morning; winds from the west, south, east, or north; and winds from betwixt and between; bracing winds, relaxing winds, irritating winds,—all sorts and conditions of winds and air,—but what good can they do the human body, if it sticks, like a vegetable, in one hole?

Here was the *Oonalaska*, feeling around in the middle of the great sea of Behring, in a fog as dense and dismal as ever puzzled a mariner, or bothered the eye of the man at the wheel. Not a breath of wind was blowing,—not enough to fill the vane at the main-truck yonder. For well-nigh a week she had been enveloped in this cloud of ghostly mist in a great swelling sea;—a fog so thick that, viewed from the quarter-deck, a man standing by the wheel was simply a shape; and the jib-boom, or bowsprit itself, for that matter, was apparently away in another world. And all day long, and all night as well, the horn kept constantly hooting, till verily seals and walruses occasionally rose up from the dark water to gaze and wonder at the strange sound.

The ship was on the very confines of what, to the great majority on board, was akin to a new world, and every one was impatient for the mist to lift, and the sun to shine.

"I'm going to have the crow's-nest hoisted to-day. It is all ready, is it not, Desmond?"

"Yes, sir. The carpenter and sailmaker have been busy at it the last three days."

Katie looked puzzled, glancing first at Desmond, then at Captain Boyd. The latter laughed.

"You've never seen a crow's-nest?"

"Not what *you* call a crow's-nest, I'm afraid."

"You will to-day, if you can venture up amid the fog."

It was not only aft, but forward among the men also, that excitement prevailed about the history of this crow's-nest. And when the huge barrel was brought up, and the ropes were bent on to it, and it finally began to steadily rise and rise, guided by a man or two aloft, and a stay from the deck, then the crew, who had all crowded on deck, as full of joyful expectancy as children going to a school treat, must needs take off their caps, and give vent to three such rousing cheers as, probably, neither the seals nor the walruses had ever listened to before.

Very little, it must be admitted, interests the mariner at sea; but the hoisting of the crow's-nest was no ordinary event, and indeed it seemed to give rise in every breast to a kind of joyous expectancy.

"The fog will fly away now, I feel certain," said Katie, catching hold of Jack's arm to avoid falling, from the ship's uncertain motion. Jack made this an excuse for a walk up and down the quarter-deck.

"Well," he replied, "I hope you're right; putting the nest up is a gentle hint to it, I think, don't you?"

Katie did not answer directly. There was no occasion, for Jack Silk was simply speaking because he thought it was the correct thing.

"Why!" she said, after a pause, "how this last month seems to have flown by!"

"It has, indeed." Jack was speaking from his heart now.

"And what a change!" continued the girl, as if she were thinking aloud. "Three weeks ago, or little over, we were in the tropics, on that lovely island in the midst of a scene of real enchantment. Oh! it must have been enchantment, for if I awake in the night even yet, when all is still, and suffer my thoughts to revert to it, I fall asleep almost at once. But *it* does not depart; no, it remains in my dreams. I can see the blue, blue sea stretching far, far away, and its waves coming lisping up and losing themselves, as it were, one by one on the coral sands; and the drowsy music of the cascade mingling with the winds whispering in the trees; and the songs—oh, yes, the songs—of those beautiful birds!"

"What are you two talking about so *very* seriously?" asked Miss Graves, as she and Captain Boyd met them.

"Why, nothing, cousin; that is, nothing conversationally; for now I think of it, I fear I have been doing all the speaking."

"And I'm sure," said Miss Graves, "Jack was longing to 'put his oar in,' to use his own elegant phraseology."

"There!" said Captain Boyd, "who's going to first set foot in the crow's nest?"

"I'll have a try," said Jack. "I'm better with my toes than with my tongue. Desmond, old man," he added, "I challenge you."

"Done!" said Desmond, boldly. "I pick up the gauntlet. Are you ready?"

"Hold on a moment, boys," said Captain Boyd. "We must have everything shipshape and according to Cocker. Let the men have a hand in the game as well as the officers. Lay aft here, lads; then call, somebody, for the ship's fiddler."

The fiddler came up at the call, tuned and made ready, and one of the men lashed him loosely against the mast, so that his hands were free.

"But," cried Nat senior, "there must be a prize, and the ladies must give it."

Your sister must knit the victor a helmet, and your cousin, Katie, must make him a sealskin purse."

The ladies laughed, and being assured there was no danger in the game, it was allowed to proceed. Jack stood on deck, close to the starboard main rigging, and Desmond by the port.

"Gentlemen, you will move at the last sound of the word. Stand by—now—away—aloft!"

The young men swung themselves into the rigging, as nimble as monkeys, and up they swarmed, hand over hand, while the fiddler played a merry tune. Over the main-top to a head, up the top-mast rigging to a head and neck. But that head and neck was Jack's, and before he had reached the ladder which singly conducts to the nest, Dess had given up in despair; and when Jack, dimly seen, waved his cap over the top, the cheering that rewarded him was something worth listening to.

But the sport was only beginning. Nathaniel looked towards the captain and laughed.

"Hold on," cried plain Jack Boyd, "if I don't have you as I am;" and away went the two seniors. It was the best race, after all. The men stood silent and amazed. It was shoulders opposite shoulders as far as the main top-mast cross-trees, then Nat began to flag, and the captain, with one garnd spurt, left him behind and gained the nest.

The crew were not content with cheering this time—the men must pitch their caps into the air, and shout like sailors demented. They were proud of their bold, old, white-headed skipper. The fun got fast and furious after that. Of all things in the world a barrel was brought up, full of red herrings, as prizes, and for two whole hours, amid such shouting and laughing as never had been heard before on board the *Oonalaska*, the game was kept up, till there was not a herring left in the cask.

CHAPTER XVII.

MYSTERY.

BY sunset that same evening, the swell had gone down, and it had become sensibly colder. The fog went rolling away south, and the sky became partially clear. Almost at the same time, a shout came from the crow's nest,—

"Land ho!"

Land? Yes; but, perhaps, land had never presented itself to mariners' eyes in a wierder, stranger, or more beautiful form.

Let me try to paint the scene, though words must fail. The sea all round the ship was a blue, dull-grey colour, with just the ghost of a frost-fog hovering over it like smoke. All along the western horizon lay a ridge of darker hue, and above this, reaching halfway to the zenith, was a glow of richest orange light, merging into pale blue, flushed with crimson, and floating, as it were, high up in the sky. Just where the orange light joined the bank of cloud, appeared the summit of some mighty mountain, wedge-shaped, snow-clad, and tipped on one side with a tint of carmine.

"Oh, how inexpressibly lovely!" cried Miss Graves.

"Is it very far away, Captain?" The question was put by Katie.

"My dear child, yes; the air in these regions is very deceptive. That mountain which you see is fifty miles away, by our reckoning, at the very least."

That night Captain Boyd took Katie up to see the stars, and they looked so very large, and so very near and bright, it seemed as though the waving nest could almost touch them. The night was very still and cold, yet it was a pleasure to walk up and down.

When Katie came on deck next morning, full of joyous expectancy, she found that ship and ocean were once more shrouded in impenetrable fog. The mist was white and frosty, and the ship was everywhere a sight to see. The rigging and ropes, and even the masts, seemed all made out of coral, the funnel alone, from which dark smoke was rolling, had escaped the embellishments of the artist, Frost; but the men's hair and beards were all as white as snow. Katie could not help smiling, it seemed as though every man on board was eighty years of age, at least—quite a patriarchal crew.

All that day the fog continued thick, and even appeared to get denser towards sunset. When darkness fell at last, the scene on deck was strange, mysterious, and weird. The light, streaming out from the companion hatches and from the deck lanterns, appeared to cut a way for itself, straight through the thick, white fog, and only in front of these rays was anything visible.

It looked like a phantom ship, with a phantom crew. Katie had one little turn upstairs, as she called it, but that was quite enough, for the cold mist on her face felt as if some invisible hand were rubbing it with ice.

She went below and enjoyed her books in the captain's easy chair. Next day something new occurred. The fog was as dense as ever, but a little wind had sprung up during the night, enough to fill the sails and raise a gentle ripple on the water. So fires were burnt, and the *Oonalaska* moved slowly through the waves on almost an even keel.

The fog-horn was blown very frequently, and now and then, by way of a change, the ship's bell gave tongue. The former instrument was performed on by Thurlow, while Boy Bates himself was proud to have charge of the bell.

But all that day strange voices sounded up out of the mist. Very startling at first they seemed to Katie, who, as usual, was having her forenoon promenade with Captain Boyd. For, all at once, the silence was broken by a wild, uncanny-like scream, shrill, quavering, prolonged. It really sounded so unearthly that she stopped short in her walk and turned a little pale. But the captain's smile reassured her. He was about to speak, when once again that sharp scream rang out, but nearer now, and followed, almost immediately, by such a chorus of merry, childlike laughter, that Katie began to doubt the evidence of her senses, and would hardly have been more surprised if the great fog-curtain had lifted, and revealed a bevy of happy bairnies just let loose from school.

"Come and listen here," said Captain Boyd, and leading her right aft, they both leant over the bulwark. For a short time there was silence. It was broken presently, however, in a way that was truly wonderful. First the same merry laughing chorus seemed to come nearer and nearer, then sounded all about and around them, and finally died away in the distance. Another short period of deep silence, then the sound, apparently, of voices in earnest conversation,—the low, deep bass of men, and the shriller, more musical notes of women.

Katie glanced half-fearfully round her, then out to sea again. The voices sounded louder, nearer, more mysterious,—now swelling into angry tones, then sinking into laughter, low and derisive,—and these soon ended in plaintive wailings and mournful shrieks, then died away, and all was still once more.

"Oh, Captain, do tell me what it all means. We really appear to be sailing into enchantment. I know that it is ridiculous; but look, look—what was that?"

She clung now in real terror to the captain's arm, for just a few yards from the ship, but well out of her frothy wake, a huge black head and shoulders slowly emerged from the sea, glared at them for a moment with wild, threatening eyes, then as slowly sank again.

The fog doubtless made it look double the size, but it really was a terrible apparition.

The captain had been about to reply to Katie when the great head rose out of the water, but now, with a look of some anxiety, he stepped forward on the quarter-deck and shouted,

"Ready about there, Mr. O'Neil. Stand by."

"All right, sir."

"Now then," he continued, "sound that horn."

"Don't be alarmed, my child," he added, turning to Katie, "at anything you may hear now."

It was well he had warned the girl, for hardly had the long, discordant note ceased, when, as if in answer to it, there came from the direction of the weather-bow, a chorus of hoarse and horrible bellowing, so loud and prolonged that hardly, for a time, could the captain's voice be heard.

Down went the helm, and round went the ship, just as a man in the chains sang, "And a half-five," which showed that she was within a reasonable distance of a shore of some kind.

"Mr. O'Neil!"

"Yes, sir."

"Can we get up steam quickly if required?"

"Yes, in ten minutes almost."

"Then you may haul the fore-yard aback. We'll keep *dodging* here a bit. The sky looks clearer over-head."

"Very good, sir."

"And now," said Katie, seeing the captain disengaged, "do explain all about the voices and the dreadful sounds that followed the blowing of the horn."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HAUNTED SEAS.

"My dear child," replied Captain Boyd to Katie's question, "there really isn't a deal to explain, after all. The voices you heard in the mist were those of birds, and the awful roaring that followed Turlough's elegant tune on the fog-horn came from sea lions."

"Sea lions! Captain Boyd? how strange! Are they very dreadful?"

"You shall see for yourself, I trust, before twenty-four hours are over. I may just tell you this much, that the old bulls are no beauties to look at; and I have no doubt that, in their own element, an African land lion would have very little chance against one. Any other question I can answer, as long as I am in the box?"

"Captain Boyd, you are quizzical. Here comes the doctor; I'll ask him things. Dr. M'Phee, have you been in these mysterious regions before?"

"I've been in Arctic seas before, Miss Katie; never here, though. There is one man in the ship, however, knows more about the countries round the pole than all of us put together."

"Ah! by the bye, how is poor old Chips? Nothing serious, I hope."

"Oh no, sir; I don't think anything would kill old Chips; but he'll have to keep his bunk for a few days."

"Any one ill, Dr. M'Phee?"

"Only old Chips, Miss Katie. Fell down the hatch in a lee lurch when we were going about, and hurt his back, that's all."

"Is he very, *very* old, Captain Boyd?" asked Katie, when Dr. M'Phee had gone below.

"Well, sure, he isn't a spring chicken. He must be some distance on the other side of seventy."

"And still going to sea!"

"Bless you, do you not know that Chips couldn't live on shore? He doesn't know any one there; he'll die on the ocean wave."

"I hope not. Now tell me this, and I'll promise not to tease you any more—to-day anyhow."

"Well, what is it?"

"What have you been keeping that awful fog-horn blowing for?"

"In case we ran down anything. Isn't that enough?"

"No; I mean, there was another reason."

Captain Boyd smiled, and patted the little hand that lay on his sleeve, as he replied:—

"How I wish you were the skipper's little daughter. I'd never go to sea without you; and I'd make a sailor of you in a year. Yes, Katie, there *was* another reason. You see, we've been searching around for a batch of mysterious islands that lie in this sea. Many a mariner long ago stumbled across them by chance, and came back with such stories about them that no one believed a word they said. And no wonder, for according to these ancient mariners, some of the islands were inhabited by creatures that, to put it mildly, were far from 'canny,' others by monsters unspeakable and sea-serpents, that lay basking on the beech whenever there was a bit of sunshine, and could be seen riding on the surf when storm winds blew and the breakers were high. But worse than ever, according to these old sailors, there were flying dragons, that tacked or half tacked in the air by night or in the mist, laughing and jabbering at them, till at last, when a fair wind came, these bold mariners would hoist all sail, and steer away from the haunted seas."

"And are we now in these haunted seas?"

"We are, and near to the haunted islands. At least," he added, "I hope we are not too near them. I think the voices we heard a short time ago came from bull lions that had not yet taken to the rocks for the season. They have regular places of rendezvous, where they meet every year as soon as summer has commenced."

"Meet, Captain Boyd? Where do they come from? Where have they been? What have they been doing?"

"I say, child," replied the bluff old captain laughingly, as he looked down at Katie's upturned face, "couldn't you throw in a few more questions, all of a heap like? It is so much better to answer them by the batch, especially when they are such easy little ones as you ask."

"Captain Boyd, I shall report you to the ship's mother for insubordination."

"Well, I am sorry already, but here comes Jack Silk; I'm sure he will be glad to throw some light on the subject."

"Jack Silk!" cried Captain Boyd.

"Sir to you!" said Jack.

"Here's a young lady wanting information."

Now if Jack had thought he was about to enjoy a nice promenade and a pretty conversation, he was mistaken for once in a way.

He could *not* supply the information desired, so was dismissed, summarily.

About half an hour after this, Chips was lying in a kind of pleasant dose, 'twixt sleeping and waking, when he heard what he took to be an angel calling him.

"Chips, Chips, Chips!"

Next moment Katie's bright face appeared at the bunk side. She carried a little basket in her hand. "I've had such a difficulty in finding you, poor man. I've brought you some grapes, and some jelly. Do you feel very ill?"

"Thank you, Miss Katie," said the white-haired old sailor, "there's nothing the matter with me whatsomever; leastways, not much. Them doctor chaps, Miss Katie, they will allus make the worst o' a bad job. Thankin' you kindly, miss, all the same."

"Well, now, would you like me to read to you?"

"Ah! bless ye, yes; your eyes are younger than mine."

For a whole hour Katie sat reading. It was Scott's "Lady of the Lake" she had chosen. But until she looked up she had no idea of the audience around her, for one after another had come quietly in and brought themselves silently to an anchor, sitting or reclining as the case might be, but all as mute and mum as the traditional mouse. In their rough jackets and with their hirsute faces, those men looked uncouth enough, yet they were far too much of gentlemen to applaud; this they *felt* would have been out of place, but the "spectioneer" thanked Katie for reading, and begged she would come again.

It was an earnest, heartfelt invitation. Katie thought for a moment, then replied:

"Yes, sometimes I will come."

Was it instinct, I wonder, that gained for Katie the key to a sailor's heart. If Baby, as Captain Boyd sometimes called her, was not a skipper's daughter, she ought at least to have been on the ocean wave.

Old Chips surely was a favourite, for in the afternoon no less a personage than Sally herself came to see him. Sally's remarks were by no means flattering to the medical profession. They ran somewhat as follows, and were rather disconnected and intermingled with many a gasp or sigh, which in the text is signified by the interjection, "Ah!"

"Ah! and 'ow be ye now, sir? ah! poor old soul, that hasn't a mother, either. Which I've been a martyr to my poor back for twenty years, Mr. Chips, sir, since ever my darter went to Ameriker. Ah! and them doctors, what does they know, I wonder, givin' theirselves airs? Ah! but there's nothink like a Burgundy plaister, which I always says, Ah! it's the rheumatiz."

And so, on she rattled for half an hour, and would have kept on longer, had not a boat been called away, and the noise of lowering caused the old lady to think the "ship were a tumbling overboard." So bidding Chips goodbye, and promising to come back another time, if so be nothing happened, she went waddling off with many a gasp and many a sigh.

The boat was gone for two hours, during which time the bell had been kept ringing constantly, till Boy Bates declared his "harm ached fit to split."

Then a gun was fired, and if Captain Boyd had had the slightest doubt he was near an island, it was now effectually dispelled, for the echo returned the report, multiplied by ten.

Presently the boat itself loomed out through the fog, and a minute or two afterwards, Desmond was aft in consultation with the captain. Soon after this, there was more shouting on deck, and this was followed by the grating roar of the cable as the anchor was let go.

(*To be continued.*)

PRACTICAL POINTS FOR CYCLISTS.

By J. Eaton Fearn.

THE writer intends this Paper on wheeling joys and woes to take a practical form, as he wishes it to be of some real service to those who are contemplating investing in an "iron horse." Doubtless, it would be an easy matter to write a highly imaginative, exciting narrative of some hair-breadth escape on wheels, which had no foundation save in the author's vivid brain; but that would serve no purpose, except affording an idle half-hour's amusement. It is reserved for other pens to narrate in glowing phrases "A Spin down the Alps," or some other impossible feat!

Cycling has sprung into public favour by leaps and bounds; and not only does it retain its deservedly-won popularity, but attracts crowds of converts every season, for the invention of the safe "three-wheeler" has brought a delightful method of locomotion within the reach of all—the aged as well as the young.

Its votaries are no longer objects of ridicule, the pitiable victims of stray dogs and ragged urchins, but are now reasonably regarded as sensible folk in quest of health and pleasure.

The giddy-looking bicycle has naturally begun to be discarded, for no sane person would court a broken neck or a dislocated shoulder unnecessarily; while there is but little fear to be entertained that the ridiculous-looking "safety" will ever oust the tricycle out of its present favoured position. With three wheels, cycling is absolutely safe, and, in point of speed, is not far behind its dangerous progenitor.

The purport, therefore, of this Essay is to give definite information on many points connected with wheeling, which arise naturally in the minds of those desirous of taking up this new popular hobby, but who require a little more light on the topic before laying out their money.

Is it healthy? Is it not fatiguing? Is it expensive? Is it really dangerous? What is the approximate speed to be obtained with one? We are already aware of its charms, but what are its particular drawbacks? And which is the best machine? And why? These, and countless other points, it is the object of the writer to deal with, and his experience, extending over five years, with a variety of machines, should place him, he thinks, in a position to give satisfactory answers to the same.

First, then, respecting the expenses a cyclist is liable to. The primary outlay is the principal cost. A good machine, with ordinary care, will require only a trifling sum per annum to keep it in repair. There is no need whatever to break a single spoke, and the only expenses incurred will be, now and then, to replace a worn-out screw, or a missing nut, in some particular part where a little extra wear and tear goes on. Of course, tricycles, like everything else, are liable to accidents; but, in the hands of a cautious rider, these need never occur, as most cycling disasters are either the result of gross recklessness, or arise from the dangerous practice of "rushing" hills. There is very little actual wear on a good tricycle. In fact, the many thousands of miles which may be traversed across country with little injury to the machine, is simply astonishing. The rubber-tyres will wear many years, even with abuse, and, when worn out, may be replaced at very little outlay.

Certainly, with a cheap machine, or a broken-down second-hand one, the reverse of all this will be nearer the truth. Nothing but annoyance, danger, and expense must be expected with a third-rate machine. Add to these evils, the ever-glorious uncertainty of a broken neck, owing to some important part snapping at a critical moment—say, in descending a steep incline at great speed. A really first-class, new machine can be purchased for about £18, and will be found to be by far the cheapest in the end.

This last remark suggests the all-important question—Which is the best machine? Every season the numerous cycle manufacturers put forth their tempting wares in bewildering variety, in patterns and styles to suit the requirements of the most fastidious.

Perhaps no one single tricycle can be picked out, from the many good machines in the market, as really *the* best. Every machine has its especial good points, and all that can be laid down are certain general principles, the embodiment of which should be looked for in a machine before purchase. Given these, the would-be purchaser must

select a mount in accordance with his pocket, his tastes, and his judgment.

My first advice is, Avoid rear-steerers,—*i.e.*, those machines which are steered by means of the rear-wheel. If, however, you are anxious to experience what are known to wheelmen, as "cycling croppers" or "gravel-rash," then, by all means, purchase one. Set off at full speed down bank, or over stony, rutty ground, apply your brake quickly, and without the risk of failure, you will have your wish gratified! But if you will take my advice (and my first mount was a £20, popular, rear-steering machine, made by a well-known and highly respectable firm), you will refuse one, even at a gift!

Whatever particular make of machine, therefore, you purchase, be sure it is a front-steerer. It should also be what is known as a "double-driver," that is to say, the force applied to propel the machine should be equally distributed to both large wheels.

The next point to mind is, that your machine has fitted to it a *band brake*—the most effective brake possible, applying the power to the axle, and not, like the wheel-brake, to the tyre. The latter is highly dangerous, besides doing your tyre considerably more injury than even actual wear and tear in riding. Every first-class machine has fitted to it a "balance gear," which prevents the machine capsizing when turning a curve sharply. The best one is that patented by Messrs. Starley Brothers, and can be fitted to any of the better class machines, the different manufacturers paying the inventors a royalty for the privilege.

Prefer a saddle to an ordinary seat. Be sure to see, too, that this is fitted on an L-pin and Arab cradle spring, two simple contrivances affording the quintessence of comfort. High-wheeled tricycles are rapidly making their disappearance. New purchasers, however, must be careful not to fall into the opposite error of ordering machines with too low wheels. Wheels forty-six inches in diameter, geared level, will be found large enough for the average rider, and forty-eight for those who are above the ordinary height.

The "Royal Salvo" of Starley Brothers is a splendid wearing machine, and cannot be matched for rough country roads; the "Imperial Club," manufactured by the Coventry Machinists' Company, forms an elegant mount for a lady, or a gentleman of light weight. Perhaps the "Sparkbrook" would be preferred by some, on account of its being fitted with two gears, which makes it an easy hill-climber; while the young, and those who like to "make records," would be delighted with the "Humber," manufactured at Beeston, near Nottingham.

To those who live in crowded cities, the two-tracked "Rudge" will be a boon, owing to its narrow width.

Any one of the above mounts will give the highest satisfaction. Of course, the ones cited are not *all* the best machines in the market, but there are few, if any, superior.

We now pass on to the question whether cycling is really advantageous to health or not. A very important question this.

So far as my own experience goes—and it agrees with the unanimous verdict of most wheelmen — cycling is the most healthful exercise which can be taken. To any who are constant sufferers from that prevalent and dreadful infliction, dyspepsia, it is invaluable. A good spin will remove it all, when ordinary walking fails; for, too often, one's mental worries dog our footsteps like baneful shadows, and, do what we will, we cannot free our mind from their injurious presence. But when cycling, one forgets everything save the exhilarating exercise, which, as Sims Reeves so graphically puts it, "makes one joyous." The small necessary attentions our "horse" demands, throw all other thoughts out of our mind. Nature, even when we are on wheels, appears as she never does to the pedestrian. One feels quite poetical as one glides past picturesque farmhouses, running streams, and charming copses.

The only fear is, that the beginner is tempted to take too much of this delightful form of exercise. Those who are in the habit of taking a daily "constitutional," never dream of exceeding the limit of their usual walk, four or six miles, or whatever it may be; but the enthusiastic cyclist, in the first days of wheeling love, is often tempted to take a fifty mile spin before his muscles have been properly trained to the new work demanded of them. The result is, that excess is followed by reaction, and the following two or three days, the unwise beginner feels shooting rheumatic pains in his offended joints, their owner having, for the time being, a serious objection to walking upstairs.

Commence with small journeys, increasing the distances gradually, and, in a little while, you will cycle fifty miles, on a fairly good road, with as little fatigue as you used to walk ten.

People who suffer from varicose veins, or a weak heart, must be very moderate, both in their speed and distances.

An eminent physician thus sums up the benefits of cycling:—"It causes the chest to fill and empty freely without undue labour; it leads to a good oxygenation of blood; it produces a genial and equable circulation through the skin; it induces, when duly moderated, an agreeable sense of fatigue; it relieves depression of mind; it promotes a healthy desire for wholesome food; and it invites, naturally, good and refreshing sleep."

And this leads us to our next point; namely, how to learn to ride.

It appears to the uninitiated, a child's task to ride a tricycle, and yet, like many other seemingly easy feats, it is not such a simple matter, after all.

The tyro's feet at first have a trick of slipping off the pedals—not always is the steering handle turned in the right direction—and too frequently, when occasion requires, is the brake not applied at the correctly critical moment. A buckled wheel is often the consequence, for tricycles are not made of sufficient strength to come into forcible antagonism with a farmer's heavy wagon, or some other formidable obstacle. The best way of learning to ride is to take the machine on a broad, level road, where there is but little, if any, traffic, and, by slowly pedalling the machine, to become gradually acquainted with all the little important etceteras connected with riding. It should have been mentioned, that, at first, the learner should not attempt riding up anything like steep inclines.

When proficient, and aspiring to "do a tour," be sure to take with you your lamp, well trimmed, your bell, a good supply of oil for lubricating, a few spare duplicate nuts and screws, your spanner, a piece of wire, and a pair of pliers. It is just possible that you may not require these things, but should some little contingency arise,—say, the loss of a nut from an important working part of the machine, with no village blacksmith near,—such simple articles would be of the highest value.

In hot weather, the tourist should always "break the back" of his journey in the early part of the day, before the sun becomes oppressive. The middle of the day should be spent in resting, and after an early cup of tea, he may resume his journey. No cyclist needs to be told that flannel is the best thing to ride in, or how delicious a warm bath is, after a long day's ride. As little food as possible should be taken during riding, dinner being put off till the day's "march" is completed.

Some inquiring mind will be sure to ask, at this stage, How many miles a day can a tricyclist really accomplish, without the expenditure of very much energy? Well, on this point, no hard and fast line can be drawn.

One man can outrun another, or walk, without any extra fatigue, just double the length of miles. So is it with cycling. An athletic, go-a-head sort of young man would cover more ground before breakfast, than another would accomplish in the whole day. Everything depends on build, on the suppleness of the muscles, on age, the quality of the machine, and so on. On the question of speed, each person must be a law unto himself. However, some idea can be given on this point. A journey of fifty miles a day is within the grasp of the most indolent. Six miles an hour might truly be described as "child's play."

John Hunter, the famous anatomist, was fourteen days in riding from Edinburgh to London on a good horse,—a feat considered quite a "big thing" at the time. Now a bicyclist would do it easily in four.

"It was considered," says Dr. Richardson, the eminent cyclist, "a wonderful feat that Mrs. Siddons should one night play in London, and the next night appear (thanks to the post-chaise), on the stage of the theatre at Bath. In these days a trained lady tricyclist might perform the same feat by her own muscular efforts." Yes, and in considerably less time!

As a matter of fact, whoever takes to cycling will have no fault to find with the speed he can travel, as the ease with which the wheels are driven along is something astonishing,—indeed, almost magical.

HIS LAST CHARGE.

By G. Vickars Gaskell.

"HANG it all! Dick, I have the very roughest luck of any fellow in the service;" and Lieutenant Guy Manston, of the 200th Hussars, flung himself down into one of the two basketwork chairs which his captain's room boasted, with an oath.

"What is up now?" asked his friend, pushing aside the letter he was writing, and facing round with an amused look on his handsome face.

"That wretched colt, *Slasher*, has gone wrong; of course I have got a pot of money on him,—just my sort of luck all over!"

"So you are still at that fool's game, Guy, in spite of the one or two sharp lessons you have had lately. Why don't you cut the whole thing, and have done with the turf once for all?"

"Oh, it's all very well for you to talk like that, but I don't profess to be a saint, you know, and must have my fling like the rest," grumbled the younger man.

A smile played round the mouth, almost hidden by the long drooping moustache, as the other answered,—

"My dear fellow, neither do I profess to be a *saint*, but I know what that devil's doctrine of 'having your fling' means. It means 'sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind.'"

"Well, don't begin that yarn, there's a good fellow, Dick; you know I don't hold with pious folk,—saving yourself,—and it beats me out and out what you see in religion;" and Manston, lighting a cigar, puffed it well aglow.

"I see in it a good deal, my boy, as I hope you will some day; for it is the one thing which can keep a man straight in this world, and fit him for the next."

"Ah, yes, of course that is the regulation theory which I have heard often enough, but I can't help thinking that this same religion makes men into milksops—saving yourself again, Captain mine."

"But it ought not."

"But it does! Once let a fellow get converted, as you call it, and he is good for nothing but prayer meetings, and turning his toes in."

"Well I don't think that I play polo, cricket, and tennis less, or row the worse, or ride badly, because I am a Christian; and if ever we are under fire, I shall go in as cheerfully as any of you, I fancy," was the ready rejoinder.

"Ah, but you are so different to the ordinary run of 'good young men;' you are not a muff."

"Thanks," laughed the captain; "but there are muffs everywhere, Guy, and you don't judge the service by the duffers in it, do you? Take B troop, for instance; it is the smart 'non-coms' and privates, like Tomkyns and Burton, who really show what we are, and not the careless blockheads, like Smith and Toulson, who will not learn the drills properly, and who only half understand orders. Don't make any mistake, Christ does not want milksops, but *men*, in His service; and a real honest Christian is bound to do everything as well as ever he can, whether it be fighting, working, or playing; for all he does is to the glory of God."

"Yes, I know that is the theory, but I have not seen it practised much," objected the lieutenant, "or else I might think something about it."

"You will some day, Guy, and become as good a soldier under the Great Captain as you are under our Gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria. But now about this hole you are in; how much will see you out?"

"A century will lift me enough just now, but I am not going to let you in."

"Don't be an ass; I can let you have the coin easily, and you can take your time with me, which you cannot with any of the Moses clan."

For some time the other stood out, but his captain was equally determined, and at last carried his point with, "You know you have too much stamped paper fluttering about already, and for your father's sake, if not for your own, you will take this and cash it, and square your book."

Guy Manston for a few moments hesitated, then he folded up the little slip of blue paper, on which *Bullion & Bullion*, the bankers, were bidden to pay him, or his order, the sum of £150, and said, as he put it into his pocket, "You are an old brick, Dick. I can't say my thanks, but I'll be shot if I would take it from any other fellow in the regiment."

Captain Collingham was a cadet of a noble north country house, which had for many generations sent gallant sons to serve its sovereigns, in camp and field, at sea, and in the state. He was one of the most dashing *sabreurs* in that very *crack* Light Cavalry regiment, the 200th Hussars. Merry, light-hearted, but a soldier to the core, he was as popular amongst the men of his troop, as with the whole mess, from the V.C. colonel to the last-joined "sub." The best boxer, the finest steeple-chaser, and the gayest of comrades, he was always to the fore, and a bomb thrown into the ante-room could not have startled its inmates half as much as did the news, that "Dick Collingham has turned religious!"

At first no one believed it, but when the senior captain, as spokesman, asked him point blank, Dick boldly said the news was true, and that very evening proved it, when for the first time in his life he refused to take a hand at unlimited loo. At first his brother officers tried to laugh him out of it, but without the least result; finally, they left him to go his own way, and live his religion quietly in their midst; for he rightly knew that his comrades gauged a man by the life he led, and not by the creed which he recited,—by what he did, and not by what he said. Although his defection from the card-table, the racing saddle, the ring, and other more questionable resorts, was loudly bemoaned, and his "queer fancy" pitied, yet Major Willow represented the general opinion of the mess when he said:—

"I can stand Collingham's piety, for he does not everlastingly preach at you, or try and stick it down your throat; and yet any one can see he lives up to what he professes. Then he never is glum, or looks *smug*, but is always jovial and ready to do any poor beggar a turn. I would sooner trust Dick than any man I know, for he is as straight as a die."

* * * *

A week had not passed since Guy Manston cashed his cheque, before Fosseford Barracks were in a whirl of bustle and excitement; there was war in Egypt. The 200th Hussars were ordered for active service, and, within a few short days, marched out of the little town to the lively strains of "The girl I left behind me." Wives sobbed, sweethearts clung to the stirrups, and many a stalwart trooper dragged his helmet well over eyes, in which a mist gathered. Then came weary days of discomfort, whilst the great transport ploughed her way through tossing seas, and bore them Eastward, Ho! to the land of the Pharaohs, hot sun, and scorching sands.

It was afternoon, and the whole camp was dozing in the heat. Suddenly a trumpet call rang out in the sultry air, and was answered by another and another. Instantly all was life, as the men fell in and stood to their arms, grumbling loudly that, "The General might let poor chaps have a bit of rest," and wondering "what was up." Presently word was passed that a large force of the enemy had been seen in motion beyond the sand-hills, and it was believed that they were going to attack, commanded by Arabi in person. Soon the crack of rifles came from the pickets, which were falling steadily back, and then the guns on the right opened fire, sending shell after shell screaming across the blue sky into the midst of the moving masses of the enemy, as they came recklessly on. Then a long belt of flame broke all along the front of the British line, as the Highland Brigade fired volley after volley into the dusky hordes, and checked the rush of the human tide. The 200th Hussars saw all this, as they stood in the centre of the hollow square.

"Our turn now, gentlemen," cried Colonel Fairfax, as an orderly dashed up.

The next moment came the quick short words of command,—

"Stand by your horses! Mount! Walk! Trot!'" and then, with a gallant clatter, the Hussars moved forward, in a cloud of dust, to the front, the bridle chains jingling, the scabbards jangling, and the men and horses full of life and dash. As they got into the open, the Arabs poured a hot fire into their ranks, and there was more than one gap in the line, empty saddle and riderless horse.

"Steady, lads, steady!" cried Captain Collingham, as he rode gaily along in front of his troop.

"Gallop!" sounded the trumpet, and the men gathered up their bridle-reins and fingered their sabres. "Charge!"

Then the lines widened out, and as the horses sprang forward, the troopers got ready for the shock of onset. Some drove their feet home in the stirrups, others kicked them altogether clear; here a stalwart sergeant shook off his helmet till it was only held round his throat by the chin-strap; there a young corporal rapidly rolled up his tunic sleeve; whilst, in the eyes of all, the fierce battle-light flashed out, as they broke like a whirlwind on the foe.

Collingham, on his roan mare, was first into the press; and as his men followed hard after him, they saw his sword whirl like a meteor round his head, as he rode straight at a tall sheik in the midst of a group of fanatical dervishes, who instantly closed round the Hussar.

"Give it the black villains!" yelled Lieutenant Manston, as, followed by half a dozen troopers, he dashed to his captain's help; but ere he could reach him, Collingham reeled in his saddle, for a spear was driven deep into his side, and fell headlong to the trampled ground. The charge swept over him as the cavalry men sent the Arabs flying before them.

* * * *

The day had gone down, and the stars were glowing in a steel-blue heaven, as Captain Collingham's almost lifeless body was laid in his tent.

"No chance for him; he can't last an hour," said the surgeon, hurrying off to the next case.

"Are you there, Guy?" gasped the dying soldier, opening his blue eyes, already dimming fast.

"Yes, dear lad; what is it?" tenderly answered the figure bending over him.

"Was—our—our charge—successful?"

"Rather! we broke them completely, and every one says that you led the regiment splendidly, Dick; the Colonel is badly hit, or would be here to tell you so himself. But I am afraid that cursed Arab spear has cost you awfully dear."

"Ah, I'm glad—I did—my duty all right. You'll say—goodbye to—the fellows—for me, and—are you there, Guy?"

"Yes, old chap."

"Tell—tell them—I hope we—we shall all stand together—at—at the Great Roll Call. Are you still near, Guy? Give me your hand—I'm very sleepy—and—tired."

The cold fingers closed over the hot throbbing ones, the old smile came back to the bloodless lips, life went out gently in a long-drawn sigh; and Guy Manston, as he dashed the tears from his eyes, knew that Captain Collingham's gallant spirit had gone to join the noble army yonder. For once at least, he had seen a noble Christian hero, whose memory left a life-long impression upon Guy Manston.

LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE.

By Phyllis Browne.

No. 3.—Flirtation.

A GOOD many people (and most of them are men) are very fond of saying that young men in these days are chary of getting married, and that the reason is, that the girls of the present day are not so domesticated as their mothers and grandmothers were, and more fond of dress, foolishness, and flirtation, and so are not qualified to make good wives. I confess that I think talk of this sort is largely made up of pure nonsense. Of course there are foolish girls to be found, but there are sensible ones also; and we state the facts under the mark when we say that there are fully as many sensible girls as there are sensible men. In our grandmothers' days there were girls of various characters, as there are now, and the foolish virgins outnumbered the wise ones, even beyond what they do in these days. For some of us would be very unhappy if we did not hope and believe that gradually the world was getting a little better; and that certainly the women in it are very decidedly improving. This is a bold statement to make, but persons of wide experience will confirm it.

One other statement may be made, which despairing individuals will be astonished to hear, but which is nevertheless true; it is, that the more sensible a girl is, the more modest, the more true-hearted, earnest, and brave, the less likely she is to marry. The reason of this is that she respects herself, refuses to flirt, and also will not consent to marry a man who is not like-minded with herself. Such men are rare, and therefore the girl who is superior to her companions frequently remains single. If, however, such a thing should happen as that this girl should meet with a man who is her equal, and the two should enter into wedlock, there would be a marriage so blissful and so beautiful, that it would be enough to gladden our hearts. These marriages occur, it is true, now and again, but they are not frequent, because there are so few couples of the kind who can compose them.

Flirtation,—real, unadulterated, downright flirtation,—is a most abominable vice, and the young man or young woman who could practise it, must be a heartless, cruel, and deceitful person. But there is one comfort about it—much that is called flirtation is nothing but youthful animal spirits, desire for a little change, thoughtlessness, and love of fun. We ought all to be very careful how we charge young people with being flirts, because in doing so we may be doing them a great injustice.

Much also of the talk against flirtation means nothing but that the talkers are disappointed themselves, and have not the grace to be glad because others are happy. For we have to confess that it requires grace to rejoice in others' joy. We are all sorry when others are in trouble; but when others are in the sunshine, and we are left out in the cold, we are apt to feel a little envious, and this makes us look at our friends with unkindly eyes. When all is said and done, we are all, young men and young women both, very poor creatures, very small, very mean, and very foolish. We only escape from this wretched jealousy when we have the Spirit of Christ within us, and enter into the eternal life which those have who possess that spirit. Amongst the best signs of this eternal life are love, and joy, and the peace that comes from doing as Christ did—giving up our own will, and living for others.

What then, it may be asked, is real unadulterated, downright flirtation? It has been very cleverly described as "attention without intention." An actual flirt is one who consciously plays with another person's feelings. There are men and women who do this, and find it amusing. But it would be idle to speak to them. As a great writer expressed it, "What they need is to be made over again, and made different," before they will be of any worth. Those to whom it may be of use to speak, are the thoughtless ones who *play* at flirting; who seek the company of those for whom they do not care, and are never likely to care, for the sake of excitement; who offer or receive attentions which mean nothing, but which may be misunderstood. If those of us who know what it all means might speak plainly to such young people, we should say, "You are playing with edged tools; you are on a dangerous road; you may mean no harm, but there is fear that you will bring about great misery, both to yourself and others. Stop while yet there is time."

There are three evils likely to arise when we allow ourselves to play at flirting. The first and greatest is, that we may bring abiding pain into the life of another. To do this is a real misfortune for any one; besides, it is a misfortune that can never be got over. All young folks, as they grow into old ones, make closer and closer acquaintance with sorrow; they lose dear friends by death and estrangement; they have disappointment, pain, and sickness; but with time and through submission all these wounds may be healed. Not so for those who selfishly bring abiding pain into the lives of others. For this, at one time or another, sooner or later, they will have to pay the penalty. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." These were true words, and they have been proved true again and again. If we selfishly bring abiding pain and loss into the life of another, abiding pain and loss will come to ourselves. We cannot say when or how the punishment will arrive; it may be in some most unexpected form; it may be in a shape quite different to the wrong committed; but it will come, and there will be no evading it. Perhaps it will be thought that this is a very serious way of looking at flirtation, which is generally treated as a joke. But it is the true way, nevertheless. Retribution does not by any means invariably follow foolish flirtation, because in numberless instances no abiding pain is wrought thereby. But where deep feeling is ruthlessly trifled with, and abiding pain is wrought, the individual who has worked the evil suffers proportionate loss.

The second evil of which there is a danger where foolish flirtations are carried on is, that the flirt may marry the wrong person. This mischance constantly occurs where young people have carried on in a thoughtless, giddy sort of way. The poor little flirt goes too far, is caught in the toils more deeply than was intended, and cannot escape. So we have unhappy marriages. A cynical individual once said, that if husbands and wives could be taken on trial, *three-fourths* of them would be returned at the end of twelve months. But this is exactly what cannot be. A husband or wife, once taken, has to be kept. There is no returning the article because it does not suit. This is why we ought to be careful that we take the right one.

The third evil of which foolish flirts run the risk, is not only that they may get the wrong partner, but also that they miss the right ones, which might have been theirs if they had behaved differently. A true lover is generally distrustful of his own power to please, and seeing the object of affection occupied with some one else, he naturally turns away and loses heart. In this way flirtation is one of the most costly amusements that was ever invented. Those who

The Gabled House at Northbury

By A. STUART FLETCHER.



"'*Thy hands are capable hands,' said Rachel, taking up one.*"

engage in it never know how much they have had to pay for it.

But we often hear it said that flirts, when once they are married, make the best of wives and husbands. This may be true of girls, because girls who are said to flirt, do so more frequently out of cheerfulness, and harmless love of fun, than men do, and when once the affections of a girl of this kind are engaged, she gives up flirtation entirely, takes up her duty with her whole heart, and becomes a reformed character; while the bright spirit which led her astray, when rightly directed, makes her pleasant and sweet. The remark is very rarely true, however, of the male flirts. These individuals make most unsatisfactory husbands, and sensible girls will avoid them. The majority, however, do not marry. They become discontented old bachelors, and they are the people who are most loud in their condemnation of the girls of to-day. A male flirt is almost always a vain man, and also a man who loves himself so much, that he cannot find room in his heart to enthrone a girl there. One of the best things we can say for marriage is, that it is better calculated to take the vanity and self-love out of a man or woman than any other discipline we know.

Surely most people will agree, that to play at flirtation *is* to play with edged tools.

CHAPTER I.

NORTHBURY High Street lay in the full glare of the July sun; blinds hid the shop windows, but offered no hospitable shelter to the passers-by. In a narrow strip of shade, a dog lay with legs outstretched and tongue protruding, and blinked lazily at the solitary occupant of the pavement—a girl, whose heavy black garments seemed to emphasize the heat, and throw into relief all the glare of the white pavements. She passed wearily along, and, reaching the market-place, glanced upwards at the projecting clock.

"An hour too soon," she said to herself; "I must find shelter somewhere, and wait till three."

At right angles to the High Street ran a row of old-fashioned gabled houses, whose projecting fronts threw a refreshing line of shade across the pathway; and, on the opposite side of the way, an ivy-covered wall, over-topped with tall trees, added another touch of comfort and coolness to the picture. With a sigh of relief, Madeline Hardy turned into the shade, and stopped in front of the first house, whose broad, low windows, shaded with a narrow blind of fluted white muslin, exhibited on a glass shelf a few bottles of jelly and raspberry vinegar, and a dish of tempting-looking cakes.



"'*What* will *Dr. Mayhew say?' had been her first thought.*"

"It looks like a shop," she said, gazing over the low curtain; "and oh, how deliciously cool it seems."

Then she turned the door-handle, and entered a large, low room containing a snowy covered table, holding cakes of all descriptions, and some small tables and chairs. By a large table sat a middle-aged woman, with a placid face and smooth brown hair, covered with a cap of delicate muslin. A soft grey stuff dress, and a little white handkerchief folded across her chest, completed her costume. She looked up as the door opened, and, laying down her knitting, rose and drew forward a chair, saying, as Madeline sank into it, "Thee looks tired and hot, but thee will soon get cool in here."

"Oh, it is delicious," said Madeline; then, with a smile, "Are the cakes to sell?"

The Quakeress smiled too.

"Thee art a stranger in Northbury, or thee would know Rachel Fleming's cakes. Try these; we call them Northbury maids, and my daughter Ruth considers them the best of her making."

To Madeline, Rachel Fleming, as she moved quietly about, seemed the embodiment of peace and rest, and the cake and glass of water she set before her, the sweetest food the girl had ever tasted. As she sat and ate, the stillness and the peaceful presence suggested contrasting thoughts of her own narrow London home, and her own mother, always anxious, harassed, and fretful. If Madeline had but known, the contrast was made the greater by the fact that a few years ago, both Rachel Fleming and Mrs. Hardy were left widows in straitened circumstances; but while Rachel had left the house she could no longer afford to keep, and had boldly turned her accomplishment of dainty cooking to account, to procure a respectable livelihood for herself and daughter, Mrs. Hardy had spent her life in striving to keep up the appearance of her former living, on a third of the means. They could not "go down in the world" by taking a smaller house, so boarders were taken in, and home comfort sacrificed. Her daughters had never expected to have to earn their living, so they stayed at home and tried, by rigid economy and scheming, to "keep up appearances." But even with all the managing, both ends could not be made to meet, and Madeline had at last won from her mother a reluctant consent to seek a situation as governess. Very hopeful did Madeline feel as she answered the first advertisement; almost hopeless was she to-day, as she came to Northbury in answer to the twelfth. For she had discovered that governesses were very plentiful; and while her fellow-candidates were prepared to undertake the teaching of English, French, German, Latin, music and painting, and other things besides, she was obliged in honesty to own that her own acquirements consisted of a little music, a little French, and an imperfect knowledge of English.

Rachel Fleming saw that her visitor had fallen into a reverie, and, as she knitted, she watched the varying lights and shadows, as they succeeded each other on the girl's face, and thought: "She is about the age of my Ruth. She has truthful eyes and a sensitive mouth, and a smile as sweet as Ruth's own; but there is a look of anxiety one should not see on so young a face. Does she know the secret of bearing life's troubles, I wonder?"

Madeline recalled herself presently with a start.

"I am afraid I must go. I am beautifully cool and rested, but I have an appointment at three." Then something in Rachel's gentle face drew forth the unwonted burst of confidence: "I have come from London to see Mrs. Deane, at Moor House, about a situation as governess."

"Thee looks young to be governess to those boys of Mrs. Deane's," said Rachel, dubiously.

"I am afraid I do not stand very much chance," said Madeline; "but Mrs. Deane selected mine and two others out of many applications, so perhaps I may get the post."

"And does thee go back to London to-night?" asked Rachel.

"Yes, when I have seen Mrs. Deane."

"Then come in on thy way back, and I will have a cup of tea for thee, and I shall know if thee art likely to come and live here."

"Thank you," said Madeline, to whom the frankly given invitation sounded very pleasant, "I should like to come;" and with a "farewell" from Rachel, she left the house.

Rachel Fleming's tea-table was laid in a room behind that which was used as a shop. It, too, was large and low, and on one side was a long window with a cushioned window-seat. A paper, with long trailing sprays of pale rose-buds on a grey ground, covered the walls, and pale roses clustered and hung around the open window. A dark oak cabinet, full of old china, filled one corner, and more of the same delicate old china was spread out on the table on a cloth, which was of Rachel's grandmother's weaving, while in the centre stood a big bowl of roses, flanked by some of the daintiest of Rachel's culinary productions.

Madeline drew a long breath of enjoyment, as she sat down in the chintz-covered armchair which Rachel drew forward.

"Thee art welcome," said the Quakeress; "and has thee got the situation?"

In spite of all she could do, Madeline's eyes filled with tears.



"Madeline stood by the kitchen window. . . . smoothing, sprinkling, folding, too engrossed to notice John Appleton and his friend."

"I was too young," she said, and, she added bitterly, "too incompetent."

"Thy hands are capable hands," said Rachel, taking up one, "and thy mouth," laying her finger gently upon it, "says thee has purpose. There is *some* work thee can do; do not call thyself incompetent, child."

The tender tone in which the last word was spoken, was too much for Madeline's composure; all the disappointment and hope deferred of the past weeks had their way, and leaning forward she burst into tears.

After that, Rachel heard the whole story of their straitened circumstances, and Madeline's hopes and disappointments.

"I can never hope to get a governess's situation, I am afraid," Madeline concluded.

"Is there nothing else thee can do? Can thee make dresses?" asked Rachel.

"My sisters make ours, and I can do nothing but the plain parts," Madeline answered.

Rachel was silent, then asked abruptly: "Can thee cook?"

Madeline blushed.

"Mamma does not like us to do anything in the kitchen; but, of course, having only one servant, we have to help sometimes, and," here the blush deepened, "I rather like it."

"Thee knows I told thee that my daughter Ruth made the cakes and confectionery we sell. Our servant, Martha, does what thee would call 'the plain part,' but Ruth and I do all the rest. And we have a great deal of business; for people like our cakes, and buy them instead of making their own, which I think is a pity for them. Now, next year, Ruth will marry, if the Lord prosper John Appleton, to whom she is promised. John would have me to live with them, but I prefer my own little home, and they will be but young and not rich, and I would not hamper their beginnings. Meanwhile, Ruth has much needlework to do, and John, too, sometimes likes her to be with him—that is but natural—so that our business is somewhat more than we can manage; and now thee sees what I am going to say. I thought, and Ruth too, that it would be well to have some friend to help her now, and take her place next year. I have not known thee many hours, but I think thee might do, if thy mother would like it, and thee would like to come. It is work which no woman need be ashamed to do, and I think thee could do it."

Many thoughts surged through Madeline's brain, while Rachel was speaking. To live in the midst of this peace and purity, after the scramble and restlessness of the past few years; to breathe this pure air, and feel the sense of largeness and space about her, after the closeness of their crowded London house, this seemed an almost ideal lot. But there were other things behind; she could not decide at once.

"I think I should like to come," she said; "but I must speak to mamma about it, and," she added honestly, "you do not know if I would do, or anything about me but what I have told you."

"I shall know as much about thee as Mrs. Deane, who might have entrusted thee with her children; and besides, thee knows, I do nothing without the Lord's direction, and it has been borne in upon me that thee art to come."

A light step sounded in the front room, and Rachel exclaimed: "Here is my daughter Ruth. She has been to Stanham, to John Appleton's mother."

Madeline looked up, as a tall, grey-clad girl entered.

"Ruth, I think this is the friend about whom thee and I were speaking, when we said that we must have some one to help us with the work; but there is much to be settled before we are sure."

Ruth, who had looked puzzled for an instant, now came forward, and took Madeline's hand, with a smile worthy of her mother.

"I will tell thee all when Madeline has gone," said Rachel. "Speak to thy mother to-night, dear, and to-morrow I will write to her, and after that thee can let me know if thee still thinks to come. But now it is time for thee to catch thy train."

CHAPTER II.

SIBLEY STREET, N.W., is not the place in which one would choose to spend a sultry summer evening; but to the inhabitants of No. 14, necessity offered little choice. The small back parlour where Mrs. Hardy and her three daughters sat, was hot and close, and although the window was wide open, the air from the little, high-walled garden seemed scarcely less oppressive than that within. Clara Hardy stood near the window, and fanned herself despairingly.

"Well, mamma, according to Maddie's description, the Northbury baker's would be an improvement upon this, and I am sure Blanche and I would be glad of a room to ourselves these hot nights."

"Clara, it is not a baker's; don't deepen that impression on mamma's mind."

"I know, child," said Mrs. Hardy languidly, "though I can't see such distinction between a baker's and a confectioner's myself. And to think that a child of mine should set her mind on serving in a confectioner's shop!"

"Nobody need know where she had gone," Clara continued; "we would tell people she was staying with friends in the country, and that would be literally true. I confess it doesn't seem half a bad idea to me, if Maddie wants to go. This baker person offers in her letter quite as much as a nursery governess gets, and I've no doubt the position would be infinitely preferable, if it weren't for the name of the thing."

Madeline sat in silence during her sister's unexpected advocacy. Mrs. Hardy had at first been indignant at the prospal, then pathetic when she thought of the "descent" it involved. Clara and Blanche had laughed at the idea; but the advantages of dividing their allowance between two instead of three, and the hope of the few pounds which Madeline would doubtless send them, as well as the relief it would be to have at a greater distance a sister, many of whose ideas differed so materially from their own, had grown in importance in Clara's mind, until she began to advocate the plan. Blanche said nothing, until suddenly she looked up from the hat she was trimming, with: "What will Dr. Mayhew say?"

Madeline's face crimsoned, and Mrs. Hardy said: "Yes, indeed, we may be quite sure he would not think again of Madeline, if he heard she had gone as a confectioner's assistant."

Madeline rose quickly, and left the room. Safe in her own room, she locked the door, and buried her burning face in her hands.

"What will Dr. Mayhew say?" had been her first thought, too; for Frank Mayhew's opinion had been her criterion ever since the days when, as a school-boy, he had climbed the pear-tree in his father's garden, and thrown pears over the fence into her pinafore. Maddie was his little pet and plaything, until he went to College; while he was away attending his medical course, the Hardys' reverses came, but young Mayhew (Dr. as yet only by courtesy) was one of their first visitors in their new circumstances. He was still Maddie's friend; and though no words had been said, Madeline felt in her secret heart that, when the growth of Dr. Mayhew's practice justified him in taking a wife, it would be his old friend of the pear-tree he would ask. But she did not dream that her mother and sisters calculated on this; they had never before spoken of it to her, and her cheeks burned anew as she thought of it. Then the question repeated itself,—What *would* he say? If he cared for her, would this make any difference? If he were the Frank Mayhew of her girlhood, would he not rather she did any honest work than stay at home, unneeded and useless? But she could not think or reason clearly upon the matter; she only felt now, that if her mother consented, she must go.

"Rachel Fleming said she did nothing without the Lord's direction. Oh, that He would direct me!" she reflected.

Presently she smoothed her hair, and went down. Supper was ready, and, keeping her eyes on her plate, Madeline said, "Mamma, I think you see the force of what Clara said; if you have no serious objection, I should like to go to Northbury."

"Well, as Clara says, nobody need know," replied Mrs. Hardy; "but Dr. Mayhew is sure to find out."

Madeline did not look up, but her voice was steady as she replied, "Dr. Mayhew has never said anything to me, mamma, which can justify us in considering him at all about it, if he asks."

"Well, Madeline, it is of no use shutting one's eyes to facts," began Mrs. Hardy, when Clara took pity on Madeline's burning cheeks, and said,—

"Mamma, let her go, and leave Dr. Mayhew to me; I'll manage him."

Madeline's face flamed still more, but she commanded her voice to say: "Clara, I beg as a favour, that if Dr. Mayhew asks, you will tell him all the truth."

Clara shrugged her shoulders and turned the conversation, and Madeline knew that the subject was virtually concluded, and her mother's consent obtained.

There was no need for delay, for Rachel Fleming was anxious to have her new helper at once, and in a week after her first visit, Madeline found herself once more in Northbury, at the gabled house. A little white room next to Ruth's was given her, and she found in Ruth a pleasant companion, full of youthful hopes and enthusiasm, in spite of her demure exterior. Rachel Fleming's manner never changed, except to become more affectionate and tender, but was just as courteous and truly friendly as before Madeline became what people would call "a paid dependent" in her household.

Madeline pushed all questions into the background, and entered so heartily into her work, that Rachel's epithet of "capable hands" was soon fully justified. And the life was pleasant, too. It was pleasant to leave her dainty room in the morning, and descend to the equally dainty kitchen, where Martha kept watch and ward in a realm of shining pans and freshly-scrubbed tables. It was pleasant to prepare breakfast and lay out the delicate china and homespun linen, while the roses nodded in at the window and

filled the air with their perfume. Pleasant, too, to go bed-making with Ruth ; for somehow the girls never talked more confidentially than when they were spreading white sheets to an absolute smoothness, and patting feather pillows into the most comfort-yielding position. Then the cake and biscuit making was almost exciting, and Madeline had never a prouder moment than that in which Ruth said laughingly, that she should retire in peace, sure of a worthy successor. Even serving in the shop, from which Madeline had at first shrunk, became an additional interest and pleasure. Rachel Fleming had a standing of her own in the town ; people did not dream of patronising her. Her quiet, dignified manner seemed to say: "I give the time and the skill and the materials ; you give the money—we are quits. There is no favour on either side."

Madeline, of whom Rachel always spoke as "friend," stood on the same footing with the townspeople as Ruth did, and like Ruth, she soon had a friendly interest in the frequenters of the gabled house.

John Appleton was a daily visitor at Rachel Fleming's. He was a manly young fellow, with far too much fun in him to agree with Madeline's idea of a typical Quaker. John was an enthusiastic bicyclist, and a member of a London cyclists' club. A long run on his bicycle formed part of nearly every day's programme, but the run, in whatever direction it tended, always began or ended at the gabled house. John's mode of entrance was through the garden, and the girls, looking up through the open windows of the spotless kitchen, saw first a cheery face smiling at them from the garden wall, as its owner sped rapidly by ; and then, a few minutes after, a grey-coated, grey stockinged figure appeared among the roses. Then Madeline would find work in another room, and leave Ruth demurely tossing her pastry, while John leaned through the window, and carried on that interminable conversation in which Madeline had no part.

And so the happy, uneventful days went smoothly by, when one morning, as Madeline came in from the garden, she heard Rachel's voice calling her.

"Here is a letter for thee, Madeline. I have also one from thy mother, and doubtless thine concerns the same matter. Take it to thy room and consider it, and then I will talk with thee."

Madeline took the letter with some palpitation of heart, and went to her room. Seated in her white dimity-covered chair she read :

"DEAR MADDIE,—Here is such a chance for you. Mrs. Knighton called yesterday, and asked mamma if she could spare you as her companion, for since Ethel married, she has felt lonely. Of course mamma was delighted, the Knightons are so well connected, and it would be such a good chance for you. Mamma said you were on a visit, but could come home at once, and she has written to Mrs. Fleming to ask if you may come before the quarter is up. Of course she may be awkward about it, but you must try and manage her. Mrs. K. said you should have all the advantages of her own daughter ; I wish I were in your shoes, Mad.! I think you ought to be on the spot too, for another reason. Absence doesn't make the heart grow fonder with some people. I shall not tell you what I mean ; you must come and see for yourself.

"P.S.—If you are so enamoured of a country life that you don't want to come, there may be a chance for me.—CLARA."

Madeline sat long and thought. Such a life as Ethel Knighton's would at one time have seemed a delightful prospect. Theatres, balls, parties, pretty dresses—of what had Ethel's life consisted besides these? These certainly had been her only subjects of conversation, and Madeline and Clara had at one time listened for hours, and envied her. But the prospect had lost much of its attractiveness ; the life of useful work and the atmosphere of calm goodness in which she now lived, seemed preferable. But would this feeling last? would she not regret it if she let this opportunity slip? Madeline looked into her heart, and knew that the influence of Rachel's life and Ruth's had caused her to set up another standard of living. "Like Christ," had become her mark.

"But you can live a Christ-like life in Ethel Knighton's place," whispered a voice within her. "If I were already there, it would be different," replied Madeline's better self; "but I must not put myself into temptation." Then there was Clara's hint. "That shall not influence me," said Madeline ; "and if absence can change people, perhaps it is better that I should find it out soon."

Rachel looked up with a smile when Madeline went down. "Well, has thee decided?"

"Rachel, I know mamma won't press it. I'll stay with you."

Rachel said nothing, but gently drew Madeline down and kissed her on the forehead, and Madeline felt that her decision was sealed.

Late roses still lingered in Rachel Fleming's garden when, one afternoon, Madeline stood by the kitchen window, folding clothes. Sprinkling, smoothing, folding, she stood, singing dreamily the while, too engrossed to notice John Appleton's head swiftly pass the garden wall, or to see that he was accompanied by another person.

"There are not many prettier runs than from London to Northbury," said John Appleton to his companion, as they alighted at the gate. "Down this path ; Ruth is in the kitchen ; I saw her when we went by."

"But are you sure Miss Ruth will like such an unceremonious introduction?" asked the stranger.

"Ah, Mayhew ; you are used to London ladies and London kitchens. You would miss the prettiest sight in Northbury, if you did not see Rachel Fleming's kitchen and Ruth in it. Stay here behind the rose bushes, the window is wide open, and Ruth, —why, Ruth isn't there," he added, turning a rueful countenance on Frank Mayhew. But to his astonishment, Frank Mayhew never heard him ; he had entered, and with outstretched hands took Madeline's hands in his, and after one bewildered glance at the two faces, a look of comprehension crossed John's own, and a sense of fellow-feeling sent him to seek an entrance into the house by another door.

"Then you were not shocked to find what I was doing?" asked Madeline, when later in the day she walked with Frank in the garden. Said Frank : "I think the only thing wanted to make my little Madeline perfect, was a training in housekeeping at Rachel Fleming's."

A happy party sat round Rachel Fleming's supper table that night. "So thee wants Madeline soon, Friend Mayhew," said Rachel. "Well, it is natural, and Madeline, thee may go with an easy conscience, for the shop will be closed. The Lord has prospered John Appleton, and I have decided to make my home with him and Ruth. They will come here to live, but Ruth and I will keep our skill in cookery for John and our poorer neighbours."

BETWEEN SIXTEEN AND TWENTY-TWO.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

By the Rev. THAIN DAVIDSON, D.D.

I DO not hesitate to say that with most men, these six precious golden years are the formative period, when character is shaped, and the future course determined. Incalculable are the issues dependent on them. If habits of indolence are acquired ; if languor and irregularity are indulged ; if selfishness and conceit are encouraged ; I want no other horologue to forecast your future : almost in all certainty, your life will be a failure ; you will come to no good ; you will drag along a humdrum and melancholy existence ; and at last will go down

> "To the vile dust from whence you sprung,
> Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung."

Some young fellows set about whatever they have to do in a lukewarm, indifferent, and perfunctory fashion, as if they had not a particle of interest in the task assigned to them. You never heard of such men making their mark on society, or accomplishing any good. They trifle and dawdle through life, and might as well have never lived at all. They seem to have no backbone in them. You feel inclined to prick them, or empty a tub full of cold water over them, or in some other way wake them up out of their dreamy listlessness.

In the advertisement column of a Metropolitan newspaper,—a single issue,—I recently observed the following demands :—"Wanted, an energetic young man ;" "a smart young man," "a total abstainer ;" "a steady and obliging young man," "a vigorous young man."

Well, this may give us an idea of the kind of youth most in demand in our day ; and I am struck with the emphasis put upon promptness and energy.

If *you* are half asleep, the world around you is not. If you do not look alive, you will be left far behind in the race.

There are no "sleepy hollows" in modern commerce ; the man who carries the day is he whose strong sense of personal duty and responsibility replies, in the words of his Divine Master, to all who tempt him to idleness or self-indulgence, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" "*Must*"—it speaks of strong decision of

character. It indicates the determination to be thorough in everything. "When I take the humour of a thing," says one of the characters in an old play, "I am like your tailor's needle, I go *through*."

Why, even in the way that a shop-lad ties up brown paper parcels I can often read his character, and venture a prophecy as to his future career.

I am not quite sure that what Emerson said a good many years ago could be still said of our country. "Of all men," remarked he, "I find Englishmen the men who stand firmest in their shoes. They have in themselves what they value in their horses—mettle." It is a quality which, in common life, Englishmen delight to call "pluck," a combination of resolution, courage, and perseverance; the determination to succeed; at least, to secure that, if success is wanting, it shall not be through any fault of ours.

"I must be about . . . *business*," said the Divine Youth, who is our only perfect model. We are not sent into this world for play, nor for self-indulgent ease; Jesus was not.

We are not sent here to enjoy the *maximum* of pleasure with the *minimum* of toil; that is a wrong conception of life altogether; work is not a mere means to an end, a hardship to be submitted to as an avenue to enjoyment; nay, the world is intended to be a great workshop, and each of us is to take his own share, and find his own fitting department.

To many a young man it has been far from a blessing that his father left him a competency, or some dear old aunt bequeathed him a fortune; it has simply been his ruin. He would have been a far better and happier man, if he had had to earn his own living. I have known of well-to-do gentlemen who have hoarded up their gains, just for the sake of hoarding, and that hoarded wealth has proved a legacy of curse to their sons. Better far had they spent that money to good purpose whilst they lived, and brought up their boys to some useful calling.

It is a common, but foolish mistake to imagine that labour is the curse of the fall. Before Adam had yet sinned, indeed, before the woman was formed who tempted him to disobedience, "the Lord God put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it and to keep it." Industry was an ordained law of his existence.

Talk of "men of business," if ever there was a man of business, it was Jesus; early at work, ever at work; His hands fully occupied; His life one unbroken term of varied and beneficent activity.

What is the reason that some young men are so dull and spiritless? It is because they regard work as a drudgery, and do not throw their whole heart and soul into it. They have no liking for business, and would turn life into one long, unbroken holiday; the consequence is, not only that their work is badly done, but that the relish is taken out of their leisure and recreation. Believe me, there is nothing so fatal to the true enjoyment of life, as the relaxed condition of an indolent mind. Busy hours are indispensable to make holiday hours delightful.

Moreover, as Isaac Barrow says, "industry is a fence to virtue." Well do you know that never are you so open to the assaults of temptation, as when you have nothing to do. Then it is that Satan is most likely to get you into mischief. Many is the lad whose moral ruin may be traced back to the fact of his having too much spare time.

But I would further remind you that if you are Christians, your daily work, whatever it be, is to be viewed as your Divine Father's business. When a man says, "I must be about my Father's business," that is not to be taken as meaning that he must be off to a prayer-meeting, or that he must go to read his Bible, or engage in private devotions, or visit the sick, or teach a Sunday class, or distribute tracts, or conduct a service, or, indeed, engage in any specific religious duty whatever; the language may apply to his secular calling, his common daily employ. If you are a man of God, every single act of your life should be viewed as a part of your Father's business.

Indeed, the most effective of all ways in which God is served, is this living to Him in everything, consecrating to His glory all the details of our ordinary prosaic life. There are but few people who fully realise this blessed truth. Unhappily, the bulk even of professedly Christian men separate their own business from their Divine Father's business, that is, their secular occupation from their religion, in a way that is not to the advantage of either.

Over their office door or shop door, they write, "Business is business"; and over their church door they write, "Religion is religion"; but they have no notion that the two should intermingle.

They forget that religion is not a thing by itself, which may be added or tacked on to a man's life *ab extra*, but an all-persuasive influence, flowing out from the centre of a regenerate heart into all one's daily acts and occupations.

Do not for a moment suppose that it is principally the preacher in the pulpit, or the teacher in the Sunday-school, or the Christian visitor in the sick-room, or the saint upon his knees, that is doing the Father's business; not less may the carpenter at the bench be doing it, the compositor at his printing-frame, the shop-man at the counter, the clerk at the desk; provided each of these realises the presence of God, and strives, to the best of his power, to fulfil, to the Divine glory, the task assigned to him.

There is not a situation so humble, nor a job so common-place, that may not mean real work for God; and that work, faithfully done, shall have His approbation and reward.

Were this truth more commonly realised, it would go far to sweep the market-place of fraud and imposture; it would purify our commerce; would put an end to adulterations, and shams, and false labels, and scamping of every kind.

The last Blue-book on the Merchandise Market tells a humbling tale, for it reveals a rottenness of business customs, and a gross commercial immorality, that are likely to be a thousand times more damaging to English trade, in the long run, than a succession of bad seasons or a wasteful war.

The record it gives of the evidence brought before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, discloses a series of persistent efforts, in all sorts of enterprises, to palm off upon the public, goods which are not what they profess to be. Will men dare to call such a style of trade "their Father's business"? Ah! apply this test, and, like Ithuriel's spear, it will lay bare much that is a disgrace to our commerce.

Young men! Have nothing to do with such practices. Let not the withering blight of them touch anything that you are concerned with. Let that only be your business which you can call "your Father's business," too.

Whilst this view of the text is unchallengeable, and all your life is, in a sense, to be given to God, remember that, if you can call Him "Father," you are bound, in a stricter view of the words, to do some specific work for Him; some sacred, self-denying, philanthropic work; some work to benefit your fellows, and to extend His kingdom.

It is a poor, contemptible life, that is spent all for self. Why, if you are a Christian, scarcely a single day should pass in which you have not done some business for God. If you are on the outlook for such work, and cannot find it, I shall undertake to remove this difficulty. May heaven's rich blessing descend upon all of you who are so employed!

Now, let me give you a motto for the coming year; and whenever the arch-tempter or base companions would entice you to indolence or vice, may you be ready with the prompt reply, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"



HOMELY HOBBIES: RECREATIONS IN GEOLOGY.

By W. H. HARRIS, B.A., B.Sc.

No. 6.—THE MATERIALS OF OUR MANTEL-PIECES AND FIRE-PLACE JAMBS.

IN recommending geological questions and pursuits as a hobby, we are quite aware that it is impossible for most people to go very deeply, merely in their leisure time, into a subject so vast as the history and contents of the earth's crust. But, just as those who take up "pigeon-fancying" as an amusement, most frequently restrict themselves to one or two particular breeds; as poultry-rearers usually confine themselves to some special varieties; as insect-collectors generally have a pet "order" to which they devote their inquiries and their search; there is no reason why certain distinct departments of geology should not become hobbies for those who are fond of this branch of natural science. For example, how full of interest a cabinet would be, which contained specimens of stones, polished and unpolished, used for the purposes mentioned in the heading of this Paper! There would be granites of many hues; serpentines of wondrous colours; limestones of a dozen kinds, each with a history of intense interest, and tolerably easy to make out; slates, enamelled with much skill, to simulate other stones; while a place would also be found for more beautiful and expensive materials, like malachite, amygdaloids, and other crystalline minerals.

We must not pursue this suggestion further; but we may, perhaps, usefully enforce it by giving a few particulars relating to the materials to which we have just alluded. First, then, with regard to granite. Possibly all our readers do not know that it consists, for the most part, of quartz, felspar, and mica. Sometimes a mineral called "hornblende" replaces the mica, and then the rock is named "Syenite," from Syene, a town in Egypt, where it was once largely quarried.

The proportions of the ingredients of granite vary largely. This is especially the case with the felspar, whose own composition, also, is far from constant. The result of this is seen in the numerous tints assumed by granite, it being sometimes flesh-red, sometimes grey, or greyish-white, with many intermediate hues. Again, the size and general prevalence of the felspathic crystals is often so marked, that we have what are called "porphyries." Then, as a rule, the crystalline constituents are without any definite arrangement, but we occasionally find a more or less distinctly banded structure. The rock is then called a "gneiss." This last-mentioned fact has led modern geologists to the conclusion, that gneiss must be placed among the "metamorphic" series, *i.e.*, with those beds which have undergone great change since their formation. In other words, it is believed by many, that these now completely crystalline rocks were once *stratified*, like our clays and sandstones, but that, owing to immense pressure and heat, probably acting with water at an exceedingly high temperature, a great alteration has taken place in the nature and arrangement of their component minerals. But if this be true of gneiss, the gradations of the latter into granite by such extremely gentle stages, naturally lead us to conclude that there can be no essential difference of origin between them. A further deduction is, that the granitic series is probably not confined to any particular geologic "age"; that in all periods of the history of the earth's crust these rocks have been forming, and that, at the present moment, miles below the surface, the potent agencies, to which we have alluded, may be changing and re-arranging, chemically and mineralogically, materials once subject to the influences of sea-waves and river-action, sunshine and frost, rain and wind. In such speculations as these, what a wondrous field has been opened up for the work of what has been aptly termed, "the scientific imagination"!

The use of the granites for mantel-pieces and fire-place jambs is, naturally, limited to buildings in which cost is a secondary consideration. Their sparkle and beauty of tints, their hardness, durability, and susceptibility to a high "polish" render them attractive; but the expense of carriage from mountainous or hilly districts, and the time and labour required for their working, make them a somewhat costly luxury. Hence the more frequent employment of limestones.

In two previous Papers, we have referred to some of the means by which this latter class of rocks has been formed; for it must be remembered, that no single method has been concerned in their working. They differ widely in this respect from the sandstones, for example, which are all due to the breaking up of older rocks into minute grains, and the subsequent cementation or consolidation of these into a compact and massive condition. But there is another respect, also, in which limestones differ from many other kinds of rock material. This is that, so far as at present known, all our calcareous formations, however they may vary in texture and appearance, seem to be the result of *organic* agency. It may appear astonishing that white crystalline marble, for instance, which looks so pure and homogeneous, and without a trace of animal or vegetable matter, should once have teemed with life. Yet when we remember the origin of chalk, and what amount of metamorphism is found to occur in minerals under the influence of heat and pressure, all difficulty as to the origin of white marble disappears.

But to the ways in which our numerous kinds of marble have been formed, a few more facts must be added. We have spoken in our previous Papers of the contributions to rock-masses made by foraminifera and coral-polyps. To these lowly workers, we probably owe the greatest amounts of our limestone beds; but they have not been, by any means, alone in their labours. In some districts in our country, notably in Lancashire, Derbyshire, and at Dent, in Yorkshire, marble is found, consisting almost wholly of the remains of encrinites, or "stone-lilies," as they have been called. These creatures belong to the *echinodermata*, which include the more familiar forms of the star-fishes and sea-urchins. From these, their remote cousins, they differ, however, in some important aspects. They are at first freely swimming organisms, but, at an early period in their life, they come to anchor on some firm ground, and henceforth remain fixed to that spot. They soon begin to develop a jointed and flexible stalk, on which they mount higher and higher, till a length of a good many inches is attained. In a cup-like depression enclosed by calcareous plates, and called the "calyx," lives the animal itself, encircled by wondrously branching "arms," constructed, like the stalk, of a great number of articulations, dividing and sub-dividing, and diminishing in size, until they resemble delicate calcareous filaments. It has been estimated that, in some specimens of these crinoids, there existed as many as 140,000 separable joints, which, as the animal matter connecting them decayed, would fall confusedly together. Thus, as generation after generation flourished and died in the same area, the total of their remains, in the course of long periods of time, built up large masses of limestone. The individual joints of stalks and arms may often be picked up on beaches where "encrinital-limestone" cliffs are disintegrating. In former days they were sometimes threaded into rosaries—for they have a central perforation—and in the north of England they are called even now "St. Cuthbert's beads." Sir Walter Scott thus refers to this fact:—

> "But fain St. Hilda's nuns would learn
> If, on a rock by Lindisfarn,
> St. Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
> The sea-born beads that bear his name."

Very few specimens of crinoids have been found still living, and it would seem, for some reason with which we are unacquainted, that they no longer exist in the remarkable profusion they attained in bygone periods.

"Encrinital" marble takes a good polish, and owes its very varied and pleasing markings to the different angles at which portions of the original calcareous structure are cut through, by the shaping and polishing of the stone.

From South Devonshire come marbles of different shades of grey, and having veins running through them, variously coloured—white, yellow, or reddish. Frequently, too, are to be found, distinct traces of the special coralline structure, called "madrepore." From the quarries in the north of the same county are obtained black marbles with bold white veinings. A similar kind is found at Ashford, in Derbyshire. In this latter county, at Bakewell, there occurs a brown variety, called the "rosewood." Excellent marbles are also got from Ireland—black in Kilkenny and Galway; grey in Cork, King's County, and Galway; and mottled in Limerick. Some of the most beautifully tinted kinds come from foreign countries. The purest white is from Carrara, in North Italy; a rich yellowish brown, with lighter veins and cloudings, is quarried at Siena, in Tuscany. Other sorts are known as *verde antique*—a cloudy green, mixed with serpentine; *rosso antico*—a deep blood red, with lighter tinted veins; and *lumachello*, or "fire-marble"—a dark-brown variety, with spots showing reflections like "mother-of-pearl," and due to the nacreous matter of the inner portions of shells, cut through in the polishing process. These various colours are due to matters mingled with the calcareous ingredients, chiefly compounds of iron; but in the case of the black marbles, bituminous substances, from animal or vegetable sources, have imparted the deep, dark hue. In all the cases above mentioned, there has been much "metamorphism," owing in many instances to the intrusion of dikes or molten masses, at enormously high temperatures, from far below the surface. Such masses, making their way in huge pipes or veins, would naturally alter the texture of the rocks amidst which they found a passage.

From what has been said, it might appear that all marbles have had their origin from marine animals. No doubt the greater proportion of our limestones were formed in the ocean, but in Sussex and in Dorsetshire, there have been found calcareous beds, of no

great thickness however, consisting almost wholly of the remains of fresh-water molluscs, chiefly univalves, *i.e.*, possessing a single shell, like the snail, instead of two separate valves, like the oyster. These varieties are known as Petworth, Purbeck, and Paludina marble, the last being the name of the particular germs of "shell-fish," which have most largely contributed to the formation of these beds. In colour they are dull grey, and their markings are due to the "whorls" of the shells, cut through at different angles.

Our commoner mantel-pieces and fire-place jambs are made of "oolites" of different textures. The word means "egg-stones," and was given from the rounded particles of calcareous matter, distinguishable by the unaided eye, and bearing a fancied resemblance to the roe, or eggs, of fish. The formation of these oolitic limestones has been due to the accretion of minute amounts of carbonate of lime, from water highly charged with it, around tiny nuclei, furnished from various sources.

Space does not permit us to devote more than a few sentences to "malachite."

It is a green carbonate of copper, found in Russia, North America, and at the Burra Burra mines in Australia. It is too expensive for common use in large pieces, but it is frequently inlaid into other kinds of rocky material, and its effects are recognised as so pleasing, that the slate-enameller often imitates its well-known colour and appearance in parts of the jambs of our fire-places.

FORTY WRESTLERS; or, CHRISTIAN HEROISM.

WHEN the Emperor Licinius was persecuting the Christians in Armenia, the Thundering Legion was stationed at Sebaste. Forty men in that Legion declared themselves Christians, and were sentenced to be exposed naked all night on a frozen pool; for it was winter, and bitter cold. In a house on the edge of the pool a large fire was kindled, and food and wine and a warm bath were prepared, under the charge of Sempronius, a centurion, and a guard of soldiers; and it was announced to the forty, that if any of them entered the house, they would be considered to have denied Christ.

So night came on, and the keen wind from Mount Caucasus made the citizens close their windows and doors more tightly, and heap up the fuel on their hearths. And on the frozen pool were the forty warriors, some standing lost in prayer, some walking quickly to and fro, some already sleeping that sleep which only ends in death. And ever and again, as the hours went slowly by, they prayed: "O Lord, forty wrestlers have come forth to fight for Thee: grant that forty wrestlers may receive the crown of victory."

And now, as the cold grew more intense, one of the forty could endure no longer, and he left the pool and came to the house where Sempronius and his men were keeping guard. But still the martyrs' prayer went up to heaven: "O God, forty wrestlers have come forth to fight for Thee; grant that forty wrestlers may receive the crown of victory."

The prayer was answered. Sempronius, the centurion, was touched by his comrades' bravery. He declared himself a Christian, and took his place on the frozen pool. And when the cold had done its work, and forty corpses lay upon the ice, forty glorious spirits, with Sempronius among them, entered into the presence of their King.

ALMOST SAVED!

By Eva Travers Evered Poole.

HOW the cry rings out: "A man drowning!" How it all happened, nobody knew; in the confusion and excitement, people forgot to ask. All that the hurrying crowd realised was, that a man had fallen off the pierhead into the sea, and that there he was, struggling for dear life in the dark waves.

Look! You can just see his head for a moment. Eyes are strained, and women hold their breath, standing on tip-toe to catch a glimpse of the dark spot in the water, that might be the hand or head of their drowning fellow-creature, lifted in prayer for help.

There! he has caught the rope which those men yonder have thrown to him. He has it! No; he has just missed it. How long they are getting a boat! Ah! that great wave has carried him farther out on its white, angry bosom. No rope can reach him now. There is a smothered cry from the women, and a low groan from many a strong man standing by, as they realise this. Oh, if he had but caught the rope when it was close to him!

"And he was so nearly saved!" breaks from the lips of a sturdy, honest fisherman, as he dashes a tear from his eye with the back of his rough, toil-worn hand.

"Why, once I could have sworn the rope touched his hand, and I saw his fingers close upon it."

Aye; that made it all the worse, to think of the poor fellow being drowned, after all, when he was almost saved! Doesn't it seem a pitiful, sorrowful thing to be so *nearly* saved, and yet to be lost?

Hush! I fancy I hear a low, murmuring sigh. What is it? Is it the cry of a lost soul?

Yes; it comes on the breath of eternity, from the other world.

"I was once so nearly saved. I had almost decided to accept Christ, almost resolved to close with His offer of mercy; but though the rope touched me, I never grasped it, and the dark wave of sin engulfed me! Lost! lost! Too late! and for ever! Oh! if I could only once more be so close to Jesus! How I would cling to His outstretched hand! How I would grasp at His promises! Oh, to be *nearly saved*, and yet lost for ever!"

'Tis the wail of a lost soul. Perhaps *you* are now within touch of Christ—close to a new and better life, within reach of heaven. I don't know what may be holding you back from grasping salvation. I only know that Satan is perfectly satisfied to have you close to Christ, as long as you do not touch Him. But time is going. A little more delay will cost you your soul. Settle the matter between you and your Saviour; and *now*, while He stands stretching out to you the hand that will save you, *grasp it*. Conscience has bidden you do this a thousand times. Heaven and hell are waiting your decision. Which shall it be? *Almost saved?* or altogether?

Calumny would soon starve and die, if nobody took it in and gave it a lodging.

Love works out deep and difficult problems in life; hatred tangles all it touches.

Godliness in the Heart produces a strong character; godliness worn as a cloak produces a weak one.

That was a good Prayer of the old deacon—"Lord, make me willing to run on little errands for Thee."

PRACTICAL FAITH.

AN ocean steamer is anchored in the Mersey. A man stands on the pier gazing at it. He says, "That is a noble vessel. She is the staunchest and swiftest steamer that ploughs the Atlantic. I know all about naval architecture, and I pronounce her well-built. I know all about machinery, and I regard her engines as perfect. Her captain, too, is a model officer. If anybody wants to go to New York, he cannot do better than to embark on that vessel." Who would ask for a fuller and more satisfactory confession of faith than that? But the man stands on the pier. He does not go on board. And now a messenger comes from the captain, offering him a free passage. But he does not accept. He does not get into the boat that is fastened to the pier, and let the sailors take him on board. You say to him, "Sir, don't you want to go to New York?" "Yes," he replies; "but not just now, and not in that steamer." What does such faith amount to? There is nothing practical in it.

But here comes another man, with bag in hand. He also looks from the pier at the steamer. He says, "I want to go to New York. I don't know much about naval architecture, or about machinery, but that vessel looks strong, I am assured that she has carried thousands in safety, and I am going to trust myself to her." He does not ask for a free passage. He buys a ticket, gets into the boat, and is taken on board. No one can doubt the reality of his faith. He shows it by what he does. It is not faith in the steamer, as staunch and swift, and a good vessel for others to embark in, but faith in it for himself, faith that leads him to prefer it to any other vessel in the harbour, to entrust his life to it.

BIBLE JOTTINGS.

Matt. 15. 21–31.

"Great faith."

There are no "kinds of faith," but there are degrees in faith.

1.	Faith	Eph. 2. 8.
2.	Little faith	Matt. 16. 8.
3.	Great faith	Matt. 15. 28.
4.	So great faith	Matt. 8. 10.
5.	Weak faith	Rom. 4. 19.
6.	Strong faith	Rom. 4. 20.
7.	Full of faith	Acts 6. 8.

"At Jesus' feet" (ver. 30).

1.	The *scholar's* place. . . .	Luke 10. 39.
2.	The *sorrower's* place . . .	John 11. 32.
3.	The *sacrificing* one's place .	Luke 17. 16.
4.	The *suppliant's* place . . .	Mark 5. 22.
5.	The *sick* one's place . . .	Matt. 15. 30.
6.	The *subdued* one's place . .	Luke 8. 35.
7.	The *servant's* place . . .	Luke 5. 8.
8.	The *sinner's* place	Luke 7. 38.

1 Thessalonians 1. 5.

The Gospel.	*Judas, etc.*
In word only	Luke 8. 12. Acts 8. 13, 21. John 6. 60–66.
	Lydia.
In power	Acts 16. 14, 15. Acts 8. 12, 37. Acts 16. 32, 34. Acts 4. 4.
In the Holy Ghost . . .	Acts 19. 1, 6. Acts 10. 44. Acts 4. 31. Acts 8. 17.
In much assurance . . .	John 6. 69. Rom. 8. 38, 39. Phil. 1. 21, 23. 2 Cor. 2. 14.

OUTLINE OF INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

JANUARY 22ND.

JESUS AND THE AFFLICTED.—*Matthew* 15. 21–31.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Is any among you afflicted? Let him pray."—*James* 5. 13.

CHRIST'S object in retiring to borders of Tyre and Sidon—temporary rest. Mark says (chap. 7. 4), "He would have no man know it."

"He could not be hid." Real goodness need never *seek publicity;* its difficulty will be to *avoid* it.

Wherever we go, we may find opportunities of doing good. Christ retires, yet work follows Him.

A Gentile woman seeks Christ, while the Jews reject Him. The most privileged are sometimes the most careless.

This woman is anxious about her daughter's welfare. Would that all parents were equally anxious about their children's souls.

This woman takes her daughter's case to Christ. An example to parents and teachers.

The woman meets with discouragement, yet she perseveres.

Christ's silence does not mean unkindness or indifference. It is love, combined with wisdom.

The woman erred in the *manner* of her address; she blundered in coming. YET SHE CAME. Better to come thus, than not at all.

Christ did not refuse her, but He *taught* her. He taught her first, then granted her prayer. So Christ will teach us.

She was mistaken in claiming help from Christ as Son of David. This title gave her no ground to claim anything. Christ taught her her true position.

Let us aim to be intelligent in our prayers; but don't cease to pray, because you are not intelligent. Christ is very patient. It is better to make mistakes in prayer, than to make the greater mistake of not praying.

Observe—Christ did not call the woman a dog; He simply hinted at the popular estimation in which Gentiles were held.

She had great faith in the riches of Christ. After the Jews were satisfied, there was enough for the Gentiles.

See how pleased Christ is with our faith. We are far more likely to grieve Him by our unbelief than by our presumption.

JAMES L. STANLEY.

FURTHER NOTES

By the Rev. J. H. THORPE, M.A., Cork.

THE teacher will not fail to compare the account in St. Mark, and explain the apparent discrepancy. St. Matthew (ver. 23) appears to describe an incident on the road, and St. Mark (chap. 7. 24) in the house. Mark takes up the latter part of the story, which would appear to have taken place in the house, while Matthew gives the whole from the beginning. St. Mark tells us more fully that her religion was a Greek (see margin), and her country Syro-Phenicia. There is no contradiction with St. Matthew, for the same country was at one time called Canaan, at another, Syro-Phenicia.

The original for "dogs" is "little dogs," and is not so harsh as would at first appear, for it refers to domesticated dogs.

I. Note some precious things about Jesus,—

Something about Himself. Mark, "He could not be hid," the "Sun of Righteousness." The sun may be obscured, but you can see its light and feel its heat—it cannot be hid. You may hide a rose, but you cannot conceal its fragrance. If Jesus is in our heart, our friends know it.

He does not deal with all cases alike. Some He answered at once, some He anticipated; this woman He held back.

How patient He was. The disciples were tired of her cries, but Jesus was not. Jesus loved her, they did not. Love is never impatient. Love is like a large ship which carries a cargo that would sink little boats. Great love shows great patience.

Note the silence of Christ. Here; before Pilate; His *look* to Peter. There is a time to be silent, and we can often do more good by silence than by speech.

Learn from *Christ's words to the woman:* "Behind a frowning providence, He hides a smiling face."

II. From the action of the disciples we learn that *kindness is often done from selfishness.* They wanted Jesus to grant her request, not because they felt for her, so much as because "she crieth after us." Never miss an opportunity to be kind, but always seek grace to be kind for the right reason.

III. See in this woman,—

A model mother. Her daughter was sick, and she prayed: "Lord, help *me.*" She made her daughter's misery her own. Love is a self-forgetting thing. What a mother! Children should seek to be worthy of their parents.

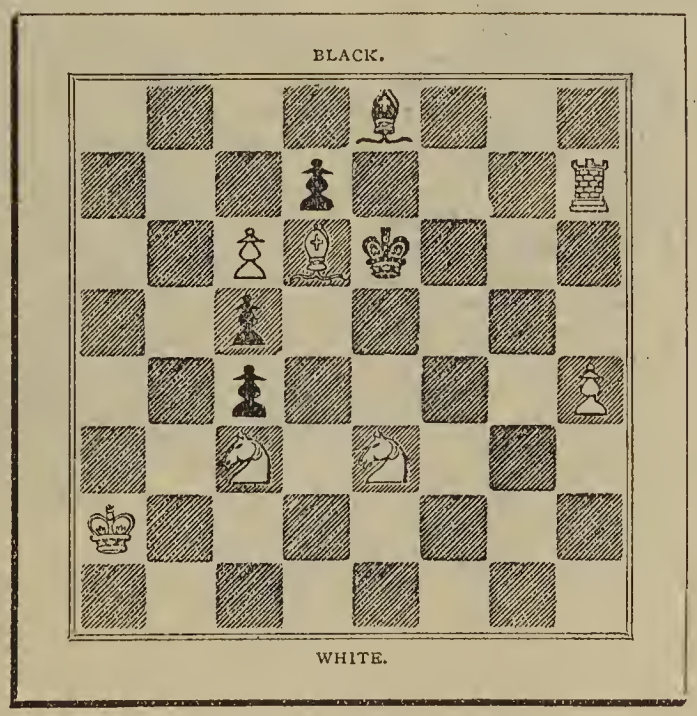
A model seeker of blessing. She went to the right One; she asked in the right way; she acted on her faith. Note in her prayer—how earnest, humble, persevering, bold, and it was intercessory. Note her faith—particular, patient, persevering. Note what she learned—(1) the power of Jesus; (2) the power of prayer; and (3) that the word of Jesus is as powerful as His bodily presence. "And her daughter was made whole from that very hour." We cannot see Him now, but He is none the less able to help us, to heal us, and to hear us.

CHESS.

By F. F. ROWLAND.

PART VII.

ILLUSTRATED POSITION, NO. VII.



White to play and mate in three moves.

THE above ingenious problem, by Rev. H. W. Sherrard, fully illustrates the power of a pawn, and cases where it is necessary to promote it to a particular piece. The key move is 1P takes P. In reply, Black may play K, take B, or K to B3, or else move his B, then, in order to effect mate in the required number of moves, White must, as the following solution will show, play the Pawn to the eighth rank, and promote it to a Q, R, B, or Kt, according as Black moves.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1P × P.	1K × B.
2P × B becoming R, etc.	1K to B3.
2P × B becoming B, etc.	1B to B2.
2P to Q8 becoming Q, etc.	1B to Kt3.
2P to Q8 becoming Kt ch.	1B × P.
2Kt to K4, etc.	

A good player embraces in his mind the full power of all the pieces and pawns, and notes every point of advantage and danger left open by his opponent. He who plays at random plays on chance, and chance is not an element in chess. No move should be made without a special object, and every move of your opponent should be carefully studied, in order to find out the object he has in view. It is by thus studying, the novice becomes the adept, and is thereby able to enjoy all the pleasures chess affords.

Before turning our attention to the opening moves of a game, we will give the following sound advice, which was laid down by one of our greatest chess masters, Stamma, and by which we hope our young friends will be guided.

Your first view should be to open the game so as to make way for your pieces to come out, that you may post them advantageously, and have them in readiness to attack and defend.

This is best done by advancing proper Pawns; these are the King's, the Queen's, and the Queen's Bishops' Pawns. The three Pawns on the King's side should remain unmoved, in order to guard him, and secure a retreat for him when he castles.

Castle as soon as you can conveniently. This is sometimes so necessary to be done without delay, that it may be worth while to abandon a Pawn, rather than lose the opportunity.

If you bring out your pieces too soon, before you have opened their road, they will confine your Pawns and crowd your game; if you play them near the adversary, so that he may drive them back by pushing his Pawns, the same bad consequence must follow. In this case you lose a move, and that alone may probably be the loss of the game. Your adversary perhaps gains a move on his side, that helps his game forwards, or it may be in his power to hunt your piece till he catches it, or drives it where it may be useless to you by the difficulty of bringing it again into play. Thus you may lose several moves.

One exception to this rule is, when you play a piece thus, in order to get into a safe and advantageous post at the next move. But in general, it is best to bring out your pieces under the protection of your Pawns, which, likewise, by being advanced, leave places of safety for them to retire to, in case they are driven, though you must avoid exposing them to it.

Never let your King lie in danger of receiving a check by discovery; that is to say, in such a position that your adversary, by removing one piece, opens check by another behind.

A double check may still be worse.

If a Pawn stands before your King in a direct line, and it is in your power to take it with a piece, look first whether your adversary cannot pin that piece down, by bringing a Rook behind it, and take it at the next move, either with Rook, or by pushing a Pawn upon it.

If your adversary plays or leaves a piece, where it lies in your power to take it, as you may at first sight think, for nothing, do not immediately conclude it to be through inadvertancy, especially if he is a good player; but consider whether by taking it you do not expose yourself to a mate, or at least to pay too dear for what you get.

Sometimes a bait of this kind may lead even your Queen into a place, where she may be so entangled, or detained out of the way, as not to be set free in several moves, if at all, to come to your assistance.

He that has a piece or Pawn advantage, is commonly in the right to make an exchange as often as he can conveniently; it increases the odds on his side, for two to one is greater odds than three to two. Yet let him consider before he does it, whether he may not lose a move, instead of getting one, or mend his adversary's situation, and perhaps spoil his own.

SOLUTION TO POSITION ILLUSTRATING LAW X.

Assuming this to be the end of a game in which White gave the odds of KR,—1 castles on K side, 1 K to Kt6, 2 Kt to K2—ch, 2 K to R6, 3 B to Kt2 mate. Two other variations.

(*To be continued.*)

GLASS-MAKING AS A BRITISH INDUSTRY.

By Henry H. Bourn, Author of "Earth's Diamonds; or, Coal, its Formation and Value."

IN the general acceptation of the term, glass includes any substance or mixture, earthy, saline, or metallic, which is reduced by heat and fusion into a hard, brittle, uniform mass, having a high degree of lustre.

The invention of glass can be traced backward for many ages. The manufacture of glass was well understood before the beginning of the Christian era. In the time of Strabo, A.D. 27, glass had become an article of considerable importance; and, as early as the year A.D. 65, its immense magnifying power was well known, when formed into a convex shape. From Pliny, it appears that the discovery of glass was made from sand found in a small river of Galilee. Articles were made from it, he states, to the shape required, by blowing with the breath, or by pouring into a mould, or grinding in a lathe. Nero is reported to have given a sum equal to £50,000 sterling for two glass cups, each having two handles, but by no means of an extraordinary size. Glass has been discovered amongst the ruins of Herculaneum, which was destroyed in the year A.D. 80.

The art of making ornaments, beads, and amulets of glass was known amongst the Ancient Britons.

The Venerable Bede tells us, that artificers skilled in making glass were brought to England from France, in the year A.D. 674, to glaze the church and monastery of Weremouth. According to other historians, they were brought over by Wilfrid, Bishop of Winchester, about the same time. This appears to have been the earliest date at which glass was used for glazing windows in Great Britain. Venice excelled all Europe, for many years, in the fineness and clearness of its glasses; and, up to the thirteenth century, alone had the secret of making crystal looking-glasses. It was during the year A.D. 1557, that glass of the finer sort began to be manufactured in England, in Crutched Friars, London. The fine flint glass, little inferior to that of Venice, was first made at the Savoy House, Strand, London, and the first glass plates for looking-glasses were made in Lambeth, in A.D. 1673. Since then, improvements have been introduced from time to time, by which English manufacturers are enabled to produce specimens which favourably compare with continental productions.

The manufactured glass now in use, may, for our present purpose, be divided into four main branches:—plate, crown and sheet, flint, and bottle glass,—all of which have their varieties and sub-divisions. The plate glass is made for such purposes as mirrors and windows, of a superior class. Crown and sheet glass are used for ordinary windows. Flint glass is made for ornamental work, where diversity of form is required, as in lamps, table glass, medical and perfumery glasses; while bottle glass is used for all commoner purposes.

The materials used in manufacturing glass are sand, lead, arsenic, nitre, and manganese. The most perfect kind of flint glass was formerly made by fusing 120 lbs. of white sand, 50 lbs. of red lead, 40 lbs. of best pearl ashes, 20 lbs. of nitre, and 5 ounces of manganese. Crown glass, or the best window glass, differs from flint glass in having no lead, or other metallic oxide in it, excepting manganese. Sheet glass at present contains in round numbers, 72 per cent. of silica or white sand, 13 per cent. of soda, 13 per cent. of lime, and 2 per cent. of alumnia and oxide of iron.

The sand, used for making glass of the commonest kind, is obtained in large quantities in Wales, Bedfordshire, and Lancashire. For better class goods, the sand comes from Croydon, Reigate, Alum Bay, Isle of Wight, Terre à Bleu, and Fontainebleau, in France. Before admixture with the other ingredients, the sand is washed and burned. The burning is in ovens, specially constructed for that purpose; the object being to remove all moisture and organic matter. After undergoing this process, the sand is carefully sifted, and placed in bins ready for use.

The pearl ash and red oxide of lead are thoroughly mixed with sand in a bin, dried and passed through sieves. The mixture is stored in barrels, ready for use, in the glass-house, and the mixer's duty is to prepare a sufficient quantity, during the week, to charge the pots or crucibles with on the day when it will be needed by the workmen. The furnaces are heated to a white heat before being charged, and the mixture is converted into molten glass by about forty-eight hours' constant firing.

The glass would of course be white, if nothing more was done with it. To obtain the various brilliant colours, now so much in demand, other materials have to be added—mostly metallic oxides. Oxides of copper give different shades of green; oxide of iron is also used. The addition of manganese gives a fine puce colour, while cobalt is used to produce blue. Oxide of uranium gives the appearance of gold to the finished glass, while a solution of gold and tin produces the well-known and beautiful ruby tint. A peculiarity of this tint, however, is that the glass, when cold, shows no trace of the colouring, but remains white, the ruby tint only being brought out in the process of annealing. A crucible, or pot in which the ingredients are fused, holds from 10 to 12 hundredweight, and is commonly filled by four successive charges, one being allowed to become partly melted before the next is added.

After leaving the furnace, glass is made to assume its desired shape, either by blowing, pressing, or grinding.

At present there are about 25,000 persons employed in glass-works in Great Britain, nearly 10,000 of whom are to be met with in the counties of Warwick, Worcester, and Stafford. In the flint-glass houses, the men and boys work in sets of four, the "head man," "the servitor," "the foot-maker," and "the taker-in." A few boys only are employed in crown-glass houses, as "pushers," to slide back the iron door of the furnace, after the glass is drawn out. Glass-houses are in the shape of a large beehive, and, as a rule, are not such very hot places to work in. Most of the modern buildings are both cool and light. The amount of heat differs according to the kind of glass being made, some kinds requiring larger openings in the furnace than others. The greatest heat is felt by the men who have charge of the metal and furnace during founding, before the actual glass-making begins. At the mouth of the furnace, the heat will, in all probability, be from 172 to 220 degrees; where the blower stands, from 95 to 118 degrees; where the boys "take in," from 80 to 190 degrees.

In making crown-glass, the ingredients being quite ready, the operative dips the end of his pipe, or hollow rod of iron, into the crucible, and, twirling it round, collects a pear-shaped lump of molten glass. Resting his pipe upon a stand, he turns it gently round, and allows the surface of the lump to cool sufficiently for a second gathering. By simple, but ingenious processes, the lump of glass is converted successively into the shape of a cone, a Florence flask, a large globe, an enormous short-necked decanter, a "bull's-eye," and finally, by the action of heat and centrifugal force, into a thin, circular sheet of glass.

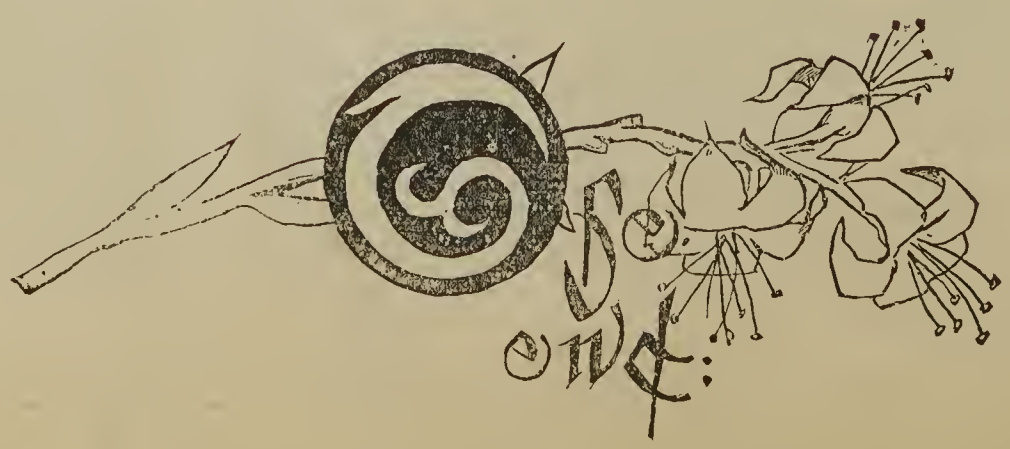
After the complete fusion of the ingredients, there are seven processes through which plate glass passes: (1) the pouring of the molten metal upon a flat iron table, highly polished, 20 feet long by 8 or 10 feet wide; (2) the passage of a roller over the molten glass; (3) the annealing; (4) the trimming; (5) the grinding; (6) the smoothing; (7) the polishing.

All articles which are either oval or square are blown in moulds. Only those which are round can be blown in the hands of the operative.

In the annealing kiln, the glass is allowed to cool somewhat gradually. Without this, glass would be unfit, through its brittleness, for use.

In the cutting or grinding shop, a large number of men will be employed over ground glass, the rough grinding being done on a steel disc. The desired pattern is brought out by a smooth stone wheel, and the polishing is completed, either on a wheel made of bismuth and lead, or by a revolving brush, and a good supply of rotten stone.

Glass-cutting is an unhealthy occupation, not only from its being sedentary, but from the irritating dust arising during the polishing stage, which plays great havoc amongst the operatives.



JAN. 28, 1888. ONE PENNY.

"A.1."

WEEKLY — Edited by MRS. STEPHEN MENZIES.

Borrowed Clothes



THE SEA-OTTER.

AN adult sea-otter is an animal not much larger, and very much in *embonpoint* like a full-grown and well-conditioned beaver (*Castor Canadensis*). The skin, however, lies upon it in a very different manner from that peculiar to the giant rodent just cited, since the folds of the otter's hide, when seized by the hand, seem to have an enormous power of elastic stretching, and rise from the adult body just as the skin does on the scruff of a puppy's neck; in other words, the cutaneous covering of the kalan appears to have been fashioned for twice the anatomical bulk which it rests upon. There is no sexual dissimilarity in colour or size among the adults, and both sexes manifest the same intense shyness and aversion to man, coupled with the greatest solicitude for their young, which they bring into existence at all seasons of the year, literally "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

The otter is only about fifteen inches long when born, and provided with a rough coat of coarse brownish grey hair, until it is two or three months old. From this poor condition of the pelt at birth, the pellage of the sea-otter steadily improves as it grows older and larger, so that by the age of three and four years, the animal wears its prime coat of adolescence; then the kalan sports one of rare beauty. Its rich black gloss, and characteristic velvety sheen and shimmer are well known to us, furnishing, as it does, many garments which add greatly to the comfort of both sexes during the inclement weather of this clime. This fur, when blown open by the inspector, shows much lighter toward the root than upon the surface, and extending over all, are scattered glistening hairs, whitish to pure white, which add greatly, or rather curiously, to the beauty of the coat.

The feet are so small, that really nothing of the whole expansion of the sea-otter's skin is lost when they are cut off. I should say that the hinder limbs are the sole propulsive organs; they are, when compared with the impotent tiny fore-feet, large and strong, and webbed between the toes, like those of a duck. The natives told me that the creature swims with surprising rapidity, and is a famous diver, and that often, in its desperation and determination not to be captured alive, it will deliberately jam itself into rocky interstices and crevices below the surface of the water, from which it never rises in life.

The sea-otter is not gregarious; it seems to lead a solitary existence, though the younger of its kind do undoubtedly herd in small bodies of forty or fifty, with a sprinkling of a few adults throughout the party, and so far forget themselves as to crawl out *en masse* upon some lonely rocky islet's beach or surfy reef, when howling gales of wind are blowing, and high seas running.

The devotion of the parent otter is remarkable, when it is tested while the young are nursing. The maternal progenitor is said to lie upon her back in the water, or on the kelp rafts, as the case may be; when she is surprised with her tender offspring, she clasps

the pup to her breast in her fore-paws, and turning quickly, exposes her back to the Aleutian spear-thrust, or the instantaneous death-wound of the bullet; but desert her young—never!

There have been numerous attempts made by the natives to raise young otters, which they have captured as they speared or shot the mothers, but all these trials have failed; the kalan will not be comforted, and deliberately starves itself to death. The diet is one of shell-fish almost exclusively—clams, mussels, sea-urchins, etc. They are said to be very playful when all alone by themselves, and I am assured by several old sea-otter hunters that they have watched the kalan for more than half an hour at a time, as it lay upon its back at the surface of the water, where it sported by tossing a piece of seaweed up into the air from paw to paw, taking all this time the greatest delight apparently in catching the algoid ball before it could fall into the sea. It is also tireless in its playful attention to its young, and will humour the juvenile gambols of its offspring for hours at a time.

The quick hearing and acute smell possessed by the sea-otter are not surpassed, and rarely equalled by any other animal. They will take alarm and leave from the most trivial causes, such as a small fire ten miles to the windward of them, and the footsteps of man must be washed by the ebb and flow of many tides ere the traces upon the beach will cease to alarm and prevent its landing thereon, should it chance to approach for that purpose.

The physiognomy of the sea-otter is ugly; its small, snaky, glittering black eyes enhance the *mal-contour* of its globose face. The capture of the sea-otter is confined to-day, as it has been chiefly in times past, to the efforts of the natives of those lonely regions where it is found. These people employ four methods of securing this valuable quarry; *i.e.*, the spearing-surround, that of surf-shooting, of clubbing, and by netting.

The oldest fashion, and the one generally used until the introduction of fire-arms, is that of the spearing-surround. Its method was and is as follows: A party of fifteen or twenty men get into their skin kyacks or bidarkies, two souls to each boat, and move out to sea, under the control of a self-chosen leader. They spread themselves out in a long line, slowly and silently paddling over the waters where sea-otters are most usually found, or where they confidently expect to surprise them. When any one of these hunters discovers an otter, asleep most likely in the water, he makes a quiet signal by lifting his paddle, or throwing up his arms. Not a word is spoken or a paddle splashed while the men are thus scouring the sea. The signal given, he who gives it darts toward the animal, which instantly takes alarm, and generally dives before the Aleut can get near enough to throw his spear. The hunter, however, keeps right on, and stops his canoe directly over the spot where the kalan disappeared, leaving only the circling rings of water in displacement with the floating bubbles from its quick-caught breath. The other men, taking quick note of the location of the discoverer over the wake of the startled animal, instantly deploy and scatter, forming a circle round the spot, half a mile, perhaps, in circumference, where they pause and patiently wait for the reappearance of the otter at the surface. It must rise in ten or fifteen minutes to breathe; when it does, then the man who is in turn nearest to the point of re-appearance again darts forward in his canoe to the spot, just as his predecessor did, while all hands in the circle shout and throw their spears, so as to make the creature dive again ere it shall have half caught its necessary modicum of fresh air, and thus not have even an instant in which to expel the poisoned gases that burden its lungs. This method is rapidly repeated, as often as the kalan can rise and dive, the canoe circle being rapidly drawn anew with each change of base, so that the surprises come so quickly and so surely, that the unhappy and distressed brute finally becomes so filled with gases that it cannot longer dive, and then becomes an easy victim to its captors.

The "clubbing" of the sea-otter is the most exciting and gamy undertaking of the Aleutian hunters, and it only transpires in the winter months, and then, during those infrequent opportunities which occur when gales of wind, snow, and sleet sweeping down from the northward have about blown themselves out; thereupon, the very boldest of the hunters set out in their light bidarkies from Sanaak and Belcorskie to scud down to the southward forty or sixty miles, on the tail of this storm, to those far-outlying rocks just protruding above surf-wash, where they creep up to the leeward and land upon them, often finding, as they do so, sea-otters hauled out there, lying with their heads pushed under and into the beds of kelp, to avoid the fierce pelting of the spray hurled by the fury of the storm. The noise of the tempest is so great, that the stealthy approach of the hunter then is not noticed, and he being armed with a short stout club of wood, despatches the animals one after another, without giving alarm to the whole body of unconscious victims. There is probably no chase of terrestrial or marine animals so exhaustive and exposing to the hunter as is that of the sea-otter in Alaska to-day, for the only periods in which men can expect to surprise it with reasonable certainty is immediately after or on the eve of tempests, when the pounding of the surf, with a force which whirls fine spray like bird-shot in the wind, literally drives the storm-weary otter to the land; but the moment the howling of the gale subsides, then the kalan hies himself to sea again.

The well-known naturalist, the Rev. J. G. Wood, speaking of these animals, says:—

Although so fierce and savage an animal when attacked, the otter is singularly susceptible of human influence, and can be taught to catch fish for the service of its masters, rather than for the gratification of its own palate. The Chinese or Indian otter affords an excellent instance of this capability; for, in every part of India, the trained otters are almost as common as trained dogs in England. It seems odd that the proprietors of streams should not press the otter into their service, instead of destroying it, and should not convert into a faithful friend the animal which at present is considered but as a ruthless enemy. Even in England, the otter has frequently been tamed and trained for the purposes of sport. A well-known gentleman, an inhabitant of Carstairs, was possessed of one of these animals, which had been trained with singular success. When called, the otter immediately answered to the appropriate name of Neptune. The animal, it appeared, was caught two years ago, being then only a few weeks old. It was actually suckled by a pointer, and, showing early signs of docility, was made over to the gamekeeper. In process of time, the animal increased in aptitude and sagacity, and was soon enabled to undertake the duty of an economical fisherman, frequently procuring a dish of excellent burn trout at such seasons when the angler's art, from adverse winds or foul streams, was in vain. In the morning, after these fishing exploits, which sometimes occupied the greater part of the night, Neptune was always found at his post, and the stranger might be astonished to see him among several brace of pointers and greyhounds. No one understood better how to keep at his own side of the house. In fact, according to the gamekeeper, he was "the best cur that ever ran."

Neptune was an amiable creature. He would allow himself to be gently lifted by his tail, but invariably objected to any interference with his snout. As an angler, his reputation is advancing rapidly, and one or two of Mr. M.'s neighbours intend to borrow him for a day or two in the Spring, for the purpose of ascertaining the quality and size of the larger trout in the pools of their estates.

Another of these animals was accustomed to go to work in a very systematic manner. It always plunged into the water very quietly, and, keeping close by the bank, took its course up the stream, disturbing the fish by smart blows with its tail. If a fish remained by the bank, the otter passed by, and did not seem to notice it, but if the fish should dart in front of its pursuer, it was instantly seized, and brought near the surface of the water—probably in order to lessen the force of its struggles. When the otter had brought its prey to shore, it always discovered some reluctance in parting with the fish which it had caught, and signified its disapprobation by a plaintive whine.

Mr. Richardson gives a very interesting account of an otter which he tamed, and which was accustomed to follow him in his walks like a dog, sporting by his side with graceful playfulness, and swimming at perfect liberty in the stream. This animal, however, could never be induced to yield her prey to her master; but when she saw him approaching, would quickly swim to the opposite side of the river, lay down her fish, and eat it in peace. The animal was accustomed to wander at her own will in the house and garden, and would eat all kinds of garden pests, such as snails, worms, and grubs, detaching the snails from their shells with great dexterity. She would also leap upon the chairs, as they stood by the windows, and catch and eat flies as they fluttered on the window-panes. She struck up a warm friendship with an Angora cat, and on one occasion, when her friend was attacked by a dog, she flew at the assailant, seized him by the jaw, and was so excited, that her master was obliged to separate the combatants, and to send the dog out of the room.

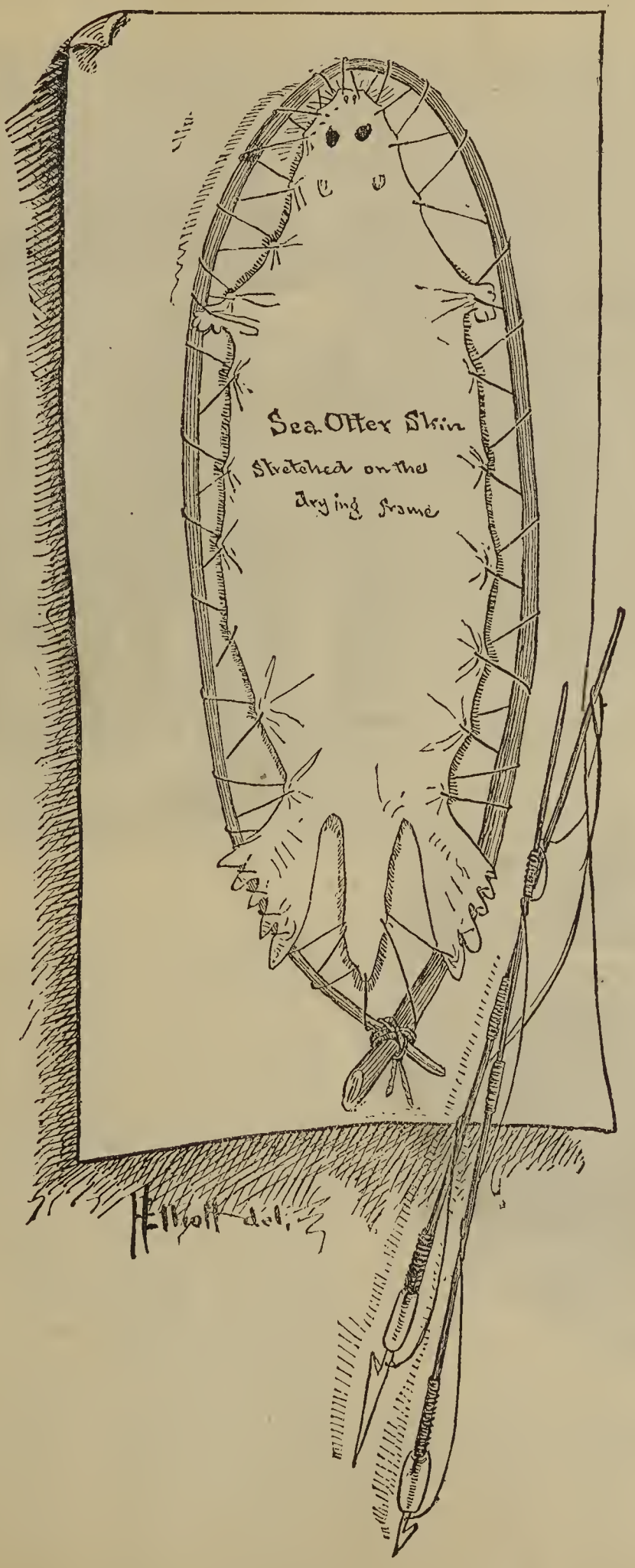
The mode of instruction followed in educating the otter is sufficiently simple. The creature is by degrees weaned from its usual fish diet, and taught to live almost wholly on bread and milk; the only fish-like article which it is permitted to see being a leathern caricature of the finny race, with which the young otter is habituated to play, as a kitten plays with a crumpled paper or a cork, which does temporary duty for a mouse. When the animal has accustomed itself to chase and catch the artificial fish, and to give it into the hand of its master, the teacher extends his instructions by drawing the leathern image smartly into the water, by means of a string, and encouraging his pupil to plunge into the stream after the lure, and

bring it ashore. As soon as the young otter yields the leathern prey, it is rewarded by some dainty morsel, which its teacher is careful to keep at hand, and soon learns to connect the two circumstances together.

Having become proficient in the preliminary instructions, the pupil is further tested by the substitution of a veritable, but a dead fish, in lieu of the manufactured article, and is taught to chase, capture, and yield the fish at the command of its master. A living fish is then affixed to a line, in order to be brought by the otter from the water, in which it is permitted to swim; and lastly, the pupil is taught to pursue and capture living fish, which are thrown into the water before its eyes. The remaining point of instruction is to take the so-far trained animal to the water-side, and induce it to chase and bring to shore the inhabitants of the stream, as they rove free and unconstrained in their native element.

In many parts of the world the otter is admirably trained for this purpose, and is taught to aid its master, not only by capturing single fish, but by drawing whole shoals of fishes into the ready nets of the sportsmen.

When in pursuit of its finny prey, the otter displays a grace and power which cannot be appreciated without ocular investigation. The animal glides through the watery element with such consummate ease and swiftness, and bends its pliant body with such flexible undulations, that the quick and wary fish are worsted in their own art, and fall easy victims to the otter's superior aquatic powers. So easily does it glide into the water, that no sound is heard, and scarcely a ripple seen to mark the time or place of its entrance; and when it emerges upon the shore, it withdraws its body from the stream with the same noiseless ease that characterizes its entrance. The otter is a playful creature, and is very fond of engaging in mock aquatic combats, which display the extraordinary powers of the creature to the very best advantage. When on shore, the otter can proceed at a considerable pace, and when in haste, employs a curious "loping" gallop as its means of progression.



COMPETITIONS.

Acrostic Competition. We would remind our readers that this closes on the 31st (see "A. 1.," Dec. 17th).

Spelling Chase. If our readers are as entertained presently over the results of the Spelling Chase Papers as we are just now with their examination, they will pass a vote of thanks to us for providing them with so much profitable recreation. Such absurdly ingenious mistakes!

Our £100 Competition, announced Jan. 7th, will close Feb. 4th; and our "Definition Competition" (Husband and Wife) on Feb. 11th.

"NOTHING TO HOLD ON TO."

IN a darkened chamber, a young man lay dying. Round him were gathered four or five of his companions, very little solemnised by the nearness of death, more intent upon keeping up their own and their companions' spirits, than upon anything else.

Perhaps an onlooker might have thought the laughter rather forced, and the jokes a little feeble. There was something very sad in the sight of the dying lad, propped up by pillows, with his brilliant, uneasy eyes glancing hither and thither, as though in search of some help and comfort; whilst his pallid cheeks, grey-hued, told that the forces of life were fast ebbing away.

"Keep your spirits up, old boy," cried one of his friends, with a laugh, as the hollow cough racked his poor feeble frame, and the dying lad lay back, painfully gasping, upon the pillow.

"I wish one of you'd read me something," he whispered feebly.

"Not that," as one of them took up "Bell's Life," and prepared to read a paragraph; "I should like—the Bible."

"The Bible!" burst forth from one and another in mocking chorus. "You're not such a fool as to want *that!* Not a bit of it, lad; we've learned you better than that, all these years. The Bible is only for old women and children, and just suits their puling ways. Don't get downhearted, Davie. Hold on, man, hold on!"

The dying boy looked round from face to face, with a strange fear and yearning in his great eyes.

"I'll hold on, mates. I'd be *glad* to hold on, but *I've got nothing to hold on to!*"

Oh, the awful truth of those pathetic words! He was dying—slowly dying. The faith of his mother's God had been long since thrown aside, under the evil influence of companions who had surrounded him in his new city life. Infidel lectures and books had gradually undermined even his moral character; and though young,—and David Fay would have been ashamed to confess it,—he had no clear idea left of what was right or wrong.

Now life was suddenly closing, and the great unsearched eternity lay before his trembling feet. True, he had learned to deny the existence of a God, the revelation of a judgment to come, and the possession of a soul. But with death close at hand came strange fears and questionings of his own unbelief. He was willing to hold on, but *what had he to hold on to?* His teacher had cut the Rock from under his feet, and now he found they only rested on shifting sand.

Do these lines meet the eye of one who has doubts of his Bible? You admit it. You point to the powerful intellects that have endeavoured to destroy that Book; you affirm that ten thousand men are now warring against the truth of God's Word; that lives have been spent in assaulting its truth. But, tell me, have they given anything better, anything more comforting, more solid, more soul-helping? Have you any BETTER light than the lamp of God's Word? If so, boldly produce it, and then you may have our Bible, for we shall not need it again.

But no! The men who would fain clutch the Word of God from our grasp, offer us "*nothing to hold on to!*"

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Thirteen Hundred Miles in my Caravan," "From Pole to Pole," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

KATIE AND CHIPS.



"EVERYTHING comes to him who can wait," said Captain Boyd that evening at table; "so we shall hang on a bit, Mr. Graves, to see if the fog clears."

"From all accounts," replied Nat, senior, "the mist has no business to come so soon. But this may be an exceptional year. Anyhow, the glass is going up."

"Yes, and I hope we won't have a gale from the north-east, which looks more than probable just now."

"What did you see on shore, Mr. O'Neil?" asked Miss Graves.

"What did I *feel* for, you should say, mother. The fog was so very thick; and when we did make the shore, we found only a black, beetling wall of rocks, with its summit buried in the mist. It was actually alive, Miss Graves, with sea-birds. When I fired my gun, they flew in thousands, I was going to say millions."



"We heard the row, Dess," said Jack Silk.

"Yes, it was a row; but the fledglings fell off the rocks in scores, and I feel now I committed a cruel act in firing. Well, we pulled right away round to the north side, and here we got a landing, and found the island inhabited."

"By Indians?"

"No, by foxes."

"It is Bo'roffia without a doubt," said Captain Boyd. "However, I hope we'll soon make sure."

The fog made no attempt to clear off that day, at all events, but next forenoon it lifted as if by magic, or more strictly speaking, it went rolling away south, and our adventurers hoped they had seen the last of it for some time to come.

And just as Captain Boyd had suspected, the island they had made was one of the smallest of the Pribylov group, the chief being St. Paul's and St. George's, islands of very considerable size.

The latter large island had been passed in the fog, lying farther to the east of the direct route in which the *Oonalaska* was steering.

A Russian or Greek cross surmounted, in those days, the eastern hill of the little island, in front of which the ship now lay at anchor, and on the west was the crater of a burned-out volcano. Both the cross and the crater had a strange story to tell, could they only have spoken.

And now here is a curious circumstance. No sooner had Dr. M'Phee left his patient, than old Chips scrambled out of his bunk, feeling "as lively as a nine-years-old."

Old Chips walked quietly on deck, and Katie, with a kindly smile, went up to him saying that she hoped he felt better.

"I'm as right's a trivet, thank ye. Now look, Miss Katie, look, you've been kind to me, and if you wants a skin or two, old Chips knows where to find them."

"You mean foxes' skins?"

"Nay, Miss Katie, nay, but walrus, miss—sea-lions; them's the skins!"

"And should you go hunting them?"

"No. Wrong season. They are nursing now, Miss Katie, that is, if so be any is left near the island. But I mind the time when they were here in thousands, only it's long agone. I've killed 'em here, but their real home is far down south, among the islands of the Aleuts. We passed 'em in the fog, and more's the pity, for wild and beautiful they looks; some wi' hills towerin' high o'er other hills, till they lose themselves in the clouds like. Aye, and more than one o' them shows up dreadful in the dark of a winter's night, with the light and smoke, and what not. I've seen some terrible sights in my time, miss, but most of all in my younger days. The very fires of these volcanic hills seem to have gone out since I grew up in years."

"The Russians own all these islands, and all the vast continent to the east, do they not, Chips?"

"Hush, miss," said the old man, glancing round, as if afraid of listeners, while a fierce gleam for a moment lit up his eyes, then died out again. "They owns them, and it

will be a happy day for Alaska when it passes under the flag of the United States. Yes, they at present owns 'Laska and all the 'Leutian islands; and old mates o' mine have told me, that the seas around these same islands o' 'Leutia has been red wi' the blood of the murdered natives."

"Hush, Chips, you frighten poor little me. But about the skins?"

"I was a-going to remark, miss, that I've often and often laid in my boat, and watched the otters playing in the waves just like kittens, only that kittens don't take the water. It's on their backs they like to lie, with their young, maybe, fast asleep, on their breasts, and maybe the mother takin' forty winks as well."

"'Rocked in the cradle of the deep,' Chips?"

"That's it, Miss Katie, and, maybe, the father liein' not far off on a floatin' wisp o' sea-weed, a-watchin' the pair of them. Now, wouldn't a man be worse nor a hay-thin' to shoot in a case o' this kind?"

"He would, indeed."

"Wouldn't you stand by yourself, miss, and see him keel-hauled, if he was mean eno' to shoot?"

"I daresay I should, Chips, but——"

Jack Silk now came upon the scene.

"Please, Miss Katie, there's a couple of boats going on shore, and would you——"

"Would I? Yes."

"Beg pardon, sir," said Chips, touching his eyebrows by way of a bow, "be ye yourself a-goin'?"

"Yes, I'm going, Chips."

"May I?"

"Yes, I'll give you leave," cried Katie. "Mr. Silk, we'll both go in your boat."

Jack had a load, for Katie's brother was of the crew, and Cousin Nat himself, and there was a whole lot of gear forward, that neither Katie nor her brother knew the use of.

"She's nicely trimmed," said Jack, taking his seat on the gun'als as usual. "Give way, lads."

It was a beautiful day now, bright and clear. The hills on the island they were bound for were arranged in greens, and greys, and browns, but the cliffs were dark and frowning.

Astern, if they looked, there was the rugged isle of St. Paul itself, sleeping in the sunshine, and though it was six good miles away, there fell on the ears of those in the boat, a strange humming sound, faint at times, and at others swelling into a roar like that of a waterfall, or breakers beating in fury against a rock-bound beach. On board, this had been hardly perceptible, but, when well away from the ship, Jack cried,—

"Lie on your oars a minute, men. Listen, Miss Kate," he added.

"What is that strange sound?"

"The seals, miss," said Chips. "They are in millions over on St. Paul's."

But as they neared the island, this sound became lost, or rather it became merged into the medley made by countless thousands of birds. The birds came out to meet them, and, at times, the air around the boats was almost darkened with them, while the noise of their wings alone, was like the whistling of a storm through a forest of pine-trees.

The nearer to the beach, the more numerous they became.

No wonder Katie's eyes were wide with astonishment. They had indeed reached a haunted isle at last,—a bird-haunted isle.

CHAPTER XX.

CHIPS MEETS OLD FRIENDS.

"WHAT are they all?" Katie had found tongue, but no one heard her.

"What were they?"

"Why, they are gone!"

"Yes," said Jack; "and a good job too. But wonders will never cease."

"But why did they come so quickly, and disappear all of a sudden? It looks as though the sky had swallowed them up."

"Look overboard, Miss Katie," said Jack.

Katie did so. She was thinking of the beautiful green island in the tropics, in which Jack had shown himself so splendid an actor, and when he told her to look overboard, she half expected to see one of those enchanting submarine gardens, which lie on the coral reefs of the sunken ocean. But here the water was very deep, rough, darkish-blue, beautifully transparent—translucent would be a better word—for the sun's rays seemed to go deep, deep down, and it revealed thousands upon thousands of huge jelly-fish. This seemed the home of these gorgeous flowers of the ocean. Many were as large as a lady's sunshade, but no sunshade was ever half so lovely. It is generally supposed that these charming medusæ are contented to float lazily about through the water, like animated umbrellas, with the tops uppermost. But here, they were almost as active as eels, swimming in all directions, or simply floating at ease.

"Oh! how lovely!" cried Katie, enthusiastically; "why, they seem to have rubies, sapphires, and emeralds set in every limb!"

"Why," cried Jack, looking seawards, "yonder come some native boats. Chips, old man, you've been here before; are the St. Paulites civil chaps? They come in a questionable shape. Come they in peace, or come they in war?"

"They are angels," answered old Chips, enthusiastically. The "angels" numbered, in all, about a dozen, and rowed swiftly onwards in their "bidarkies," those skin-covered canoes in which they manifest such marvellous agility, that it is a pity a crew could not be requisitioned to attend at Henley Regatta.

Some bidarkies had but one rower, but most had two, and the men appeared to be tied in with lashings round their waists. The bidarkies, indeed, is partly boat and partly bag, for though its frame is of wood, this is wholly covered with tightened sea-lion skin.

The natives secured their paddles under their lashings, and jumped out before their boats had time to reach the beach.

Then, without more ado, they made a wild rush towards Jack's party, so that, for the time being, it appeared doubtful what the intention of Chip's angels really were.

Uglier angels, surely, were never seen on earth; high in the cheek-bone, broad in face, thick lipped, and brown or yellow complexions, with eyes set wide apart, as if for handiness to look over their shoulders, or see round corners. The dress of these "hay-thins," as Jack had the rudeness to call them, might have been useful, but it was certainly far from ornamental. Caps of skin, from beneath which straight locks of their dark, ugly hair straggled, coats of various kinds—many of them must have done duty on the backs of hardy sailors—and long boots of skin or throttle of sea-lion. For in these regions, the natives and travellers also, are absolutely dependent on these animals for the necessaries of life.

These were the angels that made a rush for Chips; all friends, evidently, for they hauled him *nolens-volens* on to the beach, and not content with shaking him by the hand, and pawing him all over, formed a circle and danced wildly around him, till some of them had to sit down on the boulders and pant.

Then Chips informed his officer that the new-comers would assist him in any way, and that though the season was early, they knew where to find tons of eggs.

These half-bred Aleuts also politely informed Jack, in a language full of round-mouthed vowels and consonants, all in bunches, which Chips put into English, that the whole of the island of St. Paul's was at his command, to do as he liked with, and that the inhabitants thereof were waiting to throw themselves into his arms.

Jack thanked them, and made a most polite and conciliatory speech. And the Aleuts cheered the speech, even before Chips translated it, and trebly cheered it after he had done so. But one word stood so boldly forth among all the others when they conversed with each other, that Katie was fain to ask Chips the meaning of it. The word was "Kopek," and means a cent, or something smaller. On the whole, it was evident from their shouting and capering, that these natives were glad the ship had come.

Nat, senior, and Katie went away for a walk over the island, while Jack and his merry men, with Chips and his strange crew, started off egg-hunting.

The cousins bent their steps in the first place towards a cross surmounting a hill-top.

"Perhaps, Cousin Nat," said Katie, "it is some one's grave."

Perhaps it was, but they never got near it, being stopped by the ugly appearance of what was evidently a seal slaughtering-ground. Nor was the odour therefrom at all encouraging, so they retreated with all haste towards a higher hill on the other side of the island.

Old Chips came to meet them as soon as they started. They saw the old man waving them back, and it was well, perhaps, they stopped till he came to guide them shorewards on comparatively dry ground, otherwise they might possibly have slipped over a cliff, or been treated to a sousing in some mud-covered pond.

Jack complimented Chips on his wonderful agility, adding that one who knew the country so thoroughly, and was so well up to the ropes, was worth his weight in gold.

One of the oldest, and smallest, and ugliest of the Aleuts had squeezed himself into a small cave, not much bigger than a badger's den. His grey-yellow face and dirty hands alone were visible, and he did not look unlike a toad in a hole.

Katie was gazing at the creature with a look of such comical alarm on her face that Jack fairly burst out laughing; but feeling that he had given offence, hastened to explain that the toad in the hole was going to test the eggs. "You see, Miss Katie, he's in the dark there. But here they come."

And round the cave now crowded the Aleuts, leaving only a little space for the sun to fall on the "toad's" face. The toad caught the eggs one by one neatly with his left hand, passed them over one eye, and handed them back with his right.

The good eggs were packed in salt at once, and carried off to the big boat. There was nothing more to be seen or done now, and as every one was getting hungry, Jack gave the order to embark.

(*To be continued.*)

ANATOMY SPIRITUALISED.

By the Rev. J. Hiles Hitchens, D.D., F.S.Sc.,
Author of "*Ecce Veritas*," "The Young Men of Scripture," etc.

No. 2. The EYE;

or, Discretion in Seeing.

THERE is not a more delicate organ of sense belonging to the human body than the eye. Beautifully and ingeniously constructed, it discloses the infinite and unerring wisdom of the Divine Creator. It is a perfect optical contrivance for the purpose of collecting the rays of light proceeding from surrounding objects, concentrating those rays, and conveying a distinct impression to the mind. Acting both as a camera-obscura and as a telescope, the eye accommodates itself to the degree of light and range of distance without any conscious or conspicuous effort. We customarily speak of the eye as *seeing;* but it no more sees than the microscope, telescope, or spectacles we use to assist our vision.

The eye is an instrument of the soul, the medium by which external objects are mirrored on our wakeful spirits. It is one of the gates to the "city of Man-soul"—an inlet to the heart, a window at the top of this "earthly house," a handmaid of the immortal principle within—whose duty and delight it is to carry a true picture of visible nature to the gallery of the heart. Very precious is the gift of vision. To be in constant darkness, cut off from all the pleasure that springs from observing the beautiful handiworks of Infinite wisdom; to see no more the variegated flowers of the garden, the waving foliage of the forest, the foaming waters of the cataract, the lapping waves of the ocean, the heather-clad sides of the mountain, the fleecy clouds of the summer's sky, the golden glories of a setting sun, the silver light of the full-orbed moon, the myriad spheres that sparkle at midnight in the immeasurable expanse above us, and, best of all, the expressive and familiar faces of those we love right fondly—this must be a severe privation. Science has, of late years, done very much to preserve and restore sight. But with the utmost endeavours of medical skill, it is calculated that one person in every thousand is blind. In London alone, there are 3,000 persons devoid of vision; in the United Kingdom, 30,000; and throughout the world, 800,000.

The eye expresses what passes on within the man. The thoughts and affections stream forth from these little orbs. Anger, avarice, love, sympathy, jealousy, and pride quickly disclose themselves at these windows of the mind. And what power over others the eye can exercise! Addison says: "A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent; a kind eye makes contradiction an assent; an enraged eye makes beauty deformed." Thackeray wrote: "A pair of bright eyes, with a dozen glances, suffices to subdue a man, to enslave him, to inflame him, and make him forget; they dazzle him so, that the past becomes straightway dim to him; and he so prizes them, that he would give all his life to possess them." But perhaps Spenser is the most enthusiastic, when, referring to the inspiring influence of the eye, he writes:—

"Long while I sought to what I might compare
Those powerful eyes, which lighten my dark spright,
Yet found I nought on earth to which I dare
Resemble th' image of their godly light.
Not to the sun, for they do shine by night:
Nor to the moon, for they are changéd never;
Nor to the stars, for they have purer sight;
Nor to the fire, for they consume not ever;
Nor to the lightning, for they still persevere;
Nor to the diamond, for they are more tender;
Nor unto crystal, for nought may them sever;
Nor unto glass; such baseness might offend her.
Then, to the Maker's self, they likest be,
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see."

But whilst they are thus a powerful and persuasive index of our feelings, the eyes very largely supply that which awakens feeling. The eyes are inlets to the mind, as well as outlets from the mind: avenues to the heart, as well as channels from it. Whilst they give expression to what *is*, they gather impressions for what *shall be*. By the eyes we can lift our minds to heavenly thoughts and meditations. We can look through the outspread wonders of the natural world and see God; we can look into the inspired page, and, as in a glass, see ourselves. Thus David used his eyes when he wrote: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork." Thus the Saviour points to the lilies of the field, and, expatiating upon the beauty of those modest flowers, teaches that taste may be combined with true piety, and the heart aided in its serious contemplations, by observing the loveliness of nature. We may glean food for the heart and life in every field of observation. As Charnock quaintly says: "He whose eyes are open cannot want an instructor, unless he wants a heart."

Alas! with many the eye is the channel by which all manner of evil enters the mind, and gains the mastery of the heart—the door at which Satan has crept into the soul. We read in Holy Writ of an "eye that is not satisfied with riches." It cautions us not to "look upon the wine when it is red." The Apostle, in classifying sins, says: "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world." Moreover, we shall discover that the most fatal errors of our race have resulted from the exercise of sight. Our first parents forfeited all their pristine joy and honour, and involved themselves and their posterity in woe, through looking; for it is written: "And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof." When Achan was plundering a house in Jericho, he found a Babylonish garment, the magnificent colours and richly embroidered pictures of which, attracted his notice and aroused his admiration. Close by he discovered two hundred shekels of silver, amounting to about £30 in value of our money, and, with these, an ingot of gold weighing fifty shekels, worth £113 sterling. On these treasures he allowed himself to gaze with covetous eyes, then he took them, and hid them in his tent, and at last came discovery, disgrace, and death. Samson's downfall may be traced to his eyes.

In like manner David's great crime, which caused him such severe and bitter remorse all his life after, was attributable to the misuse of his eyes. Ahab's cruel and iniquitous conduct toward Naboth, arose from his eye frequently lighting upon the fruitful vineyard in the proximity of his palace. He coveted the Jezreelite's property, and resolved, at all costs, to obtain it. Thus might we go on with the historical accounts of men's failings, as presented in the Bible, and show how Satan, in overcoming men, has first wounded them in the eyes. He knew how successful he had proved with the first Adam and all his progeny, and hence he tried the same method with the "second Adam, the Lord from heaven." It is written: "He taketh Him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth Him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them." By spreading out all the earthly grandeur before the eyes of the Redeemer, the arch-fiend vainly hoped to entrap the spotless Son of God. But Jesus resisted the temptation, and thus proved it possible for man, by the aid of Divine grace, to prevent the entrance of sin by the gates of the vision.

But, alas! how repeated are the falls daily occurring through the misuse of the eyes! Men of business, holding offices of trust and responsibility, have looked on the wealth of their employers, and, from the look, have been led to falsify accounts, embezzle property, bring discredit upon their friends, and ruin on themselves. Young men have gazed on the glittering tinsel of the enchantress, and, like the foolish moth which flutters around the brilliant flame, have fallen a miserable prey to beauty's blaze. Men and women, of all ages and of all grades in life—and some from lofty niches in the Church and State—have looked incautiously on the sparkling wine-cup, and have looked and looked, till, despite all warnings, they have quaffed, and revelled, and reeled into the drunkard's premature grave.

Thus the eye will prove either a help or a hindrance, a servant or a snare, a blessing or a bane. It will let in sparks of temptation, which set the whole man on fire from hell, or it will kindle the flame of pure devotion upon the altar of the heart. Hence the need of discretion in seeing.

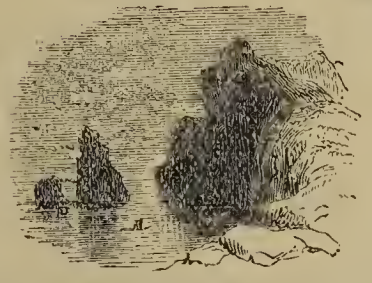
Like Job, we should make a covenant with our eyes. Like David, we should earnestly and daily pray, "Turn Thou away mine eyes from beholding vanity." There is quite as much vanity in the world now as in the Royal Bard's time. Sin is not less dangerous or destructive, temptations are not less insidious, and our frail nature is not more fortified against evil than it was then. It is not prudent to counsel young persons to see life in all its aspects, and judge for themselves. Nay, it is a most injudicious and suicidal course. The mariner, with chart in hand, does his best to steer far away from hidden rocks. He knows that, upon yonder perilous shoals and rock-bound shores, there are the remnants of wrecked vessels, and he keeps wide away, using the sounding-line, lest the wind or current should bear him too near. The ignorance and foolhardiness that would induce the master of a ship to steer straight for the point marked in his chart "dan

gerous," in order to see the roaring reef for himself, would be deserving of lasting condemnation.

Nevertheless, there are some who, "sailing o'er life's solemn main," heedlessly hasten where thousands have made shipwreck, under the plea of seeing life. You do not tell your boy to put his tender hand through the bars of the lion's cage in the Zoological Gardens, in order to see for himself that the lion is ferocious, and can bite and devour. You do not take your daughter into the fever ward of a hospital, or to the bedside of a small-pox patient, where she runs imminent risk of being smitten by disease, in order to teach her what a terrible change such diseases will work. You deem it enough to speak of these things, and beg the young people to accept what you say as verity, and keep far from danger. Then, to be consistent, we should counsel those about us not to look upon what can in itself be of no mortal service, but of untold injury. Be it remembered that the precious jewel of purity, if lost, cannot again be found, though you seek it carefully with tears. The imagination, once soiled, cannot again be restored to its primitive chastity. There are some lights that can be rekindled if once extinguished, some articles that can be repaired if once broken, some constituents that can be re-combined if separated; but who can reconstruct a flower when a rude foot has trampled upon it? Who can replace the bloom upon fruit when a hard hand has grasped it? Who can re-collect and re-confine the sweet aroma when once it has escaped from the vase? Let us take heed, or our hearts will soon be put out of tune, and our whole life drop into the minor, unless we call off our eyes from beholding vanity. The Arabian proverb deserves remembrance: "Shut up the windows, that the house may be full of light."

There are some singular creatures without the organs of vision. There is, for example, the eyeless fish, which lives in a subterraneous lake, and which, after heavy rains, is forced through crevices of the rock into the lake of Madalena at Adelsburg. Most living creatures are, however, endowed by the Creator with the power of sight. But man only has the capability of lifting his eyes upward, without moving other parts of his body. Does not this suggest to us that the Divine Proprietor intended man to look up for his life, strength, happiness, and hope? "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my help." Is there not an untold depth of meaning in God's words: "I will guide thee with Mine eye"? Our eyes must be fixed on His eye, if we are to be guided by Him. Our work should be—"looking unto Jesus."

"Oh, hearts that are weary, and eyes that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, and sorrow no more.
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That on earth, as in heaven, there need be no night."



WIND WAVES.

(Cant. 4. 16.)

BLOW! blow! North wind, blow:
Come with thy vigour, come with thy snow.
Over my garden of spices rare,
Myrrh and cassia growing there.
Blow! blow! O north wind, blow,
And send forth the perfume from flowerets fair.

Blow! blow! zephyrs light,
Over the woodbine and lily white;
So that my Lord, my Beloved, may see
All ye are doing for Him, and for me.
Blow! blow! till all shall rejoice,
In blessings ye bring from my garden so free.

Blow! blow! all winds blow;
Blow with your freshness, your warmth, and your glow.
Scatter the seeds, from my garden, outside,
Everywhere, anywhere, that they may abide.
Blow! blow! to deserts around,
That flowers may blossom on every side.

Blow! blow! blow with thy might,
Send forth its odours from morn until night,
Carrying its virtues, where pestilence reigns,
Into the streets of our city, and lanes.
Blow! blow! O north wind, blow;
Blow from the mountains, and blow from the plains.

Blow! blow! harmoniously blow,
South wind with north wind ever must go;
For the Ruler of winds—what seemeth so ill—
He tempereth for blessing, *the warmth with the chill.*
Blow! blow! that others may know
Your sweetness, which flowing, shall perfect His will.

William H. Ross.

AT WHAT A COST! OR, DUKE ARDEN'S LAST STAKE.

By Max Gerard.



"'Hullo! Duke, what a mope you are, . . . always dozing or smoking now. What's up?'"

CHAPTER I.

"HULLO, Duke, what a mope you are!" cried Percy Arden, as he bounded into his cousin's presence. "Here you sit, smoke! smoke! all day long. You used to be a bit jolly, but you're always dozing, or smoking, now. What's up?"

"Be civil, young shaver, or stay in the proper place for you—the nursery," answered the person addressed.

He was a handsome enough young fellow, and looked the very picture of refined ease, as he lounged in the long, low library that summer morning, occupying, all too easily for one so little advanced in life, and at such an early hour in the day, the chair that belonged to his elders. The boy, a nice, bright, open-faced little fellow of about ten or eleven years, looked solicitously into his cousin's eyes, and then eyed him all over.

"Poor old chappie!" he said, tenderly. "You aren't well; see how your hand shakes! I'm awf— *very* sorry for you."

"Now, Perce, I'll put up with a good deal from you, but I'm not going to stand *every*-thing. Just take yourself off, if you're going to act Miss Pry. Of *course* my hand shakes —it was that stupid mare yesterday; I could *not* hold her in, she's so *awfully* fresh."

As he uttered the last two words, he looked slyly at Perce, and touched him jocularly. The boy immediately understood.

"Well, I'm not going to say it again. Miss Knox proved to me how useless it was, and—and, Duke, I'm going to try to please her, for—for *somebody's* sake, besides my own."

"Hang it! I'm not going to stand this. Get out, you are getting much too good for me, you young pious!"

The boy saw the young man was serious; so, fearing to irritate him, he went quietly out of the room at once.

And the young man? He was in a miserable frame of mind, and the more so because he knew what the boy had said was perfectly true. He held up his right hand—it shook ominously. A frown contracted his brow, and he muttered: "Yes, it shakes; but it is not the *mare's* fault. I'm getting below par, moping about here, as Perce said. He's a jolly little chap, for all his pious ways, and I'm a brute to show my temper to him as I did. Can't think how it is, but I'm not so easy tempered as I used to be. I'll go out; a bit of a stroll will do me good, perhaps."

He rose, shook himself, yawned, went to a wine-cupboard in the room, poured out a tumbler full of something, swallowed it eagerly, and, taking down his gun from the rack outside, passed out from the house, and into the copse that led to the fields, through which ran the high-road to Farley. In the copse he met Perce. The boy rather shrank from him.

"Don't go off like that, youngster," called his cousin. "I was only joking just now. Shake hands, and be friends again."

There were tears in the boy's eyes as he felt the strong fingers tremble, and knew the cause. He looked steadily into the flushed face, for the thick tones of the voice sent a chill to his heart.

"You're such a dear old Duke," he said, "and I'm such a tiny chap beside you; but don't you think I might be useful to you sometimes? Other fellows can do lots of things."

"Yes; you shall carry a letter down to Miss Treherne for me before lunch; only don't think too much about me, nor look so solemn, Perce, old boy. I'm not going to my funeral."

The boy looked after him as he strode out towards the road, and said to himself: "No, Duke, but you're going to *The Crow's Nest*, and that means your grave, old Mr. Peters says. Poor Duke! I wish Miss Knox could help you as she does me."

Meanwhile Duke, or Marmaduke Arden, walked on. He, too, was thinking and soliloquising; but he thought as a dreamer. The fumes of the brandy were clouding his brain, and making his steps unsteady, so that he did not notice the figure of a young and attractive-looking lady, who was gazing sadly at him from over the hedge on Mr. Treherne's side of the road. As she turned into her father's fields, she said to the friend who was with her,—

"I'm so sorry for Duke Arden. His uncle is so good to him, his aunt almost worships him, and he has the making of a fine fellow in him; but, look at him *now*—only ten o'clock in the day, and he cannot walk straight! I'm *so* sorry."

"I thought you rather liked his society," replied her friend; "you are always very chatty with him when he comes."

"Yes; so few that know him will speak to him as I have done. I have pleaded with

him to let the better nature in him have its way—to give up all kinds of strong drink, and once or twice he has *almost* promised to do so; but look at him *now!*"

Yes, look at him *now*, indeed! And what are his thoughts? Confused jumblings of Mabel Treherne, of Percy, of that letter which ought to have come this morning, settling that business for him which a friend of his uncle is managing so successfully. "I'm glad," he muses aloud, "I didn't settle last year to read up for the law; an outdoor life suits me best. And if I can get this berth on the estate of that old Scotch earl, I can ask Mabel to be my wife at once. In fact, as there's no possibility of a refusal from the earl, and I fear none from dear little Mabel, I'll ask her to-night. But, as she says, I must *reform*. I shall be all right when I'm a full-blown factor, with any amount of responsibility, and Mabel to look after me."

A young man of five and twenty, with "any amount of (unfelt) responsibility" under his hands on his uncle's acres; with education, manhood, position, and influence all on his side, talking of a frail girl as somebody "to look after him"! Surely *something* is amiss. Yes, Duke Arden knows it, too. In his better moments he has resolved to free himself from the chains which he knows are dragging him down to ruin. He has promised his uncle, on his knees, to renounce strong drink; and felt that when that uncle sent him for a sea trip to Australia, he should come back liberated from its fascination. But no. He made friends with the chief steward on board, and all the way out, after the first three days, drank harder than when at home. On the voyage home it was the same thing; and when he got back, the hunting parties, the county dinners and balls, the various "meets," the wedding-breakfasts, and the bar-parlour of the cosy-looking, old-fashioned hostelry, *The Crow's Nest*, were too many temptations for him. Strong, fine, handsome man though he was, he yielded to their deadening influence, until, at last, his one, all-potent, overmastering craving was for strong drink! Yet even *he* was noticing the change that was gradually marring his good looks.

"I *must* have it!" he would say to himself. "Only this glass; it will make a man of me, and then I won't touch another drop. It's too bad, really, after all uncle has done for me; and yet, what am I to do? Well, I will make a stand after this glass—I will *not* be dragged down, body and soul!"

And he kept his good resolution? Not he. "Only this once" has been the Nemesis of thousands since the world began to sin. That one glass; that one vicious indulgence of self; that one false step; that once again yielding to sin, *after the voice of warning* has spoken in the conscience, is just the one step which clinches the bargain of the soul with the tempter, and, as in the case of Duke Arden, drags it down to ruin.

CHAPTER II.

LEAVING Duke to find his way to *The Crow's Nest*, let us go back to the house where his uncle, Squire Arden, is pacing up and down the long old-fashioned dining-room, his head bent, and an expression of pain and perplexity upon his handsome, sun-browned face. A lady is sitting in the recess of one of the windows—his wife; she is silent, but sorrowful. She knows that it is no use to speak *now;* she will not irritate her husband with propositions, or pity; he will turn to her when he needs her help. And he does.

"Avice," he says, pausing in his walk before her, "I cannot tell what to do about Duke. I have been hearing worse things than ever this morning from one or two friends. He is in debt again all round; his drink bill is frightful, and there are some claims that I can say nothing about to you, but they are disgraceful. I wish he may get that place with the Earl of B ——, for it may set him straight."

"I don't know that it will," answered Mrs. Arden; "nobody seems to have any influence with him, now." Then the tears started to her eyes—her heart was full of them. "And yesterday I was told that it was all our fault,—and perhaps it is."

"What!" thundered her husband, pausing in the act of pouring himself out a glass of wine. He did not know what it was ever to feel "muddled," and scorned the habitual drunkard with an unmitigated scorn and contempt; but when anything went wrong, he would take a glass of wine in addition to his usual regulated supply, and thought it only right. He set down the glass.

"*Who* says that Duke Arden is to blame us for his ruin?"

His wife cowered a little before his stern gaze, but she replied,—

"Mrs. Bourne was here yesterday, as you know, and she said that she and her husband were so grieved about Duke; he was to be seen at all hours of the day, under the influence, more or less, of alcohol. And last week, when Mr. Bourne said to him, 'I say, Duke, *why* don't you look the thing fairly in the face, and give it up?' his answer was, 'Ah, Mr. Bourne, so I might if there was not so much of the stuff in my uncle's house, and on his table. As it is, what am I to do?'"

"The ungrateful scamp!" cried the squire, using words that he never allowed himself to utter in the presence of his wife. "Have I taken my dead brother's son into my home—nursed him in my very heart, done for him as I had done for no other, and put up with that from him that I had brooked from no other, giving him a son's place in my affections, only to meet with this return?" Then, bitterly adding, "Well, it is time he was gone!" he took up the glass and drained it. Then he looked at the bottle. "This was full last night—yes, I *must* be to blame to let such a scrapegrace have free access to this sort of thing."

Mrs. Arden ventured to speak, though her voice trembled,—

"George, dear," she began, "*because* you have taken so much from him unchecked, is perhaps the reason of his downfall."

"That's right, isn't it, Avice?" responded her husband, cynically; "always hit a man when he is down! *You* to think that I have ruined my own nephew — you, who ——." The speech was interrupted by the entrance of a servant with the post-bag. Mrs. Arden left the room, and the squire



"'Ruined!' he groaned, leaning upon his uncle to steady himself. The squire gravely read the letter."

at once began to sort the letters busily at his desk.

On her way up to her room, Mrs. Arden met Miss Knox, the governess, of whom she was very fond, and Percy. The latter said, "Oh, mother, tears in your eyes! No bad news, is there?"

"Yes, Perce, there is,—don't ask what, darling, now." She kissed the boy, and he went slowly down, saying to himself,—

"It is poor Duke, I'm sure; I heard father say his name as I passed under the window. But I'm only a *boy*, can't do *anything*."

Meanwhile, Laura Knox was following Mrs. Arden—her privilege.

"Can I do anything? I know you are in trouble," she said.

"No, dear, there is nothing for any one to do, at present; it is a case of patience," said Mrs. Arden, remembering her husband's last words to her. "Only, you must have noticed how changed Duke is of late, and it is that that is troubling us, dear."

Laura Knox knew too well. Then, venturing upon very delicate ground,—

"Dear Mrs. Arden, I *have* noticed, so has Percy. He so loves his cousin that he would do anything for him, he says; and last night, before I went to my room, I looked in at Perce as usual, and found the dear boy on his knees, asking that his cousin might be kept from the power of the dreadful temptation. Percy seems to understand how it is with his cousin, and he is so manly about it."

A shadow of displeasure crossed Mrs. Arden's face.

"His father would be very sorry to have Percy made a milksop, or to get any of those dreadfully extreme ideas (whose outcome is cant), to spoil all his boyish ways, and honest, simple faith."

"Faith in what? or whom? dear Mrs. Arden," asked Laura.

"Well, my dear," said the lady, avoiding the point at issue, "I only know that yesterday at luncheon, Percy refused his customary glass of ale, saying he did not need it, and his father was very angry, for he justly said, 'Who is to judge for a child—his parents or himself?' I admire you, dear, but I fear you are putting notions into the boy's head, and he will get to be like the children in the stories, who, directly they become what is called 'pious,' fall ill and die."

"Have you noticed that Perce is any less robust than usual? Or that he is not the same racketty, noisy, romping—I was going to say *jolly*—boy, that he has ever been?" asked Laura.

"No, no; he is perfectly alive with fun; but what is the good of his troubling his head about Duke?" asked the Squire's wife, in a half-relenting tone. "Don't you think he may grow morbid about it?"

"Not while he feels as he *does* about it," answered the other; "it is splendid to see his devotion. That boy is a Christian soldier, and a regular brick into the bargain!" was the admiring conclusion.

She left the room, and, in the privacy of her own apartment, did what so many of our sisters do—prayed for the tempted brother.

To return to Squire Arden. When he had read through his letters, he looked at the postmarks of those which were for Duke. Seeing one from Scotland, and thinking it to be the conclusion of the business between the Earl and his factor-elect, he put on his hat, and walked down the copse, as Duke had done. Seeing a labourer, he asked,—

"Seen Mr. Duke out to-day, John?"

"Yes, sir, I seen him,—he was on the road pretty nigh *The Crow's Nest*, sir. I don't mean as he was goin' there, sir." He corrected himself hastily, seeing a frown of displeasure on his master's usually unruffled countenance.

The squire muttered something about its being "All right," and walked on. Halfway down the road he saw Duke coming towards him; he had a reckless air about him, for, mid-day though it was, he had made a foolish bet with the landlord of the *Nest*, over a friendly glass, and had lost. The bet was on a trial of skill with powder and shot, but in the uncertain state of his brain and hand, Duke missed, and the landlord won.

Of course the squire knew nothing of this, but he noted with fresh pain the aimless, don't-care, slouching gait of his nephew.

"Here's your letter, Duke," he said, half averting his gaze, as if *he* were to blame for his nephew's condition, though, of course he was not.

Duke opened the letter with feverish haste. As he read, his jaw fell, and his cheeks blanched; a spasm of mortified pride and pain crossed his features, as with shaking hand he held out the letter to the squire.

"I am ruined!" he groaned, half staggering towards his uncle, and leaning upon him to steady himself. The squire gravely read the letter, which stated that it having come to the knowledge of the Earl of B—— that Mr. Marmaduke Arden was much given to habits of an unbusiness-like nature, he felt it to be his duty to decline his services as his factor. Squire Arden handed back the letter, and, seeing how really ill Duke seemed, postponed his talk, and quietly led him home. Nothing was said during lunch of anything that had transpired during the morning—every one seemed under a cloud. Duke dragged himself to his room, but hearing Percy's voice shouting that he was going to cricket, he called the boy in.

"Just wait while I write that note I spoke about; you can leave it for me. And, old chap, you believe in prayer, and all that sort of thing, don't you? well, I *can't*;—but you can just put in a word for me next time, and ask the gods to blow a good wind my way, for I'm down on my luck; the whole world's against me, and I'm ruined."

"That isn't true, Duke. You've made ever such a man of me, and *I'll* stick to you through thick and thin, see if I don't. Don't laugh, Duke, but I'd die for you, if it would make you happy again."

"I believe you would, old boy," said Duke, chokingly. "There, be off!"

As the boy ran off, leaping on his bat, whistling and shouting by turns, Duke looked after him from his window.

"There's no humbug *there*," he muttered. "I'd stake his pure young life that he'll pray for me."

Duke was wretched: he sat down to think. What could he or should he do? "Well, I mean to put my luck to the test, and if Mabel Treherne will only take me in hand, I know what I'll do—I'll never touch another drop of spirits. But there is not a fellow I know who does *not* drink something of the sort. I'm in the thick of it; all our 'set' indulge as far as they're able; but there's that conf——, well, *something* about me, that, when once I've tasted the stuff, I'm off for the day, and I can't take a little without that awful craving. Come in," he called, in reply to a tap at his door.

It was Mrs. Arden; she was pale, and Duke rose and placed an easy-chair for her. He felt something was coming; not that he dreaded or avoided his aunt, for he was deeply attached to her, but he hated tears, and anything like a "scene."

"Duke, dear," said she, in gentle tones, "I'm afraid we've all been very unkind to you, and I feel that *we* are to blame for so much that has grieved us for so long, and to-day, especially."

She paused, looked at him keenly—tried again to say something, but failing, rose from her seat, and tenderly kissed his heated forehead.

"Don't worry about me, Aunt Avice," said the young man. "I am going to the dogs, and the sooner the better. I ought never to have been born, to be a curse to myself and a disgrace to others."

"Oh, don't say that!" Something in the tone—such a contrast to all Mrs. Bourne or Miss Knox had said—smote upon her. Had she been verily guilty in letting this young man go on all through the years of childhood and youth, in the belief that manhood would correct all the evils of earlier life, and be itself a means of strength against temptation to him? The thought came like a revelation, and the words, only half remembered though they were, floated dimly across her memory, "*Wherewithal* shall a young man cleanse his way?" and before she half realised what they meant, came other words for answer: "By taking heed thereto, *according to Thy Word*." Oh, then she was *indeed* to blame! "Don't say that," she repeated. "We will do anything to spare you in the future; we have been so inconsiderate, Duke. And you will brace yourself up, and meet things like a man, dear, and forget that you can do anything in your own strength. I blame myself for not better caring for you; but I'm only a woman, Duke, and what do women know of all that you young men have to meet and to resist?"

Duke lifted his head from between his hands; there was something noble and strong in the expression of his face now, as he answered,—

"No, you *don't* know. But though I've met temptation, I'm obliged to confess the coward when I say, I've never resisted it. But by the words you've spoken, and, as a last throw—my only remaining stake—I swear, by that boy's love, I'll never touch strong drink again."

His aunt rose; her eyes were full of tears, and her heart of thankfulness.

"Oh, Duke!" she said, "what a happy woman you have made me to-day!"

But, alas! how frail are our strongest promises! How fleeting our brightest hopes, unless there is behind them a Higher than man's will!

(*To be continued.*)

Care not for the Babel towers in Shinar, that cannot even touch the clouds, when, at your own lowly thresholds are waiting chariots of fire, to bear you beyond the firmament.

Whenever time prepares a fresh field of conflict, and the hour has come for the battle to join between the old and the new, the stately form of the true hero and leader never fails to stride to the front.

No one can trustfully read his Bible without becoming sure, that one of the gladdest surprises in the new life will be found in the return to us of those fond and patient purposes, now in full accomplishment, which we once mourned over, as having died without a sign.

HOMELY HOBBIES: RECREATIONS IN GEOLOGY.

By W. H. Harris, B.A., B.Sc.

No. 7.—The Coal of our Fires.

WHEN Poetry and Science are spoken of as being in opposition to each other, it is from a very mistaken idea as to their mutual relations. There are thousands of problems in nature, for the solution of which the scientific imagination proves the finest instrument. That there is, indeed, a whole "Fairyland of Science," Miss Arabella Buckley has shown to the world in her charming books, and that "fact is stranger than fiction," any department of natural history will testify. It is true we want prosaic observation, and cold, calm reasoning in all science; but the breath of fancy is needed to give life, warmth, and energy to these intellectual processes. Under its influence they become effective for the highest and deepest knowledge, and for the best purposes of mental culture. Hence it is that some of our most truly scientific writers and lecturers are also the most popular; for they touch our faculties at many points, and give us pictures for eye and mind, full of beauty, and of the charm begotten of the beautiful and the true.

We have been led into making these observations by thinking how best to describe to our readers "the Coal of our Fires." It would be a rather amusing experiment to ask the first half-dozen people one met the simple question, "What is coal?" We know from actual occurrence the kind of answers which would be given. We have, indeed, had such specimens as the following: "Why, coal is coal, to be sure"; or again, "It is dug out of mines deep down in the earth"; or, "It is a black substance, which we burn"; or, "It is a sort of stone which can be set alight, and will consume, giving out heat." Then, if further questions were put as to the origin of coal, we should be told: "It was made when the world was created"; or, "It was formed in some way or other, just like the rest of the rocks"; or, "It came from forests or trees, which, somehow, got buried." This last is probably the nearest approach to a correct explanation that we should be likely to receive. But what should we think of the scientist who gave as his answer to our first question, "Coal is gas and stored-up sunbeams, with a small quantity of earthy matter, which we need hardly take into account"? Yet this is literally true, and not a mere poetical fancy.

Now, let us examine the subject in an easy, common-sense sort of way, and see what we can learn for ourselves of this most useful mineral and its production. The first thing we have to do is to ask ourselves, What substances burn away as coal does? We think at once of paper and wood, oil, tallow and wax, as most familiar combustibles. If, then, we imagine such a very unpleasant circumstance as our house being on fire, and try to think what would disappear in the conflagration, and what would be unconsumed, we notice that, speaking with considerable accuracy, all which had had an animal or vegetable origin would perish, while what was purely mineral in its nature would remain unburnt. The appearance of articles, in the latter class, might be sadly changed—metals twisted, fused, and put out of shape, plaster and bricks blackened and thrown down, glass melted, china broken, earthenware cracked, and a general havoc wrought; but if we weighed these things before and after the fire, little actual loss of material would be discovered. A natural conclusion, then, from these facts would be that coal was of *organic* origin—rather surprising, no doubt, when we consider the depth below the surface of the earth at which it is found, and the various kinds of rocks lying upon the "seams."

But next, let us try to get corroboration of our inference from other quarters. We have chemical analysts, who can so split up the vast majority of substances as to be able to tell exactly of what elements and in what proportions these have been compounded. In answer to our inquiries as to those easily-burning materials we mentioned above—paper, wood, oil, tallow, and wax—we should learn that they all have been built up by animals or plants, and from very little beside oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon. By combination in various relative quantities, and by subtle re-arrangements of their ultimate particles, their differences have been brought about; but, practically, they are the children of a quadruple parentage. If we go on to ask if coal is their sable brother, the chemist tells us he has no doubt of the fact, from the identities of feature and of nature.

This further information makes us feel tolerably certain we are in a fair way to solve the mystery we undertook to investigate. We will, however, try to get more proofs from other directions. Can the microscope tell us anything? Most assuredly it can; for, if very thin slices of coal be prepared, we can discern, even with a moderate "power," the clearest evidences of vegetable structure. We can see striking resemblances to tissues of plants well known to us; nay, more, we can make out the spores or seeds of certain trees, which, in their countless millions, have largely contributed to form our beds of coal. What more can we want to convince us that our "black diamonds"—a name concerning which we shall have more to tell—once lived in glorious greenness, and drank in air, and light, and heat? Well, perhaps some incredulous reader may still be tempted to say, "Your story is so strange, that, though I confess you seem to have truth on your side, I can hardly yet believe it is correct."

Let us take one more step, then, in our investigations. Hitherto we have been confining our attention to what any coal-box in our rooms may contain. Now let us take a journey, longer or shorter as is required, to the nearest coal-mine, and let us search among the heaps near the pit-mouth for any evidences of plant-remains visible to the unaided eye. We shall not have a long trial of our patience. In the great piles of shale, or argillaceous matters, which have formed the "under-clays" and the roofs of the coal seams, there is found a profusion of impressions of ferns and other kinds of vegetation, which must banish all doubt as to the fact that these now deeply-sunken strata were once at the surface of the earth, clothed in verdure and beauty. At length, then, we may unhesitatingly conclude that coal has had its origin in the plant-world.

But, now, let us go back to our poetic scientist's definition of coal, as "gas, stored-up sunbeams, and a little earthy matter," and let us see what is really meant by it. In order to verify its correctness, we must make some inquiries as to the growth of trees in the present day. Of what materials are their tissues built up? How and whence do they obtain these substances? And what are the conditions under which our modern vegetation thrives? We have already said that chemists tell us wood consists chiefly of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon, not, however, in their free condition, but combined, so as to form nutriment of various kinds. For instance, water, which is essential for all life on earth, is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen—both gases. Ammonia, another kind of plant-food, is a product of nitrogen and hydrogen—the former, as well as the latter, being a gas. Carbon dioxide, better known, perhaps, under its old name of carbonic acid—a third important source of vegetable tissue—is also a gas, consisting, as we should suppose, of carbon and oxygen.

Besides these components, trees contain a few earthy materials, in some of which oxygen finds also a place. How the water of the globe was originally formed, we do not fully know, but it is certain that both ammonia and carbon-dioxide result from the decomposition of organic substances into gaseous conditions. Let us next see how the sunbeams come in. First:—The water needed by plants is, for the most part, supplied by rain; but rain would be impossible, were it not that sun-energy lifts vast masses of water, as vapour, into the higher parts of the atmosphere, where cold currents or a rarefied condition once more condense it, first into clouds and then into drops, which fall by their own weight to the earth. Again, the decomposition of organic matter, and the consequent production of ammonia, go on only under the influence of a tolerably high temperature, and this, as a general condition, can arise solely from the heat given out by the sun. Once more—and this is a wonderful fact—a very large portion of plant-tissue is derived from the extremely minute quantity of carbon dioxide existing in the atmosphere. The air we breathe consists of a *mixture*—not a *combination*—of nearly 21 per cent. of oxygen, about 79 of nitrogen, and four parts in 10,000 of carbon dioxide. We may well feel astonished, then, to be told, that the solidity and bulk of our forests depend on this small fractional and last-named substance. A natural question is—How can plants get their hard material from this invisible gas?

Botanists and chemists most satisfactorily explain the process. The former tell us, and with their microscopes show us, that the green parts of vegetables abound with tiny openings, to which the name of *stomata* ("mouths") has been given. One purpose served by these apertures is to drink in carbon dioxide from the air. But it is found that they also, under certain circumstances, exhale this same gas. Thus we are confronted with two more problems. First, how is the carbon dioxide split up into its two elements—the solid carbon being retained, and the oxygen given off? Secondly, what makes the difference between the absorbent and exhalant action of the stomata? Here the chemist comes to our aid, and points out to us that the green parts of plants owe their colour to a peculiar substance, called chlorophyll, and

that this is the agent in the decomposition of the carbon dioxide. Again,—and this is our special point now—it is certain that this decomposing process goes on only under the action of light—in other words, it is dependent on sun-energy.

Once more, we know from modern scientific researches that force or energy is never annihilated, though it may undergo various transmutations. It may become known to us in the apparently dissimilar forms of motion, heat, light, electricity, chemical action, or vital phenomena, but it is never lost. It may, from its active manifestations, pass into a sort of *latent* state, when it is no longer cognizable by our senses ; but it only needs suitable conditions to make itself once more manifest. This doctrine of "the conservation of energy" is one of the triumphs of our modern science, and opens up magnificent fields of speculation. In its light, we see now what is meant by "stored-up sunbeams" as a constituent of coal. Plants absolutely require solar energy, in the forms of both light and heat, for their vital processes. Through these processes they build up their tissues, as we have seen,—these tissues being able, under the application of a small quantity of heat, to yield up their elements to the strong appetite of oxygen for them. In the re-construction of gases, produced in combustion, a large amount of energy, in the shape of heat, is evolved. This heat we often employ to put into violent action the particles of water, till they take the form of steam, and this, again, is made to impart its energy to the iron of our locomotives ; so that we may not only say that our coal is due to the storage of sunbeams in vegetable tissues, but that we travel on our railways by sunbeams, set free from their prison-house, in the fuel of our engines.

Have we not here a veritable scientific romance ?

In a subsequent Paper we shall try to show just how our beds of coal have been formed, and will give a few particulars of their chief constituent plants.

LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

No. 4.

Choice of a Partner for Life.

AN American writer once said that it was much easier to suggest whom not to marry, than whom to marry. This is exactly the truth, and, if every one were determined to be satisfied with nothing short of perfection, marriages would be events of rare occurrence.

There are no perfect men, and there are no perfect women ; and the man or woman who expects to find either will be disappointed. More than this ; those who, having resolved to marry, calmly proceed to take stock of individuals of the opposite sex, to find out who is good enough, seldom make a successful marriage. They are so prudent, that they over-reach themselves. They want to receive everything, and give nothing, and this does not answer. There is never a perfect union of two hearts and two lives, where feeling, or, in other words, love, does not constitute the principal motive. Prudence about essentials is to be commended, and feeling ought to be kept well in hand until this is ascertained. Once satisfied on this point, feeling should reign supreme, and all minor considerations be put aside.

What, then, are the essentials of such vast importance, that an earnest young man or young woman ought to guard himself or herself from falling in love with one who does not possess them ?

First, an earnest, Christ-loving spirit.

Second, a body, free from incurable hereditary disease.

Third, an honest, sober, steady, capable character.

Fourth, a congenial disposition and similarity of taste.

Perhaps it will be said that these conditions are too strict, and that young men and young women could not be reasonably expected to abide by them. If so, it is a sad thing for the world. There is no chance of happiness where they are not fulfilled. How can a man and wife live together, unless they are of the same spirit ? Supposing the husband has an earnest desire, above all else, to do what is right, and to walk in the light of God's love, and his wife thinks only of gaiety and show ; it is as impossible that a perfect union can exist between them, as it would be if they lived in different planets. For a time, while the novelty lasts, they may get on fairly well, but discord is inevitable, and the giddy wife will be, before long, a hindrance and a drag to her husband, while the husband will be a torment and a source of irritation to the wife.

As to the second condition. Those who marry, knowing that they have in their constitutions the seeds of incurable hereditary disease, commit a sin against society, because they help to perpetuate pain and weakness. This very serious subject can only be hinted at. We believe, however, that if those who have inherited disease would consider that they are called upon to deny themselves for the sake of their fellow-creatures, they would be benefactors to their race. We believe, also, that as the world grows wiser, this self-denial will be regarded as one of the most solemn duties resting upon frail mortals.

The importance of the third essential, that a partner for life should be honest, sober, steady, capable, and industrious, is so obvious, that few would question its truth.

Some women, blinded by love, have a notion that marriage will alter character, that it will make the drunken man sober, the dishonest man straightforward and honourable, the idle man industrious. Marriage makes many changes, it is true, but not changes of this kind. The woman who marries a rake, thinking to reform him, generally makes a sad mistake.

The will and power to reform must be proved before, not after, marriage. Certain disappointment awaits, also, those who marry where brains are lacking. The great philosopher was right when he said : "Have nothing to do with fools ; they are the fatal species."

The fourth essential, that partners for life should have congenial dispositions and similar tastes is, compared with the others, like small change to sovereigns and bank-notes. Rich men can enter on large undertakings ; to buy estates, they sign a cheque, or produce bank-notes. But, for the small wants of every-day life, they need sixpences, shillings, and half-pence. So in marriage. It is of the greatest importance that a partner for life should have an earnest spirit and a good constitution, and should be sober, honest, capable, industrious ; but if, whilst all this exists, one dislikes reading and the other enjoys it,—one has no taste for music and the other is soothed and charmed by it,—there is very little prospect of comfort.

A cynical old bachelor once said, that matrimony is like a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, but punishing every one who comes between them. This dolorous description is only true where the wedded pair are not congenial. "Choose a wife as you choose a knife ; look to her temper," said a wise man ; and the advice is equally valuable, whether husbands or wives are under consideration.

When satisfied concerning these essentials, particularly the first three, feeling may be permitted to take its course, and develop into love. Without this satisfaction, feeling ought to be crushed, no matter at what cost of pain and disappointment. An unwise fancy can be conquered by those who have strength of will ; and young men and young women who persist in attaching themselves to individuals unsuitable in essentials, are simply preparing untold misery, not only for themselves, but for those who will come after them.

But, it may be asked, are these then the only essentials in marriage ? Are we not to think of beauty, position, wealth, talent ? Ought not a young man to think whether his intended wife will be a good housekeeper ? And ought not a young woman to think whether her proposed husband can provide a well-furnished house ? Undoubtedly, if conditions of this kind are favourable, all the better. But if love is absent, these details are not worth a thought. Alone, they cannot bring happiness ; there is nothing in them that abides. And it is because men and women pursue these things that mistakes are made in marriage.

Where true love is, such trifles can be disregarded ; or, if necessary to comfort, love can obtain them. By the help of love, a clever girl can become a good housekeeper ; an honest, industrious young man can work to furnish a home. Love imparts beauty, it

exalts and enriches the beloved. Without it, the most richly ornamented house, the best ordered household, will be a barren desert. With it, the plainest cottage becomes a home.

In that wonderful book, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," there is an account of a man who gave the whole of his attention to that which was on the ground at his feet, and did not notice the golden crown which an angel was holding over his head. In marriage, as well as in many other ways, men and women are like this foolish man. They look out for what is of little account, and disregard that which is of chief value. There can be no greater mistake than to think only, or chiefly of wealth or beauty. When two people have lived together for six months, it usually signifies very little to either, whether the other has a straight nose or curly hair. If by that time each has pleased the other as companion and friend, the face, though plain before, will have become most pleasing; whilst, if there have been contradictions and disagreements on either side, the most beautiful face will have lost its charm. When we truly love a person, our eyes find satisfaction in resting on their face, no matter how homely that face may be.

There are individuals who speak as if lack of beauty were a crime, and its possession a virtue. They praise those who are pretty, and blame those who are not; they are very critical upon looks, and think beauty the great essential in marriage. Their affection generally lasts as long as the beauty, and no longer. An attack of small-pox, or an accident might entirely destroy it. That love is worth nothing that does not last through illness and change. The love that is true grows with time.

Mrs. Hutchinson writes, in the life of her husband, Colonel Hutchinson: "So constant was he in his love, that when his wife ceased to be young and lovely, he began to show her most fondness." Even when there is no disfiguring illness or accident, youthful beauty lasts only a short time. The loveliness vanishes, but the partner remains. It is a sad look-out when nothing worth having is left.

Wealth is quite as unstable as beauty. "Riches take to themselves wings, and fly away." Ask any one who has lived to middle life, how many of the people reputed to be wealthy twenty years ago are wealthy now? how many poor men have become rich? how men rich men are poor? Even if mere worldly success were the chief consideration, it would be safer to be united to a partner with energy, ability, and courage, than to trust to wealthy friends, or to a bank account. Banks break, fires burn, ships laden with merchandise go down, rust corrupts, and moths destroy; but industry, perseverance, and capacity conquer difficulties. Better to marry one who is poor, and who yet possesses the qualities which lead to success, than to trust to success already won.

If, therefore, without love marriage be a mockery, it may perhaps be asked: "How are we to know when love exists?" Here there really is no difficulty. Sooner or later love makes itself known. "Love and a cough can never be hid," says an old proverb. Still, where people are doubtful about their own feelings, it is as well to apply one or two tests.

Here are four suggestions.

It is fairly safe to marry the person with whom we could pleasantly spend a week, if shut up together, far away from any one else—in the Eddystone Lighthouse, for instance.

It is fairly safe to marry one whom we should be proud and thankful to claim as our own, under all circumstances.

It is a good sign when we are anxious to please, above every one, the person whom we are to marry.

It is a good sign when the person we are to marry is the one whom we are most glad to see when in trouble or difficulty.

Marriage is often said to be like a lottery, in which one here and one there draws prizes, and the rest draw blanks. An individual, however, who answered all these four tests, would, at least, give promise of being a prize. But as it is scarcely likely that any human being could fulfil every condition, love is required to smooth over difficulties.

APPLICATION *versus* GENIUS.

By JOSIAH FORRESTER.

A DISCRIMINATING public has hitherto saved me—and is likely ever to save—from the necessity of pleading not guilty to the soft impeachment of being a genius. I will not say that, if I were to ask memory to consult the diary of my adolescence, a time would not be found when I diligently searched my pedigree, my mirror, and my ink-pot, for a hint of a consummation so devoutly to be wished, but these oracles were dumb. When I tried to stir up the gift that was in me, it came out, sometimes in perspiration, but mostly by a systematic neglect of the larder, coupled with a sedulous use of the razor. Pass my hungry fingers as I might through my flowing locks, I never could find any genius attaching, when the operation was over. An attempt to cultivate it on less hair, and a little oatmeal, *à la* Carlyle, having also signally failed, I, at last, came to see that if there really were such a thing as genius, which was seriously to be doubted, seeing I could discover none of it in myself, it would only come out as I was faithful to my own individuality.

O. W. Holmes was not specially addressing me, but he might have been, when he said: "You may have genius. The contrary is, of course, probable, but it is not demonstrated. If you have, the world wants you more than you want it."

So far, the great American carries my judgment with him, but I cannot quite subscribe to the next sentence: "It has not only a desire, but a passion for every spark of genius that shows itself among us." The passion comes, it is true, but mostly too late. Forster puts it in a nutshell in the dedication of his life of Oliver Goldsmith:—

> "Genius and its rewards are briefly told:
> A liberal nature and a niggard doom,
> A difficult journey to a splendid tomb."

What I have said to my soul, I say to you: "If you have genius, thank God that it is not your fault; and if you have not got it, thank God all the same that you can, like the majority of your fellow-creatures, get on very well without it." I trust I am a very humble Christian; but when I look round upon the men and women who are universally acknowledged to be geniuses, when I remember that the heart of almost every one was eaten out with some jealousy, weakness, evil passion, or bitter disappointment, I must plead guilty to borrowing the Pharisee's prayer: "Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are, or even as these geniuses." Honestly, I think that about the grandest sight either God or man can see, is a man who confronts his little world, and says: "There is nothing unusual about me, but ere I give up the ghost, I am going to try the loftiest possibilities of my nature."

That the steady application of an enthusiastic soul is, in the long run, quite equal to—if not better than—genius, has had many illustrations in life.

In recent biography, I have come across no more striking example of this fact than that given in the absorbingly interesting Autobiography of Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A. Here is a man, who states with the most engaging frankness and sincerity, that he knows he is not a great artist, and by no possibility could have been; and yet few graduates of the palette have been so successful as he. What is the secret? We shall see later on. As many of you are not likely to see Mr. Frith's volumes, and as, no doubt, you need a little stimulus to bring out the best that is in you, I propose to retail a few of the facts disclosed in the autobiography. Here, however, let me interject that I am only using Mr. Frith as an illustration of the great fact that success does not necessitate genius, and not at all as my ideal of a painter.

Mr. Frith does not seem to have been born with the legendary silver spoon in his mouth, nor, for the matter of that, with a palette stuck on his left thumb. If, however, he owed nothing to wealth or ancestry, it is equally true that "chill penury" did not "repress his noble rage." His father, comfortably off as the landlord of "The Dragon Inn," Harrogate, had not only a taste for art, but a desire to do all he could to make his son an artist. At the age of eleven, young Frith made a drawing of a dog, and the drawing made such an impression upon his male parent, that that gentleman metaphorically—perhaps actually—took the boy to his heart, and emphatically pronounced him "the genius of the family." Strange, however, to say, that though subsequently, at school, he neglected his other studies to copy drawings with chalk or pencil, when the "genius of the family" was confronted with the question of a profession, he said he would much prefer being an auctioneer; but, though he was sure he never could paint, *he would try if his father wished it.* Not a very hopeful way of beginning a life-work, certainly. His drawings were submitted to two artist brothers, and they advised Mr. Frith to go on with the artistic training of his son. The value, however, of their advice will be best seen in the following story, told by Mr. Frith himself. When he had attained to some fame as a painter, he met one of the brothers Chalm, and said to him: "If it had not been for you, I should not have been an artist at all." The gentleman thus addressed was much surprised, for he had no recollection of the circumstance. Thinking that a sight of the drawings submitted to him would help his memory, he asked to see them. After looking at them for some time, he said: "Do you mean to tell me that I ever saw those things before?"

"Indeed you did."

"And that I advised that you should be trained as an artist on such evidence as that?"

"Indeed you did."

"*Then I ought to be ashamed of myself.*"

At first the work was little short of drudgery and vexation of spirit to the young man, who sighed regretfully after the auctioneer's box and hammer. His teacher more than once said he would never make a painter of him, and was especially "mad against him," when he struck against any

more copying. The lad, however, had some gift in him, and he stuck to his colours. A compromise was effected, and he was allowed to try his hand at a subject in monochrome, viz., a brown jar, a wicker Florence oil-bottle, and an old inkstand. *This was the turning-point in Frith's life.* He says: "I no longer regretted the easy life, or what I thought such, of the auctioneer. I felt real enjoyment in my work, a feeling which has possessed me, from that day to this, in ever-increasing strength."

Though he had found the turning-point, it was not to a royal road to success. No! like everybody else, the work was emphatically "up-hill," and many were the discouragments in the way. You have heard of that ingenious boy who said of his wooden boat, that "he had made it entirely out of his own head, and that he had enough wood left to make another." The time came when young Frith could look at a picture which he had made out of his own head, but he was not so complacent over it as the boy was over his boat. His theme was taken from Scott's "Lay of the last Minstrel," and tried to body forth the lines :—

"Full slyly smiled the observant page,
And gave the withered hand of age
A goblet, crowned with rosy wine."

"I knew far too little of perspective," he says, "and, consequently, the relative sizes of the old man and the page puzzled me frightfully; sometimes their figures were tumbling over each other, and sometimes they were slipping out of the picture. Do what I would, I could not make their feet stand on the floor. The boy had a stupid giggle on his face, and stood upon his toes. The old man's beard insisted on looking as if he had tied it on, and its annoying owner nearly drove me wild with his remarks; and the girl who sat for the page, said, 'She never see such a face; it wasn't like *her*, *she* knew.' Indeed it was not, nor like any earthly thing. How well I remember throwing down palette and brushes, and rushing out of the house in despair, and wandering about Chalk Farm, where pigeon-shooting was going on, watching the pigeons as they were knocked over, almost envying their fate! After rubbings out and alterations innumerable, the picture was finished. O'Neil and poor Cowper came, smiled, and said nothing. My old master told me flatly I should never do anything as long as I lived, and that all his hard work to make an artist of me had been thrown away. This was inspiriting! However, I sent the 'Last Minstrel' to the Suffolk Street Gallery, and it was hung among other specimens of imbecility."

After such an experience as this, many would have given up in despair, but Frith was made of sterner stuff, and there grew in his heart a strong determination to succeed. He made up his mind that, in artist phrase, he would "hang on the line." Not, O ye uninitiated, on the clothes-line,—a despairing suicide,—but to have a picture of his, not only accepted for the great annual exhibition, but hung in the very best position. It is inspiring to read that, by dint of unflagging perseverance, he succeeded; a picture of his occupied the coveted position. The next year he was not so successful, but after a short interval *some work of his appeared on the line every year for close on half a century.* Some of his pictures, such as "The Derby Day," "The Railway Station," etc., not only drew such admiring crowds that they had to be protected by rails and policemen, but have fetched fabulous sums of money. The one secret of Frith's success seems to have been an infinite capacity for taking pains. That he produced pictures, which, both in theme and treatment were poor, he was the first to see and acknowledge; but his sense of failure or mortification only stirred him to do his work more thoroughly. He might have taken for his motto,—let me give it to every reader of—"A.1."—Russel Lowell's very trenchant words in the "Biglow Papers" :—

"Folks that worked thorough, was the ones that thrive,
But bad work follers ye ez long's ye live.
You can't git rid o't; jist ez sure ez sin,
It's ollers askin' to be done agin."

His own deliverance on the subject is worth your serious consideration.

Reynolds says: "You must have no dependence upon your own genius; if you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply the deficiency." Another writer says: "Genius means the power of taking great pains." I don't think either of those great men could have been quite serious, or could have intended their advice to be taken literally, but rather to enforce the absolute necessity of hard work. Would the severest application have produced a Raphael or a Hogarth? No. But neither Raphael nor Hogarth could have produced their immortal works without the exercise of painful industry. And when is the time for that exercise? In healthy youth—a time, alas! when temptation to idle pleasure is most difficult to resist. No artist, who has arrived at mature age, can look back at his early opportunities without a remorseful sense of his neglect of many of them. I can even accuse myself,—fool that I was,—of feeling contempt for the scrupulous attention insisted on by my master to details that seemed, to my youthful wisdom, to be absurdly unimportant. I know better now, and suffer justly for my folly."

The sum of the whole matter then, is, that to get on in any business or profession, genius is not needed; only enthusiasm, painstaking thoroughness, hard work, and determination not to be beaten. If your calling in life is honest, and you are married to it by the force of circumstances, do not spend your hours in idling, dreaming of some more congenial pursuit; do not waste your strength in fuming and fretting against it; you will only do yourselves irreparable injury. I read the other day of "a fine (?) young man," who hanged himself in his master's house near Paris. What was the matter with him? Nothing more nor less than utter dissatisfaction with his calling. On a memorandum he left behind, he bewailed his lot to his parents, and besought them to inscribe over his tombstone the words :—

"Born to be a man;
Died a grocer."

My young friends, make no mistake. A man can be as much a man in a grocer's shop as in a studio, in a pulpit, in a cabinet, or on a throne. With right aspirations, right principles, good, sound, common sense, that, and dogged perseverance, a young man can make the lowliest position the stepping-stone to a lofty pinnacle of worldly success, and commanding influence for good. Try, and while you are trying, remember that—

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

By Rev. J. H. Thorpe, M.A.

January 29th.

Peter confessing Christ.—*Matt.* 16. 13-28.
Golden Text: *Matt.* 10. 32.

Cæsarea Philippi—a town at the foot of Mount Libanus, called in the O.T. Laish or Dan—was built by Herod the Tetrarch, and was so called to distinguish it from Cæsarea on the Mediterranean. Notice valuable marginal notes in the R.V. on the 18th verse. It would be useless to enumerate the different interpretations given of ver. 18, of which there are at least five; we shall only say that the one which commends itself to us is that which regards the *true confession* of the God-man Christ Jesus as the rock on which Christ builds His Church.

The general lesson is about confessing Christ. But as confession should be always a thing of deliberation and solemnity, we begin by—

(1) *A Caution.*—It is quite possible for men to have good opinions of Christ which are not the right ones, high opinions which are not high enough. See ver. 14. There were many opinions abroad about Christ, they were all such as connected Him with revered and honourable names, but they were all wrong, and very much below the mark. So in our days, some think Christ a good man, but forget He is "God our Saviour;" some think He is a great Saviour, but that they are sinners too great for Him to save. Some regard Him as able to save all and any, but they have not trusted Him for themselves. All these are wrong. See here the object of a true ministry, to bring men to right views of Christ, which lead to a right confession of Him. See, further, that you must not take your opinions or thoughts of Christ from the world. Here you cannot set your watch by the town clock, but by the sun.

Note that the real test question for your religion is not what you think about Church government, Church Services, Church ministers, or Church going,—it is "what think you of Christ?" See, further, the interest Christ takes in the progress of His truth in the world. He inquired from His disciples how it fared with His truth; no doubt, in the first instance, to give them an opportunity to express their own thoughts, but we feel also to teach them this last lesson. Do you take a like interest?—pray that all in your town may have right thoughts of Jesus, and that He may be so preached that they will have no excuse if they have wrong ones.

(2) *A Confession.*—Its subject was "Jesus Christ Himself." "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." Christians are men who confess, not a bundle of doctrines or lines of thought, or peculiar practices, but a personal Saviour. A faith which lacks the personal Christ is like an organism without a heart. St. Paul preached, not "Christ Jesus and the Crucifixion," but "Christ Jesus and *Him* crucified." Remember, truth isolated from the person of Christ grows hard and cold. Religion is the bond between a personal sinner and a personal Saviour. See that yours is of this sort.

We now turn to another point. Briefly,—the Church of Rome claims authority over all churches on earth. It is plain from the N.T. that no permanent superiority was given to St. Peter by our Lord, for the same words were afterwards spoken to *all* (Matt. 18. 18). On a certain occasion James and John sought pre-eminence, and they not only aroused the indignation of their brethren, but were rebuked by our Lord (Matt. 20. 25). We read in Acts xv. the account of the first Council at Jerusalem. St. Peter did not preside. St. James did, and the judgment of the Council was pronounced by James, not by Peter. All this is very strange, if St. Peter was what the Church of Rome states. Stronger than all, is St. Peter's own description of himself in 1 Peter 5. 1-4, "Who am also an elder, etc."

DIVISIONS OF LESSON.

I. CONFESSING CHRIST. Vers. 13–19. What different people think about Christ. What do *we* think about Him? Duty of confessing Him. Sin and danger of secret discipleship. How to confess. Illustrate.

II. CHRIST'S CHURCH. Vers. 18, 19. Its Builder. Foundation. Chief stones. Laws. Privileges. Purposes.

III. CHRIST'S CRUCIFIXION. Ver. 21. A glimpse into the future. Christ's principal work. The glorious *finale*.

IV. CHRIST'S CONDEMNATION. Ver. 23. Sometimes Christians, when off guard, do Satan's work. Hasty words. Satan's temptations.

V. CROSS-CARRYING. Ver. 24. The laws of discipleship. Servant not greater than Master. Cross-discipline.

VI. COUNTING THE COST. Vers. 25–28. Cost of selfishness. Cost of gaining the world. The cost of a soul. The cost of God's reward.

Thoughts for

CAREFUL CONSIDERATION—

1st. If we confess Christ, He will confess us. Christ's actions regulated by ours. See Golden Text.

2nd. Are we safe on the Rock?

3rd. "No cross, no crown."

4th. What is our chief concern?

PETER CONFESSING CHRIST.

CÆSAREA PHILIPPI. "This ancient city occupies one of the most picturesque spots in Syria. A broad terrace on the mountain side looks out over the plain. Behind it rises in rugged peaks the southern ridge of Hermon, wooded to the summit."

Ver. 18. "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church." Some think this to mean Peter is the foundation to Christ's Church. Correct reading, "Thou art petros (a piece of rock), and upon this petra (a rock), I will build My Church." A play upon Peter's name. "Petra," the word for rock as applied to God. It was as though Christ said, "Thou art not only a noble piece of rock, thou art a noble piece of the true Rock. Thou hast been hewn from the Rock of Ages, and art hence meet to form a fundamental part of the living Temple, which I am about to rear on *Myself*. There was a grand mystical sense in which Peter was, as it were, a bit of Christ." (Morrison.)

The neighbourhood may have caused Christ thus to speak. Surrounded by the boldest, most picturesque, rocky scenery. A ruined castle near with immense foundations; here and there "cyclopean pieces of rock cut out and chiselled in immense symmetrical masses." "We meet with heathen temples all over these mountains" (Thomson.)

"Gates of hell." "Gate," the place of power and judgment; hence "powers of evil shall not prevail against the Church of Christ."

Ver. 19. "Keys of the kingdom." Peter was consequently a "steward of the house of God." At Pentecost he opened kingdom to the Jews, afterwards to Gentiles (Acts 10.). "This is not a personal and independent authority given to Peter and his supposed successors. It is simply this, that to His disciples Jesus commits the keys of the kingdom, which is the word of God."

Ver. 19. "Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven." "Bind" and "loose," common phrases, meaning to *forbid* and *allow*. This power not confined to Peter. See Matt. 18. 18. No reference to absolution of sin; simply as steward, to regulate affairs of kingdom, and would be sanctioned by heaven, because first originated there. So intimate should all Christian workers be with the King, they will reflect His will.

THE Planet Venus and the Star of the Magi. Next week we shall give an interesting article by an able scientist on this subject, now attracting so much attention.

CHESS. (PART VIII.)

ILLUSTRATED POSITION, NO. VIII.

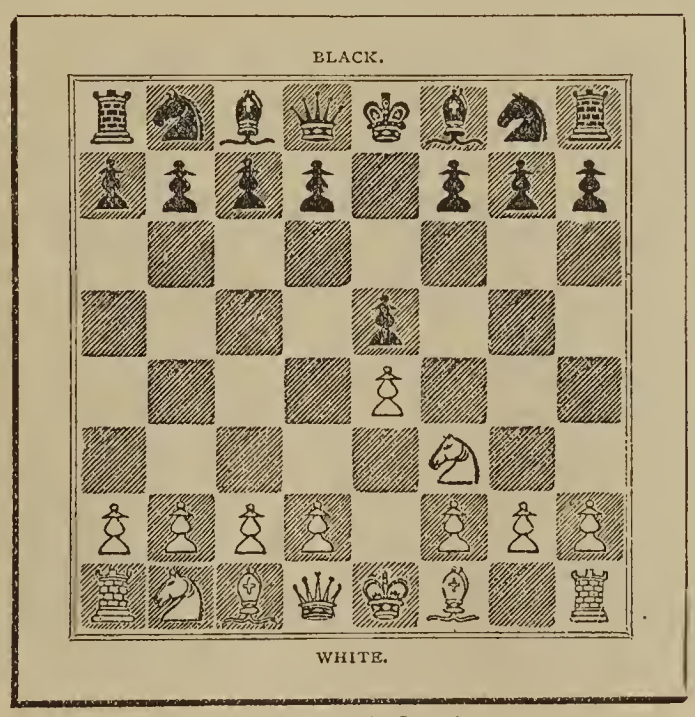
THE OPENINGS.—A good opening means a good game, consequently, the opening is one of the most important features to be studied. Play, in middle games, will come with practice, and a knowledge of end games may be acquired by examining some of the many problems that are published. The various ways of beginning a game are known by their several names. There is the King's Knight's Opening, King's Bishop's Opening, Queen's Knight's or Vienna Opening, Centre Gambit, King's Gambit, Queen's Gambit, Irregular Openings, etc.

These are again sub-divided. In the King's Knight's Opening we have Philidor's Defence, Petroff's Defence, the Two Knights' Defence, the Giuoco Piano, the Evan's Gambit (accepted and declined), Ruy Lopez Opening, Four Knights' Opening (which may also result from the Queen's Knight's Opening), Three Knights' Opening, Greco's Counter Gambit, Scotch Gambit, Damino Gambit, the Queen's Bishop's Pawn's Opening, and several less practised Openings.

In the King's Gambit, we have the King's Knight's and the King's Bishop's Gambit (regular and irregular); while under the former we have, besides the ordinary King's Knight's Gambit, the Allgaier Gambit, with its various sub-divisions, bearing the names Kieserisky, Thorold, Ourossoff, and Hampe; the Muzio, the Salvio, the Cunningham, and the Cochrane Gambits. In all these, the Gambit is accepted; there is, likewise, more than one form of the Gambit Declined.

The word Gambit is derived from an Italian term used in wrestling, where one player gives his opponent a temporary advantage, in order, the more successfully, to trip him up. The sacrifice of a man on the second, third, or fourth move, constitutes the Gambit; if the opposite player refuses to take the offered man, it is the Gambit Declined.

The varieties of Openings are mostly named after those players who first adopted them. The best, and usual, move for each player to make first is P to K4; it at once liberates Q and KB; then the first player (always White) may bring out a Kt. Our diagram, No. VIII., represents the position after the following moves:—



King's Knight's Opening.

KING'S KNIGHT'S OPENING.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1P to K4.	1P to K4.
2 Kt to KB3.	

The replies which Black has choice of making are: 2Kt to QB3, which admits of a number of other Openings to be treated of in our next; 2Kt to KB3, Petroff's Counter Attack, or Russian Defence; 2P to Q3, Philidor's Defence; 2P to Q4, Queen's Pawn Counter Gambit; and 2P to KB4, Greco's Counter Gambit.

(*To be continued.*)

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

[WE set apart this column as a medium of communication between our readers. Those who ask questions must not expect always to find the information in the next Number; but it will be supplied as soon as possible. We would specially ask those who have had reliable knowledge on any topic discussed in these columns, to communicate it promptly and generously for the help of others.—ED.]

INQUIRIES.

"Artist" would be glad to know if modelling or china clay can be hardened in any ordinary oven? If not, what is the cheapest way of getting it done?

"Sister Dora" asks if there are any Hospitals in London, or elsewhere (especially Children's Hospitals), where a probationer can be trained as sister-nurse without payment? We do not expect this could be done without probationer first going through the training and experience of an ordinary nurse. A variety of statistics as to Hospitals, age, and terms for admission, etc., etc., will be found in the September Number of OUR OWN GAZETTE for 1886.—ED.

"Musical."—I should be glad to get full information about "Musical Glasses," where they can be obtained, their cost, the best kind, etc., etc.

John F. C. asks: "How could I manage to gild the edges of books?" We thank you for your hearty words about our Paper. The Volume will (D.V.) be issued *yearly*, at the end of October.

Needlework.—Hesperides asks for title of best book of directions for *plain* Needlework; also one giving hints on Ambulance Work. We shall hope to reply in our next to your other most important questions. We appreciate sincerely your hearty efforts to gain subscribers to our Paper.

ANSWERS.

E.A.—The frontispiece for each monthly part and the index for the yearly volume of "A.1." will be issued at the end of the year, for the convenience of those who wish to bind their own numbers of "A.1." Your letter was most welcome, but we should have liked your name and address. Persevere in prayer, and surely the answer will be given.

"Amicus."—Ferns planted in a wardian case, should be very slightly watered once a week.

"Hearty."—The best plan for gold fish is to have a little weed growing in the globe in which they are kept, and also a few water snails, when the fish will help themselves to what they require. If food is given them, it should not be more than once a week, at the oftenest, and the quantity should be exceedingly small.

E.M.—To conquer stammering, observe the following suggestions:—

Practise speaking very slowly, very deliberately, very evenly—and as often as practicable. 2nd, Stammering is frequently occasioned by nervousness; therefore give up smoking and the use of intoxicants, both of which are prejudicial in this direction; even tea and coffee should be taken with extreme moderation; cocoa and chocolate are better. Exercise, fresh air, tepid sponge bath every morning will hasten cure, which, on the other hand, is retarded by rich, indigestible diet. Our correspondent ("Hygiene") offers to give any further advice in his power, if E.M. will send his address to our Office.

Skeleton Leaves.—Dissolve four ounces of common washing soda in a quart of boiling water, then add two ounces of slacked quicklime, and boil for fifteen minutes. Allow this to cool; then pour off all the clear liquor into a clean sauce-pan. When the solution is at boiling point, place the leaves carefully in the pan, and boil the whole together for an hour. Add boiling water, to replace that lost by evaporation. The epidermis and parenchyma of some leaves will more readily separate than others. A good test is to try the leaves, after they have been gently boiling for an hour, and if the cellular matter does not easily rub off betwixt the finger and thumb beneath cold water, boil them a little longer. When all the matter has been rubbed off very gently, they will be a dirty white. To bleach them, make a solution of a large teaspoonful of chloride of lime to a quart of water, add a few drops of vinegar. Fifteen minutes is time enough for the leaves to remain in the bleaching liquor; if left longer, they become brittle. Dry between blotting paper after they have been bleached. We thank E. L. R., who sends the above, for his hearty co-operation in the circulation of our Paper.

Young Men's Bible Class.—The Teacher of a Class asks us to insert a request that many fellow-workers will plead for such a blessing on his work, that every Member of the Class may be led to Christ.

Railway Bookstalls.—So many friends are anxious to promote the circulation of our Paper. Will they kindly remember that one of the *most* effectual ways of doing so is to make a point of systematically inquiring for—"A.1."—at the Railway Bookstall, when starting on a journey, and to give away the copy thus purchased to some fellow-traveller. Such an effort will cost *one penny*, but it will tell most certainly upon our circulation.

Monthly Parts.—We should be very glad to be able to place these on the Tables of Waiting-Rooms all over the kingdom. We will send one of our Monthly Parts, post free, through the year, to any Station desired, on receipt of Postal Order for 5s.

Hesperides.—We would gladly go fully into your question, but that it was taken up earnestly in the Feb. number of OUR OWN GAZETTE, 1886, to which we refer you. Also to a little book of great value, entitled, "Conformity to the World," by Canon Hoare, Tunbridge Wells. We think there is great force in your argument, and would certainly say: Do not try how far from Jesus you may walk to catch some gleams of His presence, but how *near* you may walk with God, and thus realize your Father's smile and blessing. Thanks for your enthusiasm about our Paper.

CLOUDS AND MOSSES.

LESSONS LEARNED OVERHEAD AND UNDERFOOT AMONGST THE WELSH HILLS.

I THINK that you may like to have some of the lessons which were taught me during a week in North Wales, lessons by teachers of which we think too little—clouds and mosses.

No skies in England are ever alike for two days together. Did you ever think of the blessing we enjoy in that endless picture-gallery of God? Perhaps no one would, thoroughly, who has not lived under the hard blue monotony of a southern sky, without clouds; and certainly I never appreciated them as I did when living among them in the hills. "Can any understand the spreadings of the clouds?" asked Elihu. "With clouds He covereth the light; and commandeth it not to shine by the cloud that cometh betwixt" (Job 36. 29, 32). That was my first cloud-lesson. My husband and I were riding up the steep, stony slopes of Snowdon. We left radiant sunshine in the valley; we watched the light fleeces softly moving over the peaks above us. Slopes of coloured mosses and shadows of noble mountains made our way wondrously beautiful; and all at once God's snowy messenger fell round us like a silvery haze, and we rode into a dense, icy-cold mist—not a step to be seen ten yards off, not a ray of light through. We knew what the disciples felt when "they feared as they entered into the cloud." That is the time to trust the guide, or the mountain-top would never be reached; that is the time to keep to the narrow path, for deadly precipices slant on either hand. Just like that, sometimes, in life, unexpectedly, not by our own fault, God's clouds come down. We were climbing patiently; we had not stopped to rest on the hill Difficulty; but the icy breath of pain, or disappointment, or indefinite heartache, suddenly blotted out all the prospect and the sunshine. Never mind, the Guide is near; you can always see the next step, and each one leads you higher.

Another day we saw the clouds at play among the Festiniog hills. How radiantly white! how lightly dancing! How they rolled their snowy skirts backwards and forwards! To us who watched them from the valley, how exquisitely fair, as they floated to and fro! And so, without clouds, life itself would be a monotonous level. There cannot be bright light without shadow, and the hills are beautified by their clouds. A life without clouds would be a *selfish* life, and there is no beauty in that.

Let us take delight in remembering that clouds only seem solid *from below*. Walls they seem sometimes—thick walls that we could not possibly get through; but if we climb patiently, we find that they are only fogs, after all. Only fogs! How often we make clouds for ourselves by making fogs! By puzzling ourselves with doubts and fears, and a million tiny drops of discouragement and grumbling, not one of them worth looking at—and there is a cloud! Let us be brave, and dash the fogs from our hearts, when we are tempted to wrap them round us, by opening those grumbling, doubting hearts to the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, shining all the time.

After all, what *is* a real cloud?

> "The little flocks of cloud are wandering
> In the blue, vacant prairies of the noon.
> We call them anything but what they are,—
> White fleeces, mantles of the angels dropped,
> Mountains of mist, or ships, or pyramids,—
> And, weaving Fancy's opal texture thus,
> Pass over their eternal dignity
> In being God's former and latter Rain."

Ah, yes! without clouds, no vegetation. Our green earth would die into barrenness; we, and all that live on it, would soon depart, if it were not for these clouds. Would our souls fare any better without *their* clouds? Surely not.

Did you ever see a glorious sunrise or sunset without clouds? How could the firmament become a fairy palace of rosy splendour, if the radiance of God's fingers had no draperies to touch into colour, fairer than any painter ever knew? And without clouds there could be no rainbow—God's covenant pledge. Yes, thank the Lord, there *are* two places where there are rainbows without clouds. One I have seen; the other, I pray that we may yet see. The earthly throne of the cloudless rainbow is on the spray of the waterfall—flickering, dancing, dying as the cascade leaps and sinks. The other is round about the great white throne, "in sight like unto an emerald," where the tears of earth are illuminated by the Sun that never sets, and transfigured into a perfect covenant-pledge—a covenant *fulfilled* for ever and ever. But you will be tired of this long cloud-lesson; we will take a short one now from the Welsh mosses.

I shall never forget one Sunday afternoon walk, when we climbed up a tortuous path in the Bettws woods to the moorland, and after a mile of desolate barrenness, came suddenly on the utter calm and silver beauty of the lonely Elsi Lake. Not a sound echoed, not a bird flew there, but all around stretched the chains of mountains, and the air was sweet with the "gale" on which we trod. We saw three kinds of blossom only—one bush of the brilliant North country rose, and below, in the marsh by the lake, beds of golden asphodel and ruby sundews. It was among the latter that we found our teachers, the mosses. There they hid, grey, and olive, and silvery green, club, and feather, and tree-like fans,—nothing very remarkable at first sight, but in themselves exquisitely fashioned, and ministers of an infinite good.

And first, the mosses and lichens hide the bare places on the mountain side; it is they who make the grey rocks beautiful. I have seen a granite stone so painted by them as to look jewelled. Dear friends, do our little unnoticed words and deeds of hourly life act in this way on its bare, unlovely places? Are not the "soft answer," the ready smile, the tiny service, like the mosses painting the dull day? Can we not often hide the unloveliness of others by our own sweet acceptance of their little worries and roughnesses? And do we care to do it, when we know that we can?

Let us follow the greater ministry of the mosses. It was a burning day as I stood by the Elsi Lake, but cool and fresh when I plunged my hand among the mosses, for they had made the growth of higher plants possible. A drop of rain falls upon a bare rock, and it dries up,—nothing is visibly the better for it; but if it finds a fringe of moss there, ever so delicate, it is caught by the tiny fingers, and another drop joins it, till there are enough to roll down the stone and soak into the earth below, which is covered with the moss cushions. There the precious "rain of God's strength" is hidden; there, in their turn, the mosses die, and by their death is formed the soil which at last is fit for the coming of the scarlet sundews and the golden asphodels, and the rose-pink bog pimpernels, and the azure, ivy-leaved campanula, as I have seen them growing together, where all would have been desolation without the nourishing mosses.

Are there any flowers making life sweeter and gladder for others, that are due to our patient little services, the daily losses and deaths of *self?* But the rain returns, the bog becomes overcharged, and among the moss stems a tiny rill finds its way, saved by them from being licked up by the sunbeams; and there are many more that join it, and presently they grow into a stream, and the stream into a river, like the Conway, that rushes near Bettws, coming from the Elsi Lake. I know that there is no river without springs, but I know also that the waters are fed by the mountain torrents, which have their birthplace among the mosses. There is no saying what the little deeds that we never think of may do towards swelling the "river of God, which is full of water," the river of life, "the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." Think of it, you who are discouraged sometimes, and fancy that little things for Him are really not worth while. Do you say, "No one notices what I give up; no one cares for my trying to be cheerful, when I am tired?" Yet by that you may have sweetened the day; the little kind deed may have died, like the hidden moss, but it has furnished the soil for a better cheer. Remember the cup of cold water, and the delicate fringes of the mountain stone. I saw acres of the bare shoulders of Snowdon beautified with every tinge of gold, brown, olive, sienna, till they shone in the sunshine like embroidered robes. I have beside me now a bunch of radiant green, that was plucked from among them thirteen weeks ago, living in water still, and as I look at it, I remember who it was that said, "Inasmuch as ye have done (good) unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."





Wolf Hunting on the Russian Steppes.

FEB. 4, 1888. ONE PENNY.

"A.1."

WEEKLY — Edited by Mrs. STEPHEN MENZIES.

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "From Pole to Pole," "Thirteen Hundred Miles in my Caravan," "Stanley Graham," "Kennet the Alpine," etc., etc.



"He would point out to Katie something especially interesting."

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Stanley Graham," "From Pole to Pole," "Kennet the Alpine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SHIPWRECK AT ST. PAUL'S.

THE village of St. Paul's, near which the *Oonalaska* cast anchor next day, was, at the date of our tale, not yet taken possession of by civilised Americans. It was still the abode of misery, filth, and squalor, to say nothing of the curse of intemperance. The Russian traders were far from particular,—they found it, indeed, rather an advantage to deal and barter with poor drunken men,—so they had taught the Aleuts to brew a terribly intoxicating kind of beer, called quess, and even supplied them with strange liquor. All this is greatly changed now, and the St. Paulites have log or frame houses, good stores, a church and town hall, or pleasure house, and even better clothes than they used to wear.

The arrival of the *Oonalaska* was a sign for general rejoicing amongst the natives. A big, green-painted Russian barque lay in a bay, but she was evidently considered nothing new, and hardly had the *Oona's* anchor gone rattling into the sea, ere crowds of skin-covered bidarkies came round, and of course Captain Boyd good-naturedly permitted the most of their owners to come on board. They knew the boat from the quarter-deck, that was evident. By-and-by they would be ready enough to effect barters and sales with the men, but they would deal with the officers first and foremost. They had skins of fur-seals and sea-otters, and they could fetch the flesh of young sea-lions before many days, and blubber for oil in abundance.

They were full of business. What would the white men buy or barter? and what would they give away?

Had the white men any butter, had they sugar, had they sweet biscuits, had they tea, had they tobacco? They named the various articles, it seems, as they valued them. Lastly, what had they in the shape of shawls?

The *Oonalaska's* people had a little of everything, and they had plenty of money as well. English or American money it was, certainly, but yonder lay the Russian barque, her men could sell anything for English silver.

Chips was a useful member of society now. He was interpreter, and faithfully performed his duties; moreover, the old man was dearly beloved by the islanders, nearly all of whom knew him. Right proud was old Chips when he was presented with several skins of the sea-otter. Half-cured they were, too. He and Turlough O'Brady spent a forenoon rubbing and scraping the insides, and softening them. Then they were taken aft by Chips, and presented to Katie. Valuable they were indeed, but he would hardly listen to thanks. They were of no use to him, he told Katie, adding gallantly that to see her admire them and smooth them did him more good than meat or drink.

If Katie Graves did not very quickly learn enough about Arctic seas, Arctic life and manners, it was not for want of asking questions of her mentor, Chips. These Arctic seas, with their numerous islands, were all eloquent witnesses to him of bygone adventures. Often, as his eye roamed round the horizon, he would point out to Katie something especially interesting. Strange, wild stories had he to tell her of his adventures, not only in these regions, but in Greenland itself. So, whenever the wilful young lady found her way to the half-deck to read to the men, she was sure to ask Chips—childlike—to tell her a story, as soon as she had finished.

"I was shipwrecked on this very island one year," he began once, then stopped.

"Oh! tell us, Chips. Do light your pipes, men. How, Chips?"

"Oh, it bean't much, missie."

"Did it blow hard?"

"Blow! Aye, Miss Katie, and a wild night it was in August. Dark? Except for the wash of the waves when we struck beach, and the foam of the breaking water, you couldn't have told stem from stern. No, we hadn't run ashore ten minutes, before we began to break up in good earnest.

"The masts, you see, had gone first, the decks swept, and bulwarks gone. We were broadside on too, for a current was running athwart the shore like the race of a mill.

"No, missie, we never did expect to see the sunrise. And few of us did. You hear talk of life-boats doing great things at home; but where in all the world, except here, would you find men venture to sea in such a night as that was, in skiffs of skin, to save lives from a shipwrecked barque?

"But that is what they did, and rescued every poor soul they found clinging to bolt or stump, or broken timbers."

"And yet," said Katie, "they call these poor creatures savages."

"I've been amongst real savages, Miss Katie, down south, but they don't dwell here. Rough they look. Roughly they do dress, to be sure, but la! bless you, missie, my own mother couldn't have been kinder to me that night than these honest souls. No wonder I like them. No wonder I've called them angels."

"Was it a long, dreary winter?"

"Well, missie, it were, and it weren't. There were no balls or parties, and no theayters, and no fine lighted shops to look in at. But though I was young, I didn't miss them much. 'Sides, missie, the wind blew steadily on all the dark winter. 'Twould have blown the strongest man in the world right clean off the island, if he hadn't 'a done as we did when we went out for a moonlight walk."

"What was that, Chips?"

"Walked on all fours, missie."

"Did you go hunting?"

"Hunting! Why, my dear young lady, there wasn't a living thing left on the island to hunt. The seals had all gone off. Bears there were none. The foxes had all gone to sleep, and the very cats had got tame and come indoors."

"Was it very cold, Chips?"

"Cold isn't a name for it, out o' doors, I means; but inside our hut we had a fire o' driftwood and walrus oil; we were just as cosy as a teapot with its nightcap on. We'd made the hut so snug, too, you would have laughed. The walls was all a-hung wi' fur skins, even the ceilin' and the sofas and floors heaped up wi' them. No bird ever lined its nest better than we lined our hut."

"And what had you got to eat?"

"Oh, we'd saved a lot o' stuff, biscuits and pork, and beef and beans. Then we had dried salmon and sea-lion flesh."

"'Sea-lion flesh'!"

"Ah! and a dainty morsel it is, missie."

"And had you books to read?"

"We had a few. And we talked, and spun yarns, and smoked. Aye, we did smoke a bit!"

"I can't blame you, Chips."

"Well, then we had tea,—tons of it."

"'Tons of it'?"

"Aye, for the good folks here drink it all the winter, maybe a gallon or two a day, and so did we. So, you see, the house was the best place, when the wind was a-howlin' round."

"I can well believe you were pretty well off," said Katie.

"Couldn't have been shipwrecked in a better place, I assure ye, missie; and mind you, we could do a deal o' sleep."

"Like the bears in winter?"

"Like everything in these regions. Why, missie, if you ask some o' these Aleuts where the seals go all the winter, they'll tell you they bore themselves holes in the ice with their warm breath and their bits o' flippers, and crawl in, just as me or my mates crawl into our bunks, and sleep till Spring-time comes. And mind you, missie, I more'n half believe them."

CHAPTER XXII.

ON WALRUS ISLE.

"MR. SILK." The voice was Katie's. Jack's face lit up, as scenery in summer does, when, after a thunder-storm, the sun peeps out from a rift of blue.

"Yes, Miss Katie."

"Is it not nearly time we were getting up another picnic?"

"And," added Miss Graves, "my sailor boy is an excellent caterer."

Jack looked up at the skylight. Not a ray of sunshine came in through there. The crimson-coloured glass looked more like the reflection of a London fire than anything else.

"D'ye think, sir, the fog will clear?"

"I haven't a notion," replied Captain Boyd; "better ask Chips."

"All right. Are the boats at our command, sir?"

"Yes, my boy, and the ship too. But remember—in fact, we must all remember—it is getting on in June; we must not dawdle too long round these islands, but see all we can—and then, hurrah! for the North."

"Hurrah!" cried Jack, jumping up, and preparing to go on deck. "I'll go and see Chips at once." And next minute he stood in earnest confab with Chips beside the winch.

The roar of the seals still went on, and it was evidently going to be a busy season with the natives. Some of these, however, found time to come on board, and even as Jack and Chips were talking, one came looming out of the fog, and called Chips his "very good friend"—about all the English he was master of.

"This is the very man we want for our picnic, sir," said Chips.

"Well, then, I'll leave you and him together; you know what I said, and I suppose you can manage it. The hut you build will suit your friend, perhaps, when we are done with it."

"Now, Captain Boyd," said Jack, "I've made my arrangements, and Mr. Godfrey here says he would like to go on shore with Chips, and superintend the erection of our picnic hut."

"All right. You won't mind being left alone on this isle of St. Paul's for a day or two, Mr. Godfrey?"

"I wouldn't mind," said Godfrey, "if you left me here for good and all."

There was more truth in Godfrey's words than the captain and Jack believed.

"Well, take a few hands with you, and if we are long gone, let them employ their time getting skins. The skipper of the Russian barque says he has no objection."

Godfrey did not take long to choose his men—five men of the working crew, with Turlough O'Brady and the Boy Bates to carry the camera, and Chips as second in command.

One whaler held all, including their tools and provisions.

Away they went with a parting cheer, and in half a minute more had disappeared.

Captain Boyd had retained the services of a couple of Aleuts as pilots, and steam was now got up. In less than an hour the *Oonalaska* was moving steadily away eastwards, with a point or two of north in it. They steamed slowly, so it was two hours before they reached their destination, and heard the surf beating on the strange rock called Walrus Isle, mingling with the incessant cries of the myriad birds, and the occasional short, grunting cry of the bull walruses.

Just then, much to every one's satisfaction, the fog began to lift, or, at all events, it got thinner, and the sun now and then shimmered through the clouds.

There was sufficient light, at all events, to see the island and the birds, and to land with safety.

Two boats shot silently away from the vessel's side, one under the command of the redoubtable Jack, and having, as passengers, the ladies, inclusive of Sally the maid. Sally had expressed a desire to see this wonderful island, that she had heard so much talk about, so as to be able to tell her "darter in Ameriky," when she found her, about some of the strange sights she had witnessed.

The island was very small, simply a long flat reef, in fact, composed of volcanic rocks, and one which has ere now proved a sadly "uncanny" one to many a fog-enshrouded mariner.

The other whaler contained the men folks, while, at the bows of each, stood an Aleut with uplifted hand, to signal to the coxswain the direction, and, if need be, to check the speed. The ship did not anchor, but lay out in the deep, dark water, gently rising and falling with the roll of the seas. The landing was far from easy, Jack handing the ladies up, not as if he stood on the pier of some seaside watering-place, but rather as if helping them up the sides of an Egyptian pyramid.

Of course Sally was no sooner on shore, than she must lift up her eyes in fear and astonishment, with many a gasp and many a sigh, and many a startled "Oh!"

"If my darter could only see this!" was her almost constant ejaculation.

Nat, senior, escorted his sister, Jack took Katie, and young Nat was told off to see to the safety of old Sally, a duty which he most gladly and gallantly performed.

But ere long there was matter of astonishment for all and everybody. As soon as they stood in groups on the plateau, which is mostly of bare rocks sparsely covered in some parts with hardy grasses, the sight around, to say nothing of the sound, was startling,—indescribable. Certainly no such visitors had been expected, and the birds were not prepared to receive them. They were in myriads,—if there be any exact meaning attached to the word,—in thousands, in tens of thousands; they almost darkened the air, and hid the sea, in their screaming, wheeling, whirling flight, while the rustling of their wings alone would have been deafening, had the birds themselves been silent. It was for a time almost impossible to stand erect among them. The birds had very evidently intended to try to hurl the intruders over the cliffs into the sea, for the sharks to eat, but they could not make up their minds as to the exact way of commencing. They not only filled the air, but occupied every available spot of the surface of the island, building their nests, scraping holes for nests, and hatching or guarding their eggs. In some places they were in rows or regiments, in others, scattered thickly over the ground, or even piled up in heaps. And they were of all sorts and sizes, from the guillemots, tall and stately, or the old-fashioned-faced puffins, or the erect white gulls and cormorants, to the pretty kittywakes and other tiny gulls, and the tiny snow-sparrow, or smaller auk. It was a puzzle that few could have solved, to tell how they knew their own nests, or whether they did not often squat or straddle by mistake over those of their neighbours.

At a signal from the Aleuts, our party remained perfectly still, and, after a time, some sort of order was restored; then many little amusing scenes were noticed.

Want of room appeared to be the chief drawback to the comfort and happiness of these birds. Even the smallest of them did not for a moment hesitate to viciously peck the heels or legs of an encroaching Harry, or guillemot. "Can't you see where you're going?" the little one would seem to say. "Stand off, awkward. You're crowding me, and squashing my eggs."

Usually the big ones took this in good part, but not always, for sometimes fierce fights ensued, during which the eggs of the Harries got pitched about anyhow, and the marvel was, so few were broken.

But there were more wonders yet to see; for, as they were gazing amusedly at the little domestic disturbances among the birds, a great walrus blew his fog-horn. Instantly the Aleuts set out towards the sea on the other side, and all followed. The snorting and bellowing got louder as they approached the cliffs, and lo! just down there, beneath them, where the low waves went swilling over the black, flat rocks, leaving them bare as they receded, they beheld a school of gigantic walruses taking the shore to rest and sleep. They seemed to be under the charge of a chief, bigger than any of the rest—bigger and uglier. And all admitted, after they got safe on board, that more unwieldy and unshapely brutes could hardly be imagined. The chief grunted loudest, but the rest put in a good bass. It was not a pretty chorus, and somewhat melancholy withal, though I daresay it was very satisfactory to themselves.

The chief took the easiest and flattest position, so that he could neither slide forward nor aft. The others scrambled down anywhere and anyhow, lying on their stomachs, their sides, and as often as not pillowing their heads on their neighbours' bodies. They looked good-natured, however, but hairless and unsightly.

Katie thought they did not exhibit much grace of movement, and as for the line of beauty, I believe an artist would have found it wanting. The shoulders are fearfully massive, the head more flat than round, the bristly upper lip protrusive, and the eyes goggle, and liquid, and round.

There were at least a hundred of these great beasts. When the chief raised his enormous front, Sally screamed louder than the cormorants.

One of the Aleuts whispered to Jack, and he raised his gun in the air and fired.

The scene was changed, and such a change! Those mighty monsters had rolled in, as it were, with the waves, and settled down to sleep, hardly noticing our adventurers, who, by the way, were to leeward of them; but now every head was thrown up, the eyes rolled for a moment, glared, in fact,—it was something to see and dream about, and an ugly dream it would be—there was one long, confused, blowing, snorting roar, and in a minute more, hustling, tumbling, rolling, falling, standing not on the order of their going, the whole herd of unsightly brutes had left the cliffs, and gone dashing out to sea.

Our party embarked with all speed, and pulled off towards the ship, the birds still shrieking around their heads as midges in a summer evening, at home in old England.

"Well," said Nat, senior, laughing, as soon as they all got below to the saloon, "that was a new sensation, anyhow!"

From Walrus Island to the Isle of St. George is by no means a very long voyage, but the summer's day had closed in, dark and stormy, before they reached it.

The glass had gone down rapidly, and there was every appearance of a wild night. The sky was comparatively clear. Indeed, the sun had gone down among clouds so transcendently glowing and beautiful, that the genius of a Turner could not have done justice to them. It was a horizon of fiery reds and flaming golds and purples, and the sea, all between the starboard quarter and this glorious west, had borrowed its splendour of colour and tints, and moved and heaved and revelled in it. The island itself was bathed in a lovely dreamy light, which, however, faded away soon after sunset, till it stood out bold, black, and by no means inviting.

But the wind blew dead ahead, increasing every minute in force, though as yet there were no rolling waves, only little jerky, spitting seas, that gave the vessel anything but a certain or easy motion, and which, small though they were, hit or split on her bows with tremendous force. The spray rose up at each side of the bowsprit like fountains, and was carried right abaft the funnel.

Long before the ship reached her anchorage, the birds came out to meet her, in their thousands, tacking and wheeling around her, dipping and plunging into the seas, and screaming in all the exuberance of their wild delight.

The Aleuts on board proved good pilots. Guided, perhaps, by the formation of the rugged hills, dim and dismal-looking as they were, and by an occasional light that flitted about on shore, they brought the vessel to her anchorage, in the open roadstead.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR MONTHLY TALK.

BY THE EDITOR.

"SPEAK."

"KNOW ye that a great man and a prince has fallen" asleep "in Israel?" The familiar face, so full of calm and power, of the Earl of Cavan is no longer seen amongst us. For a full half-century, his life had been yielded to the service of Christ; for the last thirty years, powerfully impelled by Jer. 23. 28, he was untiring in his efforts to draw others under the power of the same Divine Master. "Speak—speak," was the command he delighted to obey. But this voice is now hushed. May the Spirit of the Living God stir many a heart by the same sympathetic word.

Young men, "*speak!*" These are no days in which to be silent. When our Master's name is dishonoured in our presence, remember, "silence gives consent," therefore "*speak;*" speak right out, although, maybe, you stand and speak alone.

When the irreverent jest passes round, or a contemptuous slight on God's Word, "speak," keep not silence. Know you not there may be present timid souls, whose quickened conscience wants but the courage of strong example, and they will speak also? Thus there shall rally to the defence and upholding of God's truth, a noble band, that but for your uplifted voice, should yet have remained "His *hidden* ones."

When the path of duty takes you into the society of the worldly and careless, remember that aching hearts are there,—thirsting souls, whose aching void the world can never, never fill,—immortal souls, pressing with terrific speed down to an unsearched Eternity. Therefore "speak," "speak My Word faithfully."

And when so-called "advanced views" are propounded, which, under the specious guise of "progress," are sapping the very foundations of God's truth, by openly denying, or quietly ignoring the substitutionary and atoning work of the Lord Jesus Christ, let men and women, redeemed with the precious Blood of Christ, lift up their voice and cry aloud. "Progress" forsooth! but progress on the Down Grade.

Yes! These are no days for silence. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind" first, and then, with the heroic courage of conviction, let him "speak."

Amid the deepening darkness of these last days, when men who should be standard-bearers of the Cross are departing from the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus, when the faith and love of many are drifting from their moorings, God indeed needs His witnesses,—men of faith, courage, and undaunted zeal, in whose breasts burns the martyr-spirit of apostolic days, whose trumpet shall give no uncertain sound. We may be branded as narrow and dogmatic. So be it; we do not covet to be broader than the Truth of God, nor to water down the terms of God's salvation, and of judgment to come, until they have lost all power either to allure or alarm.

Friends, let us study God's Word closely, prayerfully, intelligently; and then, be prepared steadfastly to contend for the faith. So many are drifting, drifting, imperceptibly it may be, but surely drifting. Let us see that *our* anchorage is "sure and steadfast."

What a grand theme is the story of the Cross! one before which the loftiest intellects have bowed with profoundest reverence; and withal so simple, that it meets the capacity of the most unlearned.

But, beloved friends, we can never take our stand openly and avowedly on the side of Christ, until there have been heart dealings with, and a heart surrender to Christ. In most men's lives, there is that memorable moment of decision, when "thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse," symbolically expresses our life-resolve. For long years, maybe, He had called, but we had wavered; a season of dark and dismal doubt had followed, when every foothold seemed well-nigh swept away, and when the world had gathered with increasing force around our heart and life. We were as a barque at the mercy of the storm,—no master, no helm. Thus we drifted, drifted (perhaps some of you are drifting still) on towards the rockbound shore of inevitable doom.

We *talked* of happiness, but we knew it not. The sun of prosperous circumstances beamed upon our path; but no light irradiated the dark, cold chamber of our heart. We turned to intellectual society and literary pursuits; but they could not hush the inward voice of conscience, that, in our still and lonely hours, told of guilt uncovered, and eternity unprepared for. Oh, what days, months, years of careless indifference, or of mental anguish!

We pause not here to tell of the mystery of His love, its patient, long-enduring pursuit, until we could resist no longer.

A Saviour's atoning work was our refuge; we fled to the shelter of His cleansing blood; we accepted the Divine assurance of pardon; and peace and joy were ours. Into the bitter waters of our own natural condition, there had been cast the tree of healing, and it was Marah no longer; for instead, there came welling up the living water. And, since then, what has been the record? Not always prosperous circumstances; not exemption from trial; not the absence of severe disappointment; no, not always happiness, but something apart from and independent of all these—deep, unalloyed, unspeakable joy.

I passed into a crowded thoroughfare in the City a few days since, and on my ear fell the liquid, rippling notes of an exquisite little songster. It was so unnatural in such surroundings; it seemed as if the song belonged to another scene. I looked up, and around, and there, in a tiny cage, on the wall of a public-house, and amid the grimy atmosphere of our smoky London, chirped my feathered friend—lovely image of the Christian's joy, bubbling up and overflowing, in spite of the most adverse surroundings.

Do you covet this new life, with its unfailing joy?

"Wilt thou be made whole?" Is your will surrendered, so that you are ready to come down to that one platform, where alone Christ can meet and save you? the platform of acknowledged guilt and need. Thus, trusting alone in the infinite value of His precious blood, you shall hear, in your inmost soul, His own Divine assurance, "Thy sins *are* forgiven, go in peace." Then your feet will have entered the path to the kingdom; and as to the supplies for that new life, let all thy wants lie upon Him; His infinite resources are all at the command of your faith, and the "just shall live by faith."

Again acknowledging the appreciative words which reach me from all quarters, and which are heartily welcomed,

Believe me,

Yours most truly,

M. J. MENZIES.

February, 1888.

TOLD IN A LINE.

THE examination of our Literary Competition is going forward with great vigour, but it *has* been a task! Our Examiners have had their hands more than full.

Our "Acrostic Competition" remains open until February 29th, and is evidently stimulating keen thought.

The "£100 Competition" closes to-day. We would almost give £100 not to have to undertake the examination of the paragraphs!

If our readers are as entertained presently over the results of the Spelling Chase Papers, as we are just now with their examination, they will pass a vote of thanks to us for providing them with so much profitable recreation. Such absurdly ingenious mistakes!

Our Crisp Correspondence Column is evidently appreciated, and its interest to our readers grows in proportion. We welcome both questions and suggestions.

—"A. 1."— We heartily acknowledge the valuable co-operation which so many of our Y.M.C.A. Secretaries have been giving, by introducing the Weekly to their Members. Young as it is, it has already secured a large circulation. Weekly reading is what is wanted. Specimen parcels free! Good for advertising meetings.

Scriptural Charade, Dec. 24th, page 127.
Answer—"ONION."

Y.M.C.A. ITEMS.

Camden Town.—We congratulate the Camden Town Association on its fine new building, costing £3,200, and containing a handsome Lecture Hall, and Reading Room, and Secretary's Office on the ground floor, and Parlour and smaller Hall, Caretaker's apartment, etc., above. From its fine situation, it is likely to be a grand centre of work amongst the hundreds of young men who daily pass from Holloway and Regent's Park.

Darlington has also taken a good step ahead in the opening of its new Rooms in Bondgate. We wish the Workers an increase of blessing this New Year.

HALF-AND-HALF.

WHEN you hear of a shipwreck, you generally hear of so many being saved, and of so many lost; but you never hear of any being *half-saved* or *half-lost*. Those who were on board are either alive or dead. There is no half-work about it.

But there are hundreds of professing Christian people in the voyage of life, who, if you go to them and ask, "Are you saved?" will reply, "I do not know;" or, they will seek to evade the question by indirect replies. If you say, "Are you lost?" they will at once say, "I hope I am not so bad as that." If asked again, "Are you saved or lost?" they try to take refuge in the supposition that they are a kind of half-and-half, hoping, and perhaps wishing, but thinking it presumption to reckon themselves amongst the saved.

But the word of God recognises no such position; with God it is either saved or lost, life or death, heaven or hell.

God does not deal in half-and-half measures. His is a whole and complete salvation, for Christ's is a "finished" work.

THE PLANET VENUS AND THE STAR OF THE MAGI.

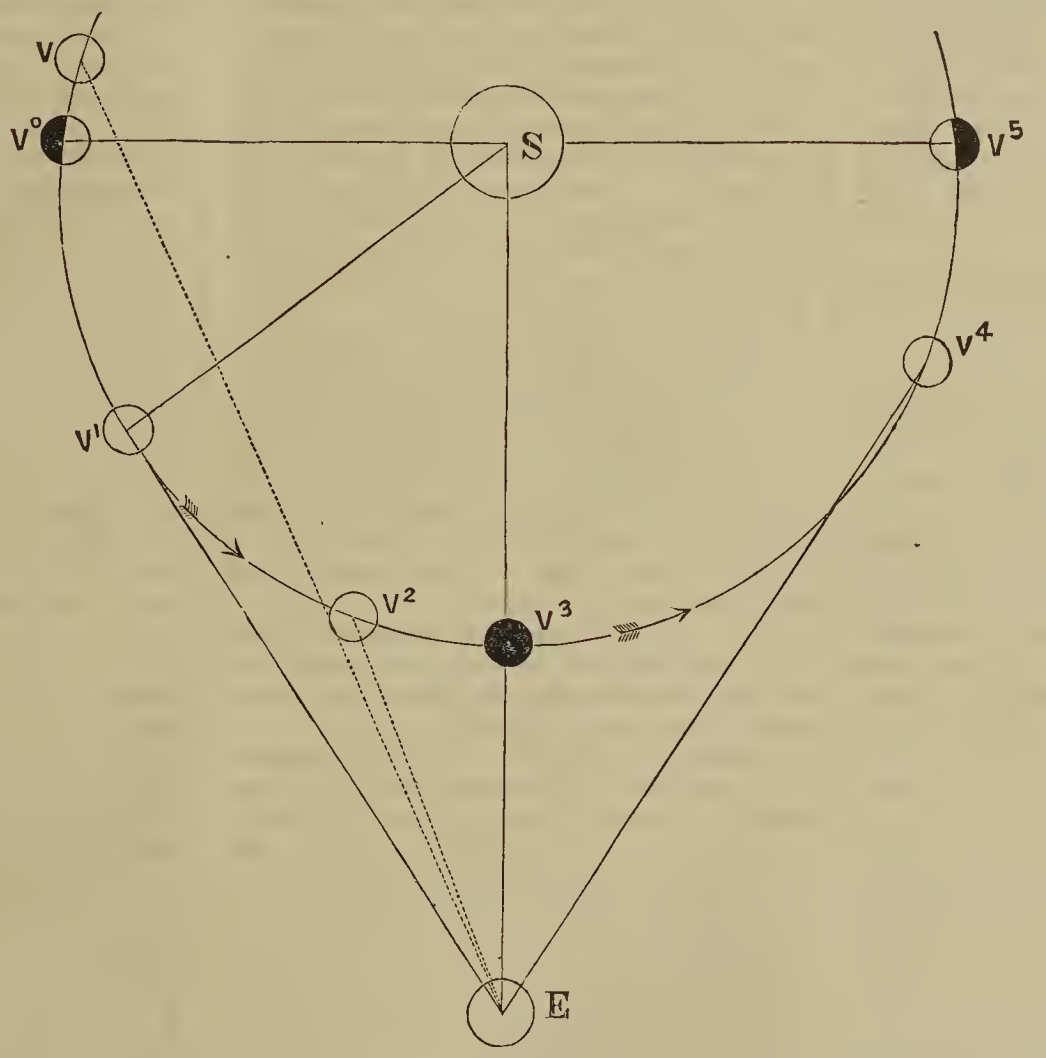
By R. N.

MOST readers of "A.1." probably know by this time that the planet Venus has been receiving more than a usual amount of attention during the last few weeks. How it comes to pass, I do not know, but it seems that an idea has recently obtained amongst some people, that the star of the Magi has again made its appearance, and been seen in the eastern morning sky; and further, it seems that the planet Venus has been taken to be this star. Briefly let me explain, that there is no *connection whatever* between the two, nor, may I say, between the star of the Magi and any heavenly body known to astronomers.

Any good almanac (Whitaker's, for example,) furnishes us with the information that in the month of December, Venus was a morning star, that she was at her greatest elongation east on July 13th, at *inferior* conjunction with the sun of September 21st, and her greatest elongation west, on December 2nd.

I will try and justify the statement I have made by reference to a few astronomical facts. And first let me explain the terms I have used, with which some readers are possibly not familiar.

In the accompanying diagram, which makes no pretention to be according to scale, let the circle S represent the sun, E the earth, and the large curve V, V^3, V^4, be the path of Venus in her tour, or properly, orbit round the sun. By elongation, is meant the distance a planet appears to the people on the earth to be from the sun. This distance is therefore to be measured by the opening or angle between the line S.E., and a line from the earth to Venus, wherever she may be in her orbit. I think it is evident, that the greatest elongation is reached when she is at V^1 and V^4. In the year 1887 she was in the position of V^1 on July 13th, and V^4 on December 2nd. A planet is said to be in conjunction with another heavenly body, when the two are seen together in the heavens, and a straight line joining them reaches the earth when produced. Such would be the case when Venus is in the position V^3, and also when she is in the diametrically opposite part of her orbit. In the latter case the conjunction is called *superior*, in the former, *inferior*, and this was the phase Venus passed on September 21st. Now with regard to her brilliancy. When she is in the positions V^0, V^5, we see half her surface illumined, just as we see the moon at her first and third quarters ; but as Venus approaches the position V^1, we *see less* of her illumined surface, and might therefore expect her to appear less brilliant. This is not the case, however, because she is also approaching us, and therefore what light she reflects we see more of.



Her brilliancy *decreases*, owing to the fact that the visible illumined area gets less and less as she approaches the position V^3, and *increases* because she is all the while approaching the earth, the result of which being that she shines most brilliantly about the middle of August. When she comes to the position V^3, or between us and the sun, we lose sight of her, because she is entirely overwhelmed by the light of that luminary. Occasionally Venus passes *exactly* between us and the sun, or makes a transit of the sun's disc, when she is seen as a black spot passing across the sun's face. On leaving the position V^3, we soon see her as a very thin crescent in the early morning, getting brighter as she approaches the position V^4, or greatest elongation west. By the time she reaches the position of *superior* conjunction, the whole side turned to us is illumined, or she is, as it were, full Venus. As, however, she is so very much farther from us in this position, she appears as a quite insignificant object. The curve V^1, V^3, V^5, or orbit of Venus, is not circular, but what is called elliptic. Her distance therefore from the sun is not uniform. It averages about 66 millions of miles.

Now these few remarks apply, not only to the movements of Venus for the year 1887, but also for many thousands of years previous. (The days of her conjunctions, etc., alter from year to year.) If this is the case, it is actually impossible that Venus can have been the star of the Magi, for in St. Matthew's Gospel we read that the star *went before them.* I take this to mean that the star had an especial movement for them, and if so, it is manifest that it must have been only a comparatively few *yards* above the surface of the earth. The star of the Magi, moreover, has never been identified by astronomers. Efforts have been made by some to show that it was a comet, by others, that two planets in conjunction blended into one great light ; but all these efforts have failed. Speaking generally, I may say that astronomers have entirely failed to find a place in any map of the heavens for the star of the Magi. It may not be out of place to remark here, that the word *αστηρ*, used in the Greek Gospel, means a luminous body, and not necessarily a star.

There are many people who think that what are called the laws of nature are competent to account for and explain all the unusual phenomena described in the Bible. They think that all God's works must be performed through the operation of what they call natural laws. Possibly this may be the case, but until we *know all the laws of nature*—which are simply God's laws for the physical universe—we are not in a position to speak of the results of these laws. Many of God's works may be the uncalculated results of laws, some of which we know, and some we do not know. With our very limited knowledge of anything, we can only confess that the Creator of all things can alter, interrupt, or revoke any of His own laws. Now we know in part ; but a time will come when we shall understand all things perfectly.

The star of the Magi cannot be referred to any known phenomenon in nature, and therefore, I say it was a miracle. Some people have supposed that the star which appeared in the constellation of Cassiopœia in A.D. 1572, was the Bible star ; others give the same honour to a star that appeared in Serpentarius, in A.D. 1604, but these people can have no notion of the stupendous distances of the stars. No star in either of these constellations is nearer to the earth than three hundred thousand times 91 millions of miles. The sun is nearly 92 millions of miles from the earth, and I think it must be quite evident to any thinking person, that it is impossible to fix any particular spot as being under the sun, in the sense conveyed in St. Matthew 2. 9. Still more evident is it that it would be impossible for a house or a village to be under a star 300,000 times the distance of the sun. I think it is right to infer from the Gospel narrative, that only the faithful wise men saw the star ; but whether or no such was the case, it is certain that the star which guided the Magi to the Saviour of the world was one which no man in our day has ever seen.

P.S.—In the month of December, nearly eighty letters were received at the Greenwich Observatory, requesting information on the subject in question.

A NIGHT ON THE MER DE GLACE.

By Mrs. L. MONTAGUE.

DURING the summer of 1882, an artist and his wife were making a sketching tour in Savoy, and especially in that part of it which lies at the feet of the stupendous peaks, known as the chain of Mont Blanc.

Mr. and Mrs. Pole were staying at the *Montanvert*, a summer hotel, which overlooks the glacier which is called the *Mer de Glace*. A veritable "sea of ice," it is, indeed; nearly five miles long, and, in some places, over a mile in breadth, presenting the appearance of an unbroken series of frozen waves, as if a mighty sea, rushing down upon the peaceful valley beneath, had been suddenly transformed into ice, and its destructive career stopped for ever.

It is almost impossible to realise, when looking at this mass of ice—six hundred feet thick in many parts—that it actually moves. Nevertheless, it does move,—imperceptibly to the casual observer, it is true, yet every year the glacier advances some yards. Huge granite boulders are brought down, together with great quantities of rock and soil, which help to form the *moraine* on either side of the glacier.

It was in the midst of the wild and magnificent scenery of this range, that Mr. Pole determined to spend some days.

Though not an artist herself, Mrs. Pole was quite as enthusiastic on the subject as her husband, and invariably accompanied him on all his sketching expeditions.

Having once been guided over the *Mer de Glace*, they were accustomed to cross it by themselves whenever they wished to reach the beautiful green slopes, pine woods, and waterfalls on the other side. There is one part of the glacier, which can be travelled without the smallest danger, and it was here that Mr. and Mrs. Pole constantly crossed. One afternoon, the former wished to finish a sketch begun on the previous day, and accordingly set out, accompanied, as usual, by his wife.

Having crossed the *Mer de Glace*, they stepped briskly forward, and soon reached their destination, when Mr. Pole seated himself on his camp-stool, and shortly became deeply absorbed in his work. Two hours passed away, and then he said to his wife,—

"I think you had better go back now, Edith, for you must be tired; besides, I am afraid of your catching cold. I have not quite finished, but I will follow you very soon."

Mrs. Pole declared that she was not in the least tired or chilly; but her husband insisted on her returning, and at length she rather unwillingly complied.

"Take care of yourself," she said, as she left him; "the Aiguille du Dru looks very cloudy. Do not be long, or you might get caught in the rain."

Mr. Pole painted on, taking no heed of time or weather, though, had he looked around, he would have seen that the clouds had come down upon the mountains, and were thickening every moment.

At last, the falling of a few drops of rain upon his picture aroused him. He looked up, and then took out his watch.

"Hullo! half-past seven; no dinner for me to-night. I must be off, though; what a fog there is coming up! I hope I shall be able to find my way home."

He hastened to gather his things together, and started in the midst of the thick fog. Having walked some distance, he took what he imagined to be the turning which led down to that part of the glacier which they usually crossed, but, ere long, he became aware that he had made a mistake. The ground was soft and crumbling under his feet, and, all at once, a stone near him detached itself, and went thundering down with a noise that caused his heart to stand still.

"I must be on the lateral moraine," he said to himself, "but on what part, and in which direction am I going?"

He stopped, and strained his eyes to pierce through the gathering gloom. The clouds swept by him with marvellous swiftness, the air was damp and intensely still. Not a sound was to be heard, except the noise occasionally made by a falling stone, which seemed to wake a thousand echoes, as it rolled down upon the glacier.

Very cautiously Mr. Pole began to descend, and, after a space of time that seemed to him almost endless, he reached the foot of the lateral moraine.

At that moment the clouds lifted slightly. "Ah!" he cried joyfully, "now I am all right. I remember this projecting piece of rock quite well." And he stepped on to the glacier. He picked his way along for some distance, and then stopped short. On his left hand rose a wall of ice, and beneath it was a deep crevasse.

"I do not recollect this," he murmured doubtfully, turning a little to the right.

The way now became more difficult. Every minute he had to skirt pools, which he knew to be almost fathomless; huge peaks of clear blue ice towered on each side of him, and beyond, as the fog lifted and lowered continually, he could see ridge after ridge of fantastic forms, some of them inexpressibly weird and strange.

Before long, it became very evident to Mr. Pole that he had lost his way altogether; the darkness was fast increasing, and now it commenced to rain heavily.

Suddenly, a bit of one of the ice-peaks just above him broke off, and fell with a most appalling sound—down, down, he thought it would never stop falling. At the same instant the clouds lifted, as if by magic, and, to his horror, Mr. Pole found that he was standing on a narrow ridge between two frightful crevasses. To go on was an impossibility; to go back, in the fast-increasing darkness, he dared not. He could scarcely conceive how he had reached this point in safety. The only thing to be done was to gain the shelter of an overhanging mass of ice just behind him, and there wait for the dawn. At all events, he must get off this narrow ridge. He turned, and stepped very carefully back. Just then, another piece of ice fell, startling him so much that he dropped his camp-stool and stick; the latter was a serious loss, for it had a spike at the end, which helped him considerably in keeping his footing upon the slippery surface of the glacier. The remainder of his things were strapped upon his shoulders, together with an old waterproof cloak, which he used for the protection of his sketches from the rain.

Having with much difficulty gained the shelter of the projecting piece of ice, he wrapped himself in the somewhat threadbare cloak, and lay down to wait for the morning. It was a horrible situation. Drip, drip, all round, the edges of the huge mass above him were dripping; little streams of icy water ran down the sides and along the surface of the ledge on which he was lying. It was so strangely still, too, except for the crashing of the ice-peaks which toppled over every fifteen minutes or so—or the dull rumble of falling stones on the moraine.

How awful it would be if the roof of ice above him were to give way! he thought, shuddering; and how dreadfully anxious his wife must be getting! "It is no use thinking about it, though," he said to himself; "I will try and sleep for half an hour." Accordingly, he closed his eyes; but, after a few minutes, opened them again with a start. Surely the glacier was moving, and rapidly bearing him down with it into some grey torrent, or deep-blue crevasse! No, it could not be; he was half dreaming, that was all.

How bitterly cold it was getting! He stamped his feet, and tried to rub some warmth into his fingers. Then he felt for his pipe, and, having filled it, struck a match, and soon succeeded in lighting it. The faint gleam seemed almost cheerful in comparison with the surrounding darkness, and he smoked three or four pipes, one after another.

Then he crawled to the end of his shelter, and looked out. The clouds had all disappeared, and the moon was shining, while, in the distance, he could see the lights of the *Montanvert*. He stood up and gazed around him, and now perceived that he was on the most dangerous part of the glacier.

"How could I have got here?" he said aloud. How, indeed? Alone, and unaided by human agency, he had traversed that which the most skilful guide would scarcely have dared to attempt.

How to retrace his steps, was the question he now asked himself. He could not do it again, alone; assistance must be procured somehow. Making a trumpet of his hands, he shouted as loud as he could. Hark! Was that an answering cry? He held his breath to listen. Were those lanterns flickering in the distance? He shouted again and again, and, this time, an unmistakable answer was returned. Could it be only the echoes? he wondered. No, there it was again; and now he could see the lights distinctly. He struck a match, and pulled out his watch. It was half-past twelve. The moon, which was not at the full, was setting, and Mr. Pole did not dare to stir in the darkness which was again thickening. He must wait at least two hours and a half before any hope of a rescue could be entertained. Accordingly, he sat down, lighted another pipe, and tried to cultivate a philosophical frame of mind.

In the meantime, what was Mrs. Pole doing? She had felt a vague anxiety about her husband from the time she had left him, and when he did not return for dinner, she began to feel somewhat more uneasy. The clouds came down and obscured everything, the rain began to fall heavily; but she fancied then that he might have taken refuge in some hay *châlet*. However, at nine o'clock she became seriously alarmed, and, at length, went to the proprietor of the hotel, and confessed her fears. He looked grave, and summoned one of the guides. A whispered consultation took place, and finally it was arranged that a search-party should go out at once. Upon this, Mrs. Pole declared her intention of going too, and, in spite of all their attempts to dissuade her, actually started with them. They went first to the spot where Mr. Pole had been sketching, and then proceeded for about a mile further on; but finding no trace of him, they resolved to return, and continue the search at daybreak, a few hours hence.

Just as they were crossing the *Mer de Glace* on their way back, Mrs. Pole stopped.

"Hark!" she said breathlessly; "did you not hear a shout?"

They all waited and listened.

"It is nothing," remarked one of the guides; but, at the same moment, the shout was repeated.

One of the men then answered, and they all paused, and listened again.

"There is no doubt he is there," remarked the guides at last; "but it is useless to attempt to rescue him until dawn. We must wait till then."

"Oh, but, is he in danger?" cried Mrs. Pole.

"So long as he keeps perfectly still, he is not," was the answer.

"Let me try and go to him."

"No, madam; that is impossible," returned the guide gently. "You must return with us, and wait for a few hours, when we will bring him back to you safe and sound."

How Mrs. Pole spent the next two hours she never knew; but, at last, the dawn broke, and the search-party once more started. It took them a considerable time to reach the spot where Mr. Pole was, and they were still longer in returning, for he was now thoroughly exhausted, and half-frozen as well. However, they got safely back to the hotel, and Mr. Pole found himself the hero of the hour. Everybody crowded round to hear his adventures, and, as his wife laughingly declared, he became for the time quite a celebrity.

Nevertheless, it will be long before he runs the risk of spending another night on the *Mer de Glace*.

LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

No. 5.—Being Engaged.

A CYNICAL old bachelor once said, that he always looked upon a friend who was engaged as he looked upon a man in a fit; he felt that he could not help the sufferer, so he wanted to turn away his head, that he might not see his contortions. Young folks, when engaged, have no right to behave so as to make their friends and acquaintances feel uncomfortable. To be continually making a display of affection, seizing every opportunity of squeezing hands, or whispering tender nothings into the ear of the beloved object, is not only unbecoming but indelicate, and not so much a proof of ardent affection as of ill-breeding. No young man who respects his betrothed, would ever make her the subject of remark; and no young woman with self-respect would ever permit herself to be so humiliated. True love is too sacred to be made the occasion of jokes and jeers.

During their engagement, lovers have the opportunity of getting to know one another thoroughly, and of finding out mutual tastes and opinions. This opportunity is valuable, because it prevents unpleasant surprises by-and-by. In order to make the most of it, it is necessary that they should put aside all pretence, and dare to appear what they are.

A girl I knew, was expecting a visit from her lover, just after she had become engaged. A friend inquired, "Why have you not put on your best dress and made yourself look smart? I thought Willie was coming." "So he is," was the answer, "and that is why I wear my old gown. I want him to see me and know me as I am every day." This honest purpose gave a beauty to the face, which fine dress could not bestow.

Experienced persons tell us, that the more hot the love fever is at first, the sooner it is over. The love that endures begins quietly, burns slowly, becomes stronger and warmer as time goes on, gives time for fresh fuel to be added to it, and can be watched and guarded. so that there is hope that its steady flame will warm and make cheerful the domestic hearth. The love that flares fiercely all in a moment, makes a crackle and blaze which causes us to turn and start; but it does not last, and it leaves only a handful of dead ashes behind.

Courtship is not always, by any means, the very happy time it ought to be. With too many, it is a time of unrest, of excitement, and of constant visiting. Engaged couples seem to think they ought to be continually going either to entertainments, or from one house to another, receiving congratulations, and making acquaintance. A poor preparation this for a perfect home life.

During the time she is engaged, a girl ought to be queen. If her lover is of the right sort, he will feel it a privilege to meet her wishes whenever it is possible. He will try to shield her from everything that is disagreeable and unpleasant, he will guard her from danger and try to crown her life with love. But he will never be exacting in his demands upon her devotion; he will not selfishly try to keep her away from her friends. It will be sufficient for him if she be happy, and if he may be the cause of her happiness. In offering her his love, he has acknowledged that for him, at least, she possesses "the sweetest of woman's rights, the right to be loved and flattered."

To do them justice, masculine lovers are, for the most part, very ready to make much of the girl of their choice. The pity of it is, that they do not always show the same amiability after they become husbands. Their conduct reminds one of the story of the woman, who said to her husband, "You and I ought to agree, sitting by our own fireside. Why, even the dog and the cat get on well there, they do not snarl and fight, but are very good friends." "Ah!" grumbled the man, "tie them together, and then see how they will behave."

It must not be supposed, however, that when two people are engaged, the man has all the work to do. A wise girl will make the most of this golden opportunity to win the *friendship* of her future husband, as well as his love. She will seek to gain his entire confidence, so that there shall be nothing in which he is interested, hidden from her. When she receives his confidence, she will prove, by never betraying it, that it is merited. A man soon finds out whether a woman is worthy of trust. If, after telling her some story, unknown to any one but himself, he hears it repeated by strangers, he will conclude at once that it has been made the subject of tittle-tattle, and he will feel that he has been betrayed. Such an experience gives the death-blow to friendship. When a lover has trusted his *fiancée* with a confidence which he would not give to another, she ought to guard with most jealous care the doors of her lips, lest that secret should escape.

Besides winning her future husband's friendship and confidence, an engaged girl should be a purifying and elevating influence in his life, leading him on to higher things. In their daily tasks, she should try to induce him to take a kindly view of surroundings, to judge others charitably, and to avoid giving cause of offence. More than this, she should make it her practice to converse with him about *things*, not *persons*. This is, I believe, a most valuable rule for those who want to live an earnest life. Sometimes, listening to young people chattering, we cannot help marvelling that they do not get very weary.

A French philosopher once said:—"Small interests are the death of the higher life." This is true. When we occupy ourselves with trivialities, we neglect what is important. Foolish, empty-headed young men are uncomfortable if they hear their sweethearts talk sensibly, and show that they have a liking for good books and higher things, and that they weary of idle chatter. They are afraid lest their acquaintance should say, that in the marriage which is to be, "the grey mare will be the better horse." Young men who have brains of their own, however, never have any fears of this sort. On the contrary, they are proud and delighted to find that their *fiancées* are so superior to other women; and can we wonder if occasionally they feel inclined to say to themselves:—"What a clever fellow I must be, when a splendid girl like this consents to take me for better, for worse"?

When young men dislike women to be thoughtful, the fault usually lies on the shoulders of the women-folk of their own circle. In this matter, as in many others, we have to confess that men are what women make them. If a girl is silly, frivolous, and doll-like, the man who is united to her will have the opinion that it is woman's business to look after the house, to make herself attractive and to chronicle small beer; and that it is man's duty to protect woman and do the thinking for her. They like to think that man is the head of the woman; forgetting that, "if man is the head, woman is the neck, and the head turns which way the neck moves." But if, on the contrary, a girl has character, strength of mind, and a good share of mother-wit, her lover will be positively elated, and will feel head and shoulders higher than his companions on the strength of his future wife's capacity.

As a rule, men are most ready and even eager to admire what is admirable in the girl of their choice, evidently feeling that any praise bestowed on her, belongs also to them. They are right. Nothing brings out the best that is in a woman, so much as being believed in by a good man.

Still one word remains to be said to those who are engaged, and that one word may seem to some a little void. Nevertheless it is true, as experience will prove. It is this. Young people make a mistake when they are too lavish in their expression of affection for each other, and so make their love too cheap. This is especially a point which girls should remember. It is in the nature of men to value highly what they obtain with difficulty, and to esteem lightly what they get with ease. A sensible girl, therefore, will always be affectionate, of course, but still dignified in her conduct to her lover. By so doing she will be taking the surest means, not only to win his respect, but also to keep his affection. In doing this, there is no need for her to be coy or coquettish in any way. Let her simply maintain her maidenly reserve, and draw the veil of modesty over her love, to preserve the delicacy of its bloom. If she do this, not only will she be more likely to keep her lover, but the probability is, that his affection will grow and become more ardent, as time goes on. If she quite early wearies him with her demonstrations, the chances are that she will lose him. As old Herrick says,—

"Let moderation on thy passion wait,
Who loves too much, too much the love will hate."

AT WHAT A COST! OR, DUKE ARDEN'S LAST STAKE.

By Max Gerard.



" 'I am terribly shaky—and—well—this is my last declension.'"

CHAPTER III.

LEFT to himself, and with something like the glow of a new and noble enthusiasm filling his breast, Duke's thoughts ag .in turned to Mabel Treherne. He resolved, that very evening, to get her to promise that, at some future date, to be determined by his prosperity and success, she would become his wife. Her sisterly solicitude, her genuine sorrow, her heartfelt words when he had sometimes told her of his difficulties, encouraged him to think that he had but to offer himself, and he would be accepted.

It is a fact that most men, especially the least worthy, feel themselves to be doing a right and noble action when, after a life spent in dissipation, riot, and all kinds of unnameable sin, they offer themselves to the purest and best girl they know. After the sowing of wild oats (*wild oats*, forsooth !) they hope in this way to reap a harvest of full grain. They regard the sacrifice, if there be any, as on *their* side ; it surely is a meritorious act to give up that which, from the abuse of it, palls and satiates ; to leave old habits and haunts, because indulgence therein is no longer possible to them ! How many men feel that in offering themselves to a girl, just to be "kept straight" by her, they are doing her the greatest wrong that one person *can* do to another ? *Not one in fifty*. And is it not quite an accepted theory with some women, that, after all, womanhood is at its noblest when it condones the offences of man, by standing with open arms, and receiving the moral outcast, beggared of all shame and honour, and sheltering him gladly in the bosom of purity ? This is, in reality, to put a premium upon dishonour, and until woman —the first in the condemnation, therefore the first in the reparation—will learn that her womanhood is to be the safeguard against,—not the harbour for,—sin-wrecked morality, man will still play the fool and the coward, and the world must continue to suffer in consequence.

The fool and the coward ! Yes, Duke Arden felt that he was both. Not that this thought in any way helped or strengthened him. No, it depressed him greatly ; he felt as if, gradually, the pluck which had the last few hours animated him was all ebbing away. "Not that she will refuse me," he told himself over and over again. "I will let her know how matters stand —that through a bit of ill-luck I've lost that berth, but that *she*, and she only, can spur me on to something better, and I'll stick to it for her sake. She will not have the heart to send me to the bad by refusing me." Cowardly, indeed ! What a poor, miserable bit of manliness must be left in him who can thus deliberately lay a trap for a young and innocent woman's heart ! When he has come to the verge of his resources, to make her the unconscious balance of his life—the pivot upon which he shall turn for good or ill, for life or death !

He looked at his watch, and seeing that it was time for him to be getting ready, he proceeded to his dressing-room. Here, hung over the mantel-piece, was a brace of holster-pistols he had bought in Australia. He took them down, examined them, cocked one, and fired it out of the window. Percy came to the door.

"I say, Duke, is that you ? Mind my pigeons, just below your window. Going out, eh ?"

"Yes ; wish me good luck, and propitiate the deities for me !"

He was polishing the lock of the pistol ; then he re-cocked it, and set it carefully up in its sling over the fireplace.

"Ah, as some one said, a sure and certain cure for all ills," he said, proceeding to "decorate" before the dressing-glass. "How wretchedly white I am !" he exclaimed, eyeing himself. "What on earth will Mabel say ? Well, my promise does not hold good until after I have seen her. I am terribly shaky—and, well, this is my last declension." So saying, he pulled a sportsman's flask from the table-drawer, and drawing long and deeply from it, exclaimed, "Now I'm a man again !"

He had not seen his uncle since the morning ; he felt he did not want to do so. When the matter had been settled with Mabel, he could talk to him at his ease ; he would have a definite prospect in view ; his uncle would not object to anything, when he found he had acted so prudently ; he would, as usual, pull him through his financial difficulties, and all others would disappear, when it was publicly known that Mabel Treherne had promised to be his wife.

Thus do we cozen ourselves ! The *mirage* created by a disordered imagination leads us on, and we go the more surely to ruin. Duke was ready now ; his cheeks were flushed, his eye bright, his hopes rampant ; everything was *couleur de rose*. He did not pause to think of failure. The coward has but one resource when his own foolish plans fail, and Duke had "prepared for the worst," he said.

On his way down, he passed Percy's room. He looked in, and saw the boy hastily rising from his knees.

"Not going to roost yet, Perce, are you ?" he asked, carelessly.

"Not *just* yet, Duke ; I was keeping my promise—*you* know, what you asked me. And old Di has got pups, and I'm to have one ; father has promised." The boyish delight could not be restrained ; he caught his elegant-looking cousin behind at the waist, and pushed him all down the lobby, following him out to the porch, and vociferating his good-byes at the top of his voice. Duke went out in a good humour ; he really did love Percy—the boy was so genuine and so thorough ; there was not a bit of the "sneak" about him, though he was a great tease.

"I know the little chap will be glad when he hears what I have done. He looks after me like an old hen looks after a troublesome brood, and, by his love, I vow I'll not disappoint him."

* * * *

Mabel received Duke in her usual sisterly manner. She was not one to bridle and blush, and make affected speeches ; she simply said, "I saw you this morning, Duke ; I have generally wished you could see yourself when I have seen you lately. I *am* so sorry !"

"Hush ! Mabel ; all that is past. Come out here," stepping towards the verandah, and holding open the casement for Mabel to pass, "for I have something to tell you, at which, I know, your kind and tender heart will rejoice."

Mabel stood leaning against the rustic balustrade. Duke faced her, in an easy attitude. The girl was pitying him, thinking what he was making of his life, and what a different record he *might* have to give at the great Reckoning, if only——

Her thoughts were interrupted by the subject of them.

"I know you are thinking the best you can of me," he said—he always "talked good," as he called it, to Mabel, whenever he felt he had a point to gain with her,—"and I'm a lucky fellow to have your and Perce's prayers."

Mabel looked searchingly at him.

"Don't look like that," pleaded he. "I'm in dead earnest this time, Mabel ; and your prayers will be answered, for I am going to reform. I've never looked at it before as I do to-night."

"I'm so glad to hear you speak so, Duke ; but how is it going to be done ? You remember our last talk ? You cannot do anything in your own strength, for that is as weak as your resolves. How, then, do you know you will change ? Who will help you ?"

"*You* will, Mabel !" he cried, stepping forward to catch at her hand. "*You*, my good angel, as I have called you all day. Yes, *you* will help me. For you I will renounce all that has made my life hitherto

a failure; for you I resolve to give up that which stands as a barrier between me and prosperity; for your sake to-day, and for Percy's sake, too, dear little chap! I promised my Aunt Avice that I would never again touch strong drink."

"What time to-day did you promise her that?" asked Mabel.

"Oh, this afternoon, when she came up to my room to speak about a piece of business that I was coming to," said Duke.

"Then you have not kept that promise. Duke, how *can* you go on hoping in your*self?* When will you believe that *you* are bound, hand and foot, by invisible chains, and that your bondage will only end when you walk in the fear of God and His commandments?"

How he inwardly cursed his folly in allowing that last craving to master him, so that he was betrayed by his very breath to the girl he was hoping to win. Yes, by the breath that was assuring her of his resolve, for her sake, "to vanquish and overcome all his enemiies."

"Mabel!" he pleaded, "you are rather hard upon me; I felt shaky, and knew you would notice that something had upset me, and that was why. Do not condemn me utterly. Oh, Mabel, it is in your power to make me what you would have me to be! Promise to be my wife at any distance of time you may like to name, and see what I can become."

"No, Duke, I will not be so unjust to you, or to myself, as to promise that. I would not degrade you by making myself—a poor, weak woman—the price of your redemption. And I have no faith in such a bargain. If you had striven to overcome, that you might win me, instead of seeking to win me that you may overcome, it would have been quite different. I am sure you will see the injustice, as well as the cowardice, of what you ask, and will go where strength is to be found, if you really desire it."

"I had something to tell you," he began, in tones hoarse with emotion. "This morning that letter came, saying that the Earl of B—— had thought better of it, and would not need my services. You see I am ruined, and it is now or never that I must see a turning-point in my history. You have settled that for me, Mabel; I know I am not worth a thought at your hands, and so it is all settled. Two blows in one day. There is only that little boy now, and I can't face *him*. Good-bye."

He held out his hand; it was trembling now with an overmastering disappointment, that drew the veil of blackness over all his thoughts.

"No, I will not say good-bye to you thus, Duke. You have reached a crisis in your life, and now you must act for yourself. But you are wrong in supposing I shall not think of you,—indeed I *shall*, and pray for you too, my brother. God has made men to be strong; flee to Him, Duke, who has promised to succour the tempted, to strengthen the weak, and to raise the fallen. You have *never* done this, or you would not have asked what you did just now. Good-bye—read this," she said, putting into his hand a tiny note, "when you reach your room, and remember, I have written it for you."

He hurried away from her presence, and, while taking his hat from the rack, saw through the open door of the dining-room, a decanter on the *buffet*.

"What does it matter *now?*" he muttered, seizing it. Then he looked at the little note lying in his hand. Should he? O God! this awful craving. He put the tempter from him. *She* had said something about raising the fallen; but she was a woman—she could never know the *depth* of his fall. Oh, how low had he sunk, even in his own eyes! And she had refused him—well, there was no hope; he would end it all. Again seizing the decanter, he began to pour the contents into a glass, but with a stifled groan left the room, and rushed out into the night. "She shall never have it to say that I died with a lie on my lips, or that her father's wine was the last I tasted!"

He hastened along the Farley Road, and though he staggered sometimes as a drunken man, and those who passed him knew and pitied him, yet he was not drunk. But his brain was in a whirl; he saw no light; the madness of despair was urging him on with fiendish intent of purpose. On reaching the Manor House, he did not notice that there was an unusual air about it—that there was in it the hush of a sudden ill, with the excitement that ill always produces. He stumbled to his room as one blind, and, feeling over the mantel-piece for his pistol, reeled back, falling against the wall, for the case was empty, and the pistol was gone!

CHAPTER IV.

How long he lay there, he never knew. A loud knocking at his door roused him, and, on opening it, he saw Miss Knox, her eyes swollen with weeping, her voice broken by sobs.

"Oh, Mr. Duke, you must come now if you wish to see Percy again alive. He is quite unconscious, and we do not know how long it may last; but you had better come."

Percy dying! His last stake lost! But what could it mean? Was it all part of the dreadful dream through which he seemed to be passing? Silently he followed the governess to the boy's room, and there, grouped round his bed, were uncle, aunt, doctor—and lying still, pale, and death-like in the midst, was the boy who, a few hours ago, he had seen on his knees in that very room, praying for him! No one looked at him as he entered, but he noticed that his uncle shuddered, and seemed to turn from him, burying his head more deeply in his hands, as if to avoid him. Mrs. Arden was weeping. Duke looked for a word of explanation from some one, and the doctor beckoned him from the room.

"*Why* is he lying there, dying?" he asked breathlessly.

"Ah, why? He is shot through at the waist; and the bullet is lodged in the spine. We are waiting for Sir Barclay Thorpe, from London, but if the bleeding continues, he will soon be too late." The doctor went back into the room, but Duke was stunned. Shot! How? He went downstairs; the butler was sitting in the hall, looking wretched.

"*Who* has shot my cousin?" he asked.

"He's shot himself, Mr. Duke, with one of your pistols. You must have left it loaded somewhere in your room, for after the report, Master Percy was found lying in a pool of blood in his room, and the pistol was on his dressing-table, having just been fired"

"He could never shoot himself, and put the weapon back on the table. He has never touched my pistols or gun before. I cannot believe he has done it,—but, O God, that it were undone!"

"Ah, it's too late to wish that now, Mr. Duke! That poor child is about the only Arden that knows anything of God. Better *he* should die, than some o' them as are not so well prepared."

Duke could not answer; he felt the bitter home-thrust, but he was not thinking of him-



"'Only there is something I must say: you have saved my life, but at what a cost!'"

self. Going into the library, he saw his uncle's glass, and the wine standing beside it on the table. In that moment all desire seemed to leave him; he loathed, or thought he loathed, the evil thing, and hid the bottle away in the cupboard. Then he paced up and down the verandah; the surgeon seemed to be hours in coming. Meantime the boy upstairs was more surely nearing the end—the end he himself had prepared and longed for!

"There *is* no good in the world," he muttered. "Life is a failure, and death a mystery, and hope and religion a miserable mistake."

Putting his hand into his pocket, he felt the note Mabel Treherne had given him at parting. He opened it mechanically, and read:

"*O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man to direct his steps.*" "*Order my steps in Thy Word.*"

He heard the dog-cart drive up, and presently the hurried and whispered consultation of the doctors, then the sobs of his aunt, as she and the squire left the room, and doctors and patient were left alone to decide in those awful moments the probability of life or death.

And when the doctors came out, none could read their faces, and they would say but little; the bullet could not be touched, but the bleeding was staunched. One doctor remained, and, with Mr. Arden, sat during the first weary watch in that silent room. Still the boy was unconscious. Night wore into day, and day again into night, and by this time the poor little patient was in the delirium of fever. No need to recount the weary days and nights that passed in that lonely house—the hopes and fears that raised or depressed the hearts of the watchers! And Duke? Miserable, worn, he kept his room, lest his presence should add to the squire's grief, and only left it to inquire, as often as he could, about his poor little cousin.

One day his aunt came to his room. She started when she saw how changed he was by grief and remorse, and asked him: "Do you think you can come and sit by the bed for a little? Percy is ceaselessly calling for you; and perhaps you will understand what he means. But you must be calm, Duke. Come!"

He followed as one in a dream, and on entering the room, was shocked at what he saw, so wasted was the boy. He was saying:

"Oh, Duke, I knew you wanted to kill yourself with that pistol, so I have put it away, and you will never find it. Duke, I *have* kept my promise. I have prayed for you. It will be all right, Duke. The pistol could not cure you; but cheer up, old coz, God can."

And so on, all the time, without a pause, he rambled; sometimes of his lessons, his dog, his mother, but more often of Duke and the pistol. Duke could not bear it. He was cut to the heart, and sobbed like a child, for he understood it all. The boy had heard his wild words, spoken before he went out on that fateful evening, and had taken the pistol from his room, and, by some terrible accident, had shot himself. He had said he would die, in his boyish way, to make his cousin happy; and, oh, how faithfully he had kept his word!

"And I am his murderer!" felt Duke. "But if he *should* live, I vow I will do anything he asks me, whatever it is."

* * * *

It is six weeks later, and the invalid, who has so far recovered as to be lying, for the first time since his illness, on a couch in his mother's room, has been telling Duke how it all happened.

"I forgot I had put the pistol on the dressing-table, and threw my brush hastily down, and it must have touched the pistol, for I remember nothing but a flash, and then falling—and that was all."

"No, it is not all, Perce; there's a lot more to tell, but I'm not going to tell it now. Only there is something I must say: you have saved my life, but at what a cost!"

The squire and his wife were in tears; they could see the change in Duke, but as yet his uncle had not spoken the pardoning word, for which Duke was longing and hoping.

"Never mind the cost, so that it is saved," said the boy, thankfully. "You know I said I would die for you, Duke, if needs be; and I believe it is all for the best. Now, father, tell Duke."

"Your aunt and I have been talking, Duke, and she has convinced me that we are greatly to blame for your sin, which has ended—really ended, I feel sure—in what has been such a sorrow to us. We have resolved,"—and, as he said this, the squire's voice shook, and he solemnly bowed his head,—"by God's help, never to put temptation in your way again."

"Yes," said Mrs. Arden, "*God* helping us, in the future. Percy has taught us what self-sacrifice is, and we will help you all we can, Duke, to live a new life in 'the fear of the Lord,' as we hope to do."

"And I," said the young man, humbly and reverently, "promise, by that same help of God, never to touch what has proved so bitter a curse in my life. I am going away for a time, and when I return, if I am worthy of your confidence, I hope again to share this as home with you. But until I have proved that I am a man, and not a vile and unbelieving coward, I cannot again sit at your table."

He went away, and having found the Earl of B——, made a clean breast of everything to him, and so won upon his confidence, that he appointed him as sort of sub-factor. Step by step he plodded on, working hard, and meeting with continual and countless temptations—for who is not tempted, O my brothers, who seeks to walk in purity and uprightness of heart?—slaying the dragon, self, and "forgetting those things that are behind," but overcoming them one by one with the new hope that was in him—the hope of his manliness and his manhood, the hope that should quicken and inspire the pulses of every true man to become worthy the name and the strength of his manhood, and to regard it as a gift from the Highest, to be used for His glory.

And did he succeed, think you? Did any man ever *fail*—that is the answer—who, day by day, and hour by hour, stayed himself upon the assurance, "He is able to succour them that are tempted."

At the end of two years he returned; his uncle was getting old, and dear old Perce was longing for him, and there were things that only Duke could see to about the place, especially as Percy would always be a cripple, unable to walk without the use of crutches. "But never mind that!" he would say. "I've got such a lot of happiness that some other fellows know nothing about, and I've got *Duke*."

"And what has Duke got, I wonder?" Mrs. Arden would ask.

"The best aunt in the world," Duke would answer; "and the promise of the best little wife in the county, and Perce, and—best of all—the strength which is made perfect in weakness, to fear God and to keep His commandments. What bosh I used to think all that sort of thing was! Something for women and mystics; but now——!"

And Mabel Treherne never repented that she had become Mabel Arden; and Duke never, NEVER forgot that terrible night, nor how near he was to losing his last stake, which eventually proved his strongest, but—AT WHAT A COST!

THE END.



HOMELY HOBBIES: RECREATIONS IN GEOLOGY.

By W. H. Harris, B.A., B.Sc.

No. 8.

THE COAL OF OUR FIRES (*continued*).

IN continuation of our last week's subject, we will now give a few particulars of the vegetation which produced our coal beds. Before beginning this description, however, we must make some preliminary observations.

In the first place, we have spoken of our supplies of fuel being obtained from deep mines. This is a fact familiar, of course, to every one; but it may not be equally well known that nearly all the coal-seams of our own country, which are best worth working, belong to a special geological period, named, from this fact, the "carboniferous." Moreover, the series of beds thus classed belongs to the group called the "palæozoic," as containing the most ancient representatives of animal and vegetable life. But while the above statement is true with the qualification mentioned, geologists are now agreed that the change of plants into coal has gone on in all three of the great epochs into which the life-history of the globe has been roughly divided. We shall see, in fact, good reason for believing that the earliest stage of the grand process is going on now in various parts of the world.

Another curious circumstance, worthy of note, is that, high up in the Arctic regions, where, at the present day, vegetation is scanty enough, or non-existent, beds of good coal have been found, proving that, in remote times, climatic conditions widely different from the present were prevailing there. To account for such a fact, various most interesting theories have been propounded. We must not discuss these, as to do so would lead us on to difficult ground. We would, however, in passing, commend the subject to our readers who are attracted by geological questions, and especially to those who are inclined to make the carboniferous period their hobby. We can promise workers in this field of knowledge abundant pleasure, and can assure them that, in the collection and arrangement of specimens of the numerous kinds of coal, with their attendant fossils, delightful occupation will be found for many a leisure hour.

In the small space at our disposal, it will be best to confine our attention to the "palæozoic" coal-beds. The largest contributions to these have been genera of plants, called respectively *lepidodendron*, *sigillaria*, *calamites*, *dadoxylon*, and various ferns. These rather lengthy names have been given by scientific men, as being indicative of some distinguishing character of the different plants. Thus, the first of which we shall mention a few particulars—the *lepidodendron* (Gr.: *lepidos*, a scale, and *dendron*, a tree)—is so called from the scale-like workings left on its trunk by fallen leaves; for these grew on the stem as well as on the branches, just as in the case of the well-known *araucaria* or "puzzle-monkey" of our gardens. Botanists trace in the *lepidodendron* affinities, not to our forest-trees or to any of the higher orders of plants, but to lowly club-mosses, the largest specimens of which are only two or three feet in height, while their relative of the coal-period was a tall and branching tree. Some trunks have been found nearly fifty feet in length, while fragments of others indicate still greater dimensions. Each branch, soon after leaving the main stem, divided into two others; these each, again, into other two, and so on, *i.e.*, in what is called a *dichotomous* manner. The seed or spore-vessels, were conical in shape, and terminated certain branches. Their contents occur in extraordinary profusion in our coal-seams, and by their resinous nature, doubtless, help in making the bright flames of our fires.

The *sigillaria* genus was a large one, for no less than thirty-five species of it have been found in the coal-measures. These trees grew to a height of, probably, seventy feet. Their trunks, from one to five feet across, were fluted, and, in these depressions, leaves grew. These, as they died and fell, left *seal*-like scars, whence was the origin of the name given to the genus, from the Lat. *sigilla*, a seal. The roots, called *stigmaria*, were long a puzzle to botanists, but all doubt as to their real nature was set at rest by the discovery, in the Lancashire coal-field, of their connection with *sigillaria* stems. The cylindrical rootlets, once thought to be leaves, seem to have been attached to the main roots by fitting into little cylindrical pits. The trunks must often have become hollow during the life of the tree, as frequently happens now with our elms and beeches.

They were so squeezed together that we may often see remains of their two opposite sides, now converted into smooth, glistening coal, forming two layers, less than an inch apart. This fact will help to give an idea of the enormous pressure to which the vegetable matter of the carboniferous age has since been subjected. Botanists are by no means agreed as to the affinities of *sigillaria* to plants now existing. Some writers connect them with the ferns; others, with the spurge tribe; others, with palms; some, with the cacti; and others, again, with the cycads. It is curious that, though these trees have contributed more largely than any to our fuel-stores, less is known of this genus than of almost any of the coal-plants.

The *calamites* are recognized as being allied to the horse-tails (*equisetaceæ*) of our ditches and damp places. Their main stem was simple, but at regular intervals gave off a number of slender branches at the same level, and these again bore delicate leaves, also arranged in whorls. The fruit was cone-like in shape. The trunk contracted rather rapidly towards the base, and gave off long, round roots, which spread laterally through the ground. Like the genera previously mentioned, this one far exceeded in size its modern representatives.

The *dadoxylon* was like our conifers, probably most resembling the yew. Botanists have recognized a certain kind of structure, called *disc-tissue*, as characteristic of all known coniferæ. Now, under the microscope, a precisely similar sort of tissue has been observed in remains of *dadoxylon*, proving that this tree was much higher in grade than those we have previously described, being certainly a real exogen. The trunk in some instances was nearly fifty feet in height. The pith was much larger than that of most conifers, and, with its surrounding tissue, frequently shrank so much as to allow the interior of the stems, when broken at the top, to be filled with earthy deposit from water flowing over them. Casts of the inside of the trunk are common, and formerly were called *Sternbergia*, on the supposition that they belonged to a distinct genus. The fruit was named *Trigonocarpon*, and was a good deal like that of the modern *Sulisburia*,—a Chinese yew. It is so abundant in the coal-measures, that it is said to be obtained, in certain localities, by the bushel.

The *ferns*, to an ordinary observer, would be scarcely distinguishable from those of the present day. Yet they show to the botanist certain differences. They are divided into genera, known from each other by the way in which the fronds branch and the veins of the leaves are arranged. Altogether, about 250 species have been discovered.

But it is now time that we turned to consider the transformation of vegetable matter into coal. We must, however, first mention the three methods by which, it is thought, such matter could have accumulated in quantities sufficiently vast to make seams of coal. Here, again, we are greatly helped in our speculations by observing what is now going on in various parts of the world. Firstly, then, we find that in the estuaries of certain great rivers, and into some lakes, immense quantities of trees and fragments of vegetation are carried by floods and freshets occurring periodically. During the intervals of the inundations, the deltas are covered with a dense growth, and the annual decay of these materials must make a constantly increasing deposit of an organic nature.

As illustrating accumulations of this kind, we may refer to what goes on at the mouths of the Ganges and the Amazon. Secondly, we have, in the great dismal swamp of the Mississippi, an instance of a large tract of land overspread with a dense forest and jungle-growth, actually raised several feet in height above the surrounding country, though water extends throughout the entire region. Here thousands of generations of trees have perished, and, by their decay, have made, and still make, immense additions to the total mass of material. Similar growths are found in other districts, and when they have taken place in depressions, which once were lakes, but have been filled up in course of ages, we can conceive that stupendous amounts of vegetation have thus been aggregated. Thirdly, extensive areas in our own country, in Holland, Denmark, and the North of Europe generally, are covered by a growth of peat.

Mosses, rushes, heaths, equisetums, and confervæ, are the chief kinds of plants contributing to its formation. It exists, in various degrees of consolidation, from the spongy fibrous turf above, to the much more solid peat below. In some cases, it makes boggy swamps; in others, it has filled shallow lake basins. Occasionally it has grown over dead and prostrated forests, the partially decayed trees of which it still entombs. Then, beside these three distinct kinds of vegetable accumulations, we have combinations of them. Hence it is no longer difficult to imagine how similar masses may have been collected in past periods.

It may surprise us to hear, that it would take forty feet in thickness of such loose materials to account for the production of one foot of solid coal; but, given a sufficiently long time, we can see that there is no impossibility in the aggregation of the quantity required for our coal-beds, especially if, as

must have been the case, areas of such vegetable growth slowly sank, carrying with them their loads, and giving opportunity for new generations to flourish and die above the old.

For the actual change of the crude masses of vegetation into coal, the two chief agents have been pressure and chemical action, aided by water and a moderate temperature. The former of these agents has been supplied,—first, by the accumulation of great thicknesses of other deposits above the carboniferous, and this to the extent of thousands upon thousands of feet; secondly, by the dislocation of the rocks arising from shrinkage of the earth's crust; and thirdly, by volcanic force, acting from below. An elevation of temperature would naturally ensue from depression far below the surface. Chemical action is always ready to develop its energy, wherever organic material is found, particularly where moisture and heat come to its aid.

We shall best understand the actual results which have ensued from these forces, if we consider the constitution of wood, peat, lignite (or brown coal), bituminous coal, and anthracite, so far as their carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen ingredients are concerned. These particulars we give approximately in a tabular form, for facility of comparison :—

	Carbon.	Hydrogen.	Oxygen.
Wood	53	6	41
Peat	60	6	34
Lignite ...	67	5	28
Coal	85	5	10
Anthracite	92	4	4

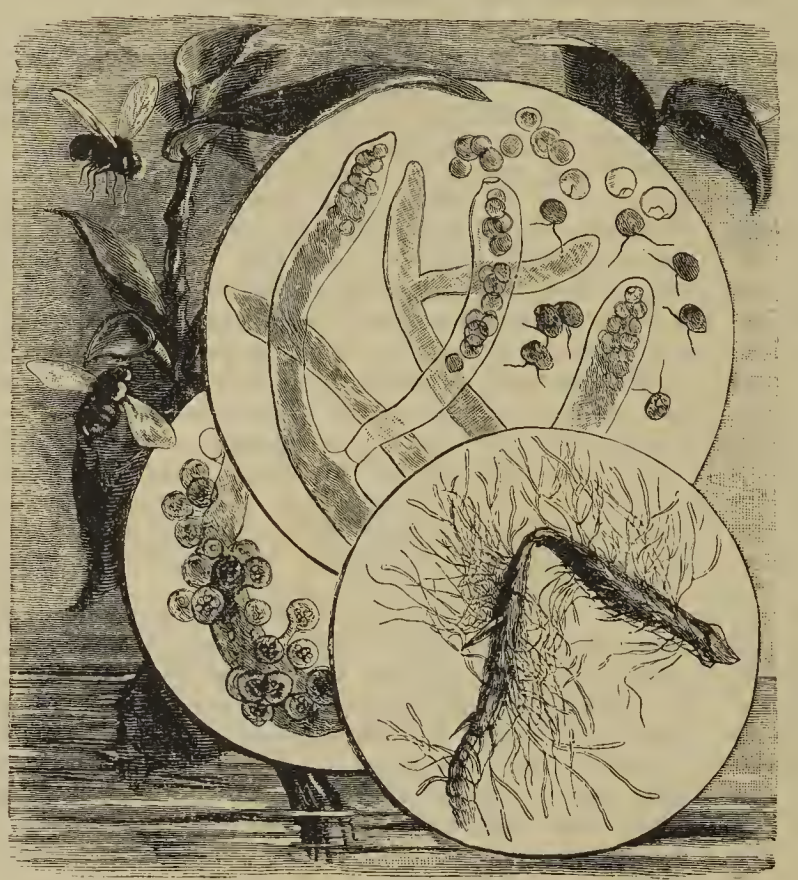
It would be impossible, in such an elementary paper as this, to go into explanations of the chemical changes thus seen to occur. It is sufficient, for our present purpose, to point out that the main difference traceable is a continuous increase in the percentage of carbon, and an equal diminution in that of oxygen. The practical consequences are, on the one hand, the production of carbon dioxide, and various hydro-carbons, both liquid and gaseous. Hence come the accumulations in our coal-mines of the deadly "choke-damp," and the explosive "fire-damp," as the colliers call them, together with, occasionally, large quantities of bitumen, asphalt, and the rock oil, or petroleum of commerce. These alterations, moreover, are progressive with age, anthracite being the oldest of our varieties of coal, and that which has been most subjected to pressure, heat, and chemical change. The other substances mentioned in the table, occur, as to antiquity, in the order stated.

We have been able to give the barest outline of this grand subject. Before leaving it, we must mention that anthracite is not the last member of the interesting series of altered vegetable matter. In beds still older than those producing our steam coal, are found thin veins of almost pure carbon—the hydrogen and oxygen having been nearly eliminated together. This substance is called by the names of blacklead and graphite, the latter being the more appropriate. It is the material of which our pencils are made.

There remains just one more stage, and this is very rarely attained; but, when the carbon alone is left, and takes a crystalline form, we have the DIAMOND.

A FOREST ON A FLY'S LEG.

I SAW in my laboratory one September day a glass jar filled with water, into which an unlucky fly had fallen. It was still alive, and struggling to escape. An hour later I noticed, as I passed, that it was dead. Two days afterward the floating body was completely enveloped in a white fleecy covering, the individual threads of which were finer than the most delicate product of textile art. This was the winding-sheet of the unfortunate animal; but examination proved it to be a living shroud, nourished at the expense of the tissues it covered; in fact, it was the plant we have figured above on the leg of the fly, and to give it a barbarous name, is the so-called "Achlya" of botanists. Apparently it came from nothing, but this was only because human vision, unassisted, is incapable of detecting the myriads of germs which float in the air. Beyond doubt, one such, the parent of the plant, had either been thus carried into the water, and simply awaited the death of the fly before it could begin its growth, or it may have been entangled among the hairs of the leg before the animal met its fate in the jar of water, but remained dormant until stimulated to growth by the contact of the water. In either case the plant was the product of a previously existing germ, inconceivably small in size, so small indeed that it is quite useless to give its dimensions, though these can be accurately measured by a very simple process.



"Forest on a Fly's Leg."

This germ was transparent, too, and round. Within an hour from the time that it began its work in real earnest, it had thrown out a thread-like prolongation on one side, which was as transparent and pale as the part from which it started. However, small as this germ was, it illustrated a parental duty often lost sight of by beings higher in the scale—that of providing for its offspring; and when the thread started to grow, it was nourished by the food stored away in the parent germ, until it was old enough to appropriate nourishment from the fly leg on which it was growing. This thread elongated, and in a few hours branched, until in a very short time it exceeded the germ in bulk and weight many times over. Then the ends of the threads and branches began to enlarge, and to emerge out of the greyish substance which they contained, a great number, possibly a hundred or more, round bodies, which did not exceed the one two-thousandth part of an inch in diameter. It is interesting to watch their growth from a shapeless mass into perfect little spheres. Then, when they are finished, and a partition is formed behind them, they rupture the end of the enlarged branch, and escape into the surrounding water. Not to remain quiet and germinate at once as plants, but to begin their life career, with motions proportionately as rapid as those of any animal; though the quart jar in which they are confined is a world far too vast for them to sound the heights and depths of in their short motile existence.

The locomotive organs are one or more transparent hairs, which, vibrating, do duty as oars or paddles, and propel the sphere through the water. This animal energy exhausts itself in half an hour, and the little globule comes to rest, throws off its outer coat, and begins its life as a plant germ should. In a few hours it grows into just such a plant as the parent which we have described, and later, in the same day even, may culminate its activity by the production of germs resembling itself in every particular. Just as some of our most conspicuous plants observe regular hours for opening their flowers to the sunlight, so there is almost as marked a periodicity in the hours of maturity and escape of these active globules; most frequently between the hours of ten in the morning and three in the afternoon, does this take place.

This process cannot be repeated indefinitely. How often it may occur is hard to say, but somewhere in the life cycle of this achlya a more complicated method comes in, apparently to help the vigour of the race. It is strange how such an union between beings so humble should produce the most vigorous vitality, and illustrate the formula in which the great Ritter expressed his views, derived from study of nobler form—that is, that "Life is but an exchange of relation." Strip active, sentient being of all its attending circumstances, reduce the principle itself to the lowest terms, and it will yet be found essentially the same everywhere.

Hence then, this achlya, simple as it appears in relation to the oaks or the buttercups, is actually a very great advance on other groups of plants, for the intervention of a new set of organs is requisite to complete its life-history—organs which may be regarded as prophetic of others, in whose advent the vegetable kingdom attains its highest development.

Examine these in the achlya. Terminating some of the many branches of the filamentous mass are enlarged globular extremities, which are filled with a fine granular mass, and when fully developed, the tips of the smaller organs produced lower down on the same branch penetrate. The result of this union of the different bodies is that a new arrangement of the particles contained in the larger one follows. Instead of a single

uniform globular mass, a division into several smaller spheres ensues. These take on a distinct and moderately firm wall; produce some oil globules often in their cavity. A well-defined partition follows, which is to separate the large sphere from the parent twig (see Fig. 2.). The smaller curtained spheres are the perfected fruit resulting from a union of the cells, and are each capable of developing into just such a plant as the parent by pushing out a thread-like growth from the side. Evidently this is the highest life phase of the plant; but, simple as it appears, it invests the species with a new lease of life. Essentially it means that matter, which but for such union and new distribution of its constituent elements, was incapable of self-perpetuation, is now invested with this new capacity, and capable of almost endless reproduction. This may appear strange, that results so important should be accomplished by means so simple; but it is not so strange as the fact disclosed on examination of the microscopical and chemical characters of the uniting elements. They show no essential differences, neither do they differ under the same tests from other like substances. This, however, is but an urgent reason for further investigation into the nature of the substance. We call it protoplasm—it is true. That, however, but gives a name to a difficulty. All that we dare say now is that, from an exchange in the relations of like particles, a new life and force has risen. The most important fact to be drawn from this lesson is, that it illustrates essentially the nature of various changes in much higher organisms; yet it is so simple, that one sees here the very beginnings of life. Though the veil which conceals the most profound mystery of life is not cast aside, it is rent; and through the opening comes a glimmer of hope that some day we may comprehend wholly what we now apprehend in part only. The rapidity with which this plant reproduces itself is astounding. Assume one of the threads to have two hundred of the little motile spheres, and that each of these, under favouring conditions, would produce a crop like themselves in twenty-four hours (and the estimate is by no means a high one), we should have on the fifth day, as the product of one such sphere, 320,000,000,000 such germs.

Or, if we take one of the larger spheres as a criterion, forty-three of which I have actually counted on one thread, and each of these maturing at the average ratio, we should have at the end of the same time 1,143,134,062,768. If any emotion of sympathy was started with the single germ out of which such a crop was produced, because its tender life depended upon chance wafting it to a suitable place for germination, and without which it must have perished, that emotion is speedily checked by a feeling of thankfulness that plants with such enormous reproductive capacities should have some limit placed to their increase.

With so much revealed from so unexpected a quarter as the leg of a fly, one might well be content to believe that there is nothing, living or growing, unworthy of our inspection. But only the half has been told. Place this achlya in a warm room. Give it the favouring condition of light and moisture. It may be found in a few days that it is dead, and even decomposed. As it had been nourished at the expense of the putrescent tissues of the animal, so it in turn serves to feed the still smaller plants which swarm in the drop of water around it, and which have been the immediate cause of its death.

As for the size of these plants which have destroyed the achlya, the mind fairly falters when an attempt is made to realize how minute some of them are. Magnify one of the least four thousand diameters, or, what is the same thing, sixteen million times, and it would fall far short of the dimensions of a pin's head. Yet, small as they are, the interest with which modern science invests them is absorbing, for within very recent times it has been rendered probable that they and their kin, the other bacteria, are the active agents in producing and propagating diseases which decimate mankind. Though these plants increase with a rapidity which infinitely exceeds that of achlya, and which we can no more comprehend than we can their size, yet they have life histories, which, in their different stages, are not the less fixed and definite, from the fact that men have until now only read a few paragraphs, and failed to solve some of the most important problems of their birth and death.

Approach the secrets of the universe from whatever side we will, and it dawns upon us that we draw near to magnitudes and forces that we cannot conceive, either in their smallest or greatest exhibitions.



Fig. 2.

"THAT'S YOUR SORT."

By S. Gillespie Prout.

AND a precious "sort" it was, to be so wonderfully exultant over!

The announcement was, unfortunately, addressed to an entirely unappreciative blue jacket, who, somehow, could not see it at all. As the three friends came swaggering down the street, taking up nearly all the pavement, and not exactly dispensing either melody or perfume, Jack, who had just come ashore on leave, in the steam-pinnace of H.M.S. *Minotaur*, and who, as befitted a fellow with a first-class rating on board an ironclad,—flag-ship to boot—wanted a wideish bit of pavement to himself, with a quiet "Port your helm, mate," elbowed into the scraped-up mud accumulations, to the grievous damage of a "gent's fashionable complete suit, at £1 4s. 11¾d.," and the loss of a "stunning" cheroot, their privileged possessor.

Poor fellow! His brief gutter experience made his recent companions, when he overtook them, most unkindly shy of his society; —they thought him a very bad sort indeed, to walk down the High Street with. It was, in point of fact, their own sort—the sort they had all been rejoicing in, arm-in-arm together, a few minutes before; but "your sort" was now very muddy, and very inodorous, and nobody can see his own sort in a companion just out of a mud-heap. No one, of course, of those whom I am talking to, is expected to recognise "*his* sort" in our discomfited young friend. No fear of the reproachful exclamation, "Oh! but I say, it's too bad of him to go and draw a fellow off like that." There are sorts *and* sorts; this one, you see, is a representative sort. The "suit" and "weed" may be of very different cut and growth—Bond Street and the Haymarket may have supplied them. "All wool," and undoubted Havana, and an opera air unknown in shilling Music Halls, may be hummed in the most gentlemanly key by their possessor—an immensely stupid "sort" all the same; really not the difference between the two varieties, of the farthing's worth of pins that made up the £1 5s. for the suit which came to grief.

The one nice little lot, including our soiled acquaintance, will turn into the flaring "palace" at the street corner, with a big ruby glass barrel over the swing doors. "Well, what's it to be?" "Eh?" wants considering cap, does that.

"Got stunning 'bitter' here. Say we try that for a beginning?"

"Have a weed, old chap, for the one your naval friend knocked from under your beak. There, that's about your sort!"

The other nice little lot will saunter up the steps of "The Royal" on the Esplanade. "Waiter, a bottle of Clos Vougeot—the '63 mind! Have cigar, Reinas? Not such a bad sort, my dear fellow."

Gents and gentlemen, "berry much alike." One of either party may be found, a few hours later, making painfully persevering, self-revolving efforts at progression, or occupied in smiling endeavours ("I can't bear these latch keys—whatever can have come to the lock?") to open the door of his lodgings with pipe stem or gold pencil-case.

Now, I'm not going to say there's no pleasure in any of this; nor in the drive to the race-course on a four-in-hand; nor in the tax-cart,—behind the gaunt, thorough-bred screw, that can do her fourteen miles within the hour,—with a two-gallon jar under the box-seat. I do not say there's no pleasure in the Billiard-room, especially if you have happened to make the big break of the evening. None, in the penny gaff, or Her Majesty's Theatre, at Rosherville Gardens, or Willis's Rooms. There *is* pleasure, of a sort, in it all, and of a very keen sort, too,—no use in denying it; but it's a sort that won't "stay."

Young fellows, indeed it's a long way off "A. 1." Any number of sorts—your sort, and my sort, and his sort, and her sort. There are some such interesting, charming sorts I'd like to talk about, but Maud and Connie would say it was "awfully bad form" to bracket their dainty ulsters and hard hats with ours, though really—but, there, we'll keep to ourselves.

We have had the Beer and the Burgundy sort; then there's the athletic sort, and the æsthetic sort, and the intelligent sort, and the "most excellent young man" sort.

"You're not going to call them all 'bad sorts,' surely?"

No, indeed. Some of them good, so far as they go, but how far is *that?* Will they *go across?* Are you sure that any one of them is the heaven sort, or that the heaven sort *will take it in?* Actually, we may say,

there are but *two* sorts—that and the muddy earth sort—God's sort and Satan's.

Isn't that putting it *rather* too strongly—somewhat sudden and startling?

Perhaps. But I don't see what else we can make of it, though I confess I have not "modulated;" we have Bible for it.

God's sort must be the "*eternal life*" *sort*. We all say "Of course" to that. "God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son." "He that hath the Son hath life: and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

It just comes to this: any and every sort that *has not Christ in it*—no matter what else it has or has not—has not *life*, and it is not *God's*. I'm coming down too hard upon your sort, really! You are not going to say it is God's sort, as I have put it, but—never mind the "but;" if it's not His, it's *the other*, with *no life in it*, and it's not all your own! "Prove all things," says the grand old Apostle. Ay, his *was* a sort, who is a great authority on running, and wrestling, and glorious doing of all kinds.

Shall we have a *Sort-test?* How if, *in the go on of it all*, came the message: "You are wanted"? It's *splendid* to be able to say: "Whatever comes, is right; and whenever it comes, I'm ready." Only the *having* sort say *that*.

"Of course," you say, "it's all quite right to talk of these things, but you do not see why you are going to die so soon."

Neither do I, nor yet *why you are not;* you may, and in the face of its tremendous issues, *the "may" has it*, against all the "very unlikelies" and "most probablies."

The first column of your daily paper may preach to you a short sermon that may come closer home than anything I could say. "Quite suddenly, at ——." "What! poor Fred gone?" Do you care to *think out* your own words? *Just your sort*, was he not?

But, now, I do so want you to see that God's sort—the everlasting life sort—takes in so many more sorts than you would ever have expected. Such a monstrous idea it is, that religion—or, what is an ever-so-much better word, Christianity—is a thing to give anybody "the blues," to make a "duffer" and a "softy" of him; to pull down the corners of his mouth, and turn up the whites of his eyes, and take all the fun out of a fellow; to darken life's path with "muggy" shadows, and check young, eager feet to funeral pacing. Do you now really think that God *does not like* His children to be just as happy, as *safely* they can be, on their way to the Home where He is fitting ready for them His things of undreamed-of joy? That's not *Bible* thinking, for certain. I can only tell you that the bravest, merriest—yes, we'll have the word, the jolliest—fellows I have known; men who could go in for the happiest, heartiest *swing* of life, and at a minute's notice, look grim old Death straight in the face without winking, have been "your blue lights," "your religious fellows"—men who *had* "the Son of God."

"But I can tell you," says somebody (I do so hate that old "Somebody"), "if you're going in for religion, and all *that* sort, you'll have to give up no end of things." What *will* you have to give up? A lot of life-rubbish that *won't keep*—goes so bad that it poisons you. You'll have all the things that go for true, glad living, and for glad dying. They, surely, are the *right sort*.

Suppose we end our bit of talk with two or three *don'ts?* Don't keep by you one hour, a "religion" that is not strengthened and stiffened, all through its fibre, by many a Bible "shall" and "hath." Any other is too limp and ravelled a sort for *use*. You would never take a broken, weakly, scarfed oar, to fight the beat and crash of an angry sea; nor trust the strain of a frayed, spliced hempen rope down well-nigh half a mile of gloom. Wiser, either doing in storm or shaft, than *to trust your soul to yourself!* Don't, when a particularly bad sort poses as a specially good one, say, "*That* man calls himself a Christian! Well, all I can say is, *if I'm to be like that*, I'd rather not be a Christian at all." Who asks you to be "like that"? The very worst sort going! Be *you* the real thing; if there were no real Christians, there could be no make-believes—there would be nothing to sham.

And don't, whatever you do, take up the maudlin, quasi-religious idea that this life is "all a delusion and a snare," or you'll do no good in it to man, woman, or cock-sparrow.

Life is a splendid gift to us, *real all through*, in its this side "moment," as in its for-ever outwidening. Heart-full, all-along work for your Saviour and Master, your sisters, and your brothers; athletics and æsthetics, mind, muscle, and mirth, *all put into it*. The victor-welcome into the sunless light, and song, and love-gladness of "that great city," and to the presence of the King, the eternities of grand, swift, untiring service in "the kingdom, the power, and the glory," —*that's your sort.*

NEW YORK "TURNERS" OR TURN VEREIN

(GYMNASTIC SOCIETY).

THIS society, a German organization, is the parent one of New York, and was started some thirty-six years ago. Within the building on Fourth Street there are chess, billiard, reading, and smoking rooms, ladies' rooms, committee and officers' rooms. Upon the ground floor is the gymnasium. This is a hall fifty feet wide by seventy long and twenty high, containing every species of gymnastic apparatus. Upon the next floor is the dining or supper room, an apartment almost as large as the gymnasium. Besides these rooms there is a large Lecture Hall, capable of seating 1,000 persons, lodge rooms, ladies' parlour and toilet rooms. A great feature of the Turners' social life is the variation of work and play. Formal discussions, concerts, gymnastics, chess tourneys, and other harmless and amusing performances keep all the members, who desire it, busy and interested. There is a benevolent society by which sums of £1, paid weekly, in case of sickness, and funeral expenses at death, are insured to members; the initiation fee is twelve shillings, and the quarterly dues five shillings.

This active Teutonic society publishes a weekly chess newspaper, called *Balm Frei*. About 700 men compose the New York Turn Verein, and 1,200 children of the surrounding neighbourhood are instructed in useful, health-giving exercises by this association.

The Turners' school is an admirable one, and does great good in the neighbourhood. At the schools are taught, in addition to gymnastics, drawing, modelling, and sewing for girls, and many other useful and domestic arts. The children in the school—who are of all nationalities, Irish, German, Italian, and American—are taught gymnastics compatible with their strength and their years, and even the girls are called upon to join classes in calisthenics. The modest charge for all pupils is only about two shillings per month. There is a cadet corps, composed of lads from fourteen to eighteen years of age, who are drilled twice a week in infantry tactics. The badge of the society is four F's—ꟻꟻ—from the first letters of four German words signifying happiness, joy, freedom, and peace; excellent watchwords, and illustrative of the life of this admirable society.

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

By Rev. J. H. Thorpe, M.A.

February 5th.

The Transfiguration.—*Matt.* 17. 1-13.
Golden Text.—*Luke* 9. 35.

THE Transfiguration in all probability took place at night for these reasons: (1) St. Luke tells us our Lord went up into the mountain to pray; this He usually did at night (Luke 22. 39, etc.). (2) The Apostles were heavy with sleep, but are expressly described as having kept awake. (3) St. Luke says they did not descend till "the next day." See also 2 Pet. 1. 18, 19. As to the light seen by the Apostles, it was not a light that shone upon Christ from above, but *from* Him, from within.

The Transfiguration may be regarded as the turning-point in our Lord's earthly ministry. Up to this, His work had been popular, crowds followed Him, and the Pharisees and others seem not to have been able to carry their hatred into overt opposition. But from this onwards, we can trace a gradual change, culminating in the cry of "Crucify Him!" This brings us to what appears to be one of the lessons of this scene.

(1) The consecration of Christ to His redeeming work. Think of the scene. Two of His most honoured servants come in glory to visit Him. Hitherto success has attended His ministry. *He knows* what lies before. What more ready than the temptation to turn aside, avoid the cross, and now return to heaven? But no! He "steadfastly set His face" to His great work, and came down from that mountain top to give Himself a ransom for us. His love for sinners never once abated, and He denied Himself the glory, and chose the cross for our sakes. (2) We have a lesson suggested by the words in St. Luke's narrative (chap. 9. 29). "As He prayed, the fashion of His countenance was altered," etc. Christ was ever a "Man of Prayer," but prayer time is the time which tells most on the character of a man. Be a man of prayer. (3) There are some to whom Christ reveals His glories more than to others. Some disciples belong to an inner circle. Doubtless those three men entered more fully into sympathy with the Saviour's work than others. They gave Him more of their love than the others. And Christ ever gives Himself to us in the proportion in which we give ourselves to Him. (4) Moses and Elias appeared. Each retained his own personality. Their central theme was Christ and His death. The believer dies, he changes his place, but not his desires or his interest in his Lord. (5) "Hear ye Him." The natural inclination of the disciples would be to gaze on the glory, not to "*hear Him.*" Visions and manifestations have had their work to do, but for us, as for the disciples, the words of Christ are our guiding stars. The importance of the written Word—our only safe anchorage. (6) See Luke 9. 34: "And they feared, as they entered into the cloud." How often it has been so with God's people. Yet they saw in it fuller, clearer, and more glorious manifestations of their Lord than ever before, just like John the Baptist, with his rough garment and plain fare, who prepared the way for Christ. The men who know most of God have often to pass through clouds. (7) Contrast the scene on the top with that at the foot of the mountain. Christ in glory above, His baffled disciples below. Christ is now at the right hand of God, and to Him all power in heaven and earth is committed. One of the secrets of power in work for Him is to believe this, and to bring all our hard cases to Him in prayer.

The object of this event, twofold. 1. As to our Lord: to encourage Him in His work and sufferings. He was capable of being influenced by human motives. "For the joy that was set before Him," etc. 2. As to His disciples: to fit them for future testimony and trials. See 2 Peter 1. 16, 17. Compare Joseph's dreams preceding his trials.

Why did Jesus take *any* disciples? Why only three? And why these three? He took some that they might be *witnesses*. Two or three the lowest competent number. It was not intended for common view. Probably our Lord discerned in them a special fitness for the reception of this revelation.

This was a miniature representation of the glory of Christ. Ch. 16 gives "the sufferings of Christ"; ch. 17, "the glory that should follow." Compare Matthew 13. 43 and Philippians 3. 21.

Moses and Elias: the heads of the legal and prophetic institutions, representing "the law and the prophets." They speak of His decease (exodus). An embodiment of the teaching of the law and the prophets. (See Luke 24. 44.)

The retirement of these, and the voice from heaven—a pictorial representation of the passing away of the legal economy to give place to Christ. "Hear Him."

Peter's utterance. Such ecstasy very delightful, but not to be leaned upon. It is good *to be* here; yes, but not to *remain* here. Christian life is not made up of raptures. The mount of transfiguration is to prepare for contact with the demoniacs in the plain.

Contrast verse 4 with Nehemiah 13. 4, 5, 8, 9.

The command not to tell the vision. Why? Prudence required that our Lord should abstain from an assertion of His full glory. To do this would have been to precipitate His death. Then it was not intended for common, idle, vulgar gaze, to please curiosity (2 Cor. 12. 2). It would have been casting pearls before swine.

After His resurrection they would understand the vision better themselves, and the people would be better prepared to receive it.

Jas. L. Stanley.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON (*continued*).

1. *Place of Transfiguration.* "Mountain."
Much said in Scripture about mountains. Isaac offered up on one; the law given from Sinai; Elijah answered by fire on Carmel; Christ tempted by Satan, etc.

2. *Privileged Disciples.* "Peter, James, and John."
Three times Christ took these disciples with Him.

i. Saviour and Death (Mk. 5. 37). Sympathy.
ii. Saviour and Disciples (Mk. 14. 33). Suffering.
iii. Saviour and Divine glory (Mk. 9. 2). Splendour.

3. *Persons seen with Christ.* "Moses and Elijah"—the Law, and the Prophets.

4. *Painful and yet precious theme of their conversation.* Luke 9. 31. Notice the journey from Mount Tabor to Mount Calvary. Trace from this scene in Luke's Gospel, and mark the word "*Jerusalem.*"

5. *Peter's sleepiness and selfishness* (Luke 9. 32, 33). Good for *us*. "Let *us* make," etc.

6. *This scene, prophetic of the coming kingdom and glory of Christ* (see 2 Pet. 1. 16-19).

Moses represents those who have fallen asleep in Jesus; Elijah the living saints who are taken away at Christ's coming; and Peter, James, and John, the earthly saints; *i.e.*, Israel on the millennial earth.

"*Jesus only.*" As your—

Justifier to clear.	Rom. 3. 26.
Example to follow.	1 Pet 2. 21.
Sanctifier to purify.	Heb. 2. 11.
Understanding to enlighten.	Eph. 1. 17, 18.
Strength to uphold.	Isa. 41. 10.
Overseer to rule.	John 13. 13.
New man to put on.	Rom. 13. 14.
Liberator to release.	John 8. 36.
Yoke-fellow for fellowship.	Matt. 11. 29.

Threefold transfiguration.

*1. Christ transfigured (Matt. 17. 2). Glory.
2. Moral transformation (Rom. 12. 2). Grace.
3. Spiritual transformation (2 Cor. 3. 18). Gazing.

* Same Greek word—metamorphōomai—translated "transfigured," "transformed," and "changed."

Three times the Father acknowledged His Son, and each time when He was in the attitude of prayer. Luke 3. 21, 22; Mark 9. 7; John 12. 28.

F. E. MARSH.

FURTHER NOTES.

A week after the conversation in last lesson. No account of what occurred during those days.

1st. TIME OF TRANSFIGURATION. Summer. Hour of prayer. Luke 9. 28. Night. Disciples sleepy. Luke 9. 32. Note also, "next day," when they came down. 2 Pet. 1. 18, 19.

2nd. PLACE OF TRANSFIGURATION. Reasonable to suppose Mount Hermon, as Christ was in its neighbourhood immediately before and after the event. Refer to other mountain scenes of Bible.

3rd. WITNESSES OF TRANSFIGURATION. *Peter, James, John.* "Three a sufficient number of witnesses to prove the fact to the world." These three most advanced in knowledge of Christ, and best able to receive these higher experiences. Twice afterwards they are His only companions. *Moses, Elijah.* Witnesses from the spirit world. How did disciples recognise them? Perhaps by traditionary descriptions, or by Christ's words. Moses representative of law, Elijah of prophets. Beautiful picture of the accomplishment of the two in Christ. Some think each appeared in resurrection body. (Jude 9.)

4th. SCENE OF TRANSFIGURATION. "A change not of substance, but of quality and appearance." Transformation scenes in nature. Scene should be pictorially described. "His face as sun." "The face of Moses had shone (Exod. 34. 29), but as the moon with a borrowed light; but Christ's shone as the sun, with an inherent light" (M. Henry). Raiment white. See Rev. 1. 14. The enveloping cloud. The glistening snowy mountain peak.

5th. CONVERSATION AT TRANSFIGURATION. Three glorified ones talk together. Subject, "*decease.*" The great event. That to which Law and Prophets pointed. Take it away, and you take away the key to Old Testament. Peter's request. Wanted to make three booths, so that their guests might stay.

Ver. 5. God's voice joins in the conversation. Same words as at baptism. The grand *finale*. The closing chords.

6th. EFFECTS OF TRANSFIGURATION. Ver. 6. Afraid, fell. The touch of Jesus. The voice of Jesus. The sight of "Jesus only."

7th. EXPLANATION OF TRANSFIGURATION. About Elias: John came in spirit of Elias. Were not to tell it, as neither hearers or tellers would fully understand its meaning at present. It was to *encourage* them. *strengthen* their faith in Christ, and *teach* them something about His work and the spirit world.

Lessons from Transfiguration:—
a. Live near to Christ, and you will be privileged to see His glory.
b. In the sweet hour of prayer come sweet visions.
c. We shall know each other in the better land.
d. The white garment here, our endeavour; the white garment yonder, our hope.
e. Christ's touch and voice the inspiration of saints.
f. Toil in the valley must follow the mountain rapture.

C. SKINNER.

CHESS.

By F. F. ROWLAND.

PART IX.

ILLUSTRATIVE POSITION, NO. IX.

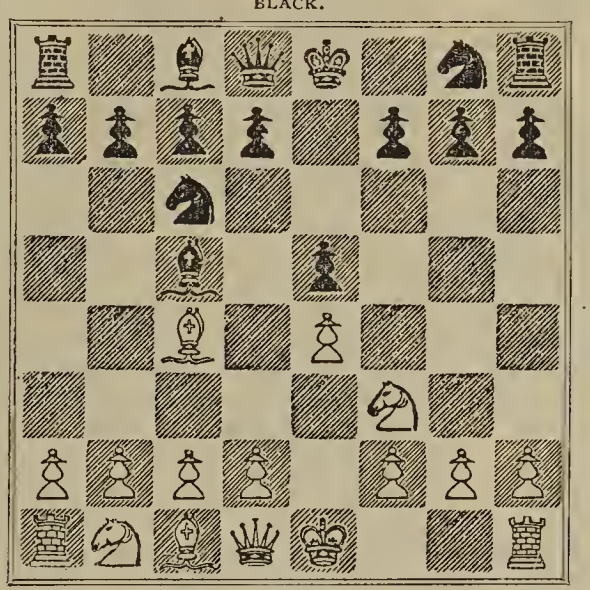
THE OPENINGS.—In the King's Knight's Opening, after each player has moved 1P to K4, the first player (White) brings out his KKt to KB3, and the second player (Black) replies with 2Kt to QB3. White has choice of proceeding with any of the following openings:—3B to B4, leading to the Giuoco Piano, the Evans, and other important games; 3B to Kt5, Ruy Lopez; 3P to Q4, Scotch Gambit; 3P to B3, Queen's Bishop's Pawn Game; and Kt to QB3, leading to the Three Knights' Game, and the Four Knights' Game.

The diagram which we give, represents the position after the following moves:—

THE GIUOCO PIANO.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1P to K4.	1P to K4.
2Kt to KB3.	2Kt to QB3.
3B to B4.	3B to B4.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Here, White can proceed by 4P to B3, or 4P to Q3, or 4Kt to QB3, or Castles. He also has other moves; viz.: 4P to QKt4, Evan's Gambit; and 4B × KBP, the Jerome Attack, which sacrifices the B in order to expose the black king to danger.

In the King's Bishop's Opening, there are two principal sub-divisions, which stand in need of distinct names. In one, the second player plays B to QB4 as his second move, while, in the other, he plays Kt to KB3 at the same stage. These openings, like the others to which we hope to refer hereafter, often run into each other, the same position being reached by a transposition of moves. The student should endeavour to recognize the identity of position reached by different lines of play. Again, either the Evan's Gambit is a sub-division of the Giuoco Piano, or the latter is a general name for several distinct Openings. The Evan's Gambit, itself, has several varieties; the best known (besides that designated the Normal) being the Fraser, or Fraur Mortimer, the Compromise, and the Richardson.

EVAN'S GAMBIT.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1P to K4.	1P to K4.
2Kt to KB3.	2Kt to QB3.
3B to B4.	3B to B4.
4P to QKt4.	

If Black takes the P with either B or Kt, the Gambit is said to be *accepted*, but he may, with safety, *decline* it, playing 4B to QKt3, or 4P to Q4. If White 4 Castles, and 5P to QKt4, we generally obtain an Evan's Gambit, with two moves transposed.

(*To be continued.*)

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

W. L.—Thanks for your hearty words about our Paper. Though we receive so many, each one seems to come as fresh as the first, and brings with it new stimulus. Specimen Copies have been sent to all the friends you named. We shall be glad if *every* reader would drop into the nearest Post Office just a post-card, bearing the names and addresses of six young men; we will despatch Specimen Copies at once.

"A Lover of Wordsworth."—Look out next week for a reply to your sensible question.

Veritas.—What is the Banker's clearing House?

C. L. B.—Any MSS. or Puzzles may be submitted to the Editor for approval, but their safe return cannot be ensured unless the full name and address be written on each MS. In so many cases these are omitted, and supplied afterwards on post-cards; causing much inconvenience, and sometimes, we fear, the loss of MSS.

H. H.—We are pleased that you agree with the unanimous vote of favour awarded to our "Spelling Chase." Competitions of this kind are as useful as they are amusing, and we are cogitating over others of the same description, but even more novel and entertaining. At first sight, every one said they could spell that paragraph correctly,—but they couldn't! The vocabularies of many intelligent people are small,—pitifully so; those who, as you say, "seldom have need to write any but the most commonplace words," will thank us for an effort to enlarge their acquaintance with our language.

OF INTEREST TO YOUNG MEN.

THE decision of the Board of Education of New York City, to include manual training in the regular educational course in the public schools, is a move in the right direction. The great need to-day is more industrial education. The ancient Jews required everybody to learn a trade. St. Paul, though one of the most learned men of his nation, was a tent-maker. It was a good rule, because it prepared every man for actual service to society, and placed him, in a measure, beyond the vicissitudes of fortune. Would it not be a still better rule, if adopted in the education of both sexes? We should then no longer hear the oft-repeated parental inquiry, "What shall we do with our boys?"—and we might add, "and girls." A girl can learn shorthand, type-writing, and photography in the time now spent, and often more than wasted, over the piano. A boy with some talent for that sort of work may, without being a great artist, learn the practical art of engraving—an art that is of peculiar value to the advertiser. And, after all, it is better to be a self-supporting mechanic than a briefless lawyer, a hungry doctor, or a penniless clerk.

W. Byrd Page, of Philadelphia, the champion running high jumper of the world, whose remarkable performances, when on a visit to this country last year, will long be remembered, will retire from professional competitions after one more public exhibition at the Inter-collegiate sports in the Spring of this year. Mr. Page is in the post-graduate department of the University of Pennsylvania, and is devoting himself to the study of electricity and mechanical engineering. Though he intends to retire from active competition in athletics, he says he will never wholly abandon the sport as an amusement, and will always be ready to defend his championship against any rival.

A German, named Rothglesser, has devised a modification of the Rover safety pattern bicycle, to be steered by the saddle, thus permitting even a man on "A Safety" to ride hands off.

The Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania have banished cigarettes from the College grounds on the recommendation of Professor J. W. White, who has charge of the physical education of the students.

The first Y.M.C.A. in Denmark was organized in 1878; there are now 62 Associations. Copenhagen has a military Y.M.C.A.

In Paris there is a Y.M.C.A. for Swiss young men who live in the French capital.

A proposal is on foot to raise £40,000 for a splendid new building for the Anglo-American Y.M.C.A. in Paris.

The Italian Y.M.C.A.'s are mainly known by the name of "circoli" (general Italian term for any club) and "union."

There are 44 Y.M.C.A.'s in Italy.

The Sunderland Association has 300 students enrolled in the evening educational classes.

The Brooklyn, N.Y., Y.M.C.A. last year spent £500 for evangelistic work amongst young men.

The last report of the International Committee of the Y.M.C.A. makes the startling assertion that, in the United States, 75 per cent. of the young men of that country are never seen inside of any church; that only 15 per cent. of them can be called regular church-goers, and that but 5 per cent. are communicants. Home statistics show something different on this side.

A CANADIAN SETTLER'S STORY.

TOM was lying on a low camp-bedstead in our log-house. He had not spoken for twenty-four hours ; and now, his breathing was so hurried and feeble, that I prepared myself for the worst. Was there no help? no hope? I turned to the door with a heavy heart.

The night air was soft, the moon rising behind the gloomy pines, and from the swamp where the fire-flies hovered in the still air, there came the plaintive croaking of the frogs —the Canadian nightingales—a weird, but welcome melody, which Tom would have hailed with delight, for it told of the warm days for which we had longed.

Spring had come ; the fragrance of the moist, rich earth mingled with the aromatic odour of the fir-trees ; the forest was carpeted with anemones ; snowdrops, impatient of delay, had, at the first indication of a thaw, forced their slender blossoms through the still hardened ground. Our autumn-sown wheat was freed from its covering of snow ; one could almost see the green shoots growing under the genial influence of the April sun.

Yet how could I rejoice? What was seed-time or harvest to me, now that Tom lay dying? How hard we had worked in the fall! With what eager anticipation we had driven our rude harrow from daybreak to twilight! Was he, poor fellow, never to reap the gladsome fruits of our united labour? Was he to be snatched away, just as the farm was beginning to pay? It was terribly hard.

In my dejection, I was tempted to repine bitterly, as we have all done at times, when circumstances, with cruel perversity, wear a flinty visage, and seem to augur nothing but the ruthless frustration of cherished hopes.

But there came with the peaceful silence of the hour, and the awful calm of the great forest, a sense of God's infinite power and mercy. Could not He whose Hand controls the times and seasons, at whose decree ice and snow, and the bitter winds of winter had fled—could not He, to whom all things are possible, spare my friend's life?

I was not, perhaps, what is called "religious" ; but since our lonely sojourn amidst the wild depths of the Canadian forest, failing earthly counsel, I had sought Divine guidance in the affairs of everyday life, and learnt to give thanks for mercies which I had once accepted without discerning whence they came.

For the hundredth time that day I prayed that Tom might live. I had not been able to determine the precise nature of his malady ; but what little experience I possessed, told me that he had been for some days past in a state of high fever. He could not eat ; his skin was hot and dry, and his mind wandered, until he became unconscious ; and then the only indication of life was a faint and painful respiration. Dreading the effect of a chill during his febrile prostration, I had kept the stove burning night and day. I turned to his bedside ; his breathing was low, the heaving of his broad chest scarcely perceptible. I sat there through the long hours of the night ; and when the grey light of dawn peered through the single window, and the strange music from the marsh died away, he had apparently ceased to breathe.

Our oxen lowed from their shed ; the moonlight was waning before the pink glow in the eastern sky. Night merged into morning, and Tom lay dead! I could not, would not believe it! I took his hand, I called him by name. My eyes burned and ached ; the silence of my surroundings overpowered me. I reeled to the door, to find it was already daylight. The sun was above the trees, whose tall stems and feathery limbs stood out clear and defined, clad in tender green, and divested of the fantastic shapes which darkness had lent them.

Through that long spring day, fatigued with much night watching, I went about as one in a dream. I dug a grave by the big cedar, the tree that we had sat beneath of summer evenings, when we talked of home and boyhood's days. A week since I had ridden to the nearest settlement, twelve miles distant, and sent the news of Tom's illness to the one who had promised to become his wife. How often he had spoken of Mary Sutcliff during the past few weeks! The thought of her grief went to my heart. They had become acquainted and engaged whilst crossing from England ; she, an orphan, coming to friends at Ottawa ; he to a settler's life in the new country, and a desperate fight with toil and difficulty, until he should gain an assured position. We came, expecting an El Dorado, and at the end of three years we were making a bare living. Sleep at length overcame me, and I stretched myself upon the floor.

I may have slept for some hours, I cannot tell ; but on a sudden I awoke, seized with an overwhelming terror. I had heard a sound from within, where the corpse lay so ghastly and motionless! My heart beat loudly. I raised myself upon my elbow, and listened with a painful earnestness, whilst big drops of perspiration broke out upon my forehead, and I experienced the strange tingling at the roots of the hair, which accompanies intense nervous apprehension. Was it a low moan that I had heard? My limbs shook as if with palsy. Urged on by a dreadful curiosity, I looked into the room. By the stove sat the emaciated figure of my friend! Bewildered, utterly appalled at the awful silence and mysterious resurrection of the one I had supposed dead, I hid my face, and fell senseless to the ground.

* * * *

Two days afterwards, in the morning sunshine, came the rumbling of an ox waggon over the corduroy road a mile distant, the jolting of the heavy springless cart, and the driver's holloa. I went to the door, and through the "clearing" saw the cumbrous carriage approach, bumping over the track, now fast for a moment in the swampy soil, whilst the heavy, patient brutes strained their great loins and shoulders.

As it neared, I caught sight of a slight girlish figure, and in a moment Mary Sutcliffe had grasped my hand.

Her eyes told of much weeping, her cheeks were pale ; the bloom which they wore when we parted had left them ; she was travel-worn and looked ill. Her quick sight detected the upturned earth near the cedar tree.

"I feared that I should be too late," she moaned, whilst her eyes filled with tears. "I hastened on receiving your message, and now ——"

"And now," I cried, "you have come, and thank God you find Tom Moreland alive and well!"

I drew her within, and bade her cease her tears. A glad cry of astonishment, a shout of joy which I shall never forget, and Mary was beside her friend Tom, who, alive, breathing God's blessed air, though feeble and shaky, had been snatched from the very jaws of death.

The driver, a sturdy Irishman from the neighbouring settlement, stood with a wholly-bewildered expression upon his face.

Around our farm, there has since sprung up a fair-sized village ; and Tom and Molly Moreland are the proudest parents and the happiest couple in the whole Dominion of Canada.

To the loving-kindness of God in thus answering my earnest prayer, do I attribute Tom's apparent resurrection from the dead.



FEB. 11, 1888.

"A.1."

ONE PENNY.

WEEKLY — Edited by MRS. STEPHEN MENZIES.

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Thirteen Hundred Miles in My Caravan," etc., etc.





CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FIRE. SALLY'S DREAM.

THERE were no heavy seas; yet the water was now seething with foam all around, a boiling, fuming ocean of white, in which no boat could have lived for half a minute.

"If it doesn't blow any harder," said, or rather *sang* Captain Boyd to Desmond on the quarter-deck, "I should think we were pretty safe." It was about half-past ten; the stars were out, or rather they showed every now and then through the drift, and the wind was howling and howthering down from the hills, and hissing and yelling through the rigging. "I shan't turn in, though," he added, "so let me know if there be the slightest signs of a shift of wind."

"All right, sir."

Captain Boyd was unusually quiet. He sat in an easy chair, with his handkerchief of red silk over the bald spot on his crown. He seemed asleep or listening.

Listening he was to the wind. Without doubt it was increasing, and, at times, seemed to reach hurricane force.

He was sitting thus when Desmond came staggering in, wet and shiny, in oil-skins and sou'-wester.

He smiled to the company, took a look round, as if the light dazzled his eyes, filled with salt water as they were, then quickly advanced to the captain's chair, and whispered something in his ear.

"Don't think they'll bear the strain? Then, my dear sir, tell the engineer to get up steam at once. Let him clap a cake or two of blubber in, to begin with; I know he has some stowed away for just such little emergencies. I'll be up presently."

Captain Boyd then went aft to his snuggery, got on his storm clothes, and went on deck.

The night had grown suddenly pitchy dark; not a star was in sight, nor could the captain have seen anything, had they shone, for the spray was making a clean breach over the ship. He found his way to the binnacle, and gazed anxiously in. No, the wind still kept in the same direction; so far so good, and he fervently thanked Heaven.

Whish! a flash of lightning, more brilliant than he had ever recollected, lit up the ship and sea for a moment, bringing out in bold relief every mast, and stay, and rope. It quivered for a moment, then went out, and for a few seconds, all round looked ghastly blue and red. The thunder followed quickly after,—sharp, rattling, rending thunder,—that seemed to tear its way through the ship from stem to stern. A thunder-storm is rare in these seas.

No more thunder, no more lightning, but hail that cut the men's faces and hands, hail so sharp, that for a time no human being could stand against it; even the captain himself had to retreat down the companion for shelter.

This passed. Then the storm-spirit took charge of the night.

In his time, plain Jack Boyd had weathered many and many a gale in many a sea, but such force of wind he had never yet experienced. For a time it really seemed that the good ship would founder where she was.

One of two things must happen unless relief came soon, or there was some abatement of the violence of the storm. Either she must part cable, or drag and drift.

And what did either accident mean?

It meant broaching to, turning beam on to the wind and seas, and foundering in deep water.

Every one on board was only too cognisant of the peril that hung on the pall of night. Nothing was thought of but the great, the intense danger, and the doom that appeared imminent, that appeared almost on them with every extra shriek of the wind, or wicked strain and jerk of the ship.

To say that the captain was afraid, would have been wrong, but uneasy he was, and impatient. If he had been able to do anything, it would have been different.

Would they never get up steam? Twice he had asked the question, and twice been sorry immediately after he had done so, for well he knew they were doing their best in the engine-room.

Is it not usual to go to prayers at sea in times of greatest danger? Yes, but no need of that to-night, when all were praying, silently it might be, and silently it was; but the same Great Being, who "holdeth the sea in the hollow of His hand," can see the moving lips, and read the throbbing hearts of His creatures in seasons like the present.

"Thank Heaven!" muttered Captain Boyd, as the rattle of the engines was faintly heard at last, and the white steam mingled with the driving spray.

"Are we safe now, Jack?"

It was Katie's frightened, tearful face, that looked up from the sofa. She had never called him "Jack" before. He seemed not to have heeded it, but his heart was suddenly filled with a great joy.

"We've got up steam, Miss Katie," he answered, "and we shall now be able to relieve the strain on the anchors."

A whole hour went past.

Everybody was longing for daybreak, dismal though it might be, for darkness and terror are sisters.

But no one thought of turning in.

The captain had just gone below, ordering Jack to tell him at once if there was any change.

Jack came down almost immediately after.

"Engineer says the padding has caught fire, sir, and he fears the coals are all alit."

On fire! Dreadful words, on shore even. But at sea, and on such a night! On fire!

No bell was rung, no shouting was allowed; even the steward had orders to breathe no word of the new danger in the saloon.

But the word was passed speedily forward, and all hands were *summoned*, not called,* and in less than five minutes, with a regularity that would have been commendable even on a ship of war, every soul was at his quarters. The donkey-engine was started, the hose was laid on and manned, and buckets were all in working order.

Miss Graves was seated beside her cousin Katie on the sofa, both were reading the same book, and had not missed the two Nats, whom the steward had quietly beckoned from the saloon. They looked up now, though, in some alarm; for the sound of dull blows echoed along the decks overhead, and the lamps rattled in their jimbles. The men were scuttling that portion of the deck which lay over the coal bunkers for the admission of the hose.

"Steward!" cried Miss Graves.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where are my brother and cousin Nat? How pale you look! Tell me what is being done on deck. What is that strange noise?"

"It is nothing, ma'am. They are paying out an anchor, perhaps, astern. They——"

But before he could say another word, smoke came rolling aft, the smoke of scorching wood, and the ladies knew the worst. They were braver far than the steward himself; but both fell on their knees by the cushioned locker, and in this position Captain Boyd found them, when he ran below to see how things were getting on. He helped them up.

"Your prayers are heard," he said, in answer to their mute appeal; "the fire is well under, and the wind is going down. It is clearing over the hills away to windward, and day is breaking."

Then came evidence of a fact well known to psychologists. Those brave souls, who had kept up so well while danger was extreme, now threw themselves into each other's arms and wept.

The captain waited a little. He knew better than to check such emotion at once. Then he got up slowly. "Now then, ship's mother," he said, cheerily, "where is all your courage, eh?"

Miss Graves dried her eyes, stifled a sob or two, and commenced to comfort Katie, who was somewhat hysterical, laughing spasmodically through her tears. Captain Boyd sent Jack down, for he could now be spared. No one knew better than this same honest Jack Silk, that the danger was not quite over, though lessened; but he must needs come rattling downstairs, singing. He pretended to start back in astonishment when he saw the ladies.

"What!" he cried, "do you mean to say you are not in bed? Why, I thought you turned in hours ago."

"Jack, the ship has been on fire!" It was Miss Graves who spoke.

"Steward," roared Jack Silk, "show face here. I'm dying for a cup of coffee. Ha! bring three, and the biscuits; I am sure the ladies will join. I beg your pardon," he added, nonchalantly; "ship on fire, did you say? Bear a hand now, steward. Oh! by the bye, yes, the coals *were* alight. You were not afraid, I do hope."

"How did it happen?"

"Why, easy enough. The engineer put fat under the boilers, and got up more steam than we wanted, fired the padding, and so on. But don't you see, Miss Graves, that if he *hadn't* fed the fire with fat, he *wouldn't* have got up steam, and we should have all been at Davy Jones's locker by now? Steward, you are a capital fellow. Now, ladies, have supper. Why, it is nearly breakfast time! I say, Miss Katie, you won't turn out quite so soon to-morrow, will you? Don't run away, Steward, I shall want more."

Nonchalance is an excellent thing under some circumstances, and I do not deny it was so in this case; but Jack was slightly overdoing it. Miss Graves looked at her sailor boy, as he always called himself to her, and smiled. Then she patted his hand —that was her way—but she did not speak.

By-and-by the captain returned to the saloon; then Jack Silk got up, and really looked relieved. He knew the danger was quite over now, else Captain Boyd would have remained on deck.

"Good-bye, ladies," said Jack Silk; "good-night, I mean, you know. Honolulu! I'm making a mess of it. I meant to say, Good-morning."

"Dear old Jack!" murmured Miss Graves, as soon as he was gone.

"He's a good boy," said Captain Boyd; "right and tight. A sailor every inch of him. And now, children, I am going to show you that I am master in my own ship: go to bed."

* * * *

Those asterisks are meant to represent the fall of the curtain on the events of this never-to-be-forgotten night.

Sally was always dressed most nattily for "an old girl," as Jack would call her. Her cap was a pretty thing in black, with a red ribbon in it, just by way of toning down its piratical colour; her sleeves were narrow and neat, and she wore a sort of apron, with a bit of a bib on top of it. I do not know what ladies call it, but I know it is the style of thing gentlemen like to see in a waitress, and it had a couple of pockets in front. This description must suffice, even for my lady readers: if I go farther, I may put my foot in it. However, Sally's grey hair looked pretty, I can tell you, peeping out from under the black head-dress, with its ribbon of red; and her wrinkled face, at times, would be all puckered with smiles, that kept playing hide-and-seek between her dimpled chin and her bits of beads of eyes, in the cheeriest way imaginable.

* Calling all hands in a merchant vessel is usually a very noisy performance.

Sometimes, in her eagerness, Sally would run foul of the steward, and, though it never was the steward's fault, Sally would draw herself proudly erect to her full height of four feet something, and say, "'Ave a care, Mister Steward, what you be about."

I'm afraid Sally was not quite *au fait* in the etiquette of the ship's saloon ; for example, it is not customary for servants to put questions of any kind to the captain, any more than I,—a servant of Her Majesty —dare address the Queen. But Sally had long settled in her mind, that to ask Captain Boyd how he did was altogether the correct thing, showing she took a lively interest in his welfare.

On the morning after the fire, Sally was looking wondrously fresh and young.

"And 'ow be you, sir?" she inquired, as soon as the captain got seated at the table.

"Very well indeed, Sally, thank you, for an old one. How's yourself?"

"Ah!" sighed Sally, "my poor back, sir. I would feel young, sir, if it wasn't for my poor back."

"Well, Sally, you and I are getting up in years ; we must expect to grow a bit stiff, you know. How did you sleep last night? Anything disturb you?"

In the hundred books of my boyhood, there was a much-esteemed and wildly illustrated volume, called "Jack the Giant-Killer," and one story, in particular, used to seem to me delectable. It was Jack's adventure with the Welsh giant. Jack had gone to see him on a friendly visit, and his giant-ship received him royally, and, after supper, showed him to bed, and bade him a kindly "Good-night." But, from some words that the host inadvertently let fall as he was going downstairs, Jack gathered that he meant to flail him to death before the morning light. So Jack—and it really was very clever of him—instead of going to bed himself, put the roller of the mangle, or something of the sort, under the sheets, and drew his own nightcap over the top of it. Having done so, he hid behind the window-curtains, and waited.

At midnight, or, as Burns calls it,—

"That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stone,"

the giant stalked in with his club. He listened for a moment at the bedside, and, as no sound of snoring came from the mangle-roller, he concluded Jack was very fast asleep, and proceeded to operations. Having satisfied himself he had done the deed in the most satisfactory manner possible, he strode off. He was naturally somewhat surprised when Jack came down to breakfast, and his curiosity prompted him to ask his guest precisely the same question Captain Boyd now asked Sally.

Jack's answer was,—

"I slept first-class ; but about midnight a rat came and whisked me with his tail. That was all."

Sally's answer was,—

"Oh, sir, which I did sleep uncommon sound. You see, the ship was ashore-like, sir, so I wasn't afeard, an' the wind, sir, a roarin' through the sticks, and the twine, and things, made me think they were trees. And, sir, I dreamt my darter, poor dear, were a-baking, sir, and made a bed for me in the oven, and it did feel so comfortable!

Well, seeing that Sally's little cabin was close to the coal-bunkers, and the engineer had forgotten to wake her, it must have been pretty comfortable. But all is well that ends well, so the captain and the ship's mother exchanged glances, and both laughed.

The wind had died down almost as quickly as it had risen, but the waves outside were houses high. It was just the day, however, to see the sea-lions in all their glory. With the exception of the birds,—and they had seen enough of them on Walrus Island,—the lions are the principal sight on St. George. Right away round the east corner of the island, was a place much frequented by these monster seals ; whether or not it be still their habitation, I do not know.

A blacker, wilder, lonelier place, however, it would be difficult indeed to imagine. The cliffs here, that frown over the deep dark ocean, are tall, bold, and almost over-hanging. During some terrible convulsion of nature, a portion seems to have tumbled down. It looks as if it had been sliced off, and dashed into a million boulders or fragments at the cliff-foot, forming a kind of rough beach, with here and there a splintered, needle-like rock, towering upwards into the sky, though close to the beach, showing the place to which the rocks in bygone times extended.

A more dreary-looking, weirder-looking point of land it would be difficult to conceive ; and as the boats rounded the corner, and opened up the bouldered beach, they came upon a scene which defies description. It was the home, during the breeding season, of the sea-lions. They were here in their grim and awful thousands, and greeted the arrival of the boats with a chorus of sound that seemed to shake the very cliffs overhead. At a signal from their guides, the men lay on their oars.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT KATIE SAW AT ST. PAUL'S.

THE waves here had fine play. They were little hills, and whenever the boats sank in the trough of the seas, nothing was visible to those on board, but the sky and the frowning cliff-tops. Anon they were raised cloudwards, and then it could be noticed how the water rose, and surged, and dashed among the boulders where the sea-lions lay ; and how madly the bull-lions played and gambolled on the swell and among the breakers, allowing themselves to be carried in towards the rocks, then disappearing for a moment under the surf, only to come up again away out among the swelling seas. Some rose quite close to the boats, and even stayed to stare and wonder, and Katie had time to notice that they were of different tints, not black, as they looked at a distance, but brownish, and even greyish. Their awful heads and eyes, and the terrible strength of shoulder raised above the wave, made Katie tremble from head to foot, and creep close to her cousin, as if for protection. But when one of the monsters roared threateningly, displaying his cruel fangs and rolling his eyes, even Miss Graves herself was frightened.

I fear I cannot well describe the roar ; it is a deep bass bellow, the last part of it appearing to be sucked in again over the teeth. I can go no nearer in my description than that, but if any of my readers should happen to come across me next summer in my caravan, the *Wanderer*, I may be inclined to get up a vocal display for their benefit.

Our people landed on the beach near a rude village of native huts, and the villagers swarmed round them, both male and female. They were, if possible, uglier and less romantic looking than those Aleuts they had seen on St. Paul's. But they were the quintessence of civility, and in returning their salutations, Jack Silk raised his hat.

Both Katie and Miss Graves had brought them presents of tea and tobacco, and Jack carried a huge bag of lump sugar. This he made them scramble for, throwing it broadcast in all directions, as if feeding fowls, and the antics of the strangely-dressed and uncouth natives were comical in the extreme.

Then Katie proposed a walk. It was, indeed, a brief one, and very tiresome, though, had they been naturalists, there was much that was well worth study, for grasses, mosses, and wild-flowers were sometimes very charming in colour.

But everywhere here, man is met with the evidence of man's cruelty to the poor beasts, who make the island their home in the breeding season. Jack and young Nat went back to this part of the beach that same evening. There was going to be a great sea-lion drive. A bit of a moon shone faintly between drifting clouds, so the night was considered favourable. When the tide was at its lowest, the two friends, with a company of natives, armed with sticks and pieces of cloth to wave, left the dark shelter of the rocks, and proceeded to crawl along the water's edge, till finally they got between a drove of lions and the breakers. Now was the time to spring up with wild shouts and wilder contortions, to rattle clubs, and wave the pieces of cloth. Then commenced the maddest and most awful *mêlée* that our heroes had ever been engaged in. With a roar that shook the hills, the lions came dashing on towards the sea ; nothing could stop them. Jack and Nat were both knocked down, and when they got up, thankful they had escaped the fangs of the startled and enraged monsters, they noticed that the natives were driving at least twenty lions inland. It was a pitiful sight ; the poor unwieldly animals soon became cowed and tired, but were frightened and goaded on, and their roars and rage were changed, so Jack thought, to a mournful wail, wrung from their very hearts. Those Aleuts had no mercy. The lions were wanted, so on they must drag themselves. They were penned at last, being surrounded by stones and driftwood, and from this prison there would be no escape, except by death. Rough sailor though Jack was, his heart bled for those unhappy-eyed creatures, many of which, no doubt, they had seen, only that morning, sporting among the waves and breakers. The killing by clubs, I refuse to describe ; such scenes have shocked and sickened me many a day, and I would not even hint at them, did I not believe with Landseer, that the depiction of the sorrows of the beasts that mourn, tends to soften, rather than harden the heart. Who, for example, could gaze for a moment at the great artist's picture of the hound-hunted deer, without feeling compunction and pity for the animal? or at that of the little Scotch terrier, tied to his kennel beside an empty dish, with no one near to help or set him free, without a pang of sorrow?

The scene changes now, and the *Oonalaska* is back once more in the English bay at St. Paul's. Chips and his merry men have made excellent use of their time ; under the direction of Godfrey, Turlough has been busy photographing, Boy Bates doing a little of everything, and the natives affording able assistance, so that, lo, and behold! a big barrakie is built of rocks and driftwood.

Compared to some of the miserable half-underground huts of the natives, it is quite a palace or town hall. It is roofed and thatched

with seaweed ; and the crevices in the walls are all neatly stuffed with grass and moss.

Inside, there is a level floor and seats ; and at one end, a kind of stage. Yet, marvellous to say, this hall by the sea has arisen from chaos in the short space of four days. This is the headquarters of Katie's picnic, and her idea of giving the principal natives a treat has been carried out to perfection.

But, first of all, a thorough inspection of the island took place. They were favoured by a fine day. Why, the ground actually steamed under the sunshine, and the Aleuts found it hot. Even the fur-seals, that generally lie so snug and close, must to-day scramble and shamble, every now and then, on to the beach to bathe.

Sly Jack Silk never told the ladies of one particular part of this "school-treat," as he called it. But when they got out of the boats, and wandered up through a crowd of wondering seals, who hardly made room for them, Katie and Miss Graves laughed to find eight bold blue-jackets, dressed in their best, carrying a couple of hammocks suspended from poles, quite Madeira fashion.

"Well, you see, Miss Katie," said Jack, by way of explanation, "it is too rough for you to walk, though mother might have done so."

"Thank you, Jack Silk," from Miss Graves, ironically.

"It is the truth, mother."

But Jack Silk had made one mistake, viz., in having sailor-bearers. Sure-footed and all as they were, they were utterly unsuited for the road. They were too rough-shod ; so, after once or twice very nearly "spilling the ladies out," much to the amusement of a crowd of girl and boy natives who followed the strange procession, the jack-tars were politely dismissed, and Aleuts, pure and simple, were hired to replace them. I am, however, not quite correct in saying "pure and simple." Simple they were, without doubt ; but with those oily oil-skins, and those boots composed of sea-lion throttle and flipper, they looked greasy, to say the least. However, they were very willing, and the way they got over the ground, whether sand or boulders, and up the hills and over the cliffs, was quite remarkable. The officers of the *Oonalaska* followed, Godfrey alone keeping alongside of the hammocks. It would take me a week to describe even a twentieth part of all the wondrous sights the ladies witnessed in that hammock-ride. I can but mention a few, on each one of which a long essay could be written.

Well, first and foremost came the seals, principally the fur-seals, that lay on the sands of the breeding grounds, or on the cliffs and banks innumerable—even as sheep on a highland hill-side. Seals in the sea, as well, sporting on every billow ; old seals and young seals, male seals and female seals, all looking so wise and so beautiful, and wee baby seals—that Katie must needs get out of her hammock to lift up in her arms and fondle—just like little babies rolled up in soft dark flannel, and quite as innocent-looking, for they are never cross. Fain, very fain, would the girl have taken one of these bonnie wee ones away as a pet ! But how could she, with the fond, liquid eyes of the anxious mother watching her every movement ?

Seeing her interested in seal-life, the head Aleut, who could speak a little English, told her many strange stories about these animals, —about the mother's affection for the young, how they taught them to swim, and about the strange tricks the seals play.

Concerning everything connected with animal life around these wondrous islands, this old Aleut was an authority. His descriptions, too, although couched in almost childish language, were graphic in the extreme. While he talked, you could follow every incident, however minute, in his story. The seas he described were moving seas—windswept—and the creatures therein, or among the hills and on the beach — anywhere, everywhere—were presented to your imagination in a form so vivid, that the impression made was instantaneous and indelible. The man had been born and cradled among these creatures of the deep, and, all his life, had mingled with them, and listened, one might say, to the stories of their lives. The hammock-men carried the ladies to the top of a high cliff, perilously near the edge, too, and therefore, far, far down beneath, they could see the seals frisking and tumbling in the deep, clear sea ; chasing, racing, darting, driving—leaping out of the water, leaping over each other—standing on their heads, floating tail down, and assuming shapes, at times, so ridiculously comic, that Jack Silk laughed aloud, and everybody else followed his example. On this sunny day, the hills and valleys, covered with waving grass and willows, and wild flowers pink and yellow, with isolated patches of moss of the most vivid green, were a sight to witness.

Well, there were foxes about, and strange wild cats, besides a queer little animal among the rocks, which was neither a rat nor a squirrel, but somewhat like both. Katie asked her guide about it. He told her the creatures came from the clouds, and quickly changed the subject.

As the tourists were returning, they saw two boats pull up on the beach ; one contained the Russian ladies, the other Captain Boyd himself, old Sally, Robin Hood, and Little John.

It would be difficult to say which of the latter three distinguished persons was most frightened at the spectacle the seals presented. Sally was duly escorted up the bank by two stalwart blue-jackets, but the dogs stood still for a time, and refused to move. Their heads and tails were held defiantly high, their hair stood on end from stem to stern, and, though it was impossible to hear them, it was evident they were barking. Seeing, however, that this had not the slightest effect upon the seals, Robin Hood gave just one look round to Little John, as much as to say, "Come on, John, we've got to go, so here's for off."

With a series of movements, which would best be described by the words, "hop, skip, and jump," these monster dogs came bounding over the seals, and arrived at the bank grinning all over their honest faces, as if they deemed it the best joke in the world.

But the ladies are waiting, and the villagers, too, crowd round the new hall door. The entertainment is just about to commence.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

The Pyramids first, which in Egypt were laid ;
Next Babylon's garden, for Amytis made ;
Then Mausolus's tomb of affection and guilt ;
Fourth, the Temple of Dian, in Ephesus built ;
The Colossus of Rhodes, cast in brass to the sun ;
Sixth, Jupiter's statue, by Phidias done ;
The Pharos of Egypt comes last, we are told,
Or, the Palace of Cyprus, cemented with gold.

TOLD IN A LINE.

NEXT week we hope to give the final awards in several Divisions of our Literary Competition. Don't miss the Number !

The Examination of the remaining Divisions is going forward briskly, and the results will be announced in our Number for Feb. 25th.

We have also in hand the Spelling Chase, the £100 Competition ; and the Definition Competition (closing to-day) will be upon us by the next post ! We need a large Office, and plenty of patience. The Acrostic Competition, happily, is not due until Feb. 29th.

In our next, a striking Article for Young Men, from the gifted pen of Emily S. Holt.

MY FRIEND.

(AN IDEAL.)

HE must live on the hill-top of life,
Very near to the sun and the blue ;
And his soul shall be clear as the light
That the shadows of earth pierces through.
And his heart must be strong for the right,
And his aims must be earnest and true.

2.

He shall love all things lovely and pure,
All his thoughts shall be lofty and sweet ;
But yet lowly his heart, as the flower,
That in silence springs up at your feet ;
All unconscious of praise or of power,
Growing fair, 'mid the dust and the heat

3.

For the good he shall mightily strive,
Ever willing to spend, and be spent ;
For the law of his life shall be love,
That bends low for a noble intent.
He will suffer to draw men above,
And to urge them of sin to repent.

4.

In his heart there is room for the sad,
And the outcast of ev'ry degree ;
For his pity all treasure transcends,
And he asks only love for his fee.
Oh, his kindness, like showers, descends,
And his sympathy's wide as the sea.

5.

For he trusts to a Power not his own,
To uphold him 'mid conflict and strife ;
And he leans on an Arm that is strong
To protect 'gainst the dangers of life.
So, all fearless, he sings his glad song,
Though the shadows of darkness be rife.

6.

Yea, my friend, did I say?—but not yet
Have I found him of whom I have said ;
But what time we shall tenderly greet,
All the pale flowers of life will turn red.
Do you ask me, Where tarry his feet?
Ah, I know not. Perchance he is dead !

JOAN JASPER.

LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

No. 6.—Married Life.

OLD married people very often say that the first twelve months of their married life were by no means the happiest, and that many times before they were over, they wished themselves single again.

We cannot wonder at this. It is a great change for two people, who have both got into certain ways, and acquired settled habits, to leave those with whom they have lived from childhood, who understand their little peculiarities, and know where to look out for awkward corners, to take up their abode with an individual, who is accustomed to quite different ways of thinking and acting. The trial is also the greater when marriage rubs the gilt off the gingerbread of courtship, and changes the romantic into the matter-of-fact.

The happiest marriages are those in which this change never occurs; in which wedded lovers remain lovers to the end of their days, and grow more, instead of less, lover-like. If only people would see that they are as much bound, after marriage, to be attentive, considerate, and polite to their other halves as they were before the nuptial knot was tied, wedded life would be more often a success.

There is a story of a certain man, who, being very miserable on his marriage, asked a friend's advice about getting a divorce.

"How did you treat your wife when you were courting her?" asked his friend.

"As well as ever I could," was the answer, "for I loved her dearly."

"Then if you want my advice, I say, Go home and do that again for a year, and see what happens."

At the end of the time the husband called on his friend. "I took your advice," he said, "and I have come to tell you that my wife and I are as happy as we can be, and that I mean to court her all the days of my life."

The sacred writer tells us that "he who findeth a wife findeth a good thing." It would be just as true to say, that "she who findeth a husband findeth a good thing." When it turns out rightly, the marriage relationship is the best thing we have on earth. When it turns out badly, it makes everything else bad. Those who are truly married—married in heart as well as in hand—need never be lonely, never want for advice, sympathy, and help.

Sometimes, when a man has made a mistake in his dealings with his fellows, friends turn away from him, and acquaintance blame him. He goes home to his wife; she stands by him; she is indignant with those who have misjudged him; she is very, very slow to believe that he can ever be in the wrong. So, too, if the wife gets into difficulties, the first person she goes to is her husband. He comforts and cheers her, he smooths difficulties out of her path, and advises her how to avoid them for the future. If she has been in the wrong, he makes excuses for her, and will not hear her blamed overmuch, even by herself. Sympathy of this kind is most helpful. To be believed in by some one whom we truly love, tends to bring out the best in all of us.

There is little hope of wedded happiness when a husband or wife confides in a third person about the other's little failings. Confidences of this kind are little short of treachery; they certainly, to some extent, account for the faults which are supposed to have called them forth. If ever we hear of a man saying, "I have a good deal to try me at home. My wife has a very bad temper, she is impatient with the children, and she is constantly grumbling and complaining," we have reason to think: "Poor woman! she has enough to make her bad-tempered. She has a husband who is not true to her." If we hear of a woman saying, "My husband is unreasonable, he is never satisfied, he wants me to do more than is possible, etc.," we have reason to say, "Your husband is an unfortunate man. He never will have cause to be satisfied with you, because you are not true to him."

Let husbands and wives learn this lesson, to keep their misery to themselves. If they are unfortunate in their marriage relations, they will only make matters worse by telling of them. If things are really wrong, we might as well raise our household gods in a pile, set fire to them, and try to warm ourselves at the blaze, as think to put what is wrong right by proclaiming the mischief abroad. It never does any good to bring out-



siders between married people. If wedded folks cannot work out their problems together, they will never work them out at all.

If marriage is to be happy, no secrets must come between husband and wife. It is sometimes said that women cannot keep secrets; but the wife, who for years has been the trusted guardian of her husband's innermost thoughts and hopes, has rarely any difficulty in keeping the door of her lips.

A cynical old bachelor once advised a friend: "Never tell a married man anything. He will tell his wife, his wife will tell her mother, and her mother will tell everybody."

This charge is unfair. Married women who are gifted with only a small amount of sense, are so proud to be trusted by sensible men, that they become usually most discreet. If they are liable to make a mistake, it is in being too reticent rather than too talkative; and a family secret would be more easily drawn out of the average man than out of the average woman. In this matter popular opinion has been unjust to women.

We all remember the story of the mother who said to her children, that if they wanted to make home happy, they must keep and cherish two bears—Bear and Forbear. This remark is as true for married people as it is for children. We are none of us so perfect that we do not make constant demands on the patience and good temper of those who live with us. It is a happy thing for us if these kindly dispositions flow from love rather than from pity. Married people are supposed to love each other more than all the world besides. They know one another's faults and small weaknesses; they understand where the shoe pinches, and can put their finger at once on a tender place which feels the twinge. If they will be on the look-out, they may prevent many a stumble and many a small annoyance.

The management of the income has, perhaps, as much to do with making or marring the happiness of married life, as anything that can be named. The old proverb says: "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window." There is never so little likelihood of a mischance of this kind as when husband and wife join hands together to close the door against poverty. Some men have no notion of letting their wives help to make both ends meet. They look upon their wives only as housekeepers, who are to be persuaded, coerced, or cajoled into providing as many comforts as may be with as little money as possible. Some women also look upon their husbands chiefly as purse-carriers, who are to be bled judiciously until they furnish money for this extravagance or the other. Both husband and wife are undoubtedly to be pitied.

A wise American once said, that if a man would become rich, he must first ask his wife's leave. The husband who stints his wife of money that he is able, and that it is reasonable to give her, is not doing what is best, either for himself or for her. The best way of managing a woman is to trust her, and to treat her liberally. A woman must be very bad who does not respond to trust. The woman who pulls *with* her husband can do far more to help him than one who pulls contrary to her husband's direction.

Last, but of first importance, there can be no real happiness in marriage unless husband and wife are united in being the followers of Jesus, and the possessors of His Spirit.

"Can two walk together except they be agreed?" asks the sacred writer; and for walking together through life, agreement concerning religious faith and hope is most necessary. When two people have resolved to give up their self-will, and reverently accept the will of God; to disregard worldly motives, and to try earnestly to live their daily life and do their daily work as in the great Master's eye; when they take the teaching of the Bible as their guide in conduct, and when they both have the inward consciousness of God's presence, they cannot but be united and happy, with a happiness which no storm can ruffle, and no calamity destroy. Nothing unites like Christianity. The peace and satisfaction arising from outside circumstances may perish; the peace from within remains. For married people, who together possess this peace, home is a temple, every hour is an opportunity for service, every task is converted into work for God, and marriage, which is the sweetest of all human relationships, becomes merged in relationship with God.

The reverse of this presents the saddest spectacle,—though one, alas! not unfrequently seen. The influence upon children, and in other respects, is very disastrous. There are few commands which it is more important to remember than the Divine injunction to Christians: "Only in the Lord."

THE ETHICS OF FOOD.

By the Rev. J. Hiles Hitchens, D.D., F.S.Sc., Author of "*Ecce Veritas*," etc.

HUNGER and thirst are words, which convey far more to the mind than human language can explain.

They are words which conjure up before the mental vision a whole troop of heart-rending results. They represent two tyrants, who are closely attended by agony, theft, ferocity, murder, degradation, disease, and death. Doubtless, the reader has been hungry and thirsty, but has never known the terrible agonies of starvation, or the torture arising from absolute privation of drink. The latter is worse than the former. Men have been wholly deprived of food for weeks, and have survived; but the limit of endurance from thirst is said to be three days.

The primary cause of hunger and thirst is the absence of food and water to supply the waste which is incessantly going on in these physical organisms. Every moment, whether we are conscious of it or no, there is a sacrifice of some minute particles of our living fabrics; every moment there is passing away from us, invisibly, a mass of water in the form of vapour. An estimate has been given, to the effect that there is daily evaporated from the skin from two to three pounds of water. The body of man has been frequently compared to a locomotive engine, and the food which he partakes of has been likened to the fuel. To a certain extent, the analogy holds good, but it is by no means a perfect illustration. When the fuel in a steam-engine is consumed, the motive power ceases, and the engine stops. There is no activity when the heat is gone, and there is no heat when the fuel is gone. But in the animal organism it is very different. The vital heat is produced by, and is not productive of, activity; and the activity is fed by the bodily tissue which the food is designed to repair and replace. So that, unlike the steam-engine, our bodies live upon themselves—consume their own tissues. Food is designed to replenish where there has been expenditure; and where there is a total absence of food, the bodily powers feed upon themselves till death ensues. Hunger and thirst are, therefore, gracious and God-given instincts. They tell us when our physical systems require attention and supply. Though they have been productive of so much sadness and sin, yet they have stimulated to untold excellencies and efforts.

Hunger and thirst must have characterised our first parents when in their pristine state. The Eternal One, when He placed them in the attractive garden, and surrounded them by all that was delightful to the senses, made provision for the calls of appetite. He said: "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it." Eating and drinking were necessary before the Fall. But eating and drinking were not then attended by the hardships, sins, and discomforts which have so largely accompanied them ever since the Fall. It was not till the fatal declension of Adam and Eve, that man had to toil for his daily subsistence. It is a part of the curse—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

But, alas! since Eve ate the forbidden fruit, and gave thereof to Adam, the tendency of humanity has been to intemperance in feeding—as though the devil, having accomplished the downfall of man by eating, resolved to make the mouth his vassal. In all ages, by gluttony and drunkenness, he has acquired the mastery over hundreds of our fellow-pilgrims. Noah and Lot were overpowered by drunkenness. The awful doom and subsequent destruction of the cities of the plain are traced in Scripture to gluttony, for Ezekiel ascribes their ruin to "fulness of bread." Nabal, Elah, and Benhadad were all guilty of shameful intoxication. Belshazzar and his godless guests were all feasting to disgraceful excess on the night Babylon was taken, and the king of the Chaldeans slain.

Into the Church at Corinth intemperance crept, when the members turned the Ordinance of the Lord's Supper into an opportunity for inordinate eating and drinking. Satan, we know, in these cases succeeded. Having achieved a victory over the first Adam, he hoped to defeat the second Adam—the Lord from heaven—when, during the forty days' fasting, the arch-fiend said to Jesus: "If Thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." The devil's first temptation of Christ was an appeal to the sense of hunger. That temptation the Redeemer perfectly resisted, by reminding the tempter that man has nobler capacities than the merely physical, and rarer food than the richest of earth's dainties; and that he whose spirit feeds upon the words which proceed from the mouth of God, shall never long need physical nourishment. Looking to his supreme interests, God will take care of the rest.

And does this not bring before us the true light in which to look at our physical necessities and supplies? Does this not suggest that man should remember that eating and drinking do not form the object of life—that feeding is not the end of existence here, but the means to a nobler end? Yet there have been, and still are, hundreds of men whose life-motto seems to be: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!" Regardless of all future consequences—regardless, indeed, of the personal and relative results of indulgence—regardless of the disease they bring upon themselves, of the disrepute they incur in society, and of the bitter sorrow and want they lay up in store for their relatives, there are men whose first thought in life is—"What shall we eat, and what shall we drink?" They are the people of whom the Apostle writes when he says: "Their god is themselves." All they can procure for the mouth is only so many offerings to this impotent and iniquitous idol.

We read of Vitellius serving at a feast, 2,000 fishes and 7,000 birds; that Heliogabalus was at one supper served with 600 ostriches; and that Cleopatra spent £50,000 at one repast, by dissolving in acid a pearl valued at that sum, and then drinking it. Such instances stand out notoriously in history, but they are not solitary cases. Indeed, the luxury of modern times threatens to be one of the greatest evils society has ever known. Civilised and Christianised though this country is, there is yet need that we should keep before us the heathen motto inscribed on the walls of the temple at Delphos—"*Avoid excess.*"

The consideration of health should influence us. One of the grandest boons bestowed upon us by Heaven is that of health, and it is the duty of every man to regard his bodily powers as talents lent by God, for the use of which he must be accountable. Those things should be shunned which we know to be injurious, and those sought which promote health and well-being. Nowhere in Scripture is a man directed to pursue the life of the old Anchorites, who separated themselves from society, and, living in the desert, fed on roots and plants. Nowhere is a system of continuous fasting to the maceration of the body recommended. Nowhere are we called to that penance which the Romish ritual prescribes, and which oftentimes unfits a man for active service.

But we are exhorted to temperance—that is, self-discipline or abstinence from evil; and we shall do well to imitate the Apostle, who aimed to keep his "body under," or in full control. The wise man was right when, in Ecclesiastes, he wrote: "Blessed is the land when princes eat for strength, and not for drunkenness." Romanists tell of a sacred chamber of the Virgin Mary, called Loretto, which they believe was carried in the air from Syria, and placed where it stands in Italy. That is mere fiction, but the Gospel reverses matters into undoubted fact, reminding us that our bodies are houses, that shall be one day incorruptible, and glorified, and translated to heaven. They should *now* be rightly used and duly honoured. Milton well writes:—

"If thou well observe
The rule of *not too much*, by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So may'st thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, in death mature."

Another safeguard of temperance is the free exercise of reason. Whatever tends to disturb the balance of the mind, and render the voice of reason weak or uncertain, should be most rigidly avoided. Intemperance in feeding is sure thus to harm the mind. Hence the men who have done much in the world—who have lived for future generations—have been temperate men. Socrates was famed for his sobriety; thereby he enjoyed a strong constitution, and when the plague swept off the inhabitants of Athens, it left him unscathed. Galen lived to the ripe age of ninety, by making it a rule ever to rise from the table with an appetite. Luther was very abstemious; his friend Melancthon says that, for many days together, he has known him content himself with a small piece of bread and a herring, declining all invitations to social feasts.

Not without moderation could Calvin have preached every day at one period of his life, whilst, at the same time, he compiled his voluminous commentaries. Milton rose for study at four in the morning during summer, and five o'clock in the winter; Richard Baxter, whilst a preacher, published more books than any man of his age; Doddridge began study at four in the morning, was twenty years writing his "Family Expositor," whilst discharging many pastoral duties; Edmund Calamy studied sixteen hours a day; Samuel Rutherford began his day's work at three in the morning; Jonathan Edwards spent twelve hours each

day in study. Owen was the author of 28 volumes, Goodwin of 20, Lightfoot of 13, Jeremy Taylor of 15, whilst, nearer our own times, there have been remarkable instances of hard, long, and most prolific work in every realm of art and literature. But none of these men would have been what they were—none would have accomplished what they did—had they indulged to excess in the pleasures of the table.

"Temperance and proper diet
Kept the mind and body quiet."

The recognition of our religious obligations should always prove a safeguard. The Apostle says: "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." If a man kept ever present to his mind the thought that he is created and preserved for the purpose of glorifying the Almighty Father, could he stoop to brutish gratification? Is *that* to the glory of God, when a man eats till he is unfit for labour, or drinks till reason has departed? Can a man seriously ask God's blessing upon his excessive libations? Can the glutton or the drunkard bow the knee before High Heaven, and render thanks for the indulgence of the table? Does he not mock his Maker, when he takes solemn, sacred words upon his fevered and ungoverned tongue? As he reels to his chamber, can the inebriate engage in heartfelt devotions? Must he not feel, in the hours of quietude and consciousness, that he has grossly abused the gifts of Providence? The act of taking food has no moral worth, except the object of the partaker be to obtain strength for the duties of life which devolve upon him. But when the man exceeds the bounds of moderation, he unfits himself for those obligations of life, and so sins before God. Trapp quaintly but truly says: "They serve not the Lord Jesus Christ that serve themselves. How can they when their kitchen is their shrine, their cook their priest, their table their altar, and self their god?"

One other thought, reader, before we close this paper. The means that Satan used to accomplish the ruin of man, God uses in accomplishing man's restoration. As sin and sorrow entered the world by eating, so Deity sanctifies the appetite, and nourishes our souls thereby. Right through the Scriptures, there are plentiful allusions to eating and drinking. Very early was eating associated with religion. When any great event was to be commemorated, a ceremonial, involving eating and drinking, was felt to be the most effectual. The Paschal Lamb and the unleavened bread were suggestive emblems, pointing the thoughts of men onward to the provisions God would make for the necessities of humanity. In the Christian Church, the early followers of our Lord broke bread from house to house, and had their ἀγάπαι, or love-feasts, which were designed and adapted to bring into lively exercise the better feelings of the heart. There was also the institution of the Lord's Supper, designed to be a perpetual commemoration of the dying love of the world's Redeemer. Nor can we overlook the constantly recurring figure of the heart as hungering and thirsting, and of Christ as affording true bread and water for our spiritual cravings. There is Heaven-sent food; there are God-prepared viands; there is the "Bread of life;" there is a fountain opened—a perennial stream of vitality and happiness provided. Why, then, need any man walk this world *unsatisfied*, crying: "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God. My soul thirsteth for Thee; my flesh longeth for Thee in a dry and thirsty land where no water is"? Jesus says: "Let him that is athirst come, and take of the water of life freely."

ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO:

THEIR ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES.

(1). *Alcohol.*

ONE of a man's first arguments in defence of drinking is, that if he turns teetotaler, or becomes a rigid temperance man, many of his friends will, more or less, look down upon him, and others will consider him unsociable. Now, as regards the first, it is only too true, that there are a great many men who do despise a mate who is not ready to have a drink with them now and then. But this is only just at first, and on further acquaintance, a man likes or dislikes his mate according to his real worth.

As to the sociability, which is a great argument in favour of alcohol, teetotalers and temperance men are now becoming so general, that men begin to find that it is not absolutely necessary to sit and drink alcohol, in order to have a friendly talk. There is no doubt that a great many men ask a man "to come and have a drink," in order to make friends with him. But it requires, now-a-days, very little moral courage to go to public-house, bar, or refreshment-rooms, and not partake of anything, while your friend does; though, often, your declining will be the cause of preventing him from drinking, when he has really no more wish to drink than you.

Men are getting used to temperance now, and do not look upon it in the same way as they did, when teetotalism or temperance first began to be preached.

Take nine-tenths of the youth of the present day,—when a man says to them: "Come and have a drink," or "What will you take?" they are not thirsty, neither do they want a glass of anything; in fact, they would often give a good deal to avoid it.

What is it makes them go?

(1) They want to be friends with the man who asks them. (2) They are afraid that he will rather look down upon them if they don't keep him company, and are, generally, unable to give an excuse to their satisfaction; for I have always noticed how a boy or youth is prolific in excuses, under such circumstances, to avoid, as he thinks, being thought unmanly.

Now, as to the first motive, I can assure you that hardly any real friends are made in this way; they are mere acquaintances. With regard to the second—If he who declines is a fairly fine, healthy-looking fellow, the man who offers cannot but be struck by that fact, and often wishes he were as well, physically, himself. I have several times remarked that a strong, healthy man does cause such a feeling. It does, I think, require a little more moral courage for a weakly man than for a strong man to decline.

The time of hard drinking—*three bottlemen*, and so on—is quite gone by, and the upper classes now are causing wine merchants a good deal of anxiety by their greater abstemiousness.

Why should not the brewers and spirit merchants feel the same thing?

Simply because the lower classes are behind the times in the general reformation. I always, for my part, admire a boy or a youth who declines to drink when he does not want to; yet, how few of them ever begin to take a glass at odd times, except to cause admiration, and to make others think them more manly! whereas, they usually think just the very reverse.

(2). *Tobacco.*

The arguments for and against alcohol apply almost equally here. Hardly anyone really likes smoking when he begins. In youth, it is pure vanity—aping the man—which makes the sight of mere children smoking so common in nearly all our large towns.

For youths, too, the general plea of being sociable and keeping another man company, does not apply. A youth does not actually relish tobacco, as does the older man—the habitual smoker. No one really cares for smoking, until he begins to feel that he would miss it, were he to give it up.

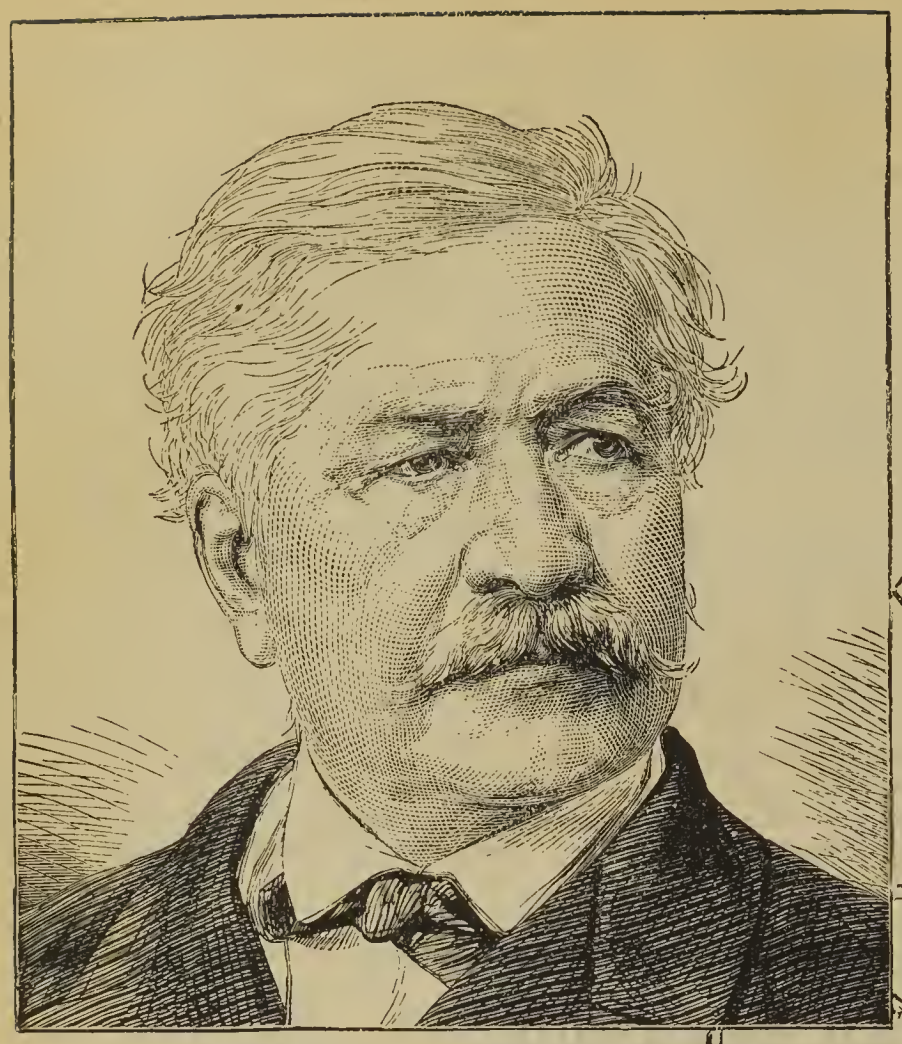
Now, to smoke enough to cause that feeling, is extremely injurious to the physique of any youth. It impoverishes the blood, poisons it, makes a man look unhealthy and out of condition, spoils the wind, weakens the digestion,—and all to what good? Absolutely none!

You may say: "Oh, look at A, B, or C, and others. It does them no harm, why should it me?" That sounds all very well, but there is no argument in it. Look at A or B or C. Are they perfect? Not a bit of it! A may have a very strong constitution; you may have a medium one, only. Then you should not try and take the same liberties with yourself that A does; he will, sooner or later, feel the consequences, and you would feel them, probably, far sooner. Look at B or C—perhaps they may seem perfectly well, but they, probably, can't run or walk quite as well as they used to; their wind is touched, the freshness of youth is just a little gone, and they look a trifle older in face, and less healthy, though, perhaps, hardly perceptibly.

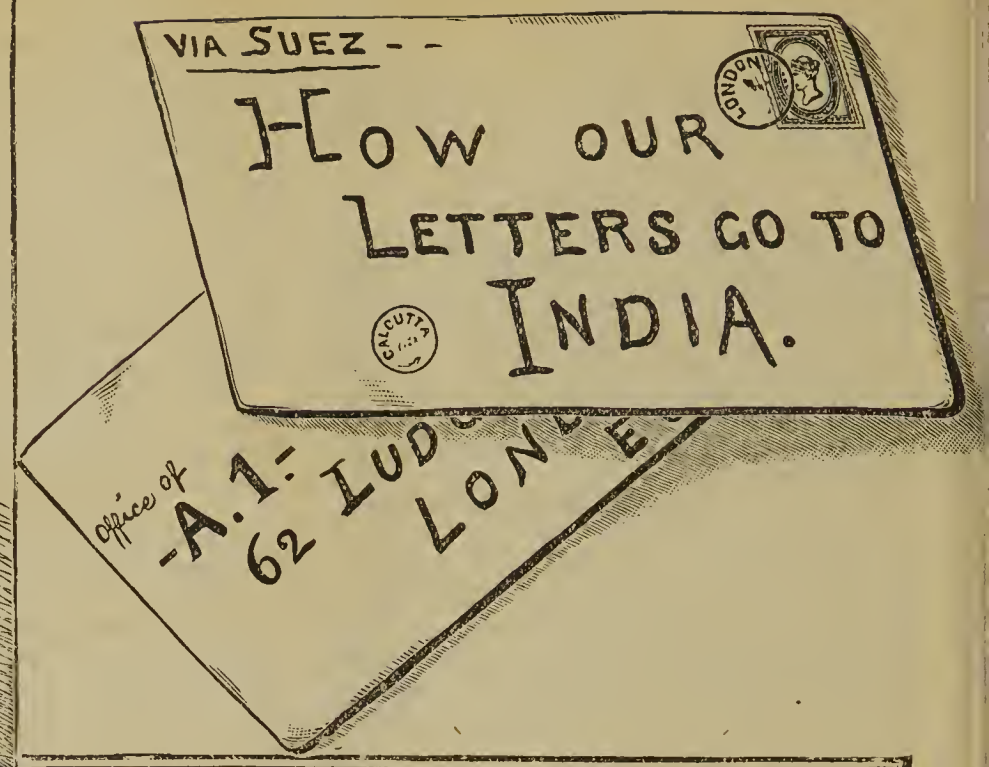
Remember that your bodies are given you to make the best possible use of; and it stands to reason that you are expected to take care of yourselves, so as to be, if called upon, in as good a position as possible to be of use.

Older men, and those who have influence over the young, have no idea how much harm the sight of their drinking and constant smoking is likely to cause, for it makes the young anxious to do the same.

Many, I am sure, especially those who have sons, would be far more abstemious both in drinking and smoking, if they thought it out, were it only for the sake of their children.



The Originator of the Suez Canal.



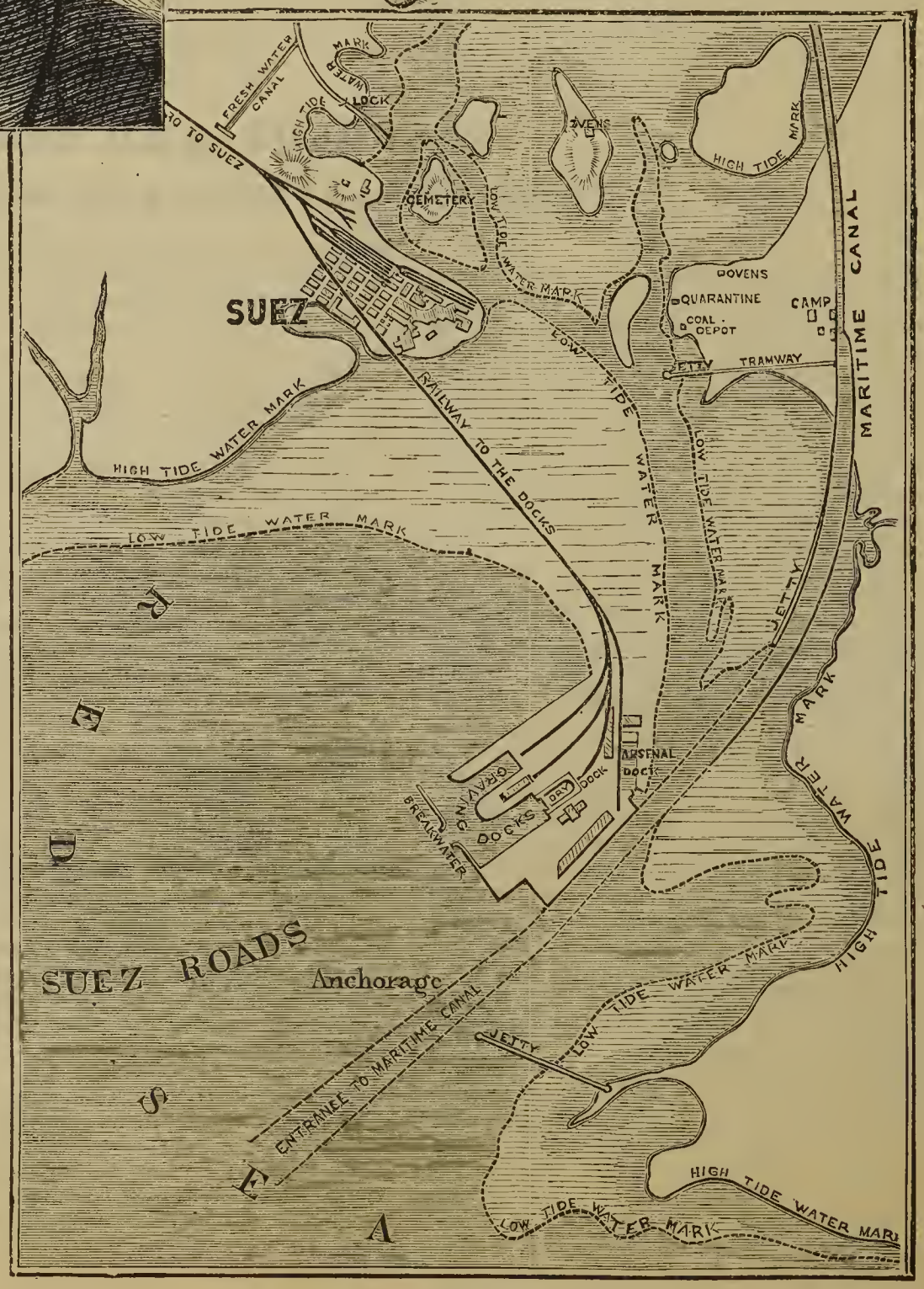
By T. L. ROBINSON.

PART I.

HOW do our letters go to India? What is the route they take? Do they go by the same road as that taken by passengers? Who takes care of them? And many similar questions to these arise with the thought of the six thousand two hundred and seventy-four miles which divide England from Bombay; rather over twice the distance between Liverpool and New York, and yet considerably less than the old route round the Cape of Good Hope, by which, thirty years ago, our ships travelled to India. The wonderful Canal, cut through the Isthmus of Suez at the instigation of the great mechanical genius and engineering skill of Ferdinand de Lesseps, the great French engineer, revolutionised all the previously-maintained ideas concerning the road to India; and (notwithstanding the opposition with which the project had been received in our own land, by most of our greatest engineers, Robert Stephenson, to wit, who was sent out to report by Lord Palmerston, and who laughed at the scheme as ridiculous) when the Canal was opened in 1870, all our best Admiralty authorities acknowledged its value, and did their best to further its employment.

The project of connecting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea is by no means a modern one. An old "Canal of the Kings" was cut by Pharaoh-Necho and the Ptolemies, in the long-past days of Egyptian splendour, which was a hundred miles in length. But this became choked with sand,—the terrible sand of the desert, which has buried so many of the great cities and monuments of ancient Egypt. In the seventh and eighth centuries, this canal was cleared out and restored by the Kalif Omar, and called the "Canal of the Faithful." But though traces of it are still discernible at Suez, the canal itself has long since again succumbed to the encroachments of the dread sand.

But I am not telling you about the way our letters go to India, which is what I set out to do. Well, let me begin by saying, that our postal authorities are fully impressed with the consideration that the epistolary communications which pass



Entrance into the Canal from Mediterranean.

between England and India are, for the most part, documents of importance to their authors and recipients, and, therefore, every endeavour is made to get these letters from one country to the other as rapidly as possible. Every new effort that is made to curtail the route is, consequently, eagerly seized and adopted, so soon as its security is absolutely determined, either by international treaty, or by means of the guardianship of British arms. Rapid transit, of course, costs much more money than a method which is slow and gradual; but then, when the transit is made quickly, more people take advantage of it; and, inasmuch as speed brings long distances to short ones, the number of letters is also increased. The expense of travelling by Mail is, however, too great for the majority of people going to, or coming from India at present, and so most go the entire voyage by sea. Our letters, which are carried by land for a considerable distance, cut off a corner, as it were, and thus save two days in the journey.



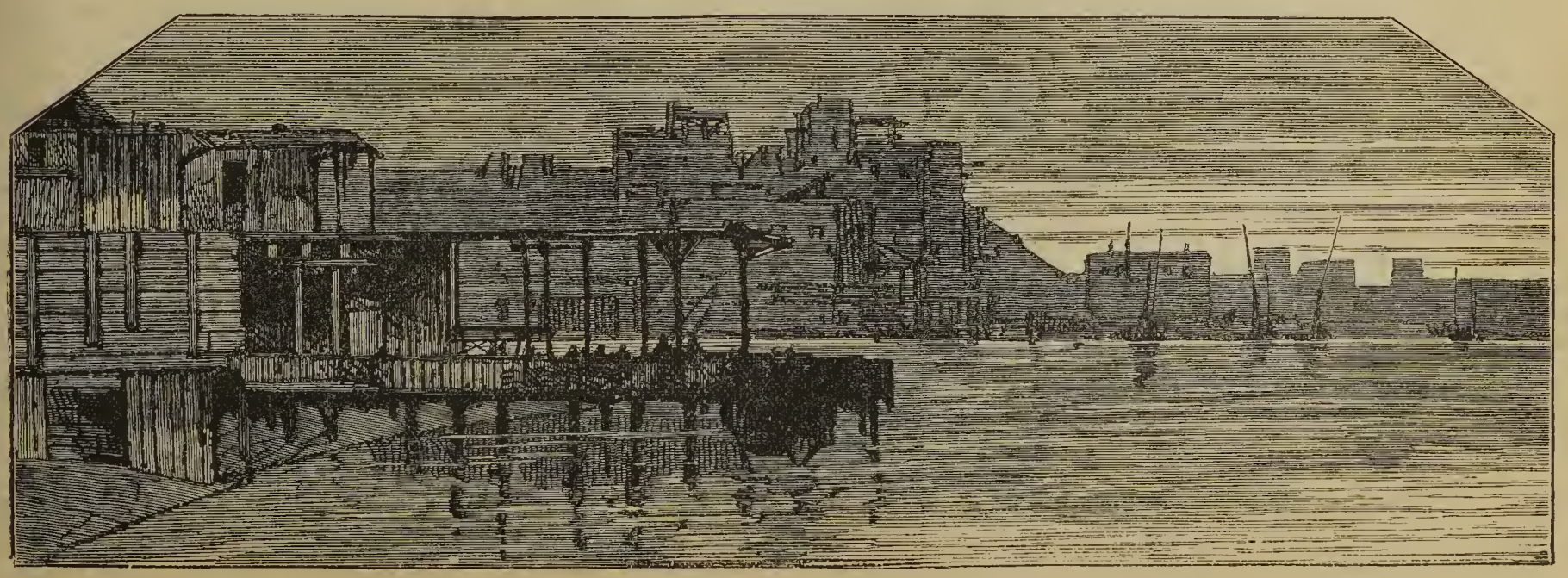
Taking coals on board at Brindisi.
"Filling the coal bunkers, ... by no means an uninteresting operation."

For instance, a letter for India, dropped into a letter-box on a Wednesday afternoon, is collected and packed the same evening, and leaves, in the Royal Mail Wagon from Charing Cross, on Thursday morning, at twenty minutes to eight o'clock, arriving at Dover shortly after 9 a.m. In a few minutes, the mail-bags are popped into the steamer for Calais, and say farewell to the white cliffs of Old England. The voyage to Calais does not take long, for it is only twenty-five miles, and is made, in fair weather, in an hour and a half. A very interesting circumstance will be noticed by all travellers on their voyage from England to India; it is one out of which the great French novelist, Jules Verne, made much capital in his celebrated story—"Around the World in Eighty Days"; I refer to the alteration in time, due to the approach made towards the rising sun. As soon as we lands at Calais, it is observed that our watches, which we have carefully set in the morning by Greenwich time, are nine minutes too slow! As we proceed on our trip, I will give the regular alterations as they occur, and I may here observe, that they go on increasing until, at Bombay, we shall find our watches are 4 hours and 51½ minutes behind time.

From Calais, then, we start for the "Gay City" of Paris, passing on our road through Amiens, an old town on the river Somme, principally celebrated for the treaty of 1802, and more recently for being the scene of the descent from a balloon, during the Franco-Prussian war in 1870, of M. Gambetta. But



we must not stop here, or we shall not save much by our cross-country short cut. Neither do we have much time to stop at Paris, for the mail-bags are instantly transferred from the Calais mail train to another train at the other end of the French capital; and we, also, must make the best of way, if we want to follow and accompany them to Bombay. So, as the mails leave the same



Alexandria from the Harbour.

evening, at 8.40 p.m., we shall have to defer any sight-seeing, of which, of course, there is plenty, until our return from India, when perhaps we may feel inclined to take a peep at some of the beautiful and wonderful portions of the city.

Let us now wrap ourselves up in our travelling cloaks and rugs, and seek a comfortable corner in the railway carriage, for we are to travel all night and the greater part of next day. During this part of the journey we pass through that marvel of engineering skill, second only to the Suez Canal itself, the Mont Cenis tunnel. It is at St. Michel de Maurienne, where the new tunnel route diverges from the old route, the break of 50 miles to Susa. The journey along the road, over Mont Cenis, used to be performed by *diligence* in ten hours; but this road was in 1867 filled up by Fell's climbing railroad, working by steep gradients to the Pass, 6,700 feet above the sea-level, and reaching Susa in four hours. But the Great Tunnel, begun in 1857, and formally opened on September 17th, 1871, shortens the route still more by two hours, and is the last link in the most direct chain of railway communication between Calais and Brindisi. It is eight miles in length, and is traversed in from twenty to thirty minutes, and runs under that part of the mountain named the Col de Frejus, sixteen miles to the south-west of the old Pass. Mont Cenis is itself 7,860 feet above the sea-level.

After leaving St. Michel, the route winds along through the Savoy to Fourneaux and Modane; passes through the tunnel of Mont Cenis, and emerges on the Italian side of the mountain, near Bardonnechia, and thence, in a winding route, through a chain of twenty-five short tunnels, in the midst of splendid scenery, all the way to Susa, from whence to Turin it is thirty-three miles. Turin we reach about 7 p.m., but it will be too late to visit any places of interest at this time of the night; and, moreover, we are anxious to indulge in a bath, to stretch our cramped limbs a little, to partake of some dinner, and perhaps obtain a few hours of sleep, before leaving Turin for Bologna in the morning, at ten minutes to five.

Our direct route proceeds on to Alessandria—a quaint old fortified town on the river Po, built in 1168, which is the junction from whence branch lines go to Genoa and through the Apennine range of mountains. A little farther on, our train passes close to the bloody field of Marengo, memorable for the decisive victory gained over the Austrians in 1800, by which, for a time, the French became masters over Italy. From here we pass through the fertile plain of Lombardy, one of the most productive portions of Italy, and so on to Parma and Modena, until we reach Bologna, where we are allowed to stay forty minutes for stretching and refreshment. This is the second time I have mentioned stretching, and I am sure that any traveller will forgive my reiteration; for all who have sat for six or eight consecutive hours in a railway carriage know how to appreciate the luxury of walking out on the platform.

Bologna is the city of a hundred churches, and is one of the chief places in papal Italy, and the birthplace of many celebrated men. It is the last place of note at which we stop before arriving at Brindisi. After leaving, we must keep our eyes open, for at the end of about fifty miles, we come to the Rubicon, the famous little river which separated Ancient Italy and Cisalpine Gaul, the province allotted to Julius Cæsar. When Cæsar crossed this stream, he passed beyond the limits of his own province, and became an invader of Italy. Hence the saying, "to pass the Rubicon," which has now grown into a proverb, signifying to adopt a measure from which it is not possible to recede. Then we come to Rimini, the ancient *Ariminum*, in Umbria. Here Cæsar harangued his troops after having crossed the Rubicon, and here the Tribunes of the Commons, who were in his interest, met him, and at the end of sixty days subdued all Italy.

We are now in the midst of classical country, hardly a space of five miles of which is not full of reminiscences of the ancient glory of the Roman Empire. Alas! corruption, impiety, tyranny, cruelty, fanaticism, and bigotry have chased each other in continually lessening circles, and in continually increasing speed, until that which was once the glory of the world—that which might have been the means of extending to all generations the glory of God to the world—has gradually been sucked into the whirlpool of its own construction; until all that now remains are a few ruins, many reminiscences, and a small city, which is still the centre of the maelstrom, and is still whirling on to its ultimate complete destruction.

From Rimini we proceed to Ancona, which is by far the finest Italian harbour in the Adriatic, but which, by sea, is nearly two days farther from Alexandria than Brindisi, which is only eleven hours from here by train. So we prefer, as do the letter-bags, to go on by rail to Brindisi, which place we reach at a quarter past three in the morning, and proceed at once to the outer harbour, where the Peninsular and Oriental Company's mail steamer is waiting for us and the bags, with steam up, ready to depart at 4 a.m. for Alexandria.

Brindisi was always a starting-point for the East, even in the earliest times. It was the ancient *Brundusium*, at the Eastern terminus of the Appian Way, and from here the Romans always embarked for Greece. It was a celebrated harbour during the period of the Trojan war, but it was probably founded by the Illyrian sailors, who were the earliest navigators in the Adriatic. Brundusium is celebrated for being the birthplace of the poet Pacuvius, one of the first Roman poets who combined with poetry the art of painting; and also as being the scene of the death of Virgil, on his return from Greece. Here, also, Cæsar blockaded Pompey, before the latter made his escape over to Dyrachium, under the hills of Epirus, which are visible in clear weather.

Brindisi is the great coaling station of the Adriatic, and the process of filling the coal bunkers of the steamer with the black diamonds, which are to convert water into steam to carry us to Alexandria, is, though a dirty, by no means an uninteresting, operation. Up a long plank from the wharf to the ship's side, a constant stream of burly fellows, natives of every country under the sun (for Brindisi is a cosmopolitan city, like all the great seaports in the Eastern Mediterranean), come toiling with huge baskets or kreels of coal on their shoulders, filled from a great heap on the shore. As each man reaches the plank, he hands the clerk, who stands at a table close by, a paper certifying to the weight of the contents of the basket perched upon his shoulder, and marked with a number, which designates the person who carries it, so that, when pay-time comes, each man is paid according to the number of certificates he has handed in. But we do not have much time to watch this operation; we are liable to become covered with the black coal-dust, so we betake ourselves to our cabins, and prepare for the three days' sea voyage, which we are about to undergo. Let us hope we are all good sailors, for the Adriatic Sea is not always the calmest; and we are, at any period of the year, especially when we reach the Levant, liable to meet one of those dreadful Mediterranean storms, called, from the portion of this sea in which it usually takes place, a Levanter, which is produced from the confluence of winds around so many jutting points of land and islands.

We are now about to quit the shores of Europe, and, in three days, we shall land at Alexandria, the burial-place of Alexander the Great, who founded it, and after whom it was named. It was originally built in a sort of triangular form, like that of a Macedonian mantle, with its largest side to the sea. It lies on very low sandy land, where only palm trees and windmills are to be seen. The entrance to the harbour is very difficult, owing to the sunk rocks; however, we have a good pilot, and we arrive safely. As soon as the port is made, the passengers' luggage is all got up on deck, ready to be discharged into boats, and we shall see no more of it until we get to Suez. At Alexandria we shall find that our watches are one hour and fifty-six minutes behind time. From our own steamer we are taken in another to the shore, and thence to the train by which we are to start at once for Suez, to arrive there in twelve hours. During these twelve hours, we must avoid water drinking, unless we are provided with a filter, and, even then, the water is most unwholesome. Ripe oranges, however, are plentiful, and this always deliciously-refreshing fruit may be eaten with safety and advantage.

On landing at Alexandria, we find we are no longer in Europe, for everything—with the exception only of the well-appointed omnibus which meets us—is Oriental, from the people to the buildings. The dusky skins of the Arabs and Turks, the gaudy robes of the men, the turbans, the Fez caps, the veiled women—all bespeak the fact that we are now in the East, even if the intensely broiling sun were not sufficient to tell us how near we are to the tropics.

The European quarter proper, however, is handsome, possessing wide, open streets, and a fine square. Peculiarly interesting are the people we see, and very picturesque are the varieties in dress. The wealthy, in their bright, clean, flowing garments; the children emaciated, women selling bread at the street corners, tradesmen sitting, smoking contentedly in their shop windows, which resemble cupboards hewn in walls, and consist of a raised seat of stone or brick about three feet high,—all these form an intensely interesting *coup d'œil*, as we pass through Alexandria on our way to Suez, where I shall take you in my next chapter.

"THAT HOUSE IN LONDON."

By L. T. MEADE,

Author of "Scamp and I," "Great St. Benedict's," "A Knight of To-day," etc., etc.

A NEW and striking Serial Story, in this favourite Author's best style, will be begun in our Number for Feb. 25th. The plot is ingenious and unflagging in interest, and the characters are drawn with a sure and practised touch. We anticipate a great success for "That House in London."

FACTS ABOUT WASHING.

THE washing bills of the metropolis, estimated at the low average of 1s. per head per week, amount to upwards of £5,000,000 per annum.

A working man's calico shirt, costing 2s., and washing forty times, at 3d., has five times its original value expended on it, in soap and laundry labour, before it is worn out. A like proportion holds in the costlier washing of more expensive articles. So far, therefore, as the home market is concerned, the *washerwoman's interest* actually exceeds, in pecuniary magnitude, the gigantic cotton interest itself.

Of this washing expenditure, nearly one-tenth, or half a million sterling, is laid out in soap and soda—9,600 tons and upwards of the former, with 3,000 tons of the latter, at £45 and £10 per ton respectively, being used annually in London.

From the experiences of Glasgow and Bolton, where soft-water supplies have been introduced, it appears that our London outlay on soap and soda might be reduced at least one-half (*i.e.*, £250,000 per annum), by substituting a softer water for our present hard supplies. A still greater saving would result from the diminished wear and tear of the linen itself during ablution, and the proportionately abated toil of the laundress.

It is indeed alleged, in opposition to these views, that half an hour's boiling before use would soften the washerwoman's water, by precipitating a large proportion of the chalk; and that a halfpenny-worth of carbonate of soda, judiciously applied, would neutralise the hardness of 100 gallons of Thames or New River water. But these propositions, though true, leave the practical objection to hard water supplies untouched. For, in point of fact, the washerwomen do not soften their water by boiling it beforehand, nor do they nicely adjust the soda they throw in to the quantity of lime requiring neutralization. On the contrary, the boiling, as they conduct it, throws down the hardening chalk of the water, as a gritty precipitate upon the linen washed; while the soda, used by them in excess to diminish their toil, still further deteriorates the fabric by its caustic alkaline property.

AN INGENIOUS COMPOSITOR.

THE following paragraph, from the first issue of the *Rocky Mountain Cyclone*, is an amusing instance of orthographic ingenuity. It almost rivals "X-ing the Paragrab," by E. A. Poe.

"We begin the publication of *The Rocky Mountain Cyclone* with some phew diphiculties in the way. The type phounder phrom whom we bought our outphit phor this printing ophice phailed to supply us with any ephs or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. The mistaque was not phound out till a day or two ago. We have ordered the missing letters, but will have to get on without them till they come. We don't lique the loox ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistaix will happen in the best regulated phamillies, and iph the ph's and c's and x's and q's hold out, we shall ceep (sound the c hard) *The Cyclone* whirling aphter a phashion till the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us—it is a serious aphair."

ORIENTAL ARCHERY.

By ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

MY readers would perhaps like to hear something about archery as practised in the East. Within the rose gardens of Teheran, the dark-eyed houris of Persia launch their varnished shafts at the distant butt, equipped in all the magnificent apparatus of their native sport. The place of exercise of the fair Persian dames, is within the shady recesses of the pleasure-grounds attached to the royal residence. The butts consist of moistened sand, enclosed in a wooden frame, and beaten into a hard, compact mass. These are set up in a slanting direction at the boundary of some verdant alley, where the overarching branches of vine and orange tree exclude the fierceness of an Eastern sun. Consistent with that gorgeous taste, so prevalent throughout the East, the whole exterior of the butt is covered with elegant scroll-work and patterns of flowers. Gold and silver, intermingled with various pigments of the most brilliant hues, are lavishly employed to produce this effect.

A female Abyssinian slave stands beside the mark, provided with a large round pebble, to form and preserve an unbroken hollow in the centre, and at this cavity, every arrow is directed. She repeats the operation several times whilst her mistresses are shooting; for the triumph of Persian archery consists not merely in a central shot, but also in making the arrow penetrate deeply into the sand at every discharge.

At the termination of their sport, these fair butt-shooters scrupulously conform to a remarkable custom, which, from remote antiquity, has prevailed amongst Persian bowmen.

The followers of the prophet divide themselves into two great sects, who hate each other with a cordiality worthy of the most polished nation of Europe. The Persians are devout followers of the Caliph Ali, and regard the Turks and other disciples of his antagonist, Omar, as a sort of Mahomedan heretic. To assist in perpetuating the memory of this religious feud, the Persian archer, on discharging his arrow at the mark for the last time, fails not to pronounce the charitable aspiration of "*Ter a kir dirdil Omar!*"—Would that this arrow might bury itself in the heart of Omar!

It must be highly amusing to witness the affected change, which comes o'er the spirit of these orthodox beauties, whilst thus denouncing the heretical caliph. Gay, innocent and thoughtless, it were absurd to suppose they have the least real feeling on such a subject. Still, like prattling parrots, their lesson is repeated, with many a pretty indication of displeasure; but, no sooner does the glancing shaft quiver within its destined mark, than Ali, as well as Omar, is consigned to oblivion; and songs and laughter, merry and musical as the chime of silver bells, again re-echo through the perfumed walks of this magnificent pleasure-garden. Bows, arrows, and the costly *sefin* (thumb-rings for drawing the bow-string) are speedily abandoned to the attendant slaves; and, with a zest, which their recent occupation is so well calculated to supply, the fair revellers hurry off to "taste the good the gods provide them," in the splendid luxury of an Oriental banquet.

Leaving our beauties in quiet enjoyment of its festivities, we will endeavour, like true archers, to get a peep at their accoutrements, since we dare not peep at them. These form so complete a contrast to what has been, at any time, common to Europe, that they merit a particular description.

Persia still boasts within most of her large towns, a race of hereditary bowyers. The royal armoury at Teheran exhibits a number of bows of the richest description, many upwards of a century old, still retaining an elasticity worthy of their external elegance. But their power is enormous; and, although the Shah and his nobles manage them with ease and adroitness, the same could not be expected from the delicate strength of a female arm. When, therefore, the monarch signified his wish that the harem be exercised in archery, the most celebrated bowyers of Teheran were employed to equip them suitably. But, as the material of which these Oriental bows have been made for centuries could not be improved, the workmen merely aimed at fabricating a lighter instrument, still more ornamented.

Buffalo or wild goat's horn, jet black, and of a fine polish, forms the belly of a Persian bow; glued to this is a thin slip of some hard wood, little inferior in toughness, which serves for the back. The extreme points are fashioned to resemble a snake's head, the loops of the cord having the appearance of being held within its extended jaws. As the horn, with its dark, rich lustre, needs not the aid of ornament, it is left entirely plain, the richness of Oriental taste being lavished on the splendid arabesque, which decorates the wooden back. Birds, flowers, fruit, and all the graceful devices one sees in the most elaborate scroll-work of the ancients, are represented on its surface in vivid colours, intermingled with gilding. The centre of the bow, serving for the grip of the archer's hand, is marked by several broad bands of the same metal, separated from each other by figures of flowers and fruit.

These beautiful weapons were formerly considered as the most acceptable offerings which one Oriental monarch could make to another. Thus, when the Ambassador, sent by the Shah to compliment Sultan Amurath II., had deposited before the Ottoman divan the munificent presents of his master, among them appeared nine splendid Persian bows, and a proportionate number of arrows of the same workmanship. The Shah, likewise, presented our countryman, Sir John Shirley, with a similar one. Again, in 1656, the Dutch East India Company sent to the Emperor of Ceylon, among other presents, "two Persian bows, with their arrows and quiver richly adorned."

The Oriental bowstring, from its peculiar construction and twofold use, is not less interesting than the weapon of which it forms a part. Many strong silken threads are laid together, until the whole equals the thickness of an ordinary goose-quill. Whipping, composed of the same material, is then bound firmly for about three or four inches at the centre, and also for a less width, equidistant from either end. Large loops of scarlet, or other colours producing an equally brilliant contrast, are attached to this middle piece by a very curious knot, complicated and elegant, as that by which King Gordianus perplexed his royal brother of Macedon. It is to be solved, also, only by similar decisive means.

I have hinted at the twofold purpose to which it was occasionally applied. To the Turkish Basha, sleeping or waking, whom His Highness suspected of growing rich in his pachalick, it was an object of continual dread. Under these circumstances, rarely did he escape a summons to Constantinople, where, within the Seraglio walls, the bow-

string freed him from *l'embarras de richesses*, and the life he esteemed worthless without them. Like our wolf in the fable, the sanguinary despot quickly found or invented causes for accusation. Brief, therefore, was the colloquy, ere, at a sign, imperceptible to the predestined wretch, the mutes advanced. Placing him upon his knees, they passed their bowstrings once round his neck, and, with their right hands in the loops, drew tightly, until appearance indicated their victim had ceased to breathe. At one time, this practice prevailed extensively throughout the East. It was used as a means of executing revenge as well as punishment, and we may attribute its adoption to the readiness with which the instrument of death could be procured, when every man carried at his back the weapon to which it belongs.

In nothing is the contrast between English and Oriental archery more manifest, than in the manner of bracing the bow. The trousered beauties of the East do this with as much grace and facility as the men, because the lower part of the dress is nearly similar in both sexes.

The Persian arrow is altogether worthy of its bow, being a small jointed reed, called in Latin, *Arundo Bambos*, which is used almost universally throughout the East. Of this there are two species, one being much stronger, and of a texture very superior to the other. War arrows, and those designed for occasions where the chances of recovering them are small, are made of the latter kind ; the former, which, besides its hardness, has a fine, nut-brown, glossy surface, is reserved to replenish the quivers of princes and grandees. The heads take many forms, according to the purposes for which they are designed. In butt-shooting, a solid pyramid of steel seems to be preferred, and for about three inches below this point, the natural colour of the reed is entirely concealed by rich Japan painting, intermixed with gold and silver flowers. Ornaments of a similar style of richness are repeated at the butt end, above and beneath the feathering. Indeed, the Persian arrows are altogether so delicate and costly, that we consider them as objects of curiosity rather than use. When shot into damp ground, the friction gradually impairs their beauty. Substitute a light English pile (the iron point of an arrow), however, for the solid Persian steel head, and you have a really superior flight and target arrow, which, from the extraordinary lightness of its hollow reed, may occasionally be observed to outstrip the wind.

The *sefin*, or thumb-ring, is one of the distinctions of an Oriental archer. Sandys observes, that an early Turkish Sultan occupied his leisure in manufacturing these rings. The produce of his industry, distributed among favourite pashas and officers, received, of course, an additional value, from the distinguished work of the donor. Englishmen, it is well known, draw the bowstring with their three first fingers—the Flemings, with the first and second only ; but neither use the thumb at all.

The Asiatic method is the reverse of this. There the bowman draws altogether with his thumb ; the fore-finger, bent in its first and second joint, being merely pressed on one side of the arrow nock, to secure it from falling. In order to prevent the flesh from being torn by the bowstring, he wears a broad ring of agate, cornelian, green marble, ivory, horn, or iron, according to his rank and means. Upon the inside of this, which projects half an inch, the string rests when the bow is drawn ; on the outside it is only half that breadth, and in loosing the arrow, he straightens his thumb, which sets the string free.

Consistent with the splendour of their other appointments, the *sefin* worn by those dark-eyed houris, whose feats we have so recently been contemplating, are adorned with all the cunning of the jeweller's art. A stone called jadde, crystal, jasper, and even gold, inlaid with stones of varied hue, glitters in the sunbeams, as each snowy hand strains up the silken bowstring. A quilted half-sleeve of crimson velvet, or fine cloth, thickly embroidered with gold flowers, protects the arm from being bruised by the cord in its return.

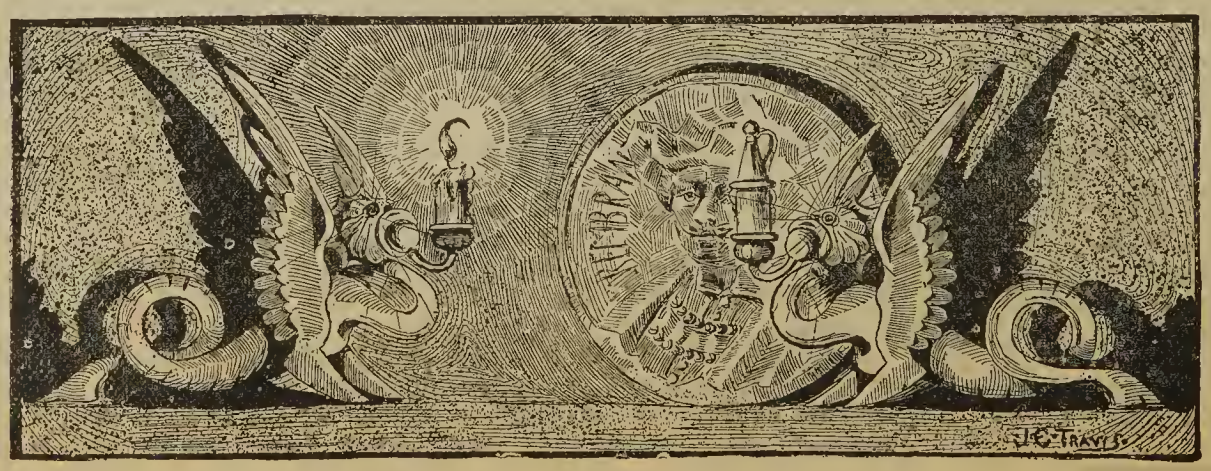
One other curious contrivance connected with the Oriental bow remains to be described. When flight-shooting,—to which they are particularly attached,—a grooved horn, about six inches long, is fastened upon the back of the bow hand by straps of crimson morocco, buckled round the wrist. The bow is then, and then only, held across the body, and by drawing several inches within this horn, they can use very short arrows. By thus diminishing their length, superior lightness,—the chief quality of a flight shaft,—is proportionably attained.

On the 9th of July, 1792, Mahmoud Effendi, the secretary of the Turkish Embassy, exhibited his *great* strength, by shooting an arrow in this way 415 yards, partly against the wind, and 482 yards with the wind, in a field behind Bedford House, London. He used a Turkish bow, drawing 160 pounds ; and this exploit was performed in the presence of three gentlemen, members of the Toxophilite Society. The arrow measured $25\frac{1}{2}$ inches, which he pulled three inches within the bow, so as to make the draught 28 inches. He said, upon the ground, that Selim, the then Grand Signior, often shot 500 yards, —the greatest performance of the modern Turks. However, the Sultan afterwards, in 1798, drove an arrow into the ground 972 yards from the spot where he stood, the distance being measured by Sir Robert Anstie, Ambassador to the Porte. All these singular contrivances are, of course, common in the East to archers of both sexes ; and their dissimilarity to everything we apply to the same use in England, has induced me to detain the reader by a minuteness of description otherwise unnecessary.

The French traveller, Gentil, who visited India at the commencement of the seventeenth century, dwells with enthusiasm on the appearance of a body-guard, consisting of a hundred ladies, whom he saw in attendance on one of its native princes. Their weapon was a crossbow, in the use of which they exhibited remarkable dexterity. He asserts that he saw each of them plant an arrow, at a considerable distance, into a circle no larger than a French *sol* (halfpenny). On other occasions, they would discharge three arrows at once with such prodigious rapidity and violence, that, on piercing a tree, the steel points entered so deeply, that no force of pulling could draw them out.

When the monarch left his capital, for war or the chase, this band of Amazons invariably accompanied him. They were styled Menaytas, were lodged within the palace, and annually drew a magnificent stipend from the royal treasury. Masters attended to instruct them in every kind of warlike accomplishment, which they studied with the utmost enthusiasm. One of them, whose age Gentil guessed to be about twenty-four, was, unquestionably, the most beautiful woman in India. Her complexion displayed a perfect fairness ; and her hair, black as jet, flowed in a profusion of natural ringlets upon a neck of ivory. In a mock combat performed by a detachment of these ladies, she acquitted herself so valiantly, that the enraptured monarch, unable to control his emotion, caused her to raise her casque, while he saluted her in the presence of his whole court. Then he placed a chain of massive gold around her neck. She was called Langir.

Her mother, Acosira, a woman of extraordinary charms, had been so valorous, that in wrestling, she never met her equal. On one occasion, being challenged by certain strangers, she quickly laid them prostrate on their mother earth ; and, on their attempting to rise and resent this indignity, forthwith strangled them outright. Her own fate was as extraordinary ; she was torn in pieces by a lion, which, during one of the royal hunting matches, she had the rashness to attack, dismounted and single-handed. The king, her lover, being excessively grieved, gave her a royal funeral, abstaining for many days from the consumption of areca, betel, and shaving his beard, with many other symptoms of mourning and regret.



FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

By Blanche C. Saward.

THE articles we describe and illustrate are all of home manufacture, and are made without much expense, and will not be difficult to the nimble fingers that generally accompany a willing heart.



The work-basket in our sketch is made with satin ribbon of two colours, an Indian basket and some narrow lute ribbon. Cost of the materials: — basket, 1s.; 2 yards of ribbon, 1s.; and two yards of lute ribbon, 3d. *To make the work-bag:* Cut three strips of each colour, 8 inches in length, and overcast them together. Turn over a wide, two-inch hem, and make the runnings for a draw-string beneath it. Take the lute ribbon, and run it in and out of the straw basket, with the help of a bodkin, and run in as many rows as the quantity will allow, after taking off enough ribbon for the draw-strings. Sew in the bag to the edge of the basket, make an ornamental bow with the remainder of the broad ribbon, and fasten it on. Put in the draw-strings, and the work-basket is ready for the coloured ribbons. Either use two shades of terra cotta together, or a rich gold with a chestnut brown, or sky blue with a royal purple, or two shades of heliotrope.

Several kinds of Indian baskets that are sold can be converted into work-baskets; those higher and straighter at the sides than the one illustrated, are ornamented with bands of wide satin ribbon, arranged in diagonal or straight lines over the straw, instead of ribbon run through the foundation.

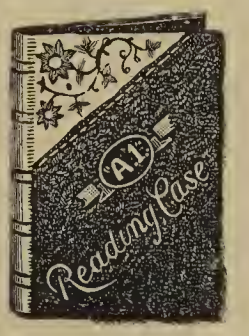
The hand-bag, in our next illustration, is made of navy blue cashmere, trimmed with narrow bands of Leek embroidery, and lined with Persian silk. The foundation for Leek embroidery is Tussore silk, with a pattern woven in it. Its price, for narrow bands, sixpence a yard. The embroidery is done with Leek silks (1d. the skein), in crewel stitch, and consists of covering over the woven pattern lines, and leaving the background plain. A line of gold thread is sewn round the embroidery, and marks it out. A quarter of a yard of serge, one yard of Leek ribbon, and half a yard of Persian silk will make the bag, and the cost will be four shillings.



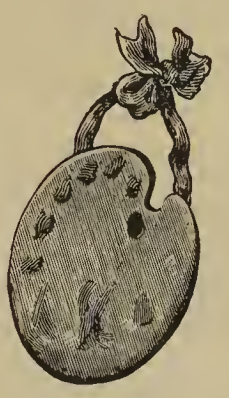
The hanging-basket is a new shape for twisting Zulu hats into, and is used for holding small pots of ivy-leaved geranium or ferns. The trimming consists of a yard of strong, and very white rope, and a bow of satin ribbon. Cost of materials, one shilling. *To make the basket:* Soak the Zulu hat for an hour in water, take it out and dry it, but, while still a little damp, turn it inside out, and bend the brim over the headpiece, as shown. With a large needle and strong thread, sew the brim down to the front part of the basket, then, thread the needle with scarlet wool, and secure the rope round the edge of the brim with a row of cross stitches across it, tie the rope as a bow in the front of the basket, and unravel the ends. Comb the ends out to make the strands soft-looking. Make up the satin bow, and sew it to the side of the basket.

Covers for books,—magazines, Bradshaws, Whitaker, or other books that are often required,—are among the most useful of household presents. All these covers are made removable, and can be slipped over fresh magazines or books. We give an illustration of the size suitable for covering "A.1." and Our Own Gazette. The foundation is either of ruby plush, cloth, or cashmere; the trimming is a cross piece of pale blue silk, embroidered with gold thread or filoselles. The lining of the cover can be of chintz, sateen, or Persian silk. Half a yard of silk and plush, or cashmere and sateen, will make the cover; the three-cornered piece is nine by eleven inches. The cost of the cover is from 2s. 6d. to 5s., according to the richness of the material. *To make the cover:* Measure the Gazette carefully, and cut lining and outside material a little larger than the paper; take the wedge-shaped piece of silk, sketch a small flower spray upon it, and work this in satin stitch with yellow - pink filoselle. Stitch it carefully to the foundation, and hide the edges with a very narrow silk cord. Mark out the name with white chalk, and secure the drawing by running white thread over the lines. Make the letters by sewing a double line of gold thread along the outlines. Turn the cover inside out, and cut the lining in half, and sew it down to the three outer edges, leaving the two inside edges unsecured and plainly hemmed. Slip the Gazette cover into the two pockets so formed. Little bands of ribbon are sometimes sewn across the back of the cover, but these are not necessary.





The pallet-shaped wall-pincushion makes a very pretty drawing-room ornament. It is easily made, and costs about 1s. to 2s., according to material. The size varies, but 8½ inches in length by 5½ in width is about the best. The materials used are a piece of pale yellow silk or satin, a piece of brown velvet for the back (each half an inch larger than the above measure), one yard of brown satin ribbon, and two pieces of strong mill or cardboard. *To make:* Cut out the two pieces of cardboard in the shape of a pallet, make the thumb hole in both, and see that they are exactly alike. Cover one piece of cardboard with velvet, and secure the raw edges of the latter. Before covering the second piece with the yellow silk, either paint with oil colours on it an easy design, or work a spray of flowers in filoselles, and mark in the spots that represent unused colour on a pallet. Make up the ribbon bow, and attach the ends to the velvet side. Cover the second piece of cardboard, and carefully overstitch the two pieces to each other. The pins are placed along this line of overstitching. The small toilette tidy and pincushion (see figure below) are intended for children's work. Their foundation is made with braids of plaited straw (obtainable from old hats) sewn together to the shape. The trimming of the toilette tidy is a small wedge-shaped piece of plush, fastened on with a narrow braid; while for the pincushion, a linen bag filled with bran is covered over at the top with a piece of plush, and then sunk into the straw basket. The handle of the toilette tidy is of straw, finished with bows of ribbon, and a piece of ribbon is fastened, as a puffing, round the top of the straw pincushion.



Many of the articles described above can be made much more cheaply than priced, as most people have odds and ends they can use, and thus save buying every item required. At any shop where dress materials, or furniture stuffs are sold, small pieces, suitable for fancy work, will be generally given to customers.

It is a pity that more trouble is not taken to interest children in Fancy Needlework. So often, the long seam which has to be sewn, or the fine handkerchief which has to be hemmed, seem dull and irksome work to the little ones, whereas the added charms of colour and form would make the use of their needles a pleasure. Of course a knowledge of Plain Needlework is of vital importance, but children should be won to love it, rather than compelled to do it reluctantly. An added zest will be given, if two very simple allurements are made use of. First, teach the children not to be selfish in their work, but to think of others, less well off than themselves. Disabuse their minds of the prevalent idea, that beauty of form or colour is not suited for the "poor." Then, connect their Needlework with their play, making full use of their strong *doll instinct.* It is a foreshadowing of mother love which makes the children cling to the waxen babies; this love, if not laughed at, but wisely made use of, will aid materially in the development of womanly and housewifely qualities. The cutting out and making of dolls' garments is no small test of skill; if the little fingers find it too intricate work, they will be able, at least to take part in the manufacture of pretty curtains and bedding for "Dolly's" cradle.





OF INTEREST TO YOUNG MEN.

THE president of a New York Bank, one Saturday afternoon, requested an esteemed clerk to come to the Bank next day and help bring up some back work to date. To yield to the request would be to violate the Sabbath, and the young man refused. In vain the president stormed, insisted, and threatened. The young man stood firm, and refused to do that which his conscience could not approve. He was accordingly discharged, with no prospect of further employment. Shortly after, a new Bank was organised, and a trustworthy man was wanted for the position of cashier. The Bank president referred to above, offered to name a man who, sooner than sin, gave up his place; and then he told the story of the clerk he had himself discharged. The nomination was at once accepted; and the upright clerk was rewarded with a higher position and an increased salary.

About 50 per cent. of the members of the Fiftieth Congress of the United States, now in session at Washington, are college graduates.

A determined effort to induce the students at the University of Michigan to adopt the cap and gown, used at Oxford and Cambridge, was defeated by an overwhelming vote.

A visitor at a State prison was looking over the list of names in the prison register, and noticed that, under the head of "Occupation," the words "No trade" were written against nine-tenths of the names. Evidently Dr. Watts knew what he was writing when he penned the lines:

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

The Secretary of a Y.M.C.A., in company with a police-officer, visited some of the gambling houses of a city in Iowa, to see who the young men were that frequented these places. In one of these dens, they saw one hundred and sixty-four young men, nearly every one engaged in some of the games being carried on. In five places visited, three hundred and three persons were counted, of whom all but five could be called young men; and yet the police-officer said that, owing to the many attractions at other places, it was not much of a night for gambling.

Young Men's Christian Associations have been organised at Ligoniel, Culleybackey, and Ballybogie, in Ireland.

The Glasgow United Y.M.C.A. has a total membership of over 9,500 young men.

Exeter Hall Y.M.C.A. now possesses one of the finest gymnasiums in London.

The Y.M.C.A. at Marash, Armenia, Turkey, is in a flourishing condition. It has a membership of 130.

The educational classes at the Chicago Y.M.C.A. are attended by over 1,000 young men.

The American Y.M.C.A.'s are very enterprising and wide awake in their methods of working to reach young men. The Association at York, Pa., recently used an entire page of one of the daily newspapers of that town with an advertisement of their work. This is as it should be; business methods applied to Christian work.

SCOTCH Y.M.C.A. AND FELLOWSHIP UNIONS.

IF our Scotch friends are sometimes accredited with being very steady-going, they certainly make way steadily, and probably gain the top of the hill as quickly as others. Their Y.M.C. Associations and Fellowship Unions are pushing well ahead, with an increase of nearly 500 members last year, and the organising of fresh schemes. The most recent is the appointment of an Evangelist, to strengthen existing Branches, and to open up new ground. We heartily wish God-speed to our Scotch fellow-workers.

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

By Rev. J. H. Thorpe, M.A.

February 12th.

Jesus and the Little Ones.—*Matt.* 18. 1-14.

Golden Text.—*Matt.* 19. 14.

See what use Jesus can make of a little child:—

A little girl was visiting a prison, and met, at the foot of a high stone staircase, a prisoner, so incorrigible that none of the prison officials could tame him. Running to him, the child said, "Please, sir, carry me to the top, and I'll give you a kiss." The prisoner said nothing, but carried her up to the top, and then the little one kissed his weather-beaten cheek. He fairly broke down, and said, "Little miss, you're the first who has had a kind word for me." From that day the warders found him one of the best men in the prison.

The use of small means brings God the more glory. In a large English factory, where everything is done by machinery, you say, "What wonderful machines and tools!" When you see an Indian workman carving ivory balls with only a few clumsy tools, you say, "What a clever *workman!*"

See in the whole passage before us four points for the Christian:—

1. *His character.* "*Except ye be converted.*" Conversion is the beginning, and you can never end till after you have begun. Note the "except," which points it out as so essential that without it you are not a Christian. Conversion is like the keel of a ship; without it the ship cannot be built. This "except" is like a sentinel who challenges you at the barrack gate, and you cannot pass till you give the answer. "*And become as little children.*" The point here is *humility*. Pride and conceit in a servant of Jesus of Nazareth are as much out of place as a grain of sand in your eye.

2. *His consecration.* Ver. 8, "If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off." Jesus must be King over you, and King over the *whole* of you! Imagine an English man-of-war, over which the Queen had full command, except a square yard on the quarter-deck, which was held by the Emperor of Russia!

3. *His caution.* Ver. 10, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones,"—*i.e.*, "children," or "babes in grace." How attentive we often are to the learned and the rich, because we look at them through the spectacles of fashion,—it is the way of the world. Watch against this, and strive to see as God sees. When the astronomer looks at the sky on a starry night, his trained eye sees many a star which others cannot discern. Let us be like him, and we shall see many an one, who will hereafter "shine as the stars."

4. *His comfort.* "The Son of man is come to save that which was lost." How precious, when he knows that he once was one of those "lost!" What courage it gives him to go and tell others!

There are seven references to children in the lesson—"Little child" (ver. 2), "Little children" (ver. 3), "Little child" (ver. 4), "Little child" (ver. 5), "Little ones" (ver. 6), "Little ones" (ver. 10), "Little ones" (ver. 14).

Christ's action towards children.

1. He *calls* them to Himself (ver. 2).
2. He *converts* them and refers to them as examples (ver. 3).
3. He *counsels* all about them (ver. 4).
4. He *comforts* those who receive them (ver. 5).
5. He *charges* all not to offend them (ver. 6).
6. He refers to their *custodians* (ver. 10).
7. They are *cared* for by the Father (ver. 14).

Children should be—

C onfident in God as	C aleb (Num. 13. 30).
H oly as the three	H ebrew young men (Dan. 3.
I nstant in obeying as	I saac (Gen. 22. 9). [12).
L earning as	L emuel (Prov. 31. 1).
D etermined to do right as	D aniel (Dan. 6. 10).
R esolute as	R ebekah (Gen. 24. 58).
E xamples of godliness as	E noch (Heb. 11. 5).
N oble as	N ehemiah (Neh. 6. 3).

Enquiry of disciples (ver. 1).
Example of humility (ver. 2).
Except of conversion (ver. 3).
Excelling in heaven (ver. 4).
Expression of Christ about the little ones (vers. 5, 6).
Excommunicate all that offends (vers. 8, 9).
Example of Christ (vers. 11, 12, 13).

Humility.

Humility is the H ighest step in holiness.
Humility is U nselfish in its aim.
Humility is M eek in its character.
Humility is the I mage of Christ.
Humility is L ove's companion.
Humility is I nstant in seeing good in others.
Humility is the T est of fitness for Christ's kingdom.
Humility is the Y oke-fellow of Christ.

Sunderland. F. E. Marsh.

February 12th.

Jesus and the Little Ones.

The treatment of this lesson, more than in most lessons, depends upon character of class. We therefore this week give two brief outlines—one for juniors, the other for seniors.

FOR LITTLE ONES.

Jesus teaching His disciples—grown-up men. Lesson about "a little child." Thoughts to be worked out during the lesson:—

1st. *Jesus* wants *the little ones.* Refer to Golden Text.

2nd. *Jesus* calls *the little ones.* See verse 2.

3rd. *Jesus* searches *for the little ones.* Does not simply *call,* but puts Himself to great pain, like the shepherd for the lost lamb. Why?

4th. *Jesus* loves *the little ones.* That is why.

5th. *Jesus* honours *the little ones.* He never despises little things. Honoured by being made examples. Honoured by having attendant angels.

6th. *Jesus* defends *the little ones.* See verses 6 and 14; also Zech. 13. 7.

If, at the close of the lesson, in going through the outline, the word "*me*" is used in place of "the little ones," it will add considerable force to the lesson. Example, "*Jesus wants* me," etc.

FOR A SENIOR CLASS.

How to enter the kingdom. Verse 3.

How we become great in the kingdom. Verse 4.

How we are hindered from entering the kingdom. Verses 8, 9.

How we are helped towards the kingdom. Verse 10; Heb. 1. 14; Ps. 34. 7.

How we are sought for to enter the kingdom. Verses 12, 13.

"How think ye" of the kingdom? Verse 12.

C. Skinner.

"*Who is the greatest?*" The question of pride and carnal ambition. The fruitful cause of much of the strife among Christians. How few contend for the *lowest* place! Mark the contrast in Paul, who calls himself "less than the least of all saints."

"*Jesus called a little child,*" etc. Christ's object lesson. A little child is useful to Christ. Christ employs a little child to teach older people. He can use little children now.

"*Except ye be converted,*" etc. The spirit they showed was a disqualification for *any* place in the Kingdom, to say nothing of the *highest.* If we have to become as little children before we can enter the Kingdom, then it is obviously better that we should come *when we are* children. There is not so much painful stooping.

"*Whosoever therefore shall humble,*" etc. A great principle often expressed in Scripture. The lower we sink in our own estimation, the higher we rise in God's estimation. See Isaiah 66. 1, 2.

Verses 5, 6. See what *true renown,* what *true greatness,* union with Christ bestows. Observe, too, the seriousness of the sin here described.

Verses 7-9. Christ does not here teach us to mutilate our bodies in order to prevent sin. The meaning is that evil must be checked and destroyed, even though to do so be as painful as cutting off, etc.

Ver. 10. See Heb. 1. 14. Ps. 91. 11, 12. Scripture contains many testimonies to the interest of angels in human affairs, especially in the children of God, and their care over them. The reference here is intended to teach the *dignity* of those who belong to Christ. They are members of the Royal Family, and their attendants have access on their behalf to the presence of God Himself.

Verses 11-14. Intended to set forth the preciousness of *one* little one to God; consequently the seriousness of giving offence to such.

The whole passage 1-14 teaches that the *little ones* are the *greatest.* The proofs Christ gives are—

1. God esteems them so. Ver. 4.
2. Christ identifies them with Himself. Vers. 5, 6.
3. Offences against them are counted serious. Vers. 7-9.
4. The very angels are their servants. Ver. 10.
5. God has a great regard for their safety. Vers. 11-14.

Jas. L. Stanley.

Appetite.—He that only follows his sensual appetites, and makes himself a slave to his own will, lives not the life of a man, but of an animal.

Self-Knowledge.—There is no knowledge so useful as Self-Knowledge. To know oneself is the highest degree of learning; there is no royal road to its attainment; it comes only through trial, discipline, and bitter experience.

To-Morrow.—Every to-morrow has two handles; we can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety, or by the handle of faith. Careless indifference is not faith, but trust in God to do the right is.

Criticism is, if rightly used, "the standard of judging well." It is more difficult, but more important, to apply the standard to our own actions and speech than to those of others.

Reward.—The Christian must not complain if he does not receive his reward at once; the labourers in the vineyard were not paid till the twelfth hour. The middle and heat of the day is not the time to pay wages, unless the man is suddenly discharged.

ADVANCE NOTES ON S. S. LESSONS

IN accordance with many requests from Sunday School Teachers who warmly appreciate this column of Bible Notes, we this week give some Jottings on the International Lesson for Sunday, Feb. 19th, as well as those for Feb. 12th. In future, we shall always give the Notes a week before date, in order that Teachers may have the previous Sunday and week for prayerful thought and preparation. We are always glad to receive such suggestions.

FEBRUARY 19TH.

OUR DEBTS AND OUR DEBTORS.

(*Matt.* 18. 21-35.)

GOLDEN TEXT—*Matt.* 6. 10.

THIS lesson could fitly be called Our Debts and Our Debtors. Why did Peter ask such a question as in verse 21? Perhaps somebody just then had offended him. Everybody at times something to forgive. Some people *always* something to forgive, because quick to take offence. "Seven times." Twice the number set down by Rabbis. "Seventy-times seven." How many would that be? By the time we reached that number, to forgive would be easy. Christ tells a story to teach *why* to forgive. Could be divided into four scenes, or as follows :—

IN DEBT. King. Servants. Reckoning day. One a debtor.

IN DOUBT. How to pay his debt. What his lord would do to him.

IN JOY. Forgiven! Burden gone. Life all different.

IN WRATH. Meets fellow-servant, who owes him small amount. Rough words, unkind and unmerciful treatment.

IN DISGRACE. Fellow-servants see and hear. Feel contempt for him. Report to their Lord.

IN COURT. Again before the king. No excuse.

IN PRISON. Hopeless future.

Lessons Christ intended His parable to teach :—

1st. *We are in debt to God.* Enumerate some of His mercies. What are they worth? Count up the sum.

2nd. *We have nothing to pay with.* Quite bankrupt.

3rd. *Only Christ can pay the debt* (1 Tim. 2. 6). He *redeems* us. Be sure and let Christ get you out of debt.

4th. *We must expect often to have debtors.* We cannot expect our fellow-creatures to treat us better than we treat God.

5th. *We must forgive as we hope to be forgiven.*

6th. *A day of reckoning comes to all.*

For illustration use Luke 23. 34, Acts 7. 60. Hymn, "When this passing world is done."

PLAN FOR BLACKBOARD.

FORGIVE
- DIRECTLY. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."
- ENTIRELY. Do not keep back a part.
- BOLDLY. Do not hide your forgiveness. Let people know it.
- TRULY. Not to try and forget is not to forgive.
- SWEETLY. Much depends on *how* we forgive.

FORGIVE because it is NOBLE, CHRISTLIKE, JUST.

C. SKINNER.

IT is only a legal spirit which asks, "How oft?' Love does not seek to place a limit.

Mark how great is the *measure* of forgiveness we are exhorted to, and remember, God teaches us to pray, "forgive us as we forgive." If He expects so much from us, what must His forgiveness be?

The 10,000 talents and the 100 pence are intended to set forth the greatness of our obligation to God, compared with the smallness of our obligation to our fellow-men.

The 10,000 talents are also intended to represent the fact that our debt to God is one we can never discharge. Spiritually, as sinners, we are hopelessly insolvent.

The *first* command of the king illustratcs the severity of the law; the subsequent forgiveness, the mercy of God.

The wife and children to be sold. When we sin, we involve others.

"So likewise," etc. (ver. 35). Does this teach that God will revoke a pardon once given? This would be a contradiction to other plain teachings of Scripture. It means, that the cherishing of an unforgiving spirit is a proof that we ourselves have not experienced forgiveness, or we could never act so.

Further, as long as that is cherished, there can be no forgiveness; it is itself a sin, and while sin is persisted in, it cannot be forgiven. J. L. STANLEY.

SQUARE SCRIPTURE PUZZLE.

N K E T H M Y B W
I E A N D I W L H
R F P A T T I O O
D I U D A H L O S
D L M T Y E L D O
N L I S A L R H E
A A H E S I A A A
H N R E T E H T T
S E L F Y M H T E

The Answer will be given in our Number for March 10th.

CHESS.

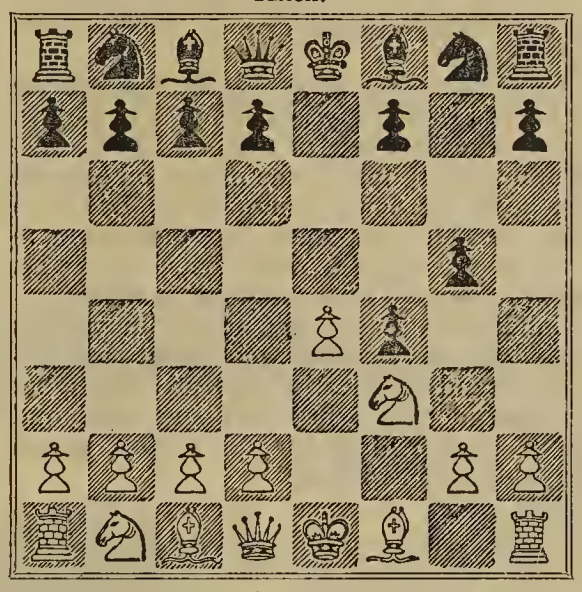
By F. F. ROWLAND.

PART X.

THE KING'S KNIGHT'S GAMBIT.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1P to K4.	1P to K4.
2P to KB4.	2P × P.
3Kt to KB3.	3P to KKt4.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White 4B to B4 gives us the King's Knight's Gambit (Proper); the same move leads to several named forms of the Gambit—Salvio, Cochrane, Muzio, etc. White 4P to KR4 leads to the Allgaier and the Kieseritzky. If, instead of 3P to KKt4, Black plays 3B to K2, we have the Cunningham Gambit.

THE SALVIO GAMBIT.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1P to K4.	1P to K4.
2P to KB4.	2P × P.
3Kt to KB3.	3P to KKt4.
4B to B4.	4P to Kt5.
5Kt to K5 (*a*).	5Q to R5ch.
6K to Bsq.	6Kt to KR3.

Black's 6th move forms the Salvio Gambit. The Cochrane Gambit is formed by Black playing 6P to KB6.

(*a*) 5 Castles, The Muzio Gambit.
5Kt to B3, McDonnell's Attack.
5P to Q4, Koch's or Ghulam Kassim's.

Entering into the MUZIO GAMBIT, we will make the moves as follows :—

5 Castles	5P × Kt (*a*).
6Q × P.	6Qto KB3 (*b*).
7P to K5.	7Q × KP (*c*).
8P to Q3.	8B to KR3.
9B to Q2.	9KKt to K2.
10Kt to QB3	10QKt to QB3.
11QR to Ksq.	11Q to KB4 (*d*).
12R to K4.	12 Castles (*e*).

(*a*) If Q to K2, we have the Kling and Horwitz Counter Attack.

(*b*) If Kt to QB3, we have the Holloway's Defence.

(*c*) If Q to KB4, we have Fraser's Counter Attack.

(*d*) Known as Herr Paulsen's Defence.

(*e*) If Kt to K4, we have Dr. Zukertort's Defence.

KIESERITZKY GAMBIT.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1P to K4.	1P to K4.
2P to KB4.	2P × P.
3Kt to KB3	3P to KKt4.
4P to KR4.	4P to KKt5.
5Kt to K5 attacking the advanced KKtP. Black has eight defences; viz. :—	
Herr Neümann's	5Kt to QB3
The Old Classical	5P to KR4.
Kolisch's	5P to Q3.
Polerio's	5B to K2.
P. Morphy's	5P to Q4.
Rosenthal's	5Q to K2.
Paulsen's	5B to Kt2.
Philidor's	5Kt to KB3.

If Black replies with 5P to KR3, we have the ALLGAIER GAMBIT. White replies with 6Kt × KBP, to which Black answers with 6K × Kt. Here Allgaier played 7Q × P, but this is now considered bad. The favourite moves are 7P to Q4 (Thorold's), or 7B to QB4 ch. (Ourossoff's).

THE ALLGAIER-HAMPE results from both players playing 2Kt to QB3, and then continuing as above (or the same position may be reached by both playing Kt to QB3 later on).

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

INQUIRY.

A Student would like to know of a good, but cheap, Commentary on the Book of Job.

ANSWERS.

J. R. M.—Those "term times" in Scotland are indeed evils to be deplored. We do not think your plan of helping the "lads and lasses" who then migrate from place to place is feasible; the Railway Companies would not co-operate. The only way to work amongst the careless ones is by earnest, personal words, and the distribution of Gospel literature. If you can find, in some of our Scotch towns, earnest men or women who will meet the principal trains at such times, and try to steady and influence those who are changing places, we will gladly send such workers a parcel of suitable literature to start with.

A. S.—It is well you realise that you *are* only "a lukewarm Christian." "Whatsoever doth make manifest is light,"—you would not know your need, unless the light of God's Spirit were shining in your heart. When water is only "lukewarm," we do not bid it heat itself,—we set it on the fire; so, when our hearts are chilled with the frost of worldliness, or bound by the ice-chain of unforsaken sin, it is useless for *us* to try to set them right. The Sun of Righteousness is waiting, with love and power enough to kindle your heart to fever heat. Take your "lukewarmness" to Him.

Congregational Colleges (W. P. R.)—The following is a list of these :—

New College, St. John's Wood.	Bradford (Airedale).
Cheshunt.	Brecon.
Manchester (Lancashire Independent College).	Bristol.
Hackney.	Plymouth.
Bangor.	Rotherham.
	Nottingham.
	Edinburgh.
	Birmingham (Springhill).

Français.—One of the best translations, if not *the* best, of the Bible into French is Dr. Segoud's, published in England by H. Frowde, Amen Corner, E.C. Price, cloth, red edges, 3s. 6d.: thin paper, 4s. 6d. There are also more expensive editions.

"Fidelity."—The word holy, as applied in Scripture to *things*, is the same in the original as that applied to *persons*. "Set apart" expresses one of its characteristic features, but does not define its real meaning. The root idea of the word is reverence, or awe, due primarily to God, as the Holy One, and then derivatively to persons and things connected with Him, as "partakers of His holiness."

"Herbalist" and "Medical Botanist."—These are merely fancy expressions, used by those wishing to impose upon the ignorant in those matters. There is no examination to pass in order to assume them; they are only adopted by quacks. To become a qualified practitioner in Pharmacy, an examination has to be passed at the Royal Pharmaceutical Society.

Lena.—We think you will find the following books useful: *French History*, "Histoire de France," par M. Durny, 8s., "Siècle de Louis XIV.," in 3 parts, 2s. each. Both these are published by Hachette, 18, King William Street, Strand. *Botany:* "Lessons in Elementary Botany," Oliver, 4s. 6d.; "A Year's Botany," Kitchener. Both, Macmillan. *Zoology:* "Ray Lankester's Zoology"; also "Nicholson's Zoology"; very good, but rather advanced.

A Perplexed One.—You are looking *back* to a certain night; you are looking *within*, into your cold, dark, unsatisfactory heart; in short, you are looking everywhere but where you should. How do you expect rest and peace? You will never see the sun looking down a coal-mine. "Look unto ME, and be ye saved." The moment you look at Christ, and are satisfied with His precious blood as able to cover and cleanse you from *all sin*, and to justify you from all possible condemnation,—there *must* be joy and gladness. Look, then, right away to Jesus, and remember that faith honours Christ, whilst *unbelief* grievously wounds Him.

[We regret having to hold over till our next, other interesting communications, in consequence of having a double set of S. S. Notes.—ED.]

A RAMBLE AMONGST THE BEAUTIES OF BRITTANY AND THE BATHERS OF ST. MALO.

By Miss Spottiswoode.

Part I.

TWELVE hours suffice to transport one from the shores of England to quaint, old-fashioned Brittany. Of all the provinces of France, perhaps there is none less influenced by the rapid current of modern life than this. St. Malo, girt with its massive walls, pierced here and there with gates, now always resting open on their rusty hinges, must have looked two hundred years ago much as it does now.

The streets within the gates are narrow and steep; the houses are high, and substantially built of stone. It is market day, and the women in their snowy caps are hard at work, buying or selling garden and dairy produce. It seems as if each woman had invented a cap for herself, so great is the variety of form. Priests in long, black cassocks mingle with the throng. Without the gates you may procure a charioteer, in a straw hat and big blue blouse, bearing a long whip, who will conduct you where you please in a dusty carriage, perhaps boasting a cotton awning like a big parasol. The lean, dispirited-looking horse is probably harnessed to the vehicle with a bit of rope. The shops display a quantity of their goods on trays outside the windows. Rosaries, crucifixes, and statuettes abound; also specimens of Breton pottery, bearing designs in gorgeous blue, green, and yellow tints; and costly Breton needlework, consisting of elaborate patterns worked in brilliant silks on fine, dark cloth.

If you pass out of the busy streets into one of the large, cool churches, you will find groups of peasants kneeling before the decorated altars.

Go on to the bathing-place, however, and all is modern, but completely French, from the dainty little maidens, in their light stockings and gay Parisian costumes, to the amphibious-looking "plongeurs," who undertake to teach you to swim.

St. Malo is connected with the neighbouring town of St. Servan by perhaps the most curious bridge ever invented. It is appropriately known as the "pont roulant," or "rolling bridge." It consists of a sort of platform, erected on four long iron rods, which move on wheels over rails laid in the bottom of the harbour. It is worked by means of a sort of pulley. Part of St. Servan is built on ground rescued from the sea.

The coast of Brittany is deeply indented and very rugged. Great rocks display their jagged edges all along the shore, and the restless waves shape them into fantastic pinnacles as they splash wearily round the bleak headlands. Sheltered by these majestic walls lies many a secluded bay, where the blue water splashes in the sunlight over the smooth sands. These are gradually attracting the attention of pleasure-seekers, and large hotels and pretty villas are beginning to overshadow the little village dwellings which cluster round the churches.

The sea-beach, deserted throughout the boisterous winter days, or sunny spring-time, save by the fishermen or solitary coastguardsman, becomes, during the month of August, a scene of overflowing animation. Ladies in smart seaside costumes, and gentlemen in straw hats and white waistcoats, make this their promenade from forenoon to sunset.

Children, attended by nurses in various stages of exasperation, construct unsatisfactory sand fortifications, as at home; but they shoulder their little wooden spades, and march about in mimic drill in a serious fashion not so common with us.

Bathing is, of course, the great event of the day, and the whole company might be divided into those who have bathed, those who impatiently await an empty "cabine" that they may bathe, and those who are bathing. The last are the centres of much observation, especially as it is the French custom to have but one bathing-place for everybody.

Bathing costumes are more various than in England. One tall and portly bald-headed gentleman might be observed gravely entering the sea in a rose-coloured suit. Another wore, as an extra protection, a thick white cloak, which, on leaving dry land, he deposited on a camp-stool, borne by one of his three daughters to the water's edge. Many of the bathers wore large straw hats and had chains round their necks, to which charms were attached.

Almost all could swim, and the object of their ambition was a raft or a boat at a little distance from the shore. The raft sometimes presented a strange spectacle, occupied by six or eight dark figures with long white legs and arms in constant gesticulation.

French people do not seem to "take a dip" by throwing themselves backwards, as we do, but crouch down with their faces towards the wave, which splashes over them.

Sometimes a panting individual may be observed endeavouring to master the art of swimming, clinging to each end of a cord, of which the instructor holds the centre.

A middle-aged lady appeared one morning among the gay throng at the St. Malo bathing-place, clad in a costume of peacock blue. She wore shoes, and had a straw hat, fastened under her chin, which rather resembled an inverted market basket. Having secured the services of a "plongeur," she had herself plentifully splashed with the contents of a wooden bucket, then dragged by the shoulders through the water, splashing vigorously, and apparently quite indifferent to the peals of laughter on the shore.

Most of the bathing cabins are of grey and white canvas, stretched on a wooden frame, but in some places they have red and white or blue and white stripes. In some less fashionable, but not less crowded spots, the bathers are content with tiny bell-shaped tents.

The peasant people retire early, however. It is said that they do not care to be out of doors alone after dark, for fear of encountering ghosts.

A ramble by the shore when the pale moonlight is gleaming over the dark water, or among the fields and orchards when the glowworms begin to glitter in the hedges, is very pleasant.

Agricultural machines do not appear to be much in use in Brittany, and the gentle, kindly women and girls seem to help a good deal in the fields.

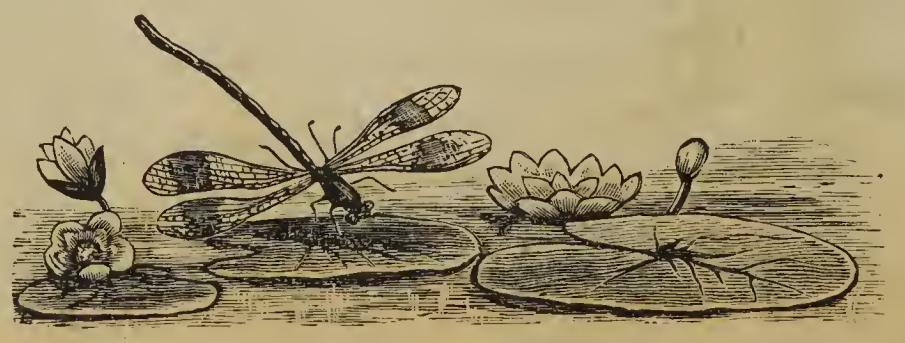
More than once we passed girls at work, whose bright red hair, showing beyond their close-fitting caps, caused us almost as much surprise as the tourist expresses on discovering that there are people in Scotland whose hair is not red.

The Bretons have a strange fashion of reaping the ears of corn first, and cutting the straw afterwards, for which we failed to discover any satisfactory reason.

The people are very fond of fêtes, which often take place on Sundays. We spent the Feast of the Assumption at St. Lunaire, a little watering-place which was not long since merely a secluded village. It fell on a Monday, and the place had almost the aspect of an English Sunday, so many people passed to and from the big stone church with Prayer-books in their hands.

In the afternoon a procession took place. First came some very old men with banners, then girls in white dresses and veils, also carrying banners, on which crosses of various colours were embroidered. After these came little boys, many of them wearing white suits and blue sashes. One of them had a drum, which he beat monotonously at intervals. Priests and acolytes followed, bearing a small figure of the Virgin, and a crowd of peasant women brought up the rear, in their neat black dresses and white muslin caps.

(*To be continued.*)



FEB. 18, 1888.

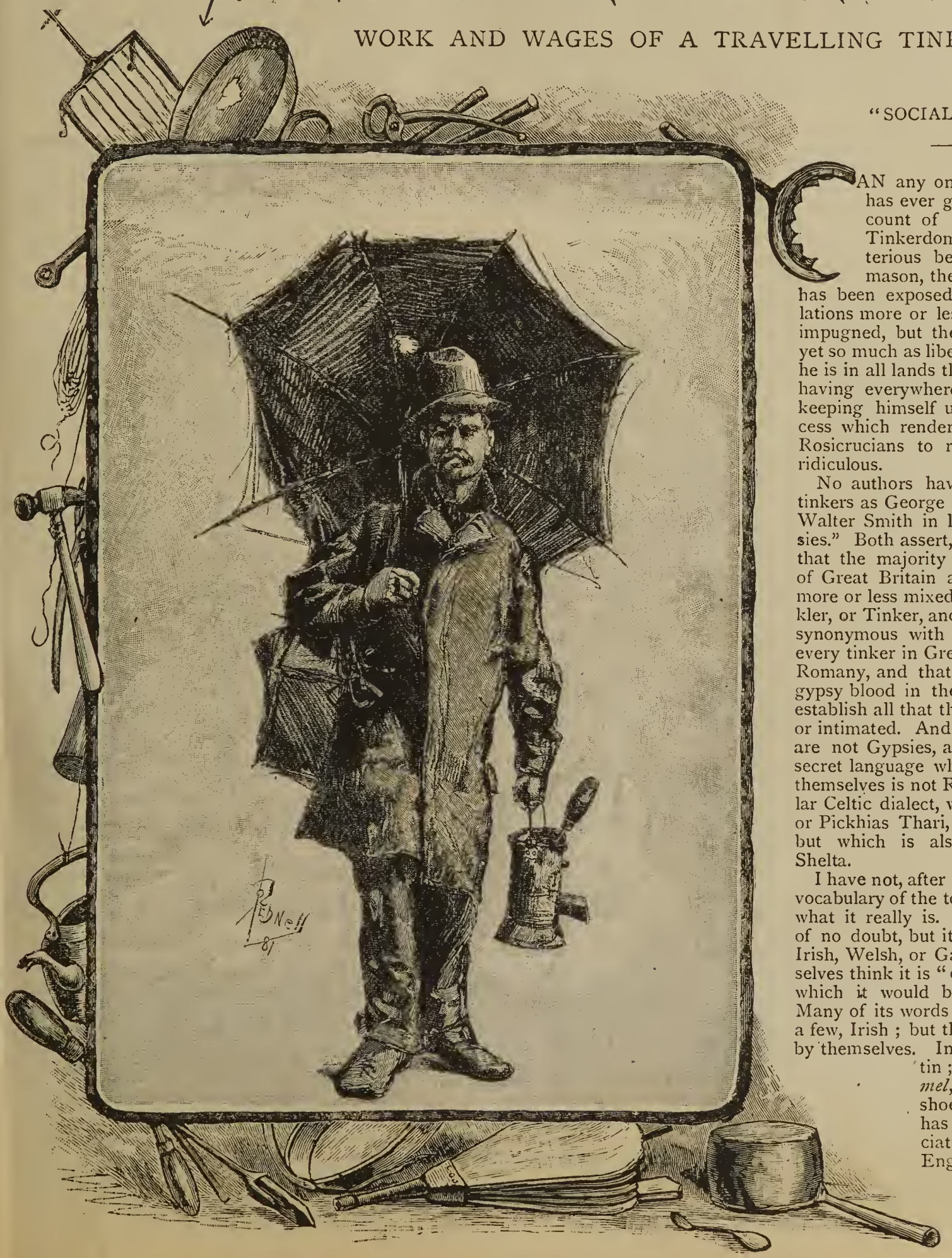
"A.1."

ONE PENNY.

WEEKLY — Edited by MRS. STEPHEN MENZIES.

A NEGLECTED PROFESSION(AL?)

WORK AND WAGES OF A TRAVELLING TINKER.



"SOCIAL SIDELIGHTS."

CAN any one explain why no writer has ever given to the world any account of the "true inwardness" of Tinkerdom? Every kind of mysterious being, such as the Freemason, the Gypsy, and the Mormon, has been exposed time and again, in revelations more or less reliable, or liable to be impugned, but the Tinker, no one has as yet so much as libelled. Yet, as I shall show, he is in all lands the most peculiar of beings, having everywhere a secret language, and keeping himself unto himself with a success which renders the rival efforts of the Rosicrucians to remain unknown, simply ridiculous.

No authors have told us so much about tinkers as George Borrow in his stories, and Walter Smith in his "History of the Gypsies." Both assert, the latter most positively, that the majority of, if not all, the tinkers of Great Britain are Gypsies or Romanies more or less mixed in blood. Indeed, Tinkler, or Tinker, and Hawker, are in Scotland synonymous with Gipsy. And the fact that every tinker in Great Britain can speak some Romany, and that thousands of them have gypsy blood in their veins, would seem to establish all that these writers have declared or intimated. And yet, as a class, the tinkers are not Gypsies, and the characteristic and secret language which they employ amongst themselves is not Romany, but a very singular Celtic dialect, which they call Minkhias or Pickhias Thari, "the tinker's language," but which is also more briefly termed Shelta.

I have not, after obtaining a rather copious vocabulary of the tongue, been able to decide what it really is. That it is Celtic admits of no doubt, but it is not to be reduced to Irish, Welsh, or Gaelic. The tinkers themselves think it is "ould Pictish," an assertion which it would be very difficult to prove. Many of its words are, it is true, Gaelic, and a few, Irish; but the greater part are quite by themselves. In it *thédi* is fire; *strawn*, tin; *blyhunka*, a horse; *chimmel*, a stick; *gullernnocks*, shoes; and *oura*, a town. It has a very different pronunciation in the mouth of an English tinker from the same

words as given by an Irish or Scotch *Minkhia*. There are very few now living who can talk Shelta without employing English as a basis. Thus a tinker of the present day would say, "*The* nidias *of the* kiena *don't* granni *what we're* a-tharyin" (The people of the house don't know what we're a-saying). Very often Romany is mingled with it, even to the extent of entire phrases, *e.g.*, *Me tu sosti mo-diele*, "Thou wilt be satisfied with me"—*Me tu sosti* being purely gypsy.

The truth is, that the tinkers of Great Britain have not only a secret life and language as *half*-gypsies or *Churidis*, but inside this again they have a still more secret fraternity, and a far-less-known language of the Celtic family. No writer has ever known this, unless it was indeed the omniscient Shakspeare, who makes Prince Hal say that he can drink with a tinker in his own language. I have heard from an English tramp, who understood all the mysteries of the roads, that the tinkers believe themselves to be a very ancient organization, and that they have been breaking up, and their old families falling away into the world, ever since railways came in. It was the American war at first, and then the railways, which indicate the two great periods of the decline of gypsyism in Great Britain, and its transference to the United States.

Those who speak the British-tinker language, declare that it was quite a perfect language as used by their parents or grandparents, and that it would be almost impossible to recover it at the present in all its purity. That they should so carefully have kept this language a secret is not so wonderful. The tinker is the most reticent of beings, the most reserved, and the most suspicious.

The tinker is, as a rule, the greatest rogue and the toughest rough at heart on the roads, while, *per contra*, when it serves his purpose, he can be more polite and persuasive than the gypsiest of gypsies. The Romany has never lost a certain Oriental politeness ; the tinker has acquired this from him, and improved it by practice. Going from door to door soliciting jobs, roaming all over the world, seeing cities and men like Ulysses of old, he becomes, Ulysses-like, a very plausible, persuasive individual. He is of all travellers the most imperturbable. He is distinguished by an air of gravity which would become a judge.

I have known many tinkers of many races, but I only knew one who was ever astonished, and he was taken aback by an act of disinterested kindness to his gypsy wife. The English tinker often speaks French. I once got four tinkers together in an out-of-the-way house in London. They left their barrows outside, and being addressed in Romany, and questioned as to several mutual acquaintances, became confidential.

"I don't know much Romany," remarked one, "but I can talk French. *Oui, je parle Français moi.* How did I learn it? Well, I dessay we all know a little of it."

"I know that *couteau* is a knife," said another, "and *bone* means good ; but I don't know what *better* is."

"A bone with meat on it is better," answered the first, gravely. "How do we learn French? By goin' over to France. The French have a prejudice that we English griddlers can sharpen a knife better than their own people, which we can, bein' better cutlers, an' havin' better kits. So I take a spell on the drum (a turn on the road) every summer for the health of my pocket, francs bein' even more inwigoratin' than sixpences. *Vive les francs!* Them's my sentiments."

The tinker is not only a most imperturbable being, but he has a wonderful memory. Possibly, in the depths of his taciturnity, he revolves everything in his mind, while his wheel is turning. Once, in Brighton, I saw a tinker slowly wending his way along the Marine Parade. As he walked on the road, and I along the side-walk, I spoke to him in an undertone in Romany. He never looked at me, but answered in the same guarded manner, supposing that I did not wish to be known. I bade him come to my house to sharpen some tools. As we went, I said,—

"*Tuté don't dik sims a Romany*" (You don't look like a gypsy).

"No more do you," he replied ; "but you know you are one, your language shows it."

Two years after, I met a tinker by Bo-peep, near Hastings. I did not know him, but he remarked quietly, after some conversation, that he had known me before. I was the Baro Romany Rye--the tall gypsy gentleman who had lived at No. —, Marine Parade, Brighton, and that he had sharpened a carving gouge for me of a certain peculiar shape, and that I had paid him double for so doing.

In 1869 and 1870 there were almost no itinerant knife and scissors-grinders or umbrella menders in Philadelphia, and very few in any American cities. Forty years ago there had been many, then they disappeared ; but during the last decade they have become very numerous. Strangely enough, they are mostly Austrians, though with them are many Italians, Slavonians, and Germans. The Italians have a curious *linqua furbeschi*, or thief's language ; the Germans are mostly familiar with *Rothwälsch*, which is quite one-half of it composed of *Schmuss*, or corrupt Hebrew. In this dialect a *ganef* or *gonef* is a thief ; *isch* is a man ; *gani soref schaskenen* means to drink spirits. I have met with an itinerant basket-maker who could speak fluently, not only German, French, Roumanesch, Italian, and Rothwälsch—he being very proud of the large proportion of Hebrew in it which he had acquired—but also the *linqua furbeschi* and French *argôt*. Most British tinkers, be it remembered, speak not only Shelta, more or less, and Romany, but also Canting or English Slang, which is given in full in Hotten's Dictionary, and sometimes the Back and Rhyming Slangs. I have heard that the boot-blacks in London are gradually acquiring rhyming slang among themselves. This consists of using for every word, or in its place, a rhyme, as if one should say for "St. Ann's," "pots and pans." This grotesque language is also given by Hotten in his Dictionary. But neither Hotten nor any other writer appears to have been aware of the existence of the true tinker's language —the Minkhias, Pickias Thari, or Shelta.

It is natural that the tinker, as a cosmopolite, should also be a linguist. Wherever he goes, it is his business to ingratiate himself with housewives and maids, to be in the good graces of cooks, and to impress all who have pots, pans, and umbrellas to mend, or food to give away, with a sense of his excellence. The smile of an Italian tinker soliciting a job is something to be remembered, and his joy at being addressed in his native "slanguage" is indeed charming.

Most tinkers, especially the British, have several callings. They can mend tin and iron ware, sharpen and repair cutlery, and are all *mush-fakirs*, or umbrella restorers, and able to seat chairs with split rattan. So the tinker can, if industrious, make *goshtia garheid*—in Shelta, plenty of money. True, his business is precarious, but if he has a good beat, he can generally find something to do in the worst times ; at any rate, he generally knows of some hospitable kitchen where he can safely count on a lunch. I knew a tinker once in London who was a half-blood gypsy, and who had a full-blood gypsy wife—one of the Boswells. He had, before taking to the wheel or barrow, been a rat-catcher, and boasted of having studied the art under old Lee, the most celebrated rat-catcher in England. From one old tinker, I learned that *modangarengro* was the ancient gipsy word for a tinker, and from him I also heard *angara* for coals, which is not only Romany, but also pure Sanskrit.

Two days ago, whilst I was conversing with an experienced tinker, I remarked that there were two words in Shelta for a place of worship, *champel*, probably a corruption of chapel, and *blarnio*, which means simply a Protestant church. My tinker is partly gypsy, and speaks Romany. I asked him if he had ever heard of the gypsies' church and what became of it.

"Well, I didn't," he replied.

"*Shoonta!* Listen. Once upon a time, the gypsies resolved to have a church, and as it must be a very fine one, they said, 'Let us make it of what we like best.' So they came to the conclusion that they would build it all of sides of bacon. And they went all round the country, and some of it they begged, and more they stole."

"I'll be bound they got the most of it by stealin'," remarked the tinker, dryly.

"Well, you know them better than I do. And when it was built, a fine church it was. But it was the beginning of summer, and of course the gipsies had to *jâ pré o drom* (go on the road and travel), and when they returned, the church was gone, for the dogs had eaten it ; and that was the last of the Romany *kangri*—the gypsy church."

"An' the tinkers' church," said my listener, who had keenly enjoyed the story, "was made, I expect, of bits of tin and scraps of old iron, and it fell apart. But, to tell the truth, I never heard that we tinkers ever had any church at all."

The tinker is *l'homme le plus incompris du monde*—the least appreciated man in existence. He is humble, he is looked down on ; even a tinker's curse is a proverb for the curse of all curses the least to be cared for. And he takes his revenge by not "caring a button" for anybody. But when, to his utter amazement, anybody does care for him, and manifests an interest in him and his ways, he generally shows very grateful feelings. One of the best fellows I ever knew in my life, and who showed himself extremely honest, thankful, and generous, was an English tinker who had been kindly treated—not in a patronising way, but as a man.

In conclusion, I must observe that the Weary Knife-grinder of the anti-Jacobin lyric was a humbug. He declares that :

"Story? Bless you, I have none to tell you, sir."

And his modest denial is accepted.

But there was never yet a tinker without many stories, if he chose to tell them. He who wanders wide has ever much to tell, if you can draw him out. It has been said that a pilgrim who performs the grand tour afoot, and one who is whirled over it in railway carriages, come to widely different conclusions regarding men and things. From my own experience, I should say that a tinker would be about the last man living to be devoid of a story, or of language wherein to tell it, if proficiency as a linguist be any proof of his ability as a narrator.

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Thirteen Hundred Miles in My Caravan," "From Pole to Pole," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

"YOU NEED A FRIEND, LAD."

WHEN one thinks of it, the diffidence shown by most people, especially landsmen, in so simple and natural a thing as saying grace before meat, is very ridiculous. What! not breathe a word of thanks for, and ask a blessing on, the good things Providence has placed before you? You in particular, remember; you whose lot has been cast in an oasis of the desert of life, with all around you a wilderness of sorrow—a weary land—in which there is scarcely the shadow of a great rock.

But plain Jack Boyd—honest, blunt old Captain Boyd—was not one of the over-diffident in this respect. And when he looked down from the stage in the new hall-by-the-sea, and saw not only his own men, but the chief citizens of the Aleut village preparing to discuss a hearty meal, it seemed to him the most natural thing in the world to bare his gray head and give thanks, and ask a gracious blessing. He was hardly prepared, however, to see those Aleuts fall on their knees; but a word afterwards from the Russian captain explained to Captain Boyd that, even in this Ultima Thule, the glad tidings had already been sounded, and by the Russians, too. Knowing this, one is loth to believe the terrible tales of murder and rapine by Russians that are said to have taken place in these islands, and on the shores of Behring Sea.

As soon as Captain Boyd had finished, Jack stood up and said, "Men, fall to."

No one there required a second bidding. Our sailor-lads showed the Aleuts a good example. At any rate, they made a good beginning. But, dear me! in half an hour the sailors had done, and the Aleuts were apparently only getting serious. The soup, the pork, the beef and fowls that had gone before were but trifles; the Aleuts had been but skirmishing, and now they prepared to bring up the main army of their appetites.

Only the principal men-folks of the village had been invited to the "school treat," as Jack Silk would persist in calling it; and seeing the way the viands disappeared before these forty all told, the caterer had strong reason to believe that the plates and dishes would soon be empty, and the Aleuts, like David Copperfield, asking for more. Jack registered a mental vow that the next time it was his luck to cater for a corps of Aleuts, he would have a sea-lion roasted whole, and throw in a few sacks of dog-biscuit, and a barrel or two of herrings to make up the weight.

The white folks on the stage had tea served by the stewards and Sally, and then music and singing were commenced, the harmonium having been brought on shore for the purpose. There had been a considerable deal of laughing, giggling, and joking, audible outside, before Miss Graves sat down to the instrument, but all was hushed as soon as she began; and, even after she had finished, the Aleuts were mute, and the only thing to be heard was the surging roar of the fur-seals on the beach.

After a few songs from the *Oonalaska's* people, including Jack's *two*—yes, he had learned another—the ladies from the barque sang.

Then, and not till then, was the ship's fiddler called upon. And this was the signal for general jollity, for, to the intense delight of the simple Aleuts, sailor after sailor appeared on the stage in ranting jigs or rattling hornpipes.

The Russian seamen tried their art also, but, compared to our merry, nimble-footed lads, their performance seemed sadly lacking in grace and gaiety. An old cow, or a genuine brown bear, would have done equally well; but, nevertheless, it was amusing from its very awkwardness, and was *encored* accordingly.

> "But pleasures are like poppies shed,
> You seize the flower, the bloom is fled;
> Or like the snow-flake in the river,
> One moment white, then gone for ever,
> No man can tether time nor tide,
> The hour approaches, Tam maun ride."

Which, being reduced to plain and simple prose, means that at ten by the clock the Russian and English anthems were duly sung—*not* both at once—and boats were called.

Early in the evening Godfrey had left the company. Strange as it may appear—and it was passing strange—the younger Russian lady, who had a very beautiful though sad face, as if she had known a good deal of sorrow, sang a song, the words of which were in her own language, but the melody—ah, that melody! Where had Godfrey heard it? It was "The Wearing of the Green." He listened almost wildly. The lady gave it with all the expression that the music never fails to give birth to in every kindly heart. She felt what she sang—the tender modulations of her voice expressed that feeling. Her eyes were not free from tears, and those of her audience, in more than one instance, brimmed over.

Godfrey had been sitting by the side of Miss Graves. When the song was ended, he was gone. Let me explain. As soon as the music began, the young Yorkshireman, who was as free from any mawkish sentiment as true Yorkshiremen invariably are, felt strangely moved. It was well he got out in time; the melody kept ringing in his ears as he wandered on, careless where he went. Oh! now he remembered, and such a sudden rush of sorrow came over his heart, that, with a pained and anguished cry, he threw himself on a hillock of grass, and burst into a flood of tears.

Need I say this song was Rosa's favourite? It was no ordinary fit of weeping, this. The strong man's heart was rent in twain. Again and again he tried to control his sobs, but no, Nature would have her way.

He wept for his lost friend, his lost love, his lost life. All the grief his pride had pent up so long had found vent at last, and for a time it seemed as though the struggle would end him. And yet it was well he wept, else reason itself might have left its throne.

As he lay face downwards on the grass, sobbing less violently now, a big cold muzzle was thrust under his neck, almost lifting his head up, and next a warm tongue was passed rapidly across his ear. It was great Robin Hood. How well do dogs know when one is in grief! Godfrey raised himself on his elbow, and, patting the big head, spoke a few kindly words, and the dog lay down beside him, as much as to say, "Whatever your sorrow may be, I will share it."

The cool night air blew athwart the young man's face; above, in the dark sky, was a full moon and radiant stars, that carried his thoughts far, far away, to that source from which alone comfort could come to his poor wounded heart.

Well, sorrow brings sleep, and Godfrey's wet eyes closed at last, just as he lay there, with his face turned skywards.

Miss Graves had felt very uneasy when a whole hour and more passed by and Godfrey had not returned. She left the barracoon at last, whispering to Katie that she would soon return, and went out into the night.

Little John ran bounding to meet her, and seemed overjoyed she had come. Godfrey had always been a favourite with the animals—so much so, that they knew him as master.

"Where is your master, John?"

John barked aloud, and went careering off hillwards, Miss Graves following as well as she could. Just as the two of them rounded the corner of a rock, Robin Hood sprang up, and uttered a low and ominous growl.

"Down, Robin, down."

Robin was at her side in a moment. Godfrey raised himself bewilderedly, as she knelt by him and touched his arm.

"Why, is it—is it *you*, Miss Graves? is it you, mother?"

"It is I, boy. I have been uneasy—*so* uneasy about you."

"And I, stupid-like, had gone to sleep."

"What brought you here?"

"You'd laugh at me if I told you."

"No. *You* have been weeping. Why should I laugh? It was that song that brought back your grief."

"The song, mother?"

"Yes, Godfrey. Can't I really be your mother for a time? You need a friend, lad."

There was a gentleness in this lady's looks, and an unobtrusive sympathy in her voice, that went straight to Godfrey's heart, and won his confidence.

"You need a friend, lad!"

Yes, and he had found one. He had found something else—comfort and hope; two feelings that, till now, he had never permitted to find place for even a minute in his heart.

CHAPTER XXVI.

STRANGE ADVENTURES UNDER THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

IT was early in the morning of a dull, grey day, towards the latter end of June, when the *Oonalaska* got up anchor and proceeded on her voyage. After some days they reached St. Lawrence. The southern shores of this island were skirted for some time in an easterly direction; then the ship was kept away north, past a rugged, rocky cape, which loomed darkling through the haze. Yet so near to it was the ship, that those on the quarter-deck could hear the boom of the

waves as they broke in clouds of spray over the boulders. But this sound grew fainter and fainter, and the headland itself disappeared, only the screaming sea-birds remaining, as if loth to leave the ship, or praying our hardy mariners not to brave the dangers of the Arctic Ocean.

On and on sailed the ship on a gentle south-west wind. On and on, all that day, the wheeling gulls still going with her, and far into the night their voices could be heard, as they went tacking and half-tacking round bows or stern. To the ears of Desmond O'Neil, who was keeping the middle watch, the cries of these Arctic gulls seemed to have now a more plaintive wail in them, startling at times as they flew close along the quarter, then dying away in distance and darkness. If he had asked old Chips what the birds were, or why they did not go away and be at rest, Chips would have told him many a strange legend and story of these dark and lonesome seas—of the bold and fearless sailors, who, hundreds of years ago, braved their dangers, and whose bones are deep buried in ocean caves; but their tameless spirits are still heard shrieking at night in dimly-seen shapes like sea-birds.

He would have told him, with many superstitious embellishments, the wondrous adventures of Behring and Cook; or the even stranger story of the Russian Viking, who sailed from Siberia in a light decked boat, with a bold crew of ten, to seek for the ivory islands. How they sailed on and away to the east and the north, for weeks and for months, through fog, and mist, and darkness; seeing monsters by day with eyes so awful, and visages so strange, that, brave though they were, their hair sometimes stood on end, and hearing voices by night that made their flesh creep. How they were exposed to cold, and wet, and hunger, to dangers from tempests, to dangers from the ice, often for days, or even weeks. How, when the fogs left them, the frosts came, and they were beset all through the long dark night of winter. How, when summer came again, they resumed their voyage in a blue and open sea. How they reached, at last, the shores of a lovely island, where strangely beautiful beings lived in palaces among hills and glens, and in green flowery glades among shady woods, where bright-winged birds sang from every bough, mingling their melodies with the murmuring of rippling waters and song of cascades. How that, in this island of the blessed, by night the very leaves and flowers gave forth light and radiant colours. How the wave-worn mariners were invited on shore, and how regally they lived; till a strange inexplicable longing for their wild, rude homes in the far West seized them, and, braving every danger, they sought, and once more found it, bringing with them, not only ivory, but gold galore and precious stones.

Yes, Chips would have told him all that, and more; and told him, too, that his stories must be true, because there were people living still on the storm-washed shores of Kamschatka who believed them.

Perhaps it was as well that Chips was not on deck. The wailing voices of those birds sounded sad enough, but with an ancient mariner by his side, with glittering eye and skinny fingers pointing at the dark, whispering seas, it would have been doubly drear.

But Desmond was Irish, and his mind did, at times, take short flights into the realms of superstition; so now, to make things more cheerful, he launched forth into song, interspersing his verses with orders, shouted to the men by way of chorus, thus :—

"'Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
Where the leaves never die in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers.'—
Are you keeping a good look out there forward?

"'There with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love as they loved in the old golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the soft balmy air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.'
Take a pull o' the weather main braces."

But the birds were all gone by morning. If I must tell the truth, I must dispel the romance; but here it goes: they were only bachelor sea-gulls, after all, that had followed the ship. They had neither nests nor wives and families to protect and provide for; they could, therefore, take a trip to sea, when so minded, and had convoyed the *Oonalaska* not to scream the voyagers a shrill good-bye, and wish them safely back again, but for the sake of the bacon-rind and morsels of bread the cook threw overboard.

The morning of the third day was dark and misty, though towards noon, indeed, there were many sure evidences that they were near land of some kind, for birds were once more whirling near. A school of whales had been seen, going silently northward, intent on business, and never pausing to look about them, or wonder at anything—for such is the way of whales. A herd of narwhals had followed, with several horns among them, and very much they seemed to be enjoying themselves. Walruses had raised ugly, flat heads to gaze at the ship, and lo! while the sailors were looking at these, a boat appeared.



"Near land of some kind."

She came straight from the east; out of the fog-bank she loomed bigger far than she was. A cobble-like boat, with one mast and sail, the latter probably made of deer-skin. Sitting in the stern-sheets was a single figure, steering with a paddle. As he rapidly approached the ship, the foreyard was hauled aback, and Chips was summoned to hail him, which he did, in a ringing voice, both in Russian and Innuit. But though the boat passed right under the ship's stern, the boatman never once looked up, nor moved in the slightest. What a strange, woe-begone creature he looked! The face was like that of a bat, but yellow, weird, and attenuated, the skin cap making the resemblance more perfect. His open boat rose and fell, and was tossed hither and thither; the waves whistled and hissed around him, but he sat as still as if his little boat were a thing of another world, and he himself a spirit.

"Very strange the mummy should evince no curiosity," said Captain Boyd.

"Ah! sir," said Chips; "beggin' your pardon like, but they be a queer lot along over there."

"Where is over there, Chips?"

"If the fog were to lift, sir, you'd see a strange sight. And lifting it is, sir."

Lifting it was, undoubtedly, or rather, it was rolling away, leaving the sea sparkling in the sunshine, and the sky bright blue and almost cloudless. And away down to leeward, at a distance of some five odd miles, there rose straight out of the dark ocean, on which a few small snow-clad icebergs floated, one of the wildest and boldest headlands ever seen by eyes of seafarer.

It was, to describe it in few words, a mighty mountain pass, or cone, rising skywards from a base of black and beetling cliffs. Here and there were patches of green, with seams of white, but the upper portion was buried in eternal snows. And away beyond, and at the foot of this mountain, lived a tribe of Yacks, or Innuits, far more wretched and degraded than the worst savages of African or Patagonian interiors. Clothed in skins, living in burrows, feeding on walrus flesh and blubber, or fish in summer, huddled together like wild beasts throughout the long and dreary winter, one cannot think of their painful and miserable existence without a shudder. So Chips described them.

"Like to land, sir?" asked Chips; "I know, though, when you gets there what you see won't go far to raise your spirits."

"My dear Chips, no," replied Captain Boyd. "We have seen one specimen of these pretty people; we don't want to see another."

Towards the dog-watches, the wind, which had been going down and down all day, almost died away, and the *Oonalaska* was all but becalmed to the north of the Diomedes. Twin islands these are, lying in the Behring Straits, midway between the shores of Siberia and Alaska. They go by the strange sounding names of Ignalook and Noornabook. Not much more than two or three miles, either of them, they rise, like walls of adamant in the sea's midst, bold, bleak, and barren, and seem to guard the entrance to the Arctic Ocean.

To-night, however, they looked by no means forbidding. There was a soft purple haze, thrown like a curtain of gauze over them; the sea between was a deep, dark blue, with here and there floating hummocks of snow-covered ice.

(*To be continued.*)

"*A week filled with selfishness*, and the Sabbath stuffed full of religious exercises, will make a good Pharisee, but a poor Christian. There are many persons who think Sunday is a sponge with which to wipe out the sins of the week. Now God's altar stands from Sunday to Sunday; the seventh day is no more for religion than any other. It is for rest. The whole seven are for religion, and one of them for rest."—*Beecher.*

"*The writers against religion*, whilst they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own."—*Edmund Burke.*

HOMELY HOBBIES: RECREATIONS IN GEOLOGY.

By W. H. HARRIS, B.A., B.Sc.

No. 9. The Iron of a Thousand Articles.

IF any of our readers were asked to choose between the gifts of a ton of iron and a ton of gold, there is no doubt as to their decision. If, however, we could imagine the possibility of a transformation of all the iron in the world into gold, and that option were given to man as to the working of the change, it is quite sure the general vote would be in favour of things remaining as they are. And the preference would be most wise ; for, while gold has many qualities to recommend it, iron possesses far more. It would, indeed, be no exaggeration to speak of this metal as the backbone of civilization. In no part of the globe has man been able to make any great progress in the simplest arts, in domestic comfort, or in intellectual life, until he has learnt at least the rudiments of iron manufacture. The earliest implements of different human tribes seem everywhere to have been made of stone. The first grand advance was, as a rule, to the use of bronze, or alloys of copper. These possessed considerable hardness, and were fused and worked with tolerable ease. The final stage has been the acquaintance with, and manufacture of, the various ores of iron ; and we may, at all events roughly, estimate the wealth, the power, and the culture of any nation, as bearing a very distinct relation to the quantity and quality of the ferruginous beds readily accessible amongst the strata of the country.

We have no means of ascertaining the origin of the iron in the globe. Spectrum-analysis has proved its existence, actually in the form of vapour, in the solar atmosphere or photosphere. Meteorites, which fall from space on to the earth, always contain this metal. Its existence is inferred with tolerable certainty in others of the heavenly bodies. It seems safe, therefore, to conclude that it was among the original constituents of our planet. What were the conditions under which it first occurred terrestrially must be entirely a matter of speculation. Supposing the nebular theory of this world's formation to be true, we may imagine, with much probability, that the metals were, from their density and their rapid radiation of heat, among the first substances to condense from a vapourous condition into first a liquid, and then a solid form. This would imply their being subsequently covered by vast masses, which were of less specific gravity, and which cooled more slowly. Later on, through an immense accession of heat from the central incandescent and molten parts of the globe, there would be a great mingling of the first solidified substances of the earth's crust. The metals would be re-distributed among other minerals, and would form new combinations with these. Upheavals through subterranean agencies—especially those of shrinkage and of volcanic energy—would bring some of these metamorphosed beds to the surface ; and there, subjected to the action of atmospheric phenomena, a vast round of changes would commence. Rains of tremendous violence, and possibly at first of high temperature : oxygen, with its insatiable greed for iron : carbon dioxide, with a similar affinity for this metal : beside the tearing and wearing influences of sea-waves, river-force, and ice-action, would account for the distribution of ferruginous material, in course of ages, among the rocks in which it is so widely found.

As might be expected, its occurrence is not limited to any particular geologic formation, nor to any special epoch in the earth's history. It is, indeed, found in rocks of all ages, and seems always to have been circulating more or less in the veins of Mother Earth. In most countries it is met with in mineral springs. It appears in the tissues of some plants, and many animals. It exists to such a degree in human blood, that a story is told of an eccentric Frenchman, who had the dead body of a friend cremated, the metal extracted from the ashes, and a ring made of this iron. He thus possessed, and carried about with him, a very lasting portion and memento of the deceased person.

Though in itself an element—that is, consisting of matter which cannot be further analysed—iron has ever had a strong liking for certain other substances. Moreover, being somewhat fickle in its attachments, it has frequently changed its alliances, and continues still to do so. Within the limits of this Paper, we cannot fully discuss the question how far this fickleness has resulted in an important and remarkable fact. We must now content ourselves with mentioning what we may distinctly consider a providential arrangement. It is, that enormous and extremely valuable ores of this metal occur, for the most part, in close contiguity to the coal required for smelting them, and to the limestone which, mixed with them, renders them much more fusible and more easily separable from their earthy concomitants.

The affinity of iron for certain other substances is especially shown towards carbon, silicon, sulphur, phosphorus, and, above all, oxygen. Most of the metal used in commerce contains more or less of these ingredients, all of which, except the first, deteriorate its quality. Carbon, combined in *small* quantity with it, converts iron into steel—a truly valuable modification, as we all know. The other impurities greatly interfere with its value ; hence the scientific manufacturer directs his efforts to getting rid of them as far as possible.

The metal rarely occurs *native*, *i.e.*, in a pure state. Practically, all the iron we use is obtained, either from ores—carbonates, oxides, etc.—or from *ironstones*, in which it is mingled with various earthy materials. The ores occur chiefly in veins and masses of varying size, among the older rocks, and the ironstones among the carboniferous, liassic and oolitic strata. What is known as bog-iron is found in still more recent and quite modern formations.

Another subdivision of these metal-yielding compounds is into—1st, the *sparry* iron ores, including the clay-ironstones and "black bands" of the carboniferous and other series of rocks; and 2nd, the ozidized iron ores. We will give a few particulars of the chief varieties of this supply of our national wealth. *Spathose*-iron (from Greek, *spathe*, a broad blade), or *carbonate of iron*, is one of the most important sources of the metal. It has often a foliated, or leaf-like appearance. At other times it puts on granular, crystalline, concretionary, and earthy forms. The "black bands" in the coal-bearing strata contain so much bituminous or combustible matter, as to require no other fuel for their calcination. Hence these seams have a double value. As to their origin, we may perhaps receive some hints from the present production of bog-iron ore, going on in our own day in peaty districts, and to which reference will be made later on. Our country possesses inexhaustible stores of the carbonate of iron, and these are found under such previously mentioned favourable circumstances as to give every facility for rapid and profitable production. The coal-fields of Ayrshire, Lanarkshire, Shropshire, and South Wales, contain this most valuable adjunct to their mineral riches.

Belonging to the second class of iron-ores, we have the *magnetic*, or *black oxide* variety. It occurs chiefly in rocks that have undergone great change through vast heat and pressure—the so-called *igneous* and *metamorphic* classes. This is not one of *our* chief sources of the metal ; but in Elba and Spain this kind of ore has been worked from remote antiquity, and at the present day it supplies the basis of some of the finest steel in Sweden, Norway, Germany, and Russia. It has the disadvantage of being very difficult of fusion. Its magnetic properties, so immensely important for the navigation of the world, and for the inter-communication of the nations, can have here only this passing allusion.

Hæmatite (Greek, *haima*, blood), or *red oxide of iron*, is a more abundant, and to us more important variety than the preceding. It is worked largely in Cumberland, North Lancashire, Staffordshire, Devon, Cornwall, and South Wales. It is met with in kidney-shaped masses, which show a radiating crystalline structure when broken. Sometimes the texture is compact, or destitute of crystallization. Again, we have the substance known as *red-ochre*, which is an argillaceous or clayey modification of this same ore. When showing crystals of a dark steel-grey colour, it is called *specular iron*, and if foliated, and having a smooth feel, *micaceous-iron*. It yields, when smelted, excellent metal, possessing in a high degree the qualities of toughness and durability. The crystalline varieties seem, from their mode of occurrence, to point to deposition in cavities, from water holding the metal in solution. The ochreous kind is, probably, the result of the breaking down into fine mud of some rock, largely consisting of iron with alumina silicates.

Limonite (Greek, *leimon*, a moist meadow), or *brown oxide of iron*, is known by other names, as *pea-iron*, *bog-iron*, and *yellow-ochre*. As its etymology implies, it is frequently found in peats and marshes, and is then associated with a remarkable but very lowly organism, known to naturalists as the *Gaillonella*. According to Ehrenberg, these minute creatures are not more than $\frac{1}{12000}$ inch in diameter. It would, therefore, take 12,000 millions of them to occupy one cubic inch. The accumulation of the cases of these infusoria, no doubt, is one source of the beds of yellow ochre ; but indirectly, also, they contribute to these masses, first by the decomposition of their animal matter acting on peroxide of iron ; and secondly, by supplying nuclei, around which further deposits

of the metal have taken place, from water carrying it in solution or suspension. Bischoff, the great authority on chemical geology, considers that in marshes and morasses, there are various acids which dissolve the oxides of iron. These latter are converted into the carbonate by carbon dioxide, from decaying vegetable matter and animal remains.

This substance is again oxidized by contact with air, and then floats on the surface of the water as an iridescent film—a familiar object on marshy pools. After a time this sinks to the bottom, where it is again deoxidized by the decomposing organic matters. When all of the organic substance has been destroyed by decay, or ceases to supply carbon dioxide, the reduction of the peroxide can no longer go on, and then beds of bog-iron are formed. This close connection of peat and limonite seems to afford an explanation of, or plain hints concerning, the occurrence of iron-bands among the carboniferous strata ; for, as we said in our article on coal, many seams of this latter substance were once, in all probability, peat-beds, or morass and jungle growths.

There is one more compound of iron which we must not omit to mention, though it is not directly worked for the metal. This is *pyrites*, or sulphuret of iron. It is frequently employed in the manufactures of alum and sulphuric acid. The yellow gold-like patches, so often observable on coal, consist of this substance ; and it is owing to its occurrence that certain sorts of both coke and coal give off, in burning, most disagreeable sulphurous fumes. Its presence in our fuel is, probably, due to the decomposition of animal remains, embedded originally in the forests and vegetable growths from which the carboniferous seams were formed. We have said that this compound is not *directly* used for the production of iron. Very large quantities, however, of cupreous iron pyrites are annually imported into this country from Spain and Portugal, and are burnt for the making of sulphuric acid. From the residue the copper is next extracted ; and lastly, what remains yields an exceedingly large percentage of excellent iron, and to the extent of several hundred thousand tons yearly.

The importance of iron in our national industry may be realized from the fact that some twenty millions of tons of the various ores are annually consumed in the production of the metal, the worth of which, in its raw state, approaches ten millions sterling. There is probably not one of the arts or industries of the country which could be carried on without the aid of this material. It is essential for the simplest purposes of domestic life. Our houses, our clothes, our food, our home comforts, in a hundred ways, are dependent upon iron.

Each new scientific invention, every advance in the conveniences of existence, all progress in knowledge and culture, depend more or less directly upon this staple product. It is, therefore, well worth knowing about, and we recommend those of our readers who have opportunity, to make collections of the different kinds of ores, and of specimens of the metal in the various stages of manufacture. A cabinet thus filled could not fail to afford recreation and instruction, and would be valuable as a means of giving clearer ideas to other people about this highly important element in our national wealth. We might, indeed, with much truth, speak of the iron-trade as the barometer of our country's prosperity, and therefore, as a subject of intense interest.

"ABOUT OURSELVES."

WE do not like to withhold the results of our Literary Competition even one week from our readers. On page 253 will be found the names of successful competitors in three Divisions ; others will follow in our next issue ; and finally, the results of the examination of the Short Stories will be announced. This latter Division is the worst of all, as far as bulk is concerned.

We suffer from an epidemic of exams. just now! How very learned we ought to be, after correcting so many people's mistakes ! Our Spelling Chase is utterly subversive of all our preconceived ideas of orthography—we dare not let our proof readers even *see* the papers, lest the public should suffer.

Of the £100 Competition (closed on February 4th), we shall say more anon. Also our readers may expect some "fun" out of the Definition Competition ("Husband and Wife"), which closed on February 11th. The Acrostic Competition (see our number for December 17th, page 106) remains open till February 29th.

Next week we hope to announce a new Competition. It will equal in interest our Spelling Chase, which has created quite a *furore!* Note our novel "Thirty Nouns" Competition this week, with Two Prizes, on page 254.

Our next week's Number (Feb. 25th), in addition to the opening chapters of L. T. Meade's striking Serial, "That House in London," will contain an article from the gifted pen of Lady John Manners.

"A. L." is proving as seaworthy as heart could wish. Kindly words and warm appreciation waft her along ; we shall have to make fresh stowage for our cargo if we are to carry so many extra "thousands" each month.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

By E. M. S.

IN the pleasant woodland shade,
Where the throstle makes her nest,
On a bright summer morning my whole was laid
To rest.
Of the bearers, one was fair,
And the other owned my first,
And they slaked from a spring that was bubbling there
Their thirst.
As they buried me 'neath the tide,
A low, tenderly whispered word
To the fair one, "Say, love, can you be my bride?"
Was heard.
There was one both fond and true,
She had promised one day to wed,
But there's nothing at all that my first can't do,
So my second with sweetness and firmness too
She said.

---

1. This sad and painful we bewail.
2. These cloisters tell a holy tale.
3. And over this we throw a veil.

The Answer will be given in our Number for March 17th.

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN."

By EMILY S. HOLT.

Author of "Mistress Margery," "The Lord Mayor," etc.

WHAT is a man?

Is that a very easy question? Well, then, try to answer it. It will be found harder than it appears.

Many people have done their best to define man. Plato stands first, with his definition of "a two-legged animal without feathers," which Diogenes ridiculed as merely a plucked cock. Others have offered various ideas : we have had man described as "a fire-making animal," "a cooking animal," "a laughing animal," and all are true, so far as they go, but they do not go far. They aim at some one characteristic which distinguishes the man from the brute ; but in each case it is by no means the highest characteristic of man, nor even the most apparent one. I have heard one definition which goes far beyond all these—describing man as a creature who *can think God's thoughts after Him;* and the more this is examined, the more just and elevated does it appear. Yet, if this be the correct definition of man, how far are most men from it! and, what manner of men ought we to be?

But we must come back to our question—What is a man? Let us study the word as conventionally used in common language. How constantly we hear such phrases as, "He is not a bit of a man," "There was not a man in the lot of them," "If he had been a man, he would have done this or that." What is the leading idea of such expressions? They do not question the age or sex of the individual ; they do not even throw discredit on his intellect ; they refer to the soul that is in him, to his moral nature. The idea is that of moral capability and nobility, magnanimity, strength, courage, sense. This, then, by the unconscious testimony of our own words, is what the ideal man ought to have and be. "Quit you like men" signifies, Be strong, be courageous, be firm, be noble, be capable, be sensible—nay, in a word, for there is no other so expressive, *Be men.*

Why was Rome taken by the Goths? It was because there were no men in her. There were only a few thousands of poor weak creatures—curled, scented, and be-silked, dissipated atoms, selfish animals, who were not men. And whenever a man devotes himself to a life of this kind—when he puts pleasure before duty, and thinks more of the shape of his moustache than of his moral qualities—he has ceased to be a man, and has become a mere animal. Or, whenever a man devotes himself to the money-getting business, simply for its own sake—when he has handled sovereigns, and counted them, and bartered them, and hoarded them, till at last he only thinks sovereigns—he, too, has ceased to be a man, and has become a golden image.

There are plenty of both these types in the present day, and always have been. Every land, and every age, produces both of them. But there is a third type, also very common among us, which seems to be, certainly not peculiar to the latter half of the nineteenth century, but to have come to its full development at this date. And just as some diseases are among the deadliest which are wholly internal, and make no show on the surface, so this third type of human creature, innocent as it often looks, may in time do more mischief than either of the other two.

We have heard of "muscular Christianity,"

and a good thing it is in the right sense of "a sound mind in a sound body." God means men to keep their bodies in health, so far as lies in them, as well as their souls. But what shall we say of mollusc Christianity?—jelly-fish Christianity?—froth and bubble Christianity?—for there is a large superabundance of that in the present day, both in boys and men—aye, and in women and girls too; don't let the ladies suppose themselves the innocent half of creation!—but it certainly shows the worst in men, because it is just the opposite of quitting themselves like men.

A certain Vicar once requested his teachers to ask the boys of their respective classes to attend a night-school, which he was about to open. Among these teachers was a lady who had a rather large class of boys, just at that age when boys are beginning to think themselves men. They were much attached to their teacher; but when she told them of the Vicar's wish, not a voice was heard in answer. Everybody sat still on the forms, and looked at everybody else. She asked them what they meant to do. They shuffled with their feet, and the one or two who made any answer were understood to growl that they "didn't know." So the teacher put her question in a more personal form.

"Will you go, William?"

"Well, I dunno, ma'am; maybe I might. I'll go if Jack will."

"Will you go, Jack?"

"Well, I shouldn't so much mind. I'll go if Charles will."

"Will you go, Charles?"

"I might. I don't know. I'll go if Sam will."

"Will you go, Sam?"

"Dunno. I'll go if Roger will."

Roger was the biggest and eldest of the group, and was evidently the final Court of Appeal. The baffled teacher turned to him. "Well, Roger, will you go?"

But all the answer that could be extracted from Roger was that, "Perhaps he might; he couldn't say."

Now, I find no fault with Roger for taking time to consider; but I do say that William, Jack, Charles, and Sam were anything but men. There was not one of them that appeared to have a scrap of will in him. Had they all said, "I will think about it," I could have respected them, for I was present; but the chorus all round, of "I will go if he will," was too much for me.

"Why, boys!" I cried in astonishment, "have you no wills of your own?"

The boys looked at me in considerable surprise, as if the idea suggested were quite extraordinary. Some seemed slightly ashamed; and William said, apologetically, "Well, ma'am, you see, one wants a bit of company!"

Well, if the proposal had been that they should sign a contract to go and live for a dozen years in Manitoba, thirty miles from the nearest neighbour, I should have thought it most reasonable that the boys should "want a bit of company"; but it did seem preposterous that none of them could spend an hour in a night-school without another boy to back him up, and comfort his weak heart!

Now, this is what I mean by mollusc Christianity—aye, and mollusc humanity, too—this contemptible weakness of a man's moral nature, so that he can do nothing unless somebody will wind him up, and stand by him while he does it. Men, strange to say, are more prone to it than women; and if men knew how women despise them when they show it, it might astonish them a little. A woman expects a man to be morally, as well as physically and intellectually, stronger than herself; and if she finds that he can do nothing without leaning on somebody else, how can she respect him?

All the great things of this world have begun by one man doing one thing. Those men who have begun them have hardly ever been of the mollusc type. They have generally been men who had wills, and set one aim before them, and stuck to it. Do you never notice that when a man says a bold thing, whether right or wrong, a hundred other men will immediately cheer him? Why did they not say it themselves? Very likely some were silent because it did not occur to them; and some because they had not the gift of speech. But the majority, you may be almost sure, were each of them waiting for one of the other ninety-nine to do it.

Three hundred years ago, a king of France visited a prisoner in the dungeons of the Bastile. The prisoner was a poor potter, but the king was anxious to save him, for he was a genius who had re-discovered the lost secret of making Majolica ware. He was accused of no crime but Protestantism; and if he could be persuaded to recant, and profess himself a Roman Catholic, the royal table might continue to be supplied with the choice porcelain.

"Palissy," said the king, "I am very sorry, but if you still refuse to recant, I shall be compelled to give you up."

"Sire," was the prisoner's answer, "have I heard the king of France say, 'I am compelled'? I cannot recant. No man shall compel a potter to bow down to images of clay. But, sire, which of us is the king, and which is the potter?"

He might well ask the question.

Is mere *will*, then, all that is required? Certainly not. A strong will, sanctified and given to God, is one of the most magnificent things on earth. No man can say what superb achievements, under God, may not await it. In like manner, a strong will given to Satan is one of the most terrible things under heaven, for no man can tell what ruin and misery it may cause. But I am not now dealing with this type of man, good or bad, but with the man who has no will, and can be set going in any direction, right or left, like a window-tassel, by a touch of anybody's finger. It is the weak nature of which I speak,—not the earnestly righteous, nor the determinately wicked. Such a man, well-intentioned though he may be, often does as much harm as the positively wicked.

This mollusc type of man is sadly on the increase. A gentleman, born in Canada, who had been a short time in England, said a few years ago that he had always heard of Englishmen as brave, sturdy fellows; but since coming over he had reached the deplorable conclusion that it took four Englishmen to make a man! Ought this so to be?

Even the mollusc men respect a real man: a man who knows what he wants, and what he believes; who acts up to his belief, and sets about supplying his want; who steadily pursues the right course, and lets nothing turn him out of the way. But who respects the mollusc? Poor creature! He dare not say his prayers lest Smith should laugh at him; he is afraid to allow that he holds an opinion, because Jones will despise him for it; he cannot go to church lest Carter should hear of it. He can generally afford to grieve his mother, and often be very blustering to his wife—the two people who care for him most in the world; but he cannot offend Dobbs, for whom he has no regard whatever, and who would not lend him a shilling if he were on his way to the workhouse. He learns to smoke at twelve or fourteen years of age, because, forsooth, he thinks it will make him look like a man. Like a MAN!—as if a man were made of tobacco-smoke, and not of a true heart and an able hand. Poor soul! he cannot behave really like a man, and say quietly and decidedly, "I do not choose to smoke." Why, what would Brown say?—and what would Walker think of him? The habit is costly, useless, dirty, disagreeable to others—but what does all that matter, if Saunders and Jackson do it, and will deride the poor mollusc if he does not do it too? And so with all other bad habits—however foolish or even wicked, the mollusc gives way at once; he cannot stand alone.

But how is the mollusc to become a man? How shall he learn to endure hardness, to brace his will, to be strong? Let him make a friend of The Man, Christ Jesus. Bring *Him* into the company. He will come if He is invited. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty;" but "if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." This is true in both senses, whether we understand it of the Holy Spirit sent by Christ, or of the mind that was in Christ. And as for earthly friends—why, those who are worth having will remain; and those who cannot bear the society of the heavenly Companion are not worth having; let them drop off, and the sooner the better. No man ever yet repented of having sought the friendship of Jesus Christ; many a man has repented of not having sought it sooner. And no man ever did seek it, poor, weak mollusc though he were, of whom it did not make, in the true and real sense of the words, A MAN.

AN ANAGRAM.

QUID est veritas? What is truth?

Ans.: Est vir qui ad est. It is the man who stands there.

The question, "What is truth?" addressed by Pilate to our Lord (John 18. 38), reads in Latin, "Quid est veritas?" It is a significant fact that by a simple transposition of the letters of this Latin phrase, it gives its own answer: "Est vir qui ad est,"—"It is the man who stands there."

Quid est veritas?

Throughout the marble dome it sped,
That eager, questioning cry;
While questioner and questioned stood
Apart from human eye.

The one with weary heart and brain,
Disturbed by anxious care,
Seeking for *truth*, yet knowing not
That *Truth* was standing there.

The other calm, serene, and pure,
Perfect in truth and grace;
The Majesty of heavenly power
Upon His kingly face.

No glimmer crossed the questioner's mind,
No voice the truth expressed;
Unheard, the angelic choirs on high
Cry, "Est vir qui ad est."

E. H. KNAPP.

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."—*Francis Bacon.*

HOW OUR LETTERS GO TO INDIA.

By Tracey Layard Robinson.



The heat would be bearable,—but not what comes with it!

Part II.

On arriving at Alexandria, the mails are despatched overland, five or six hours afterwards, by special trains, usually at night, so as to leave Suez the next evening. The route taken by the train through Cairo saves about three days. Passengers overland are recommended to take a little brandy with them, because, notwithstanding the sultry heat of the day, the nights are piercingly cold, and persons unaccustomed to the climate are frequently attacked with cramps. It is necessary also to carry a veil, to be worn while crossing from Alexandria to Suez, as much to protect the face from flies and mosquitoes, as the eyes from the dreadful sand ophthalmia.

Leaving Alexandria, we pass through the flat and uninteresting Delta of the Nile, so called because the mouths of this great river cut the land into a form greatly resembling the Greek letter Δ (delta). One spot that we pass is, however, worthy of notice. This is the lake of Marcotis. The lake is seventy miles in circumference, and was originally a navigable sheet of *fresh water*, six feet in depth. The waters were dried up for ninety years, all communication with the Nile being then cut off. It is separated from the sea by huge mounds of sand, and its bottom is several feet lower than the level of the Mediterranean.

In 1788 the waters of the sea were, for military reasons, let in upon it; the sea flowed in for a week, three hundred villages were swept away, and their sites rendered barren. The bank was closed up again, the communication with the sea cut off, but the salt water remained in large quantities. This was repeated in 1801, 1803, and 1807. The water, when evaporated, leaves behind a vast expanse of dazzling, snow-white, sheet salt. At the annual flooding of the Nile, the lake reappears, but in the dry season it re-assumes its salt state.

A few villages, with dwarf palm-trees, mosques, and clusters of mud hovels, break the dull uniformity of the prospect, which is now and then enlivened, also, by a few sailing-boats passing up and down the Nile. Whole families are seated in these, the women all wearing the *yastmuthar*, or white mask. Hordes of buffaloes and camels wander along the banks, an occasional stray passenger passes on a camel, and the incessant creaking noise of the *sakias*, or water-mills for irrigating the land, is heard. On our route, we pass through Kafr-Dawar, the head-quarters of Arabi Pasha, who made this unknown place prominent, after the destruction of the Alexandrian forts by Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour (now Lord Alcester), in 1882. Next Damanhoor, leading to Tantah, where a mob of Arabi's friends, under Suleiman Sami, massacred a great number of Christians, and where, afterwards, 4,000 men and twenty-six guns surrendered to Sir Archibald Alison and his brave Highlanders. On through Birket-el-Sab, until we reach Benha, where the Cairo and Suez lines join.



As we "pass Massowah, going South."

It is here that we pass over the great ten-arch tubular bridge, eight hundred and seventy feet in length, constructed by Robert Stephenson over the Damietta branch of the Nile. The railway passes along the top of the bridge, a path on either side being made for foot passengers. The Nile, in its annual flood, rises to within eight feet of this bridge, which would, therefore, obstruct navigation but for an ingenious contrivance, by which the middle portion of the bridge, one hundred and fifty feet in length, is made to swing round on a pivot, so as to stand lengthways up and down the river when vessels require to pass.

From Benha, we next arrive at Minet-el-Kamh, near Kharieh, where Arabi Pasha was born; and, some thirty miles farther, we pass close to the English cemetery at Tel-el-Kebir, the scene of the terrible battle of September 12th, 1882, and the signal victory of the British army of 11,000 men over Arabi with 26,000, after a night march under the stars, and a twenty minutes' rush over the Egyptian defences. Thirty miles farther on, we catch sight of Ismalia to our left, a port on the Suez Canal, a sort of half-way capital between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. It is here that the Sweet Water Canal empties; this comes from Zagazig, is forty feet wide, and nine feet deep, and was made to supply drinking water along the line. It turns off south to supply Suez, and sends branch pipes north to Port Said. Water to drink is almost an impossibility in the desert, and most of that around and about the district of Egypt is salt, and most unwholesome. The want of water was one of the most bitterly felt needs of our poor soldiers in the recent Egyptian campaign—a need which must be felt to be realised. We have now but fifty miles more before we reach Suez, the port of the Red Sea, and the eastern extremity of the

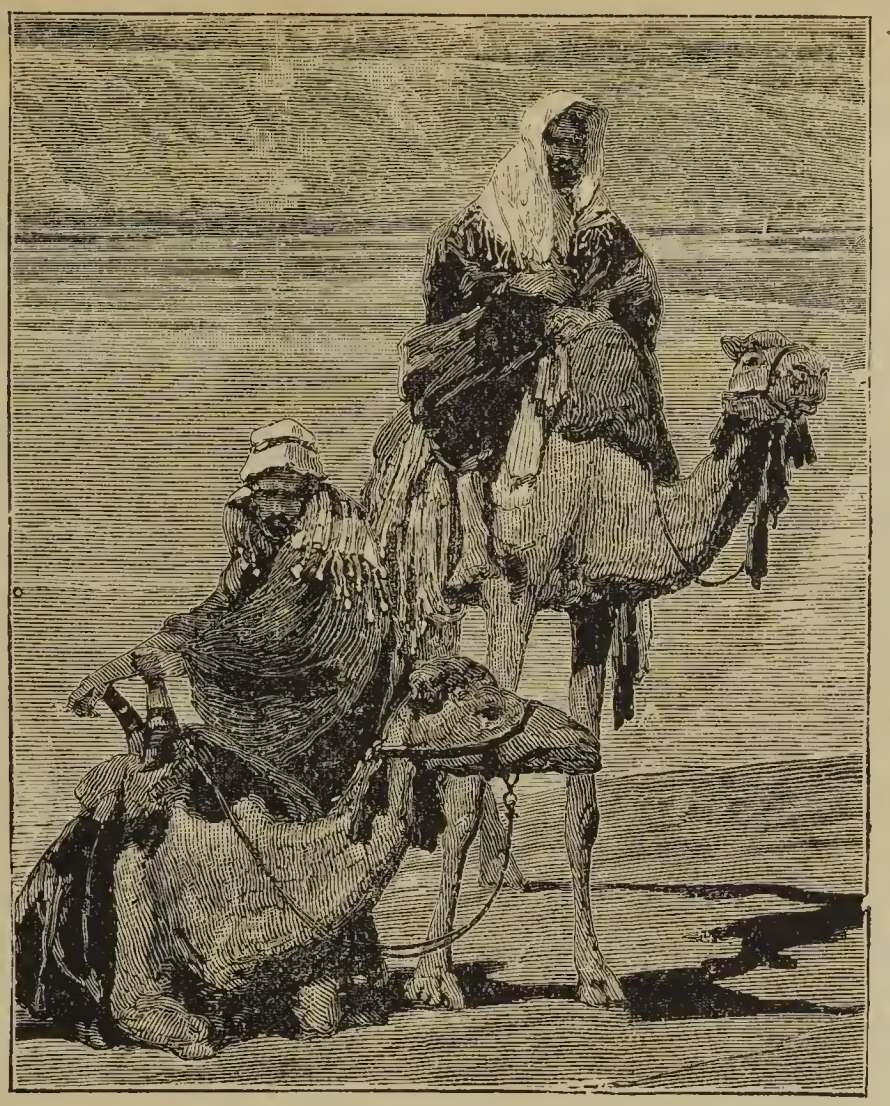


In the streets of Suez.

wonderful Canal, which, by remaining with the mail-bags, and taking the Overland Route, we have missed. But by so doing, we have made a gain in all of nearly *five days!*

The population of Suez is cosmopolitan; it consists chiefly of Turks, French, Arabs, Italians, and English, but there is a sprinkling, among the 14,000 people, of natives of nearly every country in the world. As we are going to Bombay direct, we have no trouble about seeking berths or making inquiries as to the time our steamer starts, but we are taken in the train at once to the new docks, and from thence to the ship. Suez has by no means an unhealthy climate. Indeed, although very hot from June to September, the quality of the air is enlivening, and, in winter, many confirmed invalids, suffering from lung disease, come here from Cairo and Alexandria on account of the fine, dry atmosphere. In fine weather, it is sometimes possible to see Mount Sinai. Our watches are by this time two hours and ten minutes slow.

We are now going to begin the most perilous part of our voyage, namely, a six days' trip down the Red Sea to Aden. We have finished the "overland" portion of our journey, and, until we reach Bombay, shall make the rest of it by sea. We do not quit the sight of land, however, altogether, until we get out of the Red Sea, when we shall have another seven days in the Indian Ocean, without a peep at any land at all. The Bahr Malak, or Salt Sea of the Arabs,



How they used to go.

is not reached until our steamer has proceeded a distance of one hundred and eighty miles along the Gulf of Suez, or Jubal Strait, as it is also called, a narrow mouth of water, six to ten miles broad, with ridges of tableland 3,000 feet high on both sides. Piloting is necessarily cautious work about here, for rocks and shoals are at frequent intervals. On reaching the Red Sea, the Gulf of Suez is joined by the Gulf of Akaba on the Arabian side, at an angle which encloses a mountainous region, eight thousand feet in height, including Mount Sinai. In the mouth of the Jubal Strait is Shadwan Island, where the P. and O. Company's steamer, *Carnatic*, was unfortunately wrecked on September 13th, 1869.

The Red Sea begins here; it is 1,100 miles in length, by from eighty to a hundred and fifty miles broad. It is supposed to have derived its name either from the quantity of red coral found in it, or from Edom (which signifies "red"), which was on its eastern shore. The water is singularly blue. It is remarkable for the number and size of its dangerous coral reefs, which are usually twenty or thirty feet below the surface, and are plainly visible in the clear blue water below. A little beyond the Jubal Strait we pass two remarkable rocks, called the Two Brothers, marked by a new lighthouse, opposite Kosseir, a good harbour on the Egyptian side, the nearest point in the Red Sea for the Nile across the Desert. Numerous boats are here seen, conveying passengers (pilgrims) to Jeddah, for Medina and Mecca, the birthplace of Mahomet, about three days' journey inland. From Mecca, this false prophet was driven to Medina, and thither, annually, at the recurrence of the anniversary of that event, all piously-disposed



"*The business of sorting the mails and stamping the letters, is done thus.*"

Mahometans resort, to spend their Hegira (Flight), as the epoch is called. Towards Mecca all Mahometans turn in their devotions. About two hundred miles farther is Souakin, the port of Soudan, the terrible events in which are of too recent a date for special notice.

Passing Massowah, we come to the volcanic island Jibel Teer, very seldom seen in eruption, two rocks, inhabited only by birds, Zebayer and Jibel Toogur, and, about twelve hours before reaching Perim, the Great and Little Hanish, where the P. and O. boat, *Alma*, was wrecked. The boat then passes Mocha (famed for its coffee), in the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb—properly Babu 'lmandab, the Gate of Tears, most probably so called from the number of vessels wrecked in passing through in the earlier times of navigation—which is hemmed in by barren, rugged rocks. In the mouth, forty miles from Mocha, is the barren island of Perim, one mile from the Arabian side, nine from the African side, and ninety from Aden. Perim, however, possesses an excellent harbour, and is, from a military point of view, a most important station, absolutely commanding the entrance to the Red Sea.

This portion of the Overland Route is by far the most trying to most European constitutions. The decks of the vessels are covered with double awnings, but the sun's rays penetrate through all, and render the atmosphere, while sitting on deck from eight o'clock in the morning till three o'clock in the afternoon, well-nigh unbearable. There is rarely a breath of wind. The body becomes heated, and a burning thirst attacks the traveller, which he endeavours to assuage by drinking. Did he know it, a saline draught would far more tend to lessen the fever, and the juice of ripe oranges would much more certainly assuage the thirst. This fruit is plentiful in this region, for a beneficent Providence always furnishes an antidote for every unavoidable ill. Sometimes the weather is boisterous, and the wind blows terrifically; there is little hope for small vessels and their crews, which are cast upon either the African or Arabian shores at such times; the ships are mercilessly plundered, and the crews led into slavery. In fine weather, we not seldom have a shower of flying-fish on our deck, those queer little creatures, whose immense lateral fins enable them to take long leaps right out of the water; and, at times, overleaping themselves, or, perhaps, curious to know what is contained in the huge monster which comes steaming in amongst them, they blindly leap to their own destruction.

Whilst we are still in the Red Sea, the business of sorting the mails and stamping the letters is begun. The appearance of all the great mail-bags standing open-mouthed, with the mail conductor, in his Eastern habiliments, going from one to another, seeking and handing them to the sorters and stampers, irresistibly reminds one of a sort of Arabian Night's tale of "Forty Thieves," or of the interior of "The House that Jack Built," with his sacks of flour neatly stacked up against one another all round.

The number of these mail-bags has been increasing all along the road, and now numbers several hundreds; so that the work of sorting the letters is not an easy one, nor one that can be done in a hurry, especially in consideration of the intense heat, and that, in order to save time, it is necessary to complete the sorting before arriving at Bombay.

On arriving at Aden, we find that our watches are three hours behind time, and that we have about ten or twelve hours to go on shore, if we please, and take a peep at anything that may be worth seeing. To tell the truth, there is not much. Scarcely a tree or a blade of grass is visible. A good road, but totally unsheltered, five miles long, leads to the town or "Tanks." Here, the prettiest place is the governor's garden. We shall also see some of the queer Arabian sheep, with fat tails, sometimes weighing ten pounds, which they carry on little running platforms, especially constructed for that purpose.

The great interest of Aden, however, are the "Tanks." There are eleven or twelve of various sizes, in a gorge overlooking the town. They are built of solid masonry, and look like so many forts. They were first constructed many centuries ago, but were terribly neglected and filled up with rubbish, till the English took possession of Aden, since when, large sums of money have been spent in cleansing and reconstructing them; and now much of the Aden water-supply is obtained from them.

Whilst taking in a fresh supply of coal for our voyage across the Indian Ocean, we may have some good fun with the Arab boys, who crowd round our steamer, crying for "backsheesh," and when any one throws a coin overboard, they will dive after it, bringing it up from a great depth. It is also interesting to watch the Arab boats, which ply for fares around the steamer so soon as she appears in sight of the harbour. They are manned by two, and sometimes four, wild-looking and cunning Ishmaelites, who make their apparently frail bark dash along through the water at an astonishing rate. When our coal-bunkers are all filled, a gun is fired from the steamer, which is a signal that we are about to start. There is the usual hurry-scurry, some sightseeing passenger is nearly left behind, but gets on board just in time; a few ropes are cast loose, a rumble and splashing is heard in the water behind us—it is the screw revolving and beating the water into foam. Look again at the shore, wave your handkerchief (very languidly, for it is so hot!) to some one on the wharf; we are off. In a few moments we shall be out of sight of land, and, unless we should happen to catch a passing glimpse of Socotra, we shall see no more of *terra firma* for seven days.

A sea voyage of seven days may be the most tedious of inflictions, or may become a passably pleasant trip. It must be said for the P. and O. Company's officers, that they exert themselves to lighten the irksomeness of the situation in every way in their power, besides which, the vessels are supplied with pianos, and generally have a fair library. Then the passengers generally, recognising their isolated condition, soon become friendly, and many are the amusements and entertainments which are got up among them, if the weather is fine, as it almost always is. Very striking are some of the pictures which an artistic eye finds on deck at times, as, for instance, that so frequently seen, of an ayah or Indian nurse, playing with her mistress's white baby, the contrast of the two skins—one dusky as an Arab's, the other the pink and white of an English baby—being very great. It is astonishing, too, the affection which exists between the strangely-assorted pair. Among the deck games may be mentioned quoits, rings of rope which are thrown upon an upright stick fixed on the deck; billiards,—a plan is marked out in chalk on the deck, and divided into numbered partitions, something like the figure on which we used to play at "Hop Scotch" when at school, then a disc of wood is shoved along the deck by means of a sort of rake, the object being to get the disc into the space numbered with the highest figure; then there is frequently a banjo player on board, who sings songs to us; and in the evening there are concerts, and very often dancing.

And so we pass away the time, until, one morning, some one descries a reef of rather dangerous-looking, dark-coloured rocks, on which, we are told, many vessels have been wrecked, and many poor people have lost their lives, and then we know that we are not far from Bombay, and the end of our sea voyage. If the steamer should arrive in the harbour in the daytime, the view is exceedingly picturesque, overlooking rich groves of dates, palms, and other trees, with Malabar hill and its country houses three miles behind, whilst far in the distance are to be seen the superb Ghauts, towering to the skies. As soon as the steamer is discerned by the look-out at the flag-staff on the top of the lighthouse (situated on the small promontory of Colaba), a gun is fired, the mail signal hoisted to the peak, and its arrival telegraphed all over India.

The steamer then, without delay, proceeds to her anchorage. The mail is landed immediately, the great bags being sent sliding down a smooth board with sides to it into a bunder boat, or small steamer, the passengers being permitted to land afterwards. Our artistic friend was in a hurry to get ashore, and he, also, wanted to follow the mail bags as closely as possible, so, seizing his opportunity, he took his topee, or pith-lined sun-hat in his hand, slipped between a couple of bags, and went sliding down the shoot before any one could stop him, much to the astonishment of the mail receivers in the hold of the bunder, who had probably never seen a man come aboard in that way before.

And now that our mails have arrived at Bombay, all that has to be done with them is to send the bags, which are all properly labelled, to their respective destinations all over the great Indian peninsula, as quickly as practicable, and with all possible despatch. And I think you will now have formed some idea of How our Letters go to India.

BUBBLES AND BAUBLES.

A "BUBBLE" is an empty, hollow thing, that bursts with the touch; the term is used to describe anything that is unsubstantial and unreal, something that is cheating and ensnaring. The word is derived from the Latin "*bulla*," the sound made by boiling water; very descriptive indeed, for bubbles often consist of a great deal of noise, with nothing to show for it.

A "bauble" is a showy, glittering plaything, a fine, taking trifle, a bit of tinsel to please small people; it is connected with the root of the words "babe" and "babble." Bubbles and baubles, how they occupy the mind and heart of thousands, taking up an important place in lives that ought to be occupied with more substantial, lasting things.

Men make bubble reputations, pursue long courses of action that end in ruin; others have dancing before their eyes the baubles of life, glittering, jingling, enticing, ever pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw; they that should be men, being nothing but old children, delighted and satisfied with all that amuses.

There are solid things in life, if men would but grasp them, things solid enough to last through time, on into eternity. Is it not useless to let the bubbles and baubles divert us from these?

LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

No. 7.—Parents and Children.

THERE is a pretty story told in Roman history of a noble lady, named Cornelia, the wife of Gracchus, and mother of the two popular leaders, Tiberius and Caius. When her sons were young, Cornelia took the greatest pains in superintending their education. She lived very simply, and dressed most plainly, and seemed to care nothing for gaiety and pleasure, so entirely was she devoted to her boys. One day a rich and fashionable dame called on her, and boasted of her fine dresses and costly gems. Cornelia listened in silence. At last the visitor said, "Do you possess no treasures, O Cornelia?" Cornelia went out of the room, and in a moment returned, accompanied by her two splendid boys. "Behold," she said, "behold the jewels of the Gracchi!"

Since Cornelia's days, a great many parents have looked upon their children as their most priceless treasures, and have learnt to disregard comfort, finery, and ease for their sakes. Indeed, the love of parents for their children is the most divine, the purest, and truest feeling known to us. There is about wedded love, and the love of people who are engaged, something of selfishness and unrest. But the parental love gives liberally, and asks nothing in return. It finds satisfaction in giving, and abundant content in the welfare of the beloved object. Very often we see men, whom we consider stern and rough, meek and gentle with their girls and boys; we see mothers, whom we had pronounced selfish and thoughtless, self-sacrificing and considerate for the little ones; to have a child dependent on them brings out the best that is in them—"a little child leads them."

Where little children are rightly received, they generally bring happiness with them. A house is never so happy as when it contains a baby. It is very usual for childless people to pity the busy mother of a large family. They say, "Poor creature, how hard she has to work for her children! how weary she must be!" The pity is often thrown away. The mother has joys of which the childless know nothing. She would not give up the clasp of tiny fingers, or the kiss of rosy lips, for the most luxurious ease.

Sometimes when parents are hasty in temper, and even harsh with their children, it does not mean that they do not love them, but that anxiety and worry have made them impatient, and that they have not learnt to master themselves and conquer their own humours. It is sad when the fate of a little child is in the hands of one who does not realise the sacredness of the trust. But in almost every case we should make a mistake if we imagined that these parents did not love their children. If the child were to be ill and die, they would grieve in bitter anguish.

Poor parents, who have to toil and struggle hard to pay for the food and raiment of their children, sometimes imagine they are unfortunate that they have so many mouths to feed; but they could not say which child was the one too many. I once read a story of a very poor father and mother who had seven children. The father worked hard, early and late; the mother saved, contrived, and pinched herself, that the family might not want. But at last they grew weary. "Our task is too difficult," they said. "We are too heavily burdened; we have too many children!" A rich woman, who was childless, heard them thus complaining, and said, "Give me one of your children. I will take it away to be my own, and you shall never see it more. Choose for yourselves which you will part with, only understand when once the child is gone away, you are never to claim it, never to have anything more to do with it."

The father and mother were delighted. They said, "Here is relief! We shall have one child less to work for!" But then the question arose, "Which shall we send away?"

It was evening when the lady called, and the children were all fast asleep in bed. The father and mother took a candle, and went round to the little cots to make their choice. First they came to Willie, the eldest. The mother said he was such a good little fellow! His father had been so glad, and his mother so proud, when he was born; they could not let *him* go. Besides, he was already beginning to be useful; he helped to keep the little ones quiet. So his cot was passed over. Next came May; she was father's darling. She always put his slippers to warm, and ran to meet him when he came home from work. The father said it would never do to part with May. Then there was Hal, the mischievous boy, who was always in hot water; he kept the whole house in a ferment. Both parents said that they would feel dead alive if Hal were not there. They passed on to Joey, the delicate one. He needed his mother's care. Mabel was the only one like grandmother, with her blue eyes. Charlie had cut his finger that afternoon, and had cried and sobbed, and refused to be comforted until father had come home and kissed the place to make it well; then he had dropped asleep at once. The tear lay on his cheek still. Dear little Charlie! After Charlie, Baby only was left, and of course it would be quite ridiculous to send Baby from them. By the side of Baby's cot the father and mother stood. They looked at each other, then without saying a word, they went downstairs.

"Madam," said the father to their visitor, "we were mistaken: we have not one child too many. Our children have been sent to us by God; so long as He leaves them with us, we will cherish them, and do for them the best that we can." "Yes," said the mother, "children are the heritage of the Lord. We can never be poor while we have one another and the children. We will struggle on, but so long as we can avoid it, we will not part with one of them." These parents had learnt a lesson; they realised how precious the children were. They took heart once more, worked with a will, and in time success rewarded their efforts; but they never again talked of "a child too many."

It is a great responsibility to bring up children. "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined"; "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." How shall we train the child?

There was once a very clever woman, so clever, that it was said she had intellect enough for ten average intellects to turn round in comfortably. She read deep books, talked with learned people, and, perhaps, was a little inclined to think herself an extraordinarily wonderful person. But, after a time, she married, and a child was given to her. Then this woman, who was believed by all her friends to think so highly of herself, wrote down in her diary: "I am the mother of an immortal being. God be merciful to me, a sinner." How natural! How many a woman, who has become a mother, has felt the same. We are so feeble, so unworthy, so weak, that we should be in despair if we could not rely on love and strength beyond our own.

How, then, should young fathers and mothers train the children God gives them? The first lesson they have to teach is Obedience. In happy homes this lesson is always taught and always learnt; and people unaccustomed to children, would scarcely believe how necessary it is to teach it early. A father, whose lightest word was law with his children, and in whose home peace and concord reigned, each member appearing to think of the other rather than of self, said that he should never care to attempt to teach a child obedience after he was two years' old. With each child he had one struggle only; that one struggle had sufficed, and it always occurred while yet the child was a baby. After it was over, what the father had to do was to watch himself, not the child. He had to be careful never to tell the child to do anything unreasonable, nor to say a thing was to be done without meaning it and insisting upon it. He felt that he ought never to blame a child for accident, or because he himself was annoyed. In short, he tried to deserve the respect of his children. The home of which this father was the head was one of the happiest I have known.

Some parents have a notion that part of their duty to their children is to break their wills, and to secure blind, absolute, instant obedience. To this end they lay down a regular system of hard rules, enforced by severe punishment. The children of these parents too often grow up deceitful and dishonest. They early get the desire to hide their misdoings, in order to escape the consequences.

A stern, but really well-meaning, father had a son who was disobedient, and caused a great deal of trouble. One day the father said to a friend, who was staying in the house, and knew the state of affairs: "I have made up my mind that, whatever happens, I will break that boy's will." Said the friend: "If I were in your place, I would as soon make up my mind to break his neck."

The friend was right. Boys and girls whose wills are broken never turn out very well. In this world we need all the will we have to enable us to do our duty. But the will should be so trained that, through it, we may choose what is right, and hate what is wrong; and that we ourselves should be made willing to give it up, and to accept God's will instead.

The parents who are too indulgent are, I believe, far more numerous than those who are too stern. The parents whose conduct varies according to their humour are most common, and their children are nearly always spoilt—they gain no idea of obedience, no respect for their parents, no knowledge of duty. If they turn out well, they do so in spite of their training, not in consequence of it. The best atmosphere in which children can be brought up is that of obedience,

founded on love and trust. If, while the child is still almost a baby, he is made to understand that his father's will is law—if, later, he learns to respect that will, and realizes that it is not founded on mere whim, but upon righteousness, love, and duty, then trust may be allowed full scope. The happiest homes are those in which the children have learnt obedience, and the parents dare to trust.

One word more ought to be said about the training of children, and this one word is addressed specially to mothers. Childhood is the time above all others when a love of the Bible should be implanted, and the habit of prayer should be formed. Sad to say, in these days the Bible is not read in our homes as much as it was thirty and forty years ago. For the young people who are growing up in those homes, this is a terrible loss—a loss for which nothing can make up. A child who has learnt, while young, to enjoy the Bible stories and the Bible poetry, and to repeat the Bible words, may not, perhaps, enter to the full and immediately into the spirit of the Bible-teaching; but it will be in his mind for all that, and will recur to him in future years under all sorts of circumstances. As some one has said: "A child's mind is wax to receive, and marble to retain." A mother who fails, during the susceptible period of childhood, to make her child familiar with the best of books, is throwing away a golden opportunity of enriching him with treasures which will benefit him through life.

So with prayer. It is at a mother's knees that prayer is best taught. Teach a little child to lift up his heart in communion with his heavenly Father—not night and morning only, but whenever he feels glad or sad, wants help, guidance, or comfort—and you train him to realise the Unseen, you prepare his feet to walk in the way of righteousness. The habit thus commenced will influence all his life. To form this habit is, surely, a mother's highest privilege.

ON VEILS.

By Edward Butler.

Part I.

VEILED FACES.

WALKING along the footpath I met a lady for whom, at the distance of several yards, I felt a sudden pity, which disappeared as we passed each other. She appeared to have a great number of pink pimples on her face, distributed with curious regularity. On coming close to her, I saw that she wore a diaphanous veil, and that these spots were ornaments on the veil.

This threw me into a meditation. Many of us wear spotty veils. There is the sea-captain of the old type, who "clothed himself with curses as with a garment," and is pitted all over with his execrations. But the heart of the fruit is often sounder than the rind, and the veil of preposterous blasphemies sometimes hides a nature tender to women and children, and gentle to the suffering. Why, O sea-dog, should you array your humanity in so ugly a veil? Those who contemplate you through that medium attribute the ugly blotches of profanity to your innermost nature. It is of no avail to say they "mean nothing." Moreover, these poison-patches have a way of working themselves inwardly to the vitals, after the fashion of the shirt of Nessus.

As the moral antipodes of the old captain is the man of deep feeling, lofty aspiration, and passionate sympathies with the noblest destiny possible to man, who veils it all with a gauze of levity, spotted perhaps with unworthy quips and cranks. Why should we be ashamed of seeming as serious as we really are? Perhaps it is in indignant protest against those who wear a veil of sanctimoniousness, spotted with texts of Scripture, over souls discoloured by lust and lies. But in either case it is affectation, and should be discarded. Hypocritical godlessness is hardly more to be respected than hypocritical religion.

VEILED SOULS.

All souls should wear veils. And the more fine and delicate the tracery of the soul, the more carefully should the veil be adjusted. The sacerdotal injunction to divest the soul of all covering, before the eye of some poor fellow-creature in a confessional-box, who there usurps God's prerogative, is a command which, if complied with, humbles the soul for evermore, so that thereafter it cannot walk quite erect, but cowers before the presence, or at the recollection, of the man who has seen its shame. This injury is the most serious to the finest spirits. There are coarse natures in plenty, to which the turning of themselves inside out seems of no more consequence than to a polype or a glove. If there be a Holy of Holies in the temple of their hearts, they have never discovered it, and they trot any one who likes through the sacred edifice, from top to bottom, with glee. They have nothing to veil—these raw souls, bundles of spiritual leather just out of the tanpit—pig-iron just run from the furnace. But after the Divine Artificer has been at work upon the raw material, shaping it into celestial designs, touching it into beauty, inscribing the first letters of the "new name, which no man knoweth, save he that receiveth it," then the instinct of self-veiling seizes on the spirit, and woe betide it if it recklessly throw the veil aside. Who shall say what melancholy deterioration seizes upon the artist's models, whose nude figures are portrayed on the walls of our Royal Academy? Who shall say at what price of ruinous humiliation of sweet souls the public enjoy the spectacle of the lovely female forms that are there exhibited? And who shall say what analogous harm comes to the spirit that permits itself to be too minutely inspected and coarsely handled?

Cultured and highly organized spirits have many veils. The statesman wears his veils in Parliament; the judge upon the bench. When statesman or judge goes home, he throws off the outer veil, which, with reminiscence of the Jewish Tabernacle, we will call the "veil of badgers'-skins." Before his loved and loving children, the "veil of ramskins" follows, and they look upon the "veil of goat-skins." To the eyes of the wife, equal in age and experience of life, and joined in the sweet confidences of married life, the veil of goat-skins is cast aside, and she looks upon the "veil of fine-twined linen." But even to the nearest and dearest eyes there remains that veil,—a veil only laid aside in the soul's communion with Him who "dwells in its Holy Place." Before those serene and loving, though righteous and holy, eyes of our Maker there should be something beyond the mere cold cognisance of Omniscience; there should be the consciousness of unveiling, self-contemplation, in the essential light that allows no haze, adds no tints, and permits no distortion, but shows the soul to itself as God sees it, in a revelation of "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God," as the old forensic oath runs. Flooded by that uncompromising brightness, pride, self-conceit, the incrustations of flattery and ignorant or insincere praise of men, and all manner of self-deceptions peel off the soul. It comes forth from that interview with Light and Love, purified, chastened, and humble.

VEILED PATHWAYS.

I remember, in early life, driving into Wharfedale at sunrise one winter's morning. From the heights of Orley Chevin, I looked down into the valley, through which my path lay for many miles; but the eye only rested on a sea of fog, or travelled over it to the distant hills that rose on the other side of the sea, and caught the early sunbeams. It seemed to me like my life's pathway, which then lay before me, veiled in the mist of my ignorance of its pleasing or painful incidents, appalling in its uncertainties, but presenting two solid facts: a good road at my feet, and the everlasting hills in the distance,—two facts linked together by my knowledge, that the one led to the other. The mist in lovely Wharfedale was not so intense that I could fail to know the road, or read the directions on the finger-posts, and I descended, wrapped in fog and meditation, into the silent cold and clinging vapour.

I believe that young men and young women are not infrequently oppressed by the veiling clouds that persistently trail before them and around them. They desire the veil to be uplifted. They would see "things to come." They flirt with tricky spiritualists, and tamper with planchettes. They concentrate the whole will on the act of vision, peer into the future in the spirit and power of a gimlet or a bradawl, and see nothing. But let them be of good cheer. The road is sound and palpable under their feet; and from rising-grounds of faith they may behold, now and again, the distant sunlit hills of heaven.

Is it not well that our way should be thus hidden? Constituted as we are, would not the inevitable troubles and pains of life crowd upon us through the lenses of our telescope of disastrous foresight, and crush us? and would not its pleasures be half drained by imaginary fruition before they were reached? and would not our moiling in the future demoralise our present? Yes; we may thank God for the veil on life's pathway. Let us not desire the vision of the seer. Seers were ever sorrowful folk. "Take short views," and be thankful you can take no other. The compass points as true in a fog as in the clearest air; and the compass of an honest conscience, instructed out of God's Word, laughs at uncertainty. The road may be steep, may be narrow, as well as mist-veiled, but never doubtful to the man of single mind. We shall come to the brink of the river at last; and many stories, as true as strange, are told of the sudden radiance, the flashing revelation, that bathes the redeemed spirit in the moment of transition to the region "beyond the veil." Mourning friends around the dying bed are startled by a momentary participation in the light that greets the entrance of the spirit into eternal day.

"It is not thy faith, but God's faithfulness, thou must rely on."—*Fuller.*

"God wants from us a religion of principle, not one of mere feeling."—*Fénélon.*

COMPETITION PRIZES.

CONGRATULATIONS sincere and hearty to our successful Competitors! The Prizes and Certificates have, almost without exception, been well won, and really creditable work has been done. We give below the comments of our Examiners in Divisions II., IV., and V.; the "Results" in the other Divisions will be published, we hope in our next number.

Division IV.—Science.

"A total of 91 Papers were sent in. Of these, 9 were on Zoology, 10 on Botany, 10 on Geology, 9 on Astronomy, 4 on Chemistry, 8 on Physiology, 19 on various branches of Physics, while 22 were on other miscellaneous Science subjects.

"The ages of candidates ranged from 14 years to well-nigh three-score; but more than half the total number were only 21 years old, or under. A remarkably good Paper was sent by one candidate of 16; and we must distinctly notice one contribution, evidently from a working man, which was very creditable.

"No one but the winner of the prize gained full marks (100), but five others had from 90 to 95. The twenty to whom Certificates have been awarded obtained 80 marks and upwards. Seventeen others secured 70 marks and upwards.

"A considerable number of writers attempted subjects far too large for the 3,000 words allowed.

"It is very satisfactory to know that Science teaching is making such an impression on the community, that really good Papers were received from all parts of England from Northumberland to Cornwall, from Scotland, and from Ireland. Wales was worst represented. Another point worthy of note is the large number of female competitors. The second best Paper (95 marks) was written by a lady, and more than half the certificates have been gained by the gentler sex."—W. H. H., Examiner.

Division V.—Historical or Biographical.

"Many of these Essays are characterized by an attempted intensity of thought which is very unnatural in young writers. The award is made comparatively easy by the distinguishing merits of the two Essays, 'Thomas Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald,' and 'Samuel Johnson.' In both of these the writers have set down their thoughts in a concise and natural form, while the style is free throughout the Essays. I would therefore award the prize to Mr. J. Clarke for his able and interesting sketch of a man who is worth the consideration of every young fellow; whilst I am glad to give special commendation to Miss Bennett for her excellent Essay on 'Samuel Johnson.'"—W. H., Examiner.

Division II.—True Adventure.

"Though many of the narratives in this division betray a considerable amount of literary skill, the competition has been singularly barren of what may properly be called adventures; but the prize has been divided between the two Papers which are the most deserving."—W. H., Examiner.

Examiners' Awards.

£2 2s. PRIZE
For the Best Science Paper.

ARTHUR JESSOP, Rawdon, near Leeds.

HIGHLY COMMENDED.

Dixon, M. G., Ryde.
Edmonds, H., Brighton.
Jukson, R., Chichester.
Key, M., Maidenhead.
Keyte, G., Ramsgate.
Mandall, M. E., Stockton-on-Tees.
Miller, L., Eccles.
Taylor, B., Tetsworth.
Todd, M. G., Edinburgh.
Walmsley, H., Kingston-on-Thames.
West, A. C., Truro.
Williams, Rev. A. L., Bury-St.-Edmunds.

COMMENDED.

Abraham, E., Maida Vale.
Allen, R., Loughlin.
Crowther, H., Manchester.
Dearden, A. L., Tunbridge Wells.
H. M. S., Kingstown.
Southall, K. M., Llandudno.
Speakman, A., Burton-on-Trent.
Whitton, L., Stradbally.

£2 2s. PRIZE
For the Best Historical or Biographical Paper.

JAMES CLARKE, Liverpool.

HIGHLY COMMENDED.

Bennett, M., Falfield.
Dodgson, F. V., Lowestoft.

COMMENDED.

Crighton, H. M., Forfar.
Noble, G., London.
Ranken, M., Richmond.

£2 2s. PRIZE
For the Best True Adventure.

Equal { **MAJOR-GENERAL BARTER, C.B., Whitegate.**
Equal { **E. M. BULLEN, Rotherham.**

HIGHLY COMMENDED.

Jones, E., South Norwood.
Wright, S., Scarborough.

COMMENDED.

Golding, A., Whetstone.
Knight, A., Nottingham.
Randolph, D., West Hartlepool.
Roberts, M., Sheffield.

THE SERGEANT'S LAST HALT.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

By an Eye-Witness.

AS I was passing through the Hospital wards, after the battle of Bull Run, two strangers—a sister and an aunt of one of the young heroes—accosted me to ask if I would be so kind as to stand by the couch of their relative, while the surgeon re-amputated his limb, an operation on which his only chance of life depended. They were both weeping, but the wounded soldier, though suffering intensely, smiled as he gave me the military salute. I sat down by his couch, and took his hand in mine. He told me that he had been wounded late in the action, left upon the field, and remained where he fell from Saturday until the following Wednesday, "with no food save a few hard crackers left in my haversack, and with no water save that which God gave me from heaven, in rain and dew, and which I caught in my blanket."

After a paroxysm of pain, the sergeant continued :

"You know, Colonel, how God always remembers us wounded soldiers with rain, after the battle is over, when our lips are parched, and our tongues are burning with fever. On Wednesday, I was found by a surgeon, who dressed my wound, and sent me in an ambulance to Washington. I arrived there late on Thursday evening, my limb was amputated, and I——"

The sergeant again paused in his story, and I begged him not to go on. I noticed that his voice became weaker, and his face more pale and death-like ; a moment afterwards, blood began to trickle on to the floor. I at once called the surgeon. He examined the limb, and, after consulting with other surgeons, said it was impossible to save his life ; that re-amputation would be useless ; that the soldier was fast sinking from exhaustion, and, in all probability, would not survive the hour. They desired me to make known their decision to the aunt and sister.

With such language as a soldier might command, I informed them that the serjeant must soon rest. Tears filled their eyes, and they sobbed bitterly. Then the sister, wiping away her tears, asked if I would tell her brother how soon he must go, and read to him "the prayer for the dying." I went again to the couch.

"Sergeant," said I, "we are going to halt soon—we shall not march much farther to-day."

"Are we going to halt, Colonel, so early in the day? Are we going into bivouac before night?"

"Yes, Sergeant," I replied, "the march is nearly over—the bugle-call will soon sound 'the halt.'"

His mind wandered for a moment, then he said :

"Do you mean that I am so soon to die?"

"Yes, Sergeant," I said, "you are soon to die."

"Well, Colonel, I am glad—I want to rest—the march has not been so long, but I am weary, very weary—I want to halt—I want to be with my Saviour."

I read "the prayer for the dying," most of which he repeated ; then the sister knelt beside the couch of her brother, and offered up to God a prayer full of earnestness, love, and faith. The life-blood of her dying brother trickled down the bedside and crimsoned her dress, while she besought the Father that his robes might be "washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." The prayer was finished ; the sergeant said, "Amen." We stood by the bedside.

"Sister—aunt—do not weep ; I am going to Christ ; I am going to rest in heaven. Tell my mother, sister,"—and the soldier took from his finger a ring, and kissed it,—"tell my mother, sister, that this is for her, and that I remembered and loved her, dying."

He took another ring from his hand, kissed it, and said,—

"Sister, this is for her to whom my heart is pledged ; tell her—tell her to come to me in heaven."

"Colonel," said he, turning to me, his face brightening with the words, "Tell my comrades of the army—the noble army of the Potomac—that I died bravely,—died for the good old flag."

His pulse beat feebler and feebler, the blood trickled faster and faster, the dew of death came and went, and rippling for a moment over, the pallid face at last rested,—rested for ever. The sergeant had halted ; his bivouac now is in heaven.

Y.M.C.A. ITEMS.

THE Y.M.C.A. at Cork, Ireland, has removed to new and larger Rooms.

The Swansea Y.M.C.A. held a most successful New Year's reception to young men on January 10th. Music, recitations, and a first class gymnastic display by members of the Association gymnasium were much appreciated by the crowd of young men present.

A NOVEL COMPETITION.

"THIRTY NOUNS."

WE offer Two Prizes of Half a Guinea each, for the best original, readable Paragraphs, containing the following Thirty Nouns. One Paragraph is to be in prose, the other in verse. The Prizes will be awarded for brevity and clearness.

"THIRTY NOUNS."

1. Ventilation.	16. Mud.
2. Pig.	17. Pincushion.
3. Chimney.	18. Poetry.
4. Shakespeare.	19. Cabbage.
5. Porpoise.	20. Senator.
6. Beehive.	21. Multiplication.
7. Football.	22. Eggs.
8. Cat.	23. Lily.
9. Italy.	24. Papers.
10. Grammar.	25. Turk.
11. Umbrella.	26. Frost.
12. Leviathan.	27. Rhododendron.
13. Silk.	28. Bicycle.
14. Bullfinch.	29. Department.
15. Telegram.	30. Quarrel.

RULES.

1. The Nouns must he introduced in the order in which they are given above.

2. No competitor may send in more than one paragraph.

3. Each competitor must work unaided, and write on one side of paper only.

4. Stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed with any questions.

5. No paragraphs can be returned.

The Competition will close on March 24th, on or before which date all paragraphs, endorsed outside "Thirty Nouns," must reach the Office of —"A. 1.,"— 62, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE

AND

ODDS AND ENDS.

ANSWERS.

Lover.—Certainly a man in humble position in life may marry upon 30s. per week,—*but* "Mind WHOM you marry." Many a woman will make you poor ; a wise, thrifty, practical, energetic wife will make both ends meet comfortably. Of course the husband must be thrifty, smart, and energetic, too ; and, withal, no drinker or smoker !

Good-bye.—Yes, there comes a significance to our words of farewel when we realise that we are breathing a petition—God be with you. The hearty words and earnest efforts of friends are very cheering.

"Hints on Bible Marking."—We regret that this little pamphlet is now out of print. Facsimile pages with full information will be found, however, in the following numbers of Our Own Gazette : January, February, March, May, July, September, November, 1884 ; and January, April, May, June, October, December, 1885. Some of the Bible Jottings, published by Mrs. Menzies in connection with this plan of Bible Marking, can still be had. Sheets, ½d. each ; Annual Vols., 1s. 6d. Office of Our Own Gazette, 62, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Lover of Wordsworth.—By far the best *selection* from Wordsworth's poems is that by Mr. Matthew Arnold, in the "Golden Treasury Series" of Messrs. Macmillan, and there is an Introduction to it in the caustic and brilliant style of that critic. 4s. There is a less expensive volume in Messrs. Rivington's English School Classics, by Hawes Turner, price 1s.

Porter.—Thanks for your hearty letter and practical suggestion. We shall endeavour to carry it into effect. If you are engaged on one of our railway lines, help us by getting our Paper amongst Railway Employés, Guards, Engine-Drivers, and Porters. How much of our safety and comfort is in their hands. We hope we have many friends amongst this important community. If you will send us your name and address, we will send you a parcel of specimens to distribute.

Enquiry.—Would the writer of a certain request for prayer every week, which reaches us, bearing postmark, "London, W.," please send us name and address. We should like to help writer.

An Anxious Inquiry.—Your question is purely speculative, and therefore unprofitable. What would have happened if Adam had not sinned does not concern us ; he *did* sin, and we, his descendants, are sinners. Look to the Saviour, who alone can blot out that guilt, by His death for each penitent, believing sinner.

A Friend of —"A.1."—We are glad to hear that, amongst your large experience of Sunday School Notes, you have found "none so helpful" as ours, and that "several other Sunday School Teachers are equally gratified." Notice "Quit you like Men," by Emily S. Holt, in this Number ; the very thing to read aloud at an Afternoon Sunday School Class.

A Competitor.—In answer to your letter of confession, we freely send you the forgiveness you ask. We *trust* our Competitors, believing that we should do wrong to dishonour the standard of Christian morality by suspecting them of unfairness. We rejoice that you have sought a higher forgiveness than ours ; "If we confess—He is faithful and just to forgive."

J. T. H.—The one and only essential for admission into heaven is a heartfelt belief in the death of the Lord Jesus Christ *for you*, by which He bore the penalty of sin as your Substitute. If you believe this, you are "born again," and you will of necessity live a Christian life. No question of sacraments or Church custom can touch the safety of a sinner who trusts Christ.

L. K. D.—Mrs. Poole's Poems are published by Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street, London,—the special leaflet for which you ask, by Morgan and Scott.

A Member.—Yielding ourselves to the Lord is very simple, when *He* has made us willing. You desire to give yourself completely to God. "Now then, *do it.*" Tell the Lord that you do, now, at once, make a surrender of yourself to Him. And then, *at once*, perhaps without any special feeling or emotion, believe that He has taken what you have given, and that therefore you are His—that there has been a transfer, He taking all your guilt, and you receiving His imputed righteousness, in the value of His precious, all-sufficient atonement.

CHESS.

D.J.M.W.—The diagram was correctly printed, and the position is capable of being solved. Please note the last four lines of Law X. in the same issue, and see solution in No. 12.

Carleton.—Every Pawn which reaches the eighth square may be promoted to a Queen, or any other piece the player chooses. It follows, therefore, that he may have two or more Queens on the board at the one time. After playing a pawn to the eighth square, the selected piece is placed on that square.

Black Queen.—The term "check" is used only when the King is attacked. It does not apply to the Queen under any circumstance. The fact of your opponent having threatened your Queen did not necessitate a compulsory move on your part. Therefore, in replying with a move which gave checkmate you won legally. Please see the Laws of Chess in our issues of January 7th and 14th.

Y. M. C. A. BIBLE CLASS LESSONS.

WITH a view to helping Secretaries of Y.M.C.A. Branches who are using the Course of Bible Class Lessons published by the National Council, we propose giving Notes on these each week.

Four sets of subjects on the following topics are included in this list.

1st.—New Testament Illustrations of Messianic Psalms.

2nd.—Some of the Dangers, Responsibilities, and Privileges of Young Men, as set forth in the Book of Proverbs.

3rd.—The Parables of our Lord recorded by St. Luke.

4th.—Personal Interviews of our Lord as recorded in the Four Gospels.

With a view to securing variety, these subjects have been so arranged that a lesson bearing upon each topic may be included once in each four weeks.

FEBRUARY 26TH.

THE HUMAN NATURE OF THE MESSIAH.

Ps. 22. 22-25. *Heb.* 2. 9-18.

OBSERVE the manner in which the fact of the Messiah's humanity is set forth in Ps. 22., not in express doctrinal statement, but in the *behaviour* of Messiah Himself. Note—

1. The recognition of kinship in the words, "My brethren." The first use of this expression by Christ occurs after resurrection (John 20. 17).
2. The communion of praise (ver. 23).
3. The attitude of dependence and trust (ver. 24).
4. The attitude and act of worship (ver. 25).

All these indicate, illustrate, and prove Christ's humanity. He is *one* with His people. Christ's deliverances are here made to furnish encouragement to His people (see 1 Pet. 1. 21). "I will declare Thy name" (comp. John 17. 6, 26).

Observe *to whom* He declares it. To His *brethren* (see John 15. 15; Matt. 13. 11).

"The only way in which the Son can make us know the Father's name is by making us one with Himself in personal, experimental loving knowledge of the Father, in whose bosom He dwells."—*Dr. Candlish.*

Christ is *not ashamed* to call us brethren. Why not? Because the name is not a mere compliment, but a *reality.* It involves the conferring of real and substantial brotherly benefits (see Heb. 11. 16). And yet are we not sometimes ashamed of Christ? What a condescension for Christ! What an elevation for us!

The co-existence of the human and Divine in Christ must ever remain a mystery, yet we can accept it as a revealed truth, at present beyond our comprehension.

"Impassive, He suffers!
Immortal, He dies!"

Heb. 2. 17 declares the great object for which Christ became man—"to make reconciliation." He is our Representative. His human sympathies well fit Him for the work, and they win our affection."

JAMES L. STANLEY.

THE PERFECT MAN.

He is

1. The *Divine* Man (Mark 15. 39).
2. The *Wise* Man (Matt. 13. 54).
3. The *Loving* Man (Luke 15. 2).
4. The Discerning Man (John 2. 25).
5. The *Mysterious* Man (John 6. 52).
6. The *Wondrous* Man (John 7. 46).
7. The *Despised* Man (John 18. 40).
8. The *Faultless* Man (Luke 23. 4).
9. The *Forgiving* Man (Acts 13. 38).
10. The Outcast Man (Matt. 8. 20).
11. The Powerful Man (Matt. 9. 6).
12. The Seeking Man (Luke 19. 10).
13. The *Offering* Man (Heb. 8. 3).
14. The *Risen* Man (Heb. 10. 12).
15. The *Glorified* Man (Acts 7. 55).
16. The Representative Man (Rom. 5. 19).
17. The *Glorious* Man (Heb. 3. 3).
18. The *Priestly* Man (Heb. 7. 24).
19. The Coming Man (Matt. 24. 27).
20. The Mighty Man (Isa. 42. 13).
21. The Judging Man (John 5. 27).
22. The Reigning Man (Matt. 25. 31).

The sight—"Behold the Man" (John 19. 5). An invitation—"Wilt thou go with this man" (Gen. 24. 58). Where the italics are, the words "*This Man*" are found in the text. Typical illustration of the humanity of Christ in the shittim wood, of which the ark was made. The gold tells us of His Deity (Exod. 25. 10, 11).

In Heb. 2. 9-18, we have a sevenfold view of Christ as the Son of Man.

1. As the *Submissive* One "Made a little lower," etc. See seven downward steps (Phil. 2. 6-8).
2. As the *Suffering* One—"suffering of death." Look through Luke's Gospel, where Christ is seen as the Man, and mark all the passages where He speaks of His sufferings.
3. As the *Seated* One. "Crowned," etc. Five times in this Epistle Christ said to be seated. As the Sin Purger (1. 3), as the High Priest (8. 1), as the expecting One (10. 12), as the Conqueror (12. 2), and here as the glorified One.
4. As the *Sanctifier.* "He that sanctifieth." One as the cherubim and the mercy seat (Exod. 25. 19, margin).
5. As the *Son of Man.* "We see Jesus." His human name given. Man lost his dominion over creation by sin; it is to be restored again during the Millennium.
6. As the *Subduer.* "Destroy (render powerless) him that had the power of death, that is, the devil." Christ by His death has been the death of death.
7. As the *Sympathiser.* "Able to succour," etc. Always put against your inability His ability. His might against your weakness. His succour against your sickness.

Sunderland. F. E. MARSH.

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

By REV. J. H. THORPE, M.A.

FEBRUARY 19TH.

A LESSON ON FORGIVENESS.—*Matt.* 18. 21-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Matt.* 6. 12.

THE teacher may know that the 34th verse is quoted by the Church of Rome in support of her doctrine of purgatory. The argument is this: "Till he should pay all that was due unto him" means that *at a certain time*—after the soul has atoned for its sins in purgatory—it will be delivered from punishment. If "*till*" means this here, may we not fairly demand why the Church of Rome denies it this meaning in St. Matthew 1. 25, where it plainly overthrows her doctrine of the perpetual virginity of the Blessed Virgin? But the whole argument drawn from this passage fails, for (1) the whole aim of the parable is not so much God's forgiveness of us as our forgiveness of others. (2) The argument rests on the radically wrong assumption that man can atone for his sins, or discharge his moral debt to God. If the utmost man can do is *his present duty*, how can he atone for the past? (3) The Bible sets before us but one thing which can take away sin—"the blood of Jesus Christ." (4) The debt itself is so vast that nothing less than an infinite atonement could satisfy God's broken law. (5) Even without these points, the doctrine of purgatory, resting on the assumption that there are two sorts of sins, venial and mortal, and therefore two sorts of guilt, is utterly refuted by the fact that the Word of God knows no such distinctions, and that Isaiah expressly declares that "the Lord hath laid on Him *the iniquity* of us all,"—where the whole mass of guilt is viewed as one load. Such points as these should be clearly set forth to elder classes. The lesson teaches three points as to forgiveness—the motive, the measure, and the manner. Side by side with each is its contrast, its opposite.

1. *The motive.* "The lord of that servant was moved with compassion." But contrast the conduct of the servant. *True* forgiveness is the flower of but one plant—a tender heart. Does your heart wish not to forgive, or feel it hard not to "take satisfaction"? Ask God to take away this stony heart. If your watch is out of order, trying to mend it yourself would very probably make the mischief still greater; you take it to the watchmaker. Take your heart in prayer to God, who alone can set it right!

2. *The measure.* This was what St. Peter was not clear about, and so he asked, how oft his brother should sin against him and he forgive him. Jesus' reply really meant —"*always* forgive." Then the parable further answers in the words of the king, "I forgave thee *all* that debt." *Contrast:* the servant would not give his fellow-servant so much as a little time to pay his debt, which was ridiculously small, compared with that which had been forgiven him. Note—true forgiveness *never counts!* It looks not so much on the debt as on the debtor. True love will never keep a journal to record its sacrifices! A truly forgiving heart will cast the debts into the depths of the sea, and spread a feast for the debtor! The bushel with which you measure out your corn to others will mete out the like to yourself. Your forgiveness is like a cistern—the water you draw off by the tap is the exact quantity which will be admitted by the supply cock. "So likewise"—remember the words whenever you are tempted to give short measure. The teacher will use this opportunity of pointing to God's forgiveness of sinners as our great example.

3. *The manner.* Not unimportant. Acts are often greatly affected by the manner of their performance. The heart is as often expressed in the manner and behaviour as in the word. Children should be reminded of this.

The right manner is hinted at in the 27th verse. "Then the lord . . . moved with compassion," etc. And it is more clearly brought out in the contrast of the servant's conduct—"he laid hands on him,"—"took him by the throat,"—"went and cast him into prison." Forgiveness ought to be given—

(1) *Graciously.* A sour face as ill becomes a forgiving heart as festive garments do a mourner. Forgiveness, dressed with the pepper, allspice, and vinegar of severity, is a poor dish to set before a man. If you forgive, do it like a king. Such a good thing is worth doing well. Present your pardon in the silver dish of a loving manner. What does this mean, "He that showeth mercy with cheerfulness"?

(2) *Instantly.* "Then the lord"—at once, when he was asked, without keeping him in suspense. There is a poor, mean, scolding way of granting a request! It is the way of him who waits, hesitates, considers, and dawdles till he has sickened the heart of the suppliant, and at last gives a forgiveness that has been paid for in bitter chagrin and wounded feelings. It is hardly worth the price! Forgive as the prodigal's father did—forgive as your Father in heaven answers prayer:—"While they are yet speaking I will hear!"

FEBRUARY 26TH.

THE RICH YOUNG RULER.—*Matt.* 19. 13-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Matt.* 6. 24.

NOTICE *two* things about this young man:—

1. He was rich (ver. 22), but not satisfied.
2. He was religious (ver. 20), but not satisfied.

"What good thing shall I DO?" He quite thought he could obtain eternal life by his own efforts.

"Why callest thou Me good, etc.?" Unitarians claim that Christ here denies His Deity. Just as reasonable as to say that in chap. 22. 45, He denies He is David's Son.

As the young man was bent on *legal* righteousness, Christ takes him on his own ground (ver. 17), "Keep the commandments." If you want salvation by works, you must keep the *whole* law. (See James 2. 10, Gal. 5. 3.)

Ver. 18, 19. Christ only enumerates those of the *second* table—duties to man.

The young man replies with confidence in his own righteousness. Had he really *kept* these commands? He only regarded the *letter*, not the *spirit.* Paul once *thought* he was blameless, but he afterwards said, "When the commandment came, sin revived, and I died."

Ver. 21. A powerful test; all his self-righteousness in the balance of the sanctuary, weighed, and found wanting. LOVE is the fulfilling of the law.

"Come and follow Me." Indirect proof of Christ's deity. Mark the claim He makes. No *mere* man would dare to do so.

Verses 23-26. Riches are like *a cord* binding men to earth; like *thick clay*, rendering them unable to rise to heaven; like *heavy weights*, impeding their progress in the race. Christ does not say it is *impossible*, but *difficult* for a rich man, etc. "With God all things are possible."

JAMES L. STANLEY.

1. *The ruler and the Redeemer.* What a contrast! The poor rich young Man and the rich poor young man. One kept all that he had, and was sorrowful, the Other gave up all that He had, and was glad (Heb. 12. 2).
2. *Request of the ruler.* "What good thing shall I *do?*" Do! So, too, Nicodemus: "No man can *do*, etc." Day of Pentecost—"What must we *do?*" The cry of the jailer—"What must I *do?*" Satan's creed is "*do.*" The Gospel of God is, "It is done." The *do* of the law and *not to do* is death. The *done* of the Gospel and believing in Christ is deliverance.
3. *Rigour of the law.* This is seen in Christ's words to him. He was big in profession, but little in practice.
4. *Riches of the Ruler.* Riches bring reward, if used for God; but if not, they will bring blight, bitterness, bondage, and eternal blasting.
5. *Reference to the camel and needle's eye.* This was a common way in the East of speaking of anything difficult or impossible.
6. *Remark of the disciples.* "Who then can be saved?" Answer: Not the impure and unbelieving (1 Cor. 6. 9, 10). Who? Those who believe in Christ, those who are born again, and who follow Christ.
7. *Reply of the Saviour.* Salvation is an impossibility from man's standpoint, but man's impotency is God's opportunity to bless and save.

F. E. MARSH.

Two similar instances: Luke 10. 25, Mark 12. 28.

The story of rich ruler given also in Mark 10. 17, Luke 18. 18, etc.

By reading the three accounts, a more perfect picture can be presented. Mark supplies the words: "running," "kneeled," "loved him," "one thing thou lackest." Matthew supplies Peter's apparently selfish question, "What shall we have, therefore?"

A long time had elapsed between this incident and last lesson. Many important events between—Raising of Lazarus, two journeys to Jerusalem, etc., etc. (Luke 9., John 7.). Now only a few weeks to time of crucifixion.

Introduce lesson by reference to *young men* of the Bible. This one was—

Very rich. Perhaps owned farms and vineyards. Who was the richest king we read about in the Bible? Did his riches do him any good?

Very brave. Christ not popular. Homeless, outcast, shunned by great. Young ruler brave enough to come to Him for advice; brave enough to endure jeers of comrades.

Very lovable. A moral, outwardly religious young man.

Very anxious. Not sure of heaven. Unrest of soul. Determination to ask Christ.

Very sorrowful. Found out *the way—self-sacrifice, cross-carrying, following faithfully.* Did not like the cost of eternal life. Hope crushed. Describe what he may have hoped the answer would be. *Illustration*—Naaman.

Very foolish. "Went away." Forsook the greater to keep the less.

In brief, the lesson would be—

SOMETHING LACKING.
SOMETHING SOUGHT.
SOMETHING FOUND.
SOMETHING REJECTED.

Points to think over—

In our strength we shall ever fail. "None is good."
Amiability no passport to heaven.
Self-sacrifice the test of love.
Beware of the glittering snare.
The *One Thing* lacking, we lose all.

C. SKINNER.

If our doubts do not prevail so far as will make us leave off praying, our prayers will prevail so far as to make us leave off doubting.

A RAMBLE AMONGST THE BEAUTIES OF BRITTANY.

By Miss Spottiswoode (*continued*).

THE people of this province are very devout Romanists. Among the pleasant orchards, with their promise of the golden cider the people prize so much, or on the sides of the high stone houses in the narrow dirty streets, a gaunt crucifix will suddenly meet your eye, or, more often, a plaster figure of the Virgin, with an offering of artificial flowers at her feet.

In lower Brittany, of druidical renown, the people speak their native Breton; a language akin to Welsh. There, as in the northern parts, efforts are being made by those who can make themselves understood to win the people to a purer faith. But Romanism has a firmer foothold here than in any other part of France.

In picturesque Dinan, standing on the wooded slopes of the Rance, we went one day into one of the fine old churches. It was a splendid temple, but it were hard indeed to say to whose glory it was erected. Altars glittered along the sides, and as we followed the long line, reading the names of ancient saints, we came at last to one rather less resplendent than the rest, "au Sauveur," "to the Saviour."

Entering the churches at any time you will see some of the kindly, civil, light-hearted peasant women kneeling before the altars, their rosaries in their hands, and their wistful eyes fixed on the tinsel figure in front of them. Perhaps some one dear to them is navigating their dangerous coast, or one familiar and beloved has passed hence into the vague beyond, and they are beseeching some good angel to intercede for them with the great unknown God. Such He surely is to them, when they crave such intercession.

We went one day to Mont St. Michel, where a little town clusters on the steep sides of a mass of rock, sometimes separated at high tide from the mainland. A stone causeway has been constructed over the cold grey sands, much of it treacherous sinking sand, which lies between it and the fertile shore of Normandy.

The narrow streets consist chiefly of steps, and all lead to the monastery crowned by the fine church on the top of the mount.

Three years ago a fiat went forth from the government, dispersing all the monks save one, who remained as parish priest. The place is still, however, the resort of pilgrims, who wear a medal, in the shape of a cockle shell, as a badge of their purpose.

The church is being carefully restored at the public cost; but the once resplendent altars, the beautiful cloisters, and the grand banqueting hall of the knights, with its stately pillars, are silent and deserted. So too are the dark, cold dungeons within, to whose thick stone walls are still fastened the iron chains, light, doubtless, in comparison with the hearts of those to whom, in days gone by, their dismal clanking was the only sound which broke the dreadful stillness. Close by, within the walls, is the brothers' burial-place.

In the centre of one crypt, containing singularly massive pillars, stands a figure known from its colour as "the black virgin."

Round the windows of the little shops, which line the descent to the gates of the town, hang rosaries, medals, and other mementoes of the place, for the purchase of tourists and pilgrims.

The chief trade between Brittany and England consists in the export of dairy produce and the import of coal. A pleasant Sailors' Rest is provided in St. Malo for our seafaring countrymen. It may be mentioned, for the sake of tourists who are not fond of the sea, that the voyage from Southampton to St. Malo occupies just twelve hours, that the steamers are comfortable, and that we found the sea, both in going and returning, as smooth as possible, though that is not, of course, a universal experience.

But even should rolling seas lie between an English holiday-seeker and the white cliffs of the opposite coast, weeks of pleasure, and it may be a store of health, will compensate for a few hours of discomfort. When change is required, it can be obtained most completely by leaving the familiar scenes of Great Britain. New sights and new sounds refresh both eyes and ears; even the chatter of a foreign language and the clatter of wooden shoes tend to increase the sense of restful novelty.

Time and space would fail to tell of all the possibilities of enjoyment in the northern provinces of France. The river trips, where the steamers speed steadily through green valleys, with here a ruin, there a quiet farm; now and then a landing-stage, with a crowd of country people—the men, perhaps, receiving a farewell kiss from the "director of their conscience" in his sombre ecclesiastical garb, whilst the stalwart women fling the rope to secure the steamer, or carry heavy baggage ashore.

French and English people have ways of their own, and if they find amusement in each other's peculiarities, they may find instruction, too. Certainly we may take many a hint from the courteous manners of our neighbours, and from their hearty enjoyment of open-air recreation. And if the sight of a row of figures kneeling at the foot of a crucifix, and kissing the stone steps at its base, rouses an earnest longing that idolatrous superstition should give place to a purer faith, they, at least, set an example of simple and open confession of Christianity, and of acting up to the knowledge they possess. Perhaps the peasants of the northern provinces of France show to greatest advantage on the fête days, when a procession of neat figures, in holiday attire, are seen wending their way to some little chapel. Health and happiness, the two great beautifiers, seem to deal far more favourably with them than with their well-to-do countrymen in the cathedrals. When the service is over, an overflow of good feeling is generally shown in the liberal distribution of alms to the blind and halt beggars, who invariably wait on each side of the pathway. These beggars sometimes make an English visitor long for the Charity Organisation, so persistent are they in their demands; but they seem to meet with unfailing sympathy from the churchgoers, who encourage them with *sous* before they prepare to enjoy themselves.

To follow them, when the holiday is over, into the little fishermen's dwellings reveals one respect in which our cottagers have the advantage. The word "home" has no equivalent in any other language, and our idea of home life is scarcely to be found in France. How should it be when the women work so much out of doors, or are even sometimes found in the rigging of a fishing-smack? For this their love of the open air and their bright, clear climate may be accountable. It may explain, too, why their disposition is in many respects so different to our own. The human kind are no more proof against atmospheric depression than the birds, which give notice of coming rain by letting their heavy wings bear them low and close to the earth. Perhaps our own more deliberate and steady-going natives may sometimes thank our specialities of clouds and mists for saving them from being carried away too much by physical exhilaration, such as makes French people at times objects of amusement.

It is needless to enumerate the historical associations which give interest to the whole of this district. Such names are Brest, Ouessant, Nantes bring to mind early schoolroom days. But it may be worth while to mention that the attraction of the sea at St. Malo is not limited to bathers; this port fits out more than one-third of all the French vessels engaged in cod-fishing. It is interesting, also, as the birth-place of Duguay-Trouin and Chateaubriand.



FEB. 25, 1888.

"A.1."

ONE PENNY.

WEEKLY — Edited by MRS. STEPHEN MENZIES.

THAT HOUSE IN LONDON

BY L. T. MEADE

Author of
"Scamp and I,"
"A Knight of To-day,"
"Great St. Benedicts,"
etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

KATE KENNEDY was tall, fair, graceful. She was young, and she certainly possessed quite an average share of good looks. People spoke of her as a strong-minded girl, but that, in the unkind sense of the word, was scarcely true, for Kate possessed too tender a heart to be at all strong-minded, according to the modern acceptation.

She had a bright face, and was neatly dressed; but at the moment when this story opens, her surroundings were scarcely cheerful. In the first place, a London fog half filled the room, and in the second, the room itself was dingy, dark, and dirty—in short, it was a second-class, perhaps a third-class, London lodging. Kate had just finished her breakfast, and was buttoning on a pair of somewhat shabby gloves, when her landlady entered the room, and presented her with four letters.

"And I'd like to know, if you please, miss," said the good woman, in a rather tart voice—"I'd like to know if you'll give notice to-night, or if it's your intention to abide with me continual, Miss Kennedy?"

"To stay here always!" exclaimed Kate; "but I want to go somewhere where the fog won't follow me. Thank you very much, Mrs. Minchin, but I cannot promise to stay with you for a long time. I shall know my plans better to-night, and will then let you know more certainly how long I am likely to remain."

"'Miss Kennedy, this is quite unexpected. Where are you going?'"

Mrs. Minchin dropped a little curtsey, scowled a trifle, and, finding she had really no further excuse for remaining, withdrew.

Kate pulled off her gloves again, turned the gas full on, and, kneeling by the fire, opened her letters.

The first was in a school-girl hand, and ran as follows :—

"DEAR KATIE,—

"I am perfectly wretched at Miss Green's ; she does not understand me nor suit me. She says I'm all 'idiosyncrasies.' The work she gives me is perfectly menial. The food I have is very poor and insufficient. I shall never improve my mind here, nor do anything worthy. I wish you would let me come back to you. I am sure I shall not be much expense.

"Your unhappy sister,
"ALICE."

Kate tossed this letter on the table, and, breaking the seal of another, read a few words :—

"DEAR SISTER KATE,—

"What a worry it is that I can't see you oftener. I have got into no end of a scrape, and I can't tell any one but you. Can you manage to come to see me on Saturday? I know you won't scold me. You will just remember, when I tell you all, that I am silly little

"NELLIE."

Kate sighed as she replaced this short epistle in its envelope. Her third letter was even shorter than the two first :—

"DEAR KATE,—

"I have left my situation, and have gone into lodgings in Manchester. Please send me a cheque or postal order for my fare to London. When you know all, you certainly won't be angry. Dear Kate, how I long to see you !

"Your loving sister,
"POLLY."

The fourth letter was totally different from the three preceding ones. It had a business touch and feel about it, and was dated from Lincoln's Inn Fields. The few words it contained were as follows :—

"DEAR MISS KENNEDY,—

"Can you favour me with a call this morning at 11 o'clock? I want to see you on a matter of importance.

"Yours faithfully,
"HENRY SIMPKINS."

Kate bundled all her letters into her pocket, buttoned on her gloves, fastened her cloak, and ran swiftly downstairs.

"Those three poor darling girls !" she said to herself; "they always are in hot water, and I am as poor as a church mouse. I broke into my last £5 note yesterday, but it is lucky that my quarter's salary at Miss Grey's will be due on Monday. Well, whatever happens, I must send for Polly ; such a pretty little giddy-pate cannot stay by herself in Manchester lodgings. Dear, dear, what can Mr. Simpkins want with me? And who is Mr. Simpkins? Oh, I remember ! he is the lawyer that poor cross Uncle Tom always made such a fuss about. Of course I will go and see him ; but what can he want?"

Kate hailed the first omnibus which loomed dark and imposing through the fog, and getting into it, was bowled along in the direction of Chancery Lane. Before many moments she found herself in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and soon after in the presence of Mr. Simpkins himself. He was a bald-headed, little, rosy-faced man. He came forward to meet her eagerly, and, holding out both hands, shook hers warmly.

"So good of you to come at once, my dear Miss Kennedy ; and—and—what a cold day ! Allow me to offer you this seat by the fire. Now, now, not a word—it was very good of you to be so punctual."

"I'm afraid I'm a little bit before my time," answered Kate ; "but the fact is, I am on my way to Miss Grey's. I am a teacher at Miss Grey's school, so I ventured to come to you before eleven, as my time is not my own."

"You a teacher, my dear Miss Kennedy ! Allow me to remark I don't think you are suited for that post—not at all ; no, no, by no means. You a teacher !—it is a sin to think of you as spending your time drilling ideas into stupid children."

Kate's cheeks flushed rather angrily.

"The children I teach are not at all stupid," she answered. "I like my work, and, pardon me, Mr. Simpkins, I flatter myself I am a good teacher."

Mr. Simpkins smiled, and rubbed his hands softly together.

"A thing of the past, my dear young lady," he said—"a thing of the past ! We will grant that you were a good teacher. If I am any reader of physiognomy, I doubt if there is a thing which Miss Kate Kennedy could do badly."

"Odious, insufferable man !" muttered Kate, under her breath.

"But now to business, my young lady,—to business."

"Certainly, sir," answered Kate ; "and, as I remarked before, my time is very limited."

"I have the happiness, Miss Kennedy, of informing you that you are, at this moment, the fortunate possessor of £30,000. Not a fortune, no, by no means, but a very nice competence for a young lady. Your Uncle Tom died last week, and left what property he possessed to you."

Kate's face turned very white—her bright, dark eyes sparkled with some curious emotion—then the said eyes filled with tears —she stood up, sat down again—her hands trembled—for a moment she could not find her voice.

"Forgive me," she said at last ; "this is sudden—it has taken my breath away. I did not know that my uncle was ill—that he had died ; he was my mother's brother ; he was never particularly kind. I looked for nothing from him."

"The fact, however, that he was your mother's brother enables you now to inherit £30,000, Miss Kennedy," answered the lawyer in a dry tone. "I respect all due grief for your admirable uncle, but the little sum I name will, I doubt not, have a soothing effect in assuaging your natural sorrow."

Kate both frowned and smiled.

"I have not an idea of grieving," she said. "I am sorry to have to say it, but Uncle Tom never won my affection. It was kind of him to leave his money to me, but I could have loved him, and wept some tears for him to-day, if he had been good to me when I asked him to help me about Polly, two years ago. I was in great trouble then, and he would do nothing."

Mr. Simpkins knit his brows and coughed.

"Miss Polly was no relation of your uncle's," he answered ; "surely, Miss Kennedy, it was unreasonable to expect him to take up your step-sisters."

"No matter," said Kate, abruptly ; "we won't go into feelings. Of course I'm glad of the money, for I am very poor. I can't realise yet that I have got it, however. I suppose I shall be even more delighted by-and-by. Is this all you have to tell me to-day, Mr. Simpkins?"

"*All*—what a very unreasonable young lady ! I warrant you have not got a hundred pounds at the present moment in your possession" ("No, not ten," muttered Kate under her breath), "and yet you ask me if I have anything to add to the fact of your being just entitled to a very comfortable little fortune."

"To £30,000," echoed Kate. "I can't realise it. If you said I was to have £50, I could jump for joy ; but a big sum I can't realise. Oh, it will come ; I shall know all about it presently. May I go now, Mr. Simpkins? I would rather, please."

"May I lend you £50 on account? I shall feel proud to be your banker to that amount, and I own I should like to see you skipping for joy."

Kate was about to refuse, for, strange to say, she felt quite put out and disturbed, but a sudden memory of Polly, in the Manchester lodgings, caused her to change her mind. She accepted the proffered loan, and went out of the house feeling very much as if she were walking on her head. What magic in all the world had transformed one of the poorest and most hard-working girls in London into the possessor of a fortune?

CHAPTER II.

KATE went straight to the nearest post-office ; from there she sent off three telegrams. The first ran as follows—

"POLLY—your money goes by first post. Come home immediately on receipt. KATE."

The two other telegrams were to each of her other sisters, and were to the effect that she would run down to see one that evening, and that she would visit the other early the following morning. Finally, standing in the post-office, she scribbled off a note to Polly, and enclosed her a postal order for her fare to London.

"How delightful it is to have £50 !" she said to herself, as with a light heart she left the friendly office. "Poor Polly, I must have things very bright for her when she returns home to-morrow. I won't stay in Mrs. Minchin's dismal dining-rooms. I know her drawing-rooms are vacant—I'll engage them. How surprised Polly will be ! Dear, dear, it is delightful to have £50, but I must not think about it any more for the present ; I have to hurry off to school. I am dreadfully late as it is ; I trust Miss Grey won't scold me."

Miss Grey was a severe disciplinarian, but she had a great deal too perfect control over herself to dream of saying angry words to her teachers. She certainly raised her eyebrows as Miss Kennedy came in, and remarked shortly that that young lady's class was waiting for her, but the young lady in question gave her so bright an answering nod, and went with so much spirit and animation to her work, that Miss Grey's anxious face relaxed into a grim smile, and she said to herself, "Miss Kennedy is very seldom late, and she is an admirable and very conscientious teacher."

The school hours passed very quickly, and Kate, with the delightful consciousness that she carried the balance of £50 in her pocket, went home to astonish the good Mrs. Minchin with the information that she was about to become her drawing-room lodger for at least a week.

Oh, how obsequious and polite the good landlady at once became, how she overpowered Kate with attentions, and how relieved the young girl was when, at last, she found herself alone !

Mrs. Minchin went upstairs to arrange the drawing-rooms, and Kate sat down in the

arm-chair in front of the dingy little fire, and for the first time allowed herself to dwell upon the fact, that she had not only £47 odd in her pocket, but that she was the heiress—indeed, the lucky possessor—of nearly £30,000 more.

Kate was twenty years of age, and she had three step-sisters; the three were younger than Kate, but not much younger, for Alice was a little over eighteen, and Nellie, the youngest, was sixteen. Kate quite considered them her very own sisters—their mother had been as good to her as if she had been her own child. Their mother, too, had died when her children were little more than babies, and the father of the four had brought them up as best he could—that is, he neglected them a good deal, and did not dream of providing for them. He, too, died when Kate was sixteen, and from that hour she looked upon herself as more or less a mother to the younger ones. They were not the least like her. She had fibre and backbone, spirit and resolution, and they were pretty and idle and silly—not at all worse or more selfish than hundreds and thousands of other girls, but they were by no means calculated to fight the battle of life alone, and even with assistance they were all three extremely likely to make a mess of things. Kate, with the aid of one or two kind friends, had got her sisters into different situations; but oh, the weariness of finding employments for girls who were never satisfied,—who invariably came home again at the end of three months, who spent all their little earnings in purchasing pretty dresses and gay ribbons! Kate never knew what evening she might find one or other of them sitting by her hearth, waiting to tell her, in an exasperatingly piteous voice, that the sorrows and trials put upon this special pair of young shoulders were greater than any girl who had a vestige of self-respect could endure. Of course Alice, Polly, or Nellie, had come home to her "dearest Kate," her "sweet Kate," quite sure that she would sympathise with and provide for her.

Kate sighed on these occasions, tried to scold the culprit, signally failed, and then did her utmost to provide the pretty, giddy creature with some fresh and more congenial employment. Kate trembled and feared when "her girls," as she called them, came back; and yet how much she loved them, how pleasant it was to her to hear their merry laughter—for the volatile creatures cheered up very quickly—and how sincerely she admired their pretty faces, and reciprocated their loving ways! They were all three as warm-hearted as they were good-looking, and they each of them, after their fashion, adored Kate.

Now she sat in her arm-chair, and thought about the future; and as she thought, a great wave of thankfulness came over her. Oh, the goodness of God! Oh, the rest, oh, the joy of knowing that in the future she could provide a home for the girls! £30,000, what could it not do—what comforts, what luxuries, even, could it not procure! What a lot of good Kate could do with it; she need not turn away from that sad-looking little flower-girl who stood at the corner each morning; she need not grudge the crossing-sweeper his penny. Oh, what a lot of happiness was before her! She and her sisters might become ladies bountiful; they might scatter happiness wherever they went.

Miss Grey, Kate's employer, had been heard once or twice to say,—

"If Miss Kennedy had only religion, she would be a perfect girl." Poor Kate, no one knew anything of certain prayers and certain struggles; and no one, to her dying day, was aware of the fact that now, in Mrs. Minchin's gloomy little parlour, she fell on her knees, and, in impulsive and earnest words, asked God to help her to spend her money in the best way. This direct prayer brought a direct answer; for Kate's excitement was soothed, her heart no longer beat too fast, her cheeks no longer burned. Happy, but not tumultuously happy, she ran upstairs to tie on her best bonnet, and put on her freshest pair of gloves, in preparation for her visit to Alice.

Alice was a teacher, an assistant teacher, and truly a subordinate one, in a large Seminary for young ladies at Sydenham. She had been in her present situation exactly three weeks; and Kate knew, from the tone of the letter she had received that morning, that she might expect to see her back at her fireside any evening. Under existing circumstances, she resolved to answer Alice's letter in person; but she also made up her mind that she would tell her nothing of her own good fortune for the present. She took the omnibus to Victoria, and there purchasing a second-class return ticket, proceeded leisurely towards her train, which was not to start for another five minutes. A gay voice caused her to start and turn; a young man walking rapidly in the opposite direction had caught sight of her, wheeled quickly round, and now held out an eager hand, and showed a handsome face, slightly flushed with pleasure.

"Miss Kennedy, this is quite unexpected; where are you going?"

"To Sydenham," answered Kate; "and that is my train. How are you? I have not seen you for months."

"Nor I you. I have been away for the usual summer holiday—just come back. Is not shaking into harness awful? and what a dismal day! I am as depressed as possible, I assure you."

"You look it," said Kate, laughing; "well, I must not lose my train—goodbye, Mr. Graham."

"Oh, I say, I am not going to lose sight of you like that," answered Graham. "I have a thousand questions to ask you. My day's grind is over, and when I met you I had not an idea how I should pass the next couple of hours. If you don't object, I will just run and get a ticket, and come down with you as far as Sydenham. You can tell me your news on the way; I am dying to hear. There, stand by that carriage door; I shan't be an instant."

Kate smiled to herself as the bright-looking young figure dashed quickly through the crowd; but by the time Kenneth Graham, slightly panting from his run, was back again at her side, her face wore a grave and even slightly troubled expression.

The two were old friends, however; and by the time the train was in motion, they were both chatting on many subjects, although an under-current of thought still kept Kate's face rather grave.

"Shall I tell him that I am an heiress, or shall I still let him suppose that I am a hard-worked teacher, with three young sisters dependent on me?" she said to herself.

Before she could quite decide, Graham pulled himself up short in the midst of an eager narrative.

"How I must worry you about myself! May I ask a few personal questions? Why are you going to Sydenham?"

"Alice is there—she has got a post as assistant teacher at Miss Green's Seminary."

"Oh! and is Miss Polly well?"

"I believe so; she is in Manchester at present, but I expect her back to-morrow night."

"And your little sister—is she as pretty a baby as ever?"

Kate laughed.

"I think you are a little impertinent, Mr Graham," she said. "Nellie wears long dresses now, and puts all her hair on the top of her head."

"So much the worse for Nellie," replied the young man in a careless tone. "Miss Kennedy, I am delighted to have met you. I shall go back to my work quite cheered now."

Kate's face grew a little pale.

"Mr. Graham, I ought perhaps to tell you something. I have had some wonderful news this morning—good and unexpected news."

Something in Kate's tone caused her companion to look at her narrowly.

"Of course I'm delighted to hear it," he said; then he added, with a forced kind of smile,—

"I suppose it is the usual thing—you are going to be married."

"Nothing of the sort; I am not thinking of being married. This is my news: an uncle who never during his life-time appeared to give me a thought, who never seemed to be very kind, has died and left me his money. I was a poor girl yesterday morning. I am a rich girl now."

"Rich—are you really? Let me pull up this window; don't you find the air rather cold? So you are rich—you! Am I to congratulate you?"

"If you like. I had only £5 this morning, now I possess some thousands. I suppose that is a subject for congratulation."

"As people think. You must forgive me if I cannot say that I am glad. Kate, what a lot of fortune-hunters will come round you—wretches with mercenary motives. And you are so unsuspicious. And an honest man,——Kate, I am not glad. This is Sydenham. Good-bye. Thank you for telling me."

"Don't go away in such a hurry," said Kate, suddenly stretching out her hand, as they stood together on the platform. "Your return train is sure not to be due. Walk up with me as far as Alice's present home."

"No, I won't—I mean I hope you don't think me rude, but I can't. I have got to think of you in an altogether different light in future, and I may as well begin at once."

"Mr. Graham—Kenneth!"

"What did you say?"

"I want to say that my fortune does not change me."

"Poor Kate!" said the young man, clasping one of her hands suddenly in both his; "poor Kate! don't say anything rash at the present moment, and don't call me Kenneth again, or I may,—I may be tempted by it. You think you won't be changed, that you will always be the frank, brave, jolly Kate of old. No, no; don't imagine that you will escape the glittering snare. In six months' time, I wonder how much or how little you will remember of Kenneth Graham. This is bad news to me, Kate; I won't disguise the fact, for it dashes away a hope out of my life. I had hope, and you gave it to me, but do you think I am a fortune-hunter? There, I know that is my train round at that platform. Good-bye, good-bye."

"If this is the result, I hate having a fortune," said Kate, as she slowly walked away from the station in the direction of the house where her sister lived.

(*To be continued.*)



The Prize Punctuation Competition.

TO OUR COMPETITORS.

PLEASE stop, if you can! Knowing from sad experience the *comma*-cal difficulty found in many *colon*-ies at this *period* as to punctuation, we give the following paragraph as a test.

Most of our readers will discern that, as it stands, it is *not* correct; *many* will try to set it right; few, we expect, will succeed. Any Competitor recognising the source from which the quoted Paragraph is taken, is put upon honour not to take advantage of such knowledge in any way.

A Prize of £1 1s.

is offered for the most accurately written copy of the given Paragraph, and Four Prizes of 5s. each for the Papers which stand next in order of merit. Certificates will also be awarded.

The Competition closes on March 31st, on or before which date, all Papers, endorsed outside, “Punctuation Competition,” must be sent to the Office of “A. 1.,” 62, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

RULES.

1. The Competition is open to all, but those who are professional Teachers must make a note to that effect beneath their signature.
2. No help may be obtained from any person or book. (See Rule 3.) A signed declaration that this Rule has been kept must be affixed to each Paper.
3. Reference *is* permitted to a Grammar; the name of the one used, if any, must be given.
4. Stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed with any questions needing reply.
5. No MSS. can be returned.

“PLEASE STOP!”

THE crown and glory of Life! Is character it? Is the noblest possession of a man constituting a rank? In itself and an estate, in the general goodwill dignifying every station and exalting. Every position in Society it exercises. A greater power than wealth and secures all the Honour. Without the jealousies of fame it carries with it an influence; which always tells for it is. The result of proud honour rectitude and consistency! Qualities which perhaps more than any other command. The General confidence and respect. Of mankind character is human nature in its best; form it is moral, order embodied, in the individual men of character. Are not only the conscience of society but in every well governed state? They are its best motive; power, for it is moral, qualities in the main which rule. The world even in war! Napoleon said the moral is to the physical. As ten to one the strength, the industry and the civilisation. Of nations, all depend upon individual character and the very foundations of civil security. Rest upon it laws and institutions! Are but its outgrowth in the just balance? Of nature, individuals and nations; and races will obtain just so much as they deserve and no more, and as effect finds its cause so surely, does quality of character; Amongst a people produce its befitting results. Though a man have comparatively little, culture slender abilities; and but small wealth: yet if his character be of sterling worth he will always command. An influence whether it be in the workshop the counting house the mart; or the senate Canning wisely wrote. In 1801 my road must be; through character to power I will try: no other course and I am sanguine enough. To believe that this course though not perhaps the quickest; is the surest you may admire. Men of intellect (but something more) is necessary before you will trust them hence. Lord John Russell once observed in a sentence; Full of truth it is the nature of party in England. To ask the assistance of men; of Genius but to follow: the guidance of men. Of character this was strikingly illustrated. In the career of the late francis horner, a man of whom sydney smith said that the ten.—Commandments were stamped. Upon his countenance the valuable and peculiar light says. Lord cockburn which his history, is calculated to inspire: in every right minded youth. Is this? He died at the age of thirty-eight possessed of greater public influence than any other Private.—Man and admired, beloved trusted, and deplored! By all except the heartless, or the base no greater. Homage was ever paid in parliament to any deceased. Member, now let every young man: ask how was this? attained by rank he was. The son of an Edinburgh merchant by wealth, neither he nor any of his relations ever had. A superfluous sixpence by office he held. But one and only, for a few years of no influence, and with very little. Pay by talents his were not; splendid and he had no Genius; cautious and slow his only ambition. Was to be right by eloquence? he spoke; In calm good taste without. Any of the oratory that either terrifies or seduces by any fascination. Of manner his was only correct, and agreeable by what? then was it merely by sense? Industry good principles and a good heart qualities. Which no well constituted mind need ever despair of attaining, it was the force. Of his character that raised him and this character; not impressed upon Him. By nature but formed; out of no peculiarly fine elements. By himself there were many, in the house of Commons. Of far greater ability and eloquence but no one surpassed him.—In the combination of an adequate portion of these. With moral worth horner was born to show. What moderate powers unaided! by anything whatever except culture: and goodness may achieve even, when these Powers are displayed amidst the competition and jealousy of public life truthfulness. Integrity and goodness qualities that hang not.—On any man's breath form the essence. Of manly character or as one of our old writers. Has it that inbred loyalty? unto virtue which can serve her. Without a livery he who possesses these; qualities united with strength of purpose carries; with him a power: which is irresistible? he is strong, To do good strong; to resist evil and strong; to bear up under difficulty. And misfortune when Stephen of colonna fell. Into the hands of his base; assailants and they asked him in derision where? Is now your fortress here? was his bold reply placing his hand upon his heart it is.—In misfortune that the character of the upright. Man shines forth with the greatest lustre; and when? All else fails he takes his stand: upon his integrity and his courage.

Praying will make us leave off sinning, or sinning will make us leave off praying.

The True Test of all life's actions and service is, not “What will men think about it?” but “What does God think of it?” It matters not if the world applaud and richly reward, if it meet not the approval of the Great Searcher of hearts.

Home.—There is no place like home, however poor or small; it is the place where all family affection loves to gather. Take away home from the heart, and you remove the brightest part of earthly existence, and drop a blank on the best years of any man's life. To be homesick is a good malady, and one that it is no disgrace to suffer from.

Advice.—It is a very delicate thing to give advice: very few who ask for it are sincere in so doing. In most cases it is as a salve to the conscience, or as a justification for desires that have often passed into actions, with a wish to make others responsible for them.

Life Stains.—A single drop of ink is a very small matter, but drop it on a clean table-cloth, and it makes a great show. So, the purer the character, the more glaring is a little sin.

You Cannot Serve your Father in heaven at the expense of a neglected nursery, a forsaken home, and ignoring of parental responsibilities. Domestic duties have the first claim on every renewed heart. “Go home, and show what great things God has done for you” is an important command.

Knowledge.—He that would gain true knowledge, will have to pick and cull all that comes to hand. The false and the true are amazingly mixed down here. It requires knowledge to get knowledge, but “all is plain to him that understandeth.”

Life's Love.—There is nothing brightens life like love; without it all is dark, cold, cheerless—one vast iceberg drifting hither and thither. Therefore, cherish love, sympathy, and warm-heartedness, which draw and bind hearts together.

A Man's Face.—Cover a man's face, and he becomes a mere bundle of clothes that takes up room; but let his face and eye be seen, the expression shows the man.

Finding Fault.—It is one of the easiest things in the world to find fault with others, to be continually complaining about their doings, looking on the worst side of their actions, and exposing to view the shortcomings that are about. Charity hideth, covereth (not a few, but) a multitude of sins. Let all our deeds be done in charity.

Knowledge is Power.—Yes, knowledge is power, but sometimes it is a knowledge of evil, and is only powerful for evil—a curse and tyranny on the earth. The world by wisdom knows not God, neither doth it follow that might and power obey Him.

Much of the Mischief that is in the world comes from people not knowing what is good for them; they worry to obtain that which, when obtained, gives neither satisfaction nor contentment.

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Thirteen Hundred Miles in My Caravan," "From Pole to Pole," etc., etc.



"Then a bold headland appeared in sight."

CHAPTER XXVII.

SUMMER IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN.

THE ship passed slowly, near to one of those great hummocks, and as she opened out the north side of the berg, a great seal, that had been sleeping in the sunshine, raised its head, and gazed for a time after her. If the animal was wondering at all, it did not wonder long, but quietly resumed its first position, and apparently went off to sleep again. The seal looked better fed, and better clad, and far more intelligent and happy than the poor soul they had seen in the boat.

That night Katie stood with Captain Boyd and Jack to gaze northwards at the midnight sun. It would not set again for many a day. It does seem strange to talk of night and day, when describing a land where, at this season of the year, there is no division.

"I don't feel as if I cared to go to bed," said Katie.

"Well, Miss Katie," quoth Jack Silk, "it is my watch, and I'll be very pleased indeed if you'll come and walk the deck with me till eight bells strike again, and Desmond comes on duty."

"No, Mr. Silk, it would not be fair to send me packing off to bed when Desmond came up. No, I'll take your arm, Captain Boyd, and go below."

"Well, sound sleep and sweet dreams," said Jack.

"Good-night, sound sleep to you."

"Sound sleep?" cried the captain; "I had better not catch him at it for the next four hours, else up to the crow's nest he would go."

Katie looked up at the nest, gave a little cold shudder, then gave Jack her hand, and a good-night smile, which, between the two of them, made the sailor boy's heart very happy indeed; so that if he had not sound sleep for the next four hours, he had, at all events, the very sweetest of dreams.

Jack had a straight-forward, regular way of doing his quarter-deck walk of a night, which was unmistakably Jack's own. He knew he was in the habit of putting down his feet somewhat firmly—somewhat too firmly, perhaps—and it occurred to him one day to ask Katie if his style of pedestrianism disturbed her of a night; "for," he added, "I really can't help it, you know."

"Oh no, Mr. Silk," had been the girl's answer; "I rather like it. It makes me sleep."

"Makes you sleep?"

"Yes, because, somehow, I feel safe."

Jack thought of this to-night, and he also thought of her smile and look when she bade him good-night. "I wonder," he said to himself, "if she cares for me a little, little bit? Just a point or two?"

Jack's walk was from abreast of the binnacle to close abaft of the mainmast. Well, he had put the above question to himself when abaft the mainmast, and had answered it in the affirmative by the time he had reached the binnacle; but before he had taken two turns more, and was back once more at the binnacle, the bright vision had fled. And so on, back and fore, as he swung along the deck, now the answer was yes, and now it was no; at one time Jack's soul seemed sky high, and at another down in the black bottom of Behring Straits. It was the old game of, "She loves me,"—"she loves me not," only played in a different way. He had never forgotten that Katie once called him "Jack." That was a sweet morsel to roll up in a rose leaf, and stow away in his memory. But to-night, he suddenly remembered that she had said "Desmond," when speaking of his friend. Here was another subject for agitation and cogitation, and for the next hour, at least, Jack's heart was once more a shuttlecock, and Katie's bright face and winsome ways the battledore, that sent it spinning high in air, or let it descend to the very sea's level. To use the words of Jack's favourite song, it was a case of "Blow high, blow low" with him for the remainder of the watch, and when Desmond came on deck to relieve him, "Honolulu!" he cried, "it surely isn't eight bells already?"

But the sailor-boy was no nearer to a solution of his conundrum than ever, and when he went below and turned in with the intention of regularly thinking the matter out, his head was no sooner down on the pillow than he himself was under full sail for the land of Nod.

The next thing Jack was sensible of was being shaken by the shoulders. He opened his eyes, and there was Boy Bates, whom he had taken on as servant.

"Have I been asleep?" said Jack.

"Rayther," said the boy; "but at fust, sir, I did think nothink else but wot you was dead. I've been a-shakin' and a-shakin' of yer for more'n 'arf an hour, and were just agoin' to call old Sally. 'Ere's yer 'ot water, sir. Get hup and dress your little self, 'cause the ladies is agoin' in to breakfus."

"The ladies going to breakfast! Honolulu!"

Jack was out of bed at a bound, and on deck in ten minutes after.

Yes, it was summer now in these seas; so different from the same season in more southern climes, with their wealth of waving woodlands; their hills and mountains that rise dreamily, softening into the blue of burning skies; their sunny seas and shores, where the white waves seem to whisper and sing as they break and recede. But it was summer, all the same, and every creature and everything around the good ship *Oonalaska* appeared to feel its influence; and a hopeful, happy, bracing influence it was!

There was a glad, healthful feeling in the gentle southern winds that stirred the sea, and made its wavelets dance and glitter and gleam in the soft sunshine—sunshine that did not scorch or burn; sunshine that was something to bask in, to be joyous in; sunshine that calmed you and soothed you; sunshine you could revel in and feel thankful for.

Katie and Miss Graves, and even Sally, were on deck nearly all day long now. And white and beautiful that deck looked, for Jack Silk, as first officer, took a pride in seeing things perfect. Jack never lost his temper; nor did he, as I have heard ship's mates do, utter words ugly enough to make the mainstays shiver, and the capstan shudder; but Jack would have things properly done.

If there were a bit of polished ebony about anywhere that he couldn't see his face in, he would point it out and quickly ask the price of bees'-wax. If a rope were uncoiled anywhere on deck, he would give it a kick, or pretend to stumble over it; or if the boats'n stood near by, Jack would point to the loose end of the rope, and ask, with pretended innocence, what poor fellow was going to be hanged this morning. As for the brass work, when Jack stood alongside any of it with that big watch of his in his hand, back uppermost, and looked from the one to the other, the spectioneer orthird officer, Jackson, knew very well what he meant, and took the hint.

One day—I only mention the matter to show what manner of man this sailor-boy was—the quarter-deck did not please him. It was not white enough, and this made Jack look black enough.

"You do look so cross," said Miss Graves.

"Do I? There's enough to make one, mother. Just look at that deck."

"Why, it is almost like satin-wood. One could dine off it."

Jack smiled, but remarked: "It looks to me as if some one had been dining on it—a chimney-sweep, for instance."

About an hour after this, when everybody had sat down to lunch, Jack got hold of old Sally.

"Mrs. Bennett," said Jack, "will you do something for me?"

"Goodness bless the dear gintleman! I'd go on my knees to please ye, sir."

"Precisely what I want you to do. Boy Bates, carry up the bucket of hot water for her, and the cocoa-nut husk, and all the fixings, and show her the place I want scrubbed. Tuck up your old sleeves, Sally, and fall to."

A minute or two after, said one sailor at the fo'c's'l head to another, as he took his pipe out of his mouth,—

"My eye, matie; look yonder. Whatever's in the wind now, I wonder?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" This was a chorus of laughter so hearty that the spectioneer himself popped up out of the half-deck cabin.

And there, sure enough, was Sally on her knees, hard at it, with her arms bared to the shoulder, with Boy Bates astride of Robin Hood, both looking on, and both grinning from ear to ear.

Sally did her work well. But in less than five minutes Jackson had a gang at work; and by the time luncheon was over, and the ladies came up, the quarter-deck had dried itself white in the sun's warm rays.

"That's what I call satin-wood," said Jack, pointing to his quarter-deck with pardonable pride.

Summer in the Arctic Ocean. Yes, but do not imagine, dear reader, that summer is always like this. For white, wet mists will lie over the northern seas, and fogs obscure the sun.

"It's Queen's weather we're having," Katie said.

Jack thought afterwards he had lost a fine opportunity of saying a pretty thing in reply to this. Jack always *did* think of the things he ought to have said when it was far too late to say them. However, he had a happy thought almost immediately afterwards.

"Mother," he said, "wouldn't you like to be hoisted into the maintop? There is a splendid view to-day, and not a bit of swell on."

Miss Graves looked at him with a smile making ripples round her eyes, but did not immediately answer. Jack burst into a hearty laugh.

"Honolulu, mother!" he exclaimed, "how you can read a fellow's thoughts! Yes, mother, it really is Katie I want to hoist. I was patting the baby for sake of the nurse, or rather *vice versâ*."

"Go straight away and ask her, Jack. Yonder she is, talking to Chips and his friend, the savage."

"Miss Katie," said Jack, a minute after, "there is a delightful view from the maintop to-day; would you like to be hoisted?"

"Like to be hoisted!" replied Katie, laughing; "that sounds so funny. But—I think I would, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"The danger was extremely great."

"Chips, old man, rig a block and tackle at once, and see that the chair is as safe as——"

When Katie began to ascend, she *did* feel a little afraid; but there was Jack himself, moving like a big spider up the rattlins, and keeping the chair steady all the way. There was not even a hitch getting over the top, though just here the girl got almost giddy to see Jack hanging almost head down, as he scrambled out and over. But once the chair was swung over and made fast, why, there she was as safe as a baby in a bassinet, and twice as happy. There was even a bear-skin rug placed for her feet to rest upon, a piece of refinement which made her smile; but she thanked Jack for it prettily, all the same.

Katie was surprised to find there was so much space up here.

"Why," she said, "one could almost jump on it. Have you ever slept at such a giddy altitude?"

"Ay," replied Jack; "when a youngster in the service, put up for punishment, you know."

"What is that square hole for?"

"That is called the 'lubber's hole.' It is an easy way of getting into the top."

"Why don't you always use it, Mr. Silk? It was dreadful to see you hanging head down, like a hen going to market."

Jack laughed at the notion.

But while the girl was still gazing at the lubber's hole, somewhat timidly, it must be confessed, for it made her giddy to look down, she was startled to see a figure pop up through it, for all the world like a Jack-in-the-box.

It was Boy Bates, with a basket containing a flagon of hot coffee, and two china mugs, to drink it from. Delicious coffee it was, too! There was nothing else needed to complete her happiness. She did not feel a bit cold, and the gentle, swaying motion was rather pleasant than otherwise. So the time passed quickly by. Jack's altitude above the deck did not really represent the height he *felt* himself above the world and all it contained. He would have gladly stopped up here, with Katie by his side, for a week and more.

There was plenty to see and talk about. The icebergs themselves were a sight. Not that they were of any great size or height; many, indeed, were little else save patches of snow-clad ice, flat, with, perhaps, a little hill or hummock in the centre.

They were summer icebergs, many of them fantastic enough, in all conscience. The sides were grooved round with the action of the water, so that the snow overhung the edges; then down below the sea's surface, they all spread out clear and green. Katie quite realised how dangerous such bergs could be in a storm, when hurled at a vessel's side with all the force of a rolling wave.

On many of the bergs lay seals asleep, enjoying the sweet summer sunshine. They would give just one wondering glance upwards with their beautiful eyes, as the ship sailed past, then quickly resume their *dolce far niente*. Very beautiful some of these seals looked from a bird's-eye view. Some were nearly all dark-brown, and very large; others were marked with white; others, again, were yellowish-white, with charming patches and circles of black. And they all looked so gentle and so wise!

In this summer sea, there were also thousands of seals playing in the water. Their antics and the strange shapes they assumed were, at times, astonishing. Katie noticed, too, that they could swim under water with a celerity that, doubtless, defied the efforts of even the terrible Greenland shark to catch them; in fact, not even an eel could excel them in speed.

One of them, accompanied by its calf, passed close to the ship, going south for a change of air, no doubt. From the maintop, the gambols of the calf could be easily noticed; swimming briskly, first at one side and then at the other, and sometimes jumping right over the mother's slowly swinging tail. It was a wondrous scene; and, as good luck would have it, a great whale stopped right abreast of the ship, for her baby had gone to sleep under her gigantic flipper, with just a bit of its head above the water. It was the most interesting sight Katie had ever seen. Her delight was quite child-like; she gazed with round eyes, and—I must tell the truth—with slightly open mouth. But then, Katie's mouth was very pretty, and her teeth were as white and even, and almost as small as a bat's.

Yes, Jack thought, she never looked so beautiful before, and can you blame this sailor boy, that his eyes were bent on her instead of on the whale?

"Oh! look, look," she cried at last. "The mother is going on."

The mother *was;* she had got baby to sleep, and now floated slowly onwards,

moving only the flipper that was disengaged, and with her tail considerably bent to one side, else, with only one arm in motion, she could not have steered straight. The steam of this gentle leviathan's breath rose like a fountain in the air, but, strange to say, without any noise. She did not mean to wake her baby.

On sailed the ship through the summer sea. Medusæ now began to appear in the water, and birds came screaming round, or floated on the waves ; and the snow on the icebergs was not more white and pure than the lovely plumage of some of these.

Then a bold headland appeared in sight ; the summits of the hills all clad in virgin snow, but the valleys green and smiling, patched here and there with the orange of the Arctic poppy, and the mauve or crimson of blooming saxifrages. The cliffs that overhung the sea were black and steep, and some of the mountain breasts were terraced and streaked with greys and browns.

Sketch a bright blue sky over the headland with streaks of feathery clouds, throw a few icebergs into the foreground, and, in the hollow between two hills, paint a village of tents, with figures running hither and thither, waving good luck to the passing ship, and you have as good a picture as I can suggest of summer in the Arctic Ocean.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PRIZE SPELLING CHASE.

GREAT SUCCESS.

A NEW ONE COMING ON.

CLOSE on 2,000 Competitors, but the work is nearly done. In our Number for March 10th, we shall give Illustrated Pages of Results, with a humorous introduction, showing full details of failure and success. All should see it.

So keen has been the interest,—so many rushing in,—so many falling,—so many puzzled,—so many who regretted that they did not try it, and so many that they ever saw it!—that we have been compelled to accede to an appeal for another. Yes, **another Spelling Chase.** We shall hope to print it almost immediately after the publication of the names of the Prize Winners in the present one. The new one will be even more entertaining.

ABOUT OURSELVES.

OUR patient Competitors will find the Final Results of three Divisions of the Literary Competition on page 269. As one of our Examiners feelingly says, "The number of papers certainly speaks well for the circulation of —'A. 1.'—."

Our Spelling Chase Exam. is almost over ; see above. The Examination of the three other special Christmas Competitions is also getting ahead ; watch each Number for Results.

The "Thirty Nouns" Competition, announced last week (page 254), is sure to be popular. Still open ;—why not try for a Prize?

The "Punctuation Competition" announced in this Number (page 260) will rival our "Spelling Chase." It will be easier to examine the stops than to stop the Examination!

Now is the time to enlist fresh subscribers for —"A. 1."—. "That House in London" will deepen in interest every week. Begin at the beginning.

MORE VEILS.

By EDWARD BUTLER.

PART II.

VEILED FRIENDS AND VEILED ENEMIES.

IF Satan occasionally appears as an angel of light, on the other hand, men and women, who are angelically good, do manage, now and then, to array themselves in habiliments that seem to have been purloined from wardrobes not angelic, and thereby assist the operations of the great Master of the Art of Lying. Satan's wardrobe is by no means limited to the full dress of an angel ; he "plays many parts," and suits his attire to his intended victim. "Innocent Gaiety" is a favourite disguise of his, especially with the young ; but it would be doing great injustice to his skill to suppose him restricted to one or two "make-ups." He can look very attractive as a "Searcher of the Truth," and "Pure Science" is a get-up in which he does great execution. The more advanced his intended quarry is in spiritual things, the more intricate and elaborate the deceptions into which he insinuates himself.

There is a fine imaginative touch in a print of Albert Durer's, hung in one of the rooms of the British Museum. It represents the temptation. Eve is standing at the foot of the tree. Satan, in the guise of a beautiful serpent, is sliding down the tree, and with polished courtesy is offering to get the apple for Eve, as if he should say, "The apples are beautiful, dear madam, are they not? Pray allow me to get one for you!" Satan takes care to well grease the ways down which the vessel that carries a soul can glide to damnation. No courtesy shall be wanting on his part. And this Durer emphasises, shrewdly depicting a sleek old cat, sitting bunched-up, cat-fashion, as if dozing, but with one eye half-open, watching a mouse that plays nearer and nearer.

Satan himself, of course, is unadulterated enmity, and his friendship is absolute falsity. But one cannot say that of men and women, who are merely his tools, and who do his work with a dash of goodness of heart, of natural kindliness, *bonhommie*, and goodwill, which weakens resistance and fascinates the prey. We have, in such a case, intended friendship veiling unintentional enmity,—a very seductive arrangement. It is very kind of my friend to ask me to dine with him :—"Come and take pot-luck with me, old fellow!" an invitation enforced by a cheery slap on the back; but much depends on the cook, after all.

I have sat at a table where my first mouthful of pudding included a large piece of broken glass. Its size saved me. And I have, also, personally met with a pudding which disclosed, at the first cut, the remains of two fine cockroaches. Before we accept a proffered meal, or a proffered friendship, it is well to have a committee of all the senses,—eyes, ears, and nose, or their spiritual counterparts ; otherwise we may find things as unpleasant as surprising "behind the veil." I sometimes look down the decorous columns of advertisements for governesses, nursery-maids, young lady-assistants, and so forth, and wonder what fat spider lies veiled behind this or that cobweb of an advertisement, begemmed with glittering dewdrops of promises.

The sad stories I thus glance at are, it is needless to say, stories of deliberate ambuscades for souls, and bodies, and purses ; but there is many an unwholesome friendship, which is, in its way, sincere and well meant. Let us remember that spiritually, no man can give what he has not got ; and when a friendship is offered to us, let us first inquire of what treasures of knowledge and virtue the offerer can ask us to partake. Is it a feast worth sitting down to?

A lady had a favourite cat, to which she had given many a tit-bit. One day the grateful animal leaped up on her lap at dinner, and deposited a fine mouse in her plate. It was kindly done on the cat's part. It was an act of sincere friendship. If a young man receives overtures of close companionship from ever so "good" a "fellow," yet one whose tastes are not those of the noble life, probably ere long the good fellow will, with fraternal love, put a mouse on his plate, in the shape of ignoble talk, low suggestion, vulgar pastime. It is hidden from him that his friendship veils an enmity to his young comrade's spirit. He "means well." But his own nature, his own destiny, the intrusive character of his own life are veiled from him, and therefore from his "friend."

Some friendships are unhappily veiled by shyness. Neither likes to be the first to speak. Sensitive hearts fear rebuffs. It is like the case of certain chemical elements, capable of closest combination, but incapable of intimate approach without the aid of a medium. Blessed be the electric spark, or other medium, that assists the fore-ordained union! The judicious hand of the common friend will not tear off the veil from either moiety of the predestined unity, but will gently lift it aside, and puff at it with little kindly zephyrs ; for shyness is not a sin or a vice, but is nearly allied to humility and modesty.

Some friendships are still more lamentably veiled by slander, scandal, misrepresentation ; met by the answering veil of pride, and of the self-withdrawal of wounded love. How shall one teach the pen to write calmly of this pest of social life? Egyptian frogs and lice, Australian rabbits and thistles, the Hessian fly, the Colorado beetle, and the Arabian locust, all present their testimonials to me, and ask to be engaged as similitudes of the tattling liar and tale-bearer. The carrion-crow and the blue-bottle fly also hand in their credentials.

It is desperately hard work to tell the simple truth of a story just as you receive it. Do any of my readers doubt that? Then let them try the Russian game. Let a dozen people sit in a circle ; let one whisper a little narrative to his neighbour, and so let it pass round from ear to ear. Then let the last recipient tell the story aloud as he received it, and, in most cases, it will considerably astonish the first narrator. What chance, then, is there for the poor little naked truth, when every one who passes it on finds his reputation as a story-teller enhanced by each little ray of picturesque falsehood he can manage to hang on its shoulders? The gossip is everybody's enemy, and should be boycotted. Many lovely friendships have been sundered by some gauzy fabric of false scandal dropped between, and stricken hearts have retreated from one another for ever behind the veils woven of slander for the warp, and hasty credulousness for the weft. One cannot but allude to Coleridge's familiar lines :—

"Alas! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth.
* * * *
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining ;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which have been rent asunder."

JANE, JOSIAH, AND JOHN. THE STORY OF A WEDDING.

By G. DE LA PLANTE.



"Your hearty congratulations! I'm going to be married."

JANE, Josiah, and John. John, Josiah, and Jane it ought to have been, but it wasn't. John was his mother's first-born by twelve months or so, but the moment Josiah came, John tottered from his throne; and after Jane's advent he resigned all hope of regaining the prominence due to his primogeniture.

Josiah and Jane came into this world of woe with a private world of woe upon their shoulders. From childhood onward they had been persistently and consistently depressed and depressing. They believed that life was a wilderness; that hope was always deferred; that friends were future enemies; that evil possibilities eat like a canker at the root of purest pleasure; and that it became perishing mortals to groan in harmony with their sad estate. Josiah was perhaps a shade less consistent in his misery than Jane; therefore, inasmuch as consistency always carries the day, Jane came to the forefront, and reversed the order in which Dame Nature had sent the trio into the world.

Jane brought a shadow on the household, like the "great black crow" we dreaded in our nursery days. But as water runs off a duck's back, so woe rolled smoothly off John, without one drop penetrating his nicely plumed feathers. Merry? He nearly drove Jane to despair. That he, a man nigh on fifty years, should indulge in unseemly mirth; should laugh so heartily; joke so funnily; sleep so dreamlessly; and enjoy himself so thoroughly;—it could betoken nothing but a shallow mind, and a heart incapable of "pulsating to another's woe."

Jane was a woman of intellect, and believed that her powers were a "solemn trust." She put them to school in a determined sort of fashion, as if they were naughty children needing discipline. She took charge of John's house; not that she ever owned for a moment that it was his. The house wanted to be managed; it was a most uncongenial task, but painful duty must be done, and she did it. The rest of her time she spent in studying Botany; not in the fields, amongst the flowers, but shut up amid herbariums and unintelligible names. She liked flowers best when they were dried; she was consistent even in that! She took a grim pleasure in strapping an unlucky plant firmly between her boards, having first arranged the leaves and petals so that the freedom of growth was modified, and the details of structure shown. Of course she worked on the Linnæan system; the Natural had no charm for her.

Three unmarried people living together, with scarcely a point of contact with the outer world, are bound to have at least one hobby apiece. The hobbies in this household were Bees, Bones, and Botany. Needless to say, the bee hobby appertained to John. In the sunniest part of the garden, beneath the south wall, surrounded by beds of wild thyme and other fragrant flowers, were rows and rows of hives, mainly old-fashioned straw ones, with great sheaves turned over to keep out sun and rain. John spent most of his time amongst his bees.

He watched them, and fed them, and handled them; the gardener said that he talked to them, but then the gardener knew John was not in favour in the household, so he was not an unbiased witness. As for Jane, she despised bees, and would not even eat the honey.

Josiah had begun his hobby by showing a taste for exploring the geological formation of the country; but gradually the inconsistent liveliness of this dawned upon him, and it became modified into a morbid love for the acquisition of bones, and especially of complete skeletons. Talk of a skeleton in the cupboard! In this house there were fifty skeletons, and their cupboards had glass doors. Josiah kept them in the sitting-room, and Jane liked to place her chair where she could see them when she raised her eyes from her knitting. Jane thought it was "a woman's duty to knit," so she did it, rejoicing—if she ever did rejoice—that it was unpalatable. In the centre of the glass case was a human skeleton, flanked on either side by the skeleton of the long-departed family cat and dog. Report said that the human skeleton was a family one too; but "not proven" must be writ large against that accusation. The cat was supported by the adjacent skeleton of a mouse, whilst a fine rat in bony outline told of the former prowess of the dog. Skeletons of birds, and bats, and fish were grouped symmetrically around, with geometrical devices of odd bones arranged in between. It was a grim cupboard, but it undoubtedly helped to keep Josiah consistent in his woe. John always sat where he could not see the skeletons, and Jane spoke solemnly to him about his distaste for facing the awful realities of this wicked world. But John declined stoutly to alter the position of his chair.

Now, you know, it is never safe to account one's self thoroughly settled in this fleeting world of change. Nothing seemed more unlikely than that the trio should be turned into a quartette; yet it was, and this is how it happened.

The bees, who had been gathering honey for themselves, were the means, one sunny day, of bringing John in the way of what was even sweeter than honey, all ready stored up and waiting for him.

John loved the swarming time. He would sit for hours watching and waiting, and then, when the swarm rose, off he would go after it, far more intent upon noting the habits of the bees than upon stocking a hive. This special swarm—worth, according to the old rhymester, a load of hay, for they started on their travels in the balmy month of May,—led John a pretty chase. First they left the garden at the corner farthest from the gate, so John had to run round as smartly as he could to catch them up on the other side of the wall. Then they went across several fields,—the hedges were nothing to them, but they meant a good deal to John. On, on they went. At last they rose over a high garden wall, and were lost to sight.

Now the garden inside that wall belonged to a worthy couple whom Jane despised as an aggravated instance of cold-hearted happiness. They were positively exultant; even worse than John. Their house was furnished with soft hangings and cosy chairs, and as the two old people were alone, they generally had a visitor in the shape of a light-hearted pretty girl, to keep their old hearts warm. Jane, finding that her woe was unwelcome in this household, gathered her skirts around her, and left it to be happy by itself. John hesitated now as to whether he dare revoke his sister's decree of separation by seeking to follow his bees; but a startled scream from within the garden soon settled matters. His hand was on the latch; the green door opened; and in a minute John found himself soothing a pretty, round-faced girl, who had been frightened by the sudden descent of the swarm.

"Don't be frightened," said John cheerily. He meant to say "my dear," but it suddenly struck him that he was not old enough to use such a reassuring phrase without possible offence. It was a long time since John had remembered his age; now he caught himself thinking that his half-century had not yet passed. Was there any connection between his age and pretty Mary Brown? How



Jane liked Funerals.

strangely these minds of ours mix up things, to be sure!

Mary recovered her fright, and became much interested in the bees. She and John found a hive in the tool-house, and watched the creatures settle quietly on an apple-bough in a beautiful cone. Then, feeling as if he were a knight of old, fighting with his "fair ladye's" ribbons on his front, John shook the bees into the hive, whilst Mary murmured, "Oh! do take care of yourself, *please!*"

At last—it was a long last—the job was over. Mary escorted her new acquaintance into the house; John was warmly welcomed by the kindred bits of sunshine, and in a few minutes found himself protesting that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to come every day, to see how the bees, which he had given to Mary, liked their improvised quarters in the garden.

"Mary will be here at least a month longer," said her hostess; "then she goes back to London with her brother."

John rose to say good-bye. "I think I have been dreaming all these years," he said; "how I thank my bees for bringing me here to-day."

"I expect that will prove a lucky swarm," said the sunny old lady, with a twinkle in her eye.

John went home. Jane met him with her stocking in her hand, knit, knitting as she walked along. He felt so excited and so happy that he stopped her, and stretched up to pop a kiss on her chilly lips. Jane drew back and caused him to miss his mark by half an inch, so that the kiss echoed in empty air.

"My dear Jane!"

"This is no time for levity, John. The realities of life ——"

"Jane," said John with sudden boldness, "why is your gown made so skimp?"

"Brother, it is unbecoming"—"in this vale of tears" she would have said, but John broke in,—

"Yes, my dear, it *is*. Do let me see a better dressed mistress in my house. You could look quite nice, Jane, if you tried."

John passed on; Jane stood still, her needles motionless, and her head bent down, until her glasses threatened to slip from off her nose. "Mistress in *my* house;" John had reminded her of that! What could it mean?

Never did bees need such care as did that swarm! It took two people to watch them, and John was so very kind in helping Mary. Her big brother took a casual glance now and then, but John assured him that two people were quite enough, and that it was injudicious to frighten the bees.

Of course Jane liked funerals, and went to one whenever she could. An old lady died twenty miles away, and Jane announced that she and Josiah would take the dingy carriage, and go to weep at the tomb. John declined to go; a "previous engagement," he said. Whether a definite engagement existed before the funeral party set out or not, it certainly did exist before they came home.

The bees needed a long spell of watching that day, and Mary's brother took care not to frighten them by his presence.

Somehow or other John told his story, and in a way enigmatical in print, but perfectly satisfactory in reality, Mary replied.

Mary's brother wrung John's hand, and said he was glad matters were settled, as he need not now be so afraid of passing the bees. The sunny old gentleman wrung John's hand too, and the sunny old lady shed a few tears on Mary's shoulder. Mothers always do on

these occasions, and though Mary's mother was with the angels, the dear girl should not miss this little tribute now.

All went as merry as the projected wedding-bells, until it grew near the time for the funeral *cortége* to return. The news had to be communicated somehow, and the sooner the better. Mary's brother proffered his aid; he said that two to one would be scarcely fair, and that he would walk home with John, and be present at the interview.

At last the old carriage arrived. Jane went straight to her own room, but Josiah went into the sitting-room;—it was a fitting occasion to gaze at the skeletons in the cupboard, and cultivate woe. Sitting side by side, that they might have their backs to the bony trophies, were John and a good-tempered, resolute-looking young man.

Something had happened. Josiah sat down, facing the skeletons, without a word. John drew his chair forward till his knees almost touched his brother's.

"Old boy," said he, leaning back suddenly, and throwing out his arms with a gesture of enjoyment, "your hearty congratulations,—I'm going to be married!"

"John," said Josiah solemnly, "there is misery enough in the world. At your time of life you should reflect on other things."

"Bless your heart," said John, with a ringing laugh, "I'm not turned fifty yet, and you're a year younger. My Mary will find you a bright little wife for yourself."

"Have you yet dealt this blow to Jane?"

"What blow?" said Jane, standing gaunt in the doorway; "life is nothing but fatal blows at our highest hopes."

"Look here, Jane," said John, going towards her, with a touching tenderness in his voice, "look here, I'm going to be married, my dear."

Jane said never a word.

"It shan't make any difference to you, my dear," said John, anxiously; "Mary will be a real sister to you."

"Bring three wives to the house, if you like," said Jane, with a sudden gust of passion, "but don't ask *me* to meet them. I suppose you'll be willing to let me keep one room, in which I can be miserable alone!"

"Certainly, certainly, Jane," said John; then he added under his breath, "Bad look-out for Mary, poor girl."

Mary's brother strongly advised her to have nothing to do with such a household of woe. But the girl stuck to it that she wasn't going to marry either Jane or Josiah, but that she was, most decidedly, going to marry John. And so she did, as soon as the knot could be properly tied.

As the young bride and her middle-aged husband stepped across the threshold, Jane disappeared upstairs amongst her dried flowers, and took to her studies with zeal. Josiah represented, in his proper person, the skeleton at the feast. He had dusted all the bones, and polished the glass of the cupboard until it stood out staringly in the dingy room. That was his preparation for the bride. He determined not to retire, as Jane had done, but to be a living protest against thoughtless merriment; probably he would sit during the evening with a skull in his hand, and a leg-bone or two at his feet on the hearth-rug.

Mary shuddered a little at the skeletons. They should not long stare at her out of the case like that. A few yards of silk or cloth would line those glass doors, and hide the ghastly contents. She suggested this to Josiah after dinner, and so strangely had her bright ways won upon him already, that he half admitted that less light *would* be better for the bones. "We could have the doors open in the evenings," said he.

"Yes, yes," conceded Mary, though she privately resolved that if *that* had to be, she and John would have a sitting-room for themselves.

At the end of six weeks, Josiah's woe was intermittent. At the end of three months, he was able to live for a day or two without access to his bones, and grew so horribly inconsistent altogether, that Jane ceased to protest; it was hopeless.

Jane had now apparently two worlds of woe, her own and Josiah's, under which to groan. She kept to her own rooms, barely spoke to Mary, and lamented over her degenerate brothers. She was a hale woman, but all this told upon her health. At last she fairly broke down. Having repeatedly forbidden her maid to tell Mary, averring that she would prefer to die in lonely misery, it is not to be wondered at that the girl sped as quickly as an active pair of feet would carry her, off to her mistress. Ten minutes later, Mary was ensconced as sick-nurse in Jane's room, the botanical litter was unhesitatingly turned out, and a better order of things began. Jane was a gloomy patient. She dictated her will to Mary, alluded unsparingly to her brother's "unfortunate marriage," and her own relief at a prospective departure from the vale of tears. She lay and recalled misdeeds of her own,—and of every one else's,—and fairly smothered herself in reproaches and sins.

And sunny Mary just loved the desolate, frozen heart, and was persistently bright through it all. She knew how to minister to soul as well as body, and Jane was conscious of being done good to against her will. She began to get better. By-and-by Mary got mysteriously busy; as she sat by Jane, her deft fingers fashioned a skirt of soft stuff, with rich, full draperies; and later on she began to make a cap, with creamy lace and dainty ribbons.

"Going to deck yourself with lace and ribbons?" said Jane; "well, the world looks bright for you, I suppose."

"This cap is for *you*," said Mary briskly; "that and the dress will be ready for the first day you are fit to come downstairs." Then, before Jane had time to answer, she began to sing.

Jane's consistency gave way at last. Frost must thaw in the sunlight. She did not even complain when she came downstairs in the dress and cap, and found the skeleton cupboard lined with pretty red cloth, and the whole room redolent of fresh flowers that had no prospect of being dried. Love had conquered; John's wife was victorious.

WANTED—THE ANSWER.

I HEED not heat nor bitter cold,
Nor e'en the driving rain,
From morn till night you see me pressed
Against the window pane.
My blackened form betrays to all
That former friends will roam,
Though voiceless, I proclaim afar
"This is an empty home."

Six weeks have passed. Oh, what a change!
They wash me off the scene,
Only to let me reappear,
With an added eye between.
No longer grim and lone, I'm decked
With ribbons blue or red,
I tell not now of empty home,
But of an empty *head*!

The Answer to this Acrostic will be given in our Number for March 10th.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

By CONSTANCE GORDON-CUMMING.

THAT "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing" is never more vividly illustrated than when men, grasping some half developed scientific theory, which at first sight has seemed to run counter to Scriptural teaching, have straightway assumed that revelation was at fault. Happily a deeper insight into Nature's mysteries leads most candid minds to acknowledge that science is in truth the most loyal handmaid of the Holy Scriptures. Never has this been more strikingly illustrated than by the latest marvellous discovery in the possibility of recording and transmitting sound.

How many of us, reading in the Bible that "by our words we shall be justified, and by our words we shall be condemned," have accepted this in any literal sense? Still more surely have we assumed that the saying, "For every idle word that men shall speak they must give account in the Day of Judgment," was simply a strong form of speech; whereas now a very wonderful scientific discovery enables even clumsy human beings, not only to capture every word spoken by a human voice, or by a score of voices, but to transmit this record by post across sea and land for thousands of miles, there faithfully to repeat every syllable it has heard in the exact intonation of each speaker, and, having done this once, the tiny box containing this indisputable evidence may be put away, to be brought out again a thousand years hence, when there is every reason to believe that it will repeat the whole conversation as accurately as it does at the first moment.

Marvellous as this undoubtedly is, we know that we as yet stand only on the threshold of what there must yet be to learn in regard to this extraordinary discovery,—just as our grandparents, hearing with wonder and awe of the first capture of a spark of lightning, little dreamt how soon homes would be lighted by electricity, and the whole earth encompassed with telegraph wires and electric cables.

So in regard to Mr. Edison's wonderful invention of the phonograph, we as yet know only just enough to help us to realize how it may be that the very air we breathe keeps record of our words—a faithful reporter, whose witness none may gainsay, in that awful day when each one of us must give account of all words spoken in the present life.

A good many years ago, the possibility of recording and reproducing sound first occurred to Mr. Edison—indeed, more than ten years have elapsed since he constructed a phonograph, which clearly proved that it contained the germ of some truly marvellous scientific fact to be evolved at leisure. But so many startling discoveries presented themselves about the same time, that it was impossible to develop them all at once. Just then the telephone, for the simpler transmission of sound, began to secure its position as a commercial enterprise; and though various inventors lay claim to its parentage, Mr. Edison certainly receives the lion's share of credit.

About the same time he invented the microphone for magnifying sound, and in order the better to display its power, he applied it to the telephone, with the result of causing the most insignificant sounds to be heard, startlingly intensified, at a distance of many miles. Thus the buzzing of a fly, imprisoned at Bradford, was distinctly audible at Leeds, while the ticking of a watch was clearly heard at a distance of ten miles.

While feeling his way towards the phonograph, and testing the various methods by which the concussion of the atmosphere by human articulation (or whatever else produces sound) might be reproduced, he devised an experiment for speaking into a concave instrument, of which the convex side reflected the sun's rays, and, under the influence of the human voice, flashed more or less vividly, so that it appeared possible that such flash-signals might have been reduced to some intelligible system.

But as there are limits to the working capacities of the most brilliant human genius, Mr. Edison found that the task of adapting electricity to purposes of public and domestic illumination, and bringing all details of his electric light to perfection, and into commercial working order, fully engrossed his powers until the present year, when he was able once more to turn his attention to the transmission and perpetuation of sound by his infinitely more wonderful permanent process. After devoting eight months of steady work to the subject, he now announces that his invention is ready to take its place in the commercial world, and that he expects very soon to see the phonograph established in every business office. Just conceive what this means! No shorthand reporter ever noted speech so faithfully or so indisputably as will these invisible recorders.

By the end of January, Mr. Edison expected to have five hundred phonographic machines ready for distribution. The apparatus will not occupy more space than an ordinary type-writer, and can be fitted into a box which can stand beneath a table, nothing being visible except the mouthpiece and a revolving cylinder. The owner of the machine touches a little switch to secure its attention, and adjusts the mouth-piece to the cylinder, which is made of a sort of sensitive material specially manufactured to register the very faintest atmospheric movement. At present the simple phonograph requires that the lips of the speaker should talk into it, but Mr. Edison is now preparing and testing instruments like funnels, which will collect sound from a large area, and bring it in concentrated form to the receiver.

When the sound condensors are perfected, then, in truth, the phonograph will work absolutely independently of any intentional aid from the speaker. It will be quite a new illustration of the "little pitcher with long ears," and will be found to be also a most dangerous tell-tale—indeed, to venture on a private conversation in any room which has not been minutely examined in every corner, will be very much like talking in one of those halls we find in old houses, with an upper gallery opening into other rooms—a regular trap!

No sooner is this faithful recorder told off to its work, than it at once begins to mark on the sensitive paper every vibration of the air, as influenced by different voices, and so perfectly does it succeed that, if twenty persons speak in rapid succession, the tones of each voice can be clearly recognised whenever there is occasion for this witness to reproduce the conversation! Nor is there any limit to the number of times that it will repeat the whole story without the slightest variation; a thousand times over it will, if required, unwearingly re-iterate each comment in the precise intonation of the speaker, whether of anger, love, or indifference, and at the self-same pace, rapid or drawling—never was there so perfect a mimic! If we cannot all "see ourselves as others see us," at least we shall henceforth be privileged to hear ourselves as others hear us, and a very surprising revelation that will be to many! Imagine the annoyance of the poor man with an incurable stutter at hearing it thus perpetuated, or of those who so needlessly and often unconsciously interlard their conversation with expletives—to say nothing of that numerous company who make such cruel havock of their Hs!

It has been suggested that the man who dictates his will to the phonograph will secure himself against any subsequent dispute as to its authenticity, for his very voice will be heard as clearly as it was ever heard during his lifetime, and can repeat its directions again and again, to the utter confounding of all interested adversaries.

One class who are likely to benefit largely by this discovery are printers, as Mr. Edison hopes to enable them to set their type from the dictation of the phonogram, instead of having so often to puzzle over illegible manuscript, perhaps by a bad light. Already Mr. Edison has devised a method by which the printer has only to touch a lever with his foot, and immediately some half a dozen words are sounded. Should he fail to hear clearly, the same words can be repeated again and again till his type is correct. At any time, should any part of a phonographic message be indistinctly heard from any cause, all that is necessary is to touch a spring, which causes it to go back, and repeat precisely as many words or sentences as are required. Even in the present imperfect state of the instrument, recent experiments have proved that although about twenty per cent. of the words were sometimes unintelligible at first hearing, on the second or third repetition they were distinctly heard. Indeed, to any one who considers how bewildering it often seems to attempt to listen to one real human voice, in the buzz of a large party, or of any mechanical noise, it is no wonder if this little machine was sometimes inaudible to the man who listened through a small ear-phone attached to the instrument, while all around him workmen were busy carpentering, hammering, sawing, and producing a general chaos of sound.

To musicians the phonograph should prove invaluable, especially to such as are endowed with the delightful talent of improvising beautiful airs which they find themselves unable subsequently to reduce to notes—fleeting, fanciful dreams of melody, beautiful as the tints of the rainbow, and as evanescent. Here every sound can be reproduced with wonderful delicacy, and held captive till it is reduced to its representative symbols. Indeed, the phonograph seems peculiarly adapted to music: it whistles and sings more perfectly than it speaks. When in presence of a full orchestra, with the aid of sound condensers, it registers the whole melody with marvellous success. "Each instrument," says Mr. Edison, "can be perfectly distinguished. The strings are perfectly distinct—violins even from violoncellos, wind instruments and wood—all are heard, even the notes of the singer. A selection for any instrument, or for an orchestra, or the whole act of an opera, including musical instruments and voices, can be given out by the phonograph, with a beauty of tone and distinctness past belief; and the apparatus for duplicating phonograms is so cheap that the price of music will be scarcely worth considering." Just conceive what a boon this captor of fleeting melody would have been to such a composer as Sir George Macfarren, of whom we have recently heard how, on account of his blindness, he dictated, note by note, the score of all his elaborate compositions!

One of Mr. Edison's curious experiments is that of superimposing one sound upon another. Thus "after reading a long list of geographical names, he turned the machine back and sang 'Hail, Columbia!' directly over the previous words; then once more turning it back, he whistled 'Yankee Doodle.' The triple message was then given out by the phonograph, resulting in the most curious combination, in which each part was heard perfectly distinct"—just as you might hear the three, and a few more besides, from your window in "a quiet neighbourhood!" By the application of the sound condensers, of which I have already spoken, the voices of any number of speakers can be heard simultaneously; and the noisiest debate that has ever yet been heard in Parliament could be seized, held spell-bound, and transmitted to foreign lands, or to future generations, for their edification or the reverse.

As regards the transmission of phonograms to a distance, it is obvious that in the first instance they must be principally employed for the transmission of business letters, since it is necessary that the recipient of a phonogram should possess the corresponding machine, without which the message brought to him by the post is a dead letter indeed. But on placing the little inanimate slip into his magical box, straightway the voice of his correspondent is heard (through the ear-phone) as plainly as though he were sitting in the next chair.

Every office in which the phonograph is adopted will have to provide itself with a stock of phonograms, just as it lays in a stock of writing paper. These will be sold in the form of small cylinders, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter, and from one inch upwards in length. They will be made of several sizes. An additional mystery is how so much can be conveyed in so small a space. Short messages, not exceeding two hundred words, can be transmitted on a phonogram only one inch in length, of which a dozen are to be sold for $7\frac{1}{2}$d. Phonograms to receive from eight hundred to a thousand words are only four inches in length, and cost about 1s. 6d. per dozen. The number of words recorded varies according to the rate of the speaker's utterance. For longer letters, sheets will be prepared capable of receiving from two to four thousand words.

What a singularly methodical habit of mind will be formed by men who thus accustom themselves to calculate the very number of the words they utter! And what a saving of trouble and of eyes! A man has only to talk into the receiver with his natural voice, and with the precise intonation he wishes to adopt, and the thing is done.

Should there be no occasion to preserve the letter, the little scroll can be scraped by a tiny knife, so delicate in its operation that it will remove a shaving $\frac{1}{7000}$th part of an inch in thickness, leaving a fresh surface ready to receive a new message. This shaving may be repeated a dozen times; and so, though the slip originally costs upwards of a halfpenny, it may perhaps do duty a dozen times over, so that the expense is not really greater than that of note-paper. Small wooden boxes, resembling old-fashioned pill boxes, will be sold with the machine. These are destined to hold the phonograph; and it is hoped that the Post Office authorities in the United States will undertake to transmit them at the same rate as ordinary letters, an example which doubtless would very quickly be followed by Great Britain.

A GLANCE AT THE WORK OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS HELENA, PRINCESS CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

By LADY JOHN MANNERS.

HER Royal Highness, the Princess Christian, in a short account of her work among the poor at Windsor, has indicated, with touching simplicity, a way in which the poorest and humblest of us may be of great comfort and help to our fellow-creatures. I wish that I could quote her account in full, but knowing the value of space, I must content myself with a part. The Princess, who had been asked to give some details as to the work she has most perseveringly but most unobtrusively carried on for a very considerable period, writes :—

"Only those who work among the poor can understand and appreciate the real hardships of their lives, which so many, if not most of them, have to endure, and which, as a rule, are met so uncomplainingly and so bravely. Desirous of really being of more direct use, I obtained the consent of the Rector of Trinity Church, Windsor, to take a district in his Parish under my especial care. It is situated in a very poor part of the town; the houses on the whole are good, the rents often high. When work is plentiful, they manage fairly well, but when times are hard, as was the case last winter, the distress is great. I, however, rarely heard complaints, unless I asked them to tell me how matters really stood.

"I generally visit my people twice a week, and it is a real pleasure to feel that my visits are looked forward to, and that they receive me as a friend, so that by degrees I have learnt all their individual troubles and difficulties. I have endeavoured, from the first, to encourage them to help themselves as much as possible; and then, when I found they could do no more, I have given them help from the parish, when I could obtain it, and from myself.

"There is no greater mistake than indiscriminate charity, which only tends to pauperise; therefore I made a point of sifting each case most carefully, and I can truly say that I have very seldom been imposed upon. Indeed, I look on my poor people as my real friends. I am sure there are many who will understand the feelings which filled my heart when, on leaving Windsor for an absence of several weeks, one poor woman took both my hands in hers, and exclaimed: 'To whom shall I tell my troubles when you are gone?' To me the words were far more precious than any thanks that could have been offered me. It strikes me each time afresh how wonderful the poor are in helping one another, showing so much unselfish devotion, sitting up at night with the sick, looking after a neighbour's children, though they themselves have numbers of their own; and, above all, the childlike submission and resignation with which they take sorrow and trouble when they come upon them." The power of sympathy can, indeed, scarcely be over-rated, and how precious such kindness as that of Her Royal Highness would be to many in every rank of life!

The Princess goes on to explain the manner in which she started, with the help of friends, a fund for providing free dinners for children of the town, coals, and the loan of blankets for those who need them. Every precaution is taken that those who really need the dinners should have them. On an average, two hundred and fifty children are fed twice a week. The Princess is always present to help to serve the children, and is assisted by many kind ladies in Windsor. The surplus food is given to poor men out of employment.

The Princess describes the free concerts given during the winter. She always takes part in them, and the performers consist of members of the Eton and Windsor Madrigal Societies. I have often wondered what the best way of distributing tickets for similar free concerts would be. The Princess mentions that it is done by the clergy and district visitors. I can quite enter into the pleasure the Princess expresses she felt in observing the enjoyment of the audience, for I have often noticed at free concerts the happy faces of the listeners, who seem to appreciate music most keenly.



*H.R.H. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.**

The sick poor of Windsor are indebted to Princess Christian for establishing a fund to support two district nurses. In the families of the rich, a trained nurse is found a great comfort in cases of serious illness: how inestimable a boon must a kind, skilful nurse be in the homes of the poor, when perhaps the mother is laid on a bed of sickness, and there is no one to clean, cook, attend to the children, still less to nurse the sufferer!

* *From a photograph by Alex. Bassano.*

The Princess writes: "I am more than rewarded for any part I may have taken in this movement, by the fact that the poor clamour for these nurses, who are beloved for their unselfish devotion, and who bring help and comfort wherever they go." The Princess has also taken an active interest in an infant nursery or *crêche*, started by a lady in Windsor. These nurseries, where poor women, who have to be absent from their homes working all day, may leave their babies, in certainty that they will be well cared for, are great blessings.

The work at which I have glanced would, in most cases, be thought sufficient for one lady to accomplish; but Her Royal Highness, Princess Christian's sympathies and active charity extend very far, and the good works she has aided by her presence are really countless. We must all have read perpetually of her giving prizes and opening bazaars, homes, and schools, in many parts of the country. No one can tell the help extended to hard-working clergy, or to promoters of good works, by the encouragement given to them by the personal assistance of the Princess.

We owe her a most valuable record of the life of her sister, Princess Alice of Hesse. It is a book that all should read, for it gives the story of a beautiful, noble, self-sacrificing life; and it is told in a style so simple and charming, that the readers feel as if they had personally known Princess Alice; and I am sure the record of her brave, loving, industrious work has encouraged many a mother to persevere in discharging her daily duties with conscientious cheerfulness.

Princess Christian has written other works; and her literary talent is so much appreciated by the best judges, that I sometimes feel she must make a sacrifice in giving up so much of her time to details of charitable work. She is also a first-rate pianist.

Among the many good works that her personal efforts have encouraged was the Royal School of Art Needlework, now a flourishing institution at South Kensington. It was started by the Hon. Lady Welby, to give employment to ladies in distressed circumstances, by the revival of the ancient arts of needlework: stitches and devices, fallen out of use, were revived.

Princess Christian made herself acquainted with the work itself; and I well remember seeing her, when on a visit to Behoir, engaged on a beautiful, elaborate piece of the work, which was then new to the public. Since that time great quantities have been executed; there is a regular demand for the exquisite pieces of art work in England, on the Continent, and in America; and a large number of ladies are employed, who would otherwise be in deep distress.

The question of higher education has lately occupied the thoughts of many interested in the welfare of women. To many minds it presents great difficulties; and I

personally feel grateful to the Princess Christian for advice she gave to the students of the Royal Holloway College on the occasion of her unveiling a statue of Her Majesty there. I have long felt anxious that some opinion should be expressed by a lady of experience on the question, and once more I will quote the Princess's own words :—

"I note with pleasure that the training in this institution is not confined to mere book-learning, but that feminine accomplishments of varied descriptions find a place here, as well. It is no longer necessary, as was the case even fifteen or twenty years ago, to lay stress on the importance of the higher education of women. It has, on the other hand, rather become a duty to warn against the almost exaggerated views that some are inclined to adopt on this subject. I should like to say, let a woman never forget that she is a woman ; let her never forget that her chief attribute lies in her womanliness. I certainly sympathize with the desire for learning and mental culture ; but I do feel that sometimes ambition, which urges many to encroach on man's province, causes them to under-rate the importance of the many duties and privileges which are given to women alone."

After the Princess had expressed her conviction that intellectual cultivation was not incompatible with good housekeeping, she concluded :—

"Be true to your college, your teachers, and your womanhood ; be learned, be courteous, be religious ; and before many years are past, the anxious wish of the founder to benefit the women of this kingdom, by placing within their reach a complete course of education, will have been accomplished, and you will have shown that his bounty has not been expended in vain."

When we reflect on the countless drains on the time of those who occupy the exalted position of the Princess, we can only wonder at the immense amount of work she does ; and trust that she may reap a rich reward in knowing that her example has stimulated the energies of many, in various walks of life, to do what they can to help all in need of succour and sympathy.

LITERARY COMPETITION RESULTS. THREE DIVISIONS.



Examiners' Awards.

£2 2s. PRIZE
For the Best Pithy Extracts.

Equal { J. CAMPBELL, Ayr.
E. M. JENNINGS, Newport.

HIGHLY COMMENDED.

BLACK, A., Colchester.
COOLIE, M., Twickenham.
COX, G., Leeds.
DELF, A., Bungay.
GREEN, E., Seaford.
HINE, V., Maida Hill.
HOLDSWORTH, A., Arbroath.
HOLMES, E., St. Leonards.
JOHNSTON, A., Edinburgh.
LOW, C., Syria.
MANDALL, M., Stodston.
MILLEY, B., Barnsley.
PAYNE, E., Wallingford.
PAYNE, M., Buxted.
POLLOCK, L., Bristol.
SEAMAN, E., Putney.
SELBY, E., Ipswich.
TROTTER, F., Swansea.
WILLCOX, F., Bristol.
WILSON, E., Redhill.

£2 2s. PRIZE for the Best Short Story.

J. E. WALKER, Birmingham.

HIGHLY COMMENDED.

BROWNE, A., Woolwich.
EVANS, A.M., Penmaenmawr.
FORREST, S. F., Birmingham.
GARTH, M. E., Ryde.
"GRACE TORY."
GREGG, Mrs., Londonderry.
LONGMORE, M.E., Brentwood.
MACLEISH, J., Dunlop, N.B.
MASON, A. L., Clevedon.
NEWBOLD, A., Cheltenham.
PRITCHARD, K., Hampstead.
VICKERS, G., Plaistow.

COMMENDED.

ANDERSON, E., Gunnersbury.
ANDREWS, F., Bath.
AXTEUS, F. E., Redland.
BINYON, C. M., Penrith.
BOTT, C. H., St. Helier.
BRINDLEY, F.K., Blackheath.
CHAPMAN, E., Winchester.
CHIMMO, M., Weymouth.
CLAYTON, B., Chatham.
COUSINS, M. C., Abingdon.
"EINAN."
FAIRBAIRN, H. E., Dulwich.
FLETCHER, B., Harrow.
"GODFREY, Mrs.," Croydon.
GOSLETT, E. M., Hanwell.
HELLICAN, A. H., Bromley.
JUKES, M. E., Bristol.
LEESON, K., Peckham.
M'CURRY, S. S., Blackrock.
MORTON, A. H., Torquay.
MUNN, M. V., Islington.
"NIEL CAMPBELL."
PURDON, K. F., Enfield.
STEWART, A. D., Leghorn.
WHITLEY, P.W., Lr. Merton.
WHITLEY, R., Lr. Merton.

£2 2s. PRIZE for the Best Ballad or Poem.

T. H. ENGALL, Staines.

HIGHLY COMMENDED.

BAKER, F., Old Charlton.
BATTERSBY, C., Oldcastle.
BIRCH, H., Higher Broughton.
BRIDGWATER, E., Lr. Hagley.
BURN, H., Liverpool.
COULSON, F.R., Brondesbury.
FORREST, S., Birmingham.
FOSTER, Rev. J., Cheltenham.
MAJOR, A. F., W. Kensington.
MORLEY, M., Freshwater.
PAYNE, M., Boxted.
PITMAN, Mrs., Sherborne.
ROWLES, M.. Ross.
SCOTT, Rev. D.W., Southgate.
SEAL, W. H., Nottingham.
STEVENS, A. M., Canonbury.
TROLAND, S., Coleraine.
WALE, L., Pontefract.
WALSH, J., Glasgow.
WARREN, E., Camolin.

COMMENDED.

BARSBY, E., Halifax.
BLAXILL, E., Colchester.
BLUNT, H., Inverness.
CANDLER, C., Littlehampton.
CHADBORN, L., Poole.
CHERRY, E., Plymouth.
COCKS, M., Bungay.
COOKE, A. E., Bristol.
DAVIES, Rev. I., Accrington.
DENROCHE, B., Dungarvan.
DILLOW, T., Kidderminster.
EMAN, A., St. Leonards.
GILBERT, E., Accrington.
GORING, J. H., London.
GUBANK, G., Birmingham.
HANDFORD, E., Barnstaple.
HARKNESS, F., Cork.
HUDSON, G.. Battersea.
JONES, E., Lower Norwood.
JONES, J. H., Oswestry.
KING, H., Blackheath.
KNAPP, A., Anerley.
KNAPP, E., Anerley.
MACBEAN, L., Inverness.
MORTON, Mrs., Clifton.
MUIRHEAD, H., Florida.
PHILLIPS, M., Kendal.
ROGERS, J., Birmingham.
SELWYN, H., Sunderland.
STEWART, A. D., Leghorn.
TAPP, E., Cheltenham.
WHITBREAD, F., Sevenoaks.
WHITTAKER, J., Bath.
WILSON, M., London.

WE give above the Results of three Divisions in our Literary Competition. We regret that at the last moment, owing to the illness of our kind Examiner, we were obliged to hold over the Results of the Final Division—Gospel Anecdotes—until next week.

EXAMINER'S REPORT. SHORT STORIES.

"Terseness and pointedness are necessary to short stories. When the limit is 5,000 words, it is not essential that every expression, ejaculation, and emotion should be recorded. The Competitors have erred in having sought to portray, with a minuteness proportioned to three volumes, the surging feelings of girls whose highest thought seems to be marriage, or the sad sacredness of broken engagements and early death. Gladly did I welcome the few stories which were written with a pure, strong tone, in which crimson sunsets, golden hair, wistful eyes, and tear-stained cheeks did not occupy the first place. I sincerely trust the Competitors do not live the lives so often described in their contributions !

"Between three and four hundred stories were sent in,—certainly a goodly number. Next time I hope we shall see a marked improvement in tone and aim ; then Competitors and Examiner can unitedly rejoice in stories in black and white, instead of in grey and cream-colour !"—C. G.M.

EXAMINER'S REPORT. POEMS.

"397 candidates entered for this Division ; several writers sent in more than one poem, so that the work of decision has been a long and somewhat difficult task. After attentive consideration, we have determined to award the £2 2s. to Mr. T. H. Engall. Many more, deserving of honourable mention, have their names recorded above. Verse-making is evidently popular with our readers, and one young lady has illustrated her poems by pen-and-ink sketches of a lively description. On the whole, the poets have chosen subjects far more inclined to grave than gay ; most of the verses are tuned in a minor key ; and some would do better, we think, in future, to attempt simpler themes."—M. H.

NUTS FOR INFIDEL NUT-CRACKERS.

By Rev. J. H. Thorpe, M.A.

WE once heard of a certain preacher who, meeting with a difficulty in his text, took occasion to give his hearers a receipt for the treatment of difficulties in general. It was this: "Look your difficulty straight in the face, and pass on!" He acted on his principle at the time, and passed on; but the difficulty did not. A very different class of people have adopted this maxim, and taken up a position of "masterly inactivity" with respect to certain very disagreeable difficulties. Some difficulties, of course, they hug and caress, and are never tired of exhibiting in most prominent positions, but then they are such as seem to suit their purpose.

Our readers will have already guessed that the persons of which we write, are, to use plain language, infidels—persons who deny that there is a God (we cannot say who *believe* that there is no God, because we do not believe in their non-faith); persons who take up, as a life-work, the pulling down of hope and the pouring of added gall into every bitter cup we may have to drink.

These persons ground in part their views, or opinions, or whatever you please to call them, on difficulties in Revelation and riddles in human life. No Christian advocate denies the existence of such difficulties. On the contrary he contends that, believing the Bible to be the revelation of an Infinite Mind, he expects that it will contain matters which a finite mind such as his cannot grasp. He holds that, if he could "understand all mysteries" in the Word of God, it would be the outcome of a mind no higher than his own. Its difficulties, as he believes, being not difficulties *in themselves*, but difficulties *to him*, are only consistent with its Divine origin. And allowing, as he does, that there are many riddles in life which baffle reason and often sorely try Faith, he remembers that there is yet to come "a time of restitution of all things," when the right will have its own and the wrong will receive its due. But he very justly points the objector to certain difficulties which infidelity cannot account for, and does not even pretend to explain. The objector may find it convenient to ignore these things, but let those who may be in danger of his evil influences get a very correct knowledge of these tough nuts, on which our infidel friend declines to try the strength of his nut-crackers. We shall just select a few out of a heap ready to hand.

1. What explanation can be given by the infidel of the character, teaching, and power of the Bible as a whole?

Remember that, as a Book, it is the most wonderful in the world. No one book has been subjected to such close criticism, has been read by such multitudes of men of all nationalities, of different degrees of education, and of various mental endowments. No Book has received so much attention or caused so great a stir in the world. Now its character is not that it is a Book, but a collection of Books, all joined together by the golden chain of a common purpose, yet written by men who lived at times removed from each other by hundreds of years. How does the infidel profess to explain this unity of purpose, so different from anything else in literature. For who ever heard of the meaning of a writer of the 19th century being explained by a passage from a writer of the 1st century. Yet St. Paul's meaning is often explained by David or Moses. The Christian is ready with a solution adequate to the case: "Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." What has the infidel to say? "It is all a forgery." Well, if it is, *when was it forged?* Is it likely that *such* a book would be imposed on the world without a contemporary writer to raise a voice to denounce it, if a forgery? And suppose it is a forgery, how can the infidel explain the character of the book? Is its morality not the highest and its teaching the noblest man is acquainted with or indeed can conceive? Well, if a forgery, some man or men must have done it. Then we reply, "The Bible is such a book that a good man *would not* forge it and a bad man *could not!* Therefore it is not a forgery, but the word of the living God.

When our friend has plied his nut-cracker for awhile on the foregoing question, perhaps he will take a try at this,—How does he explain *the fact* that multitudes of men and women are finding the Bible a source of comfort in trouble and a mighty educator for good every day in the week?

2. We turn to another. There is in the world the Church of Christ. Its existence cannot be denied. If it is no more than a body of men like any other body, such as Mahommedans, how does he *explain its existence?* remembering—(1) that its founder died the death of a felon; (2) that its first professors were mostly poor men; (3) that it not only had no human power or influence at first to propagate it, but all the wisdom, wealth, and authority pitted against it; (4) that it called upon men to deny themselves, to control natural impulses, to give up present ease and comfort, and even to go to the stake for promises of a *future* blessedness.

3. Again. From time to time we meet men whose conscience has been awakened. They are oppressed with a sense of sin. Their soul is clouded by the thought of an offended God. They find no pleasure in the world. These men are not mere enthusiasts or afflicted with melancholy. They are equal to all the business of life, and betray no signs of any want of mental power. Now it is a fact to which multitudes are prepared to witness on oath, that the gospel of Jesus Christ has given them peace, has met the want of their awakened conscience, and has laid their fears to rest for ever. How does the infidel propose to deal with persons in such condition? Can he point to any one person so affected who ever found peace in any other way except that which we have described?

4. Again. We see around us in the world a number of sick people—some sick in body and some sick in pocket. We also see a number of institutions supported by charity, and designed to meet with such cases and relieve them. These institutions are supported by voluntary contributions. The persons who contribute profess, like the persons who founded these institutions, the Christian religion. Of course it may be granted that contributions are sometimes received from persons who profess no religion. This we grant for argument's sake, we do not *know* it, and it does not affect the issue. Now take away the Christian religion (if you can!). We suppose it will be allowed that the institutions we have named are desirable things in the present state of human life. What *motive* does infidelity supply for founding and maintaining such institutions? Or, how does the objector profess to deal with the fact that no such thing as an hospital for the sick ever existed in the world before the era of the Christian religion, or that in the world to-day there does not exist a single hospital, alms-house, or charity, started and exclusively maintained by infidels? In a word, we point out the needs of our race, and we ask what motive—adequate and sufficient motive—does infidelity supply to prompt men to meet them? Remember the things we have mentioned are the direct outcome of a great motive which the religion of Christ supplies to all its professors.

5. We expect, by this time, our friend's nut-cracker, if he has worked it at all vigorously, bears serious marks of hard usage. So we shall offer him but one more of our nuts, and we feel if he only squeezes hard enough, his tool will be worthless henceforth. We presume that he will agree with us on social grounds that impurity is a terrible curse to a nation or an individual; that every lover of his country or his race should war against it with every weapon he can lay hold of. That purity of life is one of the bulwarks of the constitution; that impurity in youth brings a blight on the home, the body, and the mind. Here's our nut. What motive—what adequate motive—does infidelity offer to men for purity? How does the infidel propose to cause men to curb their passions? Perhaps he proposes to establish a great teaching staff who will set forth to assemblies of men the evils of impurity—the Pathology of Passion—the blessings of purity, and who will conclude their lecture with a powerful appeal to that which our objector, with some show of reason, will describe as the strongest motive men know of—Self-love. Alas! we have but to turn to the old book called Experience, and we see that some of the most impure of men quote the very same motive as causing them to practise impurity, which our sage friend propounds as being an invariably opposite tendency. As a matter of common observation, neither self-love nor selfishness make men pure. The pure are those whom the faith of Christ makes pure.

Here we leave our objector. May he speedily see life is not worth living without the living hope in the living God!

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

By Rev. J. H. Thorpe, M.A.

February 26th.

St. Matt. 19. 13-26.

PORTION divides into three parts: Christ and the Children, Christ and the Young Man, Christ and His Disciples. Carefully note corresponding passages—Mark 10. 13, etc., and Luke 18. 15, etc.

I. *Christ and the Children.* St. Luke says, "Infants;" R.V., "Babes;" a hint that they were brought by their own parents; R.V., "*their* babes."

"Touch them." These parents may have seen Christ working wonderful miracles by a touch, and thus connected great blessings with His touch. Learn—

1. It is never too soon to come to Jesus. A boy very much wanted to be a sailor, so started off to a seaport town, and tried to get into the Navy, but he was too young. None rejected for being "*under age;*"—here is the regulation: "Those that seek Me *early*, shall find Me."

2. How very good men may make mistakes. Jesus "rebuked the disciples," and "was much displeased." Even in our days, good men stand between sinners and Christ, by their inconsistent lives—by their want of sympathy with seekers—by a tendency to suspect persons in anxiety as only hypocrites. Whatever we do, let us try never to be a hindrance to those who seek Jesus.

3. How Jesus is always more gracious than we expect. *Note*—The disciples often interposed to save annoyance and interruption to their Master, but always against the mind of Christ.

II. *Christ and the Young Man.* St. Luke says he was a "ruler." He was not a Sadducee, for he had a firm belief in eternal life. Many good points in this young man. Jesus "loved him." It does not follow that because men are not Christians that there is nothing in them we can love and admire. *Note*—

1. *His humility.* A man of position and of wealth, he knelt at the feet of Jesus, the despised Galilæan, and that before the whole crowd. Pride of person and pride of position laid aside. An example to all who would come to Jesus.

2. *His earnestness.* He came "running," as if he felt the business he had on hand of great importance, and the opportunity one not to be lost.

3. *His morality.* He professed that from his youth up he had kept the moral law, and our Lord did not dispute it. Morality goes for nothing as a ground of acceptance before God, but it is of great importance to society. This young man's morality was all the more noticeable because he was rich. Riches, which give a man facilities to sin and to conceal his sin, are very often accompanied by unholiness. But on the other side, notice—

1. His self-complacency—"What lack I yet?" No doubt this may point to an inward dissatisfaction with himself, but we are disposed to regard it rather as a challenge to Christ to point out a flaw, and if not, to give praise to his perfection.

2. His sin. What was the one thing between him and eternal life? The love of riches. *One* idol can keep you out of heaven. One band, if only a rope of rags binding you to earth, can keep you out of life eternal. Learn, therefore, this sad lesson: that a man may go a long way towards heaven, and yet miss it *for one reason.* Jesus must have the whole heart or none. The letters of the word "acres," spell also "cares."

3. Christ and His Disciples. "How hardly" does not mean "impossible." Note St. Mark's words: "Them that *trust* in riches." "It is easier for a camel," etc. This is a proverbial expression, denoting a very great difficulty. The disciples may have imagined that to rich people, who have not cares for bread and clothing, salvation is easier than to others. Rich people will not be saved *in*, but *from* their worldliness. One lesson from our Lord's words: "With God all things are possible." Never despair about any sinner. Let S. S. teachers take this hint. Don't despair about any boy or girl, be they never so naughty and troublesome.

"Treasure"—a lesson might be founded on this. There are three sorts of treasure mentioned in the N.T.: 1. Treasure in heaven. 2. Treasure on earth ("Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth"). 3. Treasure in hell. (Rom. 2. 5.)

We would strongly commend to our readers the admirable address on "Intellectual Interest in Work" delivered by Mr. Goschen to the students of Aberdeen University, on January 31st. It is reported more or less fully in all the London papers of Feb. 1st.

By Rev. J. H. Thorpe, M.A.

March 4th.

Christ's Last Journey to Jerusalem.—*Matt.* 20. 17-34.

Golden Text.—*Matt.* 20. 28.

Two apparent contradictions should be noticed: (1) St. Matt. tells us that the request of James and John was made through their mother; (2) St. Mark, that they themselves made it (ch. 10 35). The explanation probably is that St. Matt. mentions the immediate petitioner. St. Mark writes, as we commonly do when we speak of a gentleman building a house, though the actual work is done by the builder.

Again, in the miracle of healing the blind man (1) St. Matt. tells us there were two, and that it was done as Jesus departed from Jericho; (2) St. Mark, that there was one, named Bartimæus; (3) St. Luke, that the man was healed as Jesus was "come nigh unto Jericho."

Possibly the two latter writers mention one (see also the demoniacs in Gadara, etc.), because his case was best known and most remarkable. As to place, different explanations are given; for instance, that Jesus entered and left Jericho by the same gate, or that there were two towns, the old occupying the ancient site, and the newer a little outside, on the same road, both called by the same name, and that the miracle took place between the towns; so either account would be exactly correct.

I. The Revelation of love. Christ draws aside the curtain, and shows His disciples an unexpected and unwelcome future (ver. 18). See here (1) *the tenderness of Christ.* Not the first time He spoke thus.

(2) *See further, Christ does not want blindfold service.* He would have every man know there is a cross as well as a crown. Christ is to be followed by men who, having counted the cost, "count all things but dross for Christ."

II. The request of ignorance. James and John "knew not what they asked." Note, "'cup,' the inner and spiritual bitterness, resembling the agony of the Lord Himself; 'baptism,' more the outward accession of persecution and trial, through which we must pass to the kingdom of God." One of these disciples, the first to drink the cup of suffering, and be baptized with the baptism of blood (Acts 12. 1, 2); the other had the longest experience of a life of trouble and persecution. See here (1) *How much we need the help of the Holy Spirit.* These two men, so holy and so good, prayed for what was not good for them. (2) See how *Salome had grasped the truth of Christ's Person and Office.* Even her request showed faith in Christ as the King. Like that of the dying thief, "When Thou comest in Thy kingdom." But there was more, for she worshipped Christ (ver. 20). As a Jewess she would not think of doing so, unless she believed in Christ's Godhead. She desired nearness to Christ for her sons, and advancement in His kingdom, rather than mere earthly honours. (3) *Position in the kingdom of God is not of favouritism, but of capacity.* Christ's question was, "Are ye *able?*" Do you want to be great in the kingdom of God? Then labour in prayer for grace and in practice for victory over sin. (4) *How ready we are to condemn our own sins in others.* (Ver. 24) the ten, filled with indignation, forgot that, not long before, they had disputed which of them should be the greatest!

III. The Reward of Faith and Perseverance. Note that in each of the three miracles of healing the blind, the blind men addressed Christ by the title, "Son of David." Blind men often see farther into the mysteries of the kingdom of God than those who have their sight.

Learn from these (1) *to seize the present opportunity.* Christ never came that road again. For these poor men it was "now or never." Lost opportunities, like last year's leaves, will never come back. "Now is the day of salvation." (2) *Those who seek Christ may have difficulties thrown in the way.* These men were told to be silent, and when Jesus called them, probably they had to grope their way, guided by His voice. Such obstacles only test true faith, and *never can* deprive true seekers from the blessing. But they need to be met with earnest determination. (3) *The nature of prayer*—it is the expression of need. Where there is no sense of want, there is no prayer. "*What* will ye?" etc. Particularity is an ingredient in true prayer. (4) Note, "while they are yet speaking I will hear." Jesus heard the cry above the din of the crowd. (5) *How to use eyes that are opened.* "They followed Him," and that "immediately." Remember, life for the Christian comes from "a look at the crucified One," but the looking is *to be kept up* all through the life; we are to run, "looking unto Jesus!"

THE recent monster Missionary Meeting in Exeter Hall was enough to rouse the most stolid to enthusiasm about foreign missions. The large hall was crowded to the very ceiling, platform and galleries also (with an overflow gathering below). Eleven missionaries from the East London Institute were about to sail to different spheres of labour. Miss Guinness and Miss Reed, with the widow and children of the late lamented Dr. Schofield, to China. The stirring, yet pathetic address of Mr. Grattan Guinness moved many, and surely some earnest hearts responded: "Here am I, Lord: send me." Young men, Christ is worthy of your best for this work. Mothers, the Father withheld not His beloved Son—will you keep back your costliest, noblest?

OUTLINE LESSON.

Two Ways.

I. The way to Jerusalem, the way of Suffering. *The travellers.* Jesus, the Leader. *Prophet,* knowing the future; *Priest,* about to offer the world's sacrifice; *Prince,* at the end would triumph. Companions, like ourselves, knew not the meaning of passing events.

The journey. On foot, ninety miles. Now in the Jordan valley. Near Jericho. Trace on map the former part of the journey, from Cesaræa Philippi, and what yet remained to be accomplished. Incidents on the road.

The goal. Jerusalem. Ps. 147. 12; Matt. 23. 37. "Beautiful for situation," Ps. 48. 2. Type of heaven—New Jerusalem. To suffer, die, rise, descent of Holy Ghost. "Tarry ye in Jerusalem."

This journey a picture of life. Our Leader. Life's purposes and mysteries. Different scenes. Death waiting close by heaven's gate.

II. The way to be Great.

The desire to be great—universal. Day-dreams of James and John. *Mistaken ideas about greatness*—being the two chief personages under the King. To be rich, knighted, spoken of in newspaper. Common ideas of greatness. *Mistakes about how to be great.* Got their mother to ask Christ. True greatness *won, not granted.*

Selfish ambition is both ignorant and rash. Ver. 22.

Steps up the ladder of true greatness:—

Self-abasement.
Self-sacrifice.
Service for others.

The first part of the lesson will well illustrate the latter.

C. Skinner.

Y.M.C.A. BIBLE CLASS LESSONS.

March 4th.

Wisdom.—*Prov.* 3. 13-26.

A GLOWING description of the blessedness of true piety. For clue to meaning of name "Wisdom," see 1 Cor. 1. 24, 30; Col. 2. 3. Wisdom, in Proverbs, is not *intellectual* so much as *moral* (see ch. 8. as to its origin).

The lesson sets forth true religion, or piety *personified.* The feminine is probably used for the sake of contrast (see ch. 9.; comp. vers. 1-6 with 13-18).

Mark the dignified attitude. Religion, not cringing and abject, but comes as a king with authority, requiring submission: as a princely benefactor, with hands full of blessings: not asking, but conferring favours.

What are the blessings Wisdom bestows?

1. Happiness (ver. 13).
2. Wealth (vers. 14, 15).
3. Length of days (ver. 16).
4. *Honour* (ver. 16).
5. Pleasantness and peace (ver. 17).
6. *Immortality* (ver. 18).

The Excellence of true Wisdom in relation to men (vers. 13-18); *the Excellence of Wisdom, as it is seen in Exercise by God Himself* (vers. 19, 20; comp. James 3. 17, 18).

The Charge (ver. 21). Notice *three* things:—

1. Wisdom is to be *found* (ver. 13).
2. *Laid hold of* (ver. 18).
3. *Kept* (vers. 18, 21).

The Reward (vers. 22-26).

1. Spiritual vitality—"life to thy soul."
2. Spiritual beauty—"grace to thy neck."

("'Tis first the *true,* and then the beautiful;
Not first the *beautiful,* and then the *true.*")

3. Spiritual support (ver. 23).
4. Spiritual defence (vers. 24-26).

This passage (13-26) has been endorsed by millions of testimonies. Let any young man take it and act upon it; he will find it useful, even for *this* life.

Inference.—A book which furnishes such a safe guide for this life gives good evidence of its trustworthiness as a guide for the life beyond. James L. Stanley.

I. Excellence of Wisdom (vers. 13-15).

Wisdom is to be *found,* and understanding *gotten.* In seeking the Lord as *sinners,* He will find us. In inquiring as *scholars,* He will instruct us. In waiting upon Him as *servants,* He will direct us. In willing to do His will as *saints,* He will enable us.

II. Endowments of Wisdom (vers. 16-18).

(1) Length of days. The holiest liver is generally the longest liver. (2) Riches. What riches are so rich as eternal riches? (3) Honour. They that honour the Lord will be honoured by Him. (4) Pleasantness. The way that Enoch walked in was pleasing to God, and pleasant to himself. (5) Peace. Christ's own peace. (6) Tree of Life. "Lay hold on eternal life," said Paul to Timothy. He did this himself (Phil. 3. 12). (7) Happiness.

III. Example of Wisdom (vers. 19, 20).

This is Wisdom making and managing worlds. He spoke and they came forth, and He upholds them by the word of His power. In Genesis the Lord separated the waters from the waters. In these verses there is the thought of separation. As the Lord made separations, so are we to do the same. Separating from evil company, bad books, and all that is not of Himself.

IV. Exhortation of Wisdom (ver. 21).

(1) Observation. "Let not them depart from thine eyes." Be like Moses (Heb. 11. 27). (2) Discretion (Dan. 6. 3).

V. Experience of the Wise (vers. 22-24).

(1) Vigour, no langour, like an evergreen (Ps. 1. 3, Isa. 58. 11). (2) Adornment. The graces of the Spirit (Gal. 5. 22; Rom. 13. 14). (3) Safety. Kept (Ps. 31. 20; 1. Pet. 1. 5; Jude 24), hedged about as Job. (4) Rest (ver. 24).

Encouragement to the Wise (vers. 25, 26).

F. E. Marsh.

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

Ernest.—Dear boy—for boy you must be—you are terribly impulsive. The words you object to in my tale, namely: "Being Irish would account for everything," do not give the author's sentiments. The tense shows that. Have you not studied grammar? It is *I*—Gordon Stables—who answer you, and when I inform you that every drop of my blood is Celtic, either Highland or Irish, that I am descended from one of the best Dublin families on the mother's side, that I love Ireland, her people, her scenery, and her music, and have defended her for twenty-five long years by voice and pen, I think you will feel sorry you wrote. If I had you here, lad, and my fiddle were in my hand, I'd change your tune. If the tears didn't come welling into your eyes as I played "Aileen, dear Aileen," or the "Wearing of the Green," it would be a proof you were no true Irishman.

Phyllis.—Many young women find situations in editorial offices, but in order to do this they must be thoroughly practical, energetic, and painstaking. A well-trained and excellent memory is very valuable, clear handwriting; and if to this can be added a thorough knowledge of Pitman's shorthand, very fair remuneration ought to be secured. Probably the work would consist in transcription of letters, the correction of proofs, and a variety of general secretarial work, with salary varying according to experience, ability, and locality, from 12s. 6d. to 22s. a week.

Ash Wednesday.—If J.M. will refer to the Commination Service, and compare it with the title given to Ash Wednesday before the Collect for that day, he will see that in the early Church notorious sinners were put to open penance at the beginning of Lent. Part of this penance consisted in their going to church clad in sackcloth and ashes. According to Gratian, ashes were thrown on them by the clergy. From this the first day of Lent was called in Latin, *Dies cinerum* ("day of ashes"), in English, "Ash Wednesday."

To Gild the Edges of Books.—Cut the edges quite smooth; this would be done in a Book Bindery by a cutting machine. Failing such, the book must be fixed firmly in some kind of press, and the edges cut with a very sharp knife. It is essential that the edges be perfectly smooth, even to the extent of being carefully rubbed down with sand-paper. While the book is in the press, the edges should be covered with a red ground-work, which may be made from a little red bole, mixed with a small quantity of French chalk, and water sufficient to make it quite liquid. This can be applied to the edge with a small sponge, brushing afterwards with a hard brush. Then apply a somewhat thick coating of a mixture of 1 part of white of eggs and 10 parts of water, with a camel's hair brush, and upon the edges thus coated, lay gold-leaf, cut to the required size. When the gold-leaf is dry, burnish down with an agate rubber and tissue paper; then remove the tissue, very slightly rub the edge with a little bees'-wax, and then further burnish down upon the gold-leaf itself with the agate, till a bright polish is the result.

English Literature.—"The Story of English Literature," by Anna Buckland (Cassels, 5s.), is an excellent introduction to the subject, and many of the important works of the chief English writers, with copious notes, are published at moderate prices by the Clarendon Press (London: Henry Frowde, Amen Corner).

Y.M.C.A. ITEMS.

THE Glasgow Y.M.C.A. has protested against the recent election of two sellers of intoxicating drinks to the office of magistrate.

Mr. Robert McCann, Travelling Secretary for the Irish Y.M.C.A.'s, has held a most successful sixteen days' mission at the Ballyclare (county Antrim) Y.M.C.A.

The members of the Brighton Y.M.C.A. have presented Mr. Marriage Wallis, the president of the Association, with a portrait of himself. The picture is to be hung in the rooms of this popular seaside resort for young men.

Since the reduction, last September, of the subscriptions to the Bradford Y.M.C.A., over 120 new members and associates have been enrolled. A most successful social evening was held on January 25th, the first of a series, organised entirely by the young men of the Association. This is a step in the right direction, and an example that might be profitably followed by other Associations. Let the young men bear their share of the work, instead of giving everything entirely into the hands of committees.

Mr. Thomas Jameson, the new General Secretary of the Liverpool Y.M.C.A., was presented with a handsome clock, a pair of bronze ornaments, and a purse containing £55, on leaving the Bristol Association, which he had served for ten years as General Secretary.

FAIRS AND MARKETS IN OLDEN DAYS.

FAIRS and markets are of ancient origin. Alfred the Great first began them in England, about the year 886, though meetings for the sake of barter had been established in the Roman empire. They seem to have originated in the "Church's Holiday," instituted by Pope Gregory. On the eve of the festival the people assembled in church, bearing lighted tapers, and were supposed to watch and pray throughout the night. These nocturnal meetings were called "fairs," or "wakes," but as the attendance increased, the devotion became less. Dealers in provisions and ale came upon the scene, excess and disturbance of course soon followed, and what was at first a religious meeting, degenerated into a scene of riot and intemperance. An old MS. legend speaks of the "songs, dancing, harping, piping, gluttony, and sin" in the house of God. So scandalous did these wakes become, that they were prohibited at night, and though a fast was proclaimed the day before, all conviviality was reserved for the day of the festival.

The bishops and abbots, for the temporal good of the Church, applied to the king for charters to hold a fair, and reaped a large harvest from the tolls which their charter authorized them to levy on all who transacted business there. The taxes were "stallage" for the place occupied by the stall or booth; "lestage," for permission to carry goods to and from the fair; "pontage," for passage over the bridges; and "geresgiene," for entrance into the town. In addition to these profits, the monastery had many stalls in the fair, where, for the benefit of the monks, articles were sold. At these fairs temporary streets were formed, which took their name from the various commodities sold therein: such as Pottery Street, Spice Street, Sweet Street, etc. In the reign of Henry III., more costly articles began to be sold. At Winchester fair, a cloak was bought for his son for £20. At St. Mary Ottery's College, in Devonshire, two hundred pounds of wax were annually bought at the fair for the use of the choir.

It was usual to oblige every man who entered at the gate of the fair to take an oath that he would not lie, steal, or cheat while he remained there.

The kings of England replenished their empty purses, in these bygone days, by demanding enormous prices for granting charters for the fairs. Henry III., "devising how to extort money from the citizens of London, made a mart at Westminster to last fifteen days, and demanded that all trades of merchandise should cease in the city during that time, which the citizens were fain to redeem with two thousand pounds." Henry VIII. charged two thousand marks for confirming the charter of Stourbridge fair.

If fairs were kept beyond the specified time, the managers were fined; the vendors forfeited double the amount of their goods—one-fourth to the prosecutor, and the rest to the king. One of the famous old fairs of England was that of St. Giles, near Winchester. The fair extended seven miles round, including Southampton in its limits. On St. Giles' Eve the keys of the four gates were delivered to the bishop's officers, by the mayor, bailiffs, and citizens, and for the sixteen days following, the bishop appointed a mayor, bailiff, and coroner. A court was formed, called the Pavilion, at which the bishop's justiciaries presided, to try any cause seven miles round. The bishop took the toll of every parcel that passed the gates, and among other fees was the curious tribute of four ewers and basins, annually paid to his lordship's justiciaries and treasurer by the foreign merchants who sold brazen vessels. So great was the revenue accruing to the proprietor from all this traffic, that, during the wars between Maud and Stephen, Henry of Blois, the Bishop of Winchester, threatened to excommunicate any who should molest those coming to his fair.

Markets are of greater antiquity than fairs. The first mention of them is in the Domesday Book. The market at Taunton, Somersetshire, paid a toll of fifty shillings. Like the first fairs, the markets were held in churches and churchyards, and with equal profanity, on Sundays. Many severe fines had to be enforced before the market day was changed from Sunday to Saturday: for the custom was convenient for those coming from a long distance, who could transact business and hear mass with one journey. It was not until the reign of Henry VII. that the holding Sabbath markets and fairs was done away with.

Many of the markets belonged to the monasteries, and hence the crosses which still are to be seen in many of our old towns. Round this cross the farmers sold their fowls, game, eggs, etc., on all of which toll was paid to the abbot. Fines were imposed on any rubbish thrown near the cross, and a fine of sixpence exacted for every cart, barrow, etc., left in the market-place. Notwithstanding the many laws and precautions taken to insure fair dealings, many frauds were practised, especially on the poor. An old writer—Holinshed—complains of the state of the markets of his time. He tells us the rich bought up all the corn, and kept it, to raise the price, often until it became musty; they then sold it cheap to the poor. The rich farmers bought with large measures, and sold with small ones. The clerk, kept to test and keep in order the weights and measures, had a fee for every examination from the farmers, so the weights were never in order.

In 1764, a "most elegant market-house and shambles" was given to the town of Alnwick by the Earl and Countess of Northumberland. Sometimes the markets were the property of the town, and the proceeds of the tolls were dedicated to its improvements. Such was the case with the Stock Markets in London, the profits being devoted to London Bridge.

CHAT ABOUT CHAFERS.

CHAFERS are scientifically termed "Lamellicorns," but if we put that title at the head of this paragraph it would act as an effective danger signal to intending readers. The alarming word simply means that the antennæ of this special portion of the beetle family are flattened into plates, or "lamellæ," generally capable of being folded on one another, like the sticks of a lady's fan.

Some of the Tropical Chafers are formidable fellows indeed. The Hercules beetle, from the West Indies, sometimes measures eight inches across his expanded wings, and is close upon seven inches in length. The Goliath beetle, from the West African coast, is not quite so long, but being of solid build, equals the Hercules in weight. The Sacred Scarabæus, whose sculptured image adorns the tombs of Egypt, belongs to the Chafer family, and raises its homely relatives to a higher platform by this historic association. How paltry does an ancestral monument in Westminster Abbey, which glorifies one of our little families to-day, seem in comparison to this Chafer's "place of honour" on the old Egyptian stones! The nearest relations of the Sacred Scarabæus in this country are the Dumbledors, or Night Watchmen.

However useful some of its relations may be, it is not possible to discover the utility of the common Cockchafer. We know it must fulfil some wise purpose in nature, but as far as we see at present, it seems an unmitigated pest. In its larval state, it lives underground for three years as a fat, white grub, feeding on the roots of plants, and in its winged state, it eats ravenously the leaves of trees.

In this country the rooks and other birds keep the number of Chafers somewhat in check, but in France, where any bird is "game," even down to the robin redbreast, the Chafers have their own way, and do terrible damage.

The Cockchafer makes its appearance about May, whence it is often known as the May bug. A smaller species, *Rizotrogus Solstitialis*, appears a month or so later, and is called the June Chafer, or June bug. One summer, at Margate, the June Chafer swarmed to such an extent on the cliffs, that they almost blinded the passengers, and as in those days the path was undefended by railings, they rendered walking dangerous.

Another destructive Chafer is known by several popular names; one is the Bracken-clock, on account of its fondness for places in which ferns grow. Another is the Chovey, by which it goes in the eastern counties, while westward it is called Coch-y-bondhu, corrupted by anglers into Cockerbundy. Its scientific name is *Phyllopertha Horticola*, a very appropriate title, the generic name signifying leaf-destroyer, and the specific name meaning garden-haunter. It seems to be peculiarly destructive in the eastern counties, where it simply ravages gardens and orchards, and is said to rival the locust itself as a plague. It is not one quarter as large as the Cockchafer, has a rather flattened and squared body, and the wing-cases are reddish brown, while the thorax and head are blue-black. In order to destroy it, pigs are driven into the orchards, and ducks into the gardens, while the trees are beaten with long sticks, so as to shake the insects down.

The last of the Chafers for which we can find space is the lovely Rose Chafer, *Cetonia Aurata*, an insect so beautiful that it really seems to have come from the tropics. Its colour is a peculiar shining green, glossed with the golden tinge which has gained for it the specific name of aurata, or gilded. In its perfect state, it is fond of sitting in the very centre of roses, the wild rose being its favourite. But it may be also found in gardens, where it prefers the white rose to any of the coloured varieties. It also has a liking for the flower of the strawberry, which, as botanists tell us, belongs to the rose group.

In its larval state, it much resembles the grub of the Cockchafer, and lives underground, mostly at the root of some tree, the willow appearing to be its favourite. It is also found in the mound-nests of the wood ant, probably feeding on the dead leaves, dried twigs, etc., of which the mound is composed. From this circumstance, the Beetle is sometimes called the King of the Ants. Just before it passes into the pupal state, it makes for itself a cocoon composed of small wood-chips, and when an old willow tree is uprooted, plenty of these cocoons can usually be found.



What message dost thou bring,
  O happy-hearted maid?
Thou hearest steps of Spring
  Within the primrose glade;
Beneath the tear-wet April skies,
The shining daffodils arise.

In shadow or in light,
  Though changeful be the way,
Still Hope shall make us bright,
  And whisper cheer for aye;
For on through April's rainbow-gate
Doth not the golden Summer wait?

M.S.H.

MAR. 3, 1888.

"A.1."

ONE PENNY.

WEEKLY—Edited by MRS. STEPHEN MENZIES.

THAT HOUSE IN LONDON.

By L. T. MEADE,
Author of "Scamp and I," "A Knight of To-day," "Great St. Benedict's," etc., etc.



"'Charlie, I told you not to come in for a minute or two.'"

CHAPTER III.

"NOW, my dear young lady, you really must excuse me, but I never heard of such a preposterous idea. Wrong I call it, I do indeed, for it simply means this, and this alone, you spend your money on your step-sisters."

Miss Kennedy was seated in the lawyer's small office; it was as dingy and crowded, and dirty-looking a room as possible, and Mr. Simpkins himself looked dismal, notwithstanding his somewhat rubicund face, and his clean-shaven neat little person. Kate, tall, erect, with her bright hair, and her eyes glowing, and a rich colour in her cheeks, formed the only bit of sunshine. The old lawyer looked at her admiringly—he had never thought one way or another about Kate Kennedy when he met her at her uncle's house, but now he began to consider this client of his quite handsome.

"A very fine girl," he said to himself, "and if I can prevent it, she shan't throw herself away on these good-for-nothing little step-sisters."

"Well, Mr. Simpkins," interrupted Kate, "I am sorry you do not approve of my plan, but it is my plan notwithstanding—I may as well say distinctly that I mean to carry it out—I mean to have my sisters to live with me, and I mean to have a house to live in. Is there any harm in asking you to help me to purchase one?"

"Oh, not the least, and I won't desert you, however foolish and headstrong you may be. I am thankful to say, however, that your uncle must have had premonitory warnings of all your mad and quixotic schemes when he made his will."

"Indeed! I have not heard his will."

"No, I did not think it necessary to acquaint you with more than the mere fact that the money was yours, the other day; but it is not given to you without certain conditions. May I tell you now what they are?"

"If you please; I should like to know all about them."

"Take a seat by the fire—what a cold day it is! Well, Miss Kennedy, these are the conditions. Your uncle makes you of age at once,—rather unusual, a girl of twenty; however, you are to have the use of the interest of £28,000 from the moment that the will is proved. £2,000 you are given absolute control of; that means that you may spend it, or throw it away, just as you like—a most far-fetched and ridiculous arrangement in my opinion. Well, to proceed. The interest of £28,000 provides you with a very nice yearly income from this date until you are five-and-twenty. You cannot touch the principal, but up to the date of your twenty-fifth birthday you can spend the interest. On that day—listen attentively, please, Miss Kate, for this is most important—on that day, if you are still unmarried, the whole of your fortune, with the exception of the £2,000 already mentioned, is divided between four of the London hospitals. If you are married, and your husband has an income equal to your own, your uncle's fortune belongs to you and your heirs. These are the conditions most rigidly set out, and there is no escaping them. A most wise proviso, I call it; it is impossible for your step-sisters absolutely to ruin you."

Kate's face had turned very pale—all the rich colour had left her cheeks.

"It seems, then," she said slowly, "that I am really not an heiress; a yearly income is secured to me for the next six years; after that, I am as I was before."

"Not at all, my dear young lady, not at all; long before then you will be the happy wife of some lucky fellow who has got thousands a year to meet your few hundreds."

"We won't consider a remote possibility," answered Kate. "I shall prepare myself for the fact that at five-and-twenty I am penniless."

"At the worst you have your £2,000.

"I want to buy the house out of that."

"What a headstrong young lady! I had hoped that I had cured you of the house; well, at least you will have the same house as a shelter; all things considered, you certainly might make a worse investment."

Kate roused herself with an effort from a rather painful reverie into which she was sinking.

"After all, six years *are* six years," she said. "You will see about the house for me, Mr. Simpkins? It must be a country house, and yet it must be in London; it must be full of cupboards and queer corners; it must be as old-fashioned as possible—I don't care a bit about its being modern, or having modern conveniences. I wish the rooms to be small, and to have low ceilings, only there must be plenty of them, and there must not be many stairs, and there must be bay-windows with lots of creepers growing about them, and there must be a good-sized garden with trees in it, and old-fashioned flowers growing there already, and, if possible, some flowering shrubs; and there must be a place where I can build a greenhouse. Oh, yes, six years of happiness are not at all to be despised out of one's life."

Mr. Simpkins could not help smiling, and again he mentally ejaculated,—

"A handsome girl, a bright, striking, handsome girl!" Aloud he said, "My dear, you're a wilful young thing, and must have your way. I will look out for the sort of house you want—no doubt it will take me ages to find it—in the meantime make me your banker, and, my dear young lady, I'm awfully busy—can you run away now?"

Kate laughed quite merrily, shook hands with the old lawyer, and tripped downstairs. Polly was coming home to-night, and she was busy making preparations. She went to a confectioner's and bought a tempting cake—Polly had such a sweet tooth—then she ordered cream for the tea, and a nice fresh lobster, and a rather expensive salad, and finally she hurried home with a great bunch of fragrant flowers in her hand. Mrs. Minchin was on the watch for her drawing-room lodger, and let her in with effusive words and many welcomes.

"Now, miss, the drawing-room is as beautiful as beautiful, and a fire clear as amber, and fresh white curtains to the windows, and the tea-table looking most elegant. Oh, dear me, Miss Kennedy, what lovely flowers!"

"Are they not, Mrs. Minchin? See, I have brought these violets for you—you shall give them to Mabel; I hope she is better."

"She is but poorly indeed, miss, but the violets will do her a sight of good. Thank you, Miss Kennedy; tea shall be all ready when your sister comes, miss."

Mrs. Minchin retired to the kitchen to gossip and wonder. What was the matter with Miss Kennedy? she who used to be so saving—certainly always bright enough, but so particular saving, not to say screwing—to have turned suddenly open-handed, to have migrated to the drawing-floor, and to have ordered in absolutely cream, and lobster, and salad, and a frosted cake, for tea!

"It means a fortune," soliloquised Mrs. Minchin, "and it behoves me to be civil. Mabel, you have got to go up and thank the lady for them there violets the first thing to-morrow."

"Oh, dear me, mother," answered Mabel, a pert-looking, delicate girl of two or three-and-twenty. "Violets, are they, but they don't suit my complexion. I never could abide that tone of colour; give me pink or red, or even a good down-right white in the shape of a camellia, but violets—oh, dear me, no, mother, they're no fancy of mine."

Meanwhile Kate had given the finishing touches to the very lodging-house-looking drawing-room, and was standing by the glowing fire, looking rosy and expectant, when Polly's cab drew up at the door. Polly was a very eager young lady, extremely demonstrative, and when she dashed into the room, and threw her arms effusively round Kate's neck, Kate certainly felt no surprise; but she did look up in amazement when immediately following Polly came a sleepy-looking, red-haired youth, who stood in an awkward attitude by the door, twirling his hat in his hand, and looking intensely miserable.

"My dear Polly, I am very glad to see you; but who is your friend?—introduce me, dear."

Polly extricated herself from Kate's embrace, began to unfasten some expensive-looking furs which she wore round her pretty throat, and turning sharply round, stamped her foot rather impatiently.

"Charlie, I told you not to come in for a minute or two. Oh, don't stand there at the door, looking so horribly sheepish! Oh, how tiresome you are! you are enough to prejudice any one. Kate, darling, this is Charlie."

Kate's face had grown very pale—all the pleased light had died out of her eyes.

"Polly, dear," she said, even more gently than before, "introduce the gentleman properly to me."

"What a bother you are, Charlie!" again exclaimed the indignant young lady. "Kate, this is Mr. Segrave—Charlie Segrave. We are engaged, and we—why, Kate!"

"Excuse me, Mr. Segrave," said Kate; "please don't think me very rude; I want to talk to my sister. Will you, can you, come in to-morrow? Don't think me rude if I ask you to go away now."

"Oh no, Miss Kennedy; I'm sure you're awfully kind to say I may come at all. Thank you very much, thank you awfully—I'm—I'm—good-bye, Polly."

"Good-bye," snapped Polly. "Kate, did you ever see such an awkward young man? Oh, do go, Charlie, I'm getting so ashamed of you."

The poor red-haired youth managed to back somehow out of the room, and Polly, throwing her arms again round Kate's neck, burst into tears.

"I know you're going to scold me," she exclaimed, "and I know I deserve it, for he is ugly and he is awkward; but he has got such a lovely name, Charlie Segrave, and I thought it would go so sweetly with Polly. Polly Segrave sounds delightful, and I hate Polly Kennedy. Oh, isn't it a pity that he has red hair, and that he is awkward? I'm miserable about it, I am indeed."

"Sit down, Polly, and take off your jacket and hat," said her sister. "We won't say anything more about Mr. Segrave at present. Stop crying, dear; I won't scold you—I will never scold any of you if I can help it. There, darling, see what a nice tea I have prepared for you."

"Oh, cake and lobster!" cried volatile Polly; "and flowers; what beauties! And, Katie, you have rooms on the drawing-room floor! Has that dreadful old screw, Miss Grey, raised your salary?"

"No, dear; we will speak of that presently. Polly, you must be cold, and I have no doubt you are starving."

Polly quickly wiped away her tears, looked relieved at having unpleasant topics deferred, and, warming her hands by the fire, began to chat and laugh merrily. She was a very pretty creature; her eyes were blue, her hair golden and fluffy, her complexion dazzlingly fair, and her small features well formed. Her figure was *petite*, but well proportioned. At the first glance no one knew how shallow and slight was the soul which looked out of those sweet and pathetic-looking eyes; and no one guessed how little lay beneath words which sometimes rose to almost passionate earnestness; for Polly was all impulse and fire, nothing stable about her—the kind of girl who would attract many lovers and be constant to none. Kate had always felt that Polly was the sister who would give her the greatest share

of responsibility and trouble; and as she looked at her to-night, she could not help knowing that some of the fears which she had always entertained for Polly were about to be realised.

"I am so thankful I shall now have a home to offer her," she said to herself. "She is a great deal too brilliant, she is a great deal too pretty, she is a great deal too foolish to be allowed to find her own way in the world. Poor Polly, does she ever, ever think of any one but herself?"

Tea was over, the younger Miss Kennedy had partaken well of all the delicacies which Kate had provided, and now the two sisters drew in their chairs to the fire.

"Kate, I hope you won't be angry with me, I bought this fur to put on my winter jacket; it is not all paid for yet, I owe about a pound, but if your screw is raised——"

"Polly, dear, you know I don't like you to use those expressions. I will settle about the jacket another time; I want now to talk on quite a different matter."

"Oh dear, I did not think we were going to have anything unpleasant to-night; I am so tired."

"No, dear, you are not too tired to listen to me; and I have a great deal on my hands, and don't want to waste these precious moments. I am not going to scold you, do not fear, Polly; I hate being a mentor to you all."

"Oh, you dear, darling Kate, you aren't that—you're the sweetest old thing in the world! Well, what is it?"

"What about Mr. Segrave—you are not really engaged to him, Polly? Tell me all about him, Polly. Was it on account of him you lost that nice situation? You spoke in your letter about getting into a scrape; do tell me all about it, for I am so anxious."

"Oh, it was such fun," said Polly, beginning to laugh; "you know Mr. and Mrs. Reade were so particular, and they said they'd take such care of me; and she told you, Kate, that she'd act as a mother to me; but really now she didn't—or, at any rate, I wouldn't have that kind of mother worrying me. She never even wished me to read a story, and she said I must only take the children for one proper little walk in the day; and it was so dull! Of course I couldn't stand it; and the worst time of all was when I had to go down and sit in the drawing-room with Mrs. Reade. Oh, that drawing-room!—even you, Katie dear, you poor old sober-sides, could not have borne it. All the chairs were covered with brown holland, and there was a table in the middle with Alison's 'History of Europe' and a Shakespeare, and a Cowper, and Heber's poems, and Herbert's poems, all set out at intervals round it. Every second book was Alison's 'History of Europe,' and the rest were those I've mentioned. And could you think of anything uglier or duller? And the walls were hung with prints; and there wasn't an easy-chair in the room, except one for Mr. Reade and one for Mrs. Reade. And Mrs. Reade used to knit socks for the children; and when I was alone with her, she used to get me to read Alison's history. I never took up the same volume two nights running, but she didn't notice, so I know she wasn't listening. She usually went to sleep when I had read for half an hour, and then I used to pull a novel out of my pocket, and go on with it until Mr. Reade came up.

"One day, about six weeks ago, he brought up two gentlemen with him—one was Mr. French and the other was poor Charlie. I had never seen either of them before, but of course I preferred them to Mrs. Reade. When she woke up that night she found them both talking to me, and I don't think she liked it much. Well—oh, dear me, Katie, you don't want to hear this part—of course they both came every night, and the drawing-room wasn't so dull, and I went in debt for a few little ribbons and things. Well, oh dear, oh dear, it's horrid, and the Reades are very angry; but I don't see that I am to blame, for what could a girl do who spent her evenings in that drawing-room? But Mr. French is rich, and not very young; and poor Charlie, he's nothing but a boy, and he's *awfully* poor. But—but—I suppose it is a little awkward—I'm engaged to them both!"

"Polly!"

"Yes, really, Kate; and the Reades didn't like it, and they sent me away in a minute, which wasn't at all kind or Christian of them. Kate, what's the matter?"

"Oh, Polly, I am so shocked—what can I say to you? Have you no feeling? Have you no sense of honour? Don't you know what it means to accept a man's love, to promise to be his always? Polly, I knew you were volatile, but I never, never thought it would come to this! Oh, how thankful I am that I have got that money!"

On the smallest provocation Polly always cried. She shed torrents of tears on the present occasion, and wrung her hands, and bemoaned and bewailed herself, and said more than once that she wished poor Charlie was present. Kate looked at her, and clenched her own hands tightly together, and wondered if anything could ever be made of one so slight.

"I won't scold her," she said at last to herself; "she does not even take in my words."

"Polly, dear."

"Oh, yes, Kate. Are you going to say anything more dreadful?"

"No, dear. I must help you out of this scrape. You shall write to both the gentlemen to-night."

"Oh, dear me, I couldn't! I shouldn't know what to say."

"I will dictate the letters to you, Polly. Answer me one question first. Have you a spark of love for either of them?"

"Love? No; I'm not so foolish. I can't bear Mr. French. Charlie rather amuses me, he's so devoted."

Kate rose from her seat, went to her davenport, and bringing over paper, pen, and ink, laid them gravely before the refractory and silly girl.

"Oh, dear me, Kate, can't we put it off till to-morrow?"

"Write what I tell you, my dear. I have promised not to scold you, but if you do not write these letters, and allow me to post them to-night, I will take steps to-morrow to send you to a boarding-school, where I trust you will learn sense."

"Katie—why, I'm seventeen!"

"No matter."

"And you haven't got any money?"

"Yes, I have. Will you write your letters?"

Polly seemed so amazed at this latter fact that she became quite sober, and even took up her pen thoughtfully."

"Oh, Katie, if you are well off you can buy me one of those new winter jackets!"

"Write your letter, Polly."

"What am I to say? Whom am I to write to first?"

"It does not matter."

"I'll begin with Mr. French—I hate him so. Katie, I know exactly the kind of jacket I want—trimmed with grey fur, and tailor-made. Well, go on. What am I to say to Mr. French?"

"Begin—'My dear Mr. French.'"

"Yes—he's not 'my dear,' but that's written."

"'My sister Kate says that there must be an end to our engagement. I have found out that I made a mistake, and that I am much too young to marry any one for a long time.'"

"Oh, now, Katie," interrupted the writer, "I vow and declare I will never be an old maid of twenty. Well, what else? Won't Mr. French be in a rage!"

"There is nothing more, Polly. Sign yourself,

'Yours sincerely,
'MARY KENNEDY.'"

"That's written," said Polly. "I think it a very short, rude letter, but I really don't care a bit. He deserves it, although of course he's very well off, and he promised me diamonds. He said, too, that my eyes were brighter than any diamonds. Poor fellow! He could say rather nice things sometimes. Well, Kate, how stern you do look!"

"You have got to write to Mr. Segrave, Polly."

"Oh, dear me, poor Charlie! I'm sure he'll drown himself. Well, Kate, what a cruel tyrant you are. Here, let's begin. I'm getting so sleepy. 'My dear Charlie.'"

"No, Polly, you're to say, 'My dear Mr. Segrave.'"

"Oh, how ridiculously stiff! Well, here it is written. What next, Kate?"

"Say this," answered Kate; 'My sister says she will see you to-morrow, if you will call at eleven o'clock; but she wishes me to tell you now that our engagement must be quite at an end.

'Yours sincerely,
'MARY KENNEDY.'"

"I never wrote two nastier letters," exclaimed Polly. "Well, are you satisfied now, you dear old dragon?"

"Poor Polly! Are you ever going to learn sense? Are you ever going to learn what true honour means?" answered Kate in a sad, low voice. "There, dear, go to bed; you are as you are made; but you might ask God to help you to be a good and a true girl. Oh, Polly, can you sleep happily to-night if you have pained one honest heart?"

Polly looked up at her sister. Her volatile nature was touched; her beautiful eyes filled with tears, and she threw her arms impulsively round Kate's neck.

"I do love you," she said. "I don't want to pain you;" and then she went upstairs to bed.

Kate posted the two letters herself; then she sat long by the fire. She was as energetic, as practical, as strong, as Polly was weak and vacillating. She had never in all her life lost time in idle regrets or in vain musings.

"I must take care of the girls now," she said, half aloud; "it is my life-work, and God has given me the means to do it. Perhaps some day a good man may love Polly, and his love may raise and strengthen her—and—and—save her. Such a thing is possible, and I almost think I know. No, no, I won't dwell on that; time enough to face the trial when it comes. The other two girls are easier to manage than Polly, and they all love me. Yes, my duty is quite plain. I must get that house as soon as possible, and we must all live together. What a strange

will my uncle has made. I am not at all likely to marry. Well, it is all six years ahead. I have six years to look around me, and surely in six years I can provide for the girls. I am much better off than I was a week ago, and yet, somehow, even already I feel more full of cares. Well, I am not going to be over careful. I must be always their bright Kate to the girls ; and poor Kenneth —poor Kenneth—I had better not think about him."

Then Kate too went up to bed, and laying her head on the pillow, was soon fast asleep ; for although she had plenty of cares and worries, and although even now Polly considered her old, she was but twenty, and had all her life before her. At twenty it is impossible for any amount of worries to make a bright and strong girl wholly miserable, so Kate slept and awoke refreshed, and had no idea of shirking her duties.

"To-day," she said to herself, "I must see Mr. Segrave, and do what I can for him, poor fellow; and then I must go and see about our house."

(*To be continued.*)

THE LOGIC OF THE GOSPEL.

"Come now, let us *reason* together, saith the Lord."

THE Origin of Evil does not come into our theme to-day. We accept the fact that a busy devil has injected sin into the human race ; that men are fallen from what they were, and are not what they may be.

On looking facts plainly in the face, this conviction of personal sin is inevitable. Your parents—and mine—were sinners ; therefore, as grapes are not gathered from thorns, nor figs from thistles, you must, by your very birth-right, be a sinner, too. "Ah !" you say, "that is original sin ; I do not hold myself responsible for what I cannot help." Well, my brother, *God* does, and after all, that is the main point to look at. You are not responsible because you are born a sinner, but because you reject God's offered salvation from sin.

If there were no redemption, original sin would lose its condemning power ; but in the face of a "so great salvation," his share in fallen human nature is enough to sink the man who rejects God's way into the lowest hell. God condemns no man because he has original guilt, but only because he *chooses to keep it.*

Actual sin must be looked at from another standpoint. Any one committed sin, of thought, word, or deed, must inevitably and logically shut the sinner out of heaven. God and His attributes are eternal, and cannot change ; and God and sin cannot co-exist in the same place. From its earliest pages the Bible makes this clear, by type, by incident, and by direct statement. Picture a home perfect in its surroundings, its happiness, its love,—an earthly paradise. Let one of the sons become a drunkard, and display his foul habit within those sheltered walls,—where is the happiness now, where the unity, the peace ? The one plague-spot has infected all. Greater far the contrast, more disastrous the effect, were it *possible* for a man with the defilement of sin upon him, to set foot within heaven. Heaven would not be heaven, if amongst its countless thousands one uncleansed sinner stood.

And what is sin ? Murder, adultery, theft, lying,—how glibly we run through the list, priding ourselves so far on cleanly hands. Wait a moment. Man looks on the outward appearance, God on the heart. Do you not know that hatred in the heart is murder in the sight of the High and Holy One ? That looking with an evil longing, even though it be quickly repressed, is equal to the most flagrant sin ; that coveting is as fatal as theft ; and that God's truth does not mean mere absence of false speaking, but truth of thought and intent in the very "inward parts" ? There are four definitions of sin in the Bible. Note the *crescendo* in the scale, the gradual narrowing of the meshes, so that none can slip through :—

"Sin is the transgression of the law."

"All unrighteousness is sin."

"Whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

"The thought of foolishness is sin."

Well, what then ? "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," most just though awful doom; and with God's light shining down upon us,—the white light from the judgment throne,—which of us does not cry, "Unclean" ? "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves."

Thank God, friend, you have got so far ; just go on a step further to the next verse. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive."

Just to forgive,—why, we have only now admitted He was *just* to condemn." Exactly so. God's justice *compels* Him to condemn the impenitent sinner, but that same perfect justice *compels* Him, in no less degree, to welcome every sinner who shelters beneath the blood of Christ.

Before a sinner can enter heaven, God's justice demands that the penalty earned by the sin of *each individual*—note that—be paid ; and that penalty is death. No human effort could accomplish this payment ; a *man's* death could not, in justice, pay the full penalty for all humanity, the less could not atone for the greater ; nor could any human example, or any scheme of law, suffice to raise man to what God's holiness requires. There is but one way, and it is perfect. God promised it to fallen man from the first ; foreshadowed it in sacrifice, and fulfilled it in the stupendous marvel of the Incarnation, Death, and Resurrection of Jesus Christ, His only Son. Here was One who, by His inherent Godhead, so far outweighed all the human race, that His one atoning death was a just substitute for the death of sinning mankind. He alone was sufficient to pay the penalty in our stead. In our place He suffered, and for our sin He was bruised.

Therefore, by this marvel of redeeming love, God is "*just* to forgive us our sins."

Then, are all men forgiven ? Nay ; for we noted now that each had *individually* earned the penalty and was condemned, not as a part of sinning humanity, but as a single sinner before an offended God. God and the sinner stand alone, face to face, in this awful condemnation. So they stand in regard to the atonement for sin. One by one, the souls condemned must personally forestall the penalty by sheltering beneath the infinite atonement of Christ. It would not be *just* that particular sin should be met by a general atonement. Christ Jesus suffered in your place ; step into that place as a condemned sinner to-day, and say, "Christ died here in my stead, therefore there is now no doom for me." God's justice cannot demand a second payment,—there will be "no condemnation" for you.

What must the condemnation be,—how awful, how despairing—if this stupendous sacrifice was necessary to save you from the certain wages of sin ! This day, my friend, face that condemnation, and turn from it to the waiting Saviour, who loved *you* and gave Himself for *you.*

ABOUT OURSELVES.

LOOK out next week for "SQUALLS."

See paragraph "Great Preparations," for entertaining details of our Prize Spelling Chases—past and future.

The very last of our Literary Competition Results is given on page 283. The MSS. already stamped for return will be sent off in due course.

The Spelling Chase Results are promised for next week ; shortly after, we shall announce the Prize Winners in our "£100 Competition," and in due course, those who have been successful in our "Definition Competition" (Husband and Wife), and our Double Acrostics, will see their names in print.

The amusing "Thirty Nouns" Competition, announced in our Number for Feb. 18, page 254, closes on March 24. It will take some ingenious manipulation to get such dissimilar words together.

Our last week's Competition, "Please Stop !" bids fair to be a grand success. Plenty of time to try for one of the five Prizes, as it remains open until March 31st. An invaluable and entertaining exercise. Ask your Bookseller for "A.1." for Feb. 25th, or send 1½d. direct to our Office.

Like all creation, "A.1." is waking up this spring-time to new life and vigour. Coming Numbers promise to be first-class. Fresh effort on the part of editor, author, and artist, will be met by fresh effort amongst our readers. Who will canvass for new subscribers ? We shall gladly equip you, on receipt of name and address, with Specimen Copies and leaflets, free.

GREAT PREPARATIONS.

BETWEEN TWO SPELLING CHASES.

SUCH is our unenviable position ! In one room lies a huge brown sack, containing a *selection* of Spelling Paragraphs,—oh ! so droll—for our unfortunate artist to look through, in preparation for the Grand Illustrated Pages of Results in next week's Number (March 10th) ; in another room sits an equally unfortunate author, racking brain, and exploring dictionary, in search of suggestions for the new Spelling Chase promised March 24. We hope no harm will come of it ; we must watch over those two !

The new Competition will be very sparkling ; we hear the author chuckling over some of the "nuts to crack" ; it will only remain open three weeks, so competitors should not lose a day. Rules will be given March 17th. Order early for your friends ; you will earn their gratitude by such a pennyworth.

The most powerful king on earth is working ; the laziest, shir-king ; a very doubtful king, smo-king ; the most common-place king, jo-king ; the leanest one, thin-king ; the thirstiest one, drin-king ; the slyest, win-king ; and the most garrulous one, talking.

The chief end of a college is to fit, in the best way, the most men and women to be and to do what nature gave them talent for.

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Thirteen Hundred Miles in My Caravan," "From Pole to Pole," etc., etc.



"After dragging the poor seal for nearly a mile, he found he could get no farther."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A CHANGE COMES O'ER THE SPIRIT OF MY DREAM.

WHILE the short summer lasted, and when the icebergs were small, or comparatively so, with everywhere plenty of open water between, and the wind scarcely ever rising above a gentle breeze, it was very pleasant in those Arctic seas—wondrously silent and wondrously strange! The ice had hitherto been almost flat, while the sea looked dark, almost inky black, in fact, around them. Quietness reigned on all sides. You could hear the plunge of a seal, as it took the water, nearly a mile away, and the sullen, booming splash of the dark narwhal, or sea unicorn, at an equal distance. Now and then, on a piece of floating ice, a bear would be seen, looking very forlorn indeed; for he seemed to know that on his snow-clad barque he must eventually die, and die by inches, unless it brought up at last on some coast, when he would step on shore and begin life in a new land.

Sharks came alongside now and then, in twos and threes; vengeful-looking monsters of terrible strength and power, and with those cunning, leering eyes that justly entitle them to be called the demons of the seas. They would rub against each other or the ship's side, in seeming amity and peace, till something was thrown overboard—it might be only a bone—when, for a few moments, they would chafe and fight like tigers. Katie trembled once to see one of these awful creatures, that had been beaten off by a bigger brother, attack the copper-sheathed rudder, on which he fastened like a terrier dog, lashing the water around with his body and tail in his futile and agonising rage.

But few such incidents disturbed the calm of every-day life. Gradually, however, as the ship got farther north and east, a change came o'er the spirit of the scene: the ice-bergs grew bigger and more fantastic,—grew, one might say, from mole-hills to veritable mountains. There was seldom, as yet, however, much danger to be apprehended from them, though even a child could have understood how small a chance the largest and strongest ship that ever sailed would have had among such ice, had it come on to blow.

But the sea remained open, as a rule. What I mean to express is, that the heavy bergs were in streams, floating barriers that the vessel had to steam slowly through; often even rubbing sides with them, and seeing for a time about as little horizon as one does in a forest of pine trees. When some distance off one of these berg-barriers, with the hot, midday sun glittering on them, their beauty and radiance defied description. Our heroes could only look and admire. The tops of these floating ice-hills were nearly always covered with snow, though there were exceptions; for when a berg becomes undermined by the action of the water, it topples over, and the clear side comes uppermost.

The prevailing colour of the ice is pale green, but owing to the cleavage, there are thousands of prismatic ridges, and it is this fact which accounts for the strange and ever-changing glory of colour as a vessel sails past them.

Chips was very often by Katie's side, or she by his; for he was a roughly-bound, walking cyclopædia in all matters concerning the Arctic regions.

"Have you ever been in a storm," she asked him one day, as they were steaming through a stream of gigantic bergs, "among ice like this?"

"Aye, missie, more'n once."

"How terrible it must be!"

Chips was silent for a little space before he replied:

"It is terrible enough, Miss Katie; especially if the sky be dark, as it usually is, and a snowstorm blowing on deck from stern to stem. Especially, missie, if you have no steam-power, and only daring to show a storm-jib, maybe, and some morsels o' cloth, not much bigger than table-napkins, as I might say, and the wind a-coming gusty-like round a berg, and taking ye all aback; especially if you hear every now and then a sound like fifty pieces of artillery, all fired at once, and know as how one ice-hill has smashed another to smithereens, and that were the ship there, she'd be sunk with the falling pieces, even if she weren't in the squeeze,—sunk, as sure as ever village was buried by an avalanche! Aye, missie, and more'n once we've had to make fast by ice-anchors to a bight in the biggest berg we could find. I've been four and twenty hours in such a situation, and I couldn't tell you now whether we felt safest when the berg turned its back to the storm, or when it wore round, and the green, cold waters made a clean breach over us. When the side we were fast to was on the lee, we could see and hear the chaos; and awful it was, when there was nothing to be seen for the drivin' spray. Yes, it were awful! But ah, missie, we were in God's good hands, and I reckon it matters little where we dies, after all.

"But, Miss Katie," he continued, after a pause, "these great bergs don't move so fast nor so viciously as the little ones do in a storm. My dear young lady, a stream o' pieces, maybe only fifteen to forty feet square, is a fearful thing to battle against. It is all a case of good helm. Let them hit ye stern on, or hit *them* stern on, and it's all right; but if one is hurled on ye anywhere amid ships—bless you, then there is nothing for it but sink.

"We saw the barque *Ranger* turn turtle, miss, almost afore our eyes, just after coming through a stream of flat, lumpy bergs. She'd been stove, and they'd heeled her over a bit, to get blankets, and such, on the hole. Well, it might have been all right; but clouds banked up to windward, and a squall came roaring on. It struck us hard, but we weathered it. But when the blue shone above us again, there was no *Ranger* there!"

"How sad! And are ships always lost when struck with ice?"

"Not if they can blanket up the hole, and set the carpenters at work; but if alongside heavy ice, miss, they lose heart, and get on a berg, bag and baggage. By-and-by down goes the ship, and their hardships begin in earnest."

"And these, at times, are dreadful?"

"Too dreadful, miss, for such as you to think about!"

* * * *

The *Oonalaska* had not made the progress that had been expected, and when July was wearing to a close, and there would be but a few weeks more of open sea, Captain Boyd and his officers found themselves sternly confronted with the question, whether to push on, or, turning farther southwards, to seek for more open water, and retrace their knotage back along the Alaskan coast.

It was to be a war with the ice and the elements either way, and so council was held in the snuggery. Chips was one of the speakers. When asked for his opinion, he gave it in very few words:

"Ye see, gentlemen," he said, "it's been an exceptional season all through, and them's the very words I said to Jackson in that first tough blow we had when we got foul o' that slush stream. Well, the season ain't ended

yet; but I've never seen such clear weather in these seas afore, and I never saw clear weather in summer that didn't forebode an early winter. Howsomedever, it'll be a matter o' froze-up at the best, and if I were master o' th' *Oona*, I'd say, let us winter among thinner ice."

"Winter, Chips!" said Nat, senior. "Why, we hardly thought of wintering!"

"Nor do I think it will come to that," Captain Boyd said. "I think Chips has taken a pessimist view."

"What ship's that, sir? Pessie—mist. Well, mist here or mist there, you'll find old Chips isn't a long way out of his reckoning."

"May I say a word, gentlemen?" said the sturdy Scotch engineer.

"Certainly, my dear sir; that is what we asked you here to do."

"Then I'll say two words. Ahem! Push on."

"What, with the certainty of being crushed?"

"Things may be better, sir, farther ahead. But I repeat, push on. Never gang back. There's neither luck nor sense in it."

"Scotchmen, I believe, never do," said Nat, senior, smiling.

"Never, sir. Even when the battle rages fiercest; when hope itself seems a sin, our bold Scotch regiments never yet turned back.

"Good-day, gentlemen," he added, picking up his cap with one quick uneasy glance at the American. "Good-day; dinna turn tail, sir. I wouldna for a' the Yankees ever born."

But despite the advice of the worthy Scotchman, it was finally decided to steer for the south and west.

For a time it seemed that all was going well; and, as far as the size of the icebergs went, and the more open spaces in the sea, hope of soon getting clear was gradually merging into a certainty.

But mist and fog once more settled over the ocean, and, one day, they found themselves in a kind of *cul de sac*. They had been steaming for ten hours in open water, between two packs of heavy bergs, when suddenly, through the fog, the bergs loomed up ahead. To retrace their way was the first thought of the mariners, but this plan was finally abandoned, and they boldly took the ice. Then came a battle with the bergs such as they had not yet engaged in; for the farther they advanced, the more closely were the pieces packed and banked together.

It was toilsome, weary work. Men were constantly over the side, easing the bergs aside with poles; but the *Oonalaska*, though aided by steam and sail, could make hardly half a mile an hour of headway. Still they struggled on. Jack, in command of a small party, went on ahead of the ship for several miles, hoping to bring back news that the open water was within a measurable distance.

This little expedition was hazardous in the extreme. It is a terrible experience that of being lost in the mist on a highland, moorland, or mountain, but to be lost in the fog of an Arctic sea is, nine times out of ten, to have entered into the valley of the shadow of death itself.

Jack and his party carried both guns and compasses. They might need both before they saw the *Oonalaska* again. The fog-horn was kept blowing from the time they started, and when they had been gone about an hour, rifles were fired every minute.

As no signs of open water were apparent, they now began to retrace their steps. The trail they had left would guide them, and this they followed. For some time they had heard neither fog-horn nor rifles. This they thought somewhat strange, but went on for a time cheerily enough. Suddenly they stopped, puzzled and dismayed. For right across their trail a long black shadow had fallen.

It was water. The great ice-stream had split in two, and even as they stood there, the canal was widening fast. To make matters worse, the wind began to moan across the snow-field, and raise wavelets on the water, that lapped and broke on the ice-edge at their feet. The situation was one to dismay the stoutest heart. Try to realise it, reader, if you can!

CHAPTER XXIX.

AT WAR WITH THE ICE.

THE men who stood with Jack on the ice were hardy seamen, fellows who had been in Arctic dangers of every sort, and their officer now looked to them for advice.

"There is nothing to be done," said one, "absolutely nothing, except to fire a cartridge about every five or ten minutes. They may hear it, and send to our assistance, but I doubt it."

Just as he spoke, the sound of a heavy gun came roaring over the floe, and far away it seemed.

After firing, those on board listened, but listened in vain for a response.

Something then must be done, and done at once.

Chips was summoned.

He grasped the situation in a moment.

"They've never been fools eno' to go on out o' hearin' like, sir. No, the pack has split in two. Now, sir, here's what I'd do, and do quickly. Lower a boat, and let men drag it on after old Bob-a-link and me.

The men were called away immediately.

Chips' last words to them were these:

"Follow our trail all the way. Never once get off it. Don't be misled by the first trail. We may keep that, or we may not."

They were away out of sight in the mist almost before the last words were out of their mouths.

"Hurrah! lads," cried the spectioneer, who was in charge of the boat to be dragged. "Hurrah! lads. Now for it."

Then they disappeared, and silence reigned on board the *Oonalaska*, broken only at regular intervals by the booming of the signal gun.

The sails were kept a-shiver,* but fires were banked. There was nothing in the thoughts of any one on board except the startling calamity that appeared to have befallen them.

Miss Graves and Katie sat in the semi-darkness of the saloon; the gloom suggested lights, but this would have only made it seem more dismal outside. Neither Katie nor her cousin spoke much, though the frequent uneasy sigh, or the impatient word or two, told of the great anxiety in their hearts.

But Old Sally must wring her hands every now and then, and weep and talk through her tears.

"Poor dear gentleman! Ah! I'm sure this is a bitter day for Old Sally. Ah! D'ye think, ma'am, there's any hope? Ah!"

"Hush! Mrs. Bennet, hush!"

"If I'd only gone with 'em, ma'am! Ah! But my poor back, you see."

* This term is now seldom heard from any but Arctic sailors.

The two Nats came down presently, to try to cheer the ladies up—a vain attempt.

Meanwhile, steadily and silently, up and down the deck paced Desmond and Captain Boyd, stopping only for a moment or two to listen, after each gun was fired.

One hour, two hours, and three hours passed slowly by, but no voice or sound came up through that dismal wall of mist.

"This suspense is bad to bear," said Captain Boyd at last, wiping his brow, on which beads of perspiration were standing.

Just as he spoke, faintly up the wind came the sound of a rifle.

Again the gun thundered out—a welcome this time, and in a few minutes more Jack himself came smiling up the side.

"Heaven be praised!" was all the captain said, as he shook Jack Silk's brown hand.

"Go down below and report yourself," said Desmond.

"Give me your hand, then."

Desmond led him down to the saloon, for poor Jack was snow-blind for the time.

The ladies shook hands with him, but neither spoke, for tears were rolling over Katie's face.

She was glad Jack could not see them.

The plan of search adopted by Chips and Bob-a-link was sensible. They ran along the water's edge, firing every now and then, and at length, to their great joy, from over the black canal came the sound of Jack's rifle. But they had a weary time to wait for the boat, and ere it was launched, the water was no longer a canal, but a broad lake. How the men bent to their oars, and how the boat sped on, need scarcely be told!

The men worked harder than ever now to get the ship into the open water. For every soul on board now knew the difficulties and dangers which they would have to encounter, did winter extend his icy grasp over the Arctic Ocean while they were still far up in northern latitudes.

Working on the ice, however, was not unattended with risk: for at this season of the year the snow on top of the icebergs is soft, and one sinks in it as he walks. Moreover, the edges of the pieces were sadly undermined and unsafe. This was soon only too apparent, for in more than one instance it gave way, precipitating a man into the black, cold water, and it went surging along like a mill-race between the bergs.

But in each case assistance was speedily at hand, and a rope was thrown in time to save the luckless sailor from being either sucked under the ice, or pulled down by a shark.

There is no more terrible monster probably swims in the ocean than the Greenland shark. They are nouns of multitude, too, in these seas; it would be impossible even to guess at the numbers in a shoal; they may be but in hundreds, but they may be in thousands. Their terrible ferocity makes them an easy prey to seamen who care to catch them, for they will fight for and seize upon a baited hook, however often it may be thrown into the water. They have seen their companions, after swallowing a suspicious tit-bit, dragged struggling on to the ice, but this circumstance does not seem to influence the brutes in the slightest.

Boy Bates and Turlough O'Brien were busy on the ice with the others. The former especially thought it fine fun, and Turlough's wit and humour, with snatches of Irish song, kept every body in good humour.

But all this was presently extinguished very quickly and completely indeed, for, in saving his little shipmate, Bates, the snow

gave way under poor Paddy, and down he went.

He was dragged out with difficulty after some delay, and sent on board to change his clothes, and have a jorum of smoking coffee.

The open water was made at last, and had it been clear weather, Captain Boyd would have now known in which direction the great canal trended. As it was, he steered for the south and east, only to find in less than an hour that a heavy pack of ice once more confronted him.

There was every prospect now of a gale of wind, and as the glass sank but slowly, it appeared as if there might be a week of it.

The wind had an uncomfortable sough in it. Beginning with a low moaning sound in the rigging, it would steadily increase to almost a roar, then gradually die away again. But every gust was stronger than the last, and every interval briefer, till it ended in one steady roar.

Then the fog began to lift at last. This was some comfort, though the sky, when it did become visible, showed only an even, dark-leaden surface, with never a strip of cloud visible, because it was all one cloud. Right away to the north, however, was a long patch of light, and from this direction the wind blew.

All around the ship was a sea of ink, bounded at no great distance by the white and dazzling ice. It was in a lake they were, then, and it did not tend to raise their spirits to notice that the area of its surface was getting gradually smaller, and that before many hours the bergs would hem them in entirely.

But as yet there was little motion in the ice-pack. This was accounted for from the fact that the wind blew from over the ice. Had it been the other way, great waves would have rolled in, and the bergs would have risen and fallen with terrific noise, as they crushed and ground together.

Smaller and smaller grew the lake of dark water. And now the captain sent boats to survey its surface, and the *Oonalaska* was finally "rove" in through the most likely ice to secure her safety. This was a patch of what is called "bay-ice," low and flat, and of no great thickness. Pressed upon, however, by the huge bergs on every side of it, it was soon evident that even this could be a source of real danger. The berg ice became packed, that is, thrown up in pieces one after the other, like cards in a pack.

Meanwhile the noise was terrific. There was the shriek of the wind as it tore through the rigging, and the incessant indescribable noise of the ice along the vessel's sides; so great were the two combined, that hardly could even shouting be heard on the deck.

The danger of being crushed became more and more threatening as the time went by; Captain Boyd therefore issued orders for bags and provisions to be got on deck, and everything put in readiness to leave the vessel, should the worst come to the worst. He had no desire to alarm the ladies, but in all cases of danger this worthy sailor knew it was best to be prepared.

There was little peace or comfort, either, at dinner on board that day, for if any one ventured a remark during a momentary interval of comparative silence, the last part of it was almost certain to be lost, so the best plan was to nod and smile and say nothing.

As gradually as it had commenced, however, did the danger pass away. The wind died down, the ice had become still, and by breakfast time the sun was shining, and hope reigned supreme once more.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR VISIT TO A SILVER MINE.

By Mrs. ORME-WEBB.

I HAD always a great desire to see a silver mine. I had already been down the largest coal mine in England, and had found it disappointing on the whole, but a silver mine was a very different thing. My ideas upon the subject were somewhat crude, but I specially looked forward to seeing the gleam of silver among the ore. My delight, then, was very great when one evening, during our stay in San Francisco, a friend offered to give us an order to visit the great Comstock Mine, and it was not many days before we found ourselves at the little station of Reno, which was *en route* for our destination.

Our first thought was to go to the hotel and secure rooms. We asked which was the best hotel,—the porters looked at each other in wonder. What did we mean? There were no hotels in Reno. However, we finally engaged a very comfortable room at the station, and were soon discussing dinner in the refreshment room, where we became the centre of attraction to a party of miners, who were at another table, and who turned round every now and then to refresh themselves with a good stare at us.

The next morning we started for Virginia City, near which is the Comstock Mine.

"Is it a large town?" I asked, with a traveller's thirst for information.

"Wall, I guess it doesn't beat New York," was the reply.

A single line of rail connects Reno with Virginia City, and our short journey led us through a very uninteresting district, reminding us of Yorkshire moors. At last we reached a bleak hillside dotted with small wooden shanties, and this was the "City"! A strange place it looked; and as we walked through the long one-sided street, we were astonished to find that we were by no means in an uncivilized region, in spite of appearances. There was a large hotel and a public hall, while the people whom we met were all dressed in good black clothes, for miners when above ground are most particular as to their costume. We made our way to the mine, and after a chat with the manager in his office, we were taken into a long dark place, and were shown into two little dressing-rooms, in which were large baths. Presently a man brought me some blue serge clothes, and a tarpaulin coat and sou'-wester hat. I did not quite relish it, but the man informed me that I must not go down with any of my own garments on, as if I did so, I could never wear them again. I donned my sailor's dress, and opened the door to find my husband arrayed in a similar manner. I regret to say he greeted me with roars of laughter, so I conclude my appearance was not calculated to inspire admiration. Two guides now took possession of us, and led us at once to what looked like a black hole, round which were gathered a number of men, who all surveyed us curiously.

"Now, marm, in you get, please." And before I had time to hesitate, I was quietly lifted into the "cage," which is really a small square box without a lid. "All ready? then all right." But the next moment I felt that it was all wrong, for down we went, and the water pouring upon our heads out of the ground, soon filled the cage up to our knees!

"How do you like it?" asked my husband.

"Oh, very - much - in - deed," I gurgled, as one stream of water trickled down my neck, and another made its way into my mouth.

Presently we stopped with a sudden jerk, and scrambling out of the cage, found ourselves at the entrance of a long, low passage. This was the Cuto Tunnel, which connects this mine with another one. We had only gone half-way!

At last, breathless and wet through, we arrived at the bottom of the mine, and made our way into a tiny place called the "cooling room," where cold air is pumped down to the miners, who, at this great depth, can only work for five minutes at a time, and then go for a breath of air to the cooling room. In the hottest part of the mine, some of the men only work for half an hour a day, and for this they receive very high wages. When we remember that the depth of the Comstock Mine is 2,900 feet, it is not surprising that the heat is very great.

We were now given candles, and started for a walk into the mine itself, while the heat became more and more intense. "Will you go on?" asked my guide every two minutes. "Of course," I replied each time, though I let him take my candle. And presently a horrible sensation seized me, everything appeared blue, and I felt as though I was sinking into the sea, and struck out to swim. Instantly my guide picked me up, and conveyed me back to the cooling-room, covering me with grease from the candles on the way. When he had carried me there, by turning a handle, he produced a delicious rush of cold air, which very soon revived me.

My husband went on into the hottest part, where the heat was so intense that he covered his chest over with his serge blouse to keep it from being scorched.

Meanwhile I sat in the dark little cooling room on an old tub, while my guide seated himself on the ground, and told me all about himself, how he had a wife and baby far away in Cornwall, and how he hoped soon to be able to send for them; and as he talked about them, the poor young fellow's eyes filled with tears. How strange it was to be thus sitting 2,900 feet below American soil, listening to the hopes and fears of this Cornish miner! Now and then grimy, panting men came in to refresh themselves with cold air, stood for a minute listening to our conversation, and then, with a nod to me, went back to their work. One man in particular I noticed, who came in, and after his whiff of fresh air, threw himself down in a corner, and lay there for some little time. My guide got up, and poured some water from a filter into a tin mug, and handed it to the man, who presently got up and went out again. "It's only Joe," said the guide carelessly; but before I could ask who Joe was, my husband returned, and we made our way back to the cage, and, after a swift ascent, once more found ourselves above ground.

The men crowded round the cage and helped us out. Then a sudden thought struck me. "By the way, excuse my mentioning such a trifle, but where is the silver?" Until that moment I had utterly forgotten it; and I began to wonder what we had gone down the mine for at all! Then I learned that the actual silver in the ore one can never really see; but at least we had seen the mine itself, and some of the miners at work. We found warm baths awaiting us, which were most acceptable; and then, after bidding goodbye to the miners, we retraced our steps to the station, and returned to Reno, utterly tired out with our underground experiences.



"I made a promise to present the happy pair with a specimen of the place after it was 'drawed through the telescope.'"

IN this advanced and enlightened epoch, in the annals of that portion of Africa's dark-hued race which has been transplanted to American shores, where the Sambos, Dinahs, Bills, and Sallies have been metamorphosed into Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Johnson, and Mr. William and Miss Sarah Johnson, the discovery of a genuine old-fashioned darkey may be considered a matter of just congratulation. I do not think that, after mature consideration, I could recall a better specimen of the unadulterated article than my dark and philosophic friend "Uncle Hamp."

Our acquaintance, which to me has been an unfailing source of profound entertainment, began in this manner: I had just purchased a "cord of good seasoned ash and hickory." These were the words, the very words, in which the former owner had described it to me, and which, moreover, had induced me to close the purchase as I stood on the curbstone and very learnedly inspected it.

I very much wondered mentally which was the ash and which the hickory, but did not dare to bring down on my defenceless head the derision of the wood-hauler. I had heard that persons in higher walks of life sometimes failed in veracity and honour, but the confidence was unbounded and sincere which I reposed in that wood-hauler, perched on the top of his ware, and clad in homespun jeans, woven in the loom under his own roof, mayhap. Beneath this coarse exterior, I thought, lie that rugged simplicity, and that strict integrity, which have handed down the names of some of these old pioneers to undying posterity, and which so many bewail as strikingly deficient qualities in the rising generation.

I paid him a liberal price for the cord of wood, because it was of ash and hickory. My next wish was to discover some one who could cut it into suitable lengths for utility, and a young African offered to send some competent person to my assistance. I heard his shrill voice rise above the din of the traffic, in a call of "Uncle Hamp—Uncle H-a-m-p-p-p!" Presently came the response in deeper and cheerier tones, "Yes, my belovéd, I'm a-coming!" and the owner of the tones hove in sight. He wore a cloth wrapped *à la* Turkish turban around his thick grey wool; the huge, shapeless, and dilapidated shoes which are so characteristic of the old-time darkey; and garments so artistically patched, that it would have taken no small amount of examination to have decided what were their original materials. In his face, shrewdness and simplicity held an equal sway. The saw-horse and saw, which he carried, proclaimed his vocation.

"Well, my dear baby," he cried, as he came up with a winning smile on his countenance that instantly warmed my heart towards him, "I'spects I'm coming 'round right in de nick o' time, as de alligator said when de man fell overboard. I observe from dese surroundin's dat my presence is absuleetly desired," continued Uncle Hamp, putting down his burden, and regarding my late purchase with the eye of a connoisseur.

I assured him that his conjectures were correct, and asked his opinion of my purchase, which he immediately gave; it was, "dat de load wuz a werry comfortable one ob its kind, but couldn't okupy de fust position in society."

"But," said I, somewhat bewildered by the incongruous reply, "I thought that ash and hickory were considered the best of fuel."

"Yes, my preshus child, so dey iz, and dat's just why I make dese few insinerations," responded Uncle Hamp, with a deprecatory shake of his head, "kase dere ain't none of eder in complete de collection."

"What?" I cried incredulously.

"De whole trufe, an' nuthin' but de trufe," replied Uncle Hamp impressively. "Yer Uncle Hamp won't lie 'bout such triflin' insignificances. Mos' ebery stick's red oak, an' green at dat."

"But the wood-hauler said it was dry through, and that it was ash and hickory," cried I, loath to believe the horrible depravity of that homespun-clad man, in whose honour and simplicity I had so firmly believed.

"Oh, my dear baby," said Uncle Hamp, as he regarded me with undisguised commiseration, "dem same clodwhoppers is so deceivin', so awfully deceivin'. Dere's not a bit ob calculation to be put in 'em in de least."

"Well," said I faintly, a perceptible distrust for rural persons in homespun gradually stealing into my breast, "do you suppose there is a full cord of wood there, then?"

"Now, my darlin', I dunno but what dere is," he replied, reflectively. "Dere may be jest a few pieces dat ain't here what orter be; leastways and howsomever, I couldn't come at it noways 'cept as a cord, takin' into viewance all dem knots and crookednesses."

After a short parley, in which I discovered that Uncle Hamp was no amateur at bargaining, it was agreed that he should be paid the sum of seventy-five cents, which he called a "few fragments," and for which specific amount he promised, in his peculiar vernacular, to "grind de timber into suitable fractions."

"You see, my preshus baby," he said, as he began "to pinch off a small bit," or, in more intelligible words, to saw one of the sticks asunder, "dis yere wooden animule is de kritter what carries yer Uncle Hamp fro dis vale ob tribulation. When I don't have no sawin' to do, I begins to feel oneasy like as grub-time comes, an' I hain't got no vickels to put under my waistband; but when I've got plenty ob sawin' afore me, I knows dere 'll soon be a few fragments comin' along dat 'll get me enuf vickels to las' me a spell, an' I don't feel no restlessness wuth relatin' ob. I just sez, 'Keep quiet, honey, an' don't make no disturbance to yer Uncle Hamp; jist wait a bit, and de fragments an' de vickels will soon be 'round.'"

Uncle Hamp completely ignored those valuable works known as lexicons. His fertile brain, however, never allowed his volubility to suffer for want of words to express his ideas; with an utter disregard—we might almost say an amusing disregard—for classical English that was certainly amusing, and possessing an inventive genius that was at once astonishing and bewildering, he readily coined or introduced some queer term, hitherto unknown, which he adopted with a

seriousness and composure that affirmed his perfect confidence in its appropriateness.

Corn bread was "common constance," while wheat bread was "extra dido." If the weather was inclement, it was either "sassy" or "impident."

When he corrected "de young sprouts," his hopeful and ebon-hued heirs, he gave them "a leetle 'possum soup," which was served up rather warm by means of a lithe, slender switch, some four feet in length.

Uncle Hamp was frequently sent on errands, and it was especially interesting to hear him call at the News Depôt for the various publications that were desired. Sometimes a lady wished a "Dody," or "Hupper's 'Tar," or "Lapside Liburry," or some gentleman, a "Curious Jingle," "Scrivenger's Monthly," or "Appleman's Journal." Whisky was "tanglefoot," and at a subsequent interview, Uncle Hamp gave me an account of how near he came to being wrecked on this dangerous reef.

"Yer can jist bet, my baby, dat yer Uncle Hamp had a mighty tight tussle with de ole kritter. In dose absent days I used to get awfully dilapidated, yer Uncle Hamp did. Ebery time I wrestled wid de ole kritter she tripped me over. I jist couldn't keep de forkede end down; but now dat I've fit an' conkered, I kin walk de chalk-mark widout flickerin'. You don't ketch me locating 'round arter it any more."

For many years had Uncle Hamp kept true to his pledge, made by the bedside of his little daughter, who, in her last moments, accomplished a mission that had in it, perhaps, the salvation of a soul.

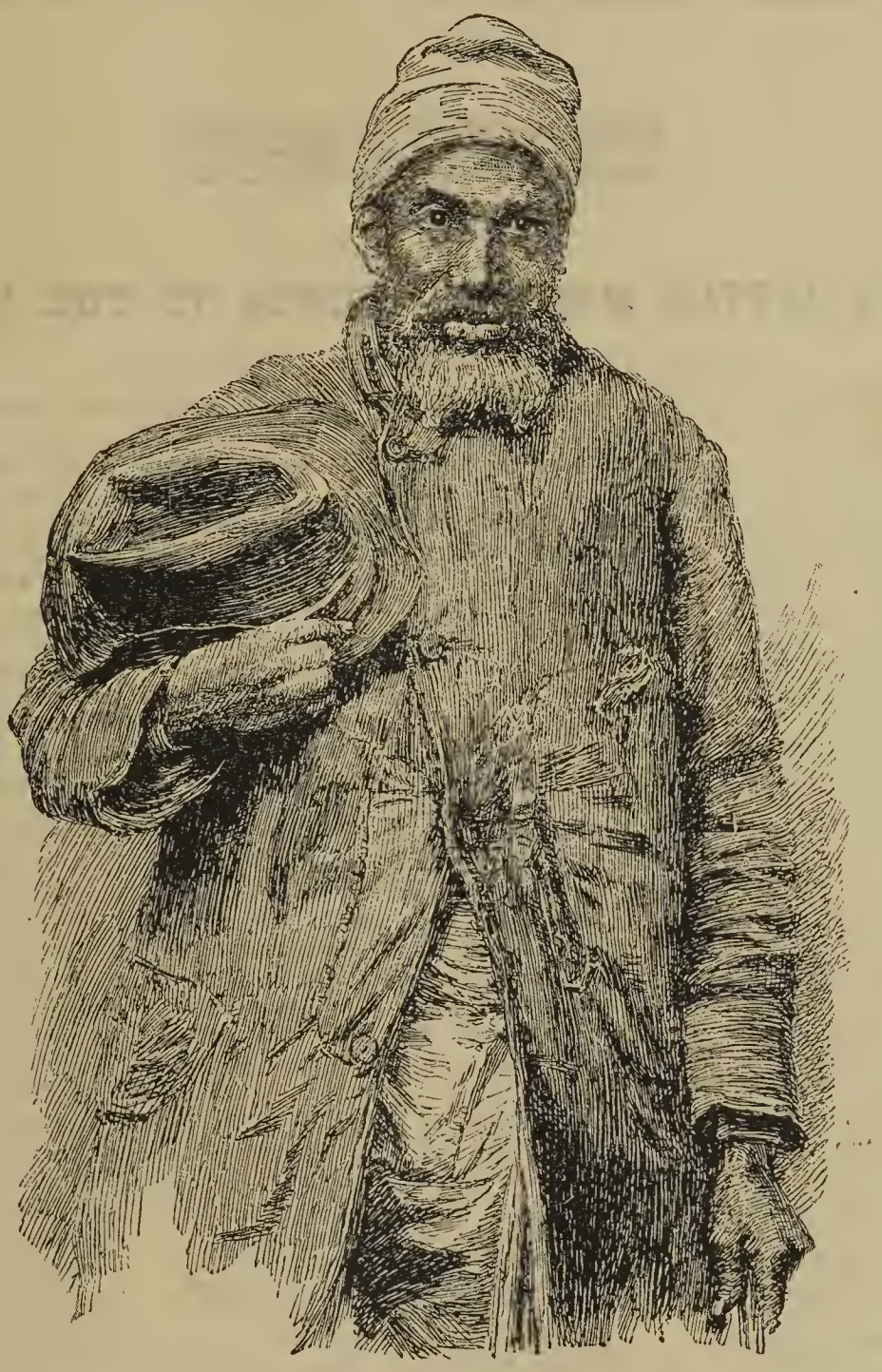
"I promised her," said Uncle Hamp, with a tremulousness in his voice, and a dimness gathering in his eyes, "jist a leetle while afore she went ober de creek inter de Lord's vineyard, dat I wouldn't have nuthin' more to do wid de ole Tanglefoot; an' I never has, honey, an' I never spects to."

At first I wondered at the old and ragged garments that he wore, knowing that he made a good deal by sawing wood, as well as by numerous little odd jobs that he was called on to perform; but I soon learned that his savings were carefully hoarded up, and went in payment for a small cabin, which it was his intense desire to own, and which he at length purchased out of his hard-earned "fragments." I am sure that no magnate in all the land was prouder of his costly mansion than was Uncle Hamp of this lowly cot, which constituted, in his eyes, that dearest of all earthly spots—a home.

A short period after the last payment on this property was made, he hailed me as I was passing near his dwelling; and, to a warm invitation to take "a viewance ob de promiscuous lan'scape," I readily assented, and was shown over the premises, even to the indispensable pig-stye, which occupied a prominent corner of the domain; while the visible pride with which he exhibited his house and grounds, afforded me a useful lesson of how little it sometimes requires to carry supreme happiness to one's bosom.

Having missed Uncle Hamp's genial smile and cheery voice about the streets for some time, I learned, on inquiry, that he was seriously ill, and a few days later, on picking up the town Paper, read with sincere regret the announcement of my old friend's death.

A week or two after this, having occasion to pass near his humble home, the thought occurred to me that I might step in, and offer a few words of sympathy and condolence to his poor decrepit wife. Acting on the impulse, I soon stood beneath the lowly roof. Imagine my astonishment when the familiar voice of Uncle Hamp himself greeted me on my entrance. He was propped up in bed, and looked rather the worse for a long illness, but was undeniably alive.



"'*Uncle Hamp don't want to consternate his effections.*'"

"Well, now, my preshus chile, dat's clever. Is you come up to see how yer Uncle Hamp has tussled wid de raw bones?"

"And it was a mistake about your being dead, after all," I said at length, after I had congratulated him on the fallacy of the report.

"It wuz, fur a fac', my darlin'. It wuz, fur a fac'," said he, with a broad grin. "Yer Uncle Hamp knowed it wasn't so, just as soon as he heard ob it. Dey thought once dat de raw bones had me down fur shore, but I jist did git de underholts in time, an' trip him up. When I riz to de top again, de doctor fotch me up a Paper, an' he laf, an' sez dat I was about de fust patient ob his'n what eber saw his own bituography all set up in de Papers. Yer Uncle Hamp 'preciated dere polite remarks, only dey wuz just a leetle previous. Dat's all de dejections he had to 'em, my baby—yah! yah!"

It was not many weeks, however, before the dark-winged messenger did visit the humble abode, and took from my friend the faithful wife of his long-passed youth. I did not know of his bereavement, until I met him one day, and inquired the cause of his unusually quiet and serious countenance.

"I wuz powerfully decomposed, my darlin,' yer uncle was," he added, when he had advised me of his recent loss. "Yer see, me an' Hanner had trotted along in double team fur more an' fifty-one year, an' she neber once kicked out ob de harness in all dat time, an' now I feels sorter lost an' subsequented, pokin' along in dis one-horse fashion."

It was some time before Uncle Hamp's cheery tones and laugh were heard on the streets again; but gradually the genial smile crept back over his brown countenance, and the mellowness returned to his hearty laugh. A perceptible change began to make itself manifest in his raiment and general appearance, so that I was a little prepared for the sight of him one day, arrayed in a complete new suit, his face beaming with pleasure, and each arm engaged by a very youthful and stylishly-attired coloured damsel, while he conscientiously divided his gallant attentions between them. After the lapse of half a century he had once more assumed the *rôle* of attentive beau to the gentler sex. Frequently after this I saw him in his new character, and almost invariably with a damsel on each side.

"Yer see, my dear baby," he said, when I once referred to his impartial style of courtship, "I pays 'em attention all 'round, so dere won't be no confusion, an' amphibious feelin's at my slightin' eny ob 'em. Yer Uncle Hamp don't want to consternate his effections, dat he don't."

Despite this resolve, however, his "effections" were finally "consternated." One morning I met him wearing a more radiant expression than I had ever before seen on his features, whilst, in a mysterious undertone, he informed me that, if I "would happen down at de culled church in de evening," I might have "de agreeableness" to see him and his "dear damsel jined in de holy bands of weddenlock."

"And you are really going to be married?" I said, after I had tendered my thanks for his invitation. "Is the bride that is to be a very youthful one?"

"Now, jist lissen at 'im," responded Uncle Hamp, with a broad grin. "He don't know

whedder I've done cut my wisdom jaw teef or not. My preshus one, yer Uncle Hamp, at dis time ob de evenin', ain't gwine ter try an' drive a skittish colt along dis narrer road ob life, yer better bet he ain't."

In confirmation of this piece of philosophy, I discovered his "dear damsel" to be a matronly, sedate dame of some sixty summers, bearing the Christian name of his first wife.

"I jist kep' a-pulverizin' 'round, till I come across anodder Aunt Hanner, case I 'preciated de name, honey," said Uncle Hamp in generous explanation.

Although not present at my old friend's nuptials, I learned that the affair was a brilliant one in the calendar of coloured social events.

The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, with numerous friends of the contracting parties, while both groom and bride were arrayed in the choicest garments their wardrobes afforded, and went through the ceremony with happiness very prominently stamped on each face.

After the ceremony, Uncle Hamp and his "dear damsel" rolled homeward, in the most elegant barouche the town afforded, which was gratuitously furnished by the bridegroom's former owner.

A nice supper was awaiting the newly-married couple, which repast was also given by the many friends of the bridegroom, and, as his abode was rather diminutive for extensive entertainment, a kind neighbour permitted the banquet table to be spread in her spacious kitchen, where the festivities continued until a late hour.

"I'll tell you what, my darlin', it wuz a superfluous concasion, it wuz, fur a fac'," said Uncle Hamp, in recalling the pleasant event "They jest bestowed a large multitude of things to me. There wuz more an' 'leven pound-cakes a disportin' of themselves on de table, besides a dubious sprinklin' of odder ingredient mixtries."

When I took a photographic view of the premises, to be used in the present article, I made the promise to present the happy pair with a specimen of the place, "after it was drawed through the telescope."

Uncle Hamp and Hannah still live very cosily and contentedly in their humble home, while Uncle Hamp daily strengthens in the belief, that he was wise in "pulverizin' round till he cum across anodder Aunt Hanner, 'kase he 'preciated de name."

THE LITTLE MEMBER.—WORDS TO THE WISE.

By the Rev. J. Hiles Hitchens, D.D., F.S.Sc.,
Author of "*Ecce Veritas*," "The Young Men of Scripture," etc.

The Tongue; or, Caution in Speaking.

In the production of speech, a very considerable portion of the human body is brought into full and regular action. There are what may be denominated the *vocal* and the *articulating* organs — the *vocal* comprising the lungs, larynx, vocal chords, and the glottis—the articulating organs including the tongue, uvula, lips, teeth, and the palate. The air, passing through the larynx from the lungs, causes a vibration of the vocal chords, and produces the voice. Then the articulating or enunciative organs modify, direct, and interrupt the voice so as to form letters and words. In the utilisation of the vocal powers, the tongue plays an all-important part. By its action the articulation is either clear or confused, steady or stammering, slow or swift. Both audibility and distinctness depend mainly upon the manner in which the tongue discharges its functions; and without the tongue, none of the multiform and varied shades of expression can be given to the human voice. Hence it is that, though many organs are engaged in the production of speech, yet the tongue is taken as the representative of all, and hence all the praise or all the blame that may be attached to speech is attributed to the tongue.

Very marvellous is the influence the tongue possesses in the world. The Apostle James tells us that it is "a little member," but at the same time it is "a world" in itself. Adams quaintly says: "What it hath lost in thickness, it hath gotten in quickness; and the defect in magnitude is recompensed in the agility. An arm may be longer, but the tongue is stronger. A leg hath more flesh than it hath, beside bones, which it hath not; yet the tongue still runs quicker and faster; and if the wager lie for holding out, without doubt the tongue would win it. . . . So little that it will scarce give a kite her breakfast, yet it can discourse of the sun and stars, of orbs and elements, of angels and devils, of nature and arts; and hath no straiter limits than the whole world to walk through."

It is not possible for any of us to estimate the full influence of speech. Every utterance exercises a power for good or evil on the mental and moral life of others; and no word, as the vehicle of a thought, can pause in its relative effect. The thistle-down floating in the summer breeze is regarded as an airy nothing. But it carries a tiny seed. It will lodge somewhere, perhaps in your neighbour's garden, and there beget a long race to overgrow the ground. No word is an airy nothing. What is whispered in time, echoes in eternity. There is an inseparable wedlock between the faculty of speech and the formation of character. They act and react upon each other. Every word spoken is written in ineffaceable characters upon the air-library around us. Years after the utterances, we may witness their delightful or disastrous effect—their fascinating or offensive fruits.

> "I shot an arrow in the air,
> It fell to earth, I knew not where;
> For so swiftly it flew, the sight
> Could not follow it in its flight.
>
> I breathed a song into the air,
> It fell to earth, I knew not where;
> For who has sight so keen and strong,
> That it can follow the flight of song?
>
> Long, long afterwards, in an oak
> I found the arrow, still unbroke;
> And the song, from beginning to end,
> I found again in the heart of a friend."

So, doubtless, many of our readers can testify concerning their words of wisdom or folly, of benevolence or bitterness, of mercy or severity, of piety or profanity, of candour or duplicity, of truth or falsehood. They passed our lips years ago, but they are not dead or powerless. Some persons are to-day mentally and morally stronger or weaker, and socially more or less influential for good, as the result of our past utterances.

Standing amid the charred remains of a once stately mansion, all the beauties and precious contents of which have been destroyed, it would be a childish platitude to affirm that fire can consume. So, addressing by this paper a company of persons who are but the remains of what humanity once was, —the relics of the glorious temple which God first created and inhabited,—it seems superfluous to say that ruin is wrought by the tongue. With all the features of physical and moral inanimation around and within us, we are too sadly familiar. And we have but to take the oldest extant records in our hands to learn that this universally natural state was brought about by the power of the tongue. The word "devil" originally means traducer. Into the peaceful and pure abode of Paradise, the vile traducer entered, and, whatever may have been the precise nature of the serpentine language, it is written, "And the serpent *said*." Ever since that *say*, what a work of destruction the human tongue has accomplished! With some, the tongue has been like a dark and troubled fountain, continually pouring forth the black and bitter stream of envy, malice, falsehood, and uncleanness. With others, it has been like a forger of false coin, ever at work to impose by fraud and lying on the credulity and simplicity of society. With many, the tongue has been like a cowardly assassin, concealing itself amid fashionable companions and superior phraseology, but using its power of sarcasm and exaggeration in stabbing another's fair fame.

There is the *irreverent* tongue, which places things spiritual and Divine in the most ludicrous light, which trifles with matters of the most solemn moment, and, with shameless profanity, blasphemes the thrice holy name of the Eternal One. There is the *murmuring* tongue, which feeds the flame of discontent in our own minds, makes those to whom we speak unhappy, and dishonours and displeases the great Arbiter of life. There is the *boasting* tongue, which sways the censer before our own love of approbation, which clearly proves we are conscious we lack the commendation of others, and which is offensive to all good taste. There is the *lying* tongue, which

speaks to deceive, merits the disapproval of all virtuous persons, and is exposed to the eternal wrath of God. There is the *exaggerating* tongue, which is closely allied to the tongue of untruth, which lowers the tone of the mind, destroys the power of accurate perception, and diminishes the confidence of friends in our testimony. There is the tongue of *misrepresentation*, which, giving a false colouring to facts, transforms the appearances and relationships of things to the injury of the person spoken of and the person spoken to. There is the *angry* tongue, which indulges in what Wordsworth terms "*malignant* truth or lie," and which, in its fevered utterances, often makes wounds that life never heals.

Alas! in some instances, all these sins of the tongue are found in one person. In other cases, there is a strong tendency to one or more of these evils. The Puritan says: "God hath made us men; we make ourselves monsters. He hath given us two eyes, two ears, two hands, two feet. Of all these we will have, or at least use, but one. We have one eye to pry into other's faults, and not another to see our own. We have one ear to hear the plaintiff—not the other for the defendant. We have a foot swift to enter forbidden paths—not another to lead us to God's holy place. We have one hand to extort and scrape and wound, and not another to relieve, give alms, heal the wounded. But now whereas God has given us *but one tongue* and one heart, and bidden us be content with their singularity, we will have two tongues, two hearts. Thus are we cross to God, to nature, to grace, monstrous men; one-eyed, one-footed, double-tongued, double-hearted."

But the tongue has been employed in all ages in the promotion of good. The Holy Book is denominated the "Word of God." In it we are taught that "holy men *spake* as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Some of the writers commence their message by affirming, "Thus *saith* the Lord." "God *spake* all these words." Moreover, Jesus is Himself styled "The Word," and He spake weighty, wise, winsome words. In all ages, Christianity has been dependent for its promotion on the faculty of speech. On the day of Pentecost men "began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." Every convert is called on to "confess" Christ. The public worship of God is the employment of the tongue in the ministration to the soul's weal. Our churches and chapels all imply the consecration of speech to the Divine Being. In such places every tongue should join in the solemn Litany, the ecstatic Jubilate, or the hearty "Amen."

How often has a casual conversation, an incidental word, completely altered a whole life career. Demosthenes became what he was through overhearing his tutors agreeing together to go and hear the great orator, Callistratus. Demosthenes resolved to go also, and became fired with a determination to be himself an orator.

When the Almighty created the world, He used but one majestic word; and when Christ wrought some of His greatest miracles, He employed but one word. God said, "Zehioth," and there was light. Jesus said, "Siopa," and the wind ceased; "Pephimoso," and the waves were stilled; "Ephphatha," and the deaf man's ears were opened; "Cumi," and the dead arose. So, often since, by a single word, Divine life and light have been flashed into many a dark soul. A devout young man simply, but seriously, whispered the word "Eternity" in the ear of one for whose welfare he was concerned, and that produced an impression which led the hearer to a reformed life. Thus, in numberless instances, the tongue has, by a simple effort, been the means of leading men out of sorrow into joy, out of sin into holiness, out of the world into the Church, out of the arms of Beelzebub into the loving embrace of Immanuel.

Let us, then, try to tame and guard the tongue. In the Spartan schools, as each scholar entered, an old man pointed out the doors, and said: "Through these, no word goes outside." If the words we speak be a mighty agency for virtue or vice, for weal or woe, over all time and circumstances,—if when our thoughts are bodied in language, we, by that language, inject into the mental and moral history of others an impulse which must bless or curse them for ever—then we cannot be too guarded in the employment of our tongues. Old Quarles says: "A word unspoken is like the sword in the scabbard—*thine*; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue." It is a hard task to keep the speech in the appointed and happy track of duty. Socrates says that a certain man in his time desired to live well, and sought aid from a good and learned contemporary. The counsellor began by reading him the 39th Psalm, the first verse of which is, "I said I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked is before me." The learner at once shut the book and took his departure, saying he would go and learn that first. Months passed on, and he returned not. Forty-nine years afterwards, on being asked why he never visited the good man who undertook his instruction, he replied, that he had not yet learned the first lesson. Yes, it is a hard task, and a task which *alone* no man can perfectly discharge. There is One only who can tame the tongue—that perfect, wise, and loving One, of whom the world is compelled to say,—"Never man spake like this Man."

Let us try to use our tongues for the good of others and the glory of God. It is not necessary that our talk should always be distinctly pious. We may thereby sometimes cast pearls before swine. But the tendency should be good. Lord Morpeth well said, "Emulate the flame which, while it enlivens all around, points to heaven." Worth remembering are the words of Archidamidas, when people found fault with Hecatœus because he did not talk when at a public repast,—"He who knows how to speak, knows also when to speak."

LITERARY COMPETITION.

GOSPEL ANECDOTES.

WE give below the Results of the Examination of this Division. This makes our Prize List complete. Our Examiner reports that "many of the Papers are very good," therefore those whose names are given below deserve our cordial congratulations.

£2 2s. for the best Gospel Anecdotes.

F. P., Winchester.

HIGHLY COMMENDED.

Dodgson, F. V., Lowestoft.
Fox, M. E., Lynn.
France, Mrs., Tynemouth.
Hunt, J., Broxbourne.
Johnson, M., Manchester.
Law, J. E, Ardbeg.

COMMENDED.

Bennett, E. W., Oxford.
Cheeseman, A., Kent.
Clapton, M., Eastbourne.
Cunningham, A., Walthamstow.
Gallelly, J., Callander.
Harris, W., Worthing.
Hurd, A. M., Bath.
Saunders, E., Ipswich.
Smith, E. M., Leatherhead.

RUSSIAN PRISONS.

By M. F. Billington.

THERE is a strange fascination for English readers in hearing particulars of the Russian prisoners and prisons. In their barbaric sternness, their harsh rules, and their maddening isolation, they carry us back to a state of political development that we associate with medieval pseudo-civilization. It seems difficult to realise that the sister of our own Princess of Wales is consort of him who rules over a land in which the rigour of its punishments drive men mad—a cruelty far worse even than quick death. And its horrors are enhanced by the fact that the dreaded organization of police may be utterly mistaken in their suspicions. Innocent men have languished for years under baseless accusations. Even a partial trial has been denied them, and when the terrible gates close behind them, they have left the clear light of heaven, family, friends, the great end perhaps of an ambition-spurred life, to pine and die in filthy dungeons, away from all that makes earthly existence happy.

A terrible and humbling picture of the prisons of that great territory of the north, has been given to us lately by an American writer, who has had a considerable insight into both the fortresses and the alternative horrors of Siberia. From him we learn that in the Fortress of Petropavlovsk, the great jail for political offenders, the cells are large, but appallingly prison-like. Their dimensions are "approximately 24 feet in length, 16 feet in width, and 12 feet in height, to a slightly vaulted ceiling. The walls and ceilings are of brick, and the floors are concrete." One arched window, placed eight or nine feet from the floor, admits both light and air, but is guarded by double gratings. A tiny slit in the wall has an opening outside, and enables the guard to look in upon the prisoner, and watch his actions, without this unhappy creature's being aware of it. This is called the "Judas." The furniture consists of an iron bedstead, firmly secured to the wall; a heavy slab of iron, affixed to the wall also, and intended for use as a table; a fixed wash-hand basin, a cup to catch the moisture that often drips through the windows, and a small cheap picture of the Madonna, before which he may say his prayers. As Mr. Kenna remarks, "The general aspect of the casemate is sombre, gloomy, and forbidding; and the first idea suggested to the mind by the massive walls, the vaulted ceiling, the iron window, the damp lifeless air, and the profound stillness, is the idea of a burial vault or crypt."

The prisoners are usually taken into these dreary holes at night. They are first stripped completely naked, and search is even made in their hair, mouth, ears, and nostrils to see that they do not conceal any contraband articles. Then the prison costume, consisting of a coarse grey linen shirt and drawers, a long outer garment of blue linen, resembling a dressing-gown, woollen stockings, and a pair of grey felt shoes, is given to each, and he is taken away to these dreary cells. He hears the bells of the cathedral near, chiming the quarter hours, and each one sounds the knell of more time gone, but no nearer hope for him. Even the floor is worn into a perceptible path by the feet of those, who, like himself, have trodden it countless times in the agony of despair. In this prison were confined every one of that famous band of revolutionists, known as the "Decemlists." Young and brave they were, even if fired

with an enthusiasm that led them to wild impossibilities in Russia, such as to attempt at the accession of the Tsar Nicholas to obtain a constitutional form of government ; but they paid the bitter penalty for their errors of judgment by spending their lives in incarceration, dying there by their own hands, or insane.

The story of Colonel Battenkoff is a particularly pathetic one. For more than twenty years he never went beyond the yard of the fortress, nor saw another living soul beside his guards. He was permitted the untold favours of a Hebrew Bible and dictionary, and with infinite patience and perseverance—all the more so, when he had no hope of the slenderest reward—he compiled a new Russian translation of the Holy Scriptures. He was "released" at last, in so far as he was sent to Western Siberia, where at least he could move about with somewhat more freedom. Another of this same party, Lieutenant Zaikin, could bear the solitary confinement no longer, and killed himself by dashing his head against the wall. Yet a third, who felt that his reason was giving way, swallowed a lot of broken glass from his cell window rather than live as a madman. Even the name of a fourth was blotted out of mind ; and so completely had the awful severity broken him down, that he could not answer the simplest question put to him. This was reported as a kind of insubordination, and then examination revealed the fact that he was completely imbecile. With a ghastly realism, Mr. Kennan describes the feelings that a short time in the casemate can produce.

The picture is such a vivid bit of word painting, that I must quote it *in extenso :* "He imagines that he can feel with his lightly shod feet the shallow trough made by the feet of his unknown predecessor, and every step in it suggests possibilities of suffering which he dares not contemplate. Seating himself again on the narrow bed, he listens long and intently for some sound of life from the outside world—some faint audible evidence of human activity, to break up this oppressive nightmare of burial in a subterranean crypt, haunted by phantasms of tortured suicides and imbeciles. The bells of the fortress cathedral chime out slowly again, 'Have mercy, O Lord,' but the faint tones of the mournful supplication die away into a stillness, if possible, even more profound than that which went before it. Suddenly the prisoner becomes conscious of two human eyes staring at him with fixed unwinking gaze from the middle of the casemate door. Startled, nervous, excited, it seems to him for a moment as if the phantasms of his disordered imagination were taking definite objective form, as if the ghost of some political suicide at that dead hour of the night were peering into the gloomy casemate, where on a tragic day long past it left its emaciated mortal tenement lying on the floor with a fractured skull or a throat full of broken glass. But as he gazes in spell-bound fascination at the mysterious expressionless eyes, they suddenly vanish, and a faint click made by the cover of the 'judas,' as it falls over into the slit where the eyes have been, shows him that the fancied apparition was only the guard looking in from the corridor."

All the prisoners agree that the loneliness is the worst feature of the punishment. They are only allowed from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour for a walk in the prison yard, and even that is alone. Bad food, cold, damp, discomfort, they do not fear, but the isolation breaks down the strongest. They are not permitted any knives or forks, and if the prisoner be a female, and is allowed to do some needlework, she cannot have scissors in her own keeping, but must call the guard, and get him to do the necessary cutting. Books are frequently, though not invariably lent to the prisoners, as well as pens, ink, and paper, but every line they write is carefully scrutinized, and the copy books given for writing in must be returned absolutely unmutilated. But this is often withheld at the mere caprice of the guard, and Solomon Chudnofski, a political prisoner in 1878, a man of vast learning, and a member of the Russian Geographical Society, was put into a strait-waistcoat for insisting upon a sheet of paper, to which he had a perfect legal right, upon which to write a letter of complaint to the governor. A certain Dr. Melnikoff was not allowed books or paper for several months, and at last, in sheer desperation for an occupation, he took to saving a little of his bread, and, after having kneaded it up with water to a kind of dough-like consistence, used to mould from it little figures. Though so utterly harmless, the amusement was prohibited at once, his images and paste were taken away, and he was warned that if he attempted it again, he would be severely punished. He was not allowed even the diversion of whistling or talking to himself, and at length, in his extremity of resource, he used to induce violent fits of hiccoughing as a kind of distraction to himself, and annoyance to the guard, to whom he used to say that he could not stop himself!

Of course all sorts of devices have been tried among the prisoners for intercommunication, but only two have ever succeeded. One was by saving scraps of cigarette papers, and pricking or dotting holes corresponding to the number of the letters meant to be indicated in the alphabet, and then enclosing these in tiny bread pills, to be dropped in the yard when out for exercise. The other was to make the faintest mark over the letters, or even words of a book, and then trusting that in due course it will reach the one for whom it was intended. But Dr. Melnikoff records one of the most sadly pathetic bits of ingenuity ever perhaps devized.

In his own words it runs : "One afternoon, in the summer of 1881, I was lying on the bed in my cell, wondering how I should get through the rest of the day, when there flew in a large blue-bottle fly. In the stillness and loneliness of one of those casemates, any trifle is enough to attract a man's attention, and the occasional visit of a fly is an event in one's life. I listened with pleasure to the buzz of his wings, and followed him with my eyes as he flew back and forth across the cell, until I suddenly noticed that there was something unnatural in the appearance of his body. He seemed to have something attached to him. I arose from the bed in order to get nearer to him, and soon satisfied myself that there was a bit of paper fastened to his body. How to catch him and secure that paper without attracting the attention of the guard in the corridor, I hardly knew, as he was flying most of the time in the upper part of the cell beyond my reach. For ten or fifteen minutes I watched him without being able to think of any way to capture him ; but at last he came down nearer to the floor, and as he passed me, I succeeded in catching him in the hollow of my hand, without injuring him. Attached to his body by a fine human hair, I found a small folded scrap of thin cigarette paper, upon which a man's name had been written with the burnt end of a match. It was not the name of any one whom I knew ; but as it was evident that some strictly guarded prisoner hoped by this to let his friends in the bastion knoweither that he had been arrested, or was still alive, I fastened the paper again as well as I could to the fly, and put him out, saying, *S'Bogom* (Go with God), but I never heard anything more regarding it."

In a recently delivered lecture on the world's prisons, Prince Krapotkine said that the Russian ones were far the worst. Certainly it would be difficult to string together such horrors regarding any other reformatory institutions I ever heard of.

Three or four Commercial Travellers happened to be in a Hotel parlour as a package of Bibles was received from the New York Society for distribution in the rooms. A copy was taken up by one of the men, who after reading it a little, said, "There are good things in this book, I wonder why I never read it before !"

THE GOLDEN TRUTH ABOUT SLEEP.

By A Consulting Physician.

THE most generally received opinion among scientists, and indeed the only one tenable regarding the physiology of sleep, is, that this condition is only possible when there is a considerably lessened flow of blood through the brain.

We all know that activity of any organ, or any set of muscles, determines the blood thereto. Well, the active brain is the thinking brain ; and the youngest of us know that till we get rid of thinking of a night, anything like proper sleep is impossible.

During attacks of certain sorts of headache, again, the brain is for the time congested, and until we can get rid of that state, sleep is out of the question. Cold, however, contracts the brain capillaries (the multitudinous tiny blood-vessels), hence one common-sense way of dispelling a congestive headache is to lie on the back with the head resting partly over the pillow, and have rags dipped in cold water placed on the brow. The physiology of this simple cure is easily explained, for the position the sufferer assumes favours the return of the blood from the head, and the application of cold contracts the vessels and helps to dispel the effusion.

And the following fact is worth remembering in regard to sleeplessness. It is this : the arteries of the brain, like those everywhere else, possess, in health, a certain contractile power, which permits them to resume their ordinary calibre as soon as any stimulus, which has caused them to be temporarily engorged, is removed. But if this engorgement be long continued, then, to some extent, the elasticity of the little arteries is destroyed, and they cannot properly and healthily empty themselves.

I am purposely using simple language. Now to give you an example or two—take first that of the hard night-working, or rather day-and-night working, editor. She or he has been at it for weeks, till the capillaries of the brain are over-stretched, and when the editor retires, although sleep be sadly needed, it is found impossible for the poor brain to become lapped in the elysium of unconsciousness.

Take the case of a person who by some excitement, pleasurable or otherwise, has been kept out of bed till, say five in the morning. To retire may be possible, but this person will tell you that he doesn't care to go to bed now, *he is past sleep*. Why *past* sleep? Only this; the blood-vessels of the brain have been kept so long on the stretch, that they refuse to contract, and the individual probably seeks the solace of a cup of strong tea and goes to his day's work. He will not work so well or ambitiously, however; and it should be borne in mind that the cup of tea is only a stimulant, it does not strengthen, but acts like a whip on a flagging horse. That is, it draws out latent energy. Well, this may do for the young, who have a good fund of this latent energy to fall back upon, but it is most depressing for the middle-aged and old.

And here is a hint for invalids, or rather I should say, for nervously-delicate individuals. Beware what you do towards bed-time. Prolonged excitement, however pleasurable—even that of talking—induces a fulness of the head, and to lie down thus and expect to sleep, is just as nonsensical as throwing a lead bullet into a mill-dam and expecting it to float.

Well then, whether this view of the physiology of sleep be altogether correct or not, it is well to keep it in mind, because it is practically the best extant, and guides to a proper understanding of the phenomena of wakefulness, its causes and cure by safe measures.

Probably this would be the exact place and time for me to enter my earnest,—nay, even solemn protest, against the use of so-called sleeping draughts. Oh! mothers of England, if you but knew the dangers incurred by this practice of administering to innocent babies the "soothing syrups," which government still permits to be advertised and sold, you would as soon think of having a rattlesnake in the nursery as a bottle of any of them. They nearly all contain opiates, or some equally hurtful narcotic drug, and it is not sleep your infant is enjoying, but non-refreshing insensibility. It is well for those poor, drugged children when they sleep away altogether: for assuredly, if they live, they grow up with feeble constitutions, weakened hearts, and, worse than all, with weakened brains,—quite unfit to battle against the allurements and temptations of a wicked world. Their last state is, indeed, worse than the first.

As to the only-too-common use of sleeping-draughts by grown-up people, I have only space to say, it is a practice fraught with such danger, that having once commenced it, there is seldom power to free oneself from the slavery—a slavery which leads to death or the asylum.

But I am happy to say that it is rare indeed that even doctors require to prescribe narcotics for sleeplessness. The remedy, in almost every case, lies in the sufferer's own hands.

"What is it?" do you ask. The reply is: Find out and remove the cause of your trouble.

In nine cases out of ten, the drugs we take for the *cure* of ordinary ailments do not cure at all, but only give temporary relief. Here is a simple simile. If your eight-day clock is going slow, there are two ways of keeping it up to time. One is to take a chair and sit down in front of it, and keep touching the pendulum every now and then. "A very sensible plan!" you say ironically. Oh! very, because, as long as you touch the pendulum it will move quickly, but when you tire, it will resume its old motion.

Just in this way do drugs act for the relief of say constipation or sleeplessness; only, tampering with human machinery is a more serious matter than touching up the pendulum of grandfather's clock. But there is another way of curing the clock—viz., cleaning it. Ah! that *is* sensible.

The difficulty, of course, lies in finding out the cause. Now this, I grant, may at times be beyond our power to remove. For the cure of grief and mental worry of many kinds we have but to wait, and trust to the tender mercies of Time the great healer. But in nine cases out of ten, the mal-nutrition or starvation of the nerves is at the bottom of the mischief. This is caused by poverty of blood, and poverty of blood is caused by indigestion, and reacts upon the stomach forces, and makes that indigestion worse.

But the blood supplied to the nerves may be rich enough in nutrient properties and still be poisoned and impure, that is, it may be laden with effete matter which ought to have been got rid of.

So that whenever any one begins to suffer from sleeplessness, or even from bad dreamful sleep, and a feeling when awakening in the morning that it might have been almost as well not to have gone to bed at all, instead of sitting down and wondering what the matter can be, let him or her at once endeavour to find out errors in mode of living and straighten these.

If I had merely to give a list of the causes of sleeplessness, it would fill at least a couple of columns in this page. Happily I do not require to do so, because the *régime*—notice, please, that I do not say the medicine, but *régime*—which will remove one set of causes, will remove the next.

The same holds good with regard to plans for inducing sleep. Their name is legion. Try this, and try that, and try the other! Why, I have known poor afflicted souls lie tossing in bed from nine at night till four or five next morning, trying this, and that, and the other, till they were so worn out that they wept like children, and Nature took them in her lap at last.

It is not after you get to bed that you ought to try this, that, and t'other, but during the day when the bright sun is shining, and blessed healthful breezes are blowing over all the land.

Begin your cure for sleeplessness early in the morning, by taking a sponge bath. This is a habit that should be commenced in youth, and kept up through life, winter or summer; and happy is the individual who needs not the enervating dash of hot water in the tub when snow-winds are blowing. This bath is a terror to many, who prefer to merely think about it. But it need not be,—especially if a quick wash all over with hot water and soap is first indulged in; then bathe head and face, and sponge down sitting in the tub. Let the sponge be very large, and half a minute will be long enough; in another minute you are rubbed down with rough towels, and have commenced to dress. This gives the skin a chance all day; it prevents colds, gets rid of blood infirmities, and braces nerve and brain.

Now have a breath of fresh air before breakfast, and if not very hungry, a ten minutes' walk.

Exercise must be taken during the day by those who would sleep. It must be abundant and pleasurable. If not pleasurable or interesting, it is merely a penance, and I need hardly say it ought to be taken in the open air. A good, sturdy walk last thing before turning in for the night, will conduce to sound sleep. No one sleeps so well as he who is tired.

Besides, exercise draws the blood from the brain, it purifies the blood too, oxygenises it, causes effete and poisonous matter to be burned off, and carried off by the skin.

It is Dr. Parker, I think, in one of his lectures on Food, who says: "Nothing will ever secure good sleep except good digestion. If digestion is disturbed, or, if healthy, is still active on going to bed, sleep may be heavy, but will not be refreshing. Three hours should pass betwixt a good meal and bed-time."

Delicate people, however, must not go to bed hungry; some little bite and sup should be taken to start with, and dispel the craving feeling, which would otherwise make sleep an impossibility.

There are certain kinds of diet that tend to banish sleep. Whatever is difficult of digestion causes activity and a species of nerve-irritation, that makes going to bed little else save a farce.

Tea banishes sleep in most. So it should never be taken to excess, nor at all late in the evening. Coffee may or may not have the same effect. To the busy brain-worker it may do good, even as late as nine o'clock, by calming the nerves, and taking his thoughts away from the work of the day.

The after-dinner nap is condemned indiscriminately by some writers. This is wrong. A delicate individual should sleep whenever nature craves for brain-rest, but the strong have no need of such siesta.

So we see that, as far as the body is concerned, everything that tends to strengthen, and keep the health up to par, tends also to insure good sleep at night.

The bedroom must be well ventilated.

It must neither be too warm nor too cold. The happy medium is about 60°.

The bed itself should be level and springy, but hard rather than soft—the bedclothes warm and light. Those subject to rheumatism should wear a woollen night-dress.

Those subject to colds should wear a chest-protector—not so much in front, as between the shoulders. Many thousands die annually from fatal colds caught in bed. But death does not aim his dart at the front of the chest; no, *but at that unprotected spot below the neck and between the shoulder blades*. Keep that warm all night, and you are safe.

The writer was asked once by a patient if he should wear a night-cap.

"Certainly," was the reply, "though *not on your head*, but between your shoulders." It was an Irish answer, but that patient is well to-day, and sleeps well.

There is a night-cap of another sort that I only mention to condemn. I mean wine-negus, or any stimulant of the sort. If you need that, your case is not a hopeful one.

In a word then, the cure for sleeplessness lies in feeding the nerves, by eating only that which is easily digested, and not more than can be easily digested; by keeping the blood pure; attending to the skin; using the bath; and taking *abundant* hearty exercise in the open air.

In conclusion, let me remind you that you ought to go to bed to sleep, and not to think or plan.

Meditate in your chair for some time before lying down, and do not forget that if we have burdens to bear, there is Someone always willing to help us. Take no heed for to-morrow. Then just *trust*—and trusting, sleep.

A CHAT ON TEA.

By J. Eaton Fearn.

WHO does not love "the bubbling and loud hissing urn," throwing up its steamy column and making the room redolent with fragrance? It cheers the weary man of business—even in anticipation—as with eagerness he wends his steps homewards through the mist and sleet of a November night. How very weary, stale, flat and unprofitable would this world be to the fair sex if it were not for tea!

At no time or place does a lady seem more at home than when she is gracefully pouring out this delightfully refreshing beverage, the virtue of which—to slightly alter a couplet of Pope's—

"Makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes."

How merry and light-hearted a character conversation always assumes at the tea-table compared with what it does at any other meal in the day! At breakfast our wits are not fully awake; lunch, to the majority, is a snatch and away; dinner is altogether too substantial a business conversation bristling with solemn topics; while at supper, should this good old English meal be indulged in, the prattle and infectious lightheartedness of the children are missed.

Does it not seem almost incredible that less than two centuries ago the use of tea was not known in this country? And yet such is a fact. One shudders to think of such barbarous days. Fancy living with people to whom 5 o'clock tea was unknown! Wretched heathen!

In a treatise on "Warm Beer," published in 1641, the gist of which was to recommend the use of warm drinks to the public in place of cold ones, the author goes on to quote a Jesuit to the effect that "they of China do for the most part drink the strained liquor of an herb called '*CHIA*' hot."

To this day the Portuguese and the Japanese call it "*CHA*," but civilized Europe adopted, and still retains, the Chinese expression "*THEH*," which has been anglicized into "tea."

In such little estimation was "tea" held by the Chinese themselves about this period, that they actually bartered it for sage with the Dutch, their estimation of its value being four pounds of tea for one pound of sage.

About this time, too, the then Russian Ambassador, who resided by virtue of his office, at the Court of the Mogul, declined a large present of tea for the Czar, on the ground that the latter exalted personage would have "no use for it!"

In the year 1660, tea was sold at sixty shillings the pound. Of course it was regarded as an "exotic novelty," and not as a beverage. The doctors of the day rose up in a body to protest against its use. All manner of evils, they prophesied, would be the consequence of indulging in the "foreign poison shrub." A few of the rich, who, in spite of the learned opinions of the doctors, indulged in an occasional infusion of the entrancing leaf, were regarded in much the same light as we "look down" on unfortunate opium-eaters. A wicked spell had got the mastery of them!

Patin, a great author of the day, took up his pen, declaring that "the use of tea was as bad as antimony." The great German, Hanneman, regarded tea-dealers as "immoral members of society, lying in wait for men's purses and lives," while the Dutch ridiculed it under the title of "hay-water." All manner of virulent pamphlets issued from the press. But in vain, for, in spite of all, tea still won its way. When it was observed that people who were known as habitual indulgers "in the wickedness of the tea-cup" did not die or go mad, or become the prey of some frightful disease, the bad things said about it came to be disbelieved. The "immoral circle of the tea-table" expanded.

Then a new race of doctors appeared on the scene. They trumpeted its virtues as loudly as their forefathers had trumpeted its vices. Tea was the new cure for everything. There was no malady which "flesh was heir to," that it would not charm away.

A clever writer in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1816 very ingeniously compared the progress of tea in popular favour to that of truth, which was "suspected at first, though very palatable to those who had courage to taste it; resisted as it encroached; abused as its popularity seemed to spread; and establishing its triumph at last, in cheering the whole land from the palace to the cottage, only by the slow and resistless efforts of time and its own virtues."

Here is a copy of a curious shop bill given by D'Israeli in his charming "Curiosities of Literature":—

"Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight, and, in respect of its former scarceness and dearness, it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees, till the year 1657. The said Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in *leaf* or *drink*, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants in those eastern countries. On the knowledge of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, etc., have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house to drink the drink thereof. He sells tea from 16s. to 50s. a pound."

To-day tea is still regarded as "the luxury of the rich," though, paradoxical as it seems, it is the principal meal of the extremely necessitous. In many a humble cottage in our remote villages, "a cup of tea and a bit of bread and butter" serves for dinner. The teapot scarcely leaves the workman's hob. Tea has its delights, too, for the middle and professional classes, as well as for the poor and the rich.

If the Vicar's wife wishes to discuss matters connected with the proposed bazaar, why, she invites her lady-helpers to tea at the Vicarage. The tea-table is neutral ground. The country surgeon's wife would never dream of dining with Mrs. Jones, whose husband is a prosperous butcher, but she will condescend to meet her at the tea-table at the Vicarage. The teapot seems to level all distinctions!

Of course the tea-table is answerable for much silly gossip, idle tales, scandal-making, the snarls and bickerings of little minds! But anything and everything can be turned into abuse. The same thing might with equal truth be said of Sewing Meetings,—not unmixed blessings.

But who would denude the ragged bairns or the indigent of their little shirts and stockings, because in the making of them *sharp tongues*, as well as sharp needles, have been busily at work!

It is said that smokers in all their weals and woes fly to their pipes. The "divine weed" intensifies their joys, and robs their sorrows of their stings. Whether this be true of tobacco or not, it is certainly true of the teapot. For headache or for heart-ache, there is no cure like a cup of tea!

Much has been said of late of woman's mission. What is a woman's proper sphere?—to cross swords with men in the fierce battle for bread? No; woman's work all the round world over is—

"To make a happy fireside chime
To weans and wife—
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life!"

Yes, Burns, you are right—that is woman's work!

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

ANSWERS.

Total Abstainer.—I. *The Church of England* has two classes, one for *moderate* drinkers, and one for abstainers. *We entirely* abstain,—therefore only one class.

II. The *best* wine, unfermented and not intoxicating, as proved by Matt. 9. 17. The grapes and the barley, "good creatures of God," not the alcohol, which is introduced by *man*.

III. Scripture, in laying down general principles for Christian life, especially inculcates self-sacrifice, even to the sacrifice of our lives: this *must* include useless luxuries, especially if they cause our brother to *stumble, to be offended, and made weak*.

Slavery not forbidden in Scripture, pleaded for in my memory on Scripture grounds. Unworthy in a professed follower of Christ to search the Bible through for a justification of self-*indulgence*, when the whole Gospel is *sacrifice*, from beginning to end.

Phrenology.—P. B. P. will find that Messrs. Fowler, Ludgate Circus, publish a large variety of Phrenological Literature. Much care, however, should be taken in the selection.

Periodicals, Newspapers, etc., etc.—What a supply of these, friends send us! They are most helpful, and we say "Thank you" indeed for every one; but if *only* the senders could kindly remember to put a cross beside the paragraph they wish us to see, they have little idea how much disappointment it would save us. It is so utterly impossible to read each newspaper! Please add a little ×.—Ed.

Enlarged Tonsils.—Chronic Cases are obstinate: skilled treatment should be obtained and persevered with. Most useful Homœopathic Remedies are Baryta Carb. 6 or 12; Cal. Carb. 6, or Cal. Phos. 3. Gargling the throat with cold, or cold salt water two or three times a day is very efficacious. Attend to digestion. Take no hot drinks. Apply cold water compress, and take a few doses of Bell. 3, if throat is inflamed.

Rogator.—"The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life" (2 Cor. 3. 6). How are these words to be understood? They have been supposed to mean by some that the literal sense of Holy Scripture is to be avoided as pernicious, while the figurative or spiritual sense is to be accepted as salutary and true. But nothing can be more mistaken than this. In nine cases out of ten such a rule of interpretation would prove utterly misleading; nor do the words in question give the slightest support to it. Their real meaning is that "the letter," by which is signified the law of Moses, written and engraven in stones, carries in it the sentence of death and condemnation against the sinner. Whereas "the spirit," by which is meant the Gospel of Christ, written on the fleshy tables of the heart, carries in it, on the contrary, the assurance of life and peace.

Common Sense.—We thank you; but you will have noticed a considerable sum reckoned upon as margin, to cover various sundries.

A Clergyman's Wife.—We shall very shortly hope to give our readers a series of Six Articles on Housekeeping, from the able and practical pen of "Phyllis Browne."

A Good Idea.—Temperance men may with great advantage adopt a plan to which a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* recently drew attention. For the comfort of the coachmen who drove visitors to his house on the occasion of a social party, his wife arranged for a coffee-stall keeper to locate himself close by, by whom hot coffee, currant cake, etc., were supplied to them free.

Theatre-Going.—In these days, when there are found Christians, and even Christian ministers, who openly advocate attendance at theatres and defend ballet-dancing, it is instructive to remember a statement made recently in the *Nonconformist* by a Birmingham gentleman who can speak from long experience. For 25 years he had been a visiting justice, for 36 years on a committee in charge of the police, and for more than 50 years the Superintendent of a large Sunday School, and his testimony as a magistrate is, that hundreds of prisoners have confessed to him that they dated their downward career from the time when they first entered a theatre, or attended a stage play.

OF INTEREST TO YOUNG MEN.

IF you heard a young man spoken of as a "bookworm," you would never think to ask *him* to fill that vacant place at "half-back" in your football team—would you, now? Still, there is no reason why a studious young fellow should not be an athlete. In fact, his mental powers ought to be, and would be, stimulated and refreshed by the hour in the football field, or the seven or eight miles, spin across the country with hare and hounds club. Evidently Professor Alexander Johnson, the historian, and Professor of Economics at Princeton College, U.S.A., is of this opinion. At the close of last summer's vacation a pedantic young tutor asked Professor Johnson what special work he had taken up during the summer. "For my part," said the erudite young man, "I completed my monograph on the different Latin pronunciations. What did you do?"

"I covered second base for the local baseball team," said the political economist, "and we won five out of the eight games of the season."

The interesting article on "The American Game of Football," which appeared in the October *Century*, was from the pen of Prof. Johnson, who is one of those rare combinations, a student and a lover of athletics.

The German universities this winter are attended by 26,945 students, an increase of 692 compared with the attendance last summer. Of the total number of students 1,644 are foreigners. According to studies 5,791 students belong to the theological, 5,769 to the juristic, 6,650 to the medical, and 8,735 to the philosophical faculty. Of all the German universities, that in Berlin seems to be the one which attracts most students. It has an attendance of 5,478, of whom 601 are foreigners.

It is well known that at central commercial places, there are certain agencies who keep a record of the position and standing of nearly every business man in the country. Careful men are employed to collect this information; and it not only includes the amount of property which the parties are worth, but also their standing as regards punctuality, promptness, integrity, temperance, etc. A few years ago four young business men in Boston, U.S., were rated on the books of these agencies as "A. 1." They were rich, prosperous, and prompt. One of them had the curiosity to see how they were rated, and found these facts in the book, and was satisfied; but at the end it was written, "they all drink." He thought it was a good joke at the time, but to-day two are dead, another is a drunkard, and the fourth is poor, and living partly on charity.

Nine hundred and ten new members and associates have joined the Manchester Y.M.C.A. during the past year.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has accepted the invitation to formally open, in March, the new Exeter Hall Y.M.C.A. gymnasium in Long Acre.

The members of the Fulham (London) Y.M.C.A. distributed forty thousand tracts at the recent American Exhibition at West Brompton.

The Y.M.C.A. in the dockyard town of Devonport, which was organised last summer, is doing a good work for so young an association. Vice-Admiral Grant, C.B., the president, who was the leading spirit in the formation of this Association, conducts a well-attended class for Bible study every Sunday afternoon.

A Y.M.C.A. has been organised at Bulli, New South Wales.

The Triennial International Conference of Delegates from Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the world, will be held at Stockholm, in August.

COVENTRY.—A new branch of the Y.M.C.A. has been formed here. The inaugural meeting has just been held.

As the result of a special Mission, recently held in Birkenhead by Mr. Henry Thorne, a new building scheme has been so far developed that £1,000 have been secured, plans prepared, and a capital site selected. The scheme was put before the public at a splendid meeting recently held in the new Town Hall.

Mr. Henry Thorne has recently concluded a most successful ten days' Mission at Oxford.

The Committee of the North District Union of Young Men's Christian Associations are appointing Christian men to act as correspondents of the Y.M.C.A., in places where it is not at present possible to form Branches.

A physician lecturing upon physical exercise declared that if only twenty minutes a day were spent in physical exercise as an adjunct to mental education, we might live to be seventy without a day's illness!

Marriages are not allowed in Russia before a young man is 18 and a young woman 16, nor are men over 80 or women over 60 permitted to enter wedlock. A fourth marriage is illegal. Marriages in secret without witnesses are not valid.

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

By Rev. J. H. THORPE, M.A.

MARCH 11TH.

CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM.—*Matt.* 21. 1-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Ps.* 118. 26.

THE lesson may be treated under two heads—the King and the Cleanser.

I. THE KING. (i.) His wonderful knowledge: (1) Of things. He knew that the disciples who were sent would find an ass and her colt. "He is acquainted with all our ways." (2) Of place. The exact spot where they should find them (Mark 11. 4). (3) Of men. "Straightway he will send them." Compare with all this the cases of Nathanael and Nicodemus. Remember, Christ is the One "unto whom all hearts be open, and from whom no secrets are hid."

(ii.) His humility. "The Lord *hath need* of him"—the ass. What a King, who had no place where to lay His head! He preached from a borrowed boat; here He rode on a borrowed ass; at last He lay in a borrowed tomb. His glory—not that of pomp and ceremony. His majesty is in His meekness.

(iii.) His commands: (1) Must not be disputed, but obeyed: and (2) If obeyed, we shall find the way prepared for us, as the disciples did.

(iv.) His subjects must learn that those who take Him for their King must lay their all under His feet.

(v.) He must have and will accept homage from all. Even the children joined in His praises; and He intimates that if they did not, His praise would be imperfect.

(vi.) He is sometimes unknown in the places where the clearest light shines, and the greatest profession of religion is made. Jesus ought to have been well known in Jerusalem, yet they asked, "Who is this?"

(vii.) Learn an indirect lesson on the value of popularity. Most probably some of those who now cried "Hosanna" (which means, "Save now"), by-and-by cried, "Crucify Him." Neither human applause nor human censure is the test of truth, but either of these should make us TEST OURSELVES.

II. THE CLEANSER. (i.) His work must be continual. This was the second time Christ purified the Temple; for men are so hard and prone to evil that *one* rebuke does not always suffice. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanse*th* us," etc.

(ii.) See here His power over men's consciences and hearts. If these money-changers had combined, they could easily have expelled one man, but not *this Man!* His word was irresistible, so mark their silent submission.

(iii.) The sale of doves, etc, was not wrong, except in the wrong place. Lawful things, ill-timed and ill-placed, may become sinful.

(iv.) The right use of the house of God—a place not of merchandise or worldliness, but of *healing*.

(v.) The rule for reformations in the Church of God, "It is written." Let all our zeal be tempered and governed by a knowledge of, and a desire to conform to, the Word of God.

Y.M.C.A. BIBLE CLASS NOTES.

MARCH 11TH.

THE RICH FOOL.—*Luke* 12. 16-21.

IT is interesting to note the different meanings of the word "Fool" in the Bible.

1. *An evil person.* "The way of a *fool* is right in his own eyes" (Prov. 12. 15).
2. *A boaster.* "I said unto the *fools* (R.V., arrogant), Deal not foolishly" (Ps. 75. 4).
3. *A self-confident one.* "He that trusteth in his own heart is a *fool*" (Prov. 28. 26).
4. *An empty person.* "*Fool* hath said in his heart, There is no God" (Ps. 14. 1).
5. *A thick-headed one.* "Yea also, when he that is a *fool* walketh by the way, his wisdom (R.V., understanding) faileth, and he saith to every one that he is a *fool*" (Eccles. 10. 3).
6. *A thoughtless person.* "O *fools*, and slow of heart to believe," etc. (Luke 24. 25).
7. *A heedless, or witless person.* "Thou *fool*," etc. (Luke 12. 20).

---

1. *Centre of this man's life was self.* (Ver. 17, 18). A fool, because he thought more of his body than his soul.
2. *Covetousness of this man was his sin.* Covetousness is the root of all evil; it is the rack that will distort the soul, and ruin eternally. Arnot says: "Riches are truly enjoyed when they are wisely employed in doing good; but hoarded as the portion of their possessor, they burden him while they remain his, and rend him at the parting."
3. *Consulting with himself, shows his self-confidence.* We might call this man—The man who talked with himself. He was a fool for consulting himself, instead of God.
4. *Calculation he arrived at* (ver. 19). How miserably he was deceived, how mightily he was deluded!
5. *Condemnation that came upon him* (ver. 20). As Nabal was a fool for not listening to David, and so met his death; as Belshazzar was a fool for desecrating the vessels of the Temple, and so was judged; even so was this man.
6. *Consequence of his folly* (ver. 20). *He lost all* by laying up treasure for himself.
7. *Cure for covetousness* (ver. 21). "Rich towards God." What is it to be rich towards God?
   1. Ministering to the poor, as Zaccheus did (Luke 19. 8).
   2. Rich in faith (James 2. 5), as Abraham.
   3. Rich in spiritual experience (2 Cor. 6. 10), as Paul.
   4. Rich in good works (1 Tim. 6. 18), as David.
   5. In giving Christ the first place. Not as the young ruler (Luke 18. 22).
   6. Rich in love to the Lord. Not as Ephesus (Rev. 2. 4).
   7. Rich in endurance, as the Church at Smyrna (Rev. 2. 9).

Sunderland. F. E. MARSH.

NOTE the *occasion* of parable (ver. 13). Observe *unseemly interruption* to our Lord's discourse.

If it was so when *Christ* was the speaker, need we wonder if it is the case when His *servants* are speaking? Carnal thoughts will follow men, even into the presence of Christ.

See how eager this man was to get Christ's help in obtaining an *earthly* inheritance. Had he applied for help in regard to the heavenly inheritance, he would have readily obtained it. Christ evidently sees not a case of *oppression* calling for *relief*, but of *covetousness* calling for reproof.

Reason attached to the warning against covetousness.—"A man's life," etc., *i.e.*, his true happiness and best interests.

Riches insufficient to create happiness. Riches cannot prolong life.

Ver. 16. The man obtained his wealth honestly. This is not a case of unjust gain. He owed his wealth to God's good providence, too, for his "ground brought forth plentifully." Yet he is sordid, selfish, unthankful.

Ver. 17. Note the cause of his care (Eccles. 5. 12).

"*No room.*" But for his selfishness, he might have found plenty of room in the empty cupboards and tables of the poor. "*My* fruits," "*my* barns," "*my* goods," "*my* soul." He decides to enlarge his premises.

Notice the "I wills" here—four times in vers. 18, 19. A preacher lately remarked: "Let us see what sort of a *soul* he had. It turns out to be only a stomach: a thing that could eat and drink."

The believer can use the language of ver. 19 in very truth (Prov. 2. 7; Col. 1. 5; 2 Tim. 4. 8).

Contrast ver. 18, "And he said," with ver. 20, "But God said." What "*God said* upset all that "*he said* (James 4. 13-15.

"*Thou fool.*" A fool intellectually and morally, he left God out of his calculations.

He gets notice to quit—*short, peremptory.*

When the worldly man dies, he *leaves* all.

When the Christian dies, he *gains* all.

JAMES L. STANLEY.

THE WORKHOUSE BOY WHO BECAME A GREAT AUTHOR.

By F. Burton Irving.

Part I.

JOHN KITTO was born in 1804. From the first, the curse of that poverty which is the result of drunkenness rested upon his home; so, when he was four years old, his poor old grandmother, to save him from the wretchedness of his surroundings, carried him off to share the humble shelter of her garret.

She was always very kind, and "pinched herself to support him"; but it was not until he reached his eighth year that his school life began, and even then his attendance was very irregular. This was owing to two reasons—severe headaches, making study impossible, and the fact that his grandmother could not afford to pay for him, and that his father's money too often went to the publican for his own lusts, instead of going to the schoolmaster for his son's education.

Whenever the school fees were swallowed up by drink, John stayed at home, when, fortunately, he learned from his grandmother lessons of patient industry, which served him well in after life. She taught him to sew, and he made gay patchwork for quilts, besides kettle-holders innumerable, while he listened eagerly to the ghost, fairy, and witch stories which fell from her lips, and from those of a neighbouring shoemaker. One day he made the happy discovery that these stories were printed, and that some of them might be purchased for a copper. He at once began to forego the childish luxury of sweets and cakes, in order to save money to buy picture-books. The love of reading grew, and he soon finished his grandmother's little library of four volumes,—a Bible with pictures, a Prayer-book, "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Gulliver's Travels." His kind old guardian fostered his taste for books by borrowing them from her neighbour, for nothing but reading could give John pleasure now; the craving for knowledge, once aroused, became insatiable, and though often baffled by penury, it was never crushed; difficulties only stimulated desire.

But the quiet period which he had enjoyed was near its end. His grandmother had an attack of paralysis, and became helpless. She was forced to go and live with her youngest daughter, being unable any longer to do the daily work, which had previously enabled her to live under a roof of her own.

John was obliged to return to his father's house, where he was speedily told that he must earn his own living; so he went as shop-boy to a barber, where he did much sweeping, dusting, and cleaning, learned to lather chins, and, in the intervals of leisure, practised upon himself, which resulted in a very bushy beard when he reached his sixteenth year. However, he was not able to keep this situation long, for he had the misfortune to lose some razors, and his master discharged him on suspicion of theft.

His next work was to assist his father, who was a mason by trade, although his intemperate habits prevented him from following his craft with any regularity.

Poor John! his prospects were very cloudy; but they soon became increasingly dark, by a sad accident which happened to him in his thirteenth year. He was carrying a load of slates up a ladder, and when stepping off it to the roof, he missed his footing, and fell a distance of thirty-five feet into the court beneath. He was picked up bleeding, and lay unconscious for nearly a week. For four months more he had to keep his bed, and he did not entirely recover for a much longer period. The accident left results which deprived him of one of his senses for life—it rendered him absolutely deaf, not only to human voices, but to the loudest sound. Some time passed before he knew the extent of his calamity.

When he began to amend sufficiently to take an interest in his surroundings, he asked many questions, which were always answered by signs. These he could not understand, and said, repeatedly: "Why do you not speak?" At last, the answer was written on a slate: "You are deaf."

However, help was nigh; his pitiable condition became a subject of common remark; so in 1819, at the age of fifteen, he was admitted into the Plymouth Workhouse.

Considering his circumstances, and the want of "Homes," which now receive so many similar cases, it was the best thing which could have happened, for God raised him up a friend in the governor, who was very kind; the society of other lads was a healthy check upon a natural shyness, which was confirmed by deafness; he learned to make list shoes, and his friends rejoiced that he now knew a trade, which would keep him from penury when he was again cast on his own resources.

In 1820 he began to keep a journal; for he could not get many books to read, and thought writing would be a pleasant substitute for them. This journal bears strong marks of natural ability; but we have only space for two of the briefest extracts. The first indicates his honest love of independence, and shows the sting in his position: "The word pauper sticks in my throat." The second tells of a sorrow greater than any which went before: "April 17th.—Granny is worse. April 18th.—She is dead."

In November, 1821, John was apprenticed by the workhouse authorities to a Mr. Barnard, they being anxious that he should "learn a trade, so that he might be able to support himself without parish relief." Had his new master been kind, John would have been well content with a transfer which he regarded as a promotion; but he proved a brutal tyrant, and the six months spent in his service were the most miserable part of a life which had been schooled in misery.

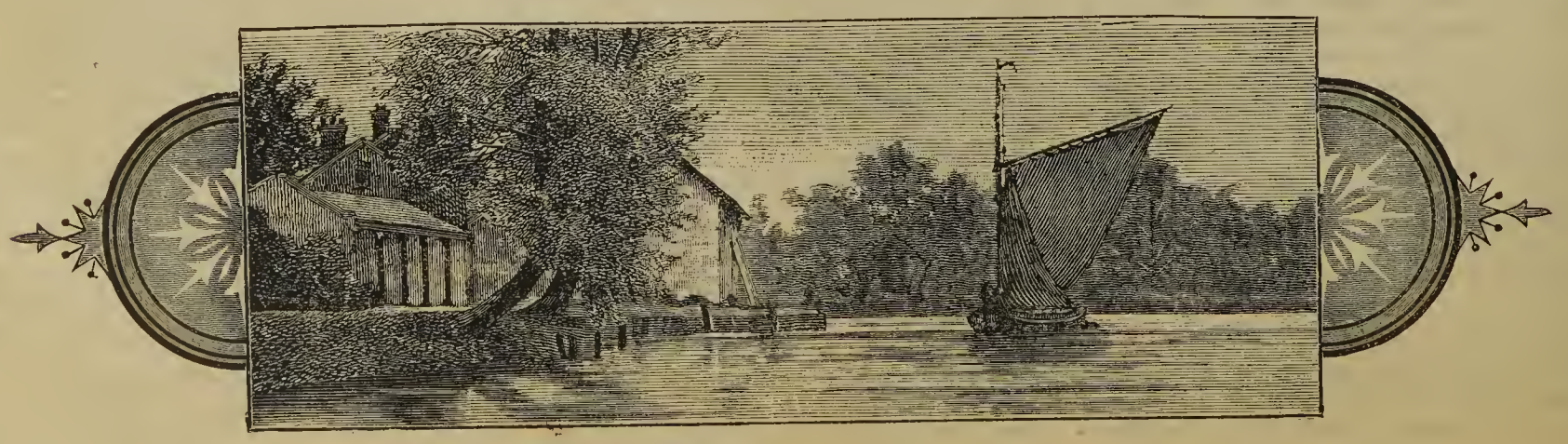
Much cruelty wore out John's endurance, and he made a complaint, which was investigated by the magistrates, who at once cancelled his indentures, and set him at liberty. He returned to the workhouse; but he had found so much freedom in writing his appeal for the trial, that he became conscious of the power which lay in his pen. A gentleman, accidentally met in a bookseller's shop, exerted himself on his behalf, and some of John's papers were inserted in the *Plymouth Weekly Journal*. Interest was excited, and public attention called to his talents, by means of a circular, signed by Harvey, the mathematician, and other gentlemen of influence, which resulted in his leaving the workhouse, and being appointed Sub-Librarian in the Public Library of the town. In this congenial position he studied hard, and also wrote several essays.

Some time after, another new and powerful friend, Mr. Groves, a dentist, of Exeter, who had long watched John's faithful improvement of his time, offered to receive him into his house, and give him board, salary, and instruction in his profession. This offer was gratefully accepted, and the deaf hero of our story went to Exeter, where he was very happy with his new master, who spared no effort to promote his comfort and to forward his studies. In 1825, his first book was published, under the title of, "Essays and Letters, by John Kitto."

The next change in Kitto's condition was more fully to prepare him for a work with which his name will ever stand honourably identified,—"The Pictorial Bible." Mr. Groves had long desired to become a missionary, and in the intervals of business he had prepared himself for ordination; this, however, did not interfere with his desire to befriend Kitto; so, before entering on his new life, he laid before him plans by which he could either follow chemistry, or go as printer to the Church Missionary Society, on one of its foreign stations.

The latter offer was accepted, and he went to the college at Islington, to learn printing, Mr. Groves generously paying £50 a year, for two years, towards his expenses.

(*To be continued.*)



MAR. 10, 1888. "A.1." ONE PENNY.

WEEKLY — Edited by MRS. STEPHEN MENZIES.

THAT HOUSE IN LONDON.

By L. T. MEADE,

Author of "Scamp and I," "A Knight of To-day," "Great St. Benedict's," "The O'Donnells of Inchfawn," "Water Gipsies," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"GRAHAM."

"Yes."

"How soon will you have done?"

"Presently."

The speaker whistled and walked to the window. The room was a London office, its occupants two young men, the time of day evening, the time of year winter.

"Graham."

"What is it?"

"It is time to shut up. Can't you leave that until the morning? I want you to come out with me."

"Presently."

"You have said that twice already. I am perfectly sick of this office. I detest London. When are you coming?"

"You're an awful worry, Segrave; do sit quietly by the fire for half a moment, there's a good fellow, while I get this through. I must catch the last post, so don't interrupt me."

"But it isn't your own work, and it's after hours, and you're not paid anything extra."

Kenneth Graham just raised his deeply set eyes and glanced at his companion. He made no verbal answer, however, and bending his head once more, resumed his interrupted writing. A pile of loose sheets lay around him, the gas flared overhead, the monotonous scratch of his pen was the only sound heard in the room.

Segrave sat on by the fire; the half-minute lengthened into one, into many, and still the writer pursued his task.

"Graham." "Well?"

"Are you coming?"

"Presently."

"The third time, I do declare. Graham, I am going out; I am sick of this office."

"All right, Segrave. I'll follow you by-and-by, when I've finished."

"Are you up to a game of billiards?"

"Not to-night, thanks. I shall be in my rooms at nine o'clock. Come in, and have a bit of supper."

"Thank you; I'll see. I'll look in if I can, but don't wait for me."

Segrave slammed the office door after him. His steps were heard descending the stairs, and absolute silence reigned in the apartment; for Graham was now reading what he had written, preparatory to putting it into a large envelope for the post. His work was finished about half an hour after Segrave left him; then he turned down the gas, and pushing his letter into his pocket, went out, and dropping it into the nearest letter-box, walked towards his lodgings.



"'Graham.' 'Yes.' 'How soon will you have done?'"

"That's well done," he said to himself. "If those communications did not reach Martin to-morrow morning, there would be very little hope ; as it is—well, he knows all I can tell him, but I wish he would come home. It is dreadful to have the head of a Firm away at a critical moment."

"I say, Graham." A hand was laid on his shoulder ; he turned round to encounter the boyish and somewhat fresh-looking face of a man who was in reality six-and-twenty.

"Why, Martin, is it possible? I was just thinking of you, or rather of your father. I am heartily glad you have returned."

"So am not I then, my dear fellow ; smoke, fog, mist, drizzle, sleet, snow—who would enjoy London at this time of year? And I am come from sunny France. Where are you going, Graham? May I walk with you?"

"Of course. I am going home ; will you come with me? Segrave is coming in later, but you won't be at all in the way. Is your father at home, too, Martin? We want him uncommonly badly at the office just now."

"My father! Not he. He talks of going to Egypt for the winter."

"He must not do that on any account; his presence is urgently needed. We are at a standstill, and if matters are not cleared a bit, will soon be in serious difficulties. Do you hear me, Martin? Your father's presence is required in town, and at once."

"Of course I hear you, Graham. When you put on that hectoring, disagreeable manner, and lower your voice at the same time, and growl out words as if you were vying with the thunder of the elements, a fellow must be both deaf and an idiot not to listen to you. But now look here, if there's one thing I detest more than another, it's office talk out of office hours. I'll listen to all you've got to say to-morrow ; now I'm in the humour to be amused. Of course I'll come home with you, if you like."

"All right! This is our way."

"Graham, it strikes me you've turned very morose ; but I know what it is, you've got office on the brain. Well, to change the subject, have you heard of Segrave's last?"

"My under clerk. Poor boy! he has only been at the office about a fortnight, so I know very little about him in any way. I take pity upon him, for he seems to be somewhat friendless. I honestly confess, however, that he's a worrying sort of chap."

"I believe you. Poor stripling, I doubt if he's all there. The fact is, however, he belongs to a respectable set of people up in the North, and they've got into the habit of laughing at him, and labelling him as half-witted. Nice, isn't it?"

"Very. I would rather not have such respectable relations."

"Dear me, Graham ; don't take me up so short. The Segraves are awfully nice, and Charlie is no end of a muff, and of course they laugh at him. How can they possibly help it? How amused they were when they heard he had got a berth in our office."

"I believe he's a good fellow," said Graham. "I know he's queer, and I own he's a worry ; but what did you say his last scrape was?"

"Oh, he has spirit enough in his own way. What do you think he did? went and got engaged to that pretty little girl, your friend's sister."

Graham had been walking quickly ; now he paused, drew himself up short, as if he meant to say something, changed his mind, and walked on faster than ever.

"You need not run, Graham. Segrave went and engaged himself to Miss Kennedy's sister, the one they call Polly—awfully pretty girl ; but the best of it was, French, of Muirhouse, fell in love with her at the same time, and the little puss encouraged them both, and it seems did not care for either. It's all off now, for Miss Kennedy—an awful dragon they tell me she is—put a stop to any such nonsense. Why, what is the matter, Graham?"

"I would rather you did not speak of Miss Kennedy if you cannot manage to do so respectfully."

Martin gave a short whistle, glanced at the taller man's very irresponsive face, and resumed,—

"I meant nothing ; I think Miss Kennedy a splendid girl. I have the greatest respect for her. By the way, have you heard the romantic story of her fortune?"

"I have heard that she has been left money ; I don't know particulars."

"Oh, come ; I'll tell them to you."

Graham stopped short again.

"I don't know that I particularly care to hear," he said. Then he paused and quite perceptibly hesitated. "Yes, I will hear," he said ; "but first of all come in. We are just at my place now. Come in, Martin."

The two young men drew up short at the door of one of the usual London lodging-houses. Graham opened the door with a latch-key, and they went up to the second floor, where a smoky fire and a very dingy sitting-room awaited them. Graham took no notice whatever of the dismal appearance of the apartment, but not so Martin. He was more or less dependent on creature comforts, and he turned up the gas and stirred the fire himself, and pulled forward an easy chair.

"Graham, have you nothing at all in the house for supper?"

"Oh, yes ; look in that cupboard. You will find a ham-bone, some biscuits, some cheese, a brown loaf, and I believe some butter."

"What a tempting array! Let's have them out ; you look starving, and I undoubtedly am reduced to the very last extremity of hunger. Graham, your ham-bone is very bare. What do you say to my adding a beefsteak to the feast?"

"I should be very much obliged, and would much appreciate it."

"All right ; where's your landlady?"

"Somewhere in the kitchen. She objects on principle to cooking for the third floor."

"Oh, leave her to me ; I'll manage her."

Graham smiled. Martin, muttering all kinds of unintelligible things, rushed wildly downstairs, and, in the course of half an hour, a fairly well-done steak smoked on the board.

"Now, old fellow," said Martin ; "I'll tell you that story."

"Thanks."

"You have heard of old Jenkins? He was in the same business as my father, and they saw a good deal of one another at one time. Then he retired, and took his fortune with him—not a very large one, but he lived comfortably. He was always a solitary and morose old beggar, and somehow we took it into our heads that he had no relations. He never encouraged visitors, and lived absolutely to himself. A month ago he died, and my father found that he was made one of the executors of his will. He had left all his money to no less a person than that bright-looking Miss Kennedy, whom I have sometimes seen you with, and sometimes heard you mention. She, it seems, is his niece, and only living relative. He left her £30,000, and my father is one of her trustees ; my father, and Simpkins, of Bell Yard—— Why, Graham, what is the matter? You are a lucky dog. Yes, of course, old fellow, any one can see through a glass wall, and you are an uncommonly lucky dog. Your Miss Kate has got £30,000."

"Don't," said Graham ; "she is not mine. I am not going in for her, so there!"

"Not! Then why this pallor and perturbation?"

"Draw your own conclusions. I won't be questioned. Is that the whole of the story?"

"No ; and as I am bound to believe your last assertion, I can tell you the remainder more comfortably. Old Jenkins had a head on his shoulders, and had no idea of allowing pretty Miss Kate to sacrifice herself, and to squander his money over those three silly half-sisters of hers. The will is a queer one, but 'awfu' canny.' Miss Kate can only spend the interest of her money until she is five-and-twenty. If at that age she is still unmarried, Jenkins's little savings go in equal portions to St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's, Guy's, and the London Hospitals. If she is married before that date, the £30,000 remain with her and her heirs for ever. But, here's the rub—the fellow of her choice must bring an equal fortune to meet hers. I call it horribly hard lines, don't you?"

"Not at all," answered Graham. "I think they are absolutely reasonable. Now, if you don't object, we will finally change the subject. Ah, and here comes Segrave. Segrave, have some cold steak?"

"Have a polished ham-bone?" called out Martin in a jocose voice ; but as he spoke, he watched Graham narrowly.

CHAPTER V.

KENNETH GRAHAM was called by his friends the best fellow in existence.

Nobody quite knew why he got this title ; he was not particularly good-natured, nor even particularly good-tempered. He was known, too, to take his own way on almost all occasions. Nevertheless, his friends trusted him, and were fond of asking his advice ; though whether they followed it or not was quite another matter. They were wont to consider Graham as very safe, and quite high and dry above all temptation. He had been for several years a clerk in the firm of Martin and Winter. He had won confidence and esteem in this position, and the young clerks liked him, and did not mind being put, in a certain sense, under his protection. It would almost have provoked a smile to see how anxious fathers and mothers confided in Graham, and begged him to be good to their special boys, and, above all things, to see that they did not get into temptation. Graham was taciturn in his replies, and the youths in question felt more or less disgusted. That was before they saw him ; when they did, the usual thing happened—in a week's time they invested him with hero-worship. Whether it was his manner, or his appearance, which was big, and broad, and stalwart, or the very quiet and deliberate way he had of bringing out rather terse sentences, yet never saying an unkind thing—whatever the reason, all the youths who worked under him adored him, and would have done anything for him. Even young Martin, the junior partner in the firm, thought well of Graham, and did not disdain to be seen with him, and that although Graham was known to be very poor, and not the least uplifted by any one's attention. Perhaps the fact of his total indifference to every one's good opinion was one reason why

he so easily obtained what many men would do much to possess.

The true fact, however, was that no one really knew Graham at all,—not one of his many so-called friends had got an inch below a very self-possessed and cold exterior, and knew nothing of the real man, who was passionate, and frail, and tossed about, and buffeted by many and sore temptations. Graham was in no sense of the word, "model;" he was sensitive, he was easily hurt, and, in some particulars, he was as weak as he looked strong.

He had a history which no one knew about; he had a past to which no one alluded; but until lately he had also a hope which gilded all things, and made virtue and goodness, and even religion possible to him. Nobody knew when the hope died out, for whatever Graham did, or did not possess, his self-control was perfect.

Young Segrave was his latest *protégé*, and he now listened languidly as the lad,—for he was very little more,—poured out a piteous story about the faithless Polly who had so lately won his heart, to toss it back again to him.

"It's all her sister's doing, of course," said Segrave. "I saw her, and she was very nice; yes, of course, she was extremely nice; just the kind of girl you'd admire immensely, Graham; but she made me feel absolutely hopeless. I was wild with her, and yet I could not resist her. She said I must be brave, and think nothing more about it,—so easy for a girl to talk like that! Upon my world, Graham, I feel awful—I do, really."

"You had much better take Miss Kennedy's advice," answered Graham. "It's unpalatable—all advice is unpalatable, and of course you are to be pitied at the present moment; still, I don't see what you are to do, for Miss Polly herself has refused you."

"She'd never have done it, if her sister had not come in for that odious money."

"What has that to say to it?"

"Why, everything. She'll have a comfortable home now."

"She must have loved you very much if she is willing to give you up for a comfortable home."

"Don't be sarcastic, Graham. She loved me in her own little way. She's almost a child, and she don't know her own mind of course; it's a shame for Miss Kennedy to influence her."

"Perhaps so, Segrave, but if Miss Polly is so sensitive to the seductions of a comfortable home, have you one to offer her?"

"Oh, I say,—you know I'm very poor."

"Don't you think you had better put love and marriage out of your head for the present? Now, I am very sorry to appear inhospitable, but I really fear I shall have to ask you to go. I have some papers I must get through to-night."

"You are such a bookworm."

"Not at all. I have my work to finish, that is all."

Segrave rose reluctantly, and Graham, after he had left him, got up and locked his door. He was very unhappy; he could now let the mask drop from that calm, serene-looking face; he could now let his real self appear. The extinguishing of his hope had unmanned him, and he knew it.

"I thought I could have borne it," he said to himself. "When I met her that day at Victoria, and she told me about her fortune, I made up my mind there and then to give her up. Of course, I don't even suppose she cares for me. I shan't try to find out now—certainly not. A girl with £30,000 to tie herself to a luckless beggar like me? Let me see, what have I got, what have I got to offer her? Myself—oh, of course,—myself—six feet of me, fairly good-looking, up to the average as regards strength, youthful, not more than seven-and-twenty—respectable, quite so—considered religious, always go to church—no low, mean ways about me, simply because I hate them. Really, upon my word, quite a virtuous character; quite a handsome, nice young man. I have no doubt some of Kate's friends would admire me vastly as her husband. What have I got to offer her besides myself—the position of a clerk's wife in an eminent mercantile Firm, salary £220 a year, half of which goes—oh, never mind, I need not go into that; probable rise of salary to £500—perhaps £600; no chance of partnership without capital; some of Kate's £30,000 would do it nicely! Well, if I had any idea of being mean enough to go in for her, what Martin told me to-night would put an effectual spoke in my wheel. Kate loses her fortune unless she marries before she is five-and-twenty, and she must marry a man who brings equal money to meet hers. Am I likely to have £30,000 before Kate is twenty-five? There, let me stop thinking of such folly. Poor Kate—yes, I call her poor, for I know how she'll be surrounded. Very likely young Martin will go in for her. I don't much like him now,—*then* I shall hate him. Poor Kate, no one would have made you as happy as I could, and you'd have made me—good. I'd have been in reality what I now appear to be. I'd have been the model man all my friends suppose me to be. Poor Kate, and poor luckless Graham—it does seem hard that the one girl in all the world who could have made a man of you, and saved you from yourself, should be just snatched away from you because she happens to inherit some paltry thousands. Kate is just the girl to be a poor man's wife; we might have married before long. Well, well, I must pull along as best I can without my hope, without that one very brilliant and clear-shining star in my lonely sky."

Graham pulled himself together, ceased to soliloquise, and taking up the two large ledgers he had brought home with him, plunged into a hopeless sea of accounts. After a couple of hours' very hard work, he suddenly stopped, raised his head, and said aloud with great bitterness,—

"Hopeless confusion, truly, and after all, why should I try to set young Martin's affairs straight for him? He's safe to go in for Kate, and his father will encourage him. Why should I burn the midnight oil to make matters smoother for him?"

Nevertheless Graham bent again over his ledgers, and worked hard until the dawn of a new day sent him to seek a couple of hours sorely needed sleep.

Such midnight toil necessitates late rising, even with the best intentioned. Graham was young, he had a splendid constitution, and he was just at the age when a man may burn the candle at both ends without being aware of any apparent injury. He may burn the candle at both ends, and not even suspect that the citadel of his house of life is being slightly undermined by so doing. Why then did he look so ghastly this morning? why were his deeply-set grey eyes so dull? and why did his fine muscular-looking right hand shake slightly as he poured out a cup of coffee? He drank it off eagerly, sighed as the slight stimulant acted on his frame, and then, with a certain brightening of his face, shook off what looked almost like deadly illness, and turned to examine a letter which had come by the morning's post. He broke the envelope, and as he sipped his coffee and munched his bread and butter, acquainted himself with the contents.

"Poor Mrs. Alexis," he said to himself, when he had finished the letter; "poor good soul—I really have neglected her shamefully. I have absolutely not been near her for quite six months. I know why. It is six months since I first saw Kate. From the moment I first saw Kate Kennedy I have lived in a dream. Yes, from the very first moment I have lived in a false, golden dream. My God! I loved her the instant I looked at her. What a fool I was! Well, it's all at an end now. I wish my hand did not shake so terribly, though. I am absolutely unmanned—I, Kenneth Graham, and about a girl!—just a tall, straight, dark-eyed girl, whom some people might not look at a second time, but who nevertheless means my world. Well, I have lost her. I really must not begin thinking of her again at this time in the morning. Poor Mrs. Alexis! I have neglected her shamefully; not been near her for six months, and now she wants to see me very badly. Begs of me to come to-night. I wonder what for. Has she had news of that scoundrel Jonas? Yes, of course, I'll go; I'll send her a line at once."

Graham rose from his scarcely-tasted breakfast, scribbled a few words on a post-card, and on his way to his office dropped the card into the first pillar-box.

The great Firm of Martin Winter and Co. had their offices in Seymour Street, E.C. There were great warehouses at the back of the offices, for Martin, Winter and Co. were wholesale merchants, and did no retail work. Graham was a little late in arriving at his destination, and when he did so, he found that the slight feeling of uneasiness which had been scarcely perceptible yesterday, was now much more marked. The younger clerks were whispering together. Martin, junior, came to meet him with a face quite blanched.

"Come into my private office at once, Graham. Of all mornings in the year, why should you have chosen this one to be half an hour late? Come into my private room, I must speak with you at once."

(*To be continued.*)

OPPORTUNITIES.

By the Rev. SISSON COOPER.

WHENEVER you find one, use it. The only thing is, be sure it *suits* you. It is quite possible to fail here ;—to find an opportunity, a real one, and yet such that it will be a mistake to avail one's self of it.

As, for instance : A man has a well-furnished house, with pretty nearly all he needs, but one morning at breakfast he takes up the paper, and reads the sale list at some local auction. It is a very good chance, he thinks. Things often go cheap at an auction. He must just step over and look in. There is a grand side-board going as he enters, so roomy, and so quaintly carved. How well it would look in the dining-room ! and the bidding is slow, it is quite an opportunity ; he will try for it. He nods to the auctioneer once, twice, three times, and the hammer falls. It is his, but before he lies down to sleep that night, he regrets his success ; he made the purchase without sufficient thought, and had no real need for it. It was an "opportunity," but lacked this element of which we speak.

Just another instance in the same direction. I knew a skilled bicyclist at a seaport town. He used often to ride along the curb-stone of the quay, with only three inches between him and the edge, and that, too, with his hands in his pockets, guiding the bicycle with his feet, and he did it with perfect safety. But I also knew a young fellow there, who had a new machine, and had been riding about a month. One evening, upon witnessing this grand display, he started off to copy it ; but not successfully, as, somehow losing his balance, he toppled over, and, had he not been a tolerable swimmer, must have lost his life ; as it was, he only lost his dignity. Again, an "opportunity," but not happily chosen.

Bearing, then, in mind this one caution, *use* your opportunities. You will find a great many of them in life. They will spring up before you, or may be sought.

Supposing, good reader, that you are a young man or woman, and that you are in business, at a counter, or in an office. There you have an "opportunity" daily before you of improving your *skill* and *information* in the peculiar branch of work you have selected. Don't simply do your day's work so as to *get it over ;* do it so as to *learn from it*. Practise your eye, and ear, and memory ; notice how things are *generally* done in that department, and think of how they might be *better* done. A man who does this systematically, will not be long an ordinary hand, he will be a skilled one. He will be daily fitting himself for a higher post. Remember you *have* this opportunity ; it certainly is yours, unavoidably so. If you are young, and at business, you may improve yourself in it.

Supposing still that you are young, and that there is a reading-room or library within reach. That is an "opportunity." Read there this year, as often as you have leisure time, and I will promise you two things by next March—wider information, and refinement of style. You will know more than you do now, of the state of your country, of the prospects and possibilities of trade, of the new life opening up for us in our colonies, of the triumphs of science, and of the progress of religion.

And your *style* will be improved. I mean by a person's style, his way of speaking, and his way of writing, and his tone of thought. All these are improved in each individual in proportion as he reads, supposing only, of course, that the matter be healthful literature. A man insensibly comes to express himself after the manner of the writer whose works he has been perusing, and to form his opinions as he has there heard them expressed.

But, perhaps, oh, reader, you are a married man or a married woman, with much of life gone over your head? Well, you, too, have "opportunities," in many ways, and in many places, *e.g.*, in your own homes, of speaking kindly words and doing kindly actions. We, many of us, remember how much the kind word did in the "Oiled Feather" for Civil Sam, how it helped him over various stony places on the road of life. Look out for opportunities to speak it. You sometimes in your position have to find fault ; look for opportunities even on the same occasion to bestow praise. If you must tell your servant that she has swept the floor carelessly, she will take the reproof all the better if you can begin by saying that she has been very patient with the baby, or boiled that fresh egg just to perfection.

And as for kindly deeds—well, I am speaking at random. Perhaps there is down the street a little way, a young man living in bachelor's quarters, lonely and strange, having lately come to your town ; ask him in of an evening, and let him breathe, if even for an hour, the healthful atmosphere of Home !

Perhaps the good people in your parish, who are doing what they can, but are short-handed, want a teacher at the Sunday School, or a visitor for a district !

Perhaps some relation's child is left at school for the summer holidays, the parents being abroad, and that young heart is sad and lonely. Ask the little one to your home, and be *pro tem.* a father and mother !

These are "opportunities." They come, many of them, without seeking ; they knock at your door. Don't neglect them. St. Paul will tell you as much in Galatians 6. 10 : "As we have therefore *opportunity*, let us do good unto all men, specially unto them who are of the household of faith."

Again, young man reader, you are not married. I would not like to advise you in such a matter ; I really could not think of interfering. The responsibility would be very grievous. But—are you—quite sure you are not missing any "opportunities"? An opportunity with a fair face, and a loving heart, and a prudent mind, sometimes meets a man, and he is wrong, I fancy, for the most part, to let *her* slip.

As for any corresponding advice on the other side, it is quite out of the question. I would only go back to the starting words of this paper, and remind any girl whose hand is asked in marriage, to consider, indeed, with thought and earnest prayer, before she accepts. An "opportunity" of saying "Yes," if not suitable, if not, in short, the right one, God's chosen one, is, and ever must be—a life-long calamity.

And now, lastly, a solemn word or two. We have all an "opportunity" every day of reading the Bible. It is God's own message to our souls, giving *such* counsel and comfort in difficulty and sorrow. Certainly we are wrong to neglect it.

We have all, every morning that the sun rises, an "opportunity"—a splendid one, of spending a better day than we ever spent before—a spotless day. Let us pray from henceforth, before we leave our bedrooms, "Keep us this day without sin."

ABOUT OURSELVES.

THE results of our Spelling Chase, on pages 296 and 297, will create much interest. Those who have failed will hasten to Webster's Dictionary to find out their mistakes. The new Spelling Chase is rapidly taking shape, and promises well. The Rules in next week's Number, the Paragraph to be written out, in our Number for March 24 ; don't miss it ! Try for our Guinea Prize, and be sure you order copies of "A. 1." in advance.

The "Thirty Nouns" Competition, announced in our Number for Feb. 18, page 254, does not close until March 24. A fortnight remains ; why not have a "try"?

"Please Stop !" is only just started. See —"A. 1."—for Feb. 25, p. 260. One Guinea Prize for whoever can punctuate best. Competition remains open until March 31. Highly entertaining and helpful.

The last of our Special Christmas Series of Competitions closed on Feb. 29. The Exams. are getting forward, and results will be announced on the first possible dates.

Those who have received one of our new Artistic Certificates will think it has been well worth while to lose the Prize !

During the three remaining weeks of this month, we shall give a series of Papers on "Instinctive Architecture," with exquisite illustrations. The pictures alone are worth the money.

Much interest is roused about "The Star of Bethlehem" just now. Next week a thoughtful Paper on the subject from Rev. Canon Dobbin, M.A.

"NOT WORSE THAN OTHERS."

THIS is cold comfort and false logic. Does the judge acquit a criminal because he has only defrauded £50, while another has £5,000? Are not both guilty in the eye of the law? Does a tailor measure by moral measurement, or by deduction from and addition to the size of another person's garments? Does God make a variable requirement to suit all sorts of consciences that people choose to erect? Does He measure us by ourselves, or by others? Is relative goodness or personal sinfulness His standpoint for man? If you were on your death-bed, and eternity close and straight before you, would it be a comfort to you to know that Mr. Alpha was as bad as you, and that Mr. Beta was no better? Would the knowledge of that help you to face God's judgment-seat with calmness? No ! you know it would not. Then why do you now stifle conviction with such thoughts?

Be honest. Measure yourself by God's standard, "All have sinned," "All are guilty" ; you are no better than others, and need the same Saviour who died for all. 'Tis wise to see ourselves as God sees us, to measure ourselves by God's measurement, and then to go where God would have us go, to the cross of Christ, for pardon and peace.

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Thirteen Hundred Miles in My Caravan," "From Pole to Pole," etc., etc.



"'*The bergs must be tackled . . . it's our* ONLY *chance!*'"

CHAPTER XXX.

THE BATTLE HAD BEGUN.

THE war with the ice continued for a whole month, without surcease or intermission. Monotonous such a struggle could not be called, for it was ever-varying. Sometimes the ship was sailing or steaming in a comparatively open sea, but with bergs floating lazily here and there, and always with a white and rugged horizon. Sometimes she would be imbedded in fast sheets of bay ice, through which she needed all the power of wind and stern to force her way. Sometimes the sun would be shining on icebergs of every conceivable shape and form, with turrets, towers, and spires rising higher even than the main-truck — monsters that rose and fell gently with the swell, as if innately conscious of their own terrible power. Sometimes mist enveloped everything, and the bergs, as the ship passed them, looked like a succession of gigantic ghosts, appearing for a moment out of the gloom ahead, and gliding past, to fade away in the invisibility astern.

At other times frosts came, sharp and bitter, lasting for days; then ice hammers had to be kept working ahead, and poles used to force the bigger pieces asunder.

Once the frost was so hard that the ship's way was stopped entirely, and, for a time, it seemed as if they were already in winter quarters. On this particular occasion, Nat Graves, while following up a bear on the ice which finally escaped, nearly lost his passage. He had been all alone, and when he turned to go back, was surprised to find the snow on the ice getting softer as he advanced. Clouds, too, were banking up in the sky which previously had been blue. The truth flashed upon his mind. The ice was breaking up. Of this there was soon but little doubt, for it was not one lane of water he came to, but several. He lost his gun, and had often to ferry himself over, by getting on to a piece of ice and shoving it off by means of his club.

The club used in some parts of the Arctic regions is a species of battle-axe attached to a tough handle; it is a dreadful weapon of either offence or defence against the seals or bears. It would have gone hard with poor enthusiastic Nat on this occasion had not the dilemma he was in been noticed from the crow's-nest, and a boat sent over the ice to his assistance.

Bears were far more frequent now on the ice than they had yet been; a fact which was not reassuring, for it indicated a close pack, and probably the oncoming of an early winter.

One day Desmond came down from the crow's-nest, and it was evident he had something important to communicate. He found Captain Boyd in his snuggery closeted with Jack and Nat, senior. They had been discussing probabilities.

"Well, Mr. O'Neil," said the former, "any good news for us?"

"I can hardly say whether it be good or bad, sir. There is terribly heavy ice on our beam. I don't think we can force it. But I can just catch a glimpse of blue water beyond."

"Open water?"

"Not quite; it is bounded still farther to the south by what may be more ice, but what seems to me is land."

"Land! Then it must be the northern shores of Alaska. I will be up myself in a few minutes. Meanwhile, send Old Chips aloft to have a look, and let us hear his report. Better keep the lead going, Mr. O'Neil; we might get into shoal water in no time. Best to be careful!"

"I have two men in the chains, sir."

"All right, then. Thank you."

"Heigho!" continued Captain Boyd, as soon as Desmond had gone. "This has been a weary time for all of us, and an anxious one, too."

"Well, apart from the anxiety," said Mr. Graves, "it has been quite an enjoyable time for me, and, I may add, for the ladies as well. It has been all so new, and in this little world it is just something new occasionally that one needs. But I must admit we have all been a trifle anxious at times."

"Mr. Graves," said Jack, "you haven't let down your heart, anyhow, anxiety and all."

"No, Silk, and I think it would be impossible for anything to check your flow of animal spirits."

"The plans we—that is, myself and the boys—formed before we left Bristol," said Captain Boyd, "are a long way from being fulfilled, though

"'The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft agley,
And leave us naught save grief and pain
For promised joy.'"

"True," said Graves. "But what were your schemes?"

"What were our schemes, Jack? I've almost forgotten."

"So have I, sir. I'm not sure, though, that they would hold water. Let me see, we were to combine pleasure and profit. We insured the ship against extra risks from ice, etc. That cost us something. But we didn't mind, did we, Captain Boyd?"

"Not a bit, Jack. 'Hope told a flattering tale.'"

"Well, Mr. Graves, we were lucky at the start, for we got as many passengers as paid our way to 'Frisco. Luckily, too, they didn't mind how long the voyage was — invalids, you know, though we soon put them straight. The cook doctored them. Well, we were to have left 'Frisco without passengers. We saw fortune before us. For it wasn't only 'Hope that told a flattering tale,' but Chips. Chips was spokesman, and he quite swelled all our heads with yarns—not that he meant to deceive us, no, Chips is as honest as the day is long. But we thought we should have nothing to do but enjoy sport of every conceivable kind, load up with the most valuable furs and ivory—with a chunk of the north pole thrown in to show them at home—and set sail once more for merry England."

"Go on," said Captain Boyd; "you talk like a book!"

"I daresay. I'm not often so long-winded. However, we didn't get clear quite of all our passengers at 'Frisco, and we shipped some new ones. And then, what with one thing or another, especially the mist, we haven't got all the skins, and we haven't succeeded in

forcing a passage east and round to Davis' Sea. But never mind,—what's the odds so long as you're happy?"

"Bravo! Jack," cried Desmond, who had just come down the ladder. "Bravo! old man. It would take a good lot to make you lose heart; but here is Chips himself, sir."

"Which I've been up to the nest, sir," said Chips with a scrape and a bow, "and that isn't ice on the other side o' the bit o' water. Leastways, sir, I never seed ice like it before, not in all my born days."

"And you think it is the Alaskan shore?"

"I wouldn't go for to come to say that, sir. But it's *land*, if it be only an island."

"Then it *is* Alaska, Chips; thank you. And now we must try to get into that bit of blue water."

"I don't think that is possible," said Desmond.

"Whatever men dare they can do, Mr. O'Neil; isn't that so, Mr. Graves?"

Mr. Graves smiled as he replied, "I would not like to endorse that opinion, but a man never knows what he can do till he tries."

"Hurrah! then, boys. We'll go on deck and have a glance round."

But the ice looked too dangerous and formidable for even Boyd's bold heart to encounter. The ship at present was steaming very slowly eastwards, and the day was tolerably fine with a cloudy sky. The water was dotted here and there with heavy ice and smaller pieces. The former could mostly be avoided or rammed stern on, the latter were a source of but small danger, although the noise they made, as they went rattling and bumping along the side, was alarming enough as heard down below.

So the *Oonalaska* was kept on her course for hours, in the hope of the ice between the ship and the shore becoming less heavy. Some bears were seen on the bergs in the course of the afternoon. They appeared to be of enormous size, and had altogether a very independent swagger about them; it was evident therefore that they had not been much hunted.

The evening was spent in the saloon with more than the usual amount of light-heartedness. The mere propinquity of the land seemed to have raised the hopes of every one. Captain Boyd himself, however, appeared unusually silent and uneasy. He retired frequently to his snuggery to have a look at the chart, and was heard often talking with the officer of the watch on the quarter-deck.

Once, during a lull in the conversation below, the following words were heard, and they tended in some measure to damp the flow of animal spirits.

"Yes, Mr. O'Neil, it will go hard to the frost, so come what will we must try it to-morrow. If we get in the nips to the nor'ard of these bergs, good-bye to the old '*Oona*.'"

Then the captain came below, and Katie got alongside of his chair.

"Any danger, daddy?" she asked, coaxingly.

"Danger, baby? No, my dear; what makes you think about that?"

"Oh! you know," she replied; "I heard what you said to Mr. O'Neil."

The captain laughed, but wisely proceeded to tell her the exact situation, adding, as he finished,—

"For if frost comes—I mean hard frost—we are locked up in these seas for the winter; and I naturally would like to get into a good harbour."

"Harbour?"

"Yes. Will have to make one, though."

The stars were very bright that night, and there was a very distinct display of auroral light. On the whole, there was but a poor prospect of the ship's being able to proceed much farther to the east.

Captain Boyd was on deck early next morning. He went straight up into the crow's nest.

"Stop her!" was the order he sang down almost immediately after. "Send Chips up here, Mr. Silk."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Jack ran forward himself. He found Chips in the half deck, with a basin of tea before him.

"Swallow that tea down, old man," said Jack; "swallow it right off."

"Right off it is, sir," said Chips, putting down the empty basin and starting up.

"Away aloft to the nest; Captain wants you."

Few old men could have sprang to the rattlins as Chips did, and very few young ones could have gained the crow's nest much more speedily.

"Chips, look south there, and look round you also, and tell me a bit of your mind."

Chips did as he was told—slowly, deliberately; then he handed the glass back to the captain.

"A beautiful roomy bay in there, sir. Open water now. Ice already spreading out from the shore. Sky clear, so frost will fix us. Yes, that stream of bergs must be tackled; it's our only chance. To the north there is more heavy ice. We must try, sir."

"And if we don't get through that barrier?"

"We'll last till the first nip comes, then sink, sir, like a crushed egg-shell. I'd risk it; we can't stay here."

"No. You're right, Chips."

"I know I am, sir."

In half an hour more the battle had begun. The course of the ship had been altered to almost due south, and she had entered a stream of bergs far more heavy than any they had yet seen.

"The battle has begun in earnest," said Jack to Desmond.

"Aye, Jack; and how long will it last?"

"And who's to win?" added Jack Silk.

(*To be continued.*)

A PARABLE FROM THE PAST.

"FATHER," said a young man, to an Ancient that lived in early times on the banks of the Nile,—"Father, I have come as a disciple of thine, to learn wisdom of thee." Taking the young man down to the side of the river, the sage bade him pull up some young reeds just shooting from the ooze. This the young man easily did. The old teacher then took him further on, and bade him pull up some others of older growth, which, with much tugging, he accomplished. Further on the papyrus grew rank and tall. "Pull me up that," said the instructor; but the young man tried in vain; the tough old plant was too much for his utmost strength. Then the old man spoke, saying, "You see, if you want to do anything, how necessary it is to begin in time. Passion of every kind, habits good or bad, are formed from little things; they are like young plants—you can bend, control, or uproot them, but when grown up, they get strongly rooted into nature, controlling and destroying it. Go, my son, learn *now* to overcome, lest when age sits on thee, thou hast too late to mourn over sin's conquering power, and thou become its slave."

ABOVE OUR HEADS?

By J. Edgar Jones.

SHE came from Concord's classic shades,
on Reason's throne she sat,
And wove intricate arguments to prove, in
language pat,
The Whichness of the Wherefore, and the
Thusness of the That.

She scorned ignoble subjects—each grovelling household care—
But turned her lofty soul to prove the Airiness of Air,
And twisted skeins of logic 'round the Whatness of the Where.

To lower natures leaving the shillings and the sense,
She soared above the level of commonplace pretence,
And studied treatises which prove the Thatness of the Thence;

Her glorious purpose to reveal the Thinkfulness of Thought,
To trace each line by Somewhat on Somehow's surface wrought,
To picture forms of Whynots from the Whatnot's meaning caught;

To cultivate our spirits with the Whyfore's classic flow,
To benefit the Thereness with the Highness of the How,
To flood the dark with radiance from the Thisness of the Now.

"What good has she accomplished?" Oh,
never doubt her thus!
It *must* be useful to reveal the Plusness of
the Plus,
To illustrate with corkscrew words the
Whichness of the Us.

Mock not, poor common mortal, when thoughts like these appear,
Illumining our labour with the Howness of the Here,
And blazing like a comet through the Nowness of the Near.

Some day in Realms Eternal such grand mist-haunted souls,
Inscribe their words of Whichness on Wherefore antic scrolls.
In that great world of Muchness which through the Maybe rolls.

Then shall we each acknowledge the Whyness of the Whence—
Each understand completely with Sensefulness of Sense—
The Thusness of the Therefore, the Thatness of the Thence.

"If there's a Power above us
(And that there is all Nature crys aloud
In all her works), He must delight in Virtue;
And that which he delights in must be
happy."—*Addison.*

"Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most, grows two
thereby."—*George Herbert.*

"Our deeds will travel with us from afar;
And what we have been makes us what we
are."—*George Eliot.*

SQUALLS!!

By G. DE LA PLANTE.

I AM an old bachelor, and have seen a good deal of life. Before the stiffness of age pleaded for the quiet of my own fireside, where a fine young nephew or a bonnie niece is often glad to be my companion, I used to stay about amongst my friends in country and town, making my home sometimes with one, sometimes with another.

I'm an observant old fellow now; I was even more observant then. Perhaps I saw a good deal I was not meant to see, but at least I was never unkindly. It is an easy thing to sneer; cynicism is cheap and plenty, but it does very little work, and does not leave the poor old world a whit the better.

Now I don't mean to be cynical to-day, but I do mean to be plain spoken, so if you object to that, please pass on at once. I am astride my hobby horse, riding full tilt against SQUALLS. Not baby's squalls—poor miserable mites, but those domestic breezes which are said to clear the air. Ah! do they? Perchance I may answer the question to-day. I divide my subject into five heads:—Squalls Matrimonial; Squalls Parental; Squalls Domestic; Squalls Political; Squalls Religious. A few words on each.

Squalls Matrimonial are bad, very bad; and they are unfortunately more common than married people like to admit. Here are a man and woman who have sworn to take each other "for better, for worse," yet before six months are over, some trivial circumstance annoys them, and they begin—to fight?—Oh no! nothing so shocking, only to *squabble*. Petty bickering about some unimportant thing, needle-pricks which spoil the beauty of a fair woman's face; by-and-by a stamp of the foot from the husband and tears from the wife; then a slammed door proclaims that the Squall Matrimonial is over. We bachelors notice such things more than people think. In the evening the wife will put on her prettiest dress, and be very penitent and gentle, while the husband is sure to bring her a present from town. Putting oil on the waves. The better way would have been not to have roused the storm. "Quite blown over"—is it? The sun shines truly, but the storm has left its mark. The man believes a little less firmly in his wife, and she a little less wishes to keep his good opinion. Take an old man's word for it, the Squall Matrimonial is a dangerous thing.

Squalls Parental are nearly as bad as the above. They are chronic in some houses, and far too common in most. Sometimes they rage between mother and daughters, sometimes between father and sons. It is very rare for a mother to have "domestic breezes" with her sons, or a father with his daughters. Now this is the sort of thing I mean.

I went to stay with old General Somers, who fought beside my father in India. His wife and two of the girls wanted to go out shopping. I volunteered to go with them in the barouche, but I was rash to do so, for squalls at such close quarters are too much for a man who has no women of his own. Phew! it did blow! I can't tell exactly how the squall developed, but when, after keeping me and the horses for an hour or so outside the shop, the girls and their mother reappeared, it was at its height. The trio took their places in silence, and we drove towards home. "You don't know how people are to be pitied with five extravagant daughters," said the General's wife, with a sigh.

"Mamma," said Ethel, indignantly, "what is the good of all papa's medals if he can't afford to dress us respectably?"

"Those dresses we bought are simply shabby," said Nina; "I was so ashamed when you said you couldn't *afford* the others."

"It's perfectly true, girls," said their mother excitedly; "you know your father——"

"I know he *must* be stingy," said Ethel. "Cissy Danvers says Indian officers always are."

Here mamma's dignity or Christianity came to her aid, and she was silent. That night the brave old General took me to his room and talked to me of his "five fine girls." He told me his income—"for my father's sake,"—and said half sadly, "It's not a large one, sir, and they want a good deal, do women. My wife tells me the girls have not enough. I'll put down my riding horse, sir; wish I'd thought of that before."

That was squall sad enough. The girls were not heartless, only thoughtless; by-and-by they learned better, and appreciated the father who did all he could, though not all he would. But I can tell you a sadder story of a Parental Squabble.

I knew a father and son, as much alike as forty-five and fifteen could be, and both good fellows. The father was outspoken, and impetuous in his temper; so was the son. This reproduction of himself unconsciously irritated the elder man; whilst displaying his own excitability, he resented that of his son. Father and son would come down together to breakfast, with a fine air of perfect communion, but before the meal was over a clash of some kind was inevitable. Then the son would be weighted with a sense of injustice, the father angered at what he deemed insolent rebellion. These daily breezes became the habit of the house. Phil's mother was an indolent woman, and did not play a mother's part. It was easier to be "hard" on Phil, than to reason with her impetuous husband. I never heard an absolutely passionate word from the father, or an ungentlemanly one from the son, but squalls blew those two asunder—as effectually as dynamite would have done. Phil was appreciated elsewhere, if not at home. His companions drew him downwards. Little by little the deep love between father and son was turned to what seemed almost hate. When last I saw them, Phil was stepping aboard an emigrant ship—and he an only son—whilst his father, grey before his time, stood stern and dry-eyed on the pier. Poor father! Poor Phil!

The Squall Domestic,—well, I *must* have a laugh at that. Why, my dear good friend, you do make yourself so absurd! Only an omission on the part of the cook, or some unhandy innovation on the part of the butler, and here are the winds a-blowing! These breezes awe no one; they only roar in the chimneys, and give a sense of discomfort to the folk by the fireside. Just be calm, good host or hostess; reprove, if need be, but don't make a household fuss. The squall will not get the work better done, and it is sure to cost you loss of self-respect and of the respect of others.

The Squall Domestic is mostly in woman's domain; the Squall Political, on the other hand, appertains to men. It is usually protracted and severe, and often ends in life-long animosity.

Perhaps it is the most senseless of all, for why blow against a man's opinions? England is a free land—in theory at least. I have seen Liberals utterly illiberal; Conservatives who could not conserve their tempers; Unionists fostering social disunion; and Home-rulers, who, seeking to rule their country, could not rule their tongues. The worst of it is that, with all this social tempest whirling round him, a man cannot well keep motionless himself. And while "*mourir pour la patrie*" is beautiful, "*mourir pour la partie*" is a widely different thing.

My liveliest experience of the Squall Political was years ago, when twelve of us were together in a large country house, all, except myself, belonging to one side in politics. Which that side was I am too cautious to disclose. There was a sudden change of Ministry, in which my party scored a heavy victory. I had nothing to do with it, even remotely, for the Member I had voted for was not in his seat at the famous Division. I did not refer to the victory in any way. Why then should I have been held responsible? Those eleven men were not touched in reputation, position, or pocket, by the change; if they had been, it was not my fault. I only know that whilst those "stormy winds did blow," I felt keen personal sympathy with the Eddystone Lighthouse!

Now finally, a word about Religious Squalls. "All squalls are irreligious" does somebody say? And quite right! Glad you gave me the opening for that. A man dishonours his Master just as much by petty passion, as by violent rage. The loss of self-control, or the breaking from Christ-control, is the real sin; after that it is only a question of degrees. Nevertheless, what we must still call the Squall Religious is the worst of the whole bad lot. We encounter it in every region of Christendom. It blows about our ears from the pulpit, and whirls in our tea-cups at afternoon tea. Some good folk believe it will blow away error, but error is a weighty thing, to be dealt with pickaxe, rather than a pair of bellows. The great danger is, that many men's faith, being light as a feather, is apt to be blown right away by a Religious Squall. You know the old saying: "When your doxy agrees with my doxy, then your doxy is orthodoxy,"—that is the spirit which originates the Religious Squall. When we get to heaven, how surprised we shall be, to be sure! All those rags of outward form, those shades of theological definition, about which we blew and stormed in the lower life,—what will they matter then? In the calm joy of the King's presence, His love will be the all-absorbing thought. Might not that same Presence calm us now, if it abode within our hearts?

Now you will think I have seen as many squalls as any old sea-dog who has sailed round the globe. Take care you are not making just as many in your home—your workshop—your Bible Class. Watch yourself for a day or two; note the fitfulness of your temper; the unnecessary force of your words, the peevishness of your manner; the narrowness of your views. Then pray for God's grace, to be strong for truth and right, and yet *calm*.

THE SUM OF IT ALL.

THE boy that by *addition* grows,
And suffers no *subtraction*,
Who *multiplies* the thing he knows,
And carries every *fraction*,
Who well *divides* his precious time,
The due *proportion* giving,
To sure success aloft will climb,
Interest compound receiving.

Prize Spelling Chase

THE STORY OF A COMPETITOR WHO FAILED.

THIS is the sad story of a young friend who entered for our Spelling Chase. He saw, in a shop window, the Paper announcing the Competition: simply a wrongly-spelled Paragraph to be correctly written out, and a Guinea Prize was offered for the best. He bought the Paper at once, because he used to spell so well at school. He saw something about "pecuniarry considerations," which were rather pressing just then, so he hastened home, and prepared for "imediate action." Seated at his desk, he began to read:



"Their was once an ancient, castleated manner, envelloped by a mote wherin muscles caught their pray. The parrapet was Elizabethian in stile, and the gargoils were parallel to one another, ocassioning much coment by there archeological symetry."

"Delightful!" said he, "any one can see the mistakes, and that's half the battle." Much encouraged, he read on again:

"The posessor of the domaigne was a miner, and his irrascible guardian had irrevoceably decided upon the spoiliation of his estate.

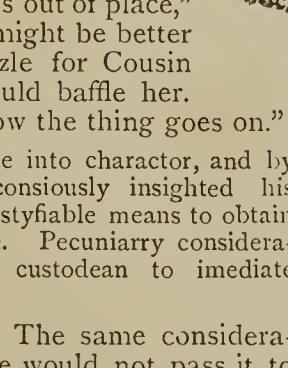
"Poor Phillip! rich as he was, his physionomy betrayed that he was peculiarily week from a psychological point of view. He had an irremediable fisher in his palette, and his pretenscious phrasiology added to the uninteligibility of his pronounciation."

"That 'fisher' seems out of place," said he; "perhaps it might be better fun to keep this puzzle for Cousin Jane; doubtless it would baffle her. At any rate, I'll see how the thing goes on."

"Phillip had no incite into charactor, and by his demienour he unconsiously insighted his guardian to employ unjustyfiable means to obtain the reciept of his income. Pecuniarry considerations moved his grim custodean to imediate action."



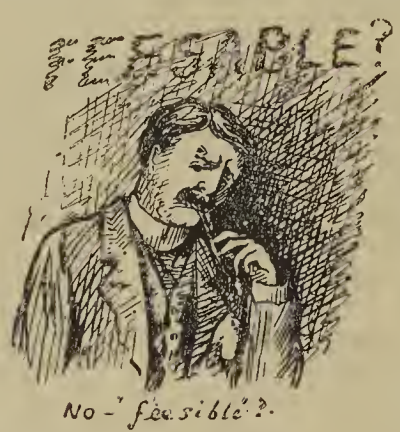
Our friend paused. The same considerations moved him. He would not pass it to Cousin Jane, but have a try himself. Of course he could spell a common English paragraph, for that Guinea Prize! Just two hours to dinner; he dipped pen in ink and began. He wrote busily, waxing still more excited as time flew by. The letters of the alphabet had gone mad, and danced before his aching eyes. The vowels were utterly irrational, and no knowledge of the classics could solve the problem of a double or a single "l." At last, half-way down the first column, he paused for a moment's rest. The next words caught his eye:



"Arranging the minutea of his marterdom was not an agreable task, but it was not desireable to ajourn it."

"*Not* 'an agreable task,'" he fervently agreed, "but the fellow needn't have tried to catch me with that single 'e.' What's his next dodge?"

"Should he higher an asassin to administer some drams of stricknine in his matitutinal farinacious food, or mix it with the yoke of an egg in his omlette? Should he look in the Pharmacopia for some aneasthetic which would have a soppor-







ific influence, or try the effects of fumigation with incandecent salt peter, which had been recomcnded to him as a sucessful practise amongst the aborigenal Misissipians?"

"I should think the easiest way to finish him would have been to give him the Spelling Chase to write out. At any rate, that *must* be the worst bit; the next looks plain sailing enough."

"None of these plans seemed feesible, but it was the 31st of December, and his guardian resolved that Phillip should not see the comencement of another year. Nought but prompt action would avail."

"'Comencement,'—two 'm's, of course; can't catch me there; but 'feesible,' feasible, feesable,—and it 'seemed feasable,' after all. No hope of doing this unless you make a dash; here goes:

"As the hier sat mewsing, and contemplating the ceiling, which was decorated with arabesk designs, round the corner by the rabbit borough, came a man with a comendatory letter in his sachel. Phillip rose to recieve him. The letter contained a complement to his purspicasity, and ernestly asked him to council the bearer in reference to a draught on his banker. Phillip heard him redily and then in concieted silables, preceded to give him some advise. Courtiously acknowleging his kindness, the man said he would esteam it a priviledge to obtain a clarkship. Phillip sinically told him his calliegraphy was so ilegible as to render him ineligible for any post but a synecure. The man esayed to make a tier ouse from his lackrimal duckt, but finding that imposible—"



"Ah!" said our discouraged friend, "if I could only find the right spelling as easily as I could just now find a tear! Alas, that Guinea Prize! Why was I never taught to spell? 'He spoke extemporary'—extempore—I'll be bound he couldn't *spell* this extempore, if he tried. Oh for a Dictionary!"

"He spoke extemporary, and with some aspiration:

"'Bass vilian! I indite you for being acessory to my iretreiveable ruin. Though it reigns heavily, and their is a leek in my umbreller, I will draw my freize coat around me, and cast myself into a limekill.'

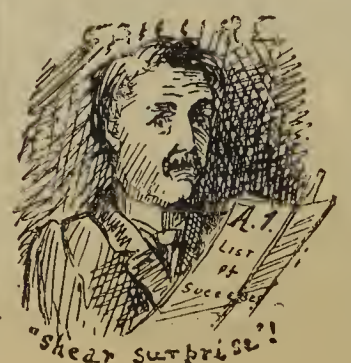
"He watched Phillip with the eyes of a links. Dispair was depickted on his youthful linements. The threat was terific, and like a peripathetic philsosopher, he miandered up and down."

"A capital idea; it might relieve my mind. No harm in looking at the book-case, anyhow; wonder what Dictionary they will select; is this of mine the newest edition?" But an echo of our Spelling Chase checked our young friend ere it was too late; had he not just been writing about "unjustifyable means?" Convicted on the eve of a crime, he resumed his chair, and steadily read and wrote to the end.

"'I will give you my etymological collection,' said the lad, pausing before a cabbinet of insects, 'if you will not asociate me with this peice of navery. I am not a medlar, but a man of metal.'

"The stranger rased himself to his full heighth, and seizing a knarled beach wand which lay ajacent, he asaulted the lad. From shear surprise, Phillip staid immoveable, and then sank unconcious to the ground.

"The asassin, fearing Parlamentory investigation, fled, leaving his victim stationery.



"As Phillip slowly became convalecent, he murmured:

"'Bring me the encyclope-encyclopœ-encyclopæ-encyclæpædiæ,'—he never could articulate a dipthong, 'that I may escape

Prize Spelling Chase

to cousin Lettuce.' He took a seditave draft, and examined his rout. He found that by hastening along the key to the peer, where his yatch was ancored to prevent her drifting on to a lea shore, he could redily bored her, and sale away at the rate of 12 nots an hour. Picking a spray of fuchsia to remind him of his domesne, he fled to cousin Lettuce, and in her matternal solisitude, found solase for his former greifs."

"Well!" said he with a sigh, as he laid aside his pen," it *will* be 'sheer surprize' if I don't get that Prize. The Paragraph has bothered me a bit, but I don't believe anyone will do it better."

The Lists are out, and our poor Competitor has nothing to comfort him in his failure but sheer surprise!

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

WE have intentionally reprinted on the opposite page the Paragraph which Competitors in our Spelling Chase (see —"A. 1."— for Dec. 31, page 142) were required to write out. We do this because the public will scarcely credit us that out of close on 2,000 competitors, only *five* had no actual mistake in spelling; whilst out of those, four were so uncertain in the formation of their diphthongs that we had no difficulty in giving them a second place. One Competitor remarked that as "'Phillip never could articulate a diphthong,' he had considerately omitted them altogether." Our standard has been

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY,

which we were informed by the highest literary authority at the British Museum was the one most widely accepted; therefore we regard our decisions as unimpeachable. The words for which our authority allows different spelling we have also accepted. Several most amusing letters have reached us; some from people who were painfully conscious of errors, others from those who were perfectly sure they would get the prize,—and didn't! One gentleman begins, "Dear Madam, I'll thank you to hand me over that 21s." In due time we shall be glad to send him a Certificate!

The following are *some* of the mistakes made by our Highly Commended Competitors:—Agreable, entymological, yelk, indite for indict, irrascible, pretensious, villian, matitutinal, lea shore, yoke of an egg, Mississipians, and several times fuschia. One competitor also omitted one difficult word, which was counted as a mistake. Those who obtained Certificates of Commendation have made the following blunders, amongst many others:—Minutae, pretencsious, matitutinal, metal for mettle, perspicasity (this more than once), entymological, yoke of an egg, assasin, pallette for palate, dipthong, strichnyne, miner for minor, spoiliation, agreable, parapit, matinal, gargers, villian (repeatedly), entomonological, and very frequently fuschia and Mississipians. In view of such an appalling list, we think it must be conceded that we have been liberal with our Certificates.

OUR NEW SPELLING CHASE.

We heartily thank those friends who have written approving our Spelling Chase; in —"A. 1."—we seek to combine *education* (in no scholastic sense of the word) with *recreation;* this, in a special manner, our Spelling Chase does. Already keen interest is felt at the prospect of our fresh announcement. We expect that our New Spelling Chase will be more amusing and provoking than the last; we are reserving it for the Easter Holidays, when it will be a source of endless delight. Next week, we shall announce our Rules; the following Number, for March 24, will contain the **New Spelling Chase,** which will remain open for three weeks.

RESULTS OF EXAMINATION.



We certainly did try their patience at a very busy time.

FIRST PRIZE, £1 1s.

Mrs. CHARTERS, Ealing Dean.

FOUR SECOND PRIZES OF 5s. EACH.

ANDREWS, L., Bournemouth.
LEAROYD, T. W., Liverpool.
SANFORD, C. R., Ashbourne.
SAUNDERS, P., Blackheath.



But the poor Examiners were even more perplexed.

HIGHLY COMMENDED.

ATKIN, T., Nottingham.
BOULTER, Miss, Ipswich.
BUCK, G. M., New Brighton.
CHARTERS, F. L., Ealing.
COBB, F., Birmingham.
DOBSON, A., Kilburn.
FERRIS, T. H., Clifton.
GALE, T., Cahir.
GILL, A. W., Lavender Hill.
GILLER, F., Leytonstone.
GREEN, A. J., Upper Norwood.
HAYDON, E. M., Bournemouth.
HEADFORD, C. F., Westminster.
HILL, T., Reckham.
JAMES, C., Thornton Heath.
KNOX, S. H., Ayton, N.B.
LASCELLES, J. H., Camden Town.
MACMILLAN, M., Brashmills.
MASON, E. D. (no address).
REYNOLDS, E. —
STANSFIELD, C. E., Rawdon.
STONE, E. E., Upper Holloway.
STRANGE, A. M., Frome.
TAIT, M., Inverness.
TWEMLOW, A., Dublin.
WATERS, M., Cork.
WILLSIE, A., Manchester.
WILSON, W., Derby.
WOODLAND, T. H., Frome.
WRIGHT, A. E., Gainsborough.

COMMENDED.

BRISCO, M. E., Manchester.
BROWN, W. A., Ashbourne.
C. R. N., Tunbridge Wells.
COLLINS, K., Atherstone.
COLSTON, J., Cheltenham.
COOMBES, V., London.
COOPER, S. A., Lowestoft.
CLARK, A. J., Folkestone.
DREWBRIDGE, J. T., London.
FLINT, J. H., Bournemouth.
FRY, E. L., Ipswich.
GORDON, Mrs., Hull.
GRAHAM, A. J., Perth.
GREEN, E., Salterton.
HALL, F., Nottingham.
HAYCRAFT, H. C., Brockley.
JOHNSTONE, L., Jersey.
KAY, E., Egliam.
KENT, P., Boston.
LAMB, E., Shadwell.
LEA, F. B., Brixton Hill.
LOADER, C., Wincanton.
LUKE, F. C., Kilburn.
MATTHEWS, E., Ilford.
McGUCKIAN, W., Desertmartin.
PEDDAR, F. M., Ipswich.
PORTER, E., Duleek.
ROYLE, N., Manchester.
SHARP, E. P., Reading.
SMEATON, M. E., Leamington.
SMITH, A. D., Dundee.
STOREY, M., Southend-on-Sea.
TABRAHAM, E. C., Wood Green.
TARR, M. F., Ivybridge.
TAYLOR, W. E., Highbury Park.
WENDON, J., London.
WHITBY, A. J., Bridgwater.
WILSON, J. H. O., Settle.
WOODMAN, A., Great Yarmouth.

It is only fair to future Competitors that the above *Five Prize Winners* should not be eligible for Prizes in the next Spelling Chase.

RECREATIONS IN GEOLOGY.

By W. H. HARRIS, B.A., B.Sc.

No. 10.—The Gold and Silver of our Coins.

WE prize some things for their *in*trinsic worth, others for their *ex*trinsic value. A loaf to a starving family would possess an immense importance in itself; to the baker, apart from its nourishing qualities, it represents merely an equivalent for a few pence. On the other hand, a large diamond, which would be absolutely useless in itself for purposes of human life and comfort, gains an enormous preciousness from circumstances independent of its individual constitution. Its *in*trinsic value is very slight, its *ex*trinsic may be inestimable. Probably, to most of us, the latter kind of quality seems the more important in gold; but a little consideration will show that its inherent properties have largely tended to give it so wide and so long-continued favour with the human race.

Before speaking, then, of what more particularly concerns us in this Paper, viz., the geological aspects of this metal, it may be well to say a few words about its special qualities.

Its colour is attractive to the eye, and as it has various shades, according to its purity, its polish, and its treatment, we have in these facts one recommendation to human regard. Again, it is remarkable for its power of resisting the tarnishing influences of the air. Not only is the great devourer—oxygen—unable to affect it, but various impurities, such especially as sulphuretted hydrogen, do not dim its brightness, though they readily attack its sister—silver. Then it is surprisingly *ductile*. It is said a single grain can be drawn out into 500 feet of wire; hence its importance in embroidery art among all highly-civilised peoples. It is also *malleable* to a marvellous degree. We are told that it has been beaten into leaves so thin, that 360,000 laid one on another would be only one inch in height. This makes gilding work so extensively possible, at a very moderate cost; for a single grain of gold, when hammered out to extreme thinness, will cover more than 50 square inches. It resists the solvent power of nearly all acids, and when dulled on its surface by particles of extraneous matter, its brightness is easily restored. Lastly, it is sufficiently soft to be worked with ease into various shapes. These circumstances are sufficient to account for the estimation it has so universally and so long enjoyed.

Its representative value has grown up from the comparative scarcity of the metal, and the difficulty with which it is procured. Were any vast, new discoveries of gold made, it is this latter value which would be altered. Its purchasing power would be diminished, while its intrinsic qualities would be as important as they are now.

We have spoken of the esteem in which it has been held from ancient times. We find mention of it in the oldest books of Holy Scripture, and reference is made to it in the Bible more than 400 times. The monuments and the literature of all the most cultured peoples testify to its general employment in various arts.

It is remarkable, as the late Sir Roderick Murchison, one of our greatest English geologists, pointed out, that "modern science confirms the truth of the aphorism of the Patriarch Job, which thus shadowed forth the downward persistence of the one (metal) and the superficial distribution of the other: 'Surely there is *a vein* for the silver;' 'the earth hath *dust of gold*.'"

Geologically, this metal is very widely distributed, but it occurs always in rocks of the most remote epochs, or in gravels formed by the wearing away of these. When found in strata of its original occurrence, these are, with few exceptions, members of the metamorphic series, *i.e.*, those which have manifestly undergone great changes from heat and pressure. Its special abode is in quartz-veins, which traverse schistose and slaty rocks. These must have been, at one or more times, deep down below the surface of the earth, but various movements of the "crust" have elevated them into hills and mountain-chains. Subsequent degradation has frequently worn these away to a considerable extent. Frost and rain have broken them up into fragments, and the gold once scattered throughout these beds has been, in many instances, carried down into the neighbouring valleys, and along their river-beds. Sometimes the metal has been washed clear of its adherent mineral matters; at others it is still found enclosed in pebbles of various size, down to fine sand.

It was from such auriferous gravels and drifts that ancient peoples collected their whole supply of gold. From similar sources tribes of imperfect civilization procure it at the present day. In fact, in all countries where this precious metal is discovered, so long as the "stream-works," as they are called, remain remunerative, the "veins" are left unattacked. Yet these latter are the most steadily productive, and afford the most reliable source of supply.

Almost wherever rocks of the nature previously mentioned occur in elevated masses, gold has been found. In the Ural Mountains, Brazil, California, Nevada, British Columbia, New Zealand, and Australia, these schistose, metamorphic strata have yielded the metal. So constant, indeed, is the connection between them, that Sir Roderick Murchison, from descriptions given by travellers of the geologic structure of some of the mountains of Australia, predicted the discovery of gold in that country long before the metal had actually been met with there in its native state.

Quite recently, very extensive deposits of the precious substance have been brought to light in the Transvaal. A gentleman who has returned from that district within the last few months writes: "One might just as well expect to find gold on the Scotch moors as find it here. This is undoubtedly a country of surprises, and not amongst the least of these surprises is the eccentric distribution of its mineral wealth. . . . It is thought by scientific men that the Randt is an ancient sea-beach. The gold has been deposited in fine grains, there being several layers separated by sandstone. Then, after a long period, during which the strata have had time to consolidate, a mighty upheaval took place, tilting up the whole beach, so that what was lying in a horizontal manner, is now found going down perpendicularly to unknown depths. The 'banket' (a Dutch word for a sweetstuff like hardbake, which the rock resembles in appearance) is composed of water-worn stones, pebbles, and pieces of quartz, all welded together with a cement of silicious sand. It will break in the hand, and crumble to gravel on exposure to air and moisture, and it is in the cement that the gold is found."

Some specimens of auriferous rock from this district, that we have seen, had the distinct appearance of having been subjected to volcanic agency. The "conglomeratic" and, in some parts, the "brecciated" look of the earthy matrix suggests the idea that water at a high temperature, and holding much silex in solution, had been belched forth from some crater or geyser, and flowing over the auriferous sand and gravel, had compacted the whole into a somewhat friable rock.

The metal is extracted from strata of this kind, and from vein-stones, by "stamping" and "amalgamating." Strong and heavy masses of steel or iron, driven by steam or water power, break up the rock-material into fine powder. With this a considerable quantity of quicksilver is incorporated. The gold and mercury have a very strong affinity for each other, and form what is called an "amalgam." This is so heavy that the much lighter particles of earthy substances may all be washed away without appreciable loss of the metals. The quicksilver can be separated from its more valuable concomitant by evaporation; and, being re-collected after condensation, can be used over and over again. This method of getting rid of the rock-materials will be better realised when it is remembered that gold is about eight times as heavy as they are, and mercury between five and six times.

Considerable public interest has been evoked in this country, within the last few months, by the reported discovery of very valuable gold-bearing beds in Wales. There seems every reason to believe that the "find" is a genuine one. There have, however, been so many previous unsuccessful efforts to work similar beds in the Principality, that we shall await with curiosity future details of this recent and, apparently, productive mine.

It may surprise some of our readers to learn how small a quantity of the precious metal will repay the expense of crushing rock and extracting the gold. One ounce to the ton, *i.e.*, slightly more than $\frac{1}{20000}$ part, is considered a quite remunerative yield. Under favourable circumstances as to labour, steam or water power, facilities of transit, etc., it pays to work rock from which not more than seven or eight dwts. of gold per ton can be obtained.

For coinage purposes, pure gold is too soft to resist the wear and tear entailed in the constant handling of money. A small quantity of alloy (copper, silver, etc.) is, therefore, added to improve its hardness. This adulteration, moreover, serves the purpose of preventing the melting down of our coins by refiners, when prices of the pure metal are slightly varying. The reason why our gold-pieces are stamped, and not cast, is that gold, when cooling from the molten state, contracts so much that all sharpness of outline in the moulds would be lost.

We must now say a few words about silver. Many of the properties we have attributed to the metal previously spoken of belong to this one also. Its colour is pleas-

ing to the eye, especially when brightly polished. It is not affected by oxygen. It is hard enough to stand a good deal of friction and wear. Its *ductility* is so great that it may be drawn out into wire not more than $\frac{1}{1000}$ inch in thickness; and its malleability is such that it is said a single grain has been beaten out so as to cover 98 square inches. It is the best known conductor of heat and electricity. It is employed in its pure state in many of the arts, but it is alloyed with a small quantity of copper when coined, or used for articles of plate.

Geologically, its relations are very similar to those of gold. It is found native in the older metamorphic rocks, occurring in threads and strings, in plates and nuggets. Very frequently it forms an alloy with such other metals as gold, platina, copper, and arsenic, but especially with mercury. Most lead-ores also contain silver, often in quantities which pay for extraction. These lead-ores are not confined to the oldest and most altered strata, but occur as high as the carboniferous limestone. They are buried, crushed, amalgamated, smelted, and variously treated, according to the nature of the ore.

The countries yielding the largest quantities of silver are Chili, Peru, Bolivia, Nevada, Colorado, Mexico, Russia, Transylvania, and Spain. The metal has been produced in such superabundance within the last twenty years, that its coinage value has seriously decreased. The Indian rupee was formerly worth 2s.; at the present time it may be bought for 1s. 5d.

There are no silver-mines proper in the United Kingdom, but very appreciable quantities of the metal are obtained from our lead-veins—probably approaching £200,000 in value per annum. Mexico and Peru afford far the largest supplies of any countries in the world. Bishop Watson, in *Chemical Essays*, observes, that by the silver which was produced from the lead mines in Cardiganshire, Sir Hugh Middleton is said to have cleared £2,000 per month, and that this enabled him to undertake the great work of bringing the New River from Ware to London.

"NOWHERE IN PARTICULAR."

By Samuel Gillespie Prout.

"WHERE for, sir?" "Thanks, I'm going nowhere in particular." This very odd announcement, made in a quietly decisive tone of voice, would never have been expected from the speaker, a well-dressed, middle-aged man, with grave, purpose-like features and bearing, standing by his compact, serviceable luggage, on the "Up" platform of a thronged Great Western Station.

The active fellow in invisible green plush, who had asked the question, extending at the same time a hand to take the traveller's portmanteau and rug, gave a rapid, puzzled glance over him, and stood for fully two minutes, briskly rubbing his arm-badge, as though hoping to evolve by friction a spark of conjecture respecting the passenger with such surprisingly vague ideas of Great Western Stations.

"It must have been his fun," but somehow the thought got no support from a face without a suspicion of "fun" in it; and, giving a disparaging quick little jerk of his chin, the perplexed porter caught up a bag that was claiming his attention, and aiding with an extra energetic shove, and "By your leave," a piled barrow that just then came up, was soon too busy at the van of the Up Express Train, too, for further speculations about "that queer gen'lm' as was going nowhere in partic'lar."

"What *did* he mean?" I'm sure I can't tell you; I have no more idea than the porter could get hold of. All I know is, that when our train drew up to the platform, the passenger who was going anywhere, or nowhere, tossed his portmaneau into the carriage in which I took my seat; handed his ticket to be punched, offered me half his rug, and the *Graphic*, and accepted—"A. 1."—and the morning's telegrams. We talked about Bills, and Bishops, and Ironclads, and he bade me good-bye at a junction, the name of which was, I presume, on the ticket he delivered up, as the collector received it without remark. Perhaps it was "his fun" after all, or possibly an aversion to the bestowal of sixpences.

"What a rigmarole! Your travelling companion was slightly eccentric, anyhow." "Yes, I suppose he was; it certainly was a droll thing to say; but, after all, *he had his ticket.*" "Excuse me, we have not, I think, met before, but you did me the favour of speaking. You are, I see, like myself, a traveller. May I take the freedom? Where for?" "Well, one never likes to be too certain about things. We're hoping to go, of course." "*Go where?*" "Oh, you know." "Yes, to be sure, the City Terminus." "Thanks, we're all right, we have our tickets." "You will pardon me, but might I just see them? You *couldn't* have taken your 'Up' tickets that side—it's for the '*Down*' trains." "We are sure you mean most kindly. Thank you *so* much, but it's all *quite* right. Very nice of him, wasn't it? Have you got all your things?"

Your destination? No uncertainty, you hope, about *that*, though you say it yourself, not, you humbly trust, without a due sense of thankfulness. There are few, you believe, better prepared for the journey—and everything carefully labelled—it never does to leave these things to the last. "Got your ticket?" Very rude and abrupt! and you smile on complacently by your pile of handsome, costly bags and wraps.

They're nice enough, but you'll never want all those things on your journey, and, in our Hand-book for the City, you will find this prohibitory rule explicitly and repeatedly laid down, that *nothing may be taken in.* But one thing required, or allowed at the other end, the Free Pass—free to all the penniless travellers—to you and to me; that cost *God* all He had to give. I say, dear young friends, you *must not* stand there, your pleased, uplifted look resting on that neatly packed precious luggage of yours, till the door of His "Now" is shut to, and night gathers on the lonely platform.

Where for? "Oh, only a few streets off." You may have to go a great deal farther. A messenger may meet you ere you reach the first corner, and while your friends are wondering about you, and so miss the capital song you were to have sung, and the flashes of mirth that should have been the light of the evening, you are off with him on the swift, silent journey.

We said just now, none of our nice, beautiful things might go into the City: what have you and I with us, and *upon us?* We think, some of us, "a lot" of our travelling attire,—we would not care to accept the Bible description of it. What do you say? Might we walk unabashed up the golden streets, through thronging white-robed saints and glorious angels, *in what we have on?* Do you, now, really think *your things* would do for Heaven? You answer, quite frankly, No, you are very sure they would not; you never thought of taking them there. But you have to take them *somewhere!* Not a shred can you take into the City,—and you cannot take them off; if you keep them on you till they *are claimed*, they must be taken, where alone, out of earth, they may be worn! What *are* you going to do with them? "A dark look-out for us, that!" There's a wondrous light beyond: Christ is waiting, He is *longing* to take our "filthy" things from us; *our* taking must be to *Him*—His own "in no wise" upon all we bring.

I cannot tell how far on the year-road you will be when you read these words. As I write them, we are passing its first milestone, unreached by millions! Will *our* feet cover the miles beyond, or another furlong, or a few more yards? You *cannot* be "going nowhere in particular"; either your face is towards the Sunless Day, or your sad shadow is lengthening before you into night—in the glory, or in the gloom, each traveller must be met.

Do not, any of you, say, "Yes, I suppose these things are very important; we ought, of course, to think of our souls," in a sort of half-admitting way, as though *that* thinking might come in, among any number of other things which "you know a fellow has got to think about." We have all of us often heard of "The three R's"; shall we have *two* as motto initials for 1888? Real—Ready! You may jumble up and "agitate" the soul-things and the body-things together. You can never make them blend. "These things" are so stupendously, inevitably "real." They are things *by themselves*—no ratio, no comparison *touches* them. They are your things; they are my things. *Not to be* "ready" for all they mean to us, is a thought more unendurably fearful than may be worded by any poor, thin talk of mine. While you are yet on this life-side of that moment when the pulseless hand is laid back, and they whisper, "Yes, gone!" get fast hold of *this* reality, clinched and rivetted by God's great strong "shall," that all the other things—alike earth's bravest, gladdest successes and honours, and its heart and brain-haunting failures — fade out, and are lost in that Eternity, when the amazed soul *knows*, "and *this* is never to end."

Around you, and beyond you, is that vast, solemn mystery of the "For ever." You cannot get from it. You have God's eternal word for it, and, too, for your perfect security, girt round by those dread, unmeasured heights and depths. Make it a *safe mystery*. In the silence, it may be, of your morning awaking, the utter awe, the tremendous realness of it all, comes down on you. "Where for?" Your own soul is asking the question, and will not be denied reply. Have you *really come* to *a real Christ*, who died for *you*, and lives for *you?* In that waking hour, *do* you come? Then you may turn quietly to sleep again, or as calmly rise for the day's labour or danger.

Our hands may not be always clasped, nor our knees bent. These awful souls of ours have their work to do, true, in the body, as in life's outwidening beyond the river, where they shall be differently "clothed upon." We shall not be for ever taking our Through Pass. *It's there.* We know quite well *what is upon it.* It will be given up when it is asked for, in the City's entering. You *have* yours? and you? and you?

TALKS WITH MARRIED FOLK.

THE MANAGEMENT OF INCOME.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

THERE was once a well-to-do married couple. If they had known how to manage their money, they might have been most comfortable, and have had enough and a little over. But they were ambitious,—they tried to appear better off than their neighbours, and they spent just a little more than they possessed. The consequence was they were always miserable, always behind-hand ; and it used to be said of them, that they lived at "Agony Point."

It is to be feared that a good many other married people, besides these, live at "Agony Point" ; yet not all of them wish to surpass their neighbours, or to be extravagant.

The difficulty with most of them is, that what they consider their necessities, are greater than their means will supply. This is an unfortunate state of things, but it is a very common one. The probability is, that if we could compel all the people now living in England to say what they really believe about themselves, we should find that out of every hundred, ninety-nine would say they had to "make do" with less money than they needed. Yet it is evident that the great mass of these people never will have very much more money than they now possess. They may have less ; the income with which they are so discontented may take to itself wings and fly away ; but only one here and there is likely to have more. The remedy for the difficulty, therefore, is not to be found in adding to the sum of money in the world, but rather in persuading the possessors of money to dispose more wisely of what they have.

A clever writer once said that the man who possessed £20 and lived on £19 19*s.* 11*d.*, was happy ; the man who possessed £20 0*s.* 0*d.* and lived on £20 0*s.* 1*d.* was miserable. The idea expressed in this remark suggests the principle on which our own incomes ought to be managed. If we cut our coat according to our cloth, and keep within the mark, we are good managers ; if we decide what sort of coat we ought to have, and should like to have, and then drag the cloth first this way and then the other, to make it stretch up to our pattern, we produce a garment which is a failure, and are bad managers. The great thing is, therefore, to make up our minds what the piece of cloth at our disposal is like, and how much can actually be got out of it, and then not to distress ourselves by trying to get more.

The reason why so many people do not succeed in managing their cloth, is that they never attempt any calculation of this kind. They simply take a snip at the cloth one day, and another snip another day ; sometimes the snip may be a large one, sometimes it may be a small one, as occasion demands ; but the snips continue, until one fine day the discovery is unexpectedly made that no more cloth is left. Then dissatisfaction and disaster are the order of the day.

This is a very mistaken method, or want of method. Even though our supply of cloth be painfully limited, it is wise to cut it out according to pattern. We gain nothing by refusing to accept facts, and, at least, we are in a much more dignified position, if we master facts, instead of letting them master us.

It may be that there are married people reading these pages, who feel that up to now they have not managed their incomes, and that every day makes them more behind-hand in money affairs than they were the day before. If this be so, let me advise these unhappy ones to stop now : to take pencil and paper in hand, and, in my company, if they will permit of my presence on such an occasion, to fairly face the situation bravely ; and let us see if some remedy cannot be found for the mischief that is going on.



"House-rent! Taxes! Gas! and Coal!"

There is, however, one stipulation I must make before beginning the proposed inquiries,—it is, that both husband and wife must take part in it ; for unless this can be arranged, our chance of effecting an improvement in affairs will be very considerably lessened. It is by working together that husbands and wives make much out of little. There are husbands who think that portioning out the money is their business only ; and that what the wife has to do, is humbly to accept what is given to her, and thankfully make the most of it ! Husbands with these ideas may, it is true, get their households managed economically ; but the economy will not be carried out in a cheerful spirit ; and without cheerfulness, economy is most dreary drudgery. When people are compelled to economize, it makes all the difference in the world whether they live *to* economise, or live *and* economise. When husband and wife economise together, economy becomes a detail ; when either husband or wife takes its entire management into their own hands, the partner who is managed is usually discontented, and the partner who manages is in danger of becoming unreasonable and tyrannical.

Husband and wife both being present, therefore, let us commence our inquiry, and try if we can draw up a plan that will work, and can be carried out. Supposing we plan for the next three months. It is no use taking a shorter time than this, because expenses and necessities must vary to a certain extent from week to week, and if we make our calculation for one week only, or one month only, we shall very likely find ourselves in difficulties for the next week, or the next month. The secret of thrift is the habit of looking ahead, and of refusing to live from hand to mouth. When we become more skilful in this business of managing our money affairs, we will take a year at a time, and try if we cannot lay our plans for that ; but at present, until we have gained a little more experience, we will take three months only.

First of all, let us put down on the left-hand side of the piece of paper the sums of money we expect to receive during the period referred to. No matter how much money there is, or how little there is, put it down accurately. If we receive our money by the week, multiply the weekly sum by thirteen, for there are thirteen weeks in three months ; if we receive our money by the quarter, we have nothing to do but put down the lump sum ; if we get our money at uncertain times, or in varying amounts, let us form an idea of what the whole is likely to be, and in this case let the figures written down be under the mark, rather than above the mark, for thus only can we be safe.

Having calculated our income, the next thing to consider is the expenditure. This must be set down on the right side of the page. Let us remember all the payments we have to make, and write them down as they come into our minds ; not caring whether they are in their proper order, because one thing will suggest another, but chiefly anxious lest we should omit any item.

The amounts named, if our calculation is to be of value, must be as close as possible to the actual fact. We must not calculate them too liberally, because we do not intend to be extravagant ; we must not calculate them too narrowly, because we want to ascertain our exact position. Whatever comes, we must be accurate.

When husband and wife work together at a plan of this kind, it is marvellous how complete a statement of expected expenditure may be made. The husband remembers one class of expenses, the wife remembers another, and together they arrive at the truth. Thus the husband will think of house rent, taxes, gas, and coal ; the wife will think of doctor's bills, wages, school expenses, dress. The husband is sure to recollect the amount given per week for the household ; the wife is equally sure to set down railway fares, newspapers, repairs, beer and tobacco, —if money has been spent on such things ; and when both have done what they can, the estimate will be tolerably perfect.

Having written down every expense that is likely to occur, the next business must be to add up the different items together, and see what they come to. If the expenditure column comes below the income column, so far as expenses go, we are on the right side. We may not be spending our money wisely, we may be neglecting claims which we ought to honour, but we are not on the highway to the workhouse for three months, at any rate, and we can look round in comfort.

But if, on the other hand, our expenditure column is higher than our income column, then we must take most energetic action. Some of these amounts must be reduced,

and we have to decide which they are to be. They *must* be reduced, it should be understood. We are not called upon to see *if* anything can be done, we are to choose what *must* be done, first in theory, afterwards in practice. If we are to deserve the respect of others; if we are to keep self-respect; if we are to shake ourselves free from the trammels of anxiety about providing for each day's needs,—trammels which at present threaten to wear us out; trammels which stand in the way of our best thoughts, of our consideration for others, of our mental and moral improvement, of our peace and our freedom,—we must make the items on the right side of the paper come up to a less sum than that on the left side.

It is more than possible that many of the people invited to enter into an inquiry of this sort, and afterwards to lessen their expenditure, would protest against the arbitrariness of the proceedings. Perhaps one of them would say, "The thing is impossible. I cannot plan my income to cover my expenditure, simply because my income is not equal to my needs. My family is large; my children are delicate; I have doctors' bills and school bills, rent, rates, and taxes to pay. What am I to do? If I had just a little more than I now possess, I could draw plans and add columns with the best; but as I am situated at present, I am helpless."

To this individual I should reply: "My dear friend, if you can honestly increase your income, by all means do it; it will be an excellent thing for yourself and your family. Look round at once, and see whether your work cannot be made more profitable; discover whether it is not possible to adopt new and better methods, and, with all my heart, I hope your efforts will be successful. But still I repeat, that unless your income can be increased, or rather, *until* your income can be increased, the sum on the right side of the page must be made less than the sum on the left hand side, or you will be anxious, uneasy, and miserable, you will lose power, honour, and peace of mind.

The lesson of the whole inquiry, therefore, is this: if income exceeds expenditure, one of two courses must be taken—either our money must be made more, or our wants must be made less. If neither of these two courses are taken, and things are left to slide, the result will be financial ruin.

It goes without saying, that schemes for enlarging the income must be formed by the individual, and they will necessarily vary with the station in life, the business capacity, the energy, training, and skill of the person concerned. For these, therefore, no general advice can be given; each one must settle a point of this kind for himself or herself. But it is altogether different with the expenditure side of the account. In ordering this, there are certain rules which have been drawn from experience, acquaintance with which is of the greatest assistance in helping married folk to make the pattern of the household coat lie easily within the supply of cloth to be cut out. These rules hold good, no matter how much the income may be; for it is a curious thing that a majority of the people who get into money difficulties, would be in exactly the same position if their income was doubled. This is not universally the case; it would be most unfair to say it is, because there is no doubt that large numbers, now in difficulties, mean honestly, and do all they can to save, but through no fault of their own they find themselves in a position where demands are made upon them which they cannot meet.

With the majority, however, it is true; and the only way to extricate persons thus situated, is to give them an idea of how to arrive at a better order.

Years ago, when rents were not so high as they now are, it used to be accepted as a truism that married folk who did not wish to "outrun the constable" must never pay more than one-tenth of their income for rent. That means that if the income was £1 5s. a week, the sum paid for rent ought not to exceed 2s. 6d. per week; if the income were £300 a year, the rent ought not to exceed £30 per year. But in these days, when rents are high, it is not always possible to follow this rule implicitly; people have to consider convenience of situation, the size of a house or of apartments, and also suitability from a sanitary standpoint, as well as from the point of rent. Unfortunately, a great many houses in these days are not properly drained, or they are damp and badly built, and it would be no economy to go into a house of this kind, even if we got it for nothing, and had the taxes paid by the landlord. The probability is, if we took such a house, that though we might not pay money, we should have to pay something more precious. Parents would not care for this kind of saving.

With regard to rent, therefore, there must be a certain latitude. At the same time, the aim should be not to pay more than the tenth of the income; and if in certain districts prudent persons are compelled to pay an eighth, or more, then it ought to be acknowledged that the strain has been made, and that there ought to be compensating advantages.

Here we come face to face with the practical difficulty that, for most of those who desire to order their expenditure wisely, the amount of rent to be paid is settled for a period. They find themselves in a house, or in apartments, paying a certain rent, and it would be a greater expense to them to move, and to make a change, than it would be to stay where they are. For these persons economy in rent is impossible; rent and taxes must be looked upon as expenses which are beyond our immediate control. All we can do with regard to it is to hope most earnestly, for the sake of the arrangements we aim at, that rent shall not exceed one-tenth, or at the very outside one-eighth, of our income.

But though rent and taxes are beyond our control, it is very comforting, if we pass our eye over the list of items into which our expenditure is divided, to notice there are several other items which we can deal with as we will. There is abundant scope for the exercise of our powers of good management in the living expenses, or the expenses of the household, as they may be termed—the clothing, the amusements and holidays, the hospitality and charity of the family. There is also opportunity for arrangement in the way of saving and insurance. Indeed, rent and taxes being fixed, if there is to be ecomony effected at all, it must be in one of the directions named. All being well, therefore, I will take these subjects up one by one, and try to give married people a few hints concerning them. These hints will, I hope, tend to throw a little light upon difficulties concerning which a great many people (now walking in the wrong road) would very gladly go right if they only knew how.

Contending for the Truth.—Men will wrangle for religion, fight for it, give for it, yea, even die for it, much sooner than live for it. It is easier to rouse the passions, and excite the feelings, than to quietly suffer and patiently bear.

Withered Hearts and worn-out lives are not the things we ought to offer to our God. The Jew of old was forbidden to bring a lamb blind or damaged as an offering. There is nothing like the fresh, youthful vigour of early life dedicated to the heartiest service of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Honesty is the best policy, so say some; but if a man is only honest from policy, not from principle, he will only be honest when it is his policy not to steal.

Cleanliness is next to Godliness is first quoted in the Talmud as the maxim of a famous Rabbi. The spirit of it is taught in many Scriptures. The two are first cousins that have no connection with the family of dirt and debt.

Why does the same sun harden mud and soften wax? Some of the commonest of facts we cannot understand. Why, then, should we reject higher things equally incomprehensible.

Every person you meet has some knowledge that you have not; the task of the wise is to extract that knowledge for their own benefit and information. There is much learning that can never be found in printed books.

Busy Idlers.—A person may be busy about nothing, and make a great to-do about trifles. They only are busy who are wisely employed. The bee and the butterfly are ever on the wing, but they do not both bring home honey.

Alone.—There is nothing more desolate than to be alone in a crowd, every eye strange, every name unknown, every heart unsympathetic. There are times when man is never less alone than when alone, away from the creature, but shut in with the Creator.

Circumstances.—The majority of men are the creatures of circumstances: few indeed make circumstances the material from which they build their life.

It depends upon the genius and ability of the architect as to what the bricks and mortar are to become. Strong characters build stately mansions, while the weak and feeble look on with a sigh.

Wants.—Some are ruined, not by what they really nced, but by what they think they do. Never go abroad in search of wants; if they be real, they will come home in search of you, and prove their reality by their power.

In all things be sincere; let every word, look, action, desire be honest—that which will stand the light of other men's lanterns.

Everywhere endeavour to be useful, and everywhere you will be welcomed.

LONGING, LOOKING, LEARNING.

THE STORY OF A PAINTER.

By Mrs. Travers Poole.

YEARS ago, there hung in a Roman palace a picture of glorious beauty and immortal fame. It was in the possession of the pope, who admitted visitors to see it on certain days, and the room which contained it was always crowded.

A young painter, living in a back street, struggling towards the light of fame, went daily to gaze upon the picture ; and his soul was refreshed by its beauty as a drooping flower by the dew from heaven. As he gazed, a great longing grew up in his heart to copy it, so that its beauty might always be with him. And yet he often wondered at his presumptuous thought, for he knew any copy of his could only be feeble and poor in comparison with the exquisite original.

Yet the longing grew into an intensity of desire which was painful to bear, so he asked permission to make a copy of the picture. A stern and peremptory refusal met his request. No man on earth should copy that precious picture, and it should live through ages incomparably alone !

The young artist retired, repulsed, but not discouraged. Copy it he *must*, and *would*. It had become his dream, his love, his life ; day and night its beauty haunted him, and he felt that his yearning soul must perish if it were denied him. He prayed God for guidance, and so praying the inspiration came !

And this is what he did :—

Day by day he wended his way to the door of the Vatican, waiting until it opened, coming early, leaving last, and kneeling before the picture, he gazed upon it until its fair beauty filled his eyes and soul. People watched him and mocked him, but he neither saw nor heard them. The picture grew into him, and became part of himself ; and one day he hurried home, up to the studio where his easel stood, and with eyes in which the outlines of the picture were still imprinted, and a hand that seemed nerved with new and magic power, he began to paint. Only the general outline at first, the grand broad proportion of the whole ; then, as daylight faded, and the starlit night bade him cease his labour of love, he rested and dreamed of the picture. With morning light he was back again at the Vatican gazing, and then at home reproducing, bit by bit, unweariedly, patiently, the minutiæ that made up the whole.

At last he gained his end. Each fresh day's look corrected the last day's faults ; and as he toiled, his power grew, and his hidden genius blazed forth, kindled by the torch of love. Each look made his eye keener and truer, his judgment finer, his perception deeper. Each look revealed to him fresh beauty in the picture. Yes ; and though every day the conviction fastened itself more strongly on him that he *never* could make a *perfect* copy, yet this knowledge never deterred him from trying to do so, but rather urged him forward.

Months passed on, and in the humble studio of the Roman artist there stood at last such a wonderful copy of the treasured Vatican picture that men who saw it spread its fame, and could not rest until they had seen for themselves the glorious original.

A thought for you and me ! The germ thought of a grand truth. Souls that have seen Jesus, the fair, sweet picture of the Father's face, must represent Him. The indwelling Spirit longs to let the image, which is stamped on a true Christian's soul, shine out in eternal colours for the world to admire. But only as we *look* to Him, daily kneeling at His feet, and gazing up into His blessed face, do we gain the power to reproduce His fair beauty. Only thus are we filled with love to Him, and with longing to make Him known to men. And although, strive as we may, the work is imperfect, and the colours dim, we are not discouraged. Daily "looking unto Jesus," we gain power, skill, courage and love, consumed by the one desire to be "like Him." By-and-by, when earth-work is over, and we stand face to face with Him, we shall forget the mistakes and the failures and false colours in our picture of the Christ, and shall be eternally "satisfied when we awake in His likeness."

OF INTEREST TO YOUNG MEN.

SINCE the revival of missionary zeal in the English Universities, and the consecration of such noted athletes as Mr. Studd, to mission work in China, it is most pleasing to note the closer connection between religion and athletics, and this is especially noticeable in the United States.

Undoubtedly much is due to the American College Y.M.C.A.'s, which have a membership of 14,000, in creating and fostering a Christian spirit among the students, and to Professor Drummond's recent visit to Yale, and its outcome in the Sunday evening evangelical meetings for College students held in New York, under the leadership of Mr. Stagg, the famous baseball pitcher. Mr. Stagg is librarian of the Y.M.C.A. at Yale, and is very active in the work of the Association.

The best "back" football player Yale ever had is a Minister in Connecticut, while his fellow "back" in the '80 team was drowned in saving a child's life, just as he was finishing his theological studies. At Amherst and Princeton Universities, as well as at the University of Pennsylvania, the prominent athletic leaders are, many of them, leaders also in Christian activity. The aggressive Christian spirit of a few leaders in scholarships and athletics, does much to shape the attitude of a College generation towards religion. The younger classes, especially, are greatly influenced towards thoughtful and earnest consideration of the claims of Christ, by the example of the Christian leaders in the Class-room and on the athletic field.

The offences committed by the teetotal soldiers of the Indian Army, as compared with those of the non-abstainers, are declared to be as one to forty.

The military marriage in France is a serious affair. Any officer wishing to marry must inform his superior of his intentions. The declaration is forwarded to head-quarters, and placed before the Minister of War, who orders an investigation of the moral character and pecuniary qualifications of the young lady concerned. She must be of irreproachable moral character, and have a fortune of £400 a year. The conditions being fulfilled, the marriage can proceed.

Silent Force. — Some of the most powerful agencies in the moral and physical world are silent or invisible,—the wind, electricity, thought, love, light, heat, the eye, emotion. Oh that we realised more than we do the power and majesty of things unseen !

Y.M.C.A. ITEMS.

The Y.M.C.A. at Ballyclare has started a tract distribution band.

Mr. William Bright has been elected Hon. Secretary of the Kingstown Y.M.C.A.

The Membership of the Belfast Y.M.C.A. is steadily increasing : 1,450 Members are now enrolled.

The young Associations are making good progress. The Y.M.C.A. at Clonmel has added 34 Members to the roll during the past year, and the Lurgan Y.M.C.A. has increased its Membership from 26 to 58.

The Association at Holywood, which was organized last November, has been steadily increasing in numbers, until the Membership roll now stands at 60. The work is carried on in a room in the Town Hall, rented by the Association.

American Y.M.C.A. News.

One thousand eight hundred and fifty young men have joined the New York Y.M.C.A. Branch of the White Cross Army.

A few Members of the Coldwater, Mich., Y.M.C.A. have rented a pew in one of the churches of that town for the use of not only themselves, but of any young men who may come there to attend service. A good plan !

The Philadelphia Y.M.C.A. has started an althletic club.

THE GRUMBLER'S BOOK.

TO all persons who are inclined to grumble, we recommend the adoption of a plan that was instituted some time ago at one house, viz., to have a "Grumbler's Book." All who felt inclined to grumble, instead of doing it audibly or visibly, to the annoyance of others, had to write the cause of grievance in the book, which was inspected every Saturday night, and, where practicable, the evil was redressed by unanimous consent.

It was astonishing how few entries were made, and how small the grievances seemed when read over. On the spur of the moment little troubles seemed very big, and for the time they magnified themselves wonderfully ; but when the book was opened, they had to a great extent disappeared, and the folly of registering little annoyances was self-evident, especially when they had to reappear at the end of the week.

We therefore say to all, keep a "Grumbler's Book," and allow no one to grumble without entering it in your ledger.

ANSWER TO SQUARE SCRIPTURE PUZZLE,

GIVEN IN OUR NUMBER FOR FEB. 11TH.

BEGIN at the W in the right hand corner, and read round and round till it ends in the middle. "Whoso eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day" (John 6. 54).

WANTED—THE ANSWER.

ANSWER.

"To Let"—bill in window.

"Toilet"—which takes its place when the house is let.

The Riddle to which the above is the answer, was given in our Number for Feb. 25th.

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

ANSWERS.

"Petersfield."—The water we use for drinking and culinary purposes holds in solution a certain amount of air, and frequently of carbonic acid. These gaseous ingredients seem to have some influence in bringing out the flavour of tea. By continued exposure to a high temperature, they are entirely driven out of the liquid. Hence it is not advisable to render soft by long boiling, the water which is to be used for making tea.

S. S. Teacher.—The "Sunday School Teacher's Manual," by W. H. Groser, B.Sc. (Sunday School Union, 2s. 6d.), can be strongly recommended. Various methods of teaching are described, advice given respecting useful books, etc., etc.

Ignoramus.—Ship-money was the name given to a tax originally levied on maritime counties and ports for the equipment of a navy. John Hampden's patriotic resistance, in 1637, to the attempt of Archbishop Laud to impose the tax on the country at large, roused the nation to resist the general oppression exercised by Charles and his advisers.

Botheration.—"Kyrie Eleison" is "Κύριε ἐλέησον," two Greek words, signifying, "Lord, have mercy."

The Proverb.—"A word to the wise is sufficient" is at least 2,000 years old. It is found in the *Phormio* of Terence, which was written about 160 B.C. The same comedy also contains the saying, "Fortune favours the brave."

History.—For the general reader, Green's "Short History of the English People" cannot be excelled.

A Reader of "A.1."—Many thanks for following out so promptly the suggestion lately given, and sending us the names and addresses of six young men who would like to see our Paper. Specimen copies have been forwarded to each.

Violet.—Assuming that there is no rule requiring you to travel second class, you are quite justified (although second class fare is allowed) in travelling third class.

Bankers' Clearing House.—An exchange of cheques drawn on the different banks takes place daily in London at the Clearing-house. To this place the bankers send all the cheques which have been paid into their banks during the day, and exchange them for cheques of a corresponding value drawn upon their own banks. In this way £2,000,000,000 of cheques are annually exchanged, whilst to effect this exchange no specie whatever is required. Formerly, after the exchange of cheques, all differences were settled by cash payments, but this custom is now discontinued, and the differences are settled by an account kept at he Bank of England, called "the account of the Clearing Bankers." The balance for or against each bank on the day's transactions is entered in this account, and thus one entry *per diem* suffices for each bank.

How to Prepare Rabbit-skins.—"The inside of them is generally first 'tawed' (dressed) by the application of a solution of alum. They are next well dressed over, and rubbed with hot plaster of Paris or whiting, and are lastly thoroughly dried and brushed clean. When it is desired to change or modify their colour, the grease being removed by lime water or a weak soda lye, they are stretched out on a table or board, and the ordinary liquid mordants and dyes are applied hot by means of a painter's brush."

"Freedom of the City," what does this mean, and what are the benefits in connection?—The position of Freeman of the City of London is obtainable in several distinct ways: (1) by birthright; (2) by service of apprenticeship; and (3) by "redemption," that is, by order of the court of aldermen, and payment of a fine; or by complimentary gift. The right to the position "simply gave the right to trade." But in early times this was a right of great consequence, for only freemen (at first contra-distinguished from villains) could belong to a trading body; thus the Associations of freemen known as Trading Guilds and Livery Companies soon acquired a monopoly of trade, and admission to a Company, though it did not make a man a freeman, was evidence of his being one. And even by so recent a document as the Charter of Charles I., it is declared that a person must be a freeman of London to be entitled to carry on merchandise there; only the freeman "who became a resident householder, and took the Livery of his Company, entered into full enjoyment of his civic rights."

It will thus be seen that there was a distinction between a citizen and a freeman: citizens were freemen living within the city. Accordingly, the custom of London is described to have been, not only that those who were born and inheritable in the city by descent, were to be citizens, but also those who were resident and taxable at act and let, which, coupled with other requisites of the common law (viz., that they should be of free condition, would be sworn and enrolled, and be householders), contained all the qualifications of a free citizen and law-worthy man.

The third mode of obtaining freedom (redemption) was frequently abused for political and mercantile purposes; and restrictions, especially in the reign of George II., were put upon the liberty of thus granting freedom to aliens and strangers. The full civic powers include many rights, such as the having separate sheriffs and separate courts, into which we cannot more particularly enter. At the present day, to be presented with "the Freedom of the City" is rather a mark of honour than anything else.

Inexperience: Proportions of Tartaric Acid and carbonate of soda in baking powder, and if these two are the only ingredients? Baking powder is a compound of two parts of rice flour with one part of a mixture of tartaric acid and bicarbonate of soda.

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

By Rev. J. H. THORPE, M.A.

MARCH 18TH.

THE SON REJECTED.—*Matt.* 21. 33-46.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*John* 1. 11.

I. *God asks us for what we are able to give Him.*

These husbandmen were asked for the fruits. Now see (1) They had been put in a place prepared, having every facility for the production of fruit; (2) and the inference is not that they had no *ability*, but that they had no *will* to render the lord of the vineyard his due. If we have the true desire to serve God, He will take care that we have the ability to do so.

II. *See the perverseness of evil men.*

The different messengers sent ought to have impressed them with sense of their lord's kindness, but it was turned by them into an argument that if they got off so often they would get off always.

III. *See what persistence in sin leads to.*

More and greater sin of the same kind. Sinning is like running down a hill; the farther down you go, the faster you go, and sometimes you end your race by *a bad fall.*

IV. *See the patience of God.*

Why is God so patient? Because He desires sinners to be saved. He willeth not the death of a sinner. But mark, there is a point beyond which it will not go—the rejection of His well-beloved Son.

V. *See the power of conscience.*

Ver. 45: "They perceived that He spake of them." A guilty conscience needs no accuser. Truth and conscience are to each other like the positive and negative electric poles. Conscience may be lulled to sleep, but the voice of truth can awake it.

VI. *See what excellent judges men often are of other people's sins.*

See ver. 41—Yet we should remember that ten thousand of the greatest faults in our neighbour are of less consequence to us than one of the smallest in ourselves.

INTERESTING incidents since last lesson: Night at Bethany; Walk back to Jerusalem; Withering of the Fig-tree; Questions about John the Baptist; Parable of the two Sons.

Describe 1st, THE PARABLE.

(*a*) *The Landlord.* "A certain householder." Unlike some, he was *generous in expenditure; thoughtful in arrangements.* "Went into a far country," not implying a great distance, but went forth. Luke says "for a long time;" did not wish to spy upon them. A *trust* and a *test.*

(*b*) *The Vineyard.* A very common thing to Christ's hearers. "The table-lands of Judah is the true climate of the vine" (Stanley). A peep into the vineyard. "Digged a winepress," literally "hewed," so we gather the vineyard was on a rocky slope. Such winepresses still found. "The tower." For storage, residence, and look-out.

(*c*) *The Tenants.* "Husbandmen." Vinedressers.

(*d*) *The Rent.* To be paid in fruit. "It is the system known in India as ryot-rent; the cultivator undertakes to give the owner a certain fixed quantity yearly, from the produce of the farm."—*Arnot.*

(*e*) *The Collectors.* First, servants. The *dishonesty* of the husbandmen; wanted the vineyard for nothing. Their *cruelty.* Second demand. Third Collector—the Landlord's Son. His murder. The tenants' plot.

(*f*) *The Ejectment.* Turned out, punished.

2nd. THE MEANING OF THE PARABLE.

The Landlord—God.

The Vineyard—Canaan. God's wondrous blessings and plans.

The Tenants—The children of Israel.

The Rent—Isaiah 5. 2. Fruits of righteousness. John 15. 14.

The Collectors—Prophets and Christ.

The Ejectment—Fall of Jewish kingdom. Rom. 2. 8, 9.

3rd. THE PURPOSE OF THE PARABLE.

To get the priests and elders to condemn themselves, as Nathan did David (2 Sam. 12. 5).

To show them the selfishness and wickedness of their own conduct.

To warn them of their fall (ver. 43).

To prove the futility of their designs (vers. 42 and 44).

4th. THE LESSONS FOR *us* FROM THE PARABLE.

Our sphere in life is our vineyard.

We each have our particular work to do in the vineyard.

The Lord requires fruit from us.

To reject Christ means ejection from happiness.

Christ's triumph is sure in spite of all opposition.

Illustration.—It is said that when Solomon's Temple was building, all the stones were brought from the quarry ready cut. Amongst them was a very curious one, apparently unfit for any place. They tried it at this wall, but it would not fit, and at that, but it could not be accommodated, and so in anger they threw it away. The Temple was so many years in building that this stone became covered with moss, and grass grew around it. Everybody laughed at it, and felt quite sure it was good for nothing. The eventful day came when the Temple was to be opened, and the multitude was assembled to see the grand sight. The builders said, "Where is the top-stone?" "Where is the pinnacle?" They little thought where the crowning marble was, until some said, "Perhaps that stone which the builders rejected is meant to be the top-stone!" They then took it and hoisted it to the top of the house, and as it reached the summit, they found it well adapted to the place. Loud hosannas made the welkin ring, as the stone which the builders refused thus became the head-stone of the corner. —*Spurgeon.*

C. SKINNER.

Y.M.C.A. BIBLE CLASS LESSONS.

MARCH 18TH.

THE PALSIED MAN.—*Mark* 2. 1-12.

CONTRAST Christ's conduct with that of the worldly ambitious. Christ withdrew from Capernaum to *subdue* popular excitement in His favour. Yet when He returns, it is rekindled. Many try by various arts to promote it, and yet fail.

"It was noised that He was in the house." But *He* did not noise it. He did not advertise Himself.

When Christ is in the house it will soon be known.

"Straightway many were gathered together." This shows "how to reach the masses." Christ is sufficient attraction.

"He preached the Word unto them." Christ did not repel them—did not send them empty away.

Those who gather round Christ will always get something from Him.

"They come unto Him, bringing one," etc. It is a good work to bring others to Jesus. By prayer, faith, loving counsel and guidance this may be done now. *Four* men bring the sick one. *United* effort.

"When they could not come nigh," etc. They did not give it up. They were determined to get what they came for. Earnest faith rises above all obstacles. Love is infectious. "Where there's a will there's a way." God delights in earnestness. The one object of these men was to get the man into the presence of Christ, and they did not rest till they had accomplished it.

"When Jesus saw *their* faith." Note the word "*their.*" See how the faith of friends may prevail.

Faith honours God and God honours faith.

"Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." Christ, like a wise Physician, goes to the root of the disease and removes that first. *Soul* first, then body. Christ gave more than they asked for: and He gave the *best* first.

"But there were certain of the scribes," etc. Sour, cynical critics. Heresy hunters. Men bent on finding fault.

His servants often have to endure captious criticism.

Verse 7 expresses a sound sentiment, though used as the basis of a wrong inference.

A word against Popish priestcraft.

Verse 8. See how Christ read their hearts. Compare Heb. 4. 12, 13. A proof of Christ's deity.

By the display of power in the *visible* realm, Christ gave proof of His power in the *invisible.*

Had Christ been only man, it *would* have been blasphemy to pronounce absolution. But He does not retract or recede. Mark the strength of His assertion. The calm deliberation with which He makes and maintains it.

A helpless paralytic becomes a means of glorifying God. He was a living proof of Divine power. So ought Christians to be.

"Seeing the man that was healed standing with them they could say nothing against it."

JAMES L. STANLEY.

I. A *group* of miracles and incidents at CAPERNAUM (ver. 1).

1. Christ healed Simon's wife's mother of a fever (Matt. 8. 14).
2. Heals the man with unclean spirit (Mark 1. 21–28).
3. Matthew is called from the receipt of custom (Matt. 9. 9.
4. Wrought miracle on the Centurion's servant (Matt. 8. 5–13).
5. Taught disciples lesson of humility with a child (Mark 9. 35).
6. Gave the wonderful discourse on the Bread of Life (John 6. 24–59).
7. Cured the man sick of the palsy (Matt. 9. 1; Mark 1).

II. *A gathered company* (ver. 2). The power and centre of attraction was Christ and His Word. "Where the word of a king is there is power."

III. *A grand contrivance* (vers. 3, 4). Four men bringing one to Christ. We shall give these four men names, and the names illustrate what we need as workers in seeking to bring souls to Christ. First, Mr. Faith; second, Mr. Sympathy; third, Mr. Prayer; and fourth, Mr. Perseverance.

IV. *A grievous case.* "Man sick of the palsy." Different diseases illustrate sin under different aspects. Leprosy illustrates the pollution of sin; blindness, the darkening effect of sin; and palsy the deadening effect of sin. The man sick of the palsy illustrates the helplessness of the sinner to save himself.

V. *A gracious cure* (ver. 5). All blessing, temporal and spiritual, flows to us on the ground of atonement. Christ's work is the basis of all blessing; His power is the procurer of all benefits, and His love and grace are the cause of our liberty and gain. Pardon for the past, peace in the present, and power for the future come from Him.

VI. *Glorious consequences.* (1) The man's sins were forgiven. (2) His palsy was gone. (3) He took up His bed and walked. (4) The multitude glorified God. This is the result, in a spiritual sense, of Faith in Christ. Forgiveness of sins is followed by freedom from sin's power, walking in newness of life, in following in the steps of Christ; and the power of Christ is seen by others.

VII. *Grumbling Cavillers* (vers. 6, 7). As in every audience, there was a variety of hearers. There were the scribes with their reasonings, and the multitude with their wonderment. Reasoners have not died out yet, and men still bring their thoughts in opposition to the word of Christ.

Sunderland. F. E. MARSH.

THE WORKHOUSE BOY WHO BECAME A GREAT AUTHOR.

By F. Burton Irving.

Part II.

IN 1827 Kitto left England for Malta, where he superintended the Church Missionary Society's printing presses, and also assisted them in the preparation of tracts ; but he only remained at this work for eighteen months, when he left the Society, as they objected to his studying so much.

He returned to England, much dispirited, and purposing never to leave its shores again ; but a special sorrow led him to accept the invitation of Mr. Groves to accompany him abroad, in the capacity of tutor to his two little boys. He was now twenty-five, and this opening proved another link in the providence of God ; for while he taught his pupils, he perfected his own education, and the combined advantages of travel, and a residence in the East for four years, qualified him for those works of Biblical illustration which made him so useful and famous.

In 1832, Kitto's employment as a tutor being at an end, he returned home. One of his fellow-passengers, a Mr. Shepherd, who died on the voyage, charged Kitto to deliver some memorials to the lady to whom he was engaged. He fulfilled the commission immediately after he landed ; one interview led to another, until intimacy ripened into love, and on the 21st of September, 1833, he was married to Annabella Fenwick. At this time he won a livelihood by writing for the "Penny Magazine," for a remuneration of £18 per month. Still, he had not found his niche, though he was near it. Mr. Knight, the enterprising publisher, thought of bringing out an "Annotated Bible." Kitto prepared a specimen, which gave such satisfaction, that he was entrusted with the entire work. It was commenced in 1835, and finished in 1838, being issued in monthly parts, and proved popular from the beginning. While writing this, Kitto received £250 a year ; the labour occupied him sixteen hours a day. How true is the proverb : "No pains, no gains." How many there are who covet honour and reward, and never pause to calculate the price that must be paid for it. Think of the incessant brain-work, which only left eight hours out of the twenty-four at his own disposal, for sleep and recreation ; think, too, of the close previous study, which gave him the facility to write with ease and clearness. In 1849, when the Standard Edition was published, which required special attention, besides some thousands of new notes, he received £600 in payment.

His responsibilities being over in connection with the "Pictorial Bible," Kitto went with his family for a holiday to Plymouth, the place of his birth.

After a rest of three weeks, he returned to his daily toil, finding, as all true workers find, that his "enjoyments grew out of his employments." He generally rose at four o'clock, the alarum first rousing his wife, who in turn woke her husband. He dressed at once, went into the study, prepared himself a cup of tea by means of a spirit-lamp, and then worked till breakfast. After that meal was over, he worked again till one, then paused for dinner. The business of writing letters, correcting for the press, and various other duties held him till tea-time, when he emerged for a little while from the study, but soon "returned to his desk, writing till towards ten, and reading till eleven." Out-door life, amusements, and company were crowded out of his laborious days ; for when a little leisure came, it was spent with his children.

His wife was one with him in everything, her good sense enabling her to see plainly the work to which her husband was called ; so she never permitted his literary toil to be broken in upon in any way, and it was her proud boast "that during twenty-one years of married life, she never spent ten separate hours from him in visiting."

Kitto's home was a very happy one to every inmate, and his poor, much-tried mother found there a peaceful shelter for the evening of her days. His children had quick ears and busy tongues ; and when they discovered that no sound, however loud, attracted their father's attention, or caused him to lift his eyes from his book, they soon learned, by imitation, to talk to him upon their fingers.

These halcyon days were not to last. The publishing house with which Kitto had now been connected for so long, fell into money difficulties, and he was suddenly cut off from remunerative labour. At first he lived upon his savings ; then he was reduced, till he had to part with some of his books, to sell his house, and remove with his wife and four children from London to cheap quarters in Surrey. Trade was dull, booksellers not inclined to new ventures ; so for twelve months he had no employment. For the next few years he only obtained occasional employment ; and but one work demands our notice—the "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," which he edited in two volumes, and which appeared with the letters D.D. and F.S.A. after Kitto's name. Honour came to him, though not riches, for he was the first English layman who received a theological degree.

Other works followed, but he only reaped a very inadequate remuneration ; the discipline of suffering, the battle for bread, was telling sorely upon his health ; but the cloud had a golden side, for his spiritual nature was renewed continually ; he cared less for the "solidities of knowledge," and began his best and latest work, "Daily Bible Illustrations," with a mind keenly alive to Divine harmonies. During its composition, his working day was from 4 a.m. to 9 p.m., with hardly any interval, even for bodily needs. The first series, now dedicated to the Queen, was finished in 1850, and Kitto received a grant of £100 a year, "on account of useful and meritorious literary works."

In 1851, there were signs of the beginning of the end. Kitto still wrote, but he had to shorten his hours of toil ; his head was often in agony, to bend it caused excruciating pain. However, the brave man worked on, toiling alike for the world's good and his family's.

In 1852 the bad symptoms were intensified, and the long-shunned exercise of walking was ordered by the physician as the best means for restoration. Ten children were now dependent on him, and for their sakes he tried the remedy ; it gave relief, but that was all. Sorrows thickened ; a dear child died ; Kitto's health grew worse. The doctor said plainly, "If you mean to live, you must work less." After awhile, he urged him to lay aside all toil, and to give his overwrought brain rest. The reply was emphatic : "No ; I must finish the work for which I have had the money ; and if I knew I should die with the pen in my hand, I would go on as long as the Lord permitted."

He continued to work amidst pain and weariness, till he had completed his design ; when he thanked God, who had lent him power to write, even the last sentence. It was finished at night ; on the next morning he had an attack of paralysis. The body was shattered, but the spirit triumphed. He said to a friend : "I know that all must be for eventual good, though it be by ways I should not prefer, or that I should even wish to avoid." The purifying process went on ; in less than a month he lost his youngest and eldest children. The family were then in Germany, hoping that the change would benefit Kitto. Vain hope ; his work was done ; for him, "the less of earth, the earlier immortality." The hour had come when he must die, to find in another world the rest he had been denied in this. He fell asleep on the 23rd of November, 1854, and was buried beside his two children, in the churchyard of Cannstatt.

His life was not lived in vain ; for besides the books he wrote—books which contain a rich legacy of suggestive thought for this and for succeeding generations—his example shows how perseverence and a determined will triumphed over the rocky barriers of untoward circumstances.



MAR. 17, 1888. ONE PENNY.

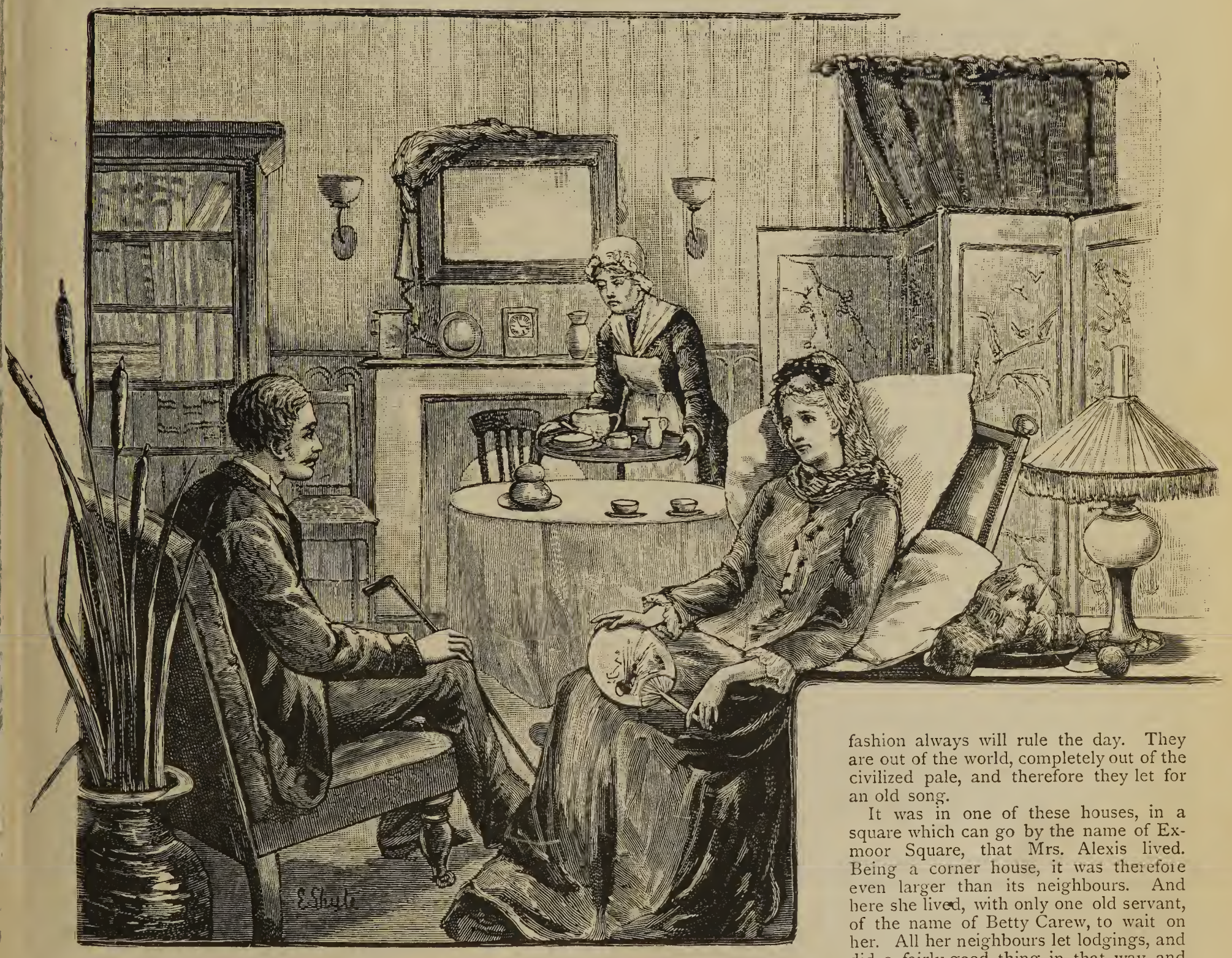
"A.1."

WEEKLY—Edited by MRS STEPHEN MENZIES.

THAT HOUSE IN LONDON.

By L. T. MEADE,

Author of "Scamp and I," "A Knight of To-day," "Great St. Benedict's," "The O'Donnells of Inchfawn," "Water Gipsies," etc., etc.



"'How is it you have sustained this serious loss?'"

CHAPTER VI.

THERE are squares and squares of handsome houses at the back of Bloomsbury, which are now almost forgotten of men. Half the houses stand empty, half of them are let out in lodgings, all of them are dirty, grey, gloomy and dilapidated. But they are well built, and they each of them contain many and large rooms; the entrance-halls are wide and noble, the stairways broad, the stairs shallow. The houses have great drawing-rooms and other lofty reception rooms, and some of the ceilings are exquisitely moulded, with rare devices of fruit and birds and flowers. The old forsaken houses would fetch a large rent, and be much esteemed in a fashionable locality; but fashion always will rule the day. They are out of the world, completely out of the civilized pale, and therefore they let for an old song.

It was in one of these houses, in a square which can go by the name of Exmoor Square, that Mrs. Alexis lived. Being a corner house, it was therefore even larger than its neighbours. And here she lived, with only one old servant, of the name of Betty Carew, to wait on her. All her neighbours let lodgings, and did a fairly good thing in that way, and the more thriving ones managed to fill their spacious rooms from cellar to attic, and did something more in the way of gain than simply cover their rent.

Mrs. Alexis never let lodgings; she knew none of her neighbours, and only went out of doors once a week, on Sunday morning, when, in a black silk dress, black satin cloak, and black satin bonnet, she walked slowly, accompanied by Betty, to the nearest church. Betty carried her Bible and Prayer-Book and

her umbrella, and sat at the other end of a square pew which Mrs. Alexis occupied, and which she never shared with any member of the congregation, Betty excepted.

Of course a woman who kept herself so much to herself could scarcely expect to be popular. Mrs. Alexis was spoken of by the neighbours as a proud, stuck-up thing; some people even hinted that she must have a dark history, to keep so very quiet. But they all agreed that she was rich—that she was very rich—and they respected her and envied her accordingly.

On this particular evening, after a harassing and most anxious day at his office work, Kenneth Graham started out to keep his appointment with Mrs. Alexis. He was to have tea with her at six o'clock, and after the worries and annoyances of the day, he looked forward to a few hours spent in the presence of his old friend with a sense of relief.

Mrs. Alexis, in black satin bonnet, with veil drawn well down over her face, hurrying to church as the neighbours saw her, was not at all the same woman as the gentle, sweet little lady who now rose to meet Kenneth, and, stretching out two daintily mittened little hands, gave him a hearty welcome.

"My dear boy, what an age it is since we have met! I'm very pleased to see you. It was very good of you to come on receipt of my note. I daresay you considered the old woman a worry, but still you came, and it was good of you. To see you gives me pleasure. Now sit down in that easy chair, and make yourself comfortable."

Kenneth obeyed. The great room was cosy, with a roaring fire and gas-light; a reading-lamp, with a soft golden shade, stood on a little table near Mrs. Alexis. The centre table was spread with a cloth of the whitest and finest damask; a tea-service of the rarest old china further graced the board; tea, bread of different kinds, honey, new laid eggs, muffins and crumpets, and other varieties of hot cakes further filled the table; and just then Betty appeared with a dish of hot sausages and potatoes. Kenneth heaved quite a sigh of relief.

"It's very good indeed to see you again, Aunt Judy," he said.

"Ah! that's right, my boy; you have not forgotten the playful old name. Don't you remember how angry you used to make Jonas when you called me by it long ago?"

"I remember everything that happened long ago," answered Kenneth. "Are you quite well, Aunt Judy?"

"My dear, I am very far from quite well; but we will come to that presently. I am an old pilgrim, my dear, not far from the end. So much the better. I have had many troubles, and am tired of the journey. Now come and have some tea, Kenneth. You don't look well; you have lost——"

"What, Aunt Judy?"

"I can't tell you. Something—your youth, perhaps; no, you are still young; your strength—you always were a strong lad, Kenneth, and you are strong still; your gladness. Oh, we are very weak folk if we can't do without that. I know, I know, my dear; you must get it back as quickly as possible. The loss you have sustained will absolutely cripple you in life, and you must get it back at once."

"Aunt Judy, you quite raise my curiosity. What awful calamity do you think has befallen me?"

"Help yourself to some of those nice sausages and potatoes, Kenneth. Have some tea? Betty, bring in the tea-pot. My dear, we will have tea first, and then go into all these minutiæ. I have sent for you because I want to talk business with you. Do you quite understand?"

"Yes."

"And I want you to confide in me. Your mother was one of my greatest friends, and I have always cared for you, Kenneth, particularly since poor, poor Jonas went away. Now make a good tea. Do you like that brown bread? It is home-made."

When Kenneth left his office in Seymour Street, he was depressed, and suffering from a violent headache. He thought he could not eat, and shuddered at a friend's suggestion to accompany him to a neighbouring restaurant. Now, however, so soothed was he by the pleasant atmosphere, which always surrounded gentle Mrs. Alexis, that he made a capital meal, his headache vanished, his eyes grew bright, and his spirits rose.

"Oh, it is a relief to come to see you," he said, suddenly. "I've been almost worried to death to-day. Oh, nothing—only business worries; but your room, after the atmosphere of Seymour Street, is so perfectly peaceful. I had a headache, and it has gone. I must thank you for inviting me, dear old friend."

"You know, Ken, you can always come; there is always a place at my board for you, and that easy chair looks much more comfortable to me when you are filling it. Now Betty shall clear away, and we will get to our business talk. I have some very important matters to consult you about."

"Nothing wrong, I hope," said Kenneth, when the old servant at last left them alone; "I mean, no bad news of Jonas?"

"I have not heard from Jonas,—I have not had a line from him for fifteen years. Kenneth, we won't talk of Jonas just yet; it upsets me. I have a great deal to say to you, but, first of all, I want to hear all about yourself. How is it, my dear boy, that you, a young man—of—oh, yes, I know your age—you are just seven-and-twenty—how is it you have sustained this serious loss?"

"Now, Aunt Judy, don't be so enigmatical. What have I lost?"

"Hope, my dear boy,—hope. You are like a goodly ship tossed about on a great ocean, without rudder or compass. It pains me, Kenneth, for I have always thought well of you. At seven-and-twenty a man is, indeed, to be pitied who has to go through the world without hope."

Graham had been feeling a slight degree of returning cheerfulness; now he sighed deeply, changed colour, and moved uneasily on his seat.

"Every man has to bear his own burden," he said tersely, "and some sores hurt by being touched."

"And yet they must be treated to be healed," said Mrs. Alexis. "Kenneth, you must tell me your story. I was your mother's friend. I must and will know what has wrought this change in you."

"Oh, just the usual thing, Aunt Judy,—just what almost every fellow has got to go through, only I am fool enough to feel it more than some."

"What salary are you now drawing, Kenneth?"

"Two hundred and twenty a year."

"Come, that is not so bad. You are not in debt?"

"Not a penny."

"Better still. Your mother was very fond of you, Ken,—you were such a nice, bright, handsome fellow, and so winsome and so gay. Your poor mother! she would not know you to-night. For your mother's sake, I trust, I pray, I hope you are taking up no bad habits."

Graham coloured.

"Ask for my character at the office," he said; "they will give me a good one; you must be content with that."

"So I will, so I will. Kenneth, you ought to marry."

"What! on two hundred and twenty a year?"

"I married on less, long ago; a little bit of privation does young folk no harm. Kenneth, look me in the face. A girl is at the bottom of all this trouble."

"I would rather not talk about it, Aunt Judy."

"Forgive me, but I would rather you did. Kenneth, you cannot absolutely refuse to answer your mother's friend when she asks you a few questions. Is there a girl in the case?"

"Yes."

"Is she married?"

"No."

"Is she engaged to another man?"

"No."

"Have you told her that you care for her?"

"Aunt Judy, I can only tell you that the case is absolutely hopeless,—she is not for me. Please, and because you are my mother's friend, do not torture me."

"My boy, I could cry to give you any more pain, but I must ask a few questions. Have you any reason to believe that this girl returns your affection?"

"I—I have not asked her."

"Kenneth, don't equivocate. You can tell without words."

"I did hope for the best, but everything is changed now."

"Well, you have got to tell me why."

"Well, Aunt Judy, you will have it. Here are the mere facts. Her name is Kate Kennedy; she is twenty. I have known her for six months. I met her six months ago, at a musical party; she played and sang. I loved her from the moment we met. She was a poor girl, and very brave; she was a teacher in a school, and she also gave music lessons. Her father and mother were dead, and she had the care of, and half supported, three very silly step-sisters. Kate was poor, and I worked very hard, and I thought when I had three hundred a year, I might venture to speak to her. I fancied, too, that she would not give me an unfavourable answer. A month ago we met, and she told me that she had been left a fortune. It came—well, as a blow."

"Yes, Kenneth; go on, my poor boy."

"She was left £30,000 by an old uncle, who had never done anything for her while he lived. It seemed to put her above me, and beyond me, at once. Much as I loved her, I could not have it said that I married my wife for her money. I tried to put the thought of her away from me; I resolved not to go near her; I—I——"

"Oh, yes, Kenneth, you did just what any other young man would have done in your position,—any right-minded, honourable young man. Go on, my dear boy."

"I meant well, Aunt Judy; but, as the sequel shows, I should have been cut off from her in any case. Last evening I was told by a friend the nature of her uncle's will. He considered Kate quixotic,—he knew she was devoted to her step-sisters, and he resolved to guard his money, for I don't believe he really cared for her. The provisions of his will were as follows: If Kate did not marry before she was five-and-twenty, the money went from her to four of

the large London hospitals; if she did marry, she secured her fortune on the one and insuperable condition, that her husband brought an equal sum of money to meet her own. You see now, Aunt Judy, how absolutely hopeless my love is. You have forced the story from me,—now let us change the subject."

"But a moment, Kenneth. First of all, however, I want you to do something for me,—give me this girl's address."

"Why, what use will it be?"

"Do you object to my knowing her?"

"Certainly not; only, pardon me, I would rather not introduce her."

"You need not do so. Give me her address; I will manage to make her acquaintance."

Graham hesitated for a moment, then taking a card out of his pocket, he scribbled something on it, and handed it to Mrs. Alexis.

"Thank you, my boy; now we will really change the subject. First, however, let me say a brief word. I am very grateful for your confidence,—I will certainly not abuse it; and I bid you, my boy, not without reason, even at the eleventh hour, to hope. Now to my own business."

"I am so glad to be of the least use to you, Aunt Judy,—I mean that I hope you are going to consult me about something."

"Not exactly; I am going to tell you something."

"What is that?"

"Well, my dear, no sorrowful news—I am an old pilgrim, and I have had a summons home."

"Aunt Judy! I know what you mean by this—your life is in danger!"

"No, my boy, my life is safe for all eternity. The pilgrimage days are coming to an end, that is all."

Kenneth was silent. Mrs. Alexis sat quietly by the fire, a peaceful, happy smile playing about her gentle old face.

"You seem glad of this," said Graham, suddenly. "I presume that you are going to tell me you are very ill; I am more than grieved to hear it, but you look glad."

"I am tired of the pilgrimage, Kenneth, and the thought of going home and seeing old friends is very pleasant to me. The facts are these, my boy—the doctors say that I have but a very few weeks to live."

"Aunt Judy!"

"Yes—I shall die quite painlessly, and, perhaps, suddenly at the end. I have known for some time that I am ill, but it was only yesterday that my doctor told me how very few my days were. Kenneth, I should be truly glad, were it not for Jonas."

"It's very strange that you never hear anything about Jonas," said Kenneth, arousing himself from a little reverie; for he was truly attached to Mrs. Alexis, and felt real sorrow at the thought of losing her.

"He is my only son," answered the poor lady, "and I have not had word or line from him for fifteen years. I have advertised for him, and written to him, and set detectives on his track, and I longed for him,—God only knows how bitterly; but for fifteen years I have heard not one single word about my only boy. He was not handsome and bright like you, Kenneth, and he was always difficult to understand; but I, his mother, always believed in him, and when he got into disgrace in the Seacome Bank, years ago, I would have held out my arms to him, and never reproached him—no, not by a single word; but he never came back to me,—never. Oh, I suffered agonies, and I lost my faith in God, and I went through a dark, dark time. When Jonas ran away, I was very, very poor, and I was obliged to work for my own living. Five years afterwards I came in for money through the death of an old relation; and then I bought this house, and came to live here, and I have lived here ever since. My expenses have been very few, and Betty has been a faithful old servant, and my small fortune has increased. Kenneth, give we your hand, my boy—it has been borne in on me lately that Jonas is dead. I have wept so many tears for him, and prayed so many passionate, passionate prayers for him, and lately I have had quite a peace and rest, and no feeling of uncertainty or misery when I think of him; and it has been borne in on me that he has died and is in heaven, and will meet me there. He is one of the prodigals, but even the prodigals find a place and a welcome there. I feel certain he is dead, and I long very much to go and be with him again. Kenneth, I have made my will, and signed it to-day, and I sent for you this evening to tell you I have left my money to you."

"To me, Aunt Judy?"

Graham's face turned ghastly.

"Yes; and I am glad, for it will give you back hope. My private fortune amounts to exactly £30,000, and this house will also be yours."

Graham's face seemed to grow even a shade whiter; he tried to speak, but no words came.

"So you can marry Kate Kennedy, my boy," continued the gentle old lady; "and if Jonas is really dead, you and she will be well off."

"But—you are not certain of your son's death."

"I am not; but I believe in my strong intuition. However, I have provided for the emergency of his still being alive, and of his trying to seek me out. If he appears on the scene now, Kenneth, or at any time, half my £30,000 goes to him, and half to you. This old house, too, in that case, goes to Jonas; for I should like him, if some day he does come home, to occupy the old rooms where I have thought about him so often. But in any case, you can marry your Kate, Kenneth—in any case,—and it is about that I want to see her; for if she is the girl I take her to be, she will marry you with half your fortune."

"Aunt Judy, your news has astonished and agitated me, and I can't even begin to thank you at present; but I don't believe you quite understand. I cannot marry Kate in any case. If Jonas returns, I shall be the happy possessor of £15,000, but Kate's uncle declared in his will that her husband must have £30,000 to meet hers. I am as much cut off from Kate with half your fortune as if I had none."

Mrs. Alexis looked long and steadily into the young man's face. "Kenneth," she said, solemnly, "do you love this girl?"

"With all my soul—with all the strength of a most undisciplined nature."

"And you think she loves you?—you believe she could love well?"

"I don't know if she loves me, but I believe that one she cared for she would be very staunch to."

"Then marry her with half your fortune, Kenneth, should the necessity arise; and let her uncle's money go to enrich the hospitals!"

(*To be continued.*)

OF INTEREST TO YOUNG MEN.

THE best advice to give young men at the present moment would seem to be "Don't smoke cigarettes." Since the commencement of the present year, four boys and a fine young fellow of twenty-five years have died in the United States through excessive cigarette smoking, and another young man has been rendered deaf from the same cause. In the State of Rhode Island a large number of young men have been sent to the State Insane Asylum during the past eighteen months, nearly all of them being large consumers of cigarettes. This fact has given rise to the report that cigarette smoking was the cause of their insanity, and in several instances this is positively known to be the case.

The amount of money that is spent every year in tobacco pipes, cigar and cigarette holders, and other articles dear to smokers must be something enormous. The centre of the pipe manufacture is Ruhla, a mountain village of Thuringen, Germany. The yearly average of smokers' articles turned out of this village is somewhat as follows: 540,000 real meerschaums, varying in price from threepence to £12 each; 500,000 imitation meerschaums at from one shilling to one pound per dozen; 9,000,000 porcelain pipe-bowls, either plain white or gaily painted, ranging in price from fourpence to ten shillings and sixpence per dozen; 5,000,000 wooden pipes of infinite variety in size, form, ornamentation, and price, the common kinds being extremely cheap, and those artistically carved fetching a high price; 3,000,000 bowls of clay or lava, plain, at about threepence, and of better kinds at two shillings and eightpence, per dozen; 15,000,000 pipes composed of separate parts (bowl, stick-cover, etc.), from fivepence to five shillings per dozen.

It may not be uninteresting, perhaps, if I say something of the village where this industry is carried on. In the Middle Ages Ruhla was famous for its arms and armour, and at a later period for its knives. When the use of tobacco became common in Europe, it turned its attention to the manufacture of iron smoking pipes. In the seventeenth century meerschaum and wood were gradually adopted as more suitable material to work upon. The true meerschaum clay is to be procured only at Eski-Scher, in Asia Minor, where there are large deposits, and whence it is sent direct to the manufactories at Ruhla, of which there are at present forty, employing almost the whole population of the district.

Shorthand has been introduced into Rugby School. The instructor is a lady.

The Halifax (Yorkshire) Football Ground is lit up with electric light. Evening matches are to be arranged.

A country farmer told a friend, who had come from London for a few days' shooting, that he once had so excellent a gun, that it went off immediately upon a thief coming into the house, although not charged. "Why, how was that?" asked the friend. "Why," replied the farmer, "the thief carried it off, before I had time to charge it!"

OUR MONTHLY TALK.

BY THE EDITOR.

BARABBAS OR CHRIST?

DEAR FRIENDS,—

Heavy pressure of correspondence and various engagements often prevent my replying as promptly as I should like to the many letters received. Let me now thank the writers very heartily, and assure them how welcome are their communications.

"Our Monthly Talk" is a much-valued link,—permitting me, as it does, to speak with more freedom than I could otherwise do.

This is a day of ever-increasing activity. Forces for good and for evil seem to be acquiring increasing impetus, and we are carried along with almost irresistible energy in the current. What need then is there, that those who are on the side of Christ should be brave, bold, outspoken men and women, ready to do and dare, and, if need be, to *die* in the maintenance of God's truth,—and men who fear not to say that right is right, and wrong *is* wrong, in spite of the *vox populi*. Man is such a gregarious animal, that his whole bent is to go *with* the multitude, to swim down the stream, instead of bearing well up against it.

How forcibly one is reminded of, perhaps, the most stupendously critical moment in the world's history: "Knowest Thou not that I have power to release Thee, and power to crucify Thee?"

One solitary man at that moment stood between the Son of God and a surging, infatuated multitude; an uneasy, because too faithful conscience, had uttered the unqualified verdict; but the man was weak as water, and his mollusc nature was swayed by the gaunt ogre of unpopularity. The keen eye and instinct of the populace soon discovered the fatal wavering, and, as with one voice, "Not this Man, but Barabbas," was given as their unanimous vote. And though the Christ of God stands not to-day on the marbled or mosaic tiles of an Eastern palace, nor is clad in pseudo-regal robes, yet is it verily true, that the multitude is still passing its vote. To-day you, friend, and I, are recording our verdict. We are lifting up our voice *for* Christ, we are enthroning Him in our hearts and homes and lives, or we are practically re-echoing that terrifically solemn shout, "Not this Man, not this Man, but Barabbas." "Now Barabbas was a robber."

They chose Barabbas then, and you are choosing Barabbas now. And the arch-enemy whom you choose is not *a* robber—he is *your* robber, your murderer! Yet you deliberately, unhesitatingly choose him; you yield him allegiance, you obey his behests, you serve his interests, you get his pay.

So much for your side or his side—nothing but social, moral, and spiritual pillage—"a people robbed and spoiled."

Beloved friends, be not deceived. "He that committeth sin is the servant (slave) of sin." The tyrant may hold you with golden fetters; it matters not—you are as surely his slave, as if bound with iron chains. There is but the choice between "this Man" or Barabbas. Every moment records your choice; and what your choice is now,—that, in all probability, it will be throughout the endless ages to come. I set before you this day death and life, blessing and cursing; therefore choose life.

I would like to quote some most forcible words from Canon Farrar, on this very point:

"To all of us constantly a choice is offered: a choice of many names, but of one significance: a choice which may be described variously, but which is fundamentally the same. It is the choice between law and licence; between pleasure and duty; between the flesh and the spirit; between God and Satan; between worldly life and heavenly hope; between intemperate sensualism and sober chastity; between the love of self extended into forgetfulness of God, and the love of God victorious in the forgetfulness of self; between something which is near and seems sweet, but which in our heart of hearts we know to be fatal and ruinous, and something which is far off and hard, but which in our inmost hearts we acknowledge to be noble and Divine. In some form or other, great or small, this choice comes daily, and almost hourly, to all of us; daily, and almost hourly, we have to appeal to great principles to support us in the performance of little duties, or stimulate us to the resistance of small temptations."

The moment our *will* is yielded, and we are prepared to choose CHRIST,—that moment Christ extends pardon through His cross, and peace passing all understanding.

And now I must add one word about our Paper. The steadily-increasing circulation betokens no small amount of interest and hearty co-operation on the part of many friends, to whom we offer very hearty acknowledgments. We trust all will bear in mind how glad the Secretary in our London Office is, to be asked for parcels of specimen copies, when they can be advantageously distributed at meetings or Men's Bible Classes; or to send specimen copies on receipt of name and address. A clergyman has just sent me a suggestion, at once so unique and so simple, that I am sure many will be glad to adopt it. He is localizing "A. 1." by inserting the name of his Church and Parish in the panels of our headline on either side of "A. 1." For example, "St. Peter's" on the left side, and "Brixton" on the right.

The same plan could be adopted either by Y.M.C.A. or Y.W.C.A.; *e.g.*, "Brighton Y.M.C.A.," "Burton Y.W.C.A." If any Clergyman or Secretary would like to adopt this plan, we will insert this title, free of charge, on all orders of four dozen, either Weekly Numbers or Monthly Parts.

Trusting our Paper may be increasingly helpful,

Believe me, your true friend,

W. Jane Mewzies.

"*I find it an evil thing* for me to live with those who can give me no sympathy, however good and worthy they may be; for they teach me to lock up my heart and all its feelings, which produces spiritual congestion, as bad for the soul as the congestion of blood is in any bodily organ."—*Thomas Erskine.*

Inspiration is contagious. One man, dead in earnest, sets a hundred other men on fire.—*F. A. Noble.*

Each Sermon is a message spoken by an ambassador of God.

God makes the Earth bloom with roses, that we may not be discontented with our sojourn here; and He makes it bear thorns, that we may look for something better beyond.

ABOUT OURSELVES.

IN our next, a Special Paper for Young Men, by Thain Davidson, D.D.

See page 317 for Rules of our Second Spelling Chase. The Paragraph to be written out will appear next week. Don't fail to try for the Guinea Prize. Encourage your friends to take it up.

Those requiring parcels of the "Second Spelling Chase" Number for distribution will please write us early.

On March 24, our "Thirty Nouns" Competition closes. Still time to enter, if you are quick.

The results of our "£100" Competition Examination, given below, are satisfactory to successful competitors.

"PLEASE STOP!"—Please stop to think about it! One Guinea Prize for the one who can put right our mistakes in punctuating a paragraph! It *seems* perfectly easy; see "A.1." for Feb. 25, p. 260. Open until March 31.

Results of our Definition Competition (Husband and Wife), and our Double Acrostics, as soon as possible.

Thanks are due to our active helpers. "A.1." is fairly afloat, and has good way on. Won't *you* help? Send the name and address of some friend, for a Specimen Copy.

OUR "£100" COMPETITION.

BY far the majority of the Competitors have shown a great want of definiteness, contenting themselves with simply mentioning the various *qualities* they deem essential to success, or the principles which should guide those who have £100 to spend. Several have fallen into the error of counting not the profits from transactions, but the gross receipts.

There is also for the most part great inequality in the treatment of the two parts of the subject, most of the Competitors finding it much easier to say in detail how £100 should be spent, than how it should be made.

FIRST PRIZE.

DIVIDED BETWEEN

E. E. ARCHER, Sherbourne.
REV. J. STAFFORD, West Leigh.

SECOND PRIZES.

M. JOHNSTONE, Edinburgh.
HENRY VINDEN, Stourbridge.

COMMENDED.

L. EDWARDS, Northiam.
A. PALMER, New Wandsworth.

Not Sought but Found.—Some years ago two gentlemen were riding together, and, as they were about to separate, one addressed the other thus: "Do you ever read your Bible?" "Yes, but I get no benefit from it, because, to tell the truth, I feel I do not love God." "Neither did I," replied the other, "but God loved me." This answer produced such an effect upon his friend, that, to use his own words, it was as if one had lifted him off the saddle into the skies. It opened up to his soul at once the great truth that it is not how much I love God, but how much God loves me.

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Thirteen Hundred Miles in My Caravan," "From Pole to Pole," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE STRUGGLE WITH THE PACK.

HAD it not been for the fact, apparent to all, that the danger was very real and very earnest, the sight which met the eyes of our adventurous tourists, as they steamed slowly through the berg-stream, would have been delightful beyond measure.

The ice was not only of immense height, and jagged and rugged beyond description, but some of the pieces were really floating islands. There was no land now visible, even from the crow's nest, and none likely to be for some time to come. The rate of speed was very small, and not for five consecutive minutes was the ship's head in the same direction. She had to wind in and out and round about, to escape a too close contact with the slowly moving and threatening bergs.

Steering the vessel was ticklish work in all conscience, but guiding her was a matter of even more difficulty. A boat had been detached, and was rowed slowly ahead, disappearing for a short time every now and then, but anon returning to beckon the *Oona* on, or to warn her back.

Captain Boyd was stationed at the bow-sprit, Desmond was near the foremast, Jack was on the bridge, and there were two men at the wheel.

Orders were therefore being constantly passed along from forward—orders to the engine-room, and orders to the men at the wheel; so that the officers on duty, at all events, had little time to look at and admire the terrible grandeur of the ice.

Sometimes the very yard-arms would rasp alongside a vast sea-green wall, as clear as crystal, and towering skywards as high as the mast-heads. To look upwards at this was awe-inspiring enough, but it was doubly so to immediately afterwards turn to the other quarter and probably notice a second such green wall, apparently approaching to slowly but surely crush the ship.

The swaying motion of the vessel, and, to a lesser extent that of these ice walls, gave the impression at times that the bergs were closing in, or even falling. It was a puzzling, giddy, dreadful sensation, that held every one who happened to be idle spellbound. But those who were at work had little time to think.

The day was exceedingly bright. This might appear, on first thoughts, to be an advantage. In reality it was not so, but rather the reverse. And the *Oona's* people soon had a proof of this, and one which showed how very real the danger was. Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, just as the vessel was passing—luckily not too near—a huge pinnacled berg, a report, loud as a salvo of artillery, rang out in the still air, followed by a heavy booming plash and a surging roar of water. A thousand smaller guns seemed to have been fired immediately after, and in all directions, and the great icebergs were shaken to their foundations, and many of their towers and steeples came thundering down. The masses of ice detached from the nearest berg rushed down its sides like an avalanche, raising a cataract of green water, that went foaming over the ship.

It was well, perhaps, those on the quarter-deck retreated below immediately after, for the same event was repeated more than once, and huge masses of ice fell right on the bulwarks, while a boat lying on deck was smashed to pieces in a moment, or less.



"No white man could exceed him in activity,—none was a better shot."

The explosions had been caused by the sun acting on the bergs, some of which had split, or completely turned over.

All hands were ordered below now, except those whom important duty kept on deck.

The ship was nearing the open water, and danger was for a time over. She cleared the ice-stream at last. The men in the boat cheered her as she steamed into safety, while those on board must needs rush into the rigging, wave their caps, and shout till almost hoarse. Even Sally, for the time being, took leave of her seven senses,—I feel sure Sally had *seven*,—and, waving her white cambric handkerchief, joined in the general rejoicing. So excited was she, that she turned and shook hands, on the spur of the moment, with the first person she met. This turned out to be old Chips, and as the ship's fiddler happened to strike up a merry jig at this very moment, what more natural than that Chips should shout, "Come along, old lady," as he seized her by the two hands, or that the pair of them should foot it together on the light fantastic toe, till, what with the unwonted exertion, and what with laughing, Sally was fain to reel back against the bulwarks for support?

"Oh, dear! gentlemen," she gasped; "but I be *so* glad to get to Ameriky at last; and my darter, sir, ah! she'll be delighted to see me."

Now, here is a very remarkable circumstance. On this very day, negotiations for the transfer of Alaska to America were all but completed; therefore Sally was not so very far out of her reckoning, after all.

There was much to be done yet before the *Oonalaska* could be made safe and snug in winter quarters. But as the day was far spent, the vessel was steered closer in-shore, and the anchor let go, and the evening, both fore and aft, was devoted to pleasure.

There was a conversazione round the galley fire, a concert and reading on the half-deck, and a dinner aft. Didn't they dine every day? True; but this meal, for more than a month back, had been anything but a comfortable one, because, somehow or other, it is usually about the dinner hour in an Arctic ship that something is sure to happen, in the shape of accident or incident, either of which is certain to upset the harmony of the table.

The *Oonalaska's* cook was a good one; but he had even excelled himself to-day; for here was soup that a Frenchman would not have despised, and here was halibut that an epicure would have gloried in,—that fish had been swimming in the bay at the very moment the anchor was let go. Game, too, graced the board,—ptarmigan, that Jack Silk had shot on an iceberg some days ago; and last,—though surely not least,—a joint of roast beef, so large that, sitting there at the head of the table, Captain Boyd's face could barely be seen looming over it. Need I mention plum-pudding, or need I say that the steward had spread the table with damask like snow, and brought out stores of all his prettiest glasses, or that the silver rivalled even the crystal in its brightness and sheen? Something else was light and bright, too. The captain's countenance, for instance, was bright, and Jack's heart was light, for Katie had actually told him, not an hour ago, that she had trembled for his safety as he walked the bridge. It was only a trifling thing to say, after all; Katie might have said the same to old Chips, only—she didn't, and therein lay the difference. And so happy was honest Jack about it, that he did not feel content till he had repeated Katie's words to Miss Graves, adding, with sparkling eyes,—

"But ain't I a booby, mother?"

Miss Graves simply laughed merrily, and nodded assent.

Captain Boyd's grace before meat was never a very long one, but to-day the honest sailor felt he had something more to be thankful for than the good things on the table. Did the same thought occur to others? Perhaps; for while the captain said his simple, earnest, heart-felt words there was silence in the saloon, every back was bent and every head was bowed.

All hopes were now abandoned of getting

farther east until spring should break up the ice; so preparations for winter quarters and winter comforts were gone into without delay.

The next thing to be done was to survey the stores; and for a day or two the decks presented a very busy and bustling scene, indeed; while the captain's snuggery, for the time being, was more like a clerk's office than anything else. At the table, right opposite Captain Boyd, sat Katie, with a huge quill pen in her hand, as busy as busy could be, writing and figuring. Very pretty and interesting she looked, too, while thus engaged, so Jack seemed to think; for I feel quite sure he made far more errands down to the snuggery, and stayed far longer when he was there, than there was any actual necessity for. Besides, there was really no occasion for him to look over Katie's shoulder quite so often as he did. He was putting her right, with his way of it. But Katie really did not want any putting right; she had quite as good a head for business as Jack Silk himself had, if not a better.

After the survey was finished, and the captain had satisfied himself indubitably that the *Oonalaska* was well provisioned for even a whole year (quite apart from anything in the shape of fish or game, which might fall to their lot), he felt contented and happy. All he had to do was to keep his men as much employed as possible, and so prevent them from feeling the time long.

This was a serious consideration, for during the long and unavoidable delays in the Arctic Regions undergone by ships, it has been uniformly found that the men succumb to low spirits and illness to a much greater extent than the officers. This is, perhaps, partly because Jack's resources in himself are but few, and as the little cherub who is popularly supposed to protect him, does not endow him with a taste for reading, time is apt to hang heavily on his hands. Captain Boyd, with all his experience, was aware that the next few months would be long ones, and he took measures accordingly.

"We must be as careful," he said, "to banish *ennui* as we shall be to keep out currents of cold air."

"I think, sir," said Chips, "we can manage to do the *two* things."

"Ah, yes, carpenter," returned Captain Boyd, smiling; "you and I have been at that game before, haven't we?"

"Yes, sir; more than once, too."

"Well, then, as there will be plenty of daylight for some months yet to come, the sooner we commence operations the better. The bad weather is all before us; we mustn't forget that."

No time was lost, therefore. The officers and crew were divided into two different corps, called "combatants" and "non-combatants." The name was suggested by Desmond, because, as he said, it had a Service ring about it.

The combatants were to be the sportsmen, and to include most of the active men. They were divided into two batches, or two watches; the first under the command of Jack Silk, with young Nat as his lieutenant, the second headed by Desmond and Godfrey.

The non-combatants were under the command of the captain himself, seconded by Nat, senior, Chips being a kind of head man among the men, and general referee; for it was currently reported forward that in all matters connected with life in the Arctic Regions, old Chips knew more even than the captain himself, and that what he—Chips—did not know was really not worth learning.

Every night now the frost got more and more intense, but while the open water lasted, boats were kept almost constantly on duty, watching for seals. Both Desmond and Dick were fairly good sportsmen, but neither were equal to Godfrey, so that most seals fell to his gun, whether they were killed in the water or on the ice.

If shot in the sea, the boat had to give way with a will indeed, in order to secure them, for unless shot dead through neck or skull, they speedily disappeared, and even when the ball penetrated the brain, they floated but a few minutes.

The Aleut in his kyak, was, as far as seals went, the best sportsman of all. No white man could exceed him in activity, none was a better shot, and he had tact and cunning as well. He preferred being alone, and often would be absent almost the whole day, never failing to bring back birds in his little skin-boat, or even a seal itself in tow. But his ordinary plan was to catch the seals asleep and club them; and to catch a weasel asleep is quite as easy.

One day he surprised and killed two enormous walruses on the beach. They were the last of the season, but their oil was most invaluable. As to the carcases, at a suggestion of Bob-a-link, they were cleaned and dragged to the lee side of a rock, and entirely buried in the snow.

"I hope," said Jack, who superintended the funeral, "they will rest in peace."

"There is no knowing," added the Aleut mysteriously, by which this active savage did not intend Jack to infer that there was the slightest chance of their ghosts appearing during the winter months, but that if provisions went short, the flesh of these huge monsters might come in handy.

While the combatants were busily engaged with gun and trap and fishing-rod, on shore and afloat, the "nons" as they were called for short, were by no means idle on board.

The top-gallant masts had been lowered to commence with, then all the spare canvas and spare spars and wood was got up from below, and preparations made to roof the whole ship over, as soon as the extra cold weather came on.

"We'll hardly have wood enough, after all, Chips, you see," said the captain one day, and the very next morning, the worthy old carpenter requested leave to go on shore in the dinghy, accompanied by his friend, the Aleut, in his kyak.

"There may be, and may not be," Chips was heard muttering to himself before he started.

He spent the whole day poking about along the coast, apparently studying the formation of the rocks, and whenever he was doubtful, he plied his axe, or made his man dig with pick and spade.

At long last, and just as the evening sun was tinging the spires and turrets of the lofty icebergs with tints of crimson, Chips stopped short beside a kind of cliff, that overhung the shore some little distance from the wash of the sea.

He eyed it for some time critically, comparing it as he did so with other cliffs not far from it, then he called Bob-a-link.

"Wood! wood! wood!" cried the savage exultingly. He seized an axe from the hands of one of the men, and in a few minutes he had unearthed and un-iced the treasure.

One morning they found the sea frozen hard and smooth around the ship. The night had been bitterly cold, with brilliant stars in the south, and a beautiful display of Aurora almost covering the northern half of the sky. The frost continued, and about noon on the second day, Jack ventured down upon the ice, and found it so firm and strong, that as he looked laughingly up to the row of faces peering at him over the bulwarks, he alleged it was thick enough to bear a Shetland pony.

"I'll prove it," cried Jack, and forthwith began to jump on the ice.

"That's quite enough, Jack," said Desmond, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes; "there's no mistake about the pony now, Jack."

But another day elapsed before Captain Boyd would permit the ice to be used as a general resort, and after that the fun began.

(*To be continued.*)

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

By the Rev. CANON DOBBIN, M.A.

[In view of the wide interest at present felt in the subject of the Star of Bethlehem, we are glad to commend Canon Dobbin's deeply thoughtful Article to the earnest attention of our readers.—ED.]

A GREAT deal of interest has been excited lately in connection with the supposed reappearance of the Star of Bethlehem. Letters have appeared in the newspapers discussing the question, some arguing in favour of the idea, others vigorously protesting against it. The origin of an expectation, possessing so many attractions for the popular mind, appears to have been the probable impending outburst of periodic brightness in one of the variable stars, which usually takes place at intervals of 312 years, and is now approximately due. The unusual brilliancy of Venus during the last month or so, glittering in the early morning sky, has served to intensify the feeling thus excited, and in some cases even kindle it into a dawning hope. It may not be amiss, then, to review some of the theories which have been put forward on this interesting subject, to consider how far they meet the requirements of the case, and what probabilities they afford that the sacred Star of Bethlehem will ever appear again.

How was it that the wise men from the East came to attach so much importance to the appearing of a star at that particular time, and what led them to associate it, as they did, with the birth of Him who was to be the King of the Jews? To explain this, we must go back to the prophecy of Balaam, some fourteen hundred years before, bearing in mind that it was probably in the very region of the East from which the wise men came that that prophecy was delivered. We can therefore easily understand how they came to be acquainted with it, and would be likely to treasure it up in their hearts, as one of the most precious traditions of the olden time. The prophecy to which we refer is that well-known Messianic prediction (Num. 24. 17): "I shall see Him, but not now: I shall behold Him, but not nigh: there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth." From this it is easy to see how the idea of a star, in connection with a Jewish King, took possession of men's minds. And so it came to pass that when those Eastern sages, who, like most of their countrymen, were keen observers of the heavens, beheld a new and unfamiliar star shining in the sky, they immediately bethought them of this ancient prophecy, and came to the conclusion that the time of its fulfilment was near at hand.

It may be also, that even at this early period, rumours, to which the historians Tacitus and Suetonius afterwards refer as widely prevalent in their days, had already obtained currency in those far-off Asiatic regions, to the effect that the balance of power was about to be transferred to the East, and that men of Jewish race were destined to become the rulers of the world. But however this may be,—whether under the influence of such rumours, or simply as the result of Baalam's prophecy, or owing perhaps to some supernatural communication made to them in a dream, as afterwards,—the appearing of the star was the signal that led them from the East, and brought them all the way to the city of Jerusalem, in quest of the predicted King.

Reference has been already made to one

of the theories advanced in explanation of this star. The way in which it arose was this. Tycho Brahé, the eminent astronomer who lived three hundred years ago, was astonished one night by observing a star of unusual brightness shining in a quarter of the heavens where, a little while before, no such object had been visible. He at once noted its position, and subsequently followed, with absorbing interest, the various phases through which it passed, changing in a few short months from intense brilliancy to apparent extinction. From the fact that on two previous occasions, A.D. 1264 and A.D. 945, similar stars were reported to have suddenly blazed forth in the very same quarter, an inference was drawn, though not by him, that they were probably identical, and so now, after three hundred years more, astronomers are anxiously looking out for that star again, which, counting back, according to its periodic time, was due about the year of our Lord's nativity, and so has come to be identified in many minds with the Star of Bethlehem.

But there is another theory, started on the authority of Kepler, which has, in later times especially, found favour with a large number of thoughtful persons, scientific and otherwise. It appears that just at the commencement of our era, there was a remarkable conjunction, or series of conjunctions, between the planets Jupiter and Saturn. And as the appearance they would present to the naked eye would be that of a very brilliant constellation, shining in the Eastern heavens, it has been conjectured that this may have been the phenomenon which drew those wise men from the East, and led them to the place where the Infant Redeemer was laid. To this explanation the late Dean Alford lent his weighty sanction. He did so for this, among other reasons, that where a natural solution of the problem may be had, it is unnecessary to introduce a supernatural one.

But all such naturalistic explanations as these, to which we may add the notion that it was a comet, or possibly a meteor, which was seen, appear to lie under this insuperable objection, that they do not meet the requirements of the narrative, and therefore cannot be looked on as real explanations at all. For what does that narrative tell us? Clearly this, that when the wise men set out upon their journey, they lost sight of the star, and did not see it again until near their journey's end. It was on their way from Jerusalem to Bethlehem that it appeared to them once more, and they rejoiced when they saw it with exceeding great joy. Nor is this all. The star *went before them, and stood over where the young child was.* Now this, it need hardly be said, is an impossibility in the case of any of the heavenly bodies at present known to us. They are too far off to serve as earthly beacons of this kind. The light must have been low down in the atmosphere itself, thus visibly to go before the travellers from one town to another, and then to stand over a particular place in that town, as the Star of Bethlehem did. There was evidently a Divine intelligence at work in the whole matter, something over and above the ordinary laws of nature; either a special creation of God for the occasion, or else, what is much more likely, a special use of some already existing object controlled and directed by Him to that end. Of these two solutions, the latter is greatly to be preferred, not only as simpler in itself, but as being more in accordance with the Divine mode of procedure, and resting on a basis of Scriptural probability which the other altogether lacks.

How, then, it may be asked, is this solution to be applied, and what explanation does it afford of the enigma we have now in hand? To some, perhaps, the explanation may appear far-fetched and improbable. The very novelty of it,—although it is not entirely novel,—may tend to excite a prejudice against it, but the writer hopes that, notwithstanding this, a candid consideration may be given to what he has to say, not as being a positive dogmatic statement, but as an honest attempt to solve a very interesting and, at the same time, very difficult problem. What, then, is the solution that he ventures to propose? It is this—that the Star of Bethlehem may have been nothing less than the SHECHINAH, or glory of the Lord, that uncreated light, "or of the eternal co-eternal beam," which is so often spoken of in Scripture, and is invariably represented there as the visible symbol of the Divine Presence among men.

When Moses, at the burning bush, heard the voice of God calling to him out of the midst of the fire, and saying, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground," it was the Shechinah that glowed before him in all its awful splendour, and touched every branch and leaf and twig with living flame.

When Israel wandered through the wilderness of Sinai for forty years, it was the same Shechinah that led them all their journey through, from the shores of the Red Sea to the borders of the Promised Land. Is there anything unreasonable, then, in the conjecture that this too may have been the guiding light which led the wise men from the East, to the cradle of the Promised Seed? Does it not almost ripen into a conviction, when we find that, just at that very time, the glory of the Lord did actually appear at Bethlehem?—for so we read in the sweet story of the Nativity: "There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night: and lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid." Here then we have, all ready to our hand, and in close connection with the birth of Christ, a light from heaven of the most striking character, appearing on the very spot, and at the very time, when the visit of the wise men took place, leading us almost unavoidably to the conclusion that this may have been the beacon star which drew them thither, and brought them to the feet of the new-born King.

But it may be objected that the glory of the Lord is not a star, and therefore cannot be represented as such in the language of the Bible. True. But it is the language of the wise men we have here to deal with, and to them, no doubt, any luminous body seen in the heavens would wear the appearance of a star, and be called by that name. As astronomers, they would naturally speak astronomically.

And now, if this conjecture be accepted as true, there is no further difficulty in explaining the circumstances of the case, for it is easy to see how this celestial light might come, and go, and shine, and disappear, and move, and stand still, at the bidding of the Lord. There is not a single fact mentioned in the narrative which may not thus receive an adequate interpretation.

But it may be said, "Granting that the glory of the Lord did appear at the birth of Jesus, that is not the only point we have to explain. According to the story told by these wise men, it was also seen by them many months before, while they were still dwelling at home in their far-off land. How is this to be accounted for?" Very simply. We have only to suppose that the angel of the Annunciation was attended in his earthward flight by the same Shechinah glory as the angel of the Nativity, and then all is plain. Flashing through the upper heaven, it would become visible in the far East just about the very time the wise men began to prepare for their long journey; and if, as has been shown, the Shechinah be the appropriate symbol of the Divine presence, there would then be a peculiar fitness in its manifestation, at the first direct movement of heaven in bringing in the First-begotten into the world. The reappearing of the glory, after an absence of six hundred years, would be the clearest sign that could be given that God was about to visit His people once more, and to tabernacle among them as in the days of old. "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." And in this connection it is, to say the least of it, a remarkable coincidence, that when, in the latter days, the glory does return to Israel, it is from the way of the East it shall come, for so (43. 2) Ezekiel tells us.

One other point remains to be noticed. If the solution of the matter now put forward be the right one, we are at once in a position to answer the question, Whether the Star of Bethlehem shall ever appear again? The answer to that question must be in the affirmative. For when Christ comes in the clouds of heaven, then we know "the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together." This, probably, is that Sign of the Son of Man, which the Lord has told us to expect as the token of His approaching advent. Not a luminous cross, as some suppose, which is a mere human fancy, without one particle of evidence to rest on, but the light of the Shechinah once more descending towards this earth, and gleaming in the distant heavens, where it will pause for a season on the way, while the Church is being gathered to her celestial Home; and then speeding downward with the Lord, will flash, and glow, and burn at the gates of the holy city, "a light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory of His people Israel." When we bear in mind that His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, we are struck by the circumstance that, as the result of this, the Glory also shall return to Jerusalem by the same way that it departed so many centuries before. Slowly and reluctantly it left the sanctuary, lingered on the threshold, as if unwilling to depart, crossed the brook to Olivet in sad farewell, and thence mounted upward to the skies. So, though not reluctantly, shall it return, when the King comes to His own again. And speaking of its manifestation as the Sign of the Son of Man in heaven—its visible appearance to earthly eyes in the form of a star, we are reminded of that beautiful simile, which our Lord makes use of in reference to this very subject of His second advent: "I am the Root and the Offspring of David, and the bright and morning Star."

May we be ready to welcome that glorious herald of the Coming Day, as the wise men were, and, leaving all behind us, earth, and home, and old, familiar ties, take our journey hence with joy, far, far away to the New Jerusalem, there to see the King in His beauty, and to worship at His feet, and to offer unto Him the best gifts that we have,—the love, and praise, and adoration of redeemed and consecrated hearts,—our mystic gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

INSTINCTIVE ARCHITECTS.



"In full and animated bustle over the erection of a winter home."

Venetian architects.

No. 1.

Furry Builders.

THERE were once beavers in Great Britain, but those days are past. It is said that as late as the twelfth century, beavers were seen in the Welsh rivers, and their fossil remains are still found here and there. The last Scandinavian beaver was killed in 1844, but in parts of Central Europe, isolated pairs are still to be met. There are a few on the Elbe, Rhone, and Weser, and a considerable number are strictly preserved in a park belonging to the Emperor of Austria, on the banks of the Danube.

These degenerate beavers live in burrows, and show no tendency to build either house or dam; but this degeneracy results probably from the change in their external surroundings, as one colony near Magdeburg did build themselves proper habitations and a proper dam. The beaver is also found sparingly in Russia and Poland, in the streams amongst the Ural Mountains, and also in those flowing into the Caspian Sea.

It has long been a matter of dispute as to whether the European and American beaver are as identical as their external appearance implies. It is now, however, generally agreed, on anatomical grounds, that the two species are distinct, the European beaver being known as *Castor fiber*, the American as *Castor canadensis*.

The American beaver is found in that part of the continent lying between the Arctic Circle and the Tropic of Cancer. It measures about two feet in length, exclusive of the tail, which is about ten inches in length. The body of the animal is covered with fur, part of which is close-set, silky, and grey in colour, while the rest is longer, coarser, and reddish in hue. Great commercial value is attached to beaver fur. At the end of the last century, and the beginning of this, the demand for beaver skins was so enormous, that the species were in imminent danger of extinction. 200,000 skins were annually exported to Europe. More recently, the use of silk and the hair of the South American coypu in the manufacture of hats, has lessened the demand, so the beavers have again multiplied.

The beaver is aquatic,—"a natatorial rodent," is its proper description,—and it never takes to land unless compelled to do so. Its hind feet are webbed down to the nails, and with these it swims, the fore feet hanging motionless, or being used for the transport of materials. The tail is very distinctive, differing from all other rodents in that it is flat and oval. It is used to help its owner in navigation,—not as a trowel for architectural purposes.

Rodents (of which there are over 900 species) are distinguished by their large, chisel-shaped incisor teeth, and the absence of canines. Owing to its work as a woodcutter, the beaver requires dental organs of considerable sharpness and power. The front incisor teeth in each jaw are possessed of a sharp, chisel-like edge. This edge is preserved through life by the structure of the teeth. They consist of two layers, one, the outer, made of hard, orange-coloured enamel, the other and inner one consisting of a softer material. The tooth grows from the root, and as the creature gnaws, the soft

inner layer is worn back more quickly than the hard outer edge, thus leaving the chisel edge. So hard is this enamel that, until the introduction of English files, the North American Indians used it for carving bone. Should one of the incisors be destroyed, the opposite tooth grows and grows, having nothing to wear off its edges. This unchecked dental development has been known to cause death, the extreme length of one tooth preventing the others from meeting.

American beavers are essentially social, inhabiting lakes, ponds, and rivers, as well as the narrow creeks between the lakes. Some of the males, however, elect to live in burrows apart, and are known as "old bachelors."

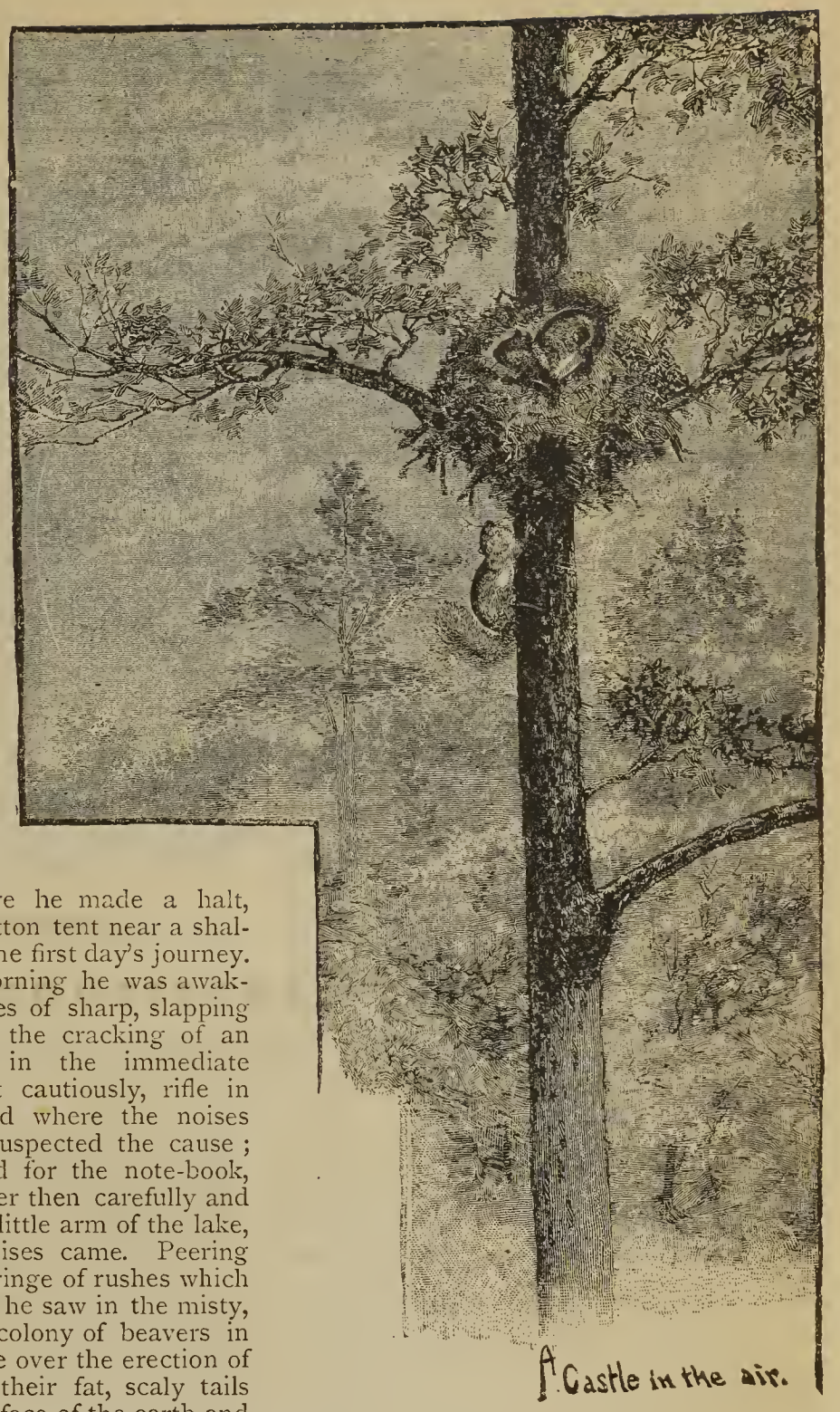
The favourite food of the beaver is a plant named *Nuphar luteum*, which bears a strong resemblance to our cabbage stalks, and grows at the bottom of the lakes and rivers where the beavers feed. They also gnaw the bark of the poplar or willow, logs of which they submerge near their dwellings for winter use. When the summer weather comes, and the ice breaks up, they vary their food with berries and herbage of various kinds. At the same time they leave their embankments, and wander about a little, until just before the fall of the leaf, when they return again to their old habitations, and lay in their winter stock of wood.

So much for the beaver itself. It is time for us to turn our attention to its architecture, which is the main subject of our "talk."

The beavers generally prefer a running stream, because it helps them in the transport of their building materials; also, in consequence of the severity of the frosts, they generally select water that is fairly deep, and will not freeze through. When the architects build in small creeks, or on rivers where the water supply is likely to fail, they make dams to ensure the safe keeping of the water. These dams are sometimes ten or twelve feet in width at the bottom, and as much as three hundred yards in length; they vary in shape according to locality.

Where the water has little motion, the dam runs straight across; where there is any marked current, the dam is curved in the centre, with its convexity towards the stream. The dams are made of driftwood, green willows, birch, and poplar, intermixed with mud and stones, in a way eminently calculated to strengthen them, but without any special method. The sweep of the dam is regular, and all parts are of equal strength. Where the architects have lived long undisturbed, the dam, by frequent repair, becomes a solid bank, capable of resisting a great pressure of ice and water. The trees used in its formation frequently take root and spring up, sometimes forming a regular close-set hedge, so tall that birds have been known to build their nests in it.

It is far from easy to watch the beavers at work, as they generally reserve their labours till after dark; but one American author, who, as the three accompanying drawings show, was a skilled artist too, was happy in alighting upon an active colony in his travels. He tells us that, during the last days of September, he was making a solitary excursion towards the eastward of Fraser's Lake, British Columbia, where he made a halt, and pitched a small cotton tent near a shallow lake, at the end of the first day's journey. Early in the frosty morning he was awakened by a strange series of sharp, slapping reports, somewhat like the cracking of an ox-whip, which arose in the immediate vicinity. Crawling out cautiously, rifle in hand, he quickly found where the noises came from, and then suspected the cause; the rifle was exchanged for the note-book, and the expectant writer then carefully and silently approached the little arm of the lake, from which the odd noises came. Peering through the thick, tall fringe of rushes which lined the water's edge, he saw in the misty, hazy morning light, a colony of beavers in full and animated bustle over the erection of a winter home, while their fat, scaly tails cheerfully smote the surface of the earth and water, ever and anon.

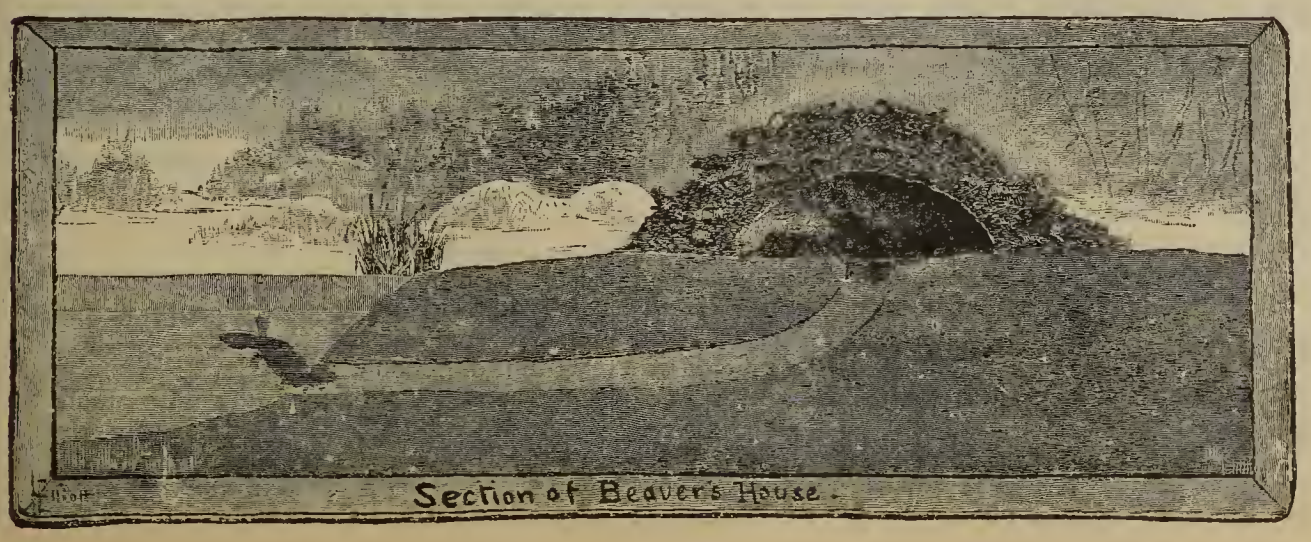


A Castle in the air.

Four beavers were engaged in this work. They had selected a tiny peninsula of the lake; the foundations of their circular hut were solidly laid, eight feet back from the water's nearest edge, as shown in the picture; they were piling up their sticks, tree-trunks, mud, and stones, and treading all together. They worked thus for more than half an hour longer, until the rising sun shone upon them, full and fair; then they suddenly plunged into the water, to reappear no more that day. They had, with true beaver sagacity, sought the privacy and safety of their "bank washes" elsewhere, until night should again call them out to safe feeding and to finish their architectural work.

The subject of our sketch represents a lakeside beaver-house in the process of erection. The beavers have, during the summer and early autumn, cut a large number of poplars and birch-tree trunks and branches into sections of some two or three feet in length each. Their sharp teeth work very much like the strokes made by the unpractised hand of a boy or woman when they first essay chopping. These pieces of timber are towed and carried by the rodents to the site of their proposed residence.

The beavers begin work by a common impulse, and lay this timber of their own cutting in a circular, "criss-cross," and horizontal fashion, piling mud, smaller sticks, driftwood, and stones over, under, and between these larger sections of wood, until they have reared a conical dome some five to seven feet in height from the build-



Section of Beaver's House.

ing level, and the walls varying in thickness from two to four feet, according to the instinctive understanding which these animals always have as to the ensuing winter being warmer or colder. While they labour, these building parties are usually made up of four old beavers (two males and two females), and the enclosed dome is just large enough to accommodate them, together with their six or eight young ones.

As they work, they place most of their timber horizontally, save the outside slabs and pieces. They preserve no other order than that of leaving the cavity in the middle; the branches which happen to project perceptibly inward and beyond the walls, are gnawed smoothly off, and the chipped ends, chips, etc., are thrown up and out upon the rising structure. All the materials, sticks, mud, etc., are mixed up together in the composition of the dome, from the foundation to the summit.

The constant pattering of the beavers' feet settle and cement the work as it rises; there is no trowelling of the mass by their queer, paddle-shaped tails, but occasionally the Castor seems to be so hilarious, or self-delighted, that it pauses for a moment in its busy labour to hump its back, and bring the tail down with a sharp, ringing slap upon the mud, or sticks, or water, as the case may be. The amusing stories of the use made of the beaver's caudal extremity as a sort of stone and mud drag or cart, are not founded on fact. Castor carries all the ooze, pebbles, etc., which he uses in building his walls, by holding these materials between his throat and fore-paws.

When the hut has been reared to the desired altitude, and arched over, the exterior roughness is somewhat smoothed down by the addition of numerous and repeated thin coatings of mud, which serve as a dampener, keeping the entire mass wet and moist, until the cold weather sets in, and congeals the dome into a structure almost invulnerable, even to a wolverine or a pickaxe.

The door (and it is the only opening or means of entrance or exit) is a submarine passage, or tunnel, from the lake bottom to the centre of the floor of the hut, as clearly shown in the accompanying section. Near the mouth of this watery hall, these Venetian architects usually have a large pile of green timber, cut during the summer and autumn, which they sink by stones and mud, so as to secure it at the bottom, where it is accessible at any time during the winter as a source of food supply. The floor of the domicile is sometimes covered with a carpet of pine stipules, leaves, etc., and sometimes the "lodge" is supported by props in the centre, or even divided by partitions.

Before we close, let us glance at another rodent, who is a favourite with every one, and whose instinctive architecture has often roused keen interest in our school-boy days. Who has not sought for a squirrel's nest, and admired the dainty structure of the "shadow-tail," as its scientific name, *Sciurus*, means? The leaves, moss, grass, and twigs are woven in so ingenious a manner that the nest is impervious to rain, and the fiercest storm of wind fails to dislodge it from its place. The fox-squirrel is a great builder in the extensive oaken forests of Illinois and Indiana. It constructs its castle in the air by cutting the smaller branches and twigs all round, which it arranges with cunning interweaving, so as to form a spheroidal brush and leaf shell, securely propped and lashed to the fork of the oaken trunk. Everything is carried in its teeth that is used in building, and it is laid and twisted in and out by the mouth, nose, and forepaws of the graceful rodent. It must be unusually well-built too, or the fierce whirl of the sudden, rushing tornado, the crash of hail-storms and heavy pressure of deluging rains, would carry the air-castle to the earth. But so skilful is the little architect, that his house withstands the storm, and with serene confidence the master of this house in the tree-top curls himself within, and lies down with his good wife and partner to dream anew of nuts and tender elm buds and coming summer.

RECTITUDE IN ACTION.

By the Rev. J. Hiles Hitchens, D.D., F.S.Sc.,
Author of "*Ecce Veritas*," "The Young Men of Scripture," etc.

THE HAND.

"What is it, fashioned wondrously, that twin-born with the brain,
Marks man from every meaner thing that bounds across the plain,
Or gambols in the mighty deep, or floats in summer air?
What is the helpmeet for the mind no lesser life may share?
It is the *hand*, the human hand, interpreter of will!
Was ever servant yet so great, and so obedient still?
Of all Creation's mysteries, with which the world is rife,
It seems a marvel to my soul but second unto life."

SO sings the poet of that instrument of the human organism with which so many deeds of undying renown have been performed—that member of our bodies which, with marvellous versatility, will effect all work allotted to the mind; which will strike or caress, hinder or help, kill or heal, take away or give, be idle or active, according to the dictates of our mental powers.

How much the hand expresses of what goes on within the *sanctum sanctorum* of our hearts! Next to the face, there is no silent member of our bodies that so clearly and quickly indicates the thoughts and feelings. Not only to the deaf and dumb is the hand true eloquence. To all of us it is a secretary to transcribe our ideas, a chamberlain to supply our necessities, and a sentinel to defend our persons.

Montaigne well says: "With the hand we demand, we promise, we call, dismiss, threaten, entreat, supplicate, deny, refuse, interrogate, admire, reckon, confess, repent; express fear, express shame, express doubt; we instruct, command, unite, encourage, swear, testify, accuse, condemn, acquit, insult, despise, defy, disdain, flatter, applaud, bless, abuse, ridicule, reconcile, recommend, exalt, regale, gladden, complain, afflict, discomfort, discourage, astonish, exclaim, indicate silence, and what not? with a variety and a multiplication that keep pace with the tongue."

This organ of feeling is capable of so quickly executing the behests of the will, by reason of the flexibility of all its parts. Subdivided into three segments, the *carpus*, or wrist; the *metacarpus*, or palm; and the *phalanges*, or fingers, it consists of not less than 27 separate bones, bound together and moved by 19 separate muscles.

It illustrates the unerring wisdom and loving care of the Divine Creator. He has so formed this complex member that it may be perfectly adapted to all the duties for which it is designed. Look where you may in the realms of animal life, you cannot discover a creature possessed of an organ comparable to the hand of man. The nearest approach is the Chimpanzee, but with it the thumb is considerably shorter, and the mobility greatly less.

Remembering, then, that the hand is a feature of our organism, distinguishing man from all other terrestrial beings, and remembering the multitudinous and mighty uses to which it has been devoted, we need not marvel that it occupies a conspicuous place in the volume of Holy Writ.

In order the better to teach the world concerning God, the inspired authors have represented the Infinite Spirit as possessed of hands. When His bounty and benevolence are being discussed, they say, "Thou openest Thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." When His providence is under consideration, Job asks: "Shall we receive good at the hand of God?" When His help is being craved, Asaph cries: "Why withdrawest Thou Thy hand, even Thy right hand?" When meditating upon the experiences of life, David writes: "My times are in Thy hand." When the Lord would commend His mercy to men, He says, "I have spread out My hands all the day unto a rebellious people."

The Great Teacher, when referring to the power and love of God, says: "No man is able to pluck them (My followers) out of My Father's hand." The Apostle tells us that Christ was "by the right hand of God exalted," that He now "sitteth on the right hand of God," for the Father hath "set Him at His right hand in heavenly places." Thus, though God is a spirit, infinite and omnipresent, yet stooping to the darkness and weakness of our mental capacities, He describes Himself, and permits Himself to be portrayed figuratively, as possessed of hands.

Then, as the hand is so well adapted to express the thoughts and emotions of the mind, we find it referred to, in the Scriptures, as employed in many significant ways. Thus, to lift up the hand was regarded as taking a solemn oath. Abraham said to the monarch of Sodom: "I have lift up my hand unto the Lord." To offer one's hand to another signified of old, as it still does, amity and peace. Thus Jehu said to Jehonadab, "Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thy heart? If it be, give me thine hand. And he gave him his hand."

To pour water on the hands of another indicated that the person so pouring the water would serve the other. Thus it is written of Elisha, "Here is Elisha, the son of Shaphat, who poured water upon the hands of Elijah." To wash one's hands was regarded as an avowal of innocency. Thus, when Pilate found himself impotent to deliver from death the Redeemer of the world,

we read, "He took water and washed his hands."

To lay hands upon another was an emblem of setting the person apart for any particular duty or destiny. Thus the Lord is represented as saying to Moses, "Take thee Joshua, the son of Nun, a man in whom is the Spirit, and lay thine hand upon him, and set him before Eleazar the priest, and before all the congregation, and give him a charge in their sight." You will perceive that Joshua *had* the Spirit, before Moses' hands were laid upon him, so that the original intention of the imposition of hands was not to give the Spirit, but simply to point out and identify the man so separated.

Hands have been classified. There are some persons who believe in the physiognomy of the human hand. They maintain that the shape and size of the hand is a symbol of the temperament. Accordingly, they tell us of the *elemental* hand, which indicates "a mind lowly developed"; a *motor* hand, which "symbolises strength of will and aptness for strong sustained efforts of mind"; a *sensitive* hand, possessed of those who are distinguished by feeling, by fancy, and wit; and a *psychical* hand, "the most beautiful and the rarest of all," indicating "peculiar purity and interior grandeur of feeling, combined with simple clearness in knowledge and in will."

There may be much truth in this classification, but I prefer to take the Book of God for its description of hands, and then look round on Society, to see how the words of the Book are illustrated and expounded by the works of the world-life.

There is the hand of *disobedience;* such was the hand of Eve, which took the forbidden fruit and "gave also to her husband"; such was the hand of Adam, which participated in his wife's evil.

With some persons there seems to be an inexpressible impulse to touch what they know they ought not. The fact that certain things are carefully preserved and strictly forbidden, stirs the fires of obstinacy, opposition, and disobedience, and the hand tingles till the deed is done. There is the hand of *theft;* such was that of Achan. This hand works in different ways—by appropriation to self of that which belongs to another, by concealment of that which duty calls us to surrender to others, or by extortion and oppression. Against this the Lord has spoken most distinctly and positively. One of the ten commandments is, "Thou shalt not steal."

There is the hand of *bribery;* which gives or takes money, or aught else, as an inducement either to do, or cause to be done, that which under the circumstances is known to be evil. Such was the hand of Judas, who, for a bribe of 30 pieces of silver, betrayed into the hands of Roman soldiers that noblest, wisest, kindest, purest, and most loving Man the world ever knew.

There is the hand of *cruelty*, which is, alas! far too prevalent. Poor dumb animals and little helpless children are among its victims. This hand is trained and taught, for no man becomes capable of cruel actions all at once. He passes through many initiatory stages before the overt and horrible act is performed.

A lad was once passing through a field with his sister, when he found a nest of rabbits. The little girl was charmed with the helpless creatures. But the boy roughly seized them, and treated them cruelly. In vain the sister wept and implored him to desist. He continued his roughness till he killed them. Ten years afterwards that sister was again found weeping by her brother's side. He was in chains, sentenced to be hung for shooting a farmer, on whose land he was poaching. Just before he bade that sister the last farewell, he said, "Sister, do you remember the nest of rabbits, ten years ago, how you begged and prayed me, but I ridiculed? I believe from that day God forsook me, and left me to follow my own inclinations. If I had yielded to your tears then, you and I would not be weeping these bitter tears now." Thus the habit of cruelty gathers by unseen degrees.

There is the hand of *murder*, at the thought of which we instinctively shudder. The terror of a conscience that stings like a scorpion follows the murderer wheresoever he may go. He is constrained to cry :—

"Will all the mighty ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

Thus we see how unruly this member of our bodies can become. The Puritan Adams says, "Anaxagoras thought man the wisest of all creatures, because he hath hands whereby he can express all signs. He might have concluded him the wickedest of all creatures, because he hath hands; for no tiger or vulture under heaven is more hurtful with his claws and talons than man with his hands."

But, thank God! unlike the tongue, the hand has been tamed. It has been washed from its defilement, and devoted to all that is good, true, and noble. So in Isaiah's time God would not accept the sacrifices of the Jews because their "hands were full of blood." So the Apostle James says, "Cleanse your hands, ye sinners." The idea suggested is just this, that professions are vain unless the practice is right—that it is possible to utter our party *shibboleth* most distinctly and correctly, whilst there is a lie in our right hand.

Now, of the good, washen, pure hands let me mention some. There is the *hand of the diligent*—that is the hand of the man who, having determined upon the course of employment, works at it with perseverance and constancy. The word diligence comes from the Latin "*diligo*," which means to select, choose, love. The diligent hand, then, is that which selects its work, loves it, and pursues it with unflagging zeal.

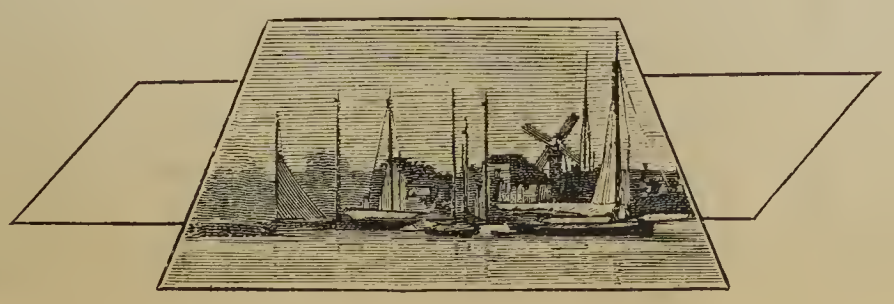
If a man's heart be right, his hand will not be idle. There are some men of the present day who pride themselves in a white, soft, dainty hand, with numerous rings upon the fingers. They think it respectable to be thought to have nothing to do. Like Thomson, they revel in "the Castle of Indolence"; and one would not be at all surprised to find them, as it is said that author was found, standing at a peach tree, eating the fruit as it hung on the tree, whilst both hands were in his pockets.

But of all hands those devoted to *doing good* are most worthy of our praise. Among the schools of art there has long been a discussion as to which hands are best painted, those of Raphael or those of Coreggio. The artist of the cartoons portrays his hands as fleshy, muscular, and powerful; while those of Antonio Allegri are fair and delicate, with flesh-colouring so exquisite that the blue veins on the hand stand out with peculiar distinctness. Students of art may select to which school they prefer to give adhesion, but we, who are learners at the feet of Christ, affirm that the best hand in the estimation of the Divine and unerring Judge is that which doeth good. It matters not whether the hand be large or small, rough or smooth, hard or soft, coarse or delicate in texture, so long as it is devoted to the service of God and man; ready to help the needy, to dry the tears of the sorrowing, to minister to the necessities of the poor, and to scatter seeds of kindness all around.

There is a Turkish allegory that every man has two recording angels attending him, one on the right and the other on the left. When aught is done that is commendable, the angel over the right shoulder writes it down; when evil is wrought, the angel over the left shoulder makes a record. At midnight, the day's account is made up, and if the evil is not forgiven, the angel seals the record, whilst the bright intelligence on the right weeps. This is imagination; but it teaches the fact that God, the Eternal, observes every good and evil act. The smallest deed of godliness passes not unnoticed. Epictetus tells us that a person had compassion on a poor shipwrecked and dying pirate, took him home, fed, clothed, and cared for him. When reproached for so doing, he replied: "I have honoured not the man, but humanity in his person." So may we feel; ay, and in addition, we may sometimes have the consolation that Christ, in the person of the pauper, has received help at our hands.

"Not for ever on thy knees
Would Jehovah have thee found:
There are griefs Jehovah sees;
There are burdens thou canst ease;
Look around!

"Worship God by doing good
Works not words, kind acts not creeds;
He who loves God as he should,
Makes his heart's love understood
By kind deeds."



TALKS WITH MARRIED FOLK.

THE MANAGEMENT OF INCOME.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

No. 2.—PORTIONING OUT THE INCOME.



IN reading theoretical economy, it is very usual, in speaking of the Management of Income, for theorists to take various incomes, and portion them out in imagination, allotting so much for one item of expense and so much for another. I should not say that a calculation of this kind is very often of use, because circumstances differ so much, and it is impossible to make one rule fit all circumstances.

Thus, with an imaginary income of £300 a year, we might lay down the rule that £2 a week would be a reasonable allowance for cost of living. Yet it would be a very different thing to lay out £2 a week for husband, wife, and one child, and to make the same sum supply the necessities of a husband, wife, and six children. Imaginary families are remarkable for this peculiarity—they never have more than one child. In real life families are apt to extend their borders beyond the one, and this makes the imaginary calculations rather wide of the mark.

I do not propose, therefore, to lay out imaginary incomes in detail. I believe it would be more helpful if we carried out the idea we entertained with regard to rent; namely, find out what *proportion* of income it is safe to allot to the different departments of expenditure. In all households there are certain directions in which money *must* be spent. Yet we shall never cut our coat according to our cloth if we allow one department to encroach upon another. When this fact is forgotten, the management of the income becomes an anxiety. For, let it once more be insisted on, success and failure, and sometimes more than these, happiness and misery, do not depend upon the mount of income possessed—they depend upon whether or not the income is managed successfully.

If we master the management of our income, we, as it were, "get on the top of it," and we are free, no matter how small our means may be.

If we do not master its management, anxiety about the income "gets on the top of us," and then life becomes one continued painful grind; in other words, we arrive at "agony point." What we have to aim at in management is, therefore, the maintenance of a fair proportion between one department of expenditure and another.

It has been already said that it is the teaching of experience that rent ought not to cover more than a tenth of the income at disposal, although in places where rents are high, it is not always possible to keep to this limit. It should be remembered, however, that when a house has yet to be fixed upon, it is always a great hindrance to management to choose one with a rent that is high in proportion to the means. The amount of rent we pay influences not only our rates and taxes, but also our style of living. More is expected of people who live in a house with high rent than of those who live in a low-rented house, and curiously enough it often happens that higher or lower prices are asked, according to the rental of the purchaser.

Other things being equal, therefore, it is most desirable that the rent should not exceed the tenth, or at most the eighth, of the income already apportioned. If it should exceed this proportion, the excess will have to be taken out of some other item; and we generally find that in practice the sums allotted to Saving and to Household Expenses are the ones charged with all deficiencies. As this excess is disapproved here, we will, in drawing up the present estimate, allow for an approved rental.

It is believed that the following estimate will be a fairly safe one:—

Rent	$\frac{1}{8}$
Rates, Taxes, and Railway Fares	$\frac{1}{16}$
Rates and Taxes usually vary with the distance from a large town; therefore, where rates are lower, railway fare would probably be high, and *vice versâ*.	
Household Expenses, including provisions, coal, gas, servants' wages, laundry, repairs, and incidentals	$\frac{1}{2}$
Clothing and Charity	$\frac{1}{8}$
Education, Books, and Stationery.	$\frac{1}{16}$
Insurance, Doctor's Bills, and Saving	$\frac{1}{8}$

It is probable that in looking over this estimate a great many people will exclaim that the proportion allotted to household expenses is too large. I maintain, however, that it is very reasonable. First, it must be remembered that incidental expenses are to come out of it, and these include that nondescript series of expenses which vary according to the character and disposition of the man and woman who have to deal with them. Amusements, holidays, company, repairs and removals, postages, etc., with the many other extras which perpetually meet the harassed housekeeper, and which, if not fairly faced and disposed of, make the best-laid schemes prove a failure, are all to be classed amongst incidentals. It is not too much to say that of the half of available income apportioned to household expenses, at least one-fourth should be set aside for this item.

Household expenses proper are supposed to include cost of provisions, laundry, coal, gas, and servants' wages. These are the expenses which come under the jurisdiction of the mistress of the household.

Amongst people of limited income it is probable that with regard to them there is a greater difference of opinion, more discussion, and more unkind feeling arising from distrust and a fear of extravagance on the one hand, and discontent and a sense of injustice on the other, than there is in any other department of household management. It will help, therefore, to a clear understanding of the situation if we refer to and clear away one or two mistaken notions, and lay down one or two general principles for acceptance.

Inexperienced persons have an idea that all other expenses ought to be paid first, and that what is left ought to be made to defray the cost of living. A theory of this sort never answers in practice. As human nature is at present constituted, people must have wherewithal to eat and drink. If food is not supplied in quantity and quality sufficient to support the body, health will suffer, and the amount saved from the butcher and the baker will have to be handed over to the doctor and apothecary, or taken out in lack of energy and strength.

When a husband hands over to his wife money for household expenses, he does not thereby make her a recipient of his bounty. He simply furnishes the tool she needs for doing her share of their joint work.

Very few men realise that as the family increases, the amount handed over to the mother for household expenses should be increased also. A baby is a costly luxury in a house; although it is certainly a luxury, because a home is never so happy as when there is a baby in it. During the first month of life a baby does not cost much in food, but it costs in other ways.

It increases the work and the laundry expenses, and its advent takes away for a time the strength of the mother, and so makes her less able to make the most of things. Its necessities increase with every year, and this fact ought to be allowed for, both in dress and provision. It is true that though a newcomer adds to the expense, it does not add to the income. But this makes no difference to the rule. It only shows that the appearance of a new baby, or an addition to the family in any way, ought to be the signal for a new arrangement and a fresh order.

In drawing up an estimate of household expenses, company ought to be considered an extra; and, as already stated, ought to be entered amongst the incidentals. If expenses are closely calculated, according to the size of the family, there is no room for hospitality. Yet hospitality in reason is a virtue; and it is a hard thing when those who possess a home cannot share it with their friends. Let it be shared by all means, therefore, but let it be clearly understood where the payment thereof is to come from; and do not let all the enjoyment be on one side, and all the difficulty on the other.

In calculating expenses a balance should always be left over as a margin. This is necessary, because it is impossible to provide for every item, and if when the income was planned out every penny was appropriated, there would be certain to be a deficiency when the accounts were made up.

Speaking of accounts reminds us that accounts are of great value. Their chief use is that they act as a check upon the person who spends the money and who keeps their account. They do this most effectually when they are sacred, because then they may be turned into a true record both of mistake and of success. They can never be employed in this way when they are subjected to unpleasant scrutiny; and, therefore, unless at his wife's special request, a husband ought never to look over his wife's accounts; while a generous-minded man would hesitate to do so even though the wife should wish it. Some husbands, with the idea that their wives are improvident, make a practice of examining the household accounts regularly, and criticising the items there entered. To do this is to imply want of trust in a wife; and the husband who cannot trust his wife wronged her when he married her. The consciousness of this want of trust will take all the heart out of her when she tries to economise; it will prevent her acting up to her full capacity, and thus the whole household, including the husband, will suffer.

The ground now being cleared, we will go on to the subject of Household Expenses generally, and the most effectual way of saving therein. This part of the subject must be dealt with in another paper.

£1. 1s. Prize.

ALSO A NUMBER OF HANDSOME CERTIFICATES.

SECOND SPELLING COMPETITION.

RULES.

I.—The Competition is open to all.
II.—No dictionary may be used, nor is any help to be in any way obtained as to the spelling of any word.
III.—Two consecutive hours is the time allowed for writing out the paragraph. It must not be written from dictation, nor be re-copied after it has once been written out. All writing, indeed each letter, must be so clearly formed as to be unmistakable.
IV.—A certificate, signed by some responsible person, must be appended to the paragraph, as a guarantee that the Rules have been kept.
V.—No MS. can be returned.
VI.—Questions may be asked (stamped addressed envelope for reply), but each needless one will deduct from the total marks awarded to the questioner.

Open for three weeks only. The Paragraph to be written out will be given in our Number for March 24th.
The Five Prize Winners in former Spelling Chase are not eligible for Competition.

TO PAST AND FUTURE COMPETITORS.

KEEN expectation is being felt as to our forthcoming Second Spelling Chase, which is in process of preparation, and will be published in our next Number. The last was so successful in stimulating enterprise and curiosity, that this new one can scarcely fail to surpass it in interest and popularity.

These Spelling Tests have real educational value, and are just as useful as amusing. We hope the Principals of Schools will encourage their higher forms and senior pupils to make an attempt. In our last Competition the men did remarkably well, though the final reward was gained by a lady. This time we expect the men will have a "try" for the first place! Competitors, please read the Rules beforehand. This is everything. We are glad to notice Mrs. M. Mathers, of Maynard, Los Angelos, California, whose Paragraph, late for our first Spelling Chase, is deserving of Honourable Mention.

A GRANDDAUGHTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

THE STORY OF MRS. BENDISH.

By the Rev. R. Shindler.

BRIDGET CROMWELL, the eldest daughter of the Protector, became the wife of Henry Ireton, Esq., who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland during a period of the Commonwealth. Their third daughter was named after her mother, and was born in or about 1648. She was educated mainly under the eye of her grandfather, Oliver, and was to him an object of engrossing interest and affectionate tenderness. Bridget Ireton was regarded as a feminine counterpart of her illustrious grandfather, being generally considered as more closely resembling him in her features, the general expression of her countenance, and the chief points of her character, than any of his descendants.

It is a favourable trait in the character of the distinguished Oliver,—than whom no man has been more cavilled at and misrepresented by his enemies,—that he could bend himself to be the teacher, and almost the playmate, of a child of five or six years of age. One lesson he taught her as a child she never forgot,—a lesson, judging from the experiences of common life, which it is hard to learn, and still harder to practise—to know how to keep a secret.

On one occasion she sat between her grandfather's knees at a meeting of the Privy Council, when some very important affairs were discussed. One of the Councillors objected to her being present, but the Protector replied, "There is not a secret I would trust to any of you that I would not trust to this child." To prove that his confidence in her was not mistaken, he made known to her some secret, and then directed her mother and grandmother to try to induce her to divulge it by any means, promises, threatenings, bribes, punishment, and even caresses. Against all their endeavours she was proof. Though acknowledging her duty to her mother, she regarded the prior claim of her grandfather as paramount. In consequence of their endearing intimacy, and the Protector's well-placed confidence in her, she ever retained the highest possible regard for him, and her devoted fidelity to his interests, character, and memory amounted to enthusiasm.

Bridget married Thomas Bendish, son of Sir Thomas Bendish, Baronet, who was for fourteen years English Ambassador to Turkey. The son was not equal to his father, either in gifts or fame.

Mrs. Bendish's character had some very strong points, and her courage was next to invincible; her benevolence and generosity were often beyond her means; and she was "the common friend, advocate, and patroness of all the poor and miserable," without distinction of religion, opinion, or character. It mattered not whether a needy object had acted the part of an enemy or a friend to her and hers, their want was a sufficient recommendation to her warm and tender heart.

All her days she was a staunch, sturdy Nonconformist, and was connected with a church in London, which had gathered many of the *élite* of Nonconformist society under the pastorate of the great independent theologian, Dr. John Owen. Kind to all as she had opportunity, she was in an especial manner a friend to all who suffered for their religious opinions. Dr. Isaac Watts was numbered among her friends, and to her the doctor addressed his poem, "Against tears." The last verse must have chimed in well with her martial spirit:—

> "If 'tis a rugged path you go,
> And thousand foes your steps surround,
> Tread the thorns down, charge through the foe;
> The hardest fight is highest crowned."

Her martial spirit was displayed in a serious encounter with a gentleman, while travelling in a stage-coach to London. The only occupants of the interior of the coach besides herself were two gentlemen, whose

conversation turned upon Oliver Cromwell, whom they criticized with unsparing acrimony. Impatient at the indignities done to the name of her grandfather, whom she revered as a Christian of a superior character, and esteemed as a patriot and a great general and ruler, she stood up in his defence; and though she conducted the argument with some spirit and force, extolling the maligned person to the extent of enthusiastic admiration, neither of her opponents was convinced, one of them, in particular, rising to a great heat in branding his name with every term of opprobrium, deriding his claims to patriotism and piety, and denouncing him as a cold-blooded traitor and tyrant.

When they alighted from the coach at the end of the stage, and had taken some refreshment, Mrs. Bendish requested her principal opponent to allow her an opportunity of speaking to him in private. Having withdrawn to another apartment, she told him, with manifest composure, that he had in the grossest manner belied and abused one of the best of men that ever lived; that the blood of Oliver Cromwell which flowed in her veins would not allow her to pass over the indignities cast on his memory in her presence; that though she could not handle a sword, she could fire a pistol as well as he; and she demanded "immediate satisfaction to the injured honour of her family, insisting that, if he would not incur the charge of cowardice, he should not make her sex the pretence for declining her challenge."

Amazed at the remarkable, though far from commendable, strain of this address, the gentleman, who was ignorant of her relationship to the man whom he had so unsparingly reviled, at once proceeded to soften down her resentment. "Notwithstanding," said he, "all that I have said in disparagement of Oliver Cromwell, whom I now understand to have been your grandfather, he unquestionably possessed many great qualities, which I honour as much as you or any one, and had I known or suspected your relation to him, I would certainly not have said one word on the subject to give you offence. I regret having wounded your feelings by the asperity with which, in the heat of contradiction, I may have treated his memory, and I sincerely ask your pardon for my rudeness."

By this apology her resentment was appeased, and the rest of the journey was passed with a considerable degree of good humour and friendly feeling between the fellow-passengers.

This display of the military spirit is what is seldom met with in a Puritan, and especially in one of the weaker sex; but she was no ordinary woman. She knew well, too, how to endure, as well as how to do and dare. Courage and cheerfulness marked her every-day character and spirit,—gladness of heart she regarded as necessary not only to bear her troubles, but to exemplify her piety.

At the age of fifty-nine she was left a widow. She resided then at Great Yarmouth, at a place within a mile of the town, where she carried on the salt-works, which gave the name of Salt Pans to that district. She had a private income of some two or three hundreds per annum, but her profuse liberality, and her not very successful business operations, hampered her resources, and led her to try other schemes to put matters right.

One of these schemes was the grazing of cattle, which led her to attend fairs for the purchase and sale of her stock. She usually travelled in a single horse chair; and neither darkness nor bad roads, unknown ways nor stormy nights, seemed to have any power to intimidate her. She would sing a psalm or one of Dr. Watts' hymns, and was happy in the assurance that she was under the protection of guardian angels.

In her salt-works she spared neither labour nor toil, from an early hour to the close of day performing all sorts of duties, and mixing freely with her work-people.

When at home, and occupied in household duties and in her garden, she was not very careful in her dress and as to personal appearance. Hewling Leeson, in one of his letters in Hughes's correspondence, thus describes her, with some degree, perhaps, of exaggeration :—

"At her residence, which was quite open to the road, I have very often seen her in the morning, stumping about with an old straw hat on her head, her hair about her ears, without stays, and, when it was cold, an old blanket about her shoulders, and a staff in her hand; in a word, exactly accoutred to mount the stage as a witch in Macbeth. Yet if, at such a time, she was accosted by any person of rank or breeding, that dignity of manner and politeness of style, which nothing could efface, would instantly break through the veil of debasement which concealed her native grandeur, and a stranger to her customs might be astonished to find himself addressed by a princess while he was looking at a mumper."

When Mrs. Bendish had ended the labours of the day, she would eat and drink heartily whatever was set before her, and then throw herself down on a couch or bed and sleep soundly, rising refreshed and invigorated; and as if ready for a new day's work, she would dress, and set out on her visits of ceremony, business, or charity.

These visits generally commenced at nine o'clock, but sometimes at ten or even eleven o'clock, and they would last until about one in the morning. These habits were very diverse from the general custom of "early to bed" at that sober age; but she was so esteemed by her friends, and her visits also were so welcome, so instructive, so frequently interesting, and often edifying, that those who received them never complained of their unseasonableness.

Her dress did not conform to the prevailing fashion. "Splendid she never was," says Dr. Brookes, "her highest dress being a plain silk; but it was usually of the richest sort, though, as far as I can remember, of what is called a Quaker's colour. And she wore besides a kind of silk hood or scarf, that I rarely if ever observed to be worn by ladies of her time; and though hoops were in fashion long before her death, nothing, I suppose, could have induced her to wear one.

"Yet there was something in her person, when she was in company, that could not fail of at once attracting the notice and respect of any stranger that entered the room; wherever she was, though the company might be ever so numerous, and though many of them might be more splendid in their appearance."

The visits she paid, and which were so well received by her friends, were not mere visits of ceremony; friendship was the attractive and uniting force. The subject of discourse might be current events, but oftener the old times of her grandfather, and oftener still religion. In all these her conversation possessed a powerful charm; she was sprightly, animated, emphatic, racy; and all she said was marked by good sound sense, and aided by dignity of manner. After mutual interchange of thought and feeling with her friends, especially if religion had been the theme of discourse, she was generally so elated, that it was a common thing, even at twelve o'clock at night, or later, for her to propose the singing of a psalm before she took her leave, which she would then do in high spirits.

In making these visits she rode an old mare, which had been for many years the companion of her adventures. The mare was well known in Yarmouth, and was long remembered for her freaks and peculiarities. Towards the close of her life Mrs. Bendish found the saddle rather difficult, and she drove in a chaise, which, after a good deal of coaxing, she persuaded the old mare to draw. Down to the last, however, she would never allow a servant to accompany her in her night excursions. The presence of a companion would have been an intrusion on the meditations of her solitary rides.

Fear she was an entire stranger to, and her old friend the mare understood her movements. No sooner had she mounted the saddle or the chaise, than the faithful old creature began to move off at a quiet trot, while the mistress would strike up a psalm or one of Watts' hymns. "This," says a writer quoted above, "I have often heard; and thus the two old souls, the mare and her mistress, the one gently trotting, and the other loudly singing, jogged on" until they reached their home.

This remarkable woman died in 1729, aged eighty years.

THREE P'S FOR THE TEACHERS.

By Rev. J. H. Thorpe, M.A.

BREVITY is said to be "the soul of wit," and if the law be true, then the Articles in —"A. 1."— ought to get some credit for wit; for our Editor's general order is "short and sharp." That we may obey the latter, we shall just pack our preface into these few words.

We want to say some things helpful to the S.S. Teachers. *We* shall not mind if the sentences are somewhat rugged and unfinished, and hope *they* won't. We take it for granted they all want to be A. 1. in their work. We doubt if any others will take the trouble to read this. We shall dwell more specially on *the human* side of S.S. work, having first given in our absolute acceptance of the Master's own words, "Without Me ye can *do nothing*."

The first thing we would impress on our readers is the primary qualification for all work for God—Prayer.

You may be clever, you may be hard-working, you may keep the children's attention right through, you may win their affections and the praise of all who see your work, but you will be a *downright failure* if you do not pray. If you have only an hour to prepare your lesson, give the best part to prayer. Teaching begun on your knees is half accomplished. You want *power* for your work (there is lots of work in the world in which there is *no power*). Prayer gives you power with God; study of the Word gives you power with men. Pray for the Holy Spirit to guide your mind in preparation of your subject—the Bible without the Spirit is like a sun-dial by moonlight. Pray for yourself that you may be wise and winsome in your work; pray for your scholars, and thus you will acquire another needful thing in a teacher, sympathy with them. Don't pray only on Saturday night or Sunday morning for the class—pray every day, pray for them as often as you do for yourself. Prayer is to your work what the fire was to the sacrifice; so mind the first P!

The next is Pains. Sunday School work cannot be well done extempore. We have heard of men who never prepared their lesson, but we never heard of any one being the better of it. If

you would succeed, you must take pains with your preparation. This should be twofold: (1) Special—that is, the reading of notes, etc., on the day's lesson; and be sure with this you *begin early* in the week. Shame on you if you only look at the lesson late on Saturday night for the first time! (2) General. Perhaps you may not see this at first. This is what we mean, think it out at your leisure—*your teaching power will be the average of your general study.* Therefore read your Bible and books on the Bible; read for illustrations, read everything you can get which bears on your work. You must take pains with the delivery of the lesson, and try to do without notes; this you will succeed in if you begin your preparation in time. Take pains with the class in the way of visiting. In a word, put *pains* into every department of your work, and remember that Prayer, Pains, and Preparation can do anything!

The last P is PERSEVERANCE. Remember the promise, "in due season we shall reap, if we faint not"; and see in the words "in due season" a hint that it may not be all at once. Having entered on your work, keep at it! If it is worth beginning, it is surely worth sticking to. You may not see results; you may find many temptations to give it up—a nervous mother or aunt or even wife, who tells you it is "really too much, after your long week," etc., etc. Hard work won't kill you, and least of all Sunday School work. We heard of a missionary who was taunted with having made only one real convert in twenty years. "And is it really true," said he, "that I have won a soul to Christ in twenty years? Then here goes another twenty years, if I'm spared, for *one more!*"

My dear readers, mind the three P's—Prayer, Pains, and Perseverance; and may the God of peace be with you in your work!

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

MARCH 25TH.

REVIEW LESSON.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Matt.* 16. 16.

IT is the practice in many American Sunday Schools to give but a summary of the quarter's lessons, and then have either a lesson on temperance or on missions. Lesson on temperance, Gal. 5. 16. 6; Missions, Ps. 2. 1–12. Should this plan not be adopted, it is, nevertheless, a good opportunity for teachers to speak upon any subject particularly impressed upon them.

"In the first quarter's lessons taken from Matthew we had *The coming of the kingdom.* In the second, *Its principles.* In the last, *The opposition it met with.*"

Reviews should be mostly worked out by questionings.

Take 1st. *The Journeyings.* Galilee. Desert near Bethsaida. Gennesareth. Tyre and Sidon. Cæsarea Phillipi. Mount Hermon. Capernaum. Thence by Jordan valley to Jericho, Bethany, Jerusalem.

2nd, *Personages.* John, Herod, Herodias and daughter, CHRIST, Disciples, Little lad, Syrophœnician woman, Salome, Group of little children, the Rich Young Man, Owner of Ass, Visitors in Jerusalem, Scribes and Pharisees.

3rd, *Scenes.* In Prison. Desert. On the Sea. On the Mountain. Entering Jerusalem. (Work out details).

4th, *Miracles.* Multitude Fed. Walking on Sea. Healing of the Daughter.

5th, *Conversations* (including parables). With John's Disciples. Twice with Peter. Moses and Elias. Rich Young Man. Scribes.

OPPOSITION SHOWN by Herod, disease, riches, ambition, rejectors. MET by Courage; by Christ's *word, spirit,* and miraculous powers. *Final Triumph* foreshadowed in Lessons 5, 6, and 11.

We have in these twelve Lessons something like a

BOUQUET OF FLOWERS,

each representing a Christian grace. Let us gather them up by *name, explain* their meaning, and then bind them round by the cords of memory, and make them our own by showing them forth in our lives.

Illustrate by attractiveness of flowers, especially at this season of the year.

No.	*Name.*	*Meaning applied.*
I.	Courage	A soldier of Jesus Christ.
II.	Trust	In the dark as well as the light.
III.	Prayer	"I need Thee every hour."
IV.	Healing	"Lord, help *me.*"
V.	Confession	"Now, just a word for Jesus."
VI.	Visions	We shall see the King in His beauty.
VII.	Humility	Give me a childlike spirit.
VIII.	Forgiveness	As I hope to be forgiven.
IX.	Love	Love must be shown in deeds.
X.	Greatness	Make me a lowly servant.
XI.	Preparation	The King is coming.
XII.	Victory	"Even the victory that overcometh the world."

C. SKINNER.

Y.M.C.A. BIBLE CLASS LESSON.

MARCH 25TH.

Prov. 3. 27–35.

Vers. 27, 28. *Passive Injury.* A word against procrastination. Do not postpone the discharge of obligations when you have the power to perform them. 1. You may cause trouble to others. 2. To-morrow you may, from some cause, be unable to do it. 3. You foster a bad habit. Be prompt in paying debts.

Some persons are very thoughtless for their poor neighbours in this respect. When the poor shoemaker brings home his work on Saturday night, it may be very easy to you to say,—"Call for the money on Monday"; but it may mean a hungry Sunday to him.

Ver. 29. *Positive Injury.* Vers. 27 and 28 give a caution against injury to another by *neglect in doing.* Ver. 29 is a warning against *active injury.* Do not abuse the confidence of thy neighbour. Do not take advantage of his unsuspicious behaviour to do him harm. Do not be mean, sly, snakelike in your dealings with him.

Ver. 30. As ver. 29 relates to *secret* injury, so ver. 30 relates to *open* attack. Do not pick a quarrel. Jezebel picked a quarrel with good Naboth, and slew him.

Vers. 31, 32. On these verses consult Psalm 37.; the whole Psalm bears on them. Do not be uneasy because the wicked prosper by their wickedness. The right shall triumph at last. Ponder Eccles. 3. 16, 17; Mal. 3. 15-18; 4. 1, 2, 3. Maintain your belief in the government of God, and in the rectitude of His rule. See Psalm 73.

Ver. 33. Here is *part* of the explanation of verses 31, 32 (compare Hosea 5. 12). How solemn the reflection—curse *in* the house, etc.

"But he blesseth," etc.—glorious contrast! God protects and prospers. "His blessing maketh rich."

Vers. 32 and 33 should be taken together as part explanation of ver. 31.

"His *secret* is with the righteous." See Ps. 25. 14. Not some one particular communication, but *all* God's secret intercourse with the soul. It denotes closest friendship.

Ver. 34. On this verse see Exod. 28. 11; Dan. 4. 37. Observe the *majesty* of the words in first clause: calm superiority. Read Ps. 2. 4, "But He giveth grace," etc. To the proud so severe, to the lowly so gentle and generous. The proud lose all—the lowly gain all.

Ver. 35. Connect "grace," ver. 34, and "glory" in this, with Ps. 84. 11 and Exod. 33. 17, 18.

JAMES L. STANLEY.

IN our lesson there are two main points.

1. A command. 2. A contrast.

I. A COMMAND (vers. 27–31). You may point it by the five "*Nots*" in the verses.

1. "*Withhold not.*" Why? (1) Because all we have received—"Freely ye have received, freely give." (2) Because we are debtors (Rom. 1. 14; 13. 7). (3) Because it is a command (Gal. 6. 10). (4) Because it is well-pleasing to God (Heb. 13. 16). (5) Because it is enforced by Christ (Luke 10. 37). (6) Because it is an evidence that we are following in the footsteps of Christ (Acts 13. 38). (7) Because it will return in blessing upon yourself (Matt. 25. 34–40).

Arnot says: "Every possessor of the good things, either of this life or the next, is bound by the command of the Giver to distribute a portion to those who have none."

There are some good people who mean well, but they fail being "instant in season." Now the word is—"When it is in the power of thine hand to do it." For, as one has said, "The *abundance* may be taken from you, or *you* taken from the abundance. The secret of a happy life is to set the house in order, and to keep it in order. Above all, keep as few good intentions hovering about as possible.

2. "*Say not,*" etc. (ver. 28). Say is no stay. Say is no supply. Some are big at saying, but little in serving.

3. "*Devise not,*" etc. (ver. 29). "Practise no evil," the margin has it. "Do thyself no harm," said St. Paul to the jailor when about to commit suicide, we may apply it here, and say, "Do thy neighbour no harm."

4. "*Strive not,*" etc. (ver. 30). Paul, in writing to Timothy, distinctly told him, "that the man of God must not strive" (1 Tim. 2. 24). There are four things we are to strive after—(1) As sinners to enter into the strait gate—conversion (Luke 13. 34). (2) As servants, for the furtherance of the Gospel (Phil. 1. 27). (3) As runners in the race to win the prize (1 Cor. 9. 25). And (4) as labourers, to strive by the Spirit's power (Col. 1. 29). But we are not to strive with each other as the herdmen of Isaac and Gerar did (Gen. 26. 20), or as the Hebrews did (Exod. 2. 13).

5. "*Envy thou not,*" etc. (ver. 31). Envy was the cause of Christ's murder (Matt. 27. 18); the cause of division among the Church at Corinth (1 Cor. 3. 3); the cause of Joseph being sold (Gen. 37. 11; Acts 7. 9); the cause of Isaac's departure from Gerar (Gen. 26. 14); the cause of Rachel being jealous of her sister (Gen. 30. 1); the cause of Korah's ruin (Ps. 106. 16; Num. 16. 1); the cause of the Jews contradicting Paul and Barnabas (Acts 13. 45).

II. A CONTRAST. Fourfold (vers. 32–35).

1. *The froward and the righteous.* The first is an abomination to the Lord, even as the antediluvians were; but the latter is in God's confidence, even as Noah was.

2. *The wicked and the just.* The first is under the curse of God, even as Cain was; but the other is blest, even as Abel was.

3. *The scorner and the lowly.* The former is as Pharoah, but the latter as Moses. He overthrew the one and graced the other.

4. *The wise man and the fool.* The first is like the man who built his house on the rock, and the second like unto him who built on the sand.

Sunderland. F. E. MARSH.

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

ANSWERS.

A Well-Wisher.—We are exceedingly obliged for your hearty and helpful letter, and are sure that from the warm interest which you express in our Paper, you would be willing to render us effective service. Please send us your name and address. Meanwhile, the suggestions you give are being carefully considered.

A Protestant.—We exceedingly regret that you could for a moment have believed that the verse quoted could be intended by God as a sanction for sin. It is impossible for the Word of God to contradict itself, and we have many passages solemnly denouncing the sin to which you refer. We trust you will at once give up the company of any one thus unblushingly pursuing a sinful course, and by your open protest and conduct, show that you can have nothing to do with the workers of ungodliness.

Remedy for Chilblains.—Boil a turnip until quite soft, take it out and mash it well; put your feet into as hot water as can be borne, and gradually stir in the turnip. The longer the feet can be kept in this the better. Wrap them up, and get into bed.

T. B. G.—Thank you for your interesting letter in reference to sneezing, in Shakspeare, and also in 2 Kings 4. 35, and Job. 41. 18.

M. F.—We have made inquiry in reference to the collecting boxes, and from the most reliable quarter have received the following communication:—"Only a few weeks ago, when we wanted a supply of the 'Negro Boxes,' it was found that the Firm who supplied them had disappeared. We have written to Germany, where they were actually made, but have no answer. We are trying to find some new makers, but no *English* firm will make them at the price (4*s.* 6*d.* each)."

Herbalist.—The reply which appeared in reference to examinations to be passed in order to become a "Herbalist Doctor" was from the pen of an M.D. This, however, has been challenged by a correspondent, who sends us the following information, which we gladly pass on:—

"Your remarks on this interesting and important subject are not wisely made. *First,* it is the most natural and best medical system. *Second,* those who hold Diplomæ in the Herbal Society are not "ignorant" or "quacks." *Third,* there *is* an "examination." For further information, refer to Dr. George Brown, President of "the Society of United Medical Herbalists," Drake Street, Rochdale.

Justice.—The estate of the surety only, would be liable for any responsibility he had incurred; and his brothers could only be called upon, in so far as they had charge of the administration of the estate as his executors or representatives, and then only to the extent of the property realised.

Mac.—There is no reason why you should avoid members of your family because they are not Christians. On the contrary, love them, help them, win them. We imagine the difficulty comes from your not boldly taking your stand as a decided Christian. Begin at once; it is little use to yearn after "higher life," if you are untrue to the life God has already given. Stand clear of worldliness, when amongst worldly friends.

R. F.—A Homœopathic Chemist replies to your question about treatment of enlarged tonsils,—"Chronic cases are obstinate; the sufferer should persevere under skilled Homœpathic treatment. The most useful remedies are Baryta carb., 6 or 12 strength; Cal. Carb., 6; or Cal. Phos. 3. Advice is generally required as to strength, quantity, etc. Gargling the throat with cold water, either fresh or salt (Bangor Sea), 2 or 3 times a day, is very necessary. Attend to digestion; take no hot drinks; apply a cold water compress; take a few doses of Bell. 3, if the throat is inflamed.

E. S. F. and **Jeanne.**—The Cookery Primer by Agnes Maitland (Publisher, Hogg, 13, Paternoster Row) is a very good small cookery book, containing recipes suitable for the poor. You would probably hear of books of the kind you refer to by writing to the Ladies' Sanitary Association: publishers, Messrs. Gerald & Sons, Norwich.

Musical Glasses.—A correspondent offers information on this subject, if inquirer will call or write to M. Johnson, 2, Queen's Buildings, Queen's Road, Buckhurst Hill: who offers to give suggestions as to how they may be made.

Save your back Nos.—We are already being asked if binding cases for —"A. 1."— will be issued at the end of the year. We shall be able to supply these and bound volumes.

Localising —"A. 1."—The Vicar of St. Paul's, Southwark, has been most ingenious in the way he has devised of localising our Paper in his parish. Upon every copy are fixed two small labels in the blank panels on either side of our heading —"A. 1."—; on the left-hand side "St. Paul's," on the right, "Southwark." This unique and at the same time very simple plan, we have at once patented, so far as advising all our friends that we are willing to supply, gratis, labels with their own name and address, to any who wish thus to localise our Paper in their own Parish, District, or School.

Just the thing for all our Associations; advertising their existence without expense. Send us your order, and labels shall at once be specially made.

INQUIRIES.

Can any reader tell me the author of the following lines?—

"Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,—
They ne'er forgive who do the wrong."

Old Postage Stamps.—Can any one tell me whether a collection of a million used postage stamps will obtain a nomination for a child into one of our London Asylums, and if so, to which?—M. N. H.

DUTIES SMALL AND GREAT.

"WORK, not pleasure, ought to be the aim of one's life," were the words of the late Princess Alice, who, indeed, as we know from her charming letters, nobly carried out this maxim in her own busy life.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, too, has somewhere said that our highest aim is to be of use. And no doubt there is a great and growing earnestness of purpose and of work in all thoughtful men and women of this busy, restless nineteenth century.

But on the other hand, we cannot but see that there is also a growing love of pleasure—a constant restless seeking after amusement in all classes of society. And although it is undoubtedly a diminishing class, still there is a very large class of men and women—in England especially—who are merely "seekers after pleasure." Now, may this not arise from the fact that not only has the word "duty" rather gone out of fashion, but also that many of us, young and old, have not got very *clear* ideas on the subject of duty, and especially have not very *high* ones?

Education has made enormous strides during the last few years—that of girls particularly has been improved and extended to a wonderful degree; but perhaps there is a slight danger in our thinking only of examinations, of degrees, and of our children "getting on" well, and neglecting "the weightier matters" of character and a sense of duty.

In the words of a thoughtful preacher of the day, "Education, from the point of view of those who believe in an enduring result, is the presentation to children of life-shaping motives; it is more than giving fragments of knowledge, it is moulding character. . . .

"Not by what you teach, but by the way you teach, you mould character."

These are words that all of us who are parents, and who wish to see our children grow up into useful men and women, doing good in God's world—the purpose for which He made them, should lay to heart. All of us, whether clever or simple, rich or poor, *can* teach our children this one thing—to have a high sense of duty, and to get their duties into the right light. That can only be done by a realised sense of our dignity as children of God, as "workers together with Him," knowing that since our blessed Lord redeemed this world, and glorified our life by His Incarnation and Death, nothing can be called "common or unclean," and that the meanest duties of life can be transformed into a consecrated service. Women especially need often to remind themselves of this truth; the daily routine of so very many women's lives seems so dull and petty.

Men have monotonous duties, no doubt; only to many women the little things they have to do day by day seem almost too small to be dignified by the name of duties, and they think that if they had to lead the lives of their husbands, brothers, or fathers, the greatness of the work would to a great extent compensate for the toil and routine. We do not think this would really be the case, and at any rate we women have to take our lives as they are sent to us, and our duty is to shape them as nobly as we can. Let us begin by realising that each little duty is as much given us by God to do as if it were one of the greatest works. As an eminent preacher has said, "It is not by doing great things, but by getting little things into great lights, that we live the life of God." And surely the education of our children *is* a great work. Not the teaching them "fragments of knowledge," which, with so many of us, must necessarily be left to the schoolmaster or mistress; but the moulding of their characters, the teaching of "life-shaping" motives, and the formation of good habits of mind and body.

Surely this is a high, a noble, a great duty; and mothers, perhaps, better than any one, can do this by their quiet, gentle influence, by careful study of their children's natures, and last, but not least, by self-discipline, which surely is a "great" duty. Then, as their daughters grow up, mothers can do much in giving them high views of duty, and in showing them that even while they are young, they can and ought to live for something more than pleasure, or even than mere self-cultivation. How many a hard-worked, self-sacrificing mother will not allow her daughters, as they leave the schoolroom, to help her in household matters. No,—in her love and her spirit of self-sacrifice, which to many mothers becomes a sort of second nature,—she says, "Oh, let them enjoy themselves while they can. I do not want them to have domestic troubles before they are obliged to have their own."

She does not realise that this unselfish spirit tends to make her daughters selfish, which is a grievous thing; and what is still more grievous, is that these girls' characters are not being formed by her to bear the duties of life, which must come to all, sooner or later. Then these girls marry, have to give up some of their many amusements, perhaps have a great many duties which they ought to perform, but which are irksome to them; and then one wonders that there are so many peevish, fretful women in the world, and that one sees so many unhappy marriages! Yes, those of us who are mothers have, indeed, *great* duties, as well as the small ones of our daily life: the forming of the characters of our children, the bringing up of the future men and women, who will, we trust, live more and more for good, for work, for usefulness, for God. Shall we not, therefore, try and get *all* our duties, *all* our work, into "great lights"—try and realise that our work is eternal, that eternity *is now;* that all our duties, well done, intensely felt, will produce eternal good; that we are the temples of the Holy Ghost; and that the Christ-life in us will transfigure all our duties, small and great, and make them one great service of love, done for Christ's sake and the love of God?

THE INUNDATION IN CHINA.

By J. Dick Arthur.

THE bursting of the Yellow River in China exceeds in horror anything that has ever happened in our time. Larger and swifter than the Ganges, it contains perhaps more water than five Danubes, and flows through a territory ten thousand square miles larger than England and Wales.

The soil is so fertile that almost everything will grow upon it. Pine apples, planted with rice, yield 160-fold, and produce, almost without manure and with but little ploughing, two crops a year. The surplus water of autumn, being probably nine times the usual outflow, rushes down from the hills in great volumes, at a speed of twelve miles an hour, and the embankments, strong as they are, are not always sufficient to prevent the bursting of the barriers.

Every two centuries or so they are swept away, a new bed is cut, and a whole province ruined. Nine such beds are known, but this danger is not sufficient to prevent the people swarming in again, building new dykes; and once more the place assumes the appearance of a cultivated garden.

On September 27th the river was at its fullest, and its speed tremendous. A bit of dyke giving way, the rent soon spread for 1,200 yards; the floods were loosed, and water amounting to five Danubes came pouring down upon the plain—a vast, open, flat plain, studded with 3,000 villages, and swarming with men, women, and children.

The huge torrent threw out rivers on every side; its central stream being thirty miles wide and ten feet deep. Pouring on with such impetuosity, it carried everything before it—houses, trees, whole villages were swept away. Travelling, probably, at twenty miles an hour—a force as irresistible as lava, what could withstand it?

Every living thing was destroyed. There was no place to fly to; it would take hours to reach the nearest hillock; escape there was none. Those Chinese who awaited their fate and refused to struggle were the happiest of all, because the soonest dead.

The amount of lives lost possibly will never be known; some estimate the loss at two millions, others go as high as seven. Three thousand villages, which but a short time ago were teeming with population and alive with children, are lying beneath the flood, and such a scene has hardly been rivalled since the Deluge. Remedy for such a catastrophe there is none.

It comes like an earthquake or an irruption, and there is no more escape from such a flood than there is escape from the will of God.

The Chinese Government has given £500,000 to repair the dykes, and also the whole revenue of Honan till the work is finished; has stopped 32,000,000 pounds of rice on its way to the capital, and given it to the survivors, and has ordered all who are ruined to work on the dykes under military discipline. These labourers are to receive no wages, but food will be provided for them.

The channel being new, it will not be necessary at first to make the embankments cyclopæan; and at the cost of many lives which will be sacrificed to the malaria which is sure to develop itself as the waters retire, the great Yellow River will once more be chained up.

The attraction of the place will again be irresistible. A new generation will appear, and take possession of the soil; fruit trees will be planted, rice sown, human habitations built, and probably in five years Honan will be just as it was before.

So is it with Mount Vesuvius after an irruption. Terrified at the first signs of danger, the people fly from their homes. The richness of the soil, however, entices them back, and soon again they are to be found cultivating their vines and manufacturing their famous wine on the slopes of the burning mountain.

If the Yellow River is simply dyked, nothing can prevent another catastrophe when it reaches a certain height. If the Chinese Government would open up a broad and deep canal, running 300 miles to the ocean, or construct a huge reservoir, vast as an inland sea, amid the hills from whence the river flows, it is just possible the overspill might be drained away sufficiently to arrest such gigantic calamities; but the Government is too fatalistic and too weak for so great an undertaking. It will be satisfied with making the river secure for its own generation, leaving the next to suffer or escape as the case might be.

MAR. 24, 1888. ONE PENNY.

"A.1."

WEEKLY — Edited by MRS. STEPHEN MENZIES.

THAT HOUSE IN LONDON.

By L. T. MEADE,

Author of "Scamp and I," "A Knight of To-day," "Great St. Benedict's," "The O'Donnells of Inchfawn," "Water Gipsies," etc.



"'You did not think I had found you out. . . . Allow me to be the first to congratulate you.'"

CHAPTER VII.

ALICE, Polly, and Nellie were in a high state of excitement. They were all at home in Kate's lodgings. Alice had not yet given up her situation at Miss Connor's school at Sydenham, and Nellie was still supposed to be nursery governess to three or four little children at Hendon. Polly was avowedly out of work; but out of work or not, the three girls were keeping holiday to-day, and were assembled together in the bay window of Mrs. Minchin's drawing-room. watching for Kate. Kate was expected home at any moment, and then they *did* hope she would explain a little mystery which was a source of perplexity to them.

Standing together they made a pretty trio, and more than one passer-by glanced up at them approvingly. Alice was tall and very

fair ; Polly was all smiles and dimples, all curves and graces ; and little Nellie, with her hair cut in a curly crop, and her almost infantile face, looked like some sweet cherub, and not at all like what she was—a young lady supposed to be able to earn her own living.

"Polly, can you explain Kate's letter?" exclaimed Alice.

"No, I can't; don't worry me about it," answered Polly. "Kate's as queer as queer, and as changed as possible. The hours I've had to spend alone are simply past telling. The dulness has been almost unendurable. But for Mabel Minchin, I simply could not have lived; but Mabel is a nice girl, very sympathising, and we have exchanged some confidences. Ah, my dear Alice, I have had experiences since I saw you last; but I'll tell you all about them another time. What do you think of the cut of this jacket, both of you? Mabel Minchin said she considered it rather stingy of Kate not to have a better fur put on it."

"Oh, it's very pretty," said little Nellie, admiringly, stroking down the soft grey fur with her dimpled hand. "I have not anything half so nice. I cannot think how Kate found money to buy it for you; she must have had a tremendous rise in her salary."

"Here she comes!" exclaimed Alice, as a cab drew up at the door, and Kate, putting her head out of the window, beckoned to her sisters to come down. They tripped downstairs laughing and chattering, and Mabel Minchin glanced enviously at them as the little party drove away.

"Victoria Station," Kate called out to the driver.

"Oh, Katie, where are we going?" exclaimed the three.

"Never mind; you'll know presently," said Kate, with a happy laugh.

"It is exciting," said Nellie.

Alice, who was, perhaps, the wisest of the three, was silent, although deeply interested; Polly, gazing out of the cab window, made numerous remarks *apropos* of the fashions, etc., in the shop windows.

When they got to Victoria, Kate took tickets for Croydon. The girls were more and more mystified and delighted. An express train brought them quickly to their destination, and then they started to walk up a rather steep hill which led country-wise.

Kate, who had been chatting and laughing with them all in turn, now became silent. Her bright colour faded a little, her eyes grew full of thought, and round her mouth some lines even of care became visible.

It was a moment of triumph: she was about to introduce her sisters to the home she had newly provided for them; but even now her burden was pressing on her, and she was wondering how, with every care, she could guide these frail little barks into shelter.

They turned in at a pretty avenue, shaded by old-fashioned trees, and drew up before a rose-covered porch, where a neat little servant stood smiling and curtseying.

"Is lunch ready, Susan?" said Kate. "Come in, girls—dear girls, dear sisters—let me welcome you home."

"Home?" exclaimed the three. "Katie, Katie, do explain! This lovely house—oh, what a drawing-room; do see, and a flower-garden in front, and a dear little wee tennis-lawn. Home! Kate, what do you mean? Explain to us."

"Just come into the drawing-room and I will tell you," said Kate. "Stand here, by this window, and look out at the sweet landscape, and be thankful and happy. My darlings—my three dear girls—I have found a little nest for you, a little nest where we may all live together for the next six years at least. I have been left some money, dears—some money which I never looked for nor expected—and I have bought this house. Now do you understand?"

"And I needn't go back to Sydenham?" exclaimed Alice.

"And I needn't worry about those troublesome children any more!" put in Nellie, beginning to caper gaily about.

"Oh, Kate, do speak; we need none of us do any more work?"

This came in a chorus from all three.

"I will talk about that another time," replied Kate. "You, Alice, and you, Nellie, will resign your present situations; but as I hinted just now, our home is not a certainty. We may have to leave it at the end of some years—we must all be wise girls, and prepare for a possible future. I propose you should have good masters, and be really well taught; but we will talk about that later on. Now you have not half seen the house. I have got a sweet little bedroom a-piece for you; come up, and let me introduce each of you to your little nests."

"Kate," suddenly exclaimed Polly, in a tone of deep interest, "who do you think is coming up the avenue?"

"Who, dear? Nobody knows that we are here as yet."

"Oh, yes, somebody does; Mr. Graham has just gone into the porch, and is about to ring the bell. I rather like Mr. Graham; I think he has grown very handsome. Why, Kate, you have turned perfectly white! Are you tired? If you are, I'll go and talk to Mr. Graham."

There was a little bustle just then at the door. Susan ushered in the unexpected visitor, and the four girls rose in a body to meet him.

Kenneth Graham looked as bright and handsome, as full of hope and animation, as when Kate unexpectedly met him, six weeks ago now, at Victoria Station. Then bright hope had animated his eyes, he had held himself erect, and had the air of a man who meant to conquer the world, and to bring all good and fair and beautiful things into his life.

Graham without hope—Graham as Mrs. Alexis had seen him—was a totally changed being; his face could even assume a repellent aspect, its sternness would forbid, its self-repression and yet its self-engrossment would make it appear absolutely unsympathetic.

Graham to-day, however, was at his brightest and best.

"Ah, Miss Kennedy," he said, laughing, as he took her hand, "you did not think I had found you out. You thought this pretty secret of yours absolutely safe, but I have traced you home. Allow me to be the first to congratulate you."

Kate's pallor left her. A rosy glow revisited her cheeks; her eyes shone,—Graham seemed so happy, that his pleasure infected her. She had thought that her riches meant the giving up of Kenneth Graham's friendship; she had so plainly understood, six weeks ago, that now their paths must diverge, that she and her wealth must go one way, and he and his poverty another; and from that hour until now she had not seen him, nor had a line from him. Her surprise, therefore, was as great as her pleasure, and she considered this early visit of Graham's of good omen, and greeted him accordingly.

"I am surprised to see you, and greatly delighted," she said, when at last, as the whole little party trooped out to examine Kate's small domain, and the girls were tripping about here, there, and everywhere, she found herself for a moment walking alone by Graham's side. "I am delighted and surprised," she repeated, "for you gave me to understand that in future you and I were to be strangers."

"Yes; but I have changed my mind. If I have my will, we are to be anything but strangers in the time to come."

"I am glad of that. I did not know why a little money—for money is surely not such a great thing—was to punish me by making me lose an old friend."

"It shall not do so. Everything is changed. I shall often come here, Kate. I have called you 'Kate' once or twice before,—may I do so now? Kate, look at me,—everything is changed."

The girls came rushing back,—they were quite wild with mirth and spirits, and Kate at that moment put her arm round Nellie, and kissed her tenderly.

"I am so hungry," said Polly. "Did not our new maid, Susan, say that lunch was ready?"

They all went in, and the very picturesque little house which Kate had secured, quite echoed with the laughter and witticisms of five perfectly happy young people.

"I have a letter in my pocket for you," said Graham, suddenly giving one from Mrs. Alexis to Kate.

She opened it, and read its contents gravely.

"This old lady writes me a sweet letter," she said, when she had finished; "but I do not know her."

"That is no matter; she is my dearest and best friend. She is ill, and wants to see you. You will call to-morrow, will you not?"

"I certainly cannot refuse."

"May I go with you, Kate?" asked Polly.

Graham frowned slightly. "I think not," he said, answering for Kate; "Mrs. Alexis is ill, and only wants your sister."

Polly pouted, and leaving the table, began to examine some pretty knick-knacks on the mantelpiece.

"Can you go and see Mrs. Alexis at three o'clock to-morrow?" continued Graham.

"Yes; that hour will suit me very well."

"That is right. I will meet you when you come out. I will see you home, if I may."

Kate raised her clear brown eyes to his face. "What did this sudden change in Graham mean?" the happy eyes asked.

"May I see you home?" repeated the young man.

"Yes," Kate said, and then she glanced at her sisters, and sighed, and a shadow came over her face. "For my life is theirs,—I have promised," she said to herself.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I AM glad to see you, dear; it was kind of you to come to me."

Mrs. Alexis was looking very ill to-day—the slight excitement which had brought a little animation to her old face when she saw Graham a short time ago had now left her, and it was a very frail-looking old lady who held Kate Kennedy's hand, and made her welcome.

"Sit down, dear; I am sorry to have had to ask you up to my bedroom, but I was very ill last night, and the doctor would not allow me to venture downstairs to-day. It was

good of you to humour an old woman's whim."

"Mr. Graham gave me your letter. I could not but come," answered Kate; then she added, a sweet, pleased look lighting up her face,—"I think the honour is mine; it is more than good of you to wish to see a girl who is a stranger."

"Yes, my dear, that is a very nice way of speaking, but many girls would care little to attend to the whim of a dying old woman. You are not, however, a stranger to me, Miss Kennedy, for Kenneth Graham has told me much about you. I have known him all my life, and I am glad, my dear—yes, now that I look in your honest face,—I am very glad that you and he are friends."

A rich colour rose in Kate's cheeks.

"We have known each other for six months," she said gravely. "Mr. Graham is kind to take an interest in me. I was a rather lonely and friendless girl, and it was good to have the acquaintance of so pleasant a person as Mr. Graham. We had some tastes in common—music, for instance. Now things are a good deal altered for me; I mean,—it is most difficult to explain, but I have three young sisters to look after. My life in the future is likely to be very full."

"You are a rich girl, my dear; Kenneth tells me you have been left a large sum of money."

"Yes, that is so. Most unexpectedly, I find myself rich; my three sisters are younger than I—they are absolutely penniless and orphans—they are my great charge."

"I understand, my dear. Come and sit in this little chair by my side. Even if an old woman appears to you impertinent, you will forgive her, dear, for you will never meet her again on this side eternity. My dear, how old are you?"

"Twenty," answered Kate.

"I see—quite a young thing, and although brave, I fancy a bit over-determined. You have not had experience yet to show you that your own way, even when it looks right, may often be just as wrong as possible. Now look here, my dear, I am not going to plead the cause of any man with a girl—each lad and lass must do their own wooing, and it isn't for old women to interfere.

"My dear Miss Kennedy, I take the deepest interest in that boy Kenneth; I have known him almost from his birth; his mother was my best and greatest earthly friend. Ah, what a good woman his mother was, and how she prayed for that lad of hers! Well, well, we won't go into that subject any more; only one word before I ask you to tell me all about yourself and those young sisters of yours.

"It may be that you owe a duty to another besides them; it may be that a life which can be great and noble with you, without you may sink to despair and even to evil. I say what I have to say after great thought, child, after hours and hours of most anxious care; for after my own poor son, I love no one like Kenneth. Now, my dear, we will change the subject. I have sent for you to say this—I honestly confess that I have done so, that that was my true motive in wishing to see you; but you must not imagine that Kenneth knew I would even mention his name. Now, my dear, I have taken a fancy to you on your own account, I should like to hear all about your life that you care to tell me. Those sisters of yours—that money you have been left—all, and everything."

"I will tell you with pleasure," said Kate.

Then she began in a low voice, and at first somewhat shyly, to talk of past days of privation and care—of the time when her stepmother died, and left the girls in her charge; of her father's sudden death in the prime of life, of her many little devices, of her many struggles to get situations for the pretty, heedless girls, of her own tolerable success as a music teacher, and then of her delight when she was made organist of a small and out-of-the-way little church. Finally, her wonder and astonishment when the money came, and then of her troubles with Polly, who was so beautiful and so giddy; her purchase of a house for her sisters, and of her hope that they might now live happily together, and that in the six years of certainty that lay before her she might either thoroughly educate her sisters, so that they might support themselves, or even provide good homes and husbands for them.

Mrs. Alexis did not interrupt the young narrator by a single word. When she had quite finished, she said, however, simply, "It seems to me that things are likely to go well with everybody but Kate Kennedy herself. Have you no thought for your own future, child?"

Kate laughed.

"I suppose I have," she said; "but just now I must own that my principal thoughts are for the girls."

"Well, dear, don't give up too much to them. You owe a certain portion of your life to them, undoubtedly, but, most emphatically and decidedly, you do not owe all. Now, my dear, I must wish you good-bye. I am glad we have met. I hope we shall meet again some day; not here, dear—we are never likely to meet again here—but I shall look out for you some day, nevertheless."

Kate smiled, and tears rose to her eyes.

"Good-bye," she said. "My talk with you has comforted me. I shall not forget your words. I earnestly trust and hope we shall meet again. I am a weak girl, and, somehow, my sisters' leaning on me does not make me any stronger, but I most earnestly desire to do right, and not to be selfish; and I want my money to be so well spent that it will bring me a blessing. I do most earnestly desire that, and I am glad to be able to say it now to you."

"You will ask God to help you about that, dear; you will pray. Remember, there is great power in prayer, Miss Kennedy. In my day I have gone through very deep sorrows; nothing could have saved me but prayer—nothing, nothing else. It is a wonderful power, and it lands those who use it in a higher atmosphere—not a doubt of that, my dear, not a doubt of that."

Then Kate kissed the old lady, and went downstairs, and Betty Carew, staring at her well from head to foot, let her out.

At the corner of the square, Graham met her.

"Well," he said, eagerly, "what do you think of Mrs. Alexis?"

"She is very sweet; she has said wonderful things to me; I am glad to have met her."

Kate's eyes were shining; there was a dewy, happy light about them, and her firm lips—almost too firm for so young a girl—owned to some softened and gentle curves just now. For the time being she forgot her sisters, and the special cares which pressed upon her young shoulders, and gave herself up absolutely to the delight of the moment. Graham could not mistake the pleasure she felt in his society. He must read aright the pleased glance of her eyes, and the happy smiles which accompanied her greeting.

"I am glad to know Mrs. Alexis," she repeated; "I wish I had known her sooner. Such a friend would have helped me much. Is she really so very ill?"

"She tells me she is dying," answered Graham. "She has gone through a great deal of trouble, and she seems quite glad at the thought of having done with life. She has been a good friend to me, and I am much attached to her. Now I want to talk about something quite apart from Mrs. Alexis. I have come to meet you to-day with a very definite purpose in my mind; with a great hope, and yet with an awful and terrible fear in my heart. Shall we walk round this square, Miss Kennedy?—I mean—I mean—if I might call you Kate?"

"Have you not done so before now?" answered Kate, but her voice trembled.

Graham took courage from these signs of emotion.

"I will do so again," he exclaimed, joyfully; "even to say the word strengthens my hopes and lessens my fears. Now, Kate, listen to me; you are trembling—what is it? Kate, my—what is it, dear?"

"Just this," answered Kate—"I—I—I will listen to anything you have got to say; I will gladly listen—I like to feel that I am your friend, and that you can talk to me, and I will gladly listen, provided you will remember one thing."

"One thing! I will remember everything you say; nay, I was only jesting. What was the one thing that frightens you, Kate?"

"My sisters. I am as a mother to my three young sisters; bear that in mind when you speak to me."

"Look me in the face, Kate; here it is dark, but this lamplight falls upon your face. I see that steadfast look in your eyes, and I see—something else. Kate, you must have guessed my secret, or you would not remind me of your sisters. Now I am not a bit afraid of them, and I will speak."

"Then, Kenneth, you will give me pain," answered the girl.

"I can't help it; I will speak—my chance has come. I thought everything was all over with me, but it is not so—all good things are but beginning. Kate, my dear, my darling, I love you better than all the wide world, and you love me—you know you do. Look me in the face, give me one glance from your eyes; of course I read their secret. You love me, Kate; I dare you to deny it."

"I do love you, Kenneth," answered Kate. "I do love you, most absolutely; but that is not the question."

"Pardon me, it is very much the question—it is so completely the only question, that nothing at all matters beside it. Oh, my darling, what a happy fellow I am! What a good, grand thing it is to live!"

"Don't, Kenneth! you know—you know this must mean nothing between you and me."

"Oh, mustn't it?—I take a totally different view of the case. Unless you can prove to me that you love your sisters ever so much better than me, I have no intention whatever of resigning you to them."

"You are cruel to me, Kenneth."

"Only to be kind. Now, my dear little Kate, is it true, are they dearer to you than I am?"

"I must tell the truth—I do care for you more than for any one," answered Kate in her gentle yet simple way. "But that is not the point, Kenneth; no, no, it is not, and you must not try to overmaster me. Although I love you—yes, I will say it now, though

perhaps never again—I cannot possibly marry you. Because of my sisters, and by the terms of my uncle's will, I can never marry you. Oh, I am an unhappy girl. I did think—I did hope that matters might never have come to this."

Kate looked so miserable, and the few sobs that came from her torn heart were so full of suffering, that for the moment Graham felt his cheek turning pale, and a strange sensation of fear overcame him.

"Darling!" he whispered, drawing the agitated girl's arm through his own, "by the terms of your uncle's will you shall marry me, and we will both together take care of your sisters. Kate, my dear, my darling, listen to me. I have a story, a wonderful story to tell you. Mrs. Alexis did not send for you for nothing. She wanted to see with her own eyes what this bonny, brave Kate of mine is like. She had a feeling, a feeling which I shared, that you and I were made for one another, that apart our lives would be poor and nothing, that together they would be blessed and great. I have heard the terms of your uncle's will, Kate, and Mrs. Alexis enables me to fulfil them. At her death, I inherit a fortune equal to yours. Now, if I promise to take the girls, and help you in your care of them, and if you and I together can always provide for them, while you alone can only help them for six short years, can you for an instant hesitate? My darling—even for the girls' sakes, if not for your own, it is your duty to yield, Kate."

Poor foolish Kate, she was not, after all, any wiser or stronger than other girls of her race and time; she read no secret kept back in Graham's dark and deeply-set eyes; she saw only truth, and honour, and loyalty in the handsome face that bent over her, and she said yes, because she was too happy to make any other reply.

(*To be continued.*)

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

By Rev. THAIN DAVIDSON, D.D.

I HEAR on every side that the commerce of this country is honey-combed with fraudulence. The immorality of trade is become a national reproach, and swindling is now elevated almost to a science.

As many of you know, who are clerks in mercantile offices, your masters in too many cases have one code of virtue for domestic life, and another for business—one system of morals for Sunday and the church-pew, and another for Monday in the busy City. Acts which they would condemn in the family circle, they condone and justify in the commercial world. As so many are cheating all around them, they persuade themselves they are at liberty to cheat too.

I have heard this rotten morality advocated by men who called themselves Christians. Because such-and-such a practice is general, and you will be losers if you do not fall in with it, it is therefore right.

Why, the plea amounts simply to this, that if you can only make a dishonest act widespread, it ceases to be a sin. A man's conscience must have become hardened indeed, when it does not protest against such teaching. I know that the matter comes home to some of you, and puts you in a painful dilemma. You are required to write letters, or sign papers, or make statements, which you know to be not strictly true. What are you to do? "Oh," says one, "you are a mere irresponsible tool; obey orders, and ask no questions." "Write that lying letter, or prepare that cooked account, as you are instructed; and don't bother yourself about its morality. That's the governor's look-out, not yours." I have to tell you that such teaching is utterly un-Christian and wrong.

By knowingly conniving at what is evil, you contract your own share of the guilt. For, is it not so, that the very men who are over you, and who cheat by wholesale, are just the men who will be the first to crush—"on principle," as they would say—the wretchedly-paid clerk who makes a fraudulent entry in the cash-book, or pilfers from the coffers the most trifling sum?

Oh, ye hard City men and merchants, "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again!" Young men! if my words have any weight with you, I bid you sternly refuse to be the tool of the unrighteous man. It may cost you much at the time, but your integrity will find its reward. Bad as the times are, strict honesty is an article of high value in the market.

From the errand boy to the millionaire, conscientiousness is a precious endowment. Charteris, one of the most notorious scoundrels of his time, once said to a man distinguished for his integrity, "I would give £1,000 for your good name." "Why?" said the other. "Because I could make £10,000 by it," rejoined the consummate rogue.

There is talk of revival of trade, and we all hope that better times are coming; but do you suppose that there can be real mercantile prosperity in the land, or that we can have God's smile upon our commerce, if merchants are to make their gain by fraudulence, and the youth of England are silently to abet and sanction it? No, no; it is only righteousness that truly exalteth a nation.

"Exhort young men," never, under any circumstances, to get into debt. "Owe no man anything," says the Apostle; which does not mean that you are to pay all your debts, but that you are never to have any to pay. If you adopt the borrowing system, and begin to live on credit, all I have to say is, Pity on you! You have no right to any pleasure or comfort, for which you cannot pay cash down. Extravagance is a common epidemic of our times; and if you once get infected, you will not have your sorrows to seek in the future. I would rather wear moleskin, feeling that I owed no one a penny, than the best broadcloth, with a big bill lying in my desk unpaid. Never be ashamed of your limited means. Don't envy your fellow-clerk his finery; a silver watch keeps as good time as a gold one any day. Thomas Binney, preaching to young men, once told a story of a worthy Scotch couple, who somewhat sadly contrasted their son's mode of beginning life with their own.

"When we started life," said these honest souls, "we had hard work of it for a long time. We got on very slowly.

"At first, and for years, we kept to oatmeal porridge for supper. But, as things improved and prospered, we felt that we could venture on something else; so we had often a bit of cheese, and then a chop, and then at last we felt that we could afford a chucky (*i.e.*, a fowl).

"Our son Andrew has now got a shop, and a wife too. He is trying his hand both at business and housekeeping; but oh, sir, he has made an awful mistake!—*he has begun with the chucky!*"

Now, the little story may be droll; but I will pardon your laugh if you will take home the lesson.

Never spend more than you earn. Never spend all that you possess. Always leave some margin; you don't know what is before you. Be your wages ever so small, set apart a portion for the Lord's service. If, through a change of circumstances, any of you have to retrench a little, let the first reduction be in your amusements, the second in your dress, the third in your food, and the last in your contributions for religion and charity. Keep accurate accounts, and seek the blessing of God alike in all your losses, and on all your gains. "Live righteously."

After all, straightforwardness and conscientiousness meet with their reward, even in the present world: you will find the old adage still as true as ever:—"Honesty is the best policy."

ABOUT OURSELVES.

OUR Second Spelling Chase, published on page 332, will be eagerly welcomed. Plenty of time to enter. Enlist your friends.

The results of our Definition (Husband and Wife) Competition, will be given next week.

Names of successful Competitors in our Acrostic Competition at the earliest possible date.

Our "Thirty Nouns" Competition closes to-day (March 24); many have been interested and puzzled!!

One week more for our Punctuation Competition. See —"A. 1."— for February 25, page 260. Try for a guinea.

Competitors in our Literary Competition are asked to exercise patience as to the return of their MSS. We are doing our best, but the office pressure of such an enormous bulk of MSS. is great.

The Third Chapter of our "Talks with Married Folk on the Management of Income," by Phyllis Browne, will appear in our next. Topic—"When and How to Save."

£1 1s. PRIZE.
SECOND SPELLING CHASE.

OPENS TO-DAY—CLOSES APRIL 14.

OPEN to all our readers, save five! In fairness to others we are compelled to exclude those who gained a Prize in our former Spelling Chase. Now here is a seemingly simple exercise,—every child is taught to spell!—with a Guinea Prize at the end of it. We expect all our readers will have a "try," and half smother the Office with papers. If you want to amuse a clever friend, or rouse a dull one, just send him a copy of this Number, and advise him to enter for the Competition too. What would you say to sending a parcel to puzzle the senior pupils in that large school near you?

"*The New Testament* is the best book that ever was, or will be known to the world, and teaches the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty can possibly be guided."—*Charles Dickens.*

"*Read not to Cavil* and find fault, not to agree and take for granted, but to weigh and consider."—*Lord Bacon.*

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Stanley Graham," "From Pole to Pole," "Kennet the Alpine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SPORTS ON THE ICE.

IT is not very often, it must be confessed, that skating can be enjoyed in the Arctic Regions, but so still had the weather been for days, while this portion of the sea was freezing, that the ice was as smooth as that on a Scottish lake.

It need hardly be added, therefore, that the combatant party took one whole day off duty. To their honour be it told, however, that they did not take a second. There were still birds on the moors and by the seashore, and there were bears on the hills and in the glens. Moreover, the seals had not yet taken their departure, for these creatures are like the swallows in our own country, the main body takes its departure before winter comes on, but stragglers still remain.

"Mother," said Jack Silk one day at dinner, "I've got an idea."

"I've observed," said Miss Graves, "that you have been unusually quiet for the last half-hour or so."

"Yes, mother," said Jack, "I always am when an idea is working in my brain. Well, my idea is this:—

"While admiring the forethought of Mr. Graves in bringing a cask of skates out with him, I wonder that it did not also occur to the gentleman that we might manage to enjoy a bit of tob—tob—what d'ye call it?"

"The idea is really a good one," said Captain Boyd.

Every one was delighted with the notion, especially Katie. "I never knew you were clever before," she told Jack in the course of the evening.

"Didn't you?" said Jack doubtfully, for, poor fellow, he really did not know whether to take the remark as complimentary or quite the reverse.

Perhaps Chips did knock up the needful in a brace of shakes. There is one thing certain: he and his merry men were not long in building half a dozen tobogganing sledges. While he was thus actively employed, Jack and Desmond, all by themselves—though followed by Robin Hood and Little John, both of whom thought there was no finer fun in the world than racing in the snow—went off to choose the site.

Winter seemed to have made up its mind to commence early this year; at all events the frost continued black and hard.

Soon after breakfast one morning, Jack and Desmond and Godfrey put on their skates, and with their guns under their arms, started off for the heavy ice.

When the forenoon was further advanced, and the world a little better aired, the tobogganing party was to follow, under the command of the captain himself, if there was any command in the matter.

Along with the young men went three of the crew, carrying a pole, and armed with ice axes.

"I don't know how you fellows feel this morning," said Jack, "but I feel hard."

"And I," said Desmond, "though not so big as you two youngsters, feel not only hard and hopeful, but tough as well. I believe I could knock a hole in the ship's side, if I was going to hit out straight, you know. I——"

He did not finish the sentence, but turned up his toes and fell on his back.

"Don't knock a hole in the ice, anyhow," laughed Jack.

"I hope the ladies weren't looking," said Desmond, gathering himself up, so quickly that if Godfrey had not caught him he would have "gone to earth" again.

"Come on then," cried Desmond; "there is no time to lose."

"No, of course not, we must hurry up; but suppose we take a turn up and down first."

"That would be taking the longest way round," said Godfrey, "by way of a short cut."

"Yes; but then you know we would be trying the ice, and making certain it was all safe and firm for the ladies."

This was the way they compounded with their consciences, and quite accounted for their being seen tearing up and down in front of the ice pack even half an hour afterwards. But away they went at last, straight for the very tallest hill of ice they could find. It was a tough climb to the top, and before all hands had gained it, more than one of their number had engaged in a species of involuntary toboganning, and gone sliding to the bottom again, disappearing at the bottom in a wreath of snow, emerging only to get laughed at, and have to begin the climb over again.

But they surmounted all difficulties at last, and in a very short time the pole was raised and a flag unfurled, after which they would not have been Britons had they not given the regulation number of hearty cheers.

"There it is then," Jack said, looking up; "and I'll wager it won't float long straight."

"And if it does curl itself up round the pole and goes to sleep," said Godfrey, "we could hardly blame it. But look, yonder comes the tobogganing party."

"Well, suppose we toboggan down to meet them."

That is precisely what they did do as far as the ice-hill was concerned; and by the time they met the party, what with running, and racing, and jumping, and falling and getting up again, Jack and his friends were as warm as toast.

It seems that Desmond and his friend Jack considered it their bounden duty to take the first slide, and amid a good deal of merriment and joking, they both got on a sledge together, and away they started. They descended the upper half safely and speedily, and so would have gone merrily on to the end, had it not happened that, just as they reached the top of the second incline, a bear, who had been half asleep in a hole near by, alarmed at the unusual sound, got up and started across the ice-hill at a shambling trot. The sledge and bear met and collided. The *denoûement* was as unlooked for as, for the time being, it must have been unpleasant for Jack and Desmond; for Bruin naturally caught hold of the sledge, and down to the very bottom they went sliding together, very much all of a heap. Here they were buried alive for a few seconds; but when the young men scrambled out, behold the bear had fled.

The weather continued firm for many days; and while constant exercise was taken by both officers and crew, fishing was still continued,



"The architecture was humble but effective, some of the ideas having been borrowed from the savages."

through the ice holes. Nor was it fish only that was caught, for several seals were captured by the cunning and prowess of the Aleut, Bob-a-link.

So the time flew on, and every one on board began to think that wintering in the Arctic regions was not half so bad as it had been called.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SAVAGES.

ONE morning every one on board had a pleasant surprise in the arrival of a tribe of Innuits.

In all probability those savages had never seen a white man before, far less a lady of civilization. But this, to them, seemed a matter of but little moment. The white men did not look very formidable, so the Innuits only waited until the boats touched the shore, when they rushed forward in a body to meet them. They were far less ugly and forbidding in countenance than Katie, at all events, had expected them to be. The general character of the men's faces was that of good nature, blended with contentment and a dash of independence—not surly independence, however, such as you meet with among some of the savage tribes of Africa.

The women, however, looked pitifully subdued and shy. They kept in the back-ground for some time, until Chips sallied round and had a little earnest conversation with them, finally leading one forward to introduce to Miss Graves. This woman carried a baby, which certainly was not so pretty as the little fur-seals Katie had nursed, but it looked innocent and interesting enough, and absurdly happy.

When it laughed in a roguish way, not *to* the lady, but *at* her, remember, the mother laughed also, and Jack chucked it under the chin and said "Agoo!" whatever that means. Then everybody laughed, and a bond of friendship seemed at once to be cemented betwixt the white man and the ignorant savage.

Jack dived his hand into his capacious pocket and dragged forth about a yard of twist tobacco, which he fashioned forthwith into a kind of garland, and threw it over baby's head.

This ceremony was what Jack Silk called "the investiture of the noble order of Sir Raleigh."

He made a happy mother if not a happy child; in fact, the little thing proceeded most nimbly to get the end of the order into its chubby mouth, and but for its mother would have proceeded to chew it.

There were a great many savages in that crowd who would have given their sealskin coats to be invested with the same order. Wherever they learned the word "tabak" I cannot say, but they not only said it now, but *sang* it. A score of dirty hands were held out to beg, and a score of faces shone radiant with seal oil and comprehensive smiles.

Jack got out his knife and proceeded to cut up into little pieces about three yards more of twist; then he told them, through Chips, they would have to scramble for it.

"Are you all ready?" said Jack.

"Kans oo rach a ransee koff?" cried Chips, or words to that effect.

Jack took a few steps seaward, and then commenced scattering the fragrant morsels on the ice.

The scramble that ensued passed speedily into the realms of the indescribable; football would have been nothing to it, not even on the Rugby system. However, it passed off peaceably, and quiet was restored.

Jack was king, or rather, he was a hero,—for though they do not have kings among these wandering tribes they have heroes.

And Katie was queen, though I think the dignity would have rested far better on the stately brow of her cousin, Miss Graves.

Chips was busy now, and so was Bob-a-link. Both had to act as interpreters, for with the exception of the one word of doubtful English, "*tabak*," these strange savages had none other.

Bob-a-link was attached to the gentlemen, and Chips to the ladies. It is therefore needless to add that Chips had far more to do than Bob.

"How long do you intend to stop here?" That was one of the questions Captain Boyd asked. The answer was simple enough.

"Till the 'tabak' is finished!"

They pointed to the ship as they spoke, and as soon as the captain laughed, they were ready with a rattling chorus.

"Where did they come from?"

The answer was one of signs. They pointed south, east, and west, in every direction except the north.

"Ask them what they can do, Bob-a-link."

The Aleut Bob-a-link's answer was pat enough; "They fight plenty,—fish plenty,—shoot plenty bear,—harness plenty dog—build plenty good house (igloos)."

"I say, sir," said Desmond, "they must be very handy fellows, and no doubt could give us a lesson or two."

The savages, indeed, soon set about doing so.

Chips informed them that the ladies would be glad to see the way they made their houses, and if they were active, perhaps they (the Innuits) would "get something."

Active? Yes, these savages really can be active when they please; in fact, when they work they do work, and when they do nothing (a very favourite occupation, by the bye) they do it thoroughly, though not gracefully.

They now laid aside their arms—rude muskets, with which, nevertheless, they manage to do some very fair shooting—and prepared at once to build their village. While they were actively employed erecting their winter tents, they told Chips that they would presently build igloos, and at a suggestion from the worthy old carpenter, Captain Boyd despatched Boy Bates to the ship with orders to send along a working party with saws, axes, and spades.

Nor were the Innuits slow to appreciate the superiority of these implements of civilization, though in handling them they were at first somewhat awkward.

Chips showed them where to get driftwood, and with this they made the spars or frame-work of their tents.

They were put together as soldiers pile arms. Then they were covered with skins, and finally built right up to the apex with snow, a smoke-hole being left at the top. Then the tent was complete. The igloos were stronger and bigger in construction, and built of bricks formed of ice cut from the sea, and roofed dome-fashioned. A considerable amount of art was displayed in the construction of the latter.

When they had commenced building their central house—a kind of Town Hall—the village was rapidly approaching completion.

Now the men of the *Oonalaska* were not slow to appreciate the benefits of work and exercise as a means for keeping out the cold, and when next day Captain Boyd proposed building on shore quite a large house of entertainment, they were all delighted.

It was to be a very ambitious edifice, too, and a whole forenoon was spent in finding a good site, levelling the ground, and laying the foundation.

It was a kind of a composite concern altogether, and consisted, when complete, of three rooms, each with a separate door. The first was the principal hall, or men's room, concert-room, and coffee-palace, all combined. The other two rooms were a snuggery or saloon, and a private room for the ladies.

The architecture was humble but effective, some of the ideas being borrowed from the savages, who, having completed their own village, willingly lent the white men two score helping hands.

The supply of drift-wood seemed inexhaustible. This wood had, no doubt, been carried down on the broad bosom of the mighty Yakon, drifted into the north seas, and stranded here.

The frame-work of the English house was, like that of the native huts, made of wood, but in a more pretentious style. On this was nailed canvass and seal-skins, so that even before the building was strengthened, it formed a perfect shelter. But so frail a construction as this alone would soon succumb to the wild gales of winter that sweep along this dreary coast, so walls of ice were carried as high as the canvas, and snow thrown up against this.

The rafters of the roof leant against the cliff of rocks which, lined with wood and canvas, formed the back wall and were covered with boards and snow.

The savages admired the work, but freely criticised it.

The parts of the business they did not like were the fire-places and chimneys. These were of stone and wood, very ample and very cosy.

"No plenty good." That was the verdict of the Innuits. When asked the reason of so adverse an opinion, they explained,—

"Smoke get away too much. Smoke fly away. Smoke keep plenty heat, and make man sleep sound!"

"Look here," said Jack Silk to the oldest native, a dumpy little fellow, whom Chips called a chief, and whose name was Dresky; "look here, my bold buccaneer. You may say what you like about smoke, but '*chacun à son goût*,' which means, that if there were no different tastes, there would be no fancy waistcoats. You understand?"

By the way Dresky laughed and nodded, and said, "tabak," it was evident that his knowledge of French and English was rather wanting in profundity.

Every day, while the work of building the large house went on, coffee was made and served out, whenever the men wanted it, a fire having been built in the native *kashga* for that purpose. Here also stood, on a rude table, two boiled hams and a biscuit barge, with pepper and mustard cruets flanking the whole, and knives and forks and plates in abundance. Turlough and Boy Bates presided in this tent. It was never empty all day long, and great was the laughing and chaffing that went on as relay after relay of the blue-jackets came in for refreshments.

Old Dresky had a plateful and asked for more, again and again. His wife—she who carried the baby—also came humbly in for a share. She, however, had a well-founded notion that fingers were made before forks, and had the courage of her convictions. This was all right as far as she herself was concerned, but when she proceeded to feed her infant on a piece of ham-rind, Turlough thought it time to interfere, and stop the whole performance.

A day or two after, the whole village, both Innuit and English, was finished, and fires had blazed for hours in the rooms of the latter to air them, if such a thing as airing an ice-house is possible. Dresky called upon Jack on board the ship, and after begging for "tabak," intimated to him through the medium of Chips, that he, Dresky, had advised his people to give a play, and they would be very pleased to see him and the ladies, with the other white men, in their large *kashga* or town-hall.

So gracious an invitation was not to be refused, but in view of the probability that the edible portion of the entertainment might not be quite in accordance with English or American tastes, Jack took the precaution to order the cook to get supper ready in their own rooms on shore; for, however palatable stewed seal may be to Innuits, as far as Englishmen are concerned, it is a taste that needs to be acquired, and requires a lifetime to develop.

Dresky was delighted that Jack had fallen in with his plans. He was shown over the ship, and duly marvelled at everything he saw. He was taken all aback at the appearance of the big gun, and begged Jack to have it fired. Jack consented, previously sending Boy Bates aft to warn the ladies.

But when Dresky heard the terrible sound, he gave vent to one wild, eldritch scream, and would have jumped overboard, had his feet not caught in a coil of ropes which brought him down, all in a heap, on the deck. He was, however, soon picked up and re-assured; and then, with many chuckles of delight (for he had been given *tabak*), he took his leave.

(*To be continued.*)

HOMELY HOBBIES.

By W. H. HARRIS, B.A., B.Sc.

No. II.—THE COPPER AND TIN OF OUR KITCHEN UTENSILS.

IT is said that Sydney Smith once defined *etymology* as "that part of grammar in which the vowels go for nothing, and the consonants for next to nothing." Possibly the corruption of many of our words warrants the above witty reproach. At all events, it is, at first sight, a little difficult to realise that our word "currant" is derived from "Corinth," that the name of the "damson" plum is a modification of "Damascene," and that the well-known metal, "copper," is so-called from "Cyprus," in which island valuable mines were formerly worked.

We must not, however, be led away into the regions of philology. In connection with our present subject, it may be more to the point to remark, that from extremely early times, so far as history informs us, metals have been used in different countries. The writer of the book of Job was evidently well acquainted with metallurgy. And very early in the history of the Adamic race, there lived Tubal Cain, who is called "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron."

Archæological discoveries, moreover, in many countries have shown that peoples widely separated, and struggling independently into the arts of life, have succeeded in turning to their use the metallic ores. In fact, anthropologists distinguish, as we have before remarked, a particular stage of human civilization as "the Age of Bronze," which seems generally to have been the precursor of an "Age" of iron implements.

COPPER occurs chiefly in the rocks we have before mentioned as the metamorphic and igneous series. In some cases it is found diffused in small particles amongst earthy matter. Sometimes it exists pure, or "native," in threads, strings, or veins. Occasionally the miner is so happy in his explorations as to come upon considerable masses. Some such masses, varying in weight even from 1,600 to 6,000 lbs., have been discovered near Lake Superior. Then, too, it is met with in branching and tree-like incrustations, indicating deposition from solutions; and again it has, in other cases, been precipitated from water containing a sulphate of the metal, much in the same way as the process of electrotyping is effected.

But it is not the most deeply-seated rocks alone which furnish this metal. It is true that in our own country it does not occur much higher in geologic position than the Cambrian and Silurian rocks; but there is in Germany a distinctly stratified deposit, corresponding in age with some of our Permian beds, which is called the Kupferschiefer, or "copper-slate," which yields considerable and paying quantities of the ore. This stratum is evidently the result of the breaking up into clay of much older rocks, probably of igneous origin, which contained the metal as it is usually found, that is, in veins of greater or less dimensions.

In our own country, copper ores are raised chiefly in Cornwall, Devon, and Cheshire. They are worked also in Anglesey, and in Ireland. They consist of various ingredients in combination, or in intimate mixture, with the metal. Those most commonly of use to the metallurgist are the red oxide, called *cuprite*, the black oxide, or *melaconite*, and the grey sulphide, known as *Redruthite*, from the Cornish town near which are situated the most productive sources of this variety of ore. There is also what is called copper *pyrites*, consisting of copper and iron combined with sulphur, beside a somewhat similar mineral, named *erubescite*, from its iridescent colours, which greatly resemble the tints adorning the peacock's feathers.

There is another compound of copper—the green carbonate called *malachite*, which is very valuable for ornamental purposes. It is found in some abundance in the mines of the Ural and Altai Mountains of Russia, and in the Burra Burra mines of Australia. In the year 1851, the Emperor of Russia sent to the International Exhibition held in Hyde Park, a magnificent vase made of this material. It was presented to our Queen, and is now to be seen in the State Apartments at Windsor Castle.

This substance occurs in kidney-shaped, or concretionary, or stalactitiform masses. These, when cut across, show plainly concentric coatings, and it is clear that they are due to water holding the carbonate of the metal in solution. Such water trickling into cavities of rocks, and falling drop by drop, lost by evaporation a portion of its liquid, the solid material being left behind, and forming thus a series of films one upon the other. When cut and polished, malachite is used for a variety of ornamental purposes, but its comparative softness detracts, to some extent, from its value to the jeweller, and for decorative uses.

A collection of the ores of copper, with their associated minerals, together with small pieces of the metal in various stages of its manufacture, will afford much pleasure both to the collector and to friends who may have opportunities of examining such a series of specimens.

The uses of this metal are numerous and important. In domestic economy it has given a name to a particular utensil, which, as a matter of fact, is now frequently made of iron. Various culinary vessels are manufactured of copper, and these are used not without a certain amount of danger to health from the following cause, *i.e.*, that many of the salts of the metal are poisonous. These salts are somewhat easily formed under the influence of some vegetable acids, as well as of the more powerful mineral ones.

A modern and extensive application of this metal is for the sheathing of wooden ships, as this covering prevents the ravages of the *teredo*, a boring mollusc.

Copper wire of various thicknesses is largely employed for bell-communication in houses, and still more for telegraphic and telephonic purposes all over the civilized globe.

In combination with zinc, copper forms brass, which is employed in many useful and ornamental ways in our households. When united with tin, copper yields bronze, which is hard and brittle, if much of the alloying metal be used. The ancients manufactured this substance into sword-blades, spear-heads, hatchets, and even into their surgical instruments. Gun-metal, bell-metal, and speculum-metal (for large reflectors) are other alloys of copper and tin in various proportions. These all possess the remarkable property of being hard and brittle when slowly cooled, but becoming soft and malleable if dipped, while red hot, into cold water.

TIN, although known to men from very early times, is a somewhat scarce metal. It never occurs native, but always in ores. For hundreds of years the mines of Cornwall have given supplies to our own country and to other nations. It is even said that the Phœnicians used to sail to Britain for this mineral, and that the Scilly Islands, off the Cornish coast, were called Cassiterides, from the Greek *cassiteros*—tin. It is probable that the Romans also obtained from the mines of that district all the tin they used in making their bronze.

Some of its more striking properties are worthy of mention. It is harder than lead. but melts at a much lower temperature, When heated to about 200° Fahr., it becomes very malleable, and is easily beaten into thin sheets, called tin-foil. It is not very ductile, *i.e.*, able to be drawn into thin wire, but it is flexible, and in bending makes a curious crackling noise, probably from its crystalline nature. It is silver-grey in colour, has a peculiar taste, and an odour which is readily recognised if a piece of the metal is held for a short time in the warm hand.

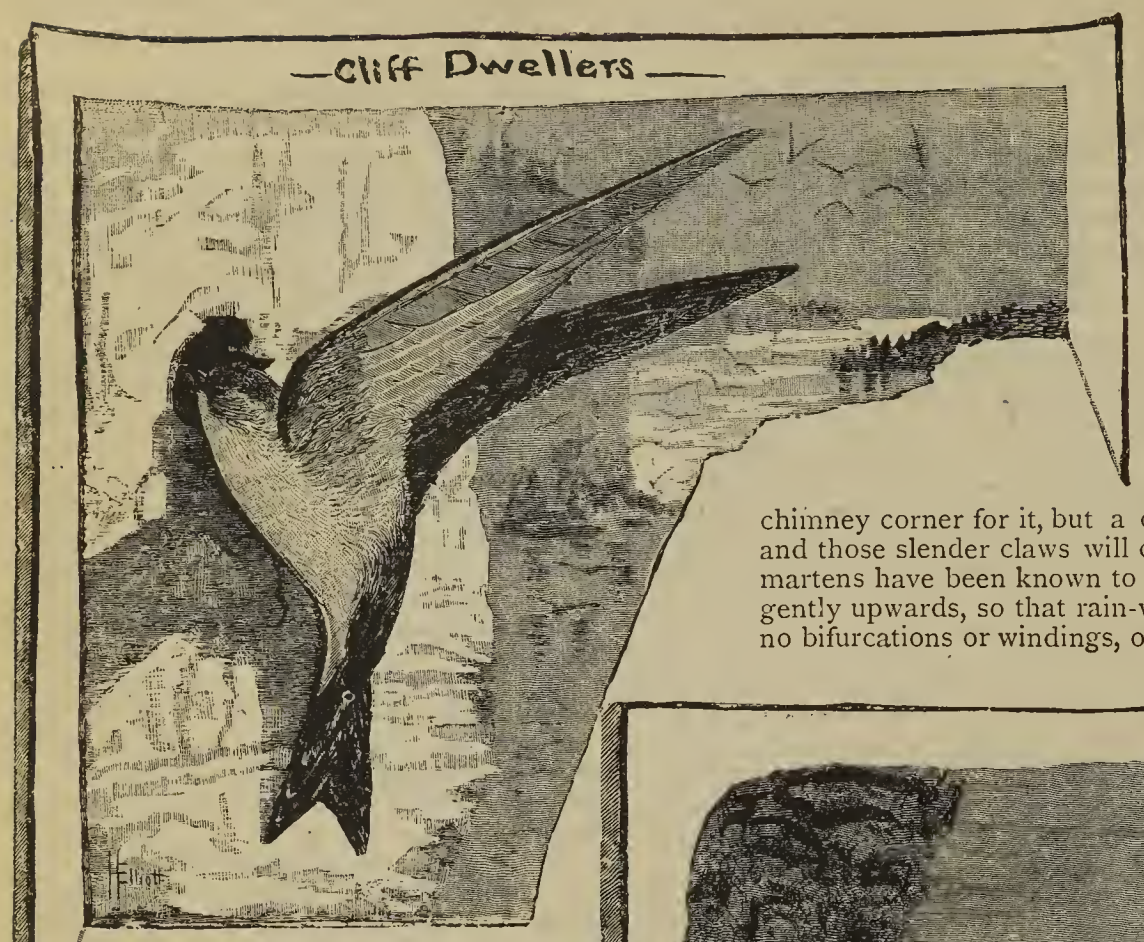
Geologically its occurrence is very similar to that of copper. In our own country it is found both in veins traversing the granite and metamorphic rocks, and in the gravels which have resulted from the wearing down of such crystalline masses. When in veins, it is said to be in their upper portion, while copper is met with below. Similar geologic formations in other parts of the world are now yielding this metal. Large deposits have been worked in Banca, to the east of Sumatra, in the mining districts of Siberia, Saxony, Bolivia, and Peru. In quite recent times, also, extensive discoveries of tin ore have been made in Queensland and New South Wales. The drifts in these latter countries cover a considerable area, and have proved very valuable. They traverse the oldest rocks—granites, porphyries, and crystalline schists.

The best known tin ore is the oxide, called *cassiterite*, but there are various other kinds called by special names. Thus certain masses, which have a fibrous or radiated structure, are designated *wood tin*, and when the concretions are small and rounded, they are spoken of as *toad's-eye tin*. When the ore occurs in a gravelly form, it is called *stream tin*. Nuggets are sometimes met with, even at considerable depths below the soil, and are known in Cornwall as *Jews' tin*. As these occur usually in connection with charcoal, and near old smelting houses, they are manifestly of human production, and represent the results of ancient metallurgical operations, in which Jewish miners and smelters were probably concerned. It is well known that a considerable colony of that nationality was settled in Cornwall centuries ago. They have left their impress in the name of the town *Marazion*.

Tin is applied to various uses in the arts. It does not readily oxidize, and hence is very serviceable for culinary vessels, and as a coating for iron and copper. With other metals it forms, as we have already seen, valuable alloys. With lead it makes *pewter*, with antimony *Britannia metal*, with zinc the *leaf silver* of commerce. With mercury or quicksilver, it constitutes the amalgam or foil, which when applied to the surface of glass, reflects images almost perfectly, and is in general use for this purpose in our looking-glasses and larger mirrors. The salts of tin have a special value in the art of dyeing, and for calico-printing, and tin-foil is employed very widely for packing tea, chocolate, and other substances, to protect them against the action of the moisture and the absorptive properties of the air.

HOW ANIMALS BUILD THEIR HOUSES.

OR, INSTINCTIVE ARCHITECTURE.



No. 2.

FEATHERED FRIENDS.

SEE here,—that beaver last week was a clever old chap, and I don't wonder that you thought the squirrel in his tree-top a "cute" little fellow, but they were a mere nothing compared with the wonders I mean to talk about to-day. Open your eyes wide to look at those pictures, and your ears to hearken to me.

That squirrel took us up into the air. Next week I want to take you amongst the architects of the water; but for to-day let us take the squirrel's hut, and wander amongst the birds.

They say it is no use talking to a hungry man; may I offer you a little birds' nest soup? "What? No, thank you!" Well, at least it will serve as a hospitable introduction to our swallow friends, with whom we will begin. You are already looking forward to that first swallow, who does not make the summer, but is so welcome a harbinger thereof, nevertheless. The swallow is a most interesting bird, widely travelled, and of select architectural tastes. It is first cousin to those pretty cliff-dwellers, the sand-martens, who flit so gracefully about that sandstone cliff by the roadside.

The house-swallow is so civilized a bird that it claims our first attention by a sort of right. It loves to build under our eaves, or close beside our chimney-pots, and occasionally earns a feeling the reverse of gratitude because of its predilection for the upper openings of water-shoots. The swallow is a mason by profession, carrying up little lumps of clay wherewith to make its house of mud. The interior of the nest is lined with grass and other vegetable substances, to make it soft and cosy for the young. Though the swallow leaves our shores in the middle of September, and does not return until the second week in April, it wings its way to the old spot, and settles down happily into its last year's quarters. Well for us when our flight into purer, brighter scenes leaves so untouched our love of "Home, sweet Home."

The sand-marten has not selected the swallow's profession; it is a miner, not a mason. Such a pretty, soft, brown bird, slightly built and graceful, yet "up" for any amount of hard work. No warm chimney corner for it, but a cliff of friable sandstone, into which that little beak and those slender claws will drive a tunnel of no inconsiderable extent. The sand-martens have been known to burrow to the depth of five feet. The tunnels slope gently upwards, so that rain-water cannot trickle in to spoil the eggs; but there are no bifurcations or windings, only a slight globular enlargement at the end, where



the nest is placed. The sand martens are very gregarious ; sometimes a piece of cliff is quite honeycombed with their excavations.

In marked contrast to the gentle, soft-voiced bird which makes its nest within the the cliff, we may glance in passing at the savage eagle architect, who scorns to seek shelter for itself or its offspring, but builds a rough nest upon some jutting crag, piling tree-branches into a rude resting-place, and strewing the carcases of the slain around the eagle's cradle.

But about that birds' nest soup? Ah, yes! I do not think you would get much nutriment by boiling down our home birds' nests, but the Esculent Swallow (who, by the way, is not esculent at all) makes a most curious esculent nest in the great Javan caves. These nests are built in places extremely difficult to reach, and are so highly appreciated that good ones, in which a brood of young swallows has not yet been reared, are worth their weight in silver. The trade in these swallows' nests is quite an extensive one, the annual weight of nests obtained being over 50,000 pounds, valued at more than £2,000. A single nest takes about two months to build, and as the old, discoloured ones are worthless, the nest-gatherers tear them off the side of the cliff, that the birds may be compelled to build afresh. The substance of which the nest consists is partly formed from seaweeds and fuci, collected on the surface of the waves, and partly from a viscid substance (secreted in some special glands) which the bird has the power of pouring from its mouth. The nests are highly nutritious when cooked, and are esteemed a very great luxury by the Chinese, though to our European palate they seem tasteless.

Many of the architectural birds range themselves under recognised professions. Let us interview a chemist, before we descend to the humbler ranks of tailors, weavers, and such-like. Here is the *Megapodius tumulus*—the Australian Jungle Fowl, if you share my preference for its English name. That bird's nest has been mistaken for the tomb of a native, and even represented in pictures as such! Instead of building a nest for its eggs, and sitting on them until the young birds break the shell, this extraordinary creature gathers together an immense mound of earth, fallen leaves, and other vegetable matter, which, by the chemical process of fermentation, generates heat enough to hatch the eggs deposited within it. The Jungle Fowl grasps a "handful" of earth or grass in one of its huge feet, and standing on one leg, casts the stuff backwards upon the pile. The heaps are sometimes as much as fifteen feet high, and measure sixty feet in circumference. The bird burrows about in this mound, making long tunnels, wherein the eggs are laid. The natives dig with their hands in the mould, and are thus able to follow the course of the bird. The Native Pheasant of Australia is also a chemist, leaving its eggs to be hatched by fermentation. It builds a mound like a large ant-heap,—indeed, the ants are very fond of sharing it,—the lower part of which grows so hard that it needs to be broken with a chisel. It is by no means easy to find a pheasant's nest, as the birds select shady spots in the midst of thick and almost impenetrable brushwood ; but when found, the nest is a treasure, for the birds are prolific layers, and when the nest is rifled, it is speedily re-supplied with eggs.

After all, the instinct of these chemists is more admirable than their architecture, for they have little idea of structure. Let us turn to some proper nest-building birds, selecting as our first illustration of them some members of the Titmouse family.

These pretty, brisk, pugnacious little birds are familiar to us all, and do good service in our gardens by their enormous consumption of insects. "In the course of a single day," writes the Rev. J. G. Wood, "a pair of blue Titmice were seen to visit their nest four hundred and fifty-seven times, never bringing less than one large caterpillar, and generally two or three small ones. These birds, therefore, destroyed on the average upwards of five hundred caterpillars daily, being a minimum of fifteen thousand during the few weeks employed in rearing their young."

Some of these refined little builders make their nests in hollow stumps, or any odd receptacle ; others prefer the branches of trees. The nests are wonderfully soft and warm, and are lined with a quantity of down. The Long-tailed Tit-mouse sometimes lays as many as sixteen eggs, so that before the young birds are able to fly, the nest is literally crammed with them. The mossy walls heave and pulsate as the restless little creatures stretch themselves inside. How papa and mamma Titmouse manage to feed in proper order such a "mixum-gatherum" of babies is a perplexing mystery!

Our native Finches have some architect cousins, who deserve mention here. The Sociable Weaver Birds of South Africa are among the most remarkable of nest-builders. They build in a colony, under one common roof. A quantity of very long stiff grass is hung from a tree, generally a "kameldoom," whereon the giraffe loves to feed, as a sort of thatch, and beneath it the birds build their nests. These clusters of nests are so large that they can be seen at a distance of some miles. We read of one huge colony in which there were three hundred and twenty inhabited cells, each with two birds ; this total of six hundred and forty inhabitants was of course largely increased when the young birds were in the nests. These huge structures have ere now been mistaken by weary travellers for houses with thatched roofs. Another of the Weaver Birds really does *weave* stems of grass into an ingenious bottle-shaped nest, all the sharp ends being allowed to protrude, as a pretection from the inroad of enemies.

Our dear little Golden-Crested Wren has a clever cousin, who is a tailor, in India. This Tailor Bird is even more deft than my lady readers, for whilst they can sew neatly with a needle and thread, it uses its beak as a needle, and, with some vegetable fibres as



The refined builders—

thread, manage to sew two leaves together, making a dainty pensile nest. This, when filled with down, is ready to receive the eggs. The nest generally hangs from the extreme end of a bough, in order to be safe.

There is a Butcher Bird,—as it is more remarkable for greed and cruelty than for architecture, it does not come before us to-day,—and I suppose there ought to be a Baker Bird, but I am not aware of its existence. However, the Oven Bird is near enough in name, perhaps, so its curious nest shall find mention here. It is exactly like an ordinary baker's oven, with an entrance at one side. The quaint structure is made of grass, leaves, and such-like, woven together and mixed with mud in so skilful a way that, when dried by the sun, the inch-thick wall is quite hard. The bird builds in two stories; the nursery, where the eggs are softly cradled on down, being on the "second floor."

Here is a problem. You know a Flamingo when you see it? Now, if you were a Flamingo, how would you hatch your eggs? Where ever could you stow those long, lean legs whilst you kept your future babies warm? The Flamingo has completely solved the puzzle by the instinctive architecture of its nest. The bird scrapes up a narrow conical heap of mud on the ground, so as to form a tall hillock, with a cavity at the summit. The whole concern looks rather like a flower-pot turned upside down. The eggs are laid in a hollow on top of the cone, and the bird sits comfortably on them, a long leg hanging on either side of its nest.

Our last architect shall be a cousin of the familiar starling, *i.e.*, the Bower Bird of Australia. The nest of this bird has rarely, if ever, been seen, but the male and female birds build a regular bower, wherein they play and disport themselves. Several pairs will sometimes use the same bower. A great authority on Australian birds writes thus of them :—

"On visiting the cedar bushes of the Liverpool range, I discovered several of these bowers or playing places; they are usually placed under the shelter of the branches of some overhanging tree in the most retired part of the forest; they differ considerably in size, some being larger, while others are much smaller. The base consists of an exterior and rather convex platform of sticks, firmly interwoven, on the centre of which the bower itself is built. This, like the platform on which it is placed, and with which it is interwoven, is formed of sticks and twigs, but of a more slender and flexible description, the tips of the twigs being so arranged as to come inwards and nearly meet at the top; in the interior of the bower, the materials are so placed that the forks of the twigs are always presented outwards, by which arrangement not the slightest obstruction is offered to the passage of the birds.

"The interest of this curious bower is much enhanced by the manner in which it is decorated, at and near the entrance, with the most gaily coloured articles that can be collected, such as the blue tail-feathers of the Rose Hill and Lory Parrots, bleached bones, the shells of snails, etc. Some of the feathers are stuck in among the twigs, while others, with the bones and shells, are strewed about near the entrance. The propensity of these birds to fly off with any attractive object is so well known, that the blacks always search the runs for any missing article."

This bird's architectural instinct has a curious flavour of the eccentricities of our modern "fashion."

AN INTRODUCTION TO MYSELF.

By Edward Butler.

SOME years ago, in the gaol at Leeds, gruesome rumours arose of a ghost that had been seen by a warder in one of the long corridors that radiate like the spokes of a wheel from a central nave. A few days before the apparition, two murderers had been executed in the precincts of the gaol; so there could be no reasonable doubt that it was one of them that had returned to make night hideous in the building where soul and body had been violently rent asunder. The warder, lamp in hand, was pacing down the corridor, when he became aware of a figure advancing to meet him. One terrified stare convinced him it was no man of flesh and blood. He dropped his light and fled.

Alas! for any interest which might be awakened in the breast of the Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research; I am in subjection to the rule that compels me to tell "the whole truth," as well as "nothing but the truth." Midway in this corridor there is, or there was, a swinging glass door. The reflection of the warder, illuminated by the lamp he carried, thrown from this forgotten glass door, with its background of dark passage, made the ghost,—a "Pepper's ghost." The poor man had fled in terror from himself. He had seen his "fetch."

The moral of this little story is—Dare you meet *yourself?* Sooner or later we must be a good deal alone with ourselves; how do you like the prospect? Possibly you have not yet had formal introduction to yourself, not to speak of a *tête-à-tête*. Pray seek it. You may not know what yourself is like.

I remember, in the early days of mesmerism, being one of a row of ladies and gentlemen, who unconsciously furnished unspeakable amusement to the rest of the party. We were to be mesmerised; and were directed to hold dinner plates in our hands and imitate the mesmeriser. He drew his finger along the bottom of his plate, and marked circles and crosses on his face. We did so too, with all gravity.

But ere long I caught sight of an aunt in suppressed convulsions. I looked round. The bottom of *our* plates had been lamp-blacked. It is too painful to continue the narrative. But are there no men and women who, in following the ways of the world, have been hoaxed thus by the devil, and who sorely need to look into a mirror! Yea! verily! and the first sight of one's self in the soul's mirror is apt to be very disconcerting.

The Apostle James hands us the mirror: it is the Word of God; and happy is he who, having looked therein, does not "go his way and forget what manner of man he was," but sets himself to discover what manner of man he ought to be, and how he can attain to the gracious semblance he would like to see in the mirror that introduces him to himself. And the same mirror gives him the aid he seeks. I used to read—where, I have forgotten—of a certain magic mirror: when the prince (there was generally a prince in those stories) first looked into it, whilst the wizard wove his spells, he saw himself. Then wreaths of smoke arose and curled, and hid all vision in the mirror.

When they cleared away, and he gazed again, he saw, not himself, but the king, his father, and his court; and he saw the king was sorrowful, and knew that it was because his son the prince had gone away, and it was not known where he was, nor whether alive or dead. So do we look into the mirror of God's Word. We see ourselves, and it is not at first a pleasant sight. But when the mists of shame and sorrow and doubt have so far cleared away that we can look again steadily into the mirror, we see "the King in His beauty, and the land that is very far off"; and the King is our Father, and the Father's heart is sorrowful, and we say: "I will arise, and go to my Father," and with the quickness of light the far is near, and the Father is at hand. Then the restored prince in his new raiment, ringed and newly shod, fears not to encounter himself in the palace mirrors.

OF INTEREST TO YOUNG MEN.

THE Boston, U.S.A., *Globe* printed in a recent issue the views of many prominent men, in answer to three questions asked in regard to pugilism, namely: What is the reason for the public interest in pugilism? What the moral effect of it upon young men? What its value as a means of physical culture? The general agreement as to the first question seems to be, that the newspapers have exaggerated the public interest in pugilism; and the answers to the second question, that the moral effect of it is largely, if not wholly, bad. Colonel Higginson thinks that it is of small value as an education of courage. "If," he says, "I were recruiting a company or a regiment, I should rather enlist ten sober, steady young men from Mr. Baldwin's Christian Union, or Father Scully's gymnasium, than twenty professional pugilists; and any man of actual experience would say the same." George William Curtis attributes the interest in pugilism to the savage which remains in civilised man, and regards the moral effect of it as debasing. George W. Cable thinks it wholly bad, and believes that "any skilful gymnastic trainer can find forms of exercise to supply the place of boxing."

Senator Joe Brown, of Georgia, U.S.A., one of the richest men in the Southern States, makes large gifts to young men for educational purposes, and his methods of giving tend to make men and not mendicants out of the students. Governor Brown gave £10,000 to the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., and another £10,000 to the State University of Georgia. The interest of this money is for the helping of indigent students; and each student so helped gives the obligation that on leaving the college he will pay back the money to the university as soon as he can earn it. Such payments are added to the principal, and thus the capital fund is increased. No student at Athens College is permitted to spend over £40 a year. The student who wishes to be aided by the fund must be a worthy young man, unable to pay for his tuition. This fund keeps from twenty-two to twenty-five young men constantly at college, and as one set passes off by graduation others follow, and the places are all the time occupied.

The plan upon which the charity is founded would seem to be the best one ever invented. The endowment increases continually, and the students can avail themselves of it without feeling that they are beggars or charity students.

The age of liability to military duty in Austria is raised from twenty to twenty-one.

In New York, as a result of the work of the Y.M.C.A., it is said that over 800 young men joined the churches in that State during 1887.

An Evangelistic Secretary is to be employed by the San Francisco Y.M.C.A., who will devote his whole time to the religious work of the Association.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES FOR WOMEN.

By M. F. Billington.

THE Countess of Shrewsbury, in a recent article, has stated it as her belief that we are fast tending to a condition in which Kingsley's famous line will have to be rerendered thus :—

"Women must work, and men must weep;"

and she deplores the fact that female labour is rapidly crushing itself down to the very lowest minimum on which human existence can be supported. Not only does it affect women, but it is felt in those fields in which men have hitherto laboured; for, as two women can be got to work for less than one man, the employer naturally tries to save, and so the male sex find themselves out of work, while excessive female intercompetition reduces all wages to starvation point.

This fierce struggle enters into every branch of occupation that women can by any possibility fill, and in order to arm themselves for the fray, they are educating themselves to the very highest standard. Medicine has opened a niche in its doorway through which they may creep, the long-closed portals of the Universities have swung back, though into the holiest of holy chambers they do not yet penetrate.

And with true feminine desire for forbidden fruit, therein lies the hidden thing they covet. I do not propose to discuss the physiological questions raised in the subject of the higher education of women. That excessive exertion of the brain is a thing to be condemned, none in his senses disputes, but the same arguments apply to men, and University distinctions have never been deprecated for them, simply because they have shown that they can attain them without injury to their health.

"Surely," asks the looker-on, proverbially said to see most of the game, "if Miss Ramsay, whose brilliant place as the Senior Classic of the year at Cambridge has only been equalled, if not indeed surpassed by a young Indian Christian lady named Sobrabji, obtained her distinction of place in a fair field with no favour, why withhold from her the letters after her name that indicate her proud achievement?"

Certain arguments, such as the keener emulation of rivalry among girls, their more rapid physical development rendering it necessary to observe greater caution in overtaxing the mental energies young, and all those regarding the dangers of destroying those sweet womanly attributes which we rightly regard as the most precious heritage of the sex, have been used over and over again, and their answer is found in the fact that girls leave Girton and Newnham, Somerville Hall and Lady Margaret's, as sound in health as their uneducated sisters, and as gentle, as refined, and in brief, as *womanly* as their cousins, educated under a mother's eye. Again, therefore, why not give them the degrees that would have been given to men who had shown to the examiners the possession of the same amount of erudition?

That "fools rush in where angels fear to tread" is a trite proverb, and without wishing to apply to those who ask such questions the descriptive epithet which Carlyle applied to the majority, I must ask them first to consider some of the enormously complicated difficulties in which either of the Universities would find themselves did they embark upon the untried paths of leading women into the Senate House.

It is not merely a matter of allowing a girl to write the letters on her card which imply that she is a "Bachelor" of Arts —when she advances to M.A. the signification will do as well for "Mistress" as for "Master" of Arts!—but it involves their right to vote, and to become members of the Senate. Reduced to its ultimate basis, the question becomes that of the complete equality of the sexes at the Universities. At present female students feel that they are at Oxford or Cambridge on a kind of polite sufferance, and this is galling to their dignity.

They can attend, after formal application, any of the lectures which the individual colleges or the Universities provide. This permission is not necessary on the part of an undergraduate, and yet, as far as the legality of their presence is concerned, they could be excluded at the sweet will of a lecturer. Women are allowed the use of the various science laboratories,—always, of course, excepting the dissecting room.

They have a distinct advantage over men regarding the University library, as they are admitted there during the whole of the day, whereas men are excluded until the afternoon. All the examinations are open to them, and the lists which show the results are posted on the Senate house doors, side by side with those of the men. There, at that door, the sufferance ends, and while the brother passes in to receive his tangible yet abstract honours, the sister may gaze and feel like the Peri outside the gates.

Now the real difficulty in lessening the sense of toleration would be felt in this way. A girl might say, "Here am I, treated exactly as my brother, save that I must go to a new building expressly designed for women, and that is really only like a glorified girls' school. I am hampered by certain regulations there; I may not invite that nice young Mr. Blank, who attends the same chemistry lectures as I do, to tea with me. The foundation here is poor, the scholarships are few, the prizes are small. Why should not I compete at St. John's or Trinity for a scholarship, and if I win it, go into residence there? If the nominal distinctions are open to me, at least let me, in fairness, take my share in the advantages that were destined to assist financially and to encourage the students."

The objections to a girl's doing that would be strongly and widely felt, and yet, though one feels in one's own mind the actual reasons for disliking so subversive a proposal, it would be somewhat difficult to formulate a really convincing, by the laws of strict logic, reply to her. Then there would be no reason why she should not go yet further, and claim her fellowship at her college, supposing her place in the examination list to be sufficiently high for her justifiably to do this.

It is precisely the same difficulty as that which lies in granting political suffrage to women. If men were assured that they would ask no more than the right to vote in a Parliamentary election, it would be given without hesitation. But men are not yet prepared to see women sitting in Parliament, nor usurping the places which have been exclusively theirs throughout the history of the world.

A degree would undoubtedly be a useful as well as ornamental appendage to many a woman's name, especially in cases where she intended to make teaching her profession. Indeed, I heard recently of a lady who was bracketted equal to 8th wrangler at Cambridge, and who, on a visit to America, had the greatest difficulty in making people believe in her distinction, as, in that land of lady mayors, steamer pilots, and insurance agents, she was invariably asked, "What degree do you hold?"

It seems to me that there is something rather abnormal on the part of women in their intense present craving to do men's work, and to own their prerogatives. Let us go to Nature herself for the proof, and we see that God made woman to be an help-meet for man. He gave to her differing functions in the work of life, and He constituted her for her own sphere. Physically she is weaker, mentally she is more emotional, less practical than man.

I am aware that I shall hear the retort, "You don't know what she was in the beginning—you only know her as she is, when her body has been diminished by never having been called in all the ages to its highest capabilities, and her brain has atrophied to the extent of five ounces below the masculine average, because she has never been allowed to develop its potentialities."

But I have no proof afforded me that this actually was the case, and I do know that no amount of evolutionary talk will ever prove that men and women were created to be rivals. Women now are inclined to assume a kind of aggressive attitude towards men, and to regard them as their natural oppressors, who, if they had their own way, would keep them in ignorance and slavery.

This is very far from being the case, for the true man—the *gentleman*—is the one, perhaps, who realises most truly his obligations and his duties towards womanhood. Women would serve their own ends far, far better, if, instead of a jealous assumption of masculine labours, they would try not to stifle the natural instincts of reverence and desire to please towards a good man. Girls should try to realise that men respect them for the distinctively feminine attributes rather than for what they appropriate of the male ones.

And that is why I should unhesitatingly negative a proposal to confer degrees upon women. I do not at all think that the ideal female education is found in that of men. Probably the experience of a greater increase of University training will prove this, for though, as I have previously said, girls *can* leave without suffering the loss of their womanly qualities, I am *not* prepared to say that this invariably happens. That we live in strange times, and that a strange undercurrent of volcanic tempest is agitating society, none will deny. After storm, calm.

When the throes have somewhat subsided, and we look round again, it will be seen, I venture to think, that woman will fill her place better, and gain a truer equality of the sexes, by the highest cultivation of those indefinably lovely qualities which render a good man and a good woman the climax of God's created work.

£1. 1s. PRIZE.

SECOND SPELLING CHASE.

FEILD MARTIAL AND MRS. BLUNDER.

[*The Paragraph which Competitors are required to write out correctly.*]

THE Feild Martial's wife lay back on the luxureous cusheons, rapt in a beautious mantel, eating areated bread, siping evervessing temperence syrrup, and perusing a Gazzete of currant events. She could not hybernate in Brittain,—this was a mear predjudice,—so sought a more exhilirating climb. Her marshal spouze sat oposite her, apeering statutesque as he purformed on the flagolet. They were traveling under desguyse to the Mediteranean, finding it an apreceable conveneince to be unknown, to avoid the embarasment of being recognized on the weigh. As they left Dover, the Feild Martial's wife sighed for a subteranean pasage, condeming the Goverment for retarrding the proggres of her cavalcade by the necesity for so grate an atcheivment as crosing the tied. "My deer," sayed she, "I shall be fane to subscumb, if the manoverrings of the vesel do not speadily subsighed. I am not amfibious." Ultimetely, Calais was reeched, and the Martial wrecklessly left his retched wife to supperintend the bagage. He showed his passpoured, boughing awkardly to the forieners mienwhile. His wife stood upon a bundel of rugs, while the oficials harassed her by invesstigating the labarinths of her portmantoe. Putting her nuckles to her eyes, she comited the solechism of thretening the oficials with condine vengance if they made the egregeous mistake of disarangeing her posessions. When she had suficiently sensured them, she and the Martial resoomed their itinery towards Mount Blanc, whose sumit they wished to clime. The Martial was no sculpter, but he liked a carricature. He took an unceiled dispach from his vallise, and aressted by the attitude of his wife, endevored to sketch her profeel. She had in her hand a boukay, maid of crisanthemums and minonete, mixed with sycomore leafs. A varegated caterpiler was patroling on the surface of one of the flours. The carricaturist was in an extacy of delite. "Francis," said he to her, "that reptyle amid your blosoms is meat subject for a satyrist." With a shreik, the nervus crecher cast the flours from her; they broak through the window pain, and fell in a minature cascayed upon the tooms in a cemetory beside the narrow gage line, close to a vinyard. She cryed histericaly, "I am not an iota affrayed of beests, but reptyles give me nuralga. That thing had a face like the Sphyncks."

He simpatheticaly southed her, saying patheticaly, "That was an inapropriate and irevalent remark. I suplicate forgivness. Reed the indexes of Guyed Books to illucidate our root. I will reed a scedhule of the 'Afiliated Asociations for the Ammalgamation of Impoverished Persons and Milionares,' or else these reckondite analisises of the quodrilatteral aria of an isosceles triangle."

At last the assending slops of Mount Blank ware reeched, and the assent comenced. The Martial ascented to the request that he would proceed his wife, and assist her asspiring steps. At an atitude of 2,000 feat, they wear fane to admeyer the view. "Like a calydoschope," sayed the Martial's wife. "See the colour on those iredecent piques! But hire! hire! Ecselsoire!" And on they climed. They passed an eagle's eyrie, and saw the wild shamois leaping from bolder to bolder, in longditunal movments, pictureske in aerated purspecktive. The Martial envelopped himself in his cloke. "The temperature is Artic," he mutered, "worse than on the Saskatchewan.

An apauling reverbration eckoed through the atmosfere. "This is the climacks," cryed the afrited pear, "we shall be anihilated!" Voluminus whirlling reeths of chrystalyne whitness, each partickle acelarating momentarrily in velosity, ware bourn down the incline.

"Fairwell!" cryed the Martial to Francis, his wife.

When the avalannch desolved, too corps were ecshumed from a cravats in a glazier, which had thus lambmentably become a Mausolum for the rashleigh adventurus pare.



COMPETITORS! NOTICE!

NOW for the work! How our distorted Paragraph is scanned by thousands of eager eyes! We can picture the puzzlement of those who thought they could spell, but whose faith in their own knowledge is sadly shaken at the outset! At least, every one is sure to "try," and we ourselves feel quite fresh for the second Examination. As before, a Standard Dictionary will be our final reference, and debated words—if there are any—will be allowed. Clearness in writing is indispensable, also absolute observance of the Rules. Competitors are "on honour" as to the rigid keeping of Rule II.; a word on this subject is not needed, as we have good reason to know that the prohibition has been faithfully regarded.

Soon after the Examination, the Results in full will be published in our columns. Handsome illustrated Certificates of Merit will be awarded to the successful competitors, while if two or more "tie" for the Guinea Prize, a further test will be given.

Several members of one family may compete, but in this case a statement that the work has been done *quite* independently must be affixed to each paper sent in.

RULES.

I.—The Competition is open to all.

II.—No dictionary may be used, nor is any help to be in any way obtained as to spelling any word.

III.—Two consecutive hours is the time allowed for writing out the paragraph. One side only of the paper may be used. The paragraph must not be written from dictation, nor be re-copied after it has once been written out. All writing, indeed each letter, must be so clearly formed as to be unmistakable.

IV.—A certificate, signed by some responsible person, must be appended to the paragraph, as a guarantee that the Rules have been kept.

V.—No MS. can be returned.

VI.—Questions may be asked (stamped addressed envelope for reply), but each needless one will deduct from the total marks awarded to the questioner.

The Competition remains open until Saturday, April 14th; all papers, endorsed outside "Second Spelling Chase," must reach our Office, 62, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., not later than Tuesday, April 17th.

"ON THE QUAY."

A TRUE TALE.

By L. ORMAN COOPER.

"HALLO! What have we here?" The speaker, a stalwart, bronze-faced British seaman, stumbled forward as he spoke, and was only saved from falling by his companion's outstretched ready hand.

"Sakes alive! it's a *man*."

So it was—a prostrate, sleeping figure, with its face hidden on its folded arms, and only a few inches away from the turbid waters of the harbour.

Captain Reuben Vince looked sorely troubled as he regained the equilibrium he had nearly lost. Surely a man must be mad to sleep on the very edge of the quay, or else he must be *drunk!*

At this thought, the captain stooped to look more closely at the slumbering figure. No, it was not sleep, but its very dreadful imitation, intoxication.

"Come on, skipper! Never mind him. He'll sleep off his booze, and be all right."

Captain Vince looked sternly at his companion, then pitifully at the prostrate form.

"Where would one roll take him, Robert Carter?" he queried expressively, pointing to an inch of granite that separated the sleeper from a watery grave. "No, my boy! we must wake him if we can."

But all their shaking and thumping and hauling seemed in vain. They might as well have tried to move or arouse an image of lead.

"We must leave him, after all," decided the younger man again, as one by one the twinkling lights in cottage and hull went out. "It is nearly midnight, skipper."

"We must *not* leave him here," responded Reuben Vince. "One more try, my lad."

At last their efforts were crowned with success. The man staggered to his feet, and, but for the stalwart arms around him, his next move would have been into the darkling, slimy water.

"Why, it's the new mate of the *Geraldine*," exclaimed Captain Vince, as a lamp light fell on the bloated, stupid features. "We must see him to his vessel now, comrade."

It was a difficult task—that of guiding the drunken man along the quay, but it succeeded at last. Safely past the heaps of cordage; safely over the big iron chain; safely between the towing posts; safely on board the *Geraldine;* and safely down to the saloon. There they left him.

"We have done a good night's work, my hearty," said Captain Reuben Vince cheerily, as he bid his friend farewell. "We'll sleep sound, never fear."

If they did so sleep, Reuben Vince for one did not sleep for long. The first beams of the rising sun called him, as usual, from his bunk, and out into the open air. Not, however, before he had taken a look at the "chart" the Captain of his salvation had prepared for him, and not before he had boxed the compass of his daily life in prayer.

There was a good deal to be seen to that particular morning, and Captain Reuben Vince was not one to hurry over or slur his duties. But the church clock close by was only just striking eight when he walked across the gangway of the *Geraldine*.

His acquaintance of the night before was leaning over the bulwarks, very miserable, very sullen, very unhappy, and he started violently as a firm hand touched his arm.

"Nerves not strong, my lad," said Skipper Vince's cheery tones. "Can't expect it after the booze of last night.'

The unfortunate man turned a dark face to his earthly saviour. "Was it *you* who brought me home last night?" he queried.

"It was I, my lad. And do you know where I found ye? On the very edge of the quay!"

"Why didn't you leave me there?" he asked with a muttered oath.

"Because you wouldn't have been there long! One roll, and you would have been in——"

Captain Vince's voice was very solemn; but the man broke out with a bitter laugh,—

"In the water, to be sure; and it would have cooled me."

For one instant a wave of intense feeling passed over the skipper s brow. Then he leant forward. "You would have been IN HELL."

All the sullenness and anger were gone from the unhappy face before him, and were succeeded by a look of biting, awful fear.

"*Where?*" he said, tremulously.

"In hell," repeated Reuben Vince. "For in your state you would have sunk like lead. Dead in a moment! and '*no* drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.'"

"Oh, my God!" It was the cry of an agonised soul, brought for the first time face to face with the awful truths contained in God's word. "What shall I do?"

"Promise me never to drink another glass of spirits, for the first thing," replied Reuben Vince. "The stone will be rolled away from the mouth o' the sepulchre if you do. Then there'll be a chance of your *living*, my lad."

Slowly—very slowly—the palm of the drunkard was held out and laid in the strong right hand of God's servant.

"I promise never to touch another drop; so help me, God."

Firmly Reuben Vince's fingers closed over the trembling, shaking ones held out to him.

"That's right, my man! By God's help! Let us ask Him for it."

Right down on the recently holy-stoned deck of the good brig *Geraldine;* right down beneath the blaze of God's sun; right down before the eyes of any one who might chance to be looking on, knelt the captain of the *Veronica* and the mate of the *Geraldine.* Right down, above all, in the presence of Him who has said, "They have also erred through strong drink." Right down, with Skipper Vince's face upturned to the Father of all, pleading for this, His drunken son.

Tears were chasing each other over the mate's pale cheeks as Reuben Vince finished; no maudlin, sentimental tears, but honest manly ones of penitence and sorrow.

"I promise, by God's help," he repeated, as, at last, they arose from their knees, and Captain Reuben Vince replied, "Amen."

* * * *

Three years had passed away before the *Veronica* sailed into that busy, bustling port again—three years in which the *Veronica* had changed skippers more than once—three years, in which Captain Reuben Vince had been transferred to another vessel, leaving his comrade, Robert Carter, in charge of the *Veronica.*

Captain Carter was walking along the quay, still littered, as of old, with heaps of rope and ends of rusty chains, when he was accosted by a stranger.

"Is Captain Vince in port?" said the gentleman, for such he seemed to be in his suit of handsome tweed and comfortable cloth coat.

"No, sir! Skipper Vince is out o' the *Veronica*, sailing to the West Indies. May you be wanting him, sir?"

"Were not *you* with him in this dock three years ago?" continued the stranger, looking—not curiously or impertinently, but earnestly and eagerly—into his face.

"Ay, sir! That I was."

"So I thought. Do you remember finding a man asleep on the quay, at midnight?"

For a moment Robert Carter hesitated. Then he brightened up. Of course he remembered the weary waiting beside the prostrate figure, the painful journey along the quay, Skipper Vince's cheery, "We have done a good work to-night, my lad," and the pledge that he had seen signed on the old capstan on board the *Geraldine.*

"I mind it well, your Honour," he said, as he thought of it all. "But—surely—you—mayn't—be——"

For, somehow, on the frank, manly face before him was a something that reminded him of the bloated, senseless drunkard of years gone by. The height was the same. The eyes were somehow the same, though so different in expression. The mouth was the same, only with its sensual, feeble curves straightened into firm, pleasant lines.

"Surely—you—mayn't—be——"

"Yes! I am the man you helped. God bless you both!"

Together the gentleman and the seaman turned to walk away.

"You must come and see where I live, Carter, so that you can tell Captain Vince what he, by God's help, has done for me."

Robert Carter was quite dazzled.

Across a smooth, well-shaven lawn he followed his guide into a comfortable, well-to-do mansion. "*Plenty*" was written on the walls, and the ceilings, and the floors of the house. "*Comfort*" peeped out of every corner and nestled in every chair. "*Happiness*" beamed on the faces of the sometime drunkard and his "Lady wife," as Robert Carter always called her. "Godliness" spoke out of every printed text and conspicuous Bible.

"This is what I was always used to," said Mr. Bell. "I was brought up as a gentleman, and, but for my love of strong drink, I should always have had enough. But, alas! I squandered my money, insulted my God, and nearly broke my wife's heart;" he drew her hand under his arm as he spoke. "Then I was so poor that I engaged myself as mate on board the *Geraldine.* I had a fair knowledge of seamanship, learned on board my father's yacht, and the skipper was glad to have me. I was to have started on my first voyage the morning after you and Captain Vince picked me up on the quay. Thank God, I was saved, body and soul. I bought myself off, and by the good Lord's help, have kept my pledge. Drunkenness was the stone at the door of the sepulchre. Captain Vince rolled it away, and I was able to hear the Saviour's voice bidding me come forth. The grave-clothes were still about me—the craving, and the desire, and the wish for strong drink; but my wife's hands and prayers helped to loose me and let me go. Thank God, I am a saved man."

And "Thank God," fervently echoed Reuben Vince, when Robert Carter gave him Mr. Bell's card, on their next meeting, and told him the story.

Never again in this world did the sometime drunkard and his greatest earthly benefactor ever meet. But one day we are sure that "above the bright blue sky," where there is no room for the impenitent drunkard, Reuben Vince will gladly welcome the sinner, saved by grace, who has been "washed, sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus."

A SAD STORY.

By the Rev. B. G. RICHARDSON.

A PREACHER was once discoursing from the text, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow," and to enforce its lessons he recited several instances of persons intending to be saved, but putting off their acceptances of Christ till some future season, and in many cases, when least expecting death, being suddenly launched into eternity.

Sitting near to the front, he observed a young man, apparently about twenty-five years of age, the solemnity of whose face told of an inward struggle with deep conviction. Mentally praying that the word might be blest, he finished the service and went to his home; but that face, with its yearning look of intense longing, haunted his memory; he could not forget it, and it was with not a little pleasure that he hailed an opportunity, a few days after, of speaking to the object of his solicitude.

Walking along a quiet country road, he overtook a solitary pedestrian, proceeding slowly and in deep thought. Upon nearer approach, he recognised the young man who had arrested his attention on the previous Sunday evening. Resolving to embrace the opportunity which God, he doubted not, had given him, the minister said: "Pardon me, sir, but you appear to be in some deep anxiety; I do not wish to intrude, but if, as a minister of the gospel, I can render you any help, it will afford me great pleasure to do so."

"Sir," replied the young man, "it is very good of you; I am truly in deep anxiety. Your sermon last Sunday evening has renewed impressions and desires which stirred my soul in days gone by."

"And why," said the preacher, "has their continuity been broken?"

"Well," the young man answered, "I will tell you. I left my home when I was sixteen, to enter the office of a solicitor. At that time I was what would be called religious, that is to say, the study of the Bible and prayer received more attention than is given to them by most; but I soon found that the young men whom I learned to know were so indifferent to all this, that to join with them my views must be modified, if not altogether altered. It was a terrible struggle, and I blush to say Satan gained the victory. My whole life was changed, and for six years sinful pleasure monopolized my affections, till one day a letter from home summoned me to my mother's death-bed.

"It was evening when I reached the place, and the sun was nearing the west as I entered my mother's room. The sight that met me is carved on my heart!

"There upon her bed, her dear old face distorted with pain, her glazing eyes fixed upon the door, watching for her boy's arrival, lay the mother at whose knees my first prayer was lisped; and as I gazed upon her through my falling tears, my mind went back to the quiet Sabbath afternoons, when, with grand simplicity and humble faith, she told me the stories of the Bible, and with patient gentleness tried to answer my eager questions about Divine things. There she lay, entering the valley of the shadow of death! I knelt beside the bed, and my mother, kissing my forehead, said with an effort, 'Arthur, my boy, I must leave you, and—and it may be we part now to meet again in heaven, but it may be—oh, God forbid! it may be we part for ever. Oh! my darling child, my only son, take Christ as your Saviour *now*, and "boast not thyself of to-morrow."'

"Just as the sun sank behind the hills, my mother gave my hand one last loving pressure, and she was gone. That solemn scene made a deep impression upon me, but, alas! my heart was in the world, and the world was in my heart, and soon my old courses were resumed, with greater excesses than before. It was curiosity which led me into your church last Sunday, and it was as though an arrow from heaven had pierced my heart—when I heard you announce as your text my mother's dying words to me."

The sorrow on the young man's face deepened as he finished speaking, and the clergyman invited him into his house. "You feel," he said, "your need, your manner tells me that; now see, that God whose laws have been violated, whose sentence is passed upon all the unrenewed sons of Adam, has Himself provided a Substitute in the person of His own Son, and that Son, by the shedding of His own life's blood, has purchased a pardon which is offered freely to all—*who will take it?* Life for death. And life in Christ. Let me read to you from 1 John 5. 11: 'And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son.' Do you believe it? Will you take it?"

"I cannot, sir, to-night, but your kind sympathy and advice shall not be forgotten, and I do fully intend to take God's gift"; saying which the young man rose to leave, the minister's last words to him being, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow."

"Ah! sir," the man replied as he passed out, "there is no fear of my life being terminated by one of those fearful catastrophes you described, but I will, I will be saved, some day."

And so they parted.

* * * *

In a small back room at the top of a block of model dwellings, in East London, a Bible-woman was speaking very earnestly to a sick man. The thin emaciated cheeks mantled with a hectic flush, the hollow voice interrupted by frequent coughing, all told of advanced consumption. "No! madam," the poor sufferer exclaimed, "it cannot be! not only am I fully convinced that I am not one of the elect, but my frequent and determined resistance of God's Holy Spirit has quenched for ever His strivings."

"But," said the visitor, "this is only an endeavour of Satan to keep you from accepting Christ and sheltering yourself, as an unworthy sinner, beneath His atoning work. The great enemy sees your time on earth is very brief, and so with increased activity, he tries to make you his captive for ever. But Jesus is willing and able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."

"It is kindness prompting you to try and persuade me," the dying man answered, "but it is too late now. I—am—for ever,—O God!—for ever—for ever—outside." He spoke with great violence, the exertion caused a blood-vessel to burst, and in a few moments he had passed to his account.

The woman in the front room, with whom the deceased man had been a lodger, told the visitor all she knew about him, and when the latter reported the case to the clergyman under whom she worked, he at once connected her story with a young man who some years previously had been deeply impressed under one of his sermons, from the text, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow."

Every time God's Holy Spirit strives with a man a battle is fought which leaves him either nearer God and heaven, or more firmly in the grasp of the powers of darkness.

Y.M.C.A. ITEMS.

The Hon. John V. Farwell, of Chicago, Ill., a warm supporter of Y.M.C.A. work in the United States, is on a visit to this country.

The Y.M.C.A. at Stirling (Scotland) has been offered £500, in accordance with the wish of the late Henry Drummond, for purchase of premises for the Association, if built or purchased within the next three years.

The committee elected at the annual business meeting of the Bradford Y.M.C.A., on February 16th, is composed mainly of *young* men. A Recreation Committee has been formed to provide for the physical wants of the members. An athletic ground is to be procured for the use of the clubs in connection with the Association.

The Plymouth Y.M.C.A. is doing a good work under General Secretary Roberts. The new building of this Association is admirably arranged for young men, and has a well-fitted gymnasium.

BIBLE JOTTINGS.

The Lord said that man was to do seven things to Him.—Mark 10. 33, 34.

Deliver Him to chief priests	Mark 14. 43, 53.
Condemn Him	Matt. 27. 3.
Deliver Him to Gentiles .	Luke 23. 7.
Mock Him	Luke 23. 11.
Scourge Him	John 19. 1.
Spit upon Him	Mark 15. 19.
Kill Him	Mark 15. 37.

"The Secret of the Lord."

"They saw My works, but they have not known My ways."—Heb. 3. 9, 10.

He *made known His ways* to Moses.—Ps. 103. 7.

Encompassed.

God your rereward . . .	Isa. 52. 12.
God before you	Deut. 31. 8.
God with you	Deut. 31. 6.

Song of Solomon.

Chap. 2. 11, 13—Springtime of Christian life.

Chap. 4. 12–16—Summer season of Christian life.

Chap. 6. 11—Autumn season of Christian life.

Song of Solomon, 2. 17.

"Turn," more literally "encompass," or "be on every side."—Ps. 71. 21.

The three-fold declaration, "Him whom my soul loveth—S. Sol. 3. 1–3—may be contrasted with our Lord's three-fold question, "Lovest thou Me?"—John 21. 15, 17.

Matt. 2. 11.

Fell down and worshipped Him, and then presented, etc.

Presented *themselves* first, and THEN their gift.—Rom. 12. 1; 2 Cor. 8. 4, 5.

God had respect to Abel, and then to his offering.—Gen. 4. 4.

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

ANSWERS.

H. H.—Capital punishment—does the Bible uphold or condemn it?—The best argument in favour of capital punishment, as the penalty for murder, to which it is now generally confined, is the fact that, without it, the sacredness of human life, which is the very basis of society, could not be maintained. And therefore, God, when reconstructing the social fabric after the flood, gave this commandment to Noah: "At the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed, for in the image of God made He man" (Gen. 9. 5, 6). And so in the New Testament, where we are told that the ruler "beareth not the sword in vain, for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil" (Rom. 13. 4). The testimony of the Bible, then, is explicit; but we cannot recommend any special books on the subject.

Anor.—We know that many Bible students thoroughly concur in Canon Taylor's judgment as to the Revised Version, and instead of reading the latter, we would suggest that those who have but little time for God's Word, should rather give it to prayerful study of our old Authorized Version. We thank you for such unqualified commendation of our Paper.

Economical.—In reply to your question as to the proportion of income which should be spent upon house-rent, we should say about one-eighth. Thus, with an income of £150, a house at £24 per annum, exclusive of rates, should suffice.

A.B.C.—This author's works are now hardly up to the spirit of the age, and though popular with a certain class of readers, they so often approach the region of the ridiculous that, though not exactly *unwholesome*, they are far from elevating or instructive, save in a phase of "life on the ocean wave" which is disappearing with wooden ships and the belaying-pin, and the advent of swift steamers. The works of Kingston, Henty, Ballantyne, and, if you want the spice of a generation back, Fenimore Cooper, are more in the line of your seeking.

Suglio, and F.O.L. are asked to accept our hearty thanks for sending addresses of friends to whom Specimen Copies should be sent. We are always glad to send these, if friends will kindly give us name and address.

W. G., Sydenham.—We have with pleasure sent specimens to the names and addresses you were good enough to send us; we very much appreciate such hearty co-operation.

Murical.—Thank you for your hearty expressions in reference to our Paper. The matter of a Bible Competition is under consideration.

A correspondent requests us to send a copy of our Paper for the benefit of the stewards on board one of our merchant steamers. We pass on the suggestion. Both stewards and stewardesses of vessels lead uncomfortable and isolated lives, and therefore have more leisure for reading than many of our home workers. Would it not be an opportunity of helping many of these, if friends combined to subscribe for copies of our Paper to be sent to each steamship? For instance, two or three of OUR OWN GAZETTE for the stewardesses, and half a dozen of —"A. 1."— for stewards; this would be seed-sowing of which the harvest might be incalculably great.

Perhaps some of the Lord's people may be disposed to take up this little bit of work for Him.

Encouraging Suggestions.—"You may perhaps have wondered whether I have got rid of all the nine dozen copies that I had too much. I am glad to say I have disposed of a good many when taking round my copies of —'A.1.'—every Saturday. When I have seen a woman cleaning a window or doorstep, or a girl minding a baby (or anything like that), I have spoken to her about the Paper and pressed her to take one to look at; then I have asked their address, and in the course of a few days have called to see how they like it. By doing this I have got a great many to take them in; and some who did not wish to take the Paper paid me for the specimen."—F. J. J.

We think this little history of an energetic worker may be suggestive to others who would be willing to help us in a similar manner.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY first's a noun of multitude; possessive case.
My second long ago subdued a noble race.
My whole they call the one they'd put in highest place.

1. The youth had sought me, but he left me, hasting—
2. As he believed—according to my word,
3. Ere darkness fell upon him by my wasting;
4. This was the sentence afterwards he heard;
5. Of all my sons, the one he most revered,
6. For him, alas, this ending should not be,
7. Although, when long ago it first appeared,
   My race was blessed o'er all exceedingly.

The answer to this will be given in our Number for March 31.

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

By Rev. J. H. THORPE, M.A.

APRIL 1ST.

THE MARRIAGE FEAST.—*Matt.* 22. 1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Rev.* 19. 9.

THIS parable, in its primary application, sets forth the rejection of the Gospel Message by the Jews, and its acceptance by the Gentiles. God's purposes of love will not be defeated. We have also here an example of God's judgments:—(1) National, (2) Individual.

I. *The Kingdom of Heaven as a Feast, for—*

(1) Salvation is provided for us. We are to come to Christ to receive, not to give. To bring some merit of your own is to say in effect, "Christ's work is insufficient, and I can add to it."

(2) All invited are welcome. If one asks, "May I come to Jesus?" what fuller answer can be than "All things are ready, Come!"?

(3) There is plenty and variety. At a feast all find some dish to suit them. Jesus can satisfy the hungry soul, and His gospel suits all sorts of minds and all sorts of men.

(4) Feasts are joyful occasions. They have an end, of course, but to know Jesus as your Saviour is a "continual feast."

II. *The Guests.*

(1) Two sorts of guests. Some were indifferent, neglectful, careless; some were actively hostile. But note in the end they were all alike, for none partook. Hostility to the gospel will bring ruin. Note that one class were kept away by over-attention to things not wrong in themselves.

(2) Those who came were of two sorts—the real and the unreal. A man may be lost in the company even of good people. See how far a man may carry his hypocrisy—into the presence of the King! See two things are required for heaven: (1) A title; this you get by repentance and faith in the Crucified: (2) A meetness; this you get by "putting on Christ," the wedding garment.

III. *The King.*

How gracious! "Go ye therefore into the highways." There was but one unworthy guest in the crowd, BUT THE KING SAW HIM. How terrible in judgment! "Bind him hand and foot." In Christ He is "Our Father;" out of Christ He is "a consuming fire," who will smite with His rod of judgment both open foe and false friend.

REFER to close of last lesson, March 18th. Christ still in temple. "Jesus answered." To what? *Murderous designs* (ch. 21. ver. 46). *Unspoken thoughts.* Similar instance, Luke 7. 40. "By parables." Matthew chooses the chief for insertion. Must not be confounded with parable of supper in Luke 14. 16. They are similar, but given at different times. Christ from necessity had to give "line upon line."

Children's interest could be aroused by giving as title—

ALL ABOUT A PARTY.

Seniors' thoughts could also be directed in the same direction.

Our interest in private and public assemblies.

The King's Party. No unknown, unimportant individual. Hence the party assumes special interest. What king would Christ's hearers most naturally think of? *David.*

We think of *God*, who is the greatest King of all. The Bridegroom? Christ. Get scholars to give a verse in Revelation where this marriage is referred to. Who is the Bride? The Church in its entirety, or *humanity.*

The Preparations. Getting ready. Killing of oxen and younger animals. Laying the tables. "I go to prepare."

The King's Invitations. Picture the excitement that would naturally prevail.

The Servants. "Such as were called among Romans 'inviters.'" They were invited *three times.* First, the formal invitation; then, as still according to Eastern customs, the reminder, or "bidding"; and the third time, the message "All things ready." An illustration of God's patience with Jews and world in general.

The King's Rebels. "How did these people receive the invitation? First with cool unconcern, then with contempt, followed by violence.

The Rebel's Reward. "His armies." Enumerate some of the things in nature God uses as "armies," besides the "armies of the sky" the prophet's servant saw.

The King's Guests. Was not to be disappointed. Where did He get them? Man can never in the end defeat God. "His purposes ripen." "As many as ye shall find." No limit. "God so loved *the world.*"

The King's Anger. King came to make them welcome. A sudden flash of grieved surprise crosses His face. He goes up to a man—the only one who shrank back. "Comrade, how did you get in like this?" Had not on wedding garment. His own fault. *Rule* of the house to wear *a wedding garment.* Expulsion. "The outer darkness." The lights from within seeming to mock the wretched, foolish outcast.

Here a splendid opportunity for teachers to ask the following four questions and elicit replies:—

1st, Have you received an invitation to the heavenly party?

2nd, Have you made any excuses or "light of it"?

3rd, Would you not really like to go?

4th. Are you getting ready?

"How shall I get ready." Answer: Get wedding garment.

"What is the wedding garment?" (See Rev. 19. 8.)

"Where shall I get it?" (1 Cor. 1. 30.)

"What shall I pay for it?" It is a gift (Rom. 5. 17).

C. SKINNER.

Y.M.C.A. BIBLE CLASS LESSON.

APRIL 1ST.

RESURRECTION.—*Ps.* 2; *Acts* 13. 30-38.

IF Christ be NOT risen from the dead, there is this sevenfold result.

I. *Christ is a Liar, for He said He would rise again.* Three times especially, He said He would rise. (1) When the Pharisees said that Herod would kill Him (Luke 13. 31). (2) When He took the twelve as they went up to Jerusalem (Luke 18. 31-33). (3) When He instituted the Supper of Remembrance (Matt. 26. 26-28).

II. *The Apostles are False Witnesses.* (1) Peter testified of the resurrection on the Day of Pentecost (Acts 2. 32); at the gate Beautiful (Acts 3. 14, 15); to the elders, scribes, rulers, and priests (Acts 4. 10); to those in the house of Cornelius (Acts 10. 38-41). The apostles, when they had been told not to speak of Christ's resurrection, continued to do so (Acts 4. 33; Acts 5. 29-32). Paul at Antioch did the same (Acts 13. 29-33). The apostles must have been fools and madmen to have hazarded their lives, if their testimony was not true.

III. *Preaching the Gospel is useless.* Shut up your churches, chapels, and mission halls.

IV. *Our Faith is in vain.* The faith that has made men pure, good, and true.

V. *We are yet in our Sins.* Still under God's wrath, the curse of the law; still exposed to judgment; still hastening to perdition—"if Christ is not risen."

VI. *Our Loved Ones are lost.* Vain are your hopes, mother, of seeing that loved boy or girl, or yours, husband, of seeing that beloved wife. Look at the cold clay, you will never see them again—"if Christ be not risen."

VII. *We are of all Men most Miserable.* The worldlings have their pleasures. But what have we? A bubble, a disappointment, a delusion, "if Christ be not risen."

But **we know** "He is risen."

This is the *heart* of Christianity. This is the *key-stone* of the arch; the *foundation* of the Church; the *main-spring* of Christian activity; the *lever* of power that shall move the world; and the *link* that unites all believers.

A. Testimony to the fact of Christ's resurrection.

B. The facts and truths it brings before us.

A. *Testimony to the Fact of Christ's Resurrection.*

There is the Testimony of the Soldiers who were set to watch, and who were bribed to hold their peace (Matt. 28. 11-15).

There are the testimonies of His followers. There are at least fourteen recorded appearances.

B. *The Facts and Truths it brings before us*

1. Christ has accomplished His work. 2. It tells us that God is satisfied. 3. He has defeated our enemies. 4. Our salvation is secured. 5. He is the First-fruits of those that sleep. 6. He is accepted for us and we in Him. 7. Our inheritance is guaranteed.

Sunderland. F. E. MARSH.

THE second Psalm relates to the *two* advents.

Its reference to the *first* is evident from Acts 13. 33, and Acts 4. 25-27.

The *first* advent does not exhaust the meaning, as is evident from the Psalm, vers. 8, 9.

Observe the majesty and lofty scorn with which the Psalm opens, and the calm tranquillity with which God looks upon the opposition of men.

Verses 1 and 2 were *in part* fulfilled at the mock trial of Christ (see Acts 4. 25-27). Note (1) *who* are the opposers —"kings and rulers," earthly potentates; those who hold authority; not the subjects, though they join in the strife.

Observe, too, (2) *how* they oppose—"set themselves," "take counsel,"—deliberation, combination.

(3) The aim of their opposition—"let us break," etc. Is not this at the root of all antagonism to religion? To have done with God. Yet, though it be "kings and rulers," and though they "SET themselves," and combine their powers, their aim being to cast off Divine restraint, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh," etc. Sublime composure! Like giant cliffs which stand for ages, while the waves dash and break at their feet.

How does the Psalm apply to the resurrection? The powers of earth were leagued against Christ—the object was to upset God's purposes by destroying Christ.

With what majestic ease God puts down His foes. He *sits*, He *laughs*, He *speaks.*

The *exaltation* of Christ, as described in ver. 6, may be applied to His exaltation in heaven (see Acts 2. 33; Phil. 2. 9). Men combined to degrade Him; God, in spite of all, enthrones Him.

This Psalm furnishes infinite comfort and encouragement to God's people. They are associated with Christ, and share His triumph. "No weapon formed against *Thee* shall prosper," etc. (Isa. 54. 17).

As God's purposes concerning Christ were fulfilled, so also shall they be concerning His people.

Those who war against God are engaged in a hopeless struggle.

From the fact that men deliberate how to cast off God's bonds, it is evident that they are firmly rivetted and felt. And so they are; they are part of our very nature (Rom. 2. 15). If not, these men could cast them off without saying, "*let* us." It is easier to do right single-handed than it is to do wrong. Is it not evident, too, that men find some difficulty in casting off these restraints? Infidelity is an unnatural sin.

The wise course is pointed out in vers. 10-12. It is advice for subjects as well as kings. On "*kiss the Son*," compare 1 Sam. 10. 1; implies *acknowledgment* and *friendship.*

JAMES L. STANLEY.

A TALK BY THE TOWING-PATH;

OR, LEARNING TO TEACH.

"Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest."

A SPRING afternoon—fields brilliantly green, the river flashing back the dazzling sunshine, the birds noisily mirthful with glad surprise that winter has gone already.

The people and the trees are not so thoroughly assured that cheerless Winter means this sudden disappearance as his final farewell, and they show their doubts by an uncertainty of attire, the people wavering between cottons and furs, the trees maintaining their bold outlines, but casting about themselves a summer-like gossamer sheen of foliage, serving to veil, but not to hide the perfect outline of trunk, branch, and twig.

People, for the most part, loiter lazily along, some oppressed by their winter clothing; others give themselves up to the new delights of Spring, and feast on the varied beauties so lavishly laid before them. One couple, evincing keen enjoyment by their looks and mien, are not letting their pleasure turn them into loiterers, though their set purpose seems to have as its object only the gaining of a shaded seat a little way back from the towing-path.

Ensconced in this, with an easy grace,—a grace not impaired in either case by any deforming prank of fashion,—they show their satisfaction by a hushed pause, an unspoken psalm of praise, from which the elder brings herself back with an effort.

A gracious woman, not lifted out of sympathy with the young, eager, impulsive character beside her by any over self-consciousness, but having rather an added tenderness of sympathy to bestow, from the fact that her own angles have been rounded off by more of life's experiences (teachably received), and her enthusiasm not frittered away, but solidified into quiet, strong intensity of character; while in the other a loving receptivity, having for its accompaniment a keen intellectual grasp of truth, gives a zest to their happy intercourse.

"Now for some wrinkles on teaching!" It came out with a jerk, as if from the fear that the precious opportunity might even now slip away before the object was attained.

"Oh, that is what we are to talk over, is it, in prospect of your Sunday class? But where do you get your word 'wrinkle' from?"

"If you mean as to derivation, I don't in the least know, and I don't suppose Trench gives it, and——" a slight tapping of the foot on a gnarled tree-root finishes the sentence.

"It certainly did not seem quite fair that I should go off at a tangent from our subject, when our time together is so short; but in reality I had not travelled very far away, for the thought struck me as you said the word 'wrinkle,' that perhaps the association of ideas was between the *brow contraction* and the *thought* of which that is expressive; and this set me thinking that there is but *one* Teacher who associates *learning* with *rest*.

"It is in His school, dear, that you are going to teach; and above all things, I would exhort you to be a *pupil teacher*. *Learn* of Him, and then *teach*. As regards *discipline*, enter into the meaning of the centurion's words, 'I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me'; and as regards the *teaching*, pass on to your class what has been taught to yourself. 'Cast *thy* bread' to them—that which has fed thyself."

"Yes, I know what you mean. That lesson has come forcibly home to me; but I feel that you do well to remind me of it; one cannot recollect it too well."

"There are very few things, I think, which we learn once for all, and God's great patience with us in this respect impresses me most powerfully. If one of us has laid hold of any truth, and found great enjoyment in it, we are apt to force it wholesale on others, and to be disappointed if the effect on them is not just what it has been in our own case.

"But God, though He has 'many things to say' unto us, sees that it is very often with us as with the disciples of old, we 'cannot bear them now;' so He holds them back, and gives His teaching only as we are able to bear it. I heard this described once by a friend in this way. She said: 'It seems to me that when God has a lesson, He brings home to me by some dealings of His providence, and my learning it depends on my own willingness. But He does not stop there. Perhaps the first time enough has been conveyed to me to be represented by the bare outline of a map; but the lesson is repeated, and this time more is filled in. The map is marked out now into counties. But a third, perhaps a fourth time, it has to be taught me; and each time more and more effectually, so that at last my map shows rivers, and mountain ranges, and towns.'"

"What a good thought, and how helpful to recognize God's loving plan in the oft-repeated lessons; for to see His hand in the teaching is, to my mind, half the battle.

"But is there anything in this which I can make use of in my capacity of 'pupil teacher,' beyond the lesson of not forcing my experience wholesale on others?"

"Yes, I think it has in it St. Paul's admonition to Timothy to 'show thyself a good workman' by 'rightly dividing the word of truth'; and this as to quantity as well as to quality. Let it be line upon line, line upon line, here a little and there a little,' not impatiently, but adapting yourself as much as may be to the individual capacity of your scholars, as St. Paul did in feeding the Corinthians with milk, and not with strong meat, which was then unsuitable for them.

"And this suggests to me another 'moral' from the map—Make sure that the outline, however faint, is *true*, otherwise there will only be confusion and failure when you try to fill in the counties. In other words, be very sure that it is the *sincere* milk of the Word with which you are feeding them, even the truth 'as it is in Jesus.' And let it all be in the spirit of the great Teacher, who surely meant not only 'Learn of Me because of My meekness and lowliness,' but also 'Learn of Me to be meek and lowly.'

"This lesson extends even to the tone of voice, which is powerful in its very gentleness; and my advice on this point would be, not 'Speak so loud that you can be heard above the shuffling of the feet,' but 'Speak so low that your scholars must stop shuffling in order to hear you!'"

"I shall certainly try that recipe for making myself heard. But then there comes the question of getting it not only into the ears, but through into the *minds*, and further still, even into the heart."

"Very true! Well, as regards the minds, I would say, 'Do not be satisfied with simply giving a carefully prepared lesson, but keep on probing by questions to see that it is being received. And as regards reaching the hearts, I can only advise you to set it before you as your one supreme object, and then pray, pray, and pray!"

The young teacher did not lightly forget that talk. All her short life she had been eager, anxious, "go-ahead." Now, in the tender, chastened beauty of the budding spring, had come to her fresh thoughts of the gentle patience and wondrous forbearance of the great Teacher Himself. Even Nature echoed the words of her friend, for the leaves were not unfolded by the fierce glare of intense sunlight, but by alternations of warm rain and mild, glancing rays. Yes! she would work as like Him as she could; He would show her how.

And He did. The big boys who were noisy and truculent when injudiciously curbed, were tractable under the quiet rule of the young girl. Her low voice won their attention, her patience in teaching "line by line" ensured recollection, whilst the power of a prayerful spirit was felt, even if not fully understood.

Long years after, stalwart, hard-working men were restrained from crime by the memory of what that low soft voice had said, and more than one soul, travelling Zionwards, had first learned the Way in that Sunday class. The real secret of it all lay in earnest prayer. Ever since that day on the towing-path, the burden of souls had lain on the teacher's heart, a burden too heavy to be borne unless shared by Christ. So, whilst she had taught others, day by day she had been learning of Him, and not in vain.



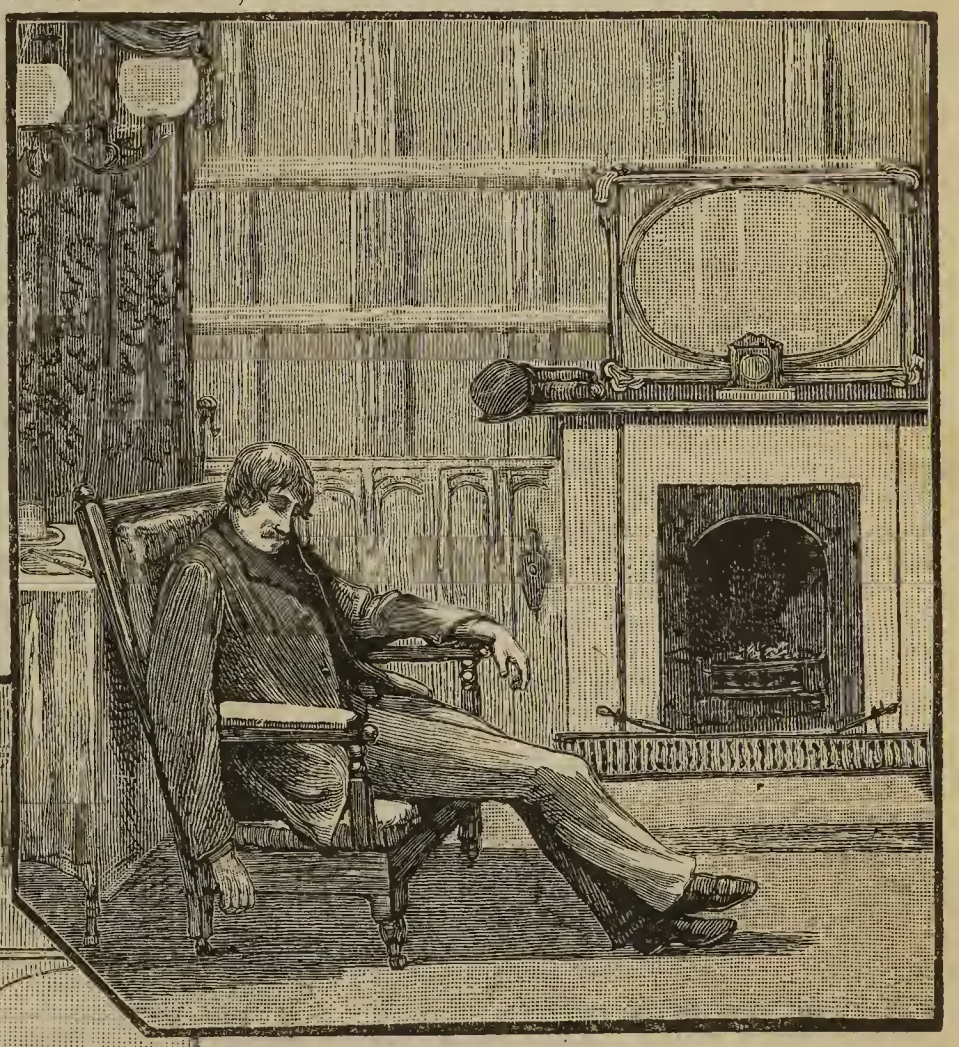
MAR. 31, 1888. "A.1." ONE PENNY.

WEEKLY—Edited by MRS. STEPHEN MENZIES.

THAT HOUSE IN LONDON.

By L. T. MEADE,

Author of "Scamp and I," "A Knight of To-day," "Great St. Benedict's," "The O'Donnells of Inchfawn," etc., etc.



"He lay sound asleep in an arm-chair by the fireless grate."

CHAPTER IX.

THERE are times in a man's life when everything seems to go well with him; he has, as he terms it, a "run of luck"; his enterprises are successful, his schemes prosper. In love and in war alike, he is victorious. Such a time, from the moment of his interview with Mrs. Alexis, came to Kenneth Graham. The world had just begun to look very black to him; he had almost parted with hope, he had seen no life before him but a life of daily self-denial, of hard, uninteresting drudgery; a life with the desire of his eyes taken away, and poverty penning him down, and the demons of despair and faithlessness, and almost atheism dogging his footsteps. All these things he had accepted as his daily portion, for he was just a young man with ordinary abilities and ordinary means, and, perhaps, a more tempestuous and easily-shaken nature than most. He was just a young man with a very calm exterior, and a great power of self-control; but all the more because of these was the citadel of his heart easily besieged.



"'You are old Ken,' he exclaimed, 'of course you are.'"

Graham had never felt worse than he did on the day when Mrs. Alexis sent for him; he saw her, he spent a few hours in her society, and, lo and behold! the entire scene changed. He was no longer poor, he was no longer hopeless, he was no longer loveless. Faith returned to him, he believed in a very good and merciful God, he thought the earth an excellent place, and was glad that he was still young enough to enjoy it.

The next day at his office, his fellow-clerks, it is true, remarked no special change in him; he was always kind and considerate to those about him, and he was neither more nor less so on this special day.

Young Martin, however, when he talked with his friend, wondered if his brain had grown in power, so ably did he discuss the great Firm's rather jeopardised condition, and so admirable were his suggestions as to the best means to adopt to avert ruin.

Graham felt that there was nothing at all now between him and Kate. Far from avoiding her, he might seek to see her daily—he could not spend too much time in the society of the woman who was to be his wife.

They were engaged, and strange as it may seem, from the moment of Kate's acceptance of him came the first faint cloud in the perfect blue of the young man's horizon.

In a weak moment, he had not given Miss Kennedy his full confidence. He had told her nothing about Jonas Alexis. This fact troubled him a little—he felt it would be very awkward if Jonas did return ; but there was very little fear of that—it was so absolutely impossible to suppose that a young man could live for fifteen years on the same earth with his mother and make no sign whatever of his existence to her. Graham quite inclined to the belief held by Mrs. Alexis herself, that her erring and unhappy son had done with earth, and would meet her in another world. Graham thought in his private heart that the world would be very well rid of a weak young man, who had never done anything to make it a wiser or a happier place, and he was very sure that he and Kate could do better with the half of Mrs. Alexis' fortune than Jonas could.

Kate and Graham were therefore engaged, and all her friends thought she had done very well, and the two trustees to her uncle's will, Mr. Simpkins and Mr. Martin, senior, who had now returned to see after his troublesome business, considered the girl remarkably lucky ; they both had the greatest possible respect for Graham, and there was no doubt whatever with regard to Mrs. Alexis' balance at her banker's.

And now the old lady did an extraordinary thing ; she sent for Graham again, and told him about her will.

"In my will," she said, "I leave my property to you. I make no mention of my boy, I do not even breathe his name ; I leave my property, my money, and this house, to you. I wish you to keep on Betty Carew as your servant, and when she is past work, you are to provide for her, and to see that she wants nothing. I leave you all my property on conditions which you know of. I do not mention the conditions in my will. The fact is, Kenneth, I feel more and more convinced that my poor boy has joined many other forgiven prodigals in the blessed city of God. I look to meeting him there, and I don't want his poor name, which has been almost forgotten in this world, to be dragged up again and talked over by the lawyers, who will feel it their duty to have numerous false quests made in search of him. I trust to you, Kenneth, and to that bright pretty girl who is to be your wife, and I feel sure, if Jonas does come home, that you will act as his mother would wish towards him."

* * * *

Not many days after this conversation, Mrs. Alexis died. She was found dead in her bed one morning by her faithful servant Betty, who cried and wept, and broke her heart after her.

In due course followed the funeral, and then the reading of the will. Both Mr. Simpkins and Mr. Martin were present, and the will itself was read aloud by Mrs. Alexis' own lawyer, a certain Mr. Davenport.

Kenneth, who had followed his old friend to the grave, and Betty Carew, were both in the room. No one was surprised at the contents of the will, for all present knew that Graham was to be the old lady's heir ; but a certain clause, almost at the end, was sufficiently unusual to attract a little attention.

"I give and bequeath not only all my own personal estate and moneys herein menjoined, to the said Kenneth Graham, but I give to him in trust, to be safely delivered to her on her wedding-day, a sealed letter for his wife. She is not to open the letter without her husband's special permission ; but she too is to accept it in trust, and is to open it on the day Kenneth Graham asks her to. Should it ever be necessary to open the letter, he and she together must look for a dying mother's curse, if they do not faithfully carry out the sacred trust imposed upon them in it. I desire further that Kenneth Graham reveals to no one, not even to his wife, what he knows of the contents of this letter, unless opportunity arises. I also desire Kenneth Graham to deliver this sealed letter to his wife on her wedding-day, not before."

"You are a lucky fellow, Graham," exclaimed young Martin in a tone of genuine envy. "An unhampered fortune of £30,000 and a jolly big house like this, are by no means to be despised in these hard times. You *are* a lucky dog,—the exact sum you wanted dropping into your mouth in the very nick of time ! How artfully you tried to conceal your secret about Miss Kennedy from me, and how badly you succeeded ! Well, Ken, I congratulate you ; the girl you are going to marry is as handsome and bright and pleasant as man could wish. With her fortune and yours you won't do badly, old man. I congratulate you from my heart."

Young Martin's good wishes were warmly echoed by the other gentlemen present, and Mr. Martin even threw out some strong hints with regard to taking Graham into partnership. But amongst all this chorus of good wishes one person was silent, and one person raised scowling and dissatisfied eyes to the handsome young man who took his honours so gracefully.

"You'll remember, Mr. Graham, about the letter," said Betty Carew, as Graham was leaving the room ; "the letter don't mean nothing, as you know and I know, and you'll give it to the lady sure and certain, sir, and you'll remember that a curse goes with the letter if it ain't obeyed faithful."

Here Betty bobbed a curtsey, put on a shrewish expression, and disappeared down a long dark passage.

"What a disagreeable body !" exclaimed young Martin ; "you are not going to keep her in your service, are you, Graham ?"

"Certainly I am," replied Graham. "I promised Mrs. Alexis I would see after Betty, and never let her want."

CHAPTER X.

ALL arrangements were made, and just in the most beautiful time of the year, just in the time when even smoky, dismal London partially decks herself in spring leaves and spring flowers,—just when the streets are least dirty, and the air is clearest, Kate Kennedy prepared for her wedding.

She was to be married on the fifteenth of May. Now it is well known that May is not considered a lucky month for weddings, and Alice, Polly, and Nellie were loud in their remonstrances with their sister. Why could she not put it off till leafy June ? they all cried ; but Kate was far too happy not to laugh at their idle fears ; and the sight of bridesmaids' dresses, of orange flowers, and all the finery and gaiety attendant on a happy wedding, caused these light-hearted girls to forget their little panic.

"After all," said Polly, "Kate is sure to be happy. We need not trouble."

"Only if anything does happen," continued Nellie, "we'll be sure to remark, all of us, that it was because our darling Kate was married in May."

"Well, don't let's remark it beforehand," said Alice, who was intensely attached to her sister.

Kate had made all her arrangements—the girls were to stay on in the pretty home she had provided for them, during the greater part of the summer, a certain Miss Beale, a little under-paid teacher in the school where Kate had worked, coming to act as their chaperon. Miss Beale was plain and middle-aged, and very firm, and Kate gave her special directions with regard to Polly, and trusted that all would go well.

It had been finally decided that for a year at least Kate's three sisters were to occupy the pretty home she had provided for them at Croydon ; and Kate and her husband, after a three months' visit to the Continent, were to settle down in the old house in Exmoor Square.

The girls were horrified at this idea ; but as Kenneth did not mean to give up his work in the city, Kate was determined that their home should be in a convenient neighbourhood, and her heart was far too light and happy just then to feel any dread of dismal rooms or dismal memories.

The night before the wedding came, and all was bustle and confusion at Croydon. Kenneth spent some hours there, and came up to town by a late train. It was nearly eleven o'clock when he got to Victoria, but late as it was, he took a hansom, and drove straight off to Exmoor Square. He expected Betty to be in bed, and let himself into the house, which was now his own, with a latch-key. The hall and staircase had been repapered and painted in preparation for Kate, but the lofty and dismal dining-room had not been touched, and Kenneth going in now, turned on the gas and looked about him with a certain expression of dismay. The room missed the genial presence of its late gentle owner. The wide grate, which had looked cheery and home-like when a bright fire burned in it, was now cold, forsaken ; the few shavings which Betty had thrust in as ornament being of the dirtiest and shabbiest description.

Kenneth turned on all the gas the room contained, and wondered if even Kate's presence could make it bright. The little house at Croydon was so flower-like, so fresh, so sweet ; this dismal old abode seemed to Kenneth to-night anything but a desirable residence.

"Ahem !"

The young man started.

Betty, looking more shrewish than usual, with an almost spiteful expression on her queer old face, had come noiselessly into the room, and was standing beside him.

"Why, Mrs. Carew," he exclaimed, "you quite startled me ! I came in for a moment to look round, as I shall not have time to make any arrangements here to-morrow. I am glad, however, you are not in bed, as I want to speak to you. I have made up my mind that the whole house must be repapered and painted, and, to a certain extent, refurnished. You must, therefore, be prepared to receive paper-hangers and painters. I wish I had decided on this sooner, as I cannot now choose the papers. I shall, however, put the house into the hands of Seely, in Oxford Street,—he has excellent taste. I can run round to him in the morning. Eh, Mrs. Carew ? did you speak ?"

"I was about to remark," said Betty, "that

it would be more decent-like to leave the old missis's room untouched; and as to my attic, if paper and paint goes near it, I sleep there no more. I don't hold with fresh paper and paint,—it's a waste of good money."

Kenneth looked down at the old woman, and laughed.

"Your room shall not be touched, Betty," he said, good-humouredly, "nor—nor—my good old friend's room either. Does that satisfy you? All right; then I will arrange it so. Good-night, Betty. Wish me good luck,—I am going to be a very happy man to-morrow."

"I have no blessings to give," mumbled old Betty; "you and the lady may have to go out as poor as you come in., I'm not a-saying nothing. You'll give the letter sure to your bonny bride to-morrow,—the letter that means a curse if it ain't followed."

Kenneth frowned; he felt inclined to say something hasty, but restrained himself.

"Miss Kennedy has engaged some servants, who are coming here in two months' time," he said coldly; "see that you receive them properly, Mrs. Carew. Good-night."

He strode out of the house, and heard Betty immediately locking and bolting the door. He had made nothing of her words, but, nevertheless, they impressed him.

"If I could wish anything different about my good friend Mrs. Alexis," he said to himself, "it would be that she had not saddled that old body on my bonny Kate and myself. Well, never mind, we are certainly quite happy enough to put up with her disagreeables, and I should not be surprised if Kate won her yet."

He walked on rapidly, for the distance between his lodgings and Exmoor Square was not very considerable. He let himself into the house, and ran quickly up the stairs to his sitting-room. The gas was turned full on here, and the room bore all the tokens of a room from which a flitting is about to be made. The bookshelves were empty, photographs had been removed from the walls, and a large portmanteau stood ready packed and labelled in one corner.

"But why is the gas up?" said Kenneth to himself. Then he started, and strode hastily forward into the room. A man lay sound asleep in an arm-chair by the fireless grate. A tray, which contained the remains of supper, stood on the table.

"What does this mean? What stranger has taken possession of my room?" exclaimed the young man.

Then he bent forward, and peered attentively into the face of the man who occupied the arm-chair. It was a fair face—fair in complexion—with soft, thin, curling hair about the brows, a weak semblance of a moustache, and scarcely any whiskers. It was ghastly pale, and thin almost to emaciation; the figure was slight, with narrow shoulders; the hands were well made, but were roughened by toil, and the tips of the fingers, naturally fine and tapered, were, for some reason, much disfigured. The man was dressed in a very seedy suit of clothes, which Kenneth's practical eyes instantly saw were never made for him.

He was sleeping heavily, snoring slightly as he slept; his whole attitude testified to the deepest exhaustion; and so sound were his slumbers that he never moved when Kenneth bent over him, and even exclaimed aloud in his astonishment.

Graham hesitated for a moment, then rang his bell. Late as it was his landlady was up; she answered the hasty summons in person, coming into the room curtseying.

"I'm ever so sorry, sir. I know I shouldn't have let the poor gent in; but he did ask me so piteous like to let him wait for you, and said as he was a werry old friend; and he seemed that driven with exhaustion, and his language was all that a gentleman's should be; so I brought him up, and made bold to furnish him with a little bit of supper, which, if not agreeable, needn't be made no charge for in the bills. Poor fellow, he did turn to at the food most famishing-like."

"Did he give you his name?" inquired Graham.

"No, sir; he said as his name would keep, and that you knew it werry well indeed. Oh, there now, he's waking. I'll leave you to have your talk out alone with him, Mr. Graham."

The landlady withdrew, and Graham, moved by an impulse which he could not quite understand, went over and shut and locked the door.

The sleeper stretched himself, yawned, and opened two sleepy and dull blue eyes. Suddenly he perceived Graham, and sprang to his feet. He was of small stature, and trembled a good deal.

"You—you—you are, of course you are?"

"I am what?" asked Kenneth, in a kind tone.

"Oh, yes, I know the voice, although you are so much altered; you are old Ken, of course you are."

"Kenneth Graham, that it my name."

"Then you don't know me? What then! am I so changed? Ken, don't you know me in the least?"

The man in his shabbiness and dust, and with that piteously careworn look on his still young face came up close. He raised his dim blue eyes to Kenneth's. For the first time Graham recognised an old memory in their glance. His face turned ghastly white, his heart began to beat heavily.

"You are,"—he exclaimed, and then he stopped.

"O Ken, old fellow, dear old fellow, I am that miserable, unlucky dog, Jonas Alexis!"

CHAPTER XI.

JONAS half held out his hand, which to his surprise and evident disappointment Kenneth did not take. His faltering appeal and his trembling confession had made a very deep impression, however, for Graham turned ghastly, a queer and dangerous light blazed for a moment in his eyes, he half opened his lips, and then shut them firmly. Jonas gazed at him in bewilderment. Graham's feeling was most perceptible, but it only lasted for half a minute; then, like a veil, that wonderful self-control, which was his strongest characteristic, covered every trace of feeling; the hand, which at the first shock had refused to grasp Jonas's, was now held out with cordiality.

"You startled me, Alexis," he said, in an apologetic tone. "Of course, I am delighted to see you; but, forgive me, I had long looked on you as one dead—in fact,—forgive me once more—I had forgotten that you ever existed."

"But I never forgot you, Ken," broke out the other man, still in that weak voice of piteous entreaty. "I—I—may I sit down, Graham? I am a bit weakly on my legs. I have often thought of you, Ken, old fellow. Don't you remember how we both used to go fishing together, and how both our mothers used to make hot cakes for our suppers? My word! those hot cakes of your mother's were delicious!"

"Sit in the arm-chair, Alexis," said Graham, in as cordial a tone as he could assume. "I will get you some food—you look very cold and famished."

"Some hot coffee or some tea would be more to my taste, Ken; I've had a rough life of it since, old chap,—a very rough life, and I've absolutely forgotten the ways of civilization; but something hot would be quite to my taste."

"I can get it for you," said Graham; "I've got a gas stove here, and can boil the kettle at once. Just sit where you are, and let me wait on you."

Graham moved about, and attended to the comforts of his guest. Emotion of all kinds had now on his side been put quite out of sight. Alexis looked at him anxiously, following his every movement with something of the wistful expression of a dog.

"How and why have you found me out?" said Graham presently, when Jonas had finished his first cup of steaming coffee. "You never wrote to any one for fifteen years; your friends thought you dead—your friends naturally quite forgot you. Why did you hide yourself from everybody? and why have you come back to-night?"

"You speak as if you didn't want me, Graham," said poor Alexis, in a piteous tone. "I did think you'd have been friendly, and remembered the old days when we went fishing together, and birds' nesting; oh, *can't* you remember when we found the kingfisher's egg?"

"It's a mistake for any one to go away for fifteen years, and make no sign," answered Graham, in a cold voice. "The man who does that must expect to find his place filled up. Why did you do it, Alexis?"

"Don't ask me; that is my story. You are not a bit like your old self, Ken; you speak almost cruelly. I *can't* tell you why I hid myself, only I had reasons—good reasons—the best. Don't press me for them, Ken."

"No, I won't," said Graham in a kinder voice; "only, why did you seek me out?"

"I thought you'd have been glad, for the sake of old times, and also I wanted to learn about my mother."

"Your mother? Oh!"

"Yes; I went down to the old place, and asked about her, but I heard she left ten or twelve years ago, and nobody knew where she was; scarcely any one even remembered her name, and no one recognised me, so I came away. Then, quite by accident, I came across your name in a paper, and I got your city address, and went there; and some one gave me this address, and I came here to-night. I see I'm not wanted, Graham, so I'll go; thank you very much for the hot coffee, it has warmed me. You are very much changed, Kenneth; you have grown into a very fine man, and I suppose you are thought handsome, and no end of a swell. Well, good-bye; I'm the last person to intrude. Oh! please, can you tell me anything about my mother?"

Alexis had risen from his seat, had moved a step or two towards the door, when he turned and made this sudden inquiry. The clock on the mantel-piece ticked perhaps six times before Graham answered. Then he said quietly,—

"I am sorry, Alexis, I know nothing about your mother."

"Oh, I thought you might; you have not seen her then for some time? You don't know whether she is living or dead?"

"I don't know whether she is living or dead; I have not seen her for years. Must you go?"

"I think I must. I'm a miserable, unhappy dog. I should have liked to have seen my poor old mother once again. Good-bye, Ken; shake hands for the sake of the past, old chum."

Kenneth roused himself; he did not take the proffered hand, but he spoke with some eagerness.

"Look here, Alexis, you seem to be terribly poor, would a £10 note serve you?"

"Oh, wouldn't it just? Why, I don't mind confessing, I am half starving."

"Here are ten sovereigns for you; use them carefully. Do you propose to stay in London?"

"I don't know. I'll look about for my mother for a little while. I don't quite know what I'll do."

"Your mother is sure to be dead. Hadn't you better go to America?"

"I don't know. I can't make plans to-night."

Graham thought again for a moment or two.

"See here, Alexis," he then added suddenly, "I am not quite so hard as I seem; any one can perceive that you are awfully down on your luck, and America is the best place for you. If you like to go, I'll help you to get there. If the fancy takes you to try the New World, you write to me to this address."

"I could drop in here, couldn't I, some evening?"

"No, for I shan't be here; I am going out of town to-morrow; but this address will find me. Good-night."

(*To be continued.*)

REALITY.

By M. F. Freeman.

PERHAPS a tighter grip of Reality is what is wanted now-a-days, to put more backbone into people generally.

There is a phrase, "the stern realities of life"; but the realities of life are not always *stern*. Solid they are, and sharply defined against the background of shadowy *un*realities; but they are not all repellent and grim. Yet there is a universal tendency in men and women to shrink from reality, a widespread antipathy to it, and in not a few, a cowardly retreat from it, accompanied by the attempt to drown all sense of it in unreality.

My object in this paper is to rouse young people to face life with more courage, to take hold of the real facts that go to make real life, more resolutely, and to more determinedly set themselves to turn both those facts and that life to a very real account. My object is, not because I am grim and "stern," and want to see you the same, but because I want to see you drinking deeply of Life's deepest delights, because these good things are what I myself have handled and tasted and felt, and because I know that they will touch your life into issues so sublime as will lift your whole being into quite a higher level of existence.

What, then, is reality? It is something altogether antagonistic to fickleness, to fiction, and to form; it is something that pierces deeper down, and soars higher up, than mere semblance; it is something so *certainly* solid that it endures beyond all affliction, and outlives all death.

Reality, kept outside your life, will be hindrance, trouble, doom; reality *in* your life will be strength; reality, when your life gets lost in *it*, will be everlasting glory.

Look at these three pictures: A youth, good-looking enough, good-natured enough, well-meaning enough, but a little fond—perhaps very fond—of the sweets youth is apt to suck. He does not much like work, although of course he is obliged to do it; he therefore despatches it with all possible speed, gets as many holidays as he can, and spends them smoking and amusing himself. He falls in love with a maiden, probably as unrealistic as himself, and they have an intoxicating, delirious courtship, and then get married.

After that, life gets a little more implacable and ungracious, and both have to buckle to a little more in earnest, and probably grow a little wiser under the discipline. But the old habit of shirking the Real and cherishing the Unreal clings; and if, with the sober side of life there comes a little leaning towards religion, a little sighing for something more stable, there is scarcely energy left to put out a feeler far enough to grasp it. And so old age creeps on with a smattering of pious sentiments, like a heap of withered leaves blown over the grave of youthful frivolities. Look now at No. 2:—

A young man, with as much fun and frolic in him as the last, nearly as inexperienced as he, but with a steady look in his eye, and a firm look about his mouth, as though he had some object in life, and thought life more worth living well than playing with. Not averse to holidays in the least, but with a relish for work as well—with a very real enjoyment of work, for work's sake, and for the sake of the good to be accomplished by work.

Probably he enjoys courtship, too, as much or even more than the other did, and gets married at the end of it. But afterwards life's sorrows do not come so hard on him,—though he may have deeper ones; all that he has set his hopes upon becomes more solid and more real for every storm that assails him; and his life grows on in beauty, in grace, in strength for himself and for those who have to do with him. Now take the 3rd picture:—

An old man, with the sunset rays falling on his grey hairs, all earthly joys fading away, and his life spent. Is that life lost? or is it gained? All its lines have been graven in the rock of reality; all its goings and its doings have been set and sealed therein; and now all its issues are gilded with as pure a radiance as that which falls on the old man's head.

The life is not lost; it is not even past, as earthly things are passing: its own little course outrun, it lives on in holy impulse, in earnest endeavour, in high aspiration in other lives; it lives on in its own grand possession of victory, conquest, and glory.

Where shall we look, to whom shall we turn, for this which is to give such point, such zest, such crowning joy to our lives? Let us look to the fountain head.

Jesus Christ is the very essence of all that is real in Life, in Time, in Eternity. And as I write His Name I think I feel the shrinking distaste and the yawning indifference with which that Name is always greeted by those who know not and will not prove its worth.

Have any of you ever conceived a passionate admiration for some man or woman? Have you sought every opportunity of becoming better acquainted and getting into closer relations with such an one? And if there was anything worthy of admiration in him or her, has it not done you good to admire? has it not given you many moments of ecstatic joy, and helped you to embody their goodness, into the bargain?

Now, if you want some one to admire, nay, to *adore*, look with me at the Lord Jesus.

I know that there is some humiliation to be gone through in surrendering oneself to adore Him.

It involves heart-searching, heart-cleansing, heart-pruning. But did you not for your earthly beloveds suffer something of this? Were there no weaknesses in you that were bared to their eyes when you put yourself into their power? And did you not endure the pang of letting them see you ashamed, for the exquisite joy of coming into such close contact with them? And shall not we have courage to let Him probe our secret sins and shortcomings, and show us ourselves in a true light?—Him, who will do this only to bring us to true repentance, only to cleanse us from all that is unreal and false, and will bring us into living receptive union with His reality!

I know there is some self-renunciation in thus coming to Him. Did you give up nothing—no cherished plans, no favourite pursuits, for your other friends? Perhaps the joy of your friendship was such, that all you denied yourself seemed as nothing, did not seem like giving up. And do you think that when you yield yourself to Christ, *His* friendship will be less absorbing, and that you will not find it a joy to give up for *Him?*

Now, what shall we say to these things? Let us think of St. Paul, and Luther, and Carey, and Moffat—men who have taken their lives in their hands for the sake of Him who is Reality—the Strength of Israel—men whose lives have been real and strong, accordingly.

Do not their lives and their strength inspire you to live and to be strong likewise? You know how they came to their estate; you know that it was by this path of humiliation and renunciation that we have just been sketching out.

One word of warning in conclusion. There are many in our days who are content with off-streams from the Fountain of Strength, streams perhaps mixed with much that is insidiously evil.

There are people who idolize Morals, Principles, and Influences, in the room of a *Personal God*, and who talk about the Good as if it were diffusive quality, with no Source and with no Centre in particular.

Now where there is an atmosphere there are substances from which that atmosphere emanates; where there is a diffused light, there is a nucleus, and substances which produce light. Do not let the subtle doctrine of Influences divert your thoughts from Christ; and do not let even the word Reality take the place in your mind of the Name which is above every name.

Take this real Christ; let Him disperse the clouds of unreality that envelop your life and your spirit; and let Him usher in, in His own living, indwelling Person, the advent of the real, and the lasting, and the true!

"*The longer I live*, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination, a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory."—*Fowell Buxton.*

Many of our Cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges. We let our blessings get mouldy, and then call them curses.

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Thirteen Hundred Miles in My Caravan," "From Pole to Pole," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"BLUE JACK" GOES HUNTING.

THE days were getting very short, and though the morning and evening twilights were long, it was evident that gloaming alone would soon be all the day around the *Oonalaska*, and that even this would speedily deepen into the dreary night of an Arctic winter.

The "forenichts," as the doctor called the time between darkness and bedtime, were spent on shore when the weather was fine. It was so pleasant to gather round the fire of wood and coals, and to converse about old times and old friends."

"Old times," did I say? Yes, verily yes, and there really was not a soul in the ship, except perhaps ancient "stagers" like the captain and Chips, who did not feel as if something like a score of years had passed away since last they stood on English shores. They felt also as if England were an immeasurable distance away, in another planet, for example.

The fireside in the officers' quarters of the English kashga was a very roomy one, as well it needed to be, for although one or two had always to stop on board on duty, the circle was never a small one. At its best, and on one of the *best* nights, it would run something like this: Captain Boyd in an easy chair at the left-hand corner, the ship's mother at the opposite, or right, next to her Katie, and between them—snuggled up on a bear skin — merry old Sally, all smiles and wrinkles, Jack or Dess in the centre, with the doctor by his side, and old Nat, young Nat, and Godfrey to fill in the gaps. Well, either Robin Hood or Little John always lay in front of the fire. They were not both allowed to leave the ship at the same time; but they took it in turns, and knew their turns too.

Boy Bates always went along lashed to the shore-going dog, for fear the noble animal might attempt to punish the Yack dogs for their extreme impudence. Boy Bates had many duties to perform. He was loblolly boy, doctor's mate, Jack's servant, cook's assistant, and kennelman, to say nothing of sundry little offices which he held in the saloon. In fact he was just what Jack called him, "Odd boy all round."

It was an understood thing, or rule, during those evenings round the kashga fire that nobody was to plan or think of any way of amusing either himself or his neighbours beforehand. They were Quakers' meetings in a measure, for no one spoke, or was expected to speak, unless the spirit moved him or her. The result was, that there was no restraint, and the conversation was much more pleasant and easy in consequence.

The only regular institution was Katie's zither.

Oh, how soft and sweet and dreamy the music sounded that she wooed therefrom! And as an accompaniment to her own simple songs, those of Miss Graves, Jack, or the captain, nothing could excel her touch. I fear that Jack looked at Katie as she sat playing, with the firelight flickering over her bonnie face and hair, oftener than he had a right to do. But we must forgive him, because we know something of his history.

"I do not know," said Miss Graves one evening, when Jack came in and told them the aurora was turned on and in full blaze, "which to admire most, the *cloud*scapes by day, or the wonderful aurora at night."

"The pillars of cloud by day, or the pillars of fire by night, eh, mother?" said Captain Boyd.

"Which I was at the Cremorne Gardens once," quoth Sally, "but la! bless you, gentlemen, they be nothink to those 'rorers, not to be compared.'"



"'*Fire—you, Godfrey,' said Jack.*
Bang! Bang!—Bruin fell, never more to rise."

"Can't hold the candle to them, Sally, can they?" said Jack.

"Ah! bless the purty dear gentleman, he's a-poking fun at his grandmother now. The 'rorers don't want no candle to light them to bed. Ah!"

"Yes, mother," continued the captain, "the cloud scenery is sometimes very grand at sunrise and sunset. I have seen cloudscapes in many lands, but nothing to these. The constant changing of shapes and lights, the fierce fiery brightness of the reds, and the glowing yellows dying away into duller purples and fading into grey!"

"Yes, Captain Boyd, but not always fading, for there are curtains of cloud hung over curtains, and the glory of one is often revealed through a rent in the other; or, just as all beauty seems to have gone from one, suddenly it is raised, or spread, or dissolved, and the dazzling beauty of the cloudscape behind is almost blinding to behold."

"Come out, Miss Katie, and see to-night's display," said Jack.

"Put your fur hood on, dear," said Miss Graves.

"I'll take care, mother, she doesn't catch cold. Any of you fellows coming too?"

None of "you fellows" cared to go, and, strange to say, Jack did not seem to be disappointed. In fact, he looked relieved.

The aurora to-night surpassed in beauty and brilliancy anything they had yet witnessed. The whole world appeared to be ablaze, nay, but the very universe itself looked alit, and the stars on fire, the colours exceedingly bright, changing in the twinkling of an eye from crimson to orange or green, and the movements of the curtains and garlands and lances were exceedingly rapid, while now and then, as a change, the light was spread out in swift rolling clouds.

Katie was entranced,—delighted.

All sounds were hushed. The very dogs were silent, and hardly a murmur came from the tents of the Innuits, who, truth to say, were all wrapped in skins and fast asleep.

They stood together there, Jack and Katie, for many minutes; but I do not think that our sailor boy's eyes were turned all the time towards the sky—perhaps hardly at all, for he was watching the play of the aurora on Katie's wondering face. He liked it best in the rosy tints, though in the wan lights she appeared in poor Jack's eyes—as he told Dess next day—something spirit-like.

"A ghost, or an angel, Jack?"

"Sometimes one, sometimes the other. And, Dess, when the blue glare fell on her face, I was a little afraid; *but*, Dess, when those rosy glints came, oh! lad, I would have given ten years of my life to possess the courage to tell her how I love her."

Well, Jack had meant to, but it fell through. He began thus:

"I could stay here for ever, dear Miss Katie. It's like listening to the nightingales at home, isn't it?"

If Katie had only said, "Yes, Jack, it is very like listening to the nightingales," Jack would have skipped for joy. But she did not. What she did reply was briefly this:

"Oh, dear! I shall be sneezing all day to-morrow! Come!"

"It strikes me, Jack," said Dess, when he was told this, "that your Katie is a mischievous puss."

Dresky was at the ship again early one morning. "Would Blue Jack like to follow a bear?"

I do not know why Dresky should have called our friend Blue Jack. But there it was. Perhaps some dim recollection of having heard in his travels sailors called blue-jackets may have been meandering through Dresky's mind, and hearing his messmates speak of Mr. Silk as Jack, Dresky may have added the word "blue" out of compliment, or believing it to be the correct thing.

"You don't mind it, do you, Jack Silk?" said Miss Graves.

"Me mind it!" cried Jack, murdering his grammar. "Me mind it, mother! No! but if old Dresky had called me Green Jack, he would have come nearer hitting the nail on the head. Don't you think so, mother?"

"Yes, Jack Silk."

"Humph!" grunted Jack. The fact is, he had been fishing for a compliment, and had not even secured a nibble.

"Would Blue Jack follow a bear?"

"Yes, Blue Jack would follow a round dozen."

"Would Blue Jack be ready soon?"

"In half an hour."

That was right. Blue Jack was only an Englishman, after all. Englishmen had to dress and eat and look for their guns; perhaps even wash their hands and perform various other ridiculous acts of effete refinement, before going on a big shoot. Dresky had the advantage of Blue Jack. Dresky, in this respect, was on a par with Robin Hood and Little John; to wit: when he awoke he had only to shake himself, and, lo! his toilet was complete.

"Yes, half an hour would do. Had Blue Jack any tabak?"

In half an hour Jack was over the side. With him went Godfrey. Robin Hood would fain have followed his adopted master, but this was not advisable, for Robin would have fought with the Yack dogs, or even attacked the bear himself.

Two servants also went with Jack; and each servant carried a knapsack, in which were several little articles of comfort and utility.

As usual, the whole village turned out to meet Blue Jack and his friend, and Dresky's wife even brought the baby for him to see.

"Funny little rascal," said Jack, touching its soft cheek with a gloved forefinger. "Funny little rascal!'

"Tabak!" said the mamma.

"Is it a boy or a girl, ma'am?"

"Tabak!" said the mother, smiling from side to side of her turnip-shaped face.

"Be good to it, ma'am; it is no end of an interesting little savage!"

"Tabak!"

"Good-morning, ma'am!"

Blue Jack lifted his sealskin cap, and grinning, bowed.

"Tabak!" said the mother, and off went Jack.

Over the hills and far away; across ponds and streams covered hard with ice; across moorlands clear as virgin snow.

Jack stamped his foot hard, looked at Dresky, and said "Good!" eliciting the following extraordinary answer:

"Goodee. Ah! Plenty goodee. By-me-by. Sun come; makee plenty hot. No goodee for Englis'man. Go downee, downee. Makee close, hah! Tabak."

By the words "makee elose" Dresky did not refer to sartorial art; he wanted Jack to infer that if he erossed this moor in summer, or tried to, he would sink, and the slime would close over his head, which was not pleasant to think about.

Jack and Godfrey were tired and hungry before twelve o'clock, for they must have walked fifteen miles at least since morning; so a halt was called, and pies were produced, and cheerfully discussed. Dresky had a share. But this did not suit him quite. A share, indeed! Why, he could have eaten all that the men carried! So as soon as Jack and Godfrey had finished dinner, and there appeared no chance of any more coming in his direction, Dresky unfastened his coat, and out tumbled a nine or ten-pound piece of seal steak, which he and the two Yack dogs discussed with intense satisfaction, and very speedily.

They had not left the spot five minutes, and disappeared round the brow of a hill, ere a huge bear came to sniff around. Bruin grunted, and gasped, and groaned, because they had not left him a morsel. Then he was struck with a happy thought. He was determined to dine somehow, so he took up the trail, and started off after the hunters.

Presently another ice-king started with an ugly roar from behind a rock not fifty yards away, and headed for the southern hills. Jack fired, and missed. Godfrey fired, and fur flew.

The bear howled and ran. He left brown blood-stains on the snow. The ehase continued half an hour, and all the while the hunters were being hunted. The wounded bear had by this time disappeared, so they followed his tracks, too eager to think of looking behind. They came at length to a snow-plain, and then they spied Bruin rolling in the snow.

"Fire—you, Godfrey," said Jack.

Both knelt. Bang, bang. Bruin's head fell, never more to rise.

But where was Bruin No. 2?—Bruin the avenger? Why, even as the young men knelt to shoot, he erouched for a spring. How terrible he looked in his ferocity and strength! How eunning, how determined! And he was not twenty yards away. It was Dresky that the brute had made up his mind to jump at. This was good policy. The bear had never seen white men before. He was not sure about them, *but* he knew the taste of an Eskimo savage.

The bear quivered all over, as a cat does when she sees a bird; and his great jaws made short snapping sounds. It was well for Dresky he stumbled at that moment, and fell, else never again would he have sat beside the lamp in his igloo, and nursed his oily babe.

"Look! look! look!" cried Godfrey.

"Honolulu!" roared Jack.

The bear was on them, and Bluc Jack actually fired into his mouth.

Over the hills and far away once more. And two other bears were bagged. Then, as evening was eoming on, knapsacks were unpacked, dinner was eaten, and just as the sun was sinking low on the horizon, Jack and Godfrey put on their fur-lined bags, and crept in to sleep under a hurriedly made tent. The others eurled up also, and the faithful dogs took watch and watch. While the one slept the other stood sentry. They were watching thus when the men lay down, and at early morning they were watching still.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SHE WAS SIGHING FOR THE SUN.

THE days got shorter and shorter, till at last the sun sank behind the southern hills, and the day after, if day it eould be called, was only two twilights joined together. There were no more gloamings after that, because for a whole week a wild storm of wind and snow swept over land and sea, and darkness reigned supreme.

The ship had been by this time completely covered over, and stoves and oil-lamps everywhere were kept burning.

"I guess, sir," said Chips one day to the eaptain, "those Innuit chaps are pretty well on their beam-ends for want of food. They can't fish, you see, in this storm."

"Why," said Godfrey, "myself and Jack Silk were just planning a little visit on shore."

"Well, Mr. Godfrey, I'll be glad if you'll both go, if you think you can weather it."

"Bob-a-link should go too," said Chips; "the young gentlemen shouldn't venture else. Them Aleuts, sir, can see in the dark like as the cats can. But there ain't a bit o' hurry, sir. Starving does them people good. It is a provision o' nature. They do eat so heartily, sir, that if bad times didn't come on them now and then, why, they'd die of—of——"

"Of surfeit?"

"Sore feet, sir? no; but indigestion, more likely. But first fine day, sir, as they say in the south, I'd have all the walrus and seal meat brought along here and stored and guarded."

"What, and then dole it out to them?"

"That's it, sir. Why, they're just like children at Christmas; they'd spoil their little selves, and never think o' the morning."

The three men, Jack, Godfrey, and the Aleut, wrapped in their furs, looked more like bears than anything else as they left the ship's side.

There was a blink of starlight, and the snow had ceased to fall, but the wind had not gone down, and the drift at times on the ice was a continuous smother. It cut the breath short away from the lips, and it cut the very words away.

Where was the village? Where the tents and kashgas? Were those hummocks of snow, dimly seen in the uncertain light, the abode of human beings? Yes, for look! the blue smoke is curling up from the roof of the Innuit meeting-house.

Oil, and oil only from great smoky lamps would have been preferred by these savages as a means of light and heat; but they had been persuaded to make a sacrifice to civilisation, and have a fireplace and chimney. It was evident that they did not know much about its management, for the smoke was so dense when Jack and his friends got inside, that they eould see nothing.

But matters were soon put straighter, and as the blaze roared up the chimney, it took the smoke with it, so that it became possible for those inside to see each other's faces.

"Well, Dresky, old man, how have you been enjoying yourself?"

"Makee tea, drinkce tea; plenty mooch sleep, plenty mooch puff-puff."

"Enjoying the *dolce far niente*, eh?"

"Take eatee too plenty."

"Well," said Jack, "it is a good thing you have plenty in such weather as this. What will you do," he added, "when all your food is done?"

The Aleut Bob-a-link translated and Dresky replied—

"Plenty shipee. No go bad. Ha! ha!"

"It is pretty evident," said Godfrey, "that these savages aren't very frugal, and that they depend upon us when their stores are done."

"Well, we'll make them work for their living, though I suppose they would rather sleep."

Assuredly activity could not be alleged as one of the crowning virtues of these savages. They lay or lolled two or three deep on the raised seats and on the floor-skins all round the kashga. The body of one made a capital pillow for the head of the other. Some slept and snored; the eyes of others were half open, and they appeared to be in a kind of dreamy daze, while the most energetic of this dusky crew sat half up and smoked crazy pipes of wood and clay.

Suddenly there was the storm-muffled barking, or yapping rather, of the dogs outside. One or two rushed in, jumping madly over everything.

This was the signal for a general awakening; the Innuits "pulled themselves together," as Jack phrased it, and sat up. Then first in came Dresky's wife and presented him with two dishes—one containing tea, another a terribly Irish stew. Other wives entered and followed Dresky's wife's example. Jack asked kindly after the baby; Dresky's wife said "*tabak*," which seemed to relieve her feelings, and then she retired.

The white men were not sorry. It was really getting warm in here, and the odour of that Irish stew was not fragrant.

Dresky nodded to Jack and offered him tea.

Jack shook his head. The bowl also passed Godfrey untouched, but the Aleut did more than justice to it—in fact, he drank it all. Good-natured Dresky said never a word, but presently went to his family tent to replenish.

It was evident that this tribe of Eskimos had some pretensions to civilization, else tea would have formed no part of their diet.

Presently back came Dresky, and with him about a dozen dogs, who at once began to fight and snarl over some seal-meat that lay in a corner. The inside of the tent was less agreeable to Jack's feelings now than ever, so, after giving Dresky orders to come off as soon as the weather should moderate, he and his companions left.

"I only wonder," said Jack, as he was describing his visit to the kashga, "that these creatures do not follow the example of the bears, and go to sleep in a hole until the sun reappears."

"Bob-a-link tells us," said Captain Boyd, "that they are a tribe of what we might call Bedouin Innuits, and it is pretty evident that they have settled here because they or their chief, Dresky, seem to be acquainted with the generous habits of white men."

"Yes; they expect we will share our food with them all winter."

(*To be continued.*)

TALKS WITH MARRIED FOLK

ABOUT THE MANAGEMENT OF INCOME.

By Phyllis Browne.

No. 3.—When and How to Save.

THERE is always a danger when we begin to enter into practical details about saving, that we shall harm some people quite as much as we may help others. For in matters connected with money and expense, so few persons know how to be reasonable.

There are a great many men, for instance, who are doubtless finding it difficult to pay their way, and therefore are very excusable, but who still, when they see in magazines or periodicals, what is very common in these days, directions for making all sorts of wonderful dishes out of almost nothing, say,—

"Why does not my wife contrive to economise as does the woman who wrote these receipts?"

And so they go home, and are cross and disagreeable, and inclined to think their wives incapable persons, because they require necessary money for necessary expenses. Yet all the while, if the truth were known, the poor wives are almost wearing out their lives, and nearly breaking their hearts, in trying to do the best they can.

In household management it ought to be clearly taken for granted that the old proverb is true, "Circumstances alter cases." It does not follow that because one woman is clever enough to provide dinner for a family for a penny, that therefore the woman who pays twopence for a similar meal is not equally clever, and equally doing her best. The two women may be so differently situated, that to compare them is unfair.

Thus the woman who lives near a large market, where she can buy food at wholesale prices, is much more favourably situated than is the woman who has to purchase her goods at large, expensive shops; the woman who has plenty of help, or whose children are grown up, and whose daughters have learnt to assist in the house, is much more likely to distinguish herself than is the woman who has only her own pair of hands to trust to. The woman who has nothing else to do but cook and prepare dainty morsels is much more likely to provide appetising meals than is the one who has a baby to look after, or any number of stockings to darn, small garments to repair, or a sick child to nurse; the woman who has a garden into which she can run at any moment to get a carrot, an onion or two, or a bunch of herbs, or she who has a store of odds and ends at her disposal, can much more easily and cheaply make a savoury dish, than can the woman who has to pay hard cash on the spot for every ingredient. Last, but not least, the woman who is strong and in vigorous health is much more likely to have energy for effort than is the woman who is weakly and ailing.

Before we consider ourselves competent to judge of another's performances, therefore, we ought to know thoroughly every circumstance of the case.

But the writers of clever recipes know none of these circumstances. They simply tell what *can* be done when everything is favourable. It is quite right and proper that they should do this; their hints may be most valuable in informing people how to make the most of the means at their disposal. But if, instead of being used as hints, they are converted into standards of conduct, by which the work of other wives, mothers, and sisters is to be judged, then they are turned to a bad use, and the chances are ninety-nine to a hundred that they are misunderstood.

I never hear extraordinary statements made of the successes certain women have made in housekeeping, doing wonders with trifling sums, but I think of a certain bonnet which was brought out one day by a friend for my inspection. It was a marvellous bonnet, gorgeous to a degree; trimmed with handsome silk, an elegant feather, and, if anything, rather too much lace.

The peculiarity about it was, however, that it was said to have been bought for sixpence.

"But surely," I said, "the straw shape cost more than that?"

"Oh, the shape was an old one; I brushed it up," was the reply.

"And the silk; it is lovely silk, rich and thick. How much did it cost?"

"I count nothing for the silk; I had it given me by an old lady, who bought it in Paris."

"And the feather?"

"The feather I found when I was turning out a box of trimmings in the garret?"

And so on, until in the end it turned out that the sixpence, which was supposed to be the price of the bonnet, had been spent only upon head lining and elastic!

A good many of the wonderful achievements which make a great noise are of this nature, and we never ought to accept them without putting with them a very large grain of salt. For here is a truth from which there is no escape—in this world we never get anything for nothing, we always pay its price, either in money, time, skill, self-respect and independence, strength, or feeling. And though there is no doubt that good management and skill, aided by experience, can accomplish marvels, they cannot do everything; they will not enable any one to provide handsomely for a family on nothing a year, and leave a balance in the bank.

As a great American writer once said, "Nothing from nothing is one of the laws of the universe"; and when we hear that a woman has kept open house, entertained the parish, brought up a family, dressed her children handsomely, and spent scarcely anything, common sense and experience tell us that there have been some special circumstances which have not been brought to the front.

If, therefore, there are any husbands or wives who read these lines, and who feel painfully conscious that though they have tried hard, they have still been weighed in the balance and found wanting, by the friends and relatives who ought to have been most appreciative of them, I should like to say one word to them.

It is this: "Have you done your best? Does your conscience tell you that you have tried to lay out your income and manage your household 'as under the great Taskmaster's eye'?" If to this question you can answer, "Yes," do not waste a moment's thought in troubling as to what people say."

Household management which has to be accomplished on the lines of the strictest, closest economy, is often very dreary business; it consists in a constant niggling at small things, which is very wearing, and which is apt to take the spirit or the heart out of those who begin by being most hopeful and energetic.

Still, those do well who do their best. A weary housekeeper once wrote some lines which will find an echo in many a woman's heart. They were these:—

"When I lie in the green churchyard,
With the turf upon my breast;
Say not, 'She hath done well or ill,'
But just, 'She did her best.'"

Any one who can say this honestly, ought to feel quite indifferent to what others may say of her.

After this long proviso, we come once more back to the question of "When and How we are to save in our Household Expenses," or in other words, "What shall we do to make a little go a long way?"

Curiously enough, experience teaches that by far the most effectual means of getting much out of little is to act on the advice already given in these papers; that is, draw up an estimate of how much we can afford to spend, and then plan our expenses beforehand, so that they shall come within the prescribed line. People who do this frequently find that they can provide liberally, and yet keep within bounds, while, if they simply aim at never spending a halfpenny when they can help it, they yet somehow exceed their means. So many people have an idea that economy means simply refusing to spend; locking up your cash-box, and doing without whatever is going.

This is a mistake; economy is not merely saving, it is wise spending; and wise spending is generally broad, liberal spending. This sounds dangerous doctrine, but it is true; and here is an example. The people who buy their goods at the dearest rate are the people who buy in the smallest quantities.

Thus the housekeeper who buys her coal by the half hundredweight receives coal of an inferior quality, and pays for it at a higher rate than does the well-to-do housekeeper, who, when coals are at their cheapest, buys a large supply to last her through the winter. The housekeeper who buys sixpenny worth of potatoes at a time, will probably pay twice as much for them as will the housekeeper who lays in a sack at the best season. So also with eggs.

How very often in winter time we hear housekeepers say, "I cannot afford puddings with eggs, they are so dear at this time of year. When I use them I feel as if I were using money." True. Buying them at winter prices they are most costly. Yet they were not dear two or three months ago; and if then a quantity had been bought and preserved for winter use, either in lime water or in common dry salt, there would have been no need to abstain from puddings made with eggs now, and there would have been plenty of eggs for cooking purposes, although maybe not for boiling or poaching.

At any rate, eggs thus preserved would be quite as fresh as those bought at the shop; while we have the best authority for saying that even when eggs are dear, they are, considering the amount of nourishment they contain, cheaper than the cheapest meat.

[We regret that we have not room for the remainder of this valuable Article. It will be found in our next.—Ed.]

INSTINCTIVE ARCHITECTURE.

No. 3.—WATER WORKERS.

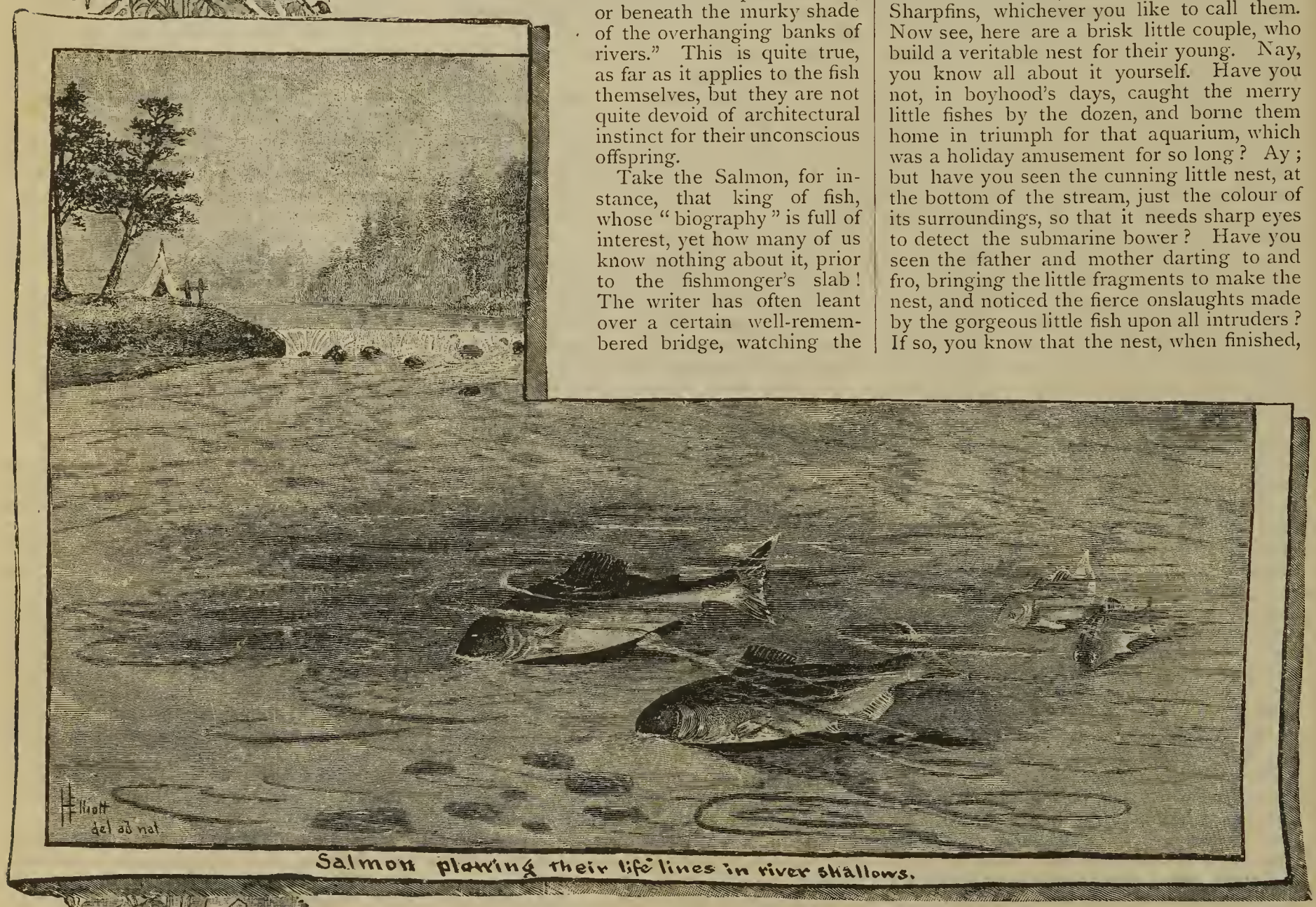


IN the preceding Numbers, we have already talked together concerning some of the Instinctive Architects of earth and air; to-day we shall look at some of the water workers, and note the wonders of their homes and haunts.

Fish at once come to the front, but an authority on the subject has remarked that *they* "construct no dwelling, merely sheltering themselves from danger amongst the cavernous depths of ocean, or beneath the murky shade of the overhanging banks of rivers." This is quite true, as far as it applies to the fish themselves, but they are not quite devoid of architectural instinct for their unconscious offspring.

Take the Salmon, for instance, that king of fish, whose "biography" is full of interest, yet how many of us know nothing about it, prior to the fishmonger's slab! The writer has often leant over a certain well-remembered bridge, watching the times, or "freshes," to change from place to place. From too many of our rivers the noble fish has been banished, because of the pollution of the water by our towns and manufactories; but it is still far from extinct in our land. It inhabits all the seas round Great Britain, as well as the North of Europe and Asia. It penetrates up the Elbe into Bohemia, up the Loire as far as Luz, and also ascends the Rhine into Switzerland, where the Schaffhausen Falls check its onward career.

From the lordly Salmon we turn to the little Sticklebacks, Tittlebats, Pricklefish, or Sharpfins, whichever you like to call them. Now see, here are a brisk little couple, who build a veritable nest for their young. Nay, you know all about it yourself. Have you not, in boyhood's days, caught the merry little fishes by the dozen, and borne them home in triumph for that aquarium, which was a holiday amusement for so long? Ay; but have you seen the cunning little nest, at the bottom of the stream, just the colour of its surroundings, so that it needs sharp eyes to detect the submarine bower? Have you seen the father and mother darting to and fro, bringing the little fragments to make the nest, and noticed the fierce onslaughts made by the gorgeous little fish upon all intruders? If so, you know that the nest, when finished,



Salmon playing their life lines in river shallows.



fish, then divested of their shining silver, and coloured dull copper and rose, moving to and fro in the shallows, preparing a hiding-place for their eggs. By persistent rooting, a trench or furrow some six or nine inches deep is made on the gravelly bottom, and in it the eggs are deposited. Then the gravel is replaced, and the parents depart, having done all that nature requires of them for their young. The ova remain covered by the gravel until March or April, when they vivify, and finally, out come the tiny, colourless fish, so helpless that they cannot feed themselves, and carry clinging to them a small portion of the egg, which nourishes them by absorption.

By the way, several of our bird architects were great travellers. We may note, in passing, that the Salmon is a sturdy voyager too. Up and down our rivers, year by year, he goes, taking advantages of flood

will be about the size of a nut, and the bright orange eggs as fine as poppy seed. Careful as these little creatures are to make a safe nest, they will readily eat their own eggs if they are scattered amongst them.

The Common Stickleback is naturally a fresh-water architect, though he can be educated to live in a salt-water aquarium; but he has a marine cousin, the Fifteen-spined Stickleback, who is a bit of an architect too. The jaws of this creature are much elongated, giving it an unpleasant aspect, which has earned for it the popular name of Sea-adder. A well-known writer on British Fishes, quoted by Rev. J. G. Wood, gives the following interesting account of a nest made by these little fish. He says:—

"The situation selected was the loose end of a rope, from which the separated strands hung out about a yard from the surface, over a depth of four or five fathoms, and to which the materials could only have been brought, of course in the mouth of the fish, from a distance of about thirty feet.

"They were formed of the usual aggregation of the finer sorts of green and red seaweed, but they were so matted together in the hollow formed by the untwisted strands of the rope, that the mass constituted an oblong ball of nearly the size of the fist, in which had been deposited the scattered assemblages of spawn, and which was bound into shape with the thread of animal substances already described, which was passed through and through in various directions, while the rope itself formed an outside covering to the whole."

So much for the finny architects; we now turn our thoughts to those less highly organized creatures, who do still more wonderful building work.

Amongst our architects of the air, we noticed some miners. In the watery world, still more wonderful excavations are revealed. The *Pholas dactylus*, for instance, commonly known as the Piddock, can drive its way into the chalky rock by means of a rotatory movement of its shell. When the creature has completely buried itself, it ceases to burrow, and protrudes its siphon through the opening at the top in search of food. The Ship-worm, or *Teredo navalis*, is so powerful a burrower, that for long he was a veritable terror of the sailor. The writer has picked up good-sized pieces of timber, and found them as light as honeycomb, pierced through and through with a series of long, narrow tunnels, set quite close to one another. The slight pressure of the hand was sufficient to crumble the mass almost to powder. This worm commits terrible devastation on wooden ships, and all submerged wooden structures, many piers having been entirely destroyed by it. It is found that a coating of rust prevents the worm from beginning its work. Hence such portions of wooden piers as are submerged, are now frequently studded with short, broad-headed nails, between which the rust quickly spreads. Iron piers and copper-plated ships are now being so generally used, that the poor Teredo must feel himself in danger of being thrown out of work! When removed from its burrow, the creature is about a foot long, half an inch in diameter, and of a greyish white colour. Its burrow is wholly or partially lined with shell; its form and method of manufacture have been considered worthy of imitation by no less a person than Sir J. Brunell, and in no less an enterprise than the Thames Tunnel.

Those of my readers who are familiar with the Stickleback in his fresh-water haunts, are sure also to know the Caddis-flies, so delightfully familiar since the "Water-babies" became a household book. In its larval state, the Caddis, being a dainty much desired by the occupants of the stream, conceals its fat white body in a tube, ingeniously formed of odd scraps and fragments, and left open at both ends. Little bits of stick, broken shells—sometimes even shells with living occupants—grains of sand, anything, in fact, which will conceal the Caddis, and not hinder locomotion, is appropriate.

Another tube-builder, but of a different family altogether, is a favourite with those who note the lovely creatures which have their home on the sea-shore, between high and low water mark. The shell-binder, or Terebella, is often to be seen on our sandy coasts, with its long tuft of tentacles protruding from its shelly tube. The tentacles will speedily disappear if touched; if you desire to find out where they have gone to, off with your coat, and prepare for warm work. The worm has retreated to the end of his foot-long tube, which is pretty certain to be carried round a bit of rock as a holdfast. The tube is tough enough to bear a good hard tug; but it will break rather than permit the dislodgment of its entire length. The Terebella retires to its farthest extremity, and unless you are exceptionally active, the returning tide will drive you shorewards, baffled and *minus* your worm.

One pretty tiny tube-builder, a special favourite of my own, I must introduce to your notice here. Put your eye to this microscope; we have a good inch lens on, so our little architect will be plainly seen. Don't shake the table, for he is a modest fellow, and objects to work in public. There, he is quite unconscious of your presence, and is working away. "Wheels on his head?" Well, apparently so; he belongs to the family of Rotifera, or wheel-bearers; but in reality the wheels are only hairs, or cilia, which lash backwards and forwards so rapidly in the water that the effect of rotary motion is given. That tube in which he lives is home-made; our friend is a brick-maker by trade. Those hairs make a current in the water, and draw small floating particles of animal or vegetable matter into their eddy. These particles are



The Sub-marine bower of the Stickleback.

captured by the brick-maker : part go for his food, and part pass into the "brick mould" just below his "wheels," where they gather until a tiny pellet is formed. Then the active worker leans over, and deposits the "brick" upon the edge of the tube. Sprinkle a little finely powered carmine or indigo on the drop of water, and ere long you will see a red or blue brick decorating the edge of the tube. One ill-judged movement, and the brick-maker gathers up his tools, and in one instant retreats into his tube like a "Jack-in-the-box," not to reappear until we have had ample time to repent our rashness, and exhaust our stock of patience.

But all our water architects pale before the wonders of the coral polype, whose colossal workings are the marvel of tropical seas. These tiny creatures are devoid of all elaborate structure themselves, being cousins of the sea anemone so familiar on our coasts ; but they have the power of secreting, from the surrounding sea, a hard substance of the nature of a skeleton.

The "coral islands of the Pacific" are an oft-repeated phrase ; a few details about them are sure to be welcome. The reef-building corals are shallow water forms, flourishing between low-water mark and a depth of from twenty to twenty-five fathoms ; the polypes are most active about ten fathoms down. The distribution of coral in the seas depends mainly upon the mean temperature of the water ; the polypes will not live where the winter temperature of the water is lower than from 66° to 68° Fahrenheit. Therefore coral is practically limited to a zone of eighteen hundred miles on either side of the equator. The metropolis of the reef-builders is amongst the Pacific Isles ; but coral reefs are also found in the Indian Ocean, the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea, along the coast of Zanzibar and Madagascar, round the Mauritius, in the Gulf of Panama, along the shores of Florida and Brazil, and amongst the West Indies.

The coral-reef formations may be classed under three heads, which, as we shall presently see, are stages in the development of the same reef.

Fringing reefs are those in shallow water, in the immediate neighbourhood of land. They either surround an island, or skirt along a continent. No channel of depth is found between them and the land, and on the outer edge they slope gradually down into the ocean.

Barrier reefs also skirt the land, but at a much greater distance. The channel inside them is generally deep, and the seaward side indicates profound depths. Along the north-east coast of Australia there is a great barrier reef, over one thousand miles in length ; its average distance from the shore is from twenty to thirty miles, the depth of the inner channel is from ten to sixty fathoms, and the sea outside the reef is sometimes over two thousand feet in depth.

Atolls are circular or ring-shaped reefs, which enclose an expanse of water, no land. Sometimes the whole ring is filled in by the coral, as is the case with Whitsunday Island.

The coral polypes can only work between the limits of thirty fathoms below the surface, and low-water mark. How then does it come to pass that we find coral reefs of enormous depth, and also some raised well above high-water mark? The latter problem is easily solved by the action of the sea, which breaks off great pieces of coral, and washes them up by the action of the waves. The crevices left by the polypes are filled by a deposit from the sea, some of the coral is ground into sand, by degrees the substance is disintegrated, and becomes soil, dead fish are cast up upon it, and sea-birds make it their resting-place. Then a seed is wafted to the tiny new-born island by a shore wind, or dropped there by a bird, and lo ! the vegetation once begun, it is but a question of time as to how soon the work of the coral polypes shall become a fairy isle of the sea.

The depth of the coral reefs can only be explained by the slow subsidence of the sea bottom on which they build.

Take, for instance, an island surrounded by a fringing reef. The central peak rises high above the level of the sea, whilst at its base the little polypes build steadily on. Time passes ; the coral should now have reached the level of low-water mark, but no ! slowly, gradually, the island and the submerged land round its base are sinking, sinking, and fresh generations of busy polypes build on ever upward, the work of their predecessors sinking further and further below. As the peaked island sinks, the distance between the land and the reef widens, and the channel is deeper year by year. The subsidence continues, and the polypes still build on, until the island round which they circled has vanished from sight, and the depression has ceased. Then the patient builders, who have seen generations of toil sink unnoticed in the depths of ocean, at last prevail ; the low-water mark is reached ; the reef which was only formed because of the island, is now an *atoll*, the sole proof that the island did once exist. It is needless to point out the glowing lesson : the individual work lost in darkness and oblivion, but the grand resultant of the force of all standing firm and sure.

Better to be a coral-worker, a nameless part of one glorious whole, than a free floating cell, with no future, only a trivial present work.

In the two previous papers we glanced at the commercial value of our Instinctive Architects. We noted the value of the Beaver's fur, and the Edible Swallow's nest. The work of a cousin of our reef-building coral polype, an inhabitant of the Mediterranean, is also a commercial article.

Amongst the islands of the Mediterranean the coral beds vary in depth from thirty to one hundred fathoms, and are found from two to ten miles from land. The best fisheries are along the coasts of Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco. Unlike the reef-building polypes, these prefer a muddy bottom. The polypes are pretty milk-white creatures, and were for long ages believed to be flowers ! From the Middle Ages, the right of controlling the Mediterranean coral fisheries has been a bone of contention. Italy, Spain, France, England, have all had their turn, and now again they are under the French rule. Two kinds of boats are used—one large, of from twelve to fourteen tons, with ten or twelve hands ; the other smaller, about three or four tons, with a crew of five or six. The large boats, dredging from March to October, gather about seven hundred pounds of coral, the small ones about four hundred and fifty pounds. The Algerian coral beds are divided into ten portions, one of which is dredged each year ; it is estimated that the coral takes ten years to grow. It is not easy to obtain any official returns of the value of these fisheries, but in 1878, those on the Algerian coast alone yielded raw coral to the value of £13,000. The finest rose-pink coral is worth from £80 to £120 per oz. ; the small red pieces cost about £2 per oz. ; and the little fragments used for babies' necklets, about 5s. per oz.

STRAIGHT PATHS AND PITFALLS.

By the Rev. J. Hiles-Hitchens, D.D., F.S.Sc., Author of "*Ecce Veritas*," etc.

The Foot ; or, Caution in Walking.

WE come now, in our study of man, to the foot.

It is divided into three parts, denominated in science the *Tarsus*, *Metatarsus*, and *Phalanges*.

Each division contains a number of bones, varying in shape and size ; some remarkable for solidity and strength, and others designed to contribute chiefly to the elasticity of the member. Attaching these bones are two groups of muscles—those on the *dorsum* and those on the *plantar* surface, the latter being similar to the muscles of the hand.

These are also supplied with nerves, along which travels the sense of hardness or softness, heat or cold, smoothness or roughness, firmness or insecurity, according to the object upon which the foot is planted.

As a whole, the foot serves very materially in supporting our bodies—it plays a fundamental part in our locomotion, and can be so trained as to be capable of writing, drawing, and other acts usually known as *handy-crafts*.

Now, in Scripture, the word "foot" is employed in various senses, which a glance at some of the passages where it occurs will amply prove. In Exodus 3. 5 we read that when the Eternal One appeared to Moses He said, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground"; thus showing that nakedness of the feet was regarded in ancient times, and by the Orientals, as an indication of respect.

Uncovering the feet was with them what uncovering the head is with us. Even modern Orientals regard it as a mark of disrespect to enter your habitation without first removing the outer covering of the feet. But *nakedness* of the feet was also taken as an indication of sorrow.

Hence the prophet Ezekiel writes : "Forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead, bind the tire of thine head upon thee, and put on thy shoes upon thy feet."

To be *under one's feet* is a phrase used figuratively to signify subjection, and was most probably derived from the action of ancient conquerors, who were wont to place the foot upon the neck of the vanquished, as indicative of their triumph. Representations of this kind can be seen upon ancient Egyptian and Roman monuments.

So the psalmist, referring to the dignity of humanity, and the regal position our race holds in relation to all created objects, says : "Thou hast put all things under his feet." And in the Messianic Psalm, the Eternal Father is represented as saying to the Son, "Sit Thou at My right hand until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool."

Very nearly allied to this expression is another, *to be at one's feet—at*, not *under*. This is used to signify service, voluntary submission, ready teachableness. Thus we read, "And Barak called Zebulun . . . and he went up with ten thousand men at his feet." So the evangelist tells us that Mary sat at Jesus' feet ; and Paul tells us that he was trained "at the feet of Gamaliel."

To *wash one's feet in blood of another* is equivalent to taking vengeance. David says, "'The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance ; he shall wash his feet in the blood of the wicked.'

To *wash the feet of another* person was taken as a sign of affectionate regard and true humility. We read of this custom in the days of the patriarch Abraham. The loose sandals worn in the East left the foot exposed to the heat of the atmosphere, and the dryness of the soil; hence, washing the feet after a journey was a grateful relief.

When Jesus would show His humility, He took a towel, girded Himself, and proceeded to wash His disciples' feet.

Thus, in varied ways, the word "foot," or "feet," is used in Holy Writ as indicative of many relationships of one person to another. Reverence toward another; sorrow for another; submission to another; vengeance on another; and affection for another, are all signified by the use of the word "foot."

But, generally, the word is used as suggesting the affections, inclinations, and actions of the individual. "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God." "I turned my feet unto Thy testimonies." All these are passages to the point.

Hence, *walking* has been used as denoting the conversation, manner of life, and prevailing habits of mind and body.

We read of those who "walk in darkness," that is, those who live in ignorance and sin; of those who "walk after the flesh," that is, those who follow the dictates of their corrupt nature, and are governed mainly by sensual desires; of those who "walk by faith," that is, those who, by simple confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ and His exceeding precious promises, are endeavouring to live so as to secure His approbation; of those who "walk after the Spirit," that is, those who are guided and taught by the inspired counsels, and by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. And then we read of some who "walked with God," that is, they held sweet, close, endearing communion with the Divine Spirit, and did all they could to please Him.

So, also, we are exhorted to "walk in wisdom," and to "walk in the sight of the Lord."

By taking heed to such advice, we may "walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blamelessly." In the same manner, the general course of a person's life, the ends for which he lives, the means he adopts to secure those ends, and the companions he selects in the prosecution of his purposes, are referred to in Scripture as the "*path*" a man takes. Thus, "Teach me Thy way, lead me in a plain path"; "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path"; "Enter not into the paths of the wicked."

I am anxious, dear reader, and I trust you are also, that you should select the right path. There are feet which are swift to shed blood; there are fugitive feet, which run from the God-appointed Nineveh, to come to self-chosen Tarshish; there are rebellious feet, which kick against the pricks; and there are impure feet, that tread a path at the end of which is death.

But there are also Divinely guided, heaven illumined, and spiritually upheld feet, which run the way of God's command with a daily enlarging heart. It is feet of this last order that I desire for you. If you are anxious to walk safely, securely, happily through life, then remember that you must

Take the Bible as your guide. See that foreigner, standing in yonder recess in the busy thoroughfare, intently studying a map. He is tracing, by the map of London, the nearest and best way to a certain locality. See that tourist in the Highland district, ever and anon drawing from his pocket a volume and consulting its pages. What book is that? It is a Guide, which gives him minute particulars of every spot.

See that old captain bending over the chart, and glancing at his compass, whilst he gives directions to the man at the helm. What is that chart to him? It is the rule of his course. It tells him where are rocks, where quicksands, and where deep, safe water for sailing. Just what that map is to the foreigner in our great city, what that guide is to the traveller, what that chart is to the naval captain, that, and more than that, the Bible is to you.

It lays down distinct laws for our militant pilgrimage. It marks out the road—the narrow road—which leadeth unto life. It enumerates the many and multiform dangers of the way. It denotes where bye-paths of error and sin strike out of the road. It enlarges upon the pleasures and prospects discoverable as we progress. It glowingly depicts the blessed rest which awaits us at the end of our pilgrimage.

There can come no period in our career, no circumstance in our history, when this book will fail to be our instructor.

In the dire hour of our grief, when

"Like a grotto of icicles under the noonday beams,"

all our vain hopes, all our cherished aspirations, are melting into a rain of tears; in the hour of our disappointment, when we wake up to find that the staff in our hand is but a broken reed, and the ground beneath our feet but shifting sand; in the hour of our loss, when the persons and possessions we prized so highly have fallen like the petals of the full-blown rose; in the hour of our temptation, when syren voices have been followed by the furious charge and fierce din of hell's artillery; in the hour of sickness, when, as "down the lonely corridors of some haunted house, we hear far off the monotonous footfall of approaching death"; in all stages of our life-walk we can turn to the sacred volume, with the certainty of finding wise instruction.

There, like a lighthouse to the mariner, the truth shines forth unwaveringly, irrespective of the fierce hurricane of persecution.

A vessel was once cruising in the Mediterranean, in search of a shoal, reported to exist beneath the treacherous waters. After a search of some time, the captain abandoned the enterprise, affirming that the reported danger was all a dream. An officer on board made his own observations, and formed a different opinion.

He resolved, upon his own responsibility, to make an experiment in the same latitude and longitude. He did so, and discovered a reef of rocks. This he reported to the Admiralty, and his discovery was inserted in the charts.

The old captain, however, was indignant that a subordinate officer should have thus outstripped him. With obstinate incredulity he exclaimed: "The whole thing is a falsehood, and if ever I have the keel of the *Thetis* under me in those waters again, if I don't carry her right over where the chart marks a rock, call me a liar and no seaman!"

Two years afterwards he was conveying, in the same vessel, the British Ambassador to Naples. One night, examining the chart with the first officer, his attention was called to the sunken rock. "What?" exclaimed he, "is this invention to meet me in the teeth again? No, I swore I would sail over that spot the first chance I had, and I'll do it." So, giving final instructions for the vessel's course, he went below and related all the story to the company. With elated spirits, he told them that within five minutes they would have passed the spot. Then, taking out his watch, he said, triumphantly: "Oh! the time is past, we have gone over the wonderful reef."

Scarcely had the words escaped his lips, when a grating noise was heard, then followed a terrible shock, a fatal crash, and the vessel began to sink. The occupants of the ship were all saved, with the exception of the captain, who, clinging to the foundering vessel, perished, the victim of his own obstinacy and unbelief.

Just as unwise, just as unsafe, just as deserving of condemnation are multitudes to-day, who, casting aside the stern denunciations of sin, the awful threatenings of punishment, and the tried promises of Holy Writ, determine to direct their own steps without the Divine rule of faith and practice.

Take the Son of God and the Son of Man as your *companion.* Doubtless you have often desired, when journeying through a strange country, to have the presence and counsel of one well acquainted with the place. The path has been described in the guide-map, but when you have come to it, you have questioned whether it is the one meant. Then the presence of a second party to consult has been of immense comfort. So, in our way through life to immortality, we need a wise, experienced, unerring Friend and Adviser. There is such a Companion and Leader in Christ. Following Him, we cannot err, and joy, peace, prosperity, safety, and heaven at the end must be our lot.

There is a Bohemian story of a pious king, who was travelling one winter night to a remote church, in order to engage in devotion. He was barefooted, despite the snow and jagged ice. His servant, desirous of imitating and accompanying his master, followed him with bare feet. They had not travelled far before the servant found his feet fearfully cut by the sharp ice. Loss of blood, with the severity of the cold, so affected him, that he was about to faint, when the king directed him to place his feet in the footmarks he left. The servant did so, and from the footprints of his master, there came forth healing and strength, so that he reached his destination with comparative ease.

The story suggests the truth. King Jesus has gone before us through all the rugged road of life. He cries, "Follow Me!" In our attempt we often take steps aside, we walk irregularly, and become depressed and way-worn. But Jesus says to us: "Place your feet where Mine have been!" and, by heeding His directions, we shall safely and pleasantly pass the dangers of life.

The Puritan Adams very quaintly classifies the ways in which men walk. He says there is a "reeling" way and a "railing" way. The "reeling" is the drunkard's walk, and the "railing" the swearer's. Then there is a "ruffling way and a scuffling way," by which he means the proud walk and the litigious life. There is a "burning way and a turning way," that is the envious man's career and the hypocrite's course. There is a "thorny way and a miry way," by which he signifies the sinful course of deceivers.

But there is a good way, a steady way, an upright walk, which is the way of peace, the way of holiness, the way of God. Reader, go not into the other paths. Turn from them, turn away! Look up to Him, who "keepeth the feet of His saints."

"I BELIEVE IN NOTHING."



"I BELIEVE in nothing," said Charles Lester, as he walked home one evening, after hearing a lecture against Christianity.

"I am sorry for you, then," said his companion.

"Of course; I expected your pity, knowing what an enthusiast you are. You believe—kindly no doubt—that, like all who dare to be free-thinkers, I am now destined for the worst place in the universe. You must ex-excuse me if I am rather ungrateful."

"I will excuse any amount of ingratitude," replied his friend, "if you will thoughtfully answer a few plain, earnest questions."

"Oh, as to questions," exclaimed Lester, "I hate them! Don't lecture, Phil! You know if there was one thing that could drive me mad, in the old time at school, it was the doctor's everlasting 'Do' and 'Don't.' 'Be good,' and 'Resist the devil!'"

"Ah, yes, I remember how angry you were sometimes, and how you always called it 'stuff,'" said Hutchinson.

"And so it was! We were 'tempted,' he used to tell us, by this arch enemy, and if we did not pray for strength to 'resist,' we should all become his property. When that little imp, the Doctor's nephew, ran away while we were at church, I remember that we had to bring our Bibles into the school-room, and read the fourth of Matthew,—that we might learn 'how to do better!'"

"Poor Tom!" said Hutchinson. "He was drowned at sea, three years after."

"Yes, and it served him right," said Lester, "the unprincipled rascal! He stole a sovereign which I was fool enough to leave in my locker, and put his own likeness in its place! I declare I was glad when I heard he had gone to the bottom."

"How kind and forgiving!" said Hutchinson.

"Well, I hated him. That sovereign was my mother's birthday gift, and I had planned to have a world of pleasure out of it. Depend upon it, if he had lived to come home, he would have made acquaintance with the interior of a prison before I had done with him!"

"You regard prisons as necessary institutions?"

"Of course I do! Highly necessary. What's your 'tack,' now, Phil? I can't tell, for the life of me!"

"And do you think the people who *build* prisons fools?" persisted Hutchinson.

"Do I think that you and I are fools?" said Lester, smiling. "*We* build them, we who are honest, for rogues whose liberty would be our destruction."

"How?"

"How?" exclaimed Lester, plunging eagerly into the argument. "Can you ask 'How?' Do you believe we could be safe for an hour if no punishment were inflicted on thieves and murderers?"

"Do *you* believe that honest men have a right to punish knaves?"

"Assuredly."

"May I ask who gave that right?"

"Why, common sense and common justice."

"You believe in justice then? May I ask —*What is Justice?*"

There was a significant pause, during which Lester seemed to meditate an escape, while Hutchinson, with a quiet smile, walked rapidly beside him. The question 'What is justice?' was, as Charles phrased it afterwards, a 'poser.' He who had openly professed his belief in nothing had been entrapped into a confession that he believed in justice; he who had refused to hear a lecture or answer questions, had been decoyed into the meshes of a controversy out of which it was impossible to escape. He chafed and struggled like a bird in the snare of the fowler; until at last, growing desperate, he tried to break through by saying, dogmatically,—

"Rubbish!"

"Which? justice, or your belief in it?"

"Oh, I don't care! You are too long-headed for me! Didn't I tell you that I wished you at Halifax when you came upon me at the door of the lecture-room, just now? Wherever I go you dodge me, because I have the misfortune to be your cousin. What can it matter to you whether I believe in justice or not?"

"It does matter," replied his cousin, earnestly. "If you have lost your faith in right, you must be unhappy,—if you have no longer any hatred of wrong, you must be dangerous. It cannot be a matter of indifference to me whether you end your days on the scaffold——"

Lester started. "Do you mean to insult me?" he inquired, angrily. "Why should I end my days on the scaffold more than you?"

"If you don't believe in right——"

"Who said I didn't?"

"You said you believed in nothing, so I conclude that you don't think right is right, or wrong wrong. How can you, if you hold that there is neither God nor devil, neither heaven nor hell? You imagine that you are only an animal of superior instinct, soulless, and destined to be annihilated at death; your own master—because you owe obedience to no laws; your own property—because (although you did not make yourself) nobody made you. How can you possibly hate crime? How can you know what *is* crime and what is not? What reason have you to suppose that you understand right and wrong better than the wretch who last month killed his master, stole his money, and escaped to America? The murderer thinks himself fortunate in having secured wealth for the rest of his life,—how do you prove him a fool, since there is, according to your creed, no after state? He will be annihilated at death,—why should he be condemned for securing the highest possible enjoyment in the only state of being which chance allows him?"

"You ask no end of questions," exclaimed Charles Lester. "Suppose I say that I don't want to prove the man a fool—How does that affect your argument?"

"It shows that you are a dangerous member of society, since you hold that a rogue is wise unless he is caught," replied Hutchinson.

"But suppose I say what I think, namely, that he *is* a fool, because I am sure that ever since the murder he has been haunted by the feeling that he has committed a dreadful wrong, does that, too, assist your argument?"

"Certainly, for as soon as you own that any man can have a consciousness that he has done wrong, you give me the right to ask—How came he by that consciousness?"

"You are easily answered," said Lester. "It came by training;—he was taught that murder was crime, and he believed it."

"Why?"

"Can you ask why? Wouldn't it strike every rational being that such teaching had sense in it?"

"Yes;—but *why?*"

"I suppose because we have in us an echo, anything you like, that says such teaching is just."

"Are we 'taught' to have the 'echo' as well as the consciousness?"

"No, that comes naturally. Every rational man has it, more or less,—you and I have it."

"Who gave it to us?" persisted Hutchinson.

"That I can't say," returned Lester, thoughtfully. "I suppose it came by chance. It is natural to us to have this echo. We can't explain it."

"You mean to say that it is quite a 'chance' that human beings feel it to be criminal to murder their fellows,—and that the thing would be right, if no one 'chanced' to know that it was wrong?"

"I mean to say quite the opposite; and you totally misunderstand me," said Lester, angrily; "wrong must be wrong, right must be right, apart from opinion; and murder would be crime, though every human voice declared it honourable."

"You believe that?"

"I do."

"Then you admit that the decision of the question, 'What is right?' does not belong to men, that it was settled before they came into existence?"

"I suppose so. Yes."

"Who settled it?"

"Oh I don't know," said Lester; "perhaps I was a fool to admit that it *was* settled. All men know more or less of the difference between right and wrong; nobody settled it; it can't be explained, but the fact remains all the same: a thing is right because it is right, and there is an end of the matter."

"Not quite. I want to know *how* men obtained this moral consciousness. I *must* have an answer, Charles, and I charge you solemnly not to trifle with this question—Whence, if you had no Creator, if all things came by chance, if you are to be annihilated at death, if you are only an animal of superior instinct,—whence have you your moral consciousness?"

Lester hesitated, and at last said, "I cannot tell; I suppose you would have me say—from God."

"It seems to be the only answer possible," said Philip. "Be true to yourself, and give it."

"Perhaps I may," replied Charles, "if you give me time; yet I confess that I do not like to abandon liberty,—no man is free who owns that there is a God."

"You are mistaken. It is quite as possible for you to acknowledge God and enjoy liberty, as it was for you to live in your father's house and obey him, and retain your freedom."

"I ought to be one of God's 'children,' you would say? I know that is how people of your stamp talk—it seems jargon to me. I

tried to believe that there was no God because I wished it; it isn't likely He would adopt me if I asked Him; I don't intend to humble myself to do it; if I did He wouldn't have me; so there's an end."

"'Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.'"

"A verse of the Bible!" said Lester, almost scornfully. "Didn't I tell you I had thrown that overboard?"

"Without reading it,—but that was unfair!" exclaimed Hutchinson. "Condemned without a hearing!"

"Not exactly. I had been bored with Christianity at school, till I hated it, but still I was Englishman enough to try to be impartial. I read the New Testament through before I burnt it."

"How did it affect you?" asked Hutchinson.

"Oh, I was rather interested by the Gospels, but I yawned over the Epistles dreadfully; and of course I left off where I had begun—convinced that it was just a clever fiction."

"And now?"

"And now," said Lester, "although I may possibly grant that there is a God, I do not intend to believe in the God of the Bible. No, Hutchinson, I am too old to be caught in that way!"

"I hope not," said his cousin; "for the Bible is God's message to you, and there is no escape if you die neglecting it. Take mine home with you, and read it, if you value your soul,—and if you would not have the remembrance of the copy which you destroyed become the curse of the world that is assuredly 'to come.'"

"I yield, for I rather want to rub up my Sacred History," said Lester, languidly; "can't understand a picture gallery without it. But still I warn you to expect no conversion,—I am proof against it all! A God there *may* be—a soul I *may* have, an eternity is possible; but that the Godhead should unite itself with manhood, and suffer instead of its creatures, is incredible. I will never believe it, never!"

So Lester spoke as, with the Bible in his hand, he parted with his friend. The words were proud, the heart that prompted them was cold and hard, and all he meant to do was to obtain a knowledge which might enable him to comprehend the cartoons of Raphael, which, during a recent visit to Hampton Court, had somewhat puzzled him. He had so often been ashamed of his ignorance of Sacred History that he resolved to master the contents of the little volume, before he returned it to its by no means impatient owner. But even while he thus ventured to trifle with "the sword of the Spirit," he was compelled to admire the beauty of its standard of morality, the grandeur of its conception of a God; and long before he restored the Bible to his cousin, Lester knew something of the requirements of the law, and something also of the provisions of the gospel.

It was very little, after all, but it was enough to induce him to purchase a few books on the Christian evidences, and subsequently, a new copy of the Scriptures. All these he secretly perused, and as a result he began, at last, to pray. In answer to his cry, God said, "Let there be light," and there *was* light. In that hour Lester felt that he had sinned, and realised that his Creator had as much right to imprison *him*, as *he* had to imprison a thief or a murderer, and that perpetual durance must in justice be his lot, unless he consented to be rescued in the way marked out in the Bible. It was the story of Calvary which convinced him; before the spectacle of the self-devotion of the cross his soul was finally subdued; relying on Christ for salvation, Charles Lester for the first time tasted happiness.

Years have gone by since then, but Lester is happy still, and in his new life he aids others in coming to the true Light.

THE TWO DOGS: A POEM WITH A MORAL.

FOR ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN!

MY lady's dog! and so you're tied
  Close up to Tom, the grocer's;
And fain would you his throttle seize
  But that those wires are posers.

'Tis at a dog show, where, you know,
  The dogs lie close together,
And touch the screens that run between
  By straining at their tether.

My lady's dog, in spotless white,
  Is grieved at such a neighbour,
A common dog, who serves a man,
  Who lives by common labour.

The grocer's dog has feelings too;
  It is an aggravation
That this fine dame who snarls at him
  Is quite a near relation.

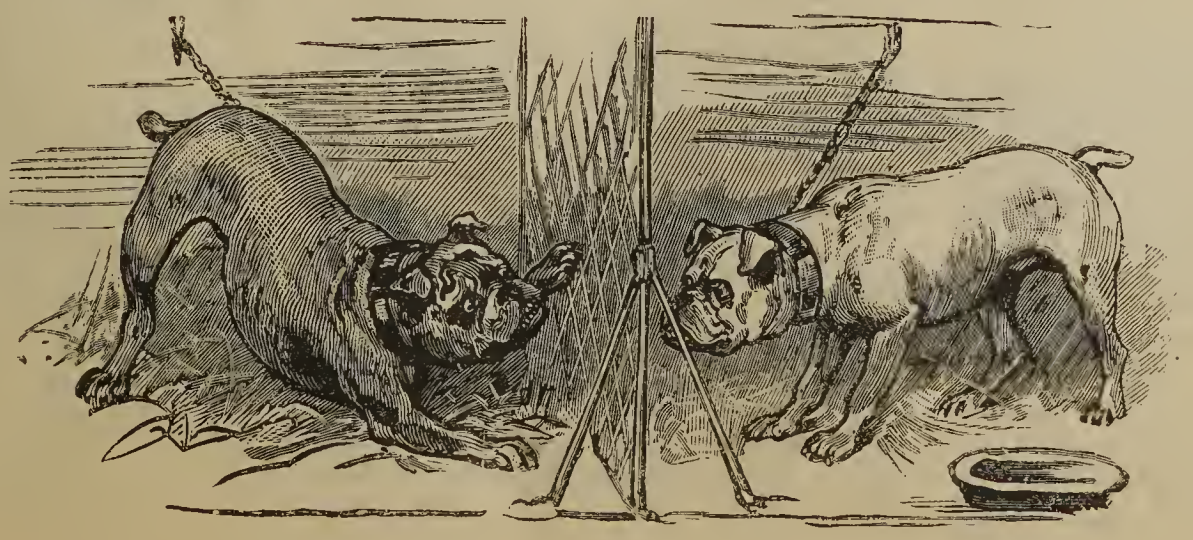
"Same flesh and blood! What right have [you
  To scorn an honest cousin?
Your father and my mother, ma'am,
  Were two of half a dozen."

The two stand glaring through the screen,
  Their chains will stretch no further,
They have perforce to curb their ire,
  Looking and feeling murther.

"Poor foolish dogs!" Of course they are,—
  Are you, my brothers, wiser?
Have you ne'er snarled at lady's dog,
  And stopped to criticise her?

Her dainty ways are not her fault,
  She has been sadly pampered,
And all development in her,
  By luxury is hampered.

And you who, clad in spotless robes,
  Look down on honest grocer,
Remember you and he are kin,
  And could not well be closer.



OUR DEFINITION COMPETITION.

A MODEL HUSBAND.

By a Lady.

A MODEL WIFE.

By a Gentleman.

Award of Money Prizes.

IN announcing this Competition, we expressed a hope that it would evoke earnestness rather than drollery. This has been the case. The Reports of our Examiner, given below, are sufficient proof. We hope that Competitors of both sexes will select their future partners in accordance with the ideals they have set up! If so, England will have a noted increase of "happy homes."

A MODEL HUSBAND.

A large number of Papers have been sent in under this head. Thirteen of the writers convey their views in verse, the rest either in form of a short essay, or by some illustrative story, or by letter supposed to be addressed to a friend. Two competitors give the requisites for their ideal in alphabetic order.

We have one nice Paper written by a foreigner, another from a lady who is engaged to her ideal. There are also two nice Papers from "domestic servants." In some cases the writer states her age; the youngest of these is "16 years and 3 months," she says. She writes in the character of an old lady with grey hair and wrinkles, and gives us a very pretty, simple sketch of her aged partner.

It is chiefly in minor particulars that the writers differ with regard to their ideal of the model husband. They are unanimous, we might almost say, in their conviction that he must be a Christian, whose Christianity is manifested in his daily life and conduct. Three or four alone, out of all the Papers, fail to touch on this point. A large majority insist upon Temperance or Total Abstinence in their model, and there is an evident preference for the non-smoker. Music seems to possess great charms. One lady even requires that her ideal should play well on several instruments! Next to music, athletics seem to rank high. Almost all are agreed that looks are of no great consequence. A few other points are noted by some of the writers, and are briefly these: that the model husband should not grumble at his wife if his food is not to his liking, or his meals not up to time; that he should be fond of his home; that he should be a good son; that he should make provision for the future maintenance of his wife; and that he should be active in influencing others for good.

An essay by Mrs. Paterson is by far the ablest of the Papers sent in; but its length—considerably over the 1,000 words allowed—disqualifies it for the competition.

A MODEL WIFE.

The Competition for the prizes given under this subject was not so large, but the quality and the tone of almost all the Papers received are excellent. After selecting the best from these, there still remain several in many respects most excellent. One of the Prize-winners gives us his definition of a model wife in some well-written stanzas; two other candidates express themselves in verse. A young fellow of 14½ contributed a good paper. We have also a contributor who confined the expression of his views to twelve words only.

According to the evidence of these papers, the model wife should be a God-fearing woman; she should also have a knowledge of cooking, and be a good housekeeper; she should be of a cheerful, good-tempered disposition, and always have a smile to welcome her husband's return home; she should sympathise with him, both in his successes and his failures; she should be a Total Abstainer; she should dress neatly and becomingly; she should be beautiful, if her beauty be the index of her mind. A. L.

FIRST PRIZE, 10s. 6d.

F. H. STEANE, Balham.

SECOND PRIZES, 5s. each,

F. P. RAMSDEN, Sandown, I. W.
D. ALLINGHAM.

HIGHLY COMMENDED.

ATKINSON, M. L., Oldham.
BLACKMORE, A. A., Lowestoft.
CAREY, H. D. M., Bardon.
COMPTON, P., Doncaster.
"EDA."
GALE, A. E., Southsea.
GLADWIN, J. F., Manchester.
KEMP, A. A., Whitstaple.
LIEBSTEIN, E., Highbury.
MACCARTHY, F., London.
"OLD MAID."
PATERSON, J. B., Innerleithen, N.B.
PINNEGER, K., London.
ROBINSON, C., Cork.
RÔBIN, E.
SAYERS, A. H., Ardingly.
STERMES, J. E., Kilburn.
"SOMERSET."
WARNINGTON, M., Evesham
WOOD, A., Ilford.
YOUNG, W. A., Cambridge.

COMMENDED.

ASHBURY, A., Swansea.
ALEXANDER, F. A., Lenzie, Dumbarton.
BARBER, W. H., Manchester.
BONNY, M. A., Monk Sherborne, Basingstoke.
BURTON, C. A., Blandford, Dorset.
CARRUTHERS, R. C., Plymouth.
CARROL, M., Canterbury.
COXETER, C. A., Potters Bar, Herts.
HIGHFIELD, J., Bath.
"JUSTICUS." Hastings.
LEADER, M. J., Oakley Square.
LIEBSTEIN, A., Highbury.
LIEBSTEIN, M., Highbury.
NETTLETON, A. C. C., Barrow-in-Furness.
NOLAN, A., London.
PRATT, E. A., Stoke-on-Trent.
PREDDY, C., Borough, S.E.
R. C. C. [ham.
REYNOLDS, F., Farning-
RICE, R. A., Stow Bedon, Norfolk.
SCOTT, C., Glasgow.
STEANE, E. A. Balham.
SWAN, G. H., Commercial Road, London.
TANNER, K., Crondall, Herts.
TATE, J. A., North Shields.
WELCH, C., Glastonbury.
ZUICK, R., South Kensington.

OF INTEREST TO YOUNG MEN.

TWENTY-SIX years ago, an "Apprentice Class" was formed in connection with the Priory Street Wesleyan Chapel, in the ancient cathedral town of York. As the outcome of this small effort on behalf of young men, there now exists a flourishing Young Men's Class, which has a membership of 520. This class is managed by a "Workers' Band," which meets once a month, when reports are presented by nineteen visitors of as many districts, into which the city is divided. Two services are held every Sunday. In the morning, at half-past nine, the meeting is confined to the reading of an essay by one of the members, and to discussion on it. The afternoon service commences at two, and lasts one hour. The meeting is opened with singing and prayer, followed by the reading of a chapter of Scripture. Collections for class expenses and Foreign Missions are then made, and after the leader has given a short and practical address, the service is concluded by singing, led by a trained choir.

The members of this model class have the use of a free library and a reading-room. A weekly entertainment given by the members; the publication of a monthly magazine; the general government of the class, mission, and other work, are all managed by separate committees, elected by the members. The success of the class is in a great measure due to the efforts of its leader, Mr. Robert Kay, who has held the office of president since 1876.

If every Y.M.C.A. Football Club would follow the example of the club connected with the Bolton Y.M.C.A., it would result in much good, and elevate a noble and manly game. The Bolton Association has a Bible Class attended by over fifty young men, and seventeen of the most regular attendants at this class are football players in the Association team. The club never plays a match without the members previously having prayer together, and the captain and sub-captain of the club frequently give Gospel addresses on subjects in relation to Christianity and athletics.

Stagg, the famous baseball player in the Yale nine, says that he never enters the athletic field without having first prayed for Divine guidance.

Such examples are most encouraging. We cannot have too much "muscular Christianity" in these days. But let it be thorough and "out-and-out."

At the recent Annual Meeting of the Heath Street Hall Science Classes at Crewe, Mr. Swire Smith (Royal Commissioner on Technical Education), in the course of his address, said: "I firmly believe in the value of the out-door exercises of our people, in the development of physical strength, skill, and manliness which they promote, and in the pleasure which they afford. Give to cricket its place in the long evenings of the summer, and to football its Saturday afternoons in winter; and give also to the steadier of our artisans the garden plots, which supply so healthy and refining an exercise during their hours of leisure. But every young man who is true to himself and to his country will consecrate a fair share of his evenings to the improvement of his mind."

Four hundred and sixty-five cases of young men and boys, chiefly from the factories, have been benefited by the Sydney (New South Wales) Young Workmen's Club, which is carried on at a cost of £8 per week.

As a result of the Y.M.C.A. at Northampton removing into larger and pleasanter rooms, the membership has risen from 90 to 170.

The Junior Section which the Callander Y.M.C.A. started last year has proved highly successful.

The second Annual Meeting of the Westbourne Grove Y.M.C.A. was held February 21st. The yearly expenses amounted to £500, and the year was closed with £2 5s. 9d. in hand.

Twenty-three Members and 153 Associates joined the Geneva (Switzerland) Y.M.C.A. during the past year.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC IN NUMBER FOR FEB. 17th.

Tin-can.

1. T i C (douloureux).
2. I on A.
3. N u N.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC GIVEN IN LAST WEEK'S NUMBER.

P	illo	W
E	l	I
O	i	L
P	ena	L
L	ev	I
E	uthanasi	A
S	he	M*

* See 1 Sam. 3.

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

ANSWERS.

Herbs.—If you will write to Dr. George Brown, Drake Street, Rochdale, you will get full information as to the best means of procuring herbs.

A Lover of—"A.1."—The above will give you information asked.

Ulster.—Yes, the Rules of our "Punctuation Competition" restrict a competitor from looking into *any* book, or at any similar passage. The standard of punctuation will be that of the author of the paragraph, which is from a "Standard" work.

The Unmerciful Servant (Matt. 18. 34, 35).—Three possible explanations may be given of the difficulty referred to by "Toby" in this parable. 1. That we are not to insist upon every item or fold in the drapery of the parable, as if it were an essential part of the parable itself; but must look to its general scope and meaning, which is, that unless we forgive we cannot be forgiven. 2 That the pardon of sin being conditional, God retains in His own hands the power of revoking that pardon, when the conditions are broken or unfulfilled; an unforgiving spirit being one of the gravest breaches thereof, and showing that any one who indulges in it, is, while doing so, unfitted for forgiveness. 3. That as "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them," He did thereby, in the widest sense of the word, cancel on the cross the mighty debt we owed to Him, and thus bestowed the grace of pardon on the world; but that to realise this pardon, and make it individually our own, a believing heart is necessary, and that will lead to a forgiving spirit. Whereas, if these be wanting, we not only forfeit our potential interest in the covenant of grace, but the debt actually returns upon our own heads, as though it had remained unpaid.

As to the question whether it is possible to be a believer in Christ and be saved, without having assurance of salvation—quite possible. For it is through faith we are saved, and not through assurance. Moreover, how can we be sure that we have a thing unless, as a matter of fact, we actually have it? Therefore, salvation not only *may* but *must* be ours prior to assurance. Otherwise we never could be sure that we are saved at all. At the same time, we should not rest content without endeavouring to grasp this higher grace as a blessing that may be ours; for "the joy of the Lord is our strength."

Readers longing to "do something."—A correspondent writes: "I should like to suggest to those of your readers who are longing to do something for the Master, that much good may be done by placing a little book on the tables of Waiting-Rooms. Having occasion to go into the City last week, I went into a station waiting-room which was empty at the time, and put a little leaflet on the table. As the people came in, each took up my little book and read it; it was read by five persons in as many minutes. God has promised, 'My word shall not return unto Me void'; so let us first ask Him to choose the right books for us, and then believe that they will be made a blessing."

Total Abstinence.—Your four questions open up too much matter for our limited space. But briefly—1. The difference is this? The Church of England Temperance Society, while enrolling as Total *Abstainers* thousands of the best men and women of the land, also admits into its "Moderate" section those who deplore intemperance, but do not yet see that the only true security from and cure of "*too much*" is "*none*." *Total Abstainers* accept and act upon this conclusion. The curate who preached that total abstinence was wrong, and maintained that "*all* things were sent for our good" must be a shallow thinker! He surely does not mean *for good*. What about poisonous herbs? What about straw and chaff? Does the curate eat these, because "*nothing* is to be refused"? Does he eat cabbage-stalk, potato-skin, and apple-core, because God "created" them?

Then comes in the question of how far anything of man's "invention" can be called "God's creature," and whether the unintermittent *decomposition* inseparably connected with fermentation is not a very questionable use of those "good creatures," grapes and corn. 2. As to the Miracle at Cana, which is a favourite with moderate drinkers, it may be true that Christ "meant" the guests "to drink" what He made. But how does it follow that we, in another country, eighteen centuries after, must drink modern wines? And is not the very fact of our Lord's special making of that "good wine" a proof that it was an innocent and *not* hurtful wine—not the wine warned against in Scripture?—*not* the wine which John the Baptist had been commanded *not* to drink. 3. Is there a text to say it is a sin to taste"? No—but when our hearts are eager to do God's will, we do not wait for a text. God promises to guide us by His "eye." Our duty is to study His mind, as revealed in His word; and finding that "priests and prophets have gone astray through strong drink"; that kings and princes were told that it was "not for them to drink wine. . . . lest they forget the law and pervert judgment"; that wine is spoken of as a "mocker" and "deceiving," that its tendency at *the last* is to "*bite like a serpent*"; that Paul declared if meat made his brother "to stumble," he would abstain, *is* it a wonder that godly men and women and young people "agree to abstain"? 4. Total abstinence is founded upon the foregoing principles, and upon consideration for *others*, due concern for "myself," the common sense view that if *no one* drank, no one could be intoxicated, upon a glad readiness, with Paul, to be "all things to all men. . . . if we may save some,"—on a practical desire to make Right easy and Wrong difficult—a fervent admiration of the good Samaritan, who did not pass by "on the *other* side," and a yearning to be allowed to co-operate with the Master in "destroying the works of the devil."

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

By Rev. J. H. Thorpe, M.A.

April 8th.

Christ's Last Warning.—*Matt.* 23. 23-39.

Golden Text.—*Ps.* 51. 10.

THIS is only portion of a large division of the chapter, beginning at verse 13. At beginning of Christ's ministry He uttered seven beatitudes, at the close He uttered seven woes (the eighth is a summary of the seven, and the ninth is changed into a lamentation over Jerusalem). Blessings rejected will be followed by woes. Note, during Christ's ministry He constantly rebuked Pharisaic formalism—hypocrisy—but almost ignored the unbelief of Sadducees. Hypocrite literally means a stage-player—one who assumes a character he does not possess. Christ regards and judges what *we are*, not what we wish *to be thought*. He notes our *character*, not our *reputation*.

The nearest attempt at a division of the lesson will perhaps be vers. 23-33, the blind leaders; vers. 34-36, the blind followers; vers. 37-39, the blind city. All through, we see excessive attention to outward observances with utter disregard of heart religion; this is ever the tendency of unregenerate man.

Ver. 23. The scrupulosity of hypocrites. M. Henry: "They buy reputation cheap." Godless men are often great sticklers for *little points;* for the devil will occupy men's minds with such, to keep them from the "weightier matters." Punctuality, diligence, and decent behaviour are excellent in scholars when they have "given themselves to the Lord"—if not, what are they worth? *N.B.*—Ver. 24, R.V., "strain *out*."

Ver. 25. So many cleanse themselves from scandalous sins that would injure men's opinion of them, and let sin run riot in their hearts, where only God sees. Remember, we are *really* what we are *within*. "Hypocrisy is a hard game to play at, for it is one deceiver against many observers."—*Henry*.

Ver. 27 sets forth the active effect (as vers. 25, 26 the passive) of such a character. Graves were whitened to warn men off, as they made men ceremonially unclean. These the words of Him who "knew what was in man." Hypocrites are like rusty nails—bad themselves, and fretting the wood around them.

Vers. 29, 30. The world is ever willing to give *post-mortem* honour to God's messengers, for they are *then* silent. See here also a common folly—men flatter themselves they would swim against the stream of former days when they are drifting down the stream of their own; to-day's sins are not last year's.

Vers. 34-36. See, the persevering mercy of Jesus—fresh messengers sent; see, He knows the fate of His servants when He sends them; see, He does not forget the injury done to *one* of His messengers; see, He will pay back in good measure to His Church's persecutors, though He give them repeated opportunity to repent; see, in a word, God "visits the sins of the fathers upon the children," and that bad men will reap the sowing of bad men who went before "this generation."

Vers. 37-39. Note, the willingness of Christ to receive is only limited by the unwillingness of sinners to seek. Contrast "*I would*" and "*ye would not*." Man's free will places it in his own power to "lose his own soul." Men are lost by their *own will*, not by God's. No man can save his soul, but any man can cast it away. On ver. 39 note, Jesus did not show Himself after His resurrection to any but disciples.

Care should be taken to show that in every verse of this lesson, the words of which burn and scorch, the gentle Christ is still true to His nature; we catch a wail with every "woe."

"An infidel came to Dr. Chalmers, and said that Christ could not be so good as He claimed, or He would never have spoken such harsh words as He did to the scribes and Pharisees. Dr. Chalmers asked him to point out the words. He pointed to this chapter. Then the doctor read them so tenderly, with such infinite pathos and love, the unbeliever acknowledged that Christ might *so* have uttered them."

A Warning. *When given.* Same day as last lesson. In temple. After questions about paying taxes, resurrection, and Christ's puzzling, silencing question about David's son.

A Warning. *About what?* Hypocrisy—"to act on a stage." Wearing the "livery of religion" without having its character.

"Next stood *hypocrisy* with holy leer,
Soft smiling and demurely looking down,
But hid the dagger underneath the gown."—*Dryden.*

A Warning. *Why given?* Yet a few hours left to repent.

A Warning. *The last.* Previous ones passed by. The last, the most solemn, most momentous.

A Study of the Verses.

A Glimpse Backward. Vers. 30, 31, 35. Children of murderers. Children who took not warning, but were filling up the measure. Zacharias (see 2 Chron. 24. 20-22). Zachariah's father was *Jehoiada*, but he may have had two names. The books of Chronicles, last in Hebrew Canon, "and the expression 'from blood of Abel to Zacharias,' may naturally be understood as meaning from the first murder recorded in Scripture till last."

"The only Zechariah, son of Barachias, in the Old Testament, is the minor prophet of that name. Of his death we know nothing."

A Glimpse Around. Vers. 14, 15, 23, 25, 29. So far they would pass in the eyes of men.

A Glimpse Within. Vers. 25, 27, 28. God searcheth the heart.

A Glimpse Forward. Vers. 34, 38. 39.

Or, as follows, getting scholars to pick out verses as proofs.

W oes. How many?
A cting Religion.
R evelations.
N arrow teachings.
I nconsistencies.
N ational ruin.
G rief and her ray of hope.

The Charge—put forth.
The Charge—proved.
The Charge—and sentence.

Thoughts for us in the present time—
The hypocrite is not dead.
Hypocrisy works its own ruin.
God the great Dctector (Isa. 29. 15, 16).
A clean heart produces a clean life.

Two or three minutes might profitably be spent in finding Bible Emblems of hypocrisy and Bible Warnings.

Emblems—Matt. 7. 15; Prov. 26. 23; 2 Pet. 2. 17; Luke 11. 44. *Examples*—Herod, Judas, Ananias and Sapphira, Simon Magus.

Warnings—Isa. 30. 1-3; Jer. 42. 18; Amos. 6. 1; Isa. 45. 9.

C. Skinner.

Y.M.C.A. BIBLE CLASS LESSON.

April 8th.

The Fig Tree—Favoured but Fruitless.
Luke 13. 6-9.

By the Rev. F. E. Marsh.

I. *Favoured.*

1. Because of its position—in the vineyard. Like unconverted ones who are surrounded by the preaching of the Gospel, Christian parents, and blessings of God.

2. Because of its relationship; it belonged to the owner of the vineyard. Like the sinner, who belongs to God by right of creation (Acts 17. 28) and by right of purchase (2 Pet. 2. 1).

3. Because of the care and pains taken with it. For three years he came seeking fruit, and after that, at the request of the vine-dresser, it was digged and dunged about. Like God's action to the unsaved—He has made provision for their salvation in the all-sufficient atonement of Christ; He has lengthened out their lives; He has striven with them by His Holy Spirit.

II. *Fruitless.*

Men may make loud professions. Pretensions are not practice. They may be like—

Ananias for profession (Acts 5. 2);
Balaam for preaching (Num. 23.);
Cain for religiousness (Gen. 4);
Demas for promising well (2 Tim. 2. 10);
Esau for repentance (Heb. 12. 16);
Felix for trembling beneath the truth (Acts 24. 25);
Gamaliel for learning (Acts 5. 24);
Haziel for self-confidence (2 Kings 8. 13);
Israel for blessings bestowed from God (Isa. 5.);
Korah for office (Num. 16. 6);
Laodicea for riches (Rev. 3. 14);
Micah for ceremonies (Jud. 17. 1-12);
Nadab for ministry (Num. 3. 4);
Orphah in starting right (Ruth 1. 4);
Pilate in declaring their innocency (Matt. 27. 24);
Reuben for position (Gen. 49. 4);
Simon in being baptized (Acts 8. 13).

Observe the previous context. This passage has a close connection. Some came to Christ to elicit from Him a condemnation of others, but He turned the tables on themselves.

Fig Tree in Vineyard type of the Jewish nation—a people placed under the most favourable conditions as to righteousness; fenced, cultivated, fertilized. Type also of those who possess *Christian Privileges*, country, home, Bible, teachers, friends, ministry, etc.

The Tree had an Owner. So have you. You belong to God. He placed you where you are. You are His workmanship, for He made you.

The Owner Looked for Fruit. Nothing unreasonable here: result expected from care bestowed. So God looks for fruit from men: the fruits of *repentance, faith, holiness.*

The Owner was Disappointed—he "found none." Does He find fruit in us? What return are we making? Have we any faith in, or love to, Him?

The Owner was Patient. "These three years." God is *long-suffering.* Here is no hasty judgment. Time is given for repentance.

The Owner Resolves to Destroy it. "Cut it Down." The voice of justice speaks at last. There is a limit even to Divine patience.

The Tree is Condemned as a Cumberer. It was not only useless, but injurious. It occupied the room which might have been occupied by a fruitful tree. It drained nourishment from the soil which might have gone to nourish a fruitful tree. Barren professors are *in the way*—they are hinderers of others.

Mercy is Reluctant to Abandon the Case. "Let it alone," etc. Further efforts are to be made. Hope is cherished. A reprieve is entreated and granted. "He willeth not the death of a sinner."

Yet even Mercy has to acquiesce in a sentence at last. "*If not*," "*after that.*" How awful is that condition from which even mercy and long-suffering have to retire, beaten and baffled! Some may be very near that point.

James L. Stanley.

THE MAN WHO CAN'T LOOK AHEAD.

By the Rev. J. H. Thorpe, M.A.



OPTICAL science has done much in these last days to overcome defects of vision. Spectacles of all sorts and shapes (we had almost written "colours") are now to be seen resting on the noses of many of Her Majesty's liege subjects, to their great convenience and advantage. Whether these useful articles are capable of being made ornamental to their wearers' faces we know not, but we know from personal experience the benefits they bring. But we fear there will never be invented a pair of spectacles to cure the subject of this article of his short-sightedness. We are constantly meeting the man who can't look ahead, and we regret to say that he is usually a very woebegone, ragged-looking, "won't-you-give-me-a-shilling" sort of poor fellow. Sometimes we meet him in his earlier days, before the effects of his ailments have begun; he is then usually a careless, whistling, don't-care, have-a-lark sort of a customer.

We have noticed that there are three forms of the evil to which "the man who can't look ahead" is liable.

The first is the most aggravated. It may be called *total blindness*. The man who never can see beyond to-day. The man who lives in the present. The man whose mind is absorbed in present thoughts. In a word, the man who mentally, morally, and physically lets the future take care of itself—and poor care it usually is. The most obvious example is the pleasure-seeker. We do not mean for a moment that men are to live, or indeed *can* live, without amusement. We agree with the well-known proverb, "All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." We refer rather to the other side of the matter, "All play and no work, makes Jack a mere toy." How many of our young men seem to have no thought beyond the amusement of the day—at the outside, that of the week. They look on study and business as a disagreeable necessity, a sort of tax and tribute, which of course *must* be paid. But with them the real business of life, that which really commands their interest, energy, and keen sympathy, is pleasure, amusement, fun. And so their youth is spent in a constant rush after some new thing; in arranging some enterprise of pleasure, discussing last night's party or play, debating, perhaps, on some nicety of dress.

We believe it must have been his observation of such men which caused the elder D'Israeli to write, "Youth is a mistake, manhood a struggle, and old age a regret." Is it not written, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth"? and is it not true that these men are dead to the true business of life? Point to any one of them who has done anything which has benefited others. Point to one of them who has ever done well for himself! Not to describe the failure in life caused by this living for the pleasure of the moment, not to speak of its practical infidelity, not to dwell on its deep-dyed iniquity, let us notice how completely it destroys even its own immediate object. Is it not true that the men who devote most time and thought to the pursuit of pleasure are the men who have least of its enjoyment? Who enjoys the picnic the more—he who goes to two or three a week in the season, or the man who has stuck to the work God has given him till he earned his holiday? We say that the truest pleasure, the true intoxication of pleasure (if we may use the phrase), is the feeling of duty done—God, your employer, and your home faithfully served. The man who makes a business of pleasure, to him it becomes a mere business; the man who makes business his business, is the man who really reaps the pleasure of pleasure. Need we dwell on the fact that those we write of, even from their own point of view, are grievously in error? We take it there is a legitimate amount of amusement a man may take in his life. Now if he insists on taking it all at once, what about the rest? What about the proportion which, if right, belongs to his old age? What would become of our city if all the gas-lamps were collected in one spot? No doubt the light there would be very brilliant, but what about the rest? Do you see any analogy in the case of the man who tries to fill his younger years with gaiety and amusement? So we would say Take amusement by all means, but *look ahead!* There is a mental form of what we now write about. It shows itself in a readiness to "run away" with new opinions, an inability, or want of inclination, perhaps, to look at the other side. We are living in days when the religious world is full of energetic apostles of old-fashioned heresies, which they dignify as "modern thought." We believe a very good antidote is the habit of asking, "But where does this lead to?" In almost all schools of thought you meet with enthusiastic expounders of their own opinions, who deprecate calm reasoning, cry up faith (by which they mean credulity), and denounce men who ask disagreeable questions as "narrow-minded," etc. We therefore earnestly ask our readers "to look ahead" about doctrines. It may be a very good plan in mountain climbing to take only one step at a time, but it is a very *unwise* plan in religion. We know who wrote—

> "I do not ask to see the distant scene;
> One step enough for me,"—

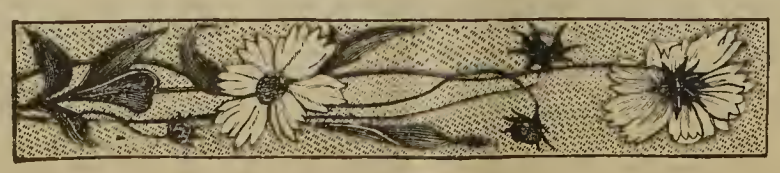
and we know where he ended on this principle. "*Prove all things; hold fast that which is good*"!

One word to the strong and healthy. With respect to your bodily health, "look ahead!" We have known many fine young men before whom lay, as far as human foresight could judge, a lifetime of usefulness. But they have passed away, or are to-day confirmed invalids, because they forgot this. We have specially in our mind earnest young men in a large city, who were engaged in mission meetings and such-like noble work. What was their case? After working all day in offices or places of business, they went home, partook somewhat hastily of food, rushed off to a meeting, spent all the evening in an atmosphere vitiated by gas and the presence of a large and not too clean crowd. This went on week after week, till a crash came, and by-and-by we heard that one or another had to go home broken down. Thus many a worker, capable of doing great things for God, has passed from our view. We do not say a word to encourage idlers or to discourage workers in Christ's vineyard. We want Christian young men and women not to wear out their health by over-work. We want them to stay at home some evenings, read their Bibles, and improve their minds.

The second form of the evil our friend "the man who can't look ahead" may be said to suffer from is *long-sight*. This you will see at once is only partial blindness. It is an inability to see things near at hand. This is the man who lives in the future. He may be a very good man, or a very worthless man, but in either case he is a useless man—except as a warning to others. We have from time to time met earnest men who seemed to think about little else but the Millennium, or the future of the Jews, or the character and particulars of the Day of Judgment, or the occupations of Heaven. Most important all these are in their own place. But our friends were so occupied with these subjects that they seemed never to think of practical Christian work. It never crossed their minds to ask if the Rector wanted Sunday School teachers. District visiting was quite too earthly a pursuit for them, and they positively hated the sound of a collection. Why will they refuse to notice the plain lessons of the Word of God? Why, let us ask them, are we told so little comparatively about heaven, for example? We believe because God's will is, that His people should be rather concerned to obey and serve Him, to do His will and advance His work on earth, than to dwell on the future. He tells us just enough to stimulate us to service, and not enough to occupy our imagination or gratify our curiosity. Let us, then, "act, act in the living present." The same mistake may be made in purely secular matters. Have you not met at times a man who seems to dwell altogether in the future? When he makes his fortune, he will buy that old family residence, he will go into Parliament, introduce a Bill to do dear knows what, and so on. Oh yes, he will do wonders in the sweet by-and-by! Dear, innocent dreamer, forgive us if we rudely rouse you, but truth compels us to tell you that while you are dreaming, your future is being formed for you; and that future will be in kind an exact counterpart of your present. If your to-day is spent in dreams, your future will be made up of the same flimsy texture. To-day is the seed of to-morrow.

Our third point may be described as *short sight*. This, too, is a form of blindness, for now the man who "can't look ahead" sees things very plainly that are close at hand, but is quite blind to things afar. The man looks ahead, but *he does not look far enough*. We mean, his horizon is the present life. He rises early and late takes rest; he eats the bread of carefulness. He works hard and well, that he may have a comfortable and easy old age. Every shilling he can spare goes into the bank for the "rainy day." But he seems to stop there. He seems to forget he has a soul. He takes no trouble about the things of God. He ignores the great eternity which lies before him. Alas for his folly! "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" What a poor thing to lay up a few thousands for an old age, which, after all, he must soon leave behind him, and then enter on eternity—a pauper!

Perhaps there is a reader of this article who is engaged in work which has many difficulties and discouragements. Perhaps there is one who has tried hard to do good, and failed through the apathy of his helpers. Perhaps there is one who is downcast by the divisions and discords of the professing Christian world. Perhaps there is a worker, weary and almost ready to faint, with a daily load which enlists but little sympathy, perhaps no practical help. To each we venture to say, "Look ahead!" Remember, it will not be always as it is to-day. Failure cannot be for ever; your day of work, if wearying, is short. Remember the day is fast approaching when "the whole family in heaven and earth" will be gathered together; then there will be no more bigotry, suspicion, and distrust; then those who could ill agree on earth will be all of one heart and mind; then your hopes and prayers will be amply fulfilled. Therefore, in your trials, in your work, in your desires for the Church of God, do not forget to Look ahead!





EXPECTANCY.

#4313

APRIL 7, 1888. "A.1." ONE PENNY.

THAT HOUSE IN LONDON.

By L. T. MEADE,
Author of "Scamp and I," "A Knight of To-day," "Great St. Benedict's," "The O'Donnells of Inchfawn," "Water Gipsies," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

BETTY CAREW stood before a small cracked glass in her attic bedroom.

On the bed behind her lay a white cap, decked with white bridal ribbons; beside the cap was a snowy kerchief, and a large old-fashioned bib apron. Betty had attired herself in a black gown, made of the finest merino. The gown had crape round the wrists and collar, and had been purchased by Betty as mourning for her late mistress, about a week since.

She looked at it now with great complacency, smoothing down its soft folds, and twisting her head to see the effect at the back. Then she turned to the bed, and, taking up the large white apron, put it on. Above the apron came the kerchief, which she fastened in its place with a black brooch. Lastly she came to the cap; this she twisted round and round on her bony old hand, with a depreciatory movement.

"Come, come, Mr. Graham," she said to herself, "this ain't fair, this ain't. White ribbons for the bride, but where's mourning for the old missis? This cap don't show nothing of a decent, mourning spirit, and if you think, Mr. Graham, that Betty Carew is going to be disrespectful to the past, you are mighty mistaken. Here, this will set the cap right, and I'll be dressed as I should—mourning one side of me, and rejoicing at the other, though, if truth will out, there's little of the spirit of rejoicing in my heart."

Betty unlocked a small drawer, and taking out a huge crape bow, pinned it in front of her white cap; then, much pleased with her appearance, she tripped downstairs.

No. 10, Exmoor Square, had undergone many improvements since the night before Graham's wedding. Paperers and painters had done their work; the hall and staircase were now decked in the most exquisite tints of artistic green; thick, warm, Axminster carpets clothed the old worn stairs; the handsome mahogany rails shone with constant rubbing; a very large and hideous landing window had now been softened and rendered beautiful with stained glass.

In various niches in the wall were placed lovely little statuettes, and here and there—most beautiful and effective of all—were large stands of lovely exotics. In the entrance hall were more flowers, and an aviary full of bright, gay-plumaged little birds.

Betty sniffed as she walked downstairs.

"Very fine, very fine," she muttered; "no thought at all of the old missis, and what she give to him; all for self, and old memories put aside. Things would have been different if Master Jonas had lived. Well, well, come what may, I has taken care that the bridal chamber shall be as it ought."

Betty turned aside on the first landing, and opened a door, which, unlike the other doors, bore no tokens of fresh paint.

The room inside was large and lofty, the ceiling almost black from the smoke of much gas and many fires, the walls covered with a dark and hideous old paper; the furniture was of the antiquated and ponderous type, the bed—a four-poster—had dark moreen curtains, as also had the windows. The



"Graham . . felt almost happy."

time of year was September; and although the evening was chilly and wet, Betty would have thought it the height of wickedness to light a fire in any room except the kitchen before the end of October.

She sniffed now in an appreciative manner.

"Eh!" she said, "this now looks as it ought; there's memories here, there's no disrespect here. Old-fashioned! What of that? I like old fashions, and so did the missis. No pandering to vanities in this room; but respect, and an air of decent mourning reigns in the bridal chamber. Here, I'll put the missis's arm-chair into its old place, and her cushion, and her footstool, and her little three-legged table by the side of the chair; there, there's memories for them. Let them reflect on the ways of that saint! Maybe they'd like a bit of ornament; here's the missis's picture, her profile done in black, and very tasty,—that'll ornament the mantelpiece, and this of poor Master Jonas, when he was a lad, will stand well by the side of it. Saints in glory now, both of them; but they that come after shall have their memories, least-way."

Betty left the room, well satisfied with its appearance, and tripped downstairs.

Here all was brightness and light, flowers, gaiety, and bridal favours. The doors of both dining and drawing-room stood open, and all that tasteful decoration and beautiful furniture could achieve, had conspired to render these rooms attractive for the reception of Graham's bride.

Betty was met by a smart maid-servant, who, in white apron and cap, with bridal ribbons, came to meet her.

"Lor, Mrs. Carew!" she exclaimed; "you haven't got on your proper cap; do let me run up and bring it down to you! Why, you've got a great black bow on the front of this one, and the missis expected any minute. Do let me run up and bring down the right one, ma'am."

Betty stepped back a pace or two in horror.

"Mind your own business, Susan Hastings," she said, in her tartest tones. "The missis has been carried out from these doors, feet foremost, head low, and I mourns for her; my cap means memories; and them as likes to look for the bridal white under the crape bow may do so; but Betty Carew without her mourning for the past shall never be seen in this here house."

"What a horrid old creature!" exclaimed Susan Hastings to herself. "I calls it unlucky to have such a woman about the place; and to greet a sweet romantic bride after such a fashion! It quite curdles one's blood, I declare!

"Well, well, I expect Mrs. Graham will make short work with her," she continued, "and I hope she will, for I don't think she and I can long stay in the same house; she gives one the creeps, no mistake."

Susan ran down to communicate some of her feelings to the new cook and kitchen-maid. She had scarcely done so before carriage wheels stopping short outside the door proclaimed the arrival of Graham and his four months' bride. Never did a sweeter or sunnier face appear on any threshold than Kate's, as she stepped buoyantly into her husband's house.

So good looked the face, so honest and straightforward the candid eyes, so sweet were the lines round the pretty curving lips, that even old Betty, who headed the little procession of waiting servants, was momentarily appeased.

"How do you do, Mrs. Carew?" said Kate; "I am very glad to be at home. How bright and sweet everything looks! Kenneth, dear, is this really the old dining-room? Why, it is transformed!"

"Ye'll find the bedroom as it should be," said Betty, following the pair, and dropping one or two curtseys. "Memories there, and nothing disturbed. The missis's room—the best in the house, got ready as it should be, for the bride. Ay, ay, such is life—last time a funeral, now a bridal."

Betty half muttered her words, and Mrs. Graham, who was flitting about the room, now exclaiming at this thing, now at that, scarcely heard her remark. Graham did, however; he turned round abruptly.

"You haven't given my wife and me Mrs. Alexis's bedroom!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I have, though," answered Betty, raising her eyes defiantly to the young man's face; "what could be better and more suitable?—the largest room, and the one from which the funeral was taken."

"I gave orders that Mrs. Graham was to have the bedroom at the other side of the passage. Why were not my directions obeyed?"

Betty dropped a curtsey, and was about to speak, when Kate came forward.

"It doesn't matter, dear, in the least," she said. "I shall like to sleep in the room where I saw dear old Mrs. Alexis. You are quite right, Betty; take me upstairs now, I should like to wash my hands."

Betty walked out of the room followed by Kate, and Graham, walking over to the mantelpiece, leant his back against it and looked about him moodily.

"I am glad you respects memories, my dear," said the old servant, turning round and speaking with a certain amount of cordiality, as she ushered the bonny bride into her chamber. "Here's everything as it used to be, barring the fire. Here's the arm-chair where the dear saintly lady sat; here's her footstool, and here's the cushion agin which she often pressed her head. And here's her likeness, my dear, and Mr. Jonas's likeness—bless him, my bonny boy!"

"Mr. Jonas!" exclaimed Kate; "who was he?"

"Oh, my dear, don't you know? Well, well, here comes Mr. Graham, so I must go. I'm glad you find the room quite exactly to your liking, Mrs. Graham."

Betty left the room, casting back many shrewish glances as she did so, at the couple who stood together near the dressing-table. Kate began to take off her travelling coat and hat, and then to arrange her bright chestnut hair before a small and very old-fashioned mirror.

Graham stood quite motionless in the centre of the room.

"What is the matter, dear?" said his wife, presently; "you don't look well."

At her word the young man made a great effort to shake off his despondency.

"My sweet," he said, tenderly kissing her, and pushing the hair from her brow, "I ought never to be despondent when I have you by my side; but coming home means that our honeymoon is over—and—and—I shall have to work, and I shan't have you all to myself any more."

"Work is good," said Kate, in her bright way. "I love hard work; in some ways my happiest days are those when I have a little more to do than I can well manage. Hard work rouses the best in me, so I must not pity you for that, Ken; and, my dear," she added, gravely, "we can, if we like, make our lives one long honeymoon."

"No, dearest," he replied to this, "that is impossible; we may love each other always, but troubles will come. There, I don't want to be superstitious, but I feel trouble in the very air of this room. I wish that horrid old woman had not put us here."

"We can move to-morrow, if you really dislike the room," said Kate; "but I think it old-fashioned and comfortable, and I don't want to hurt the old woman's feelings. How fond she seems of her mistress's memory!"

"Come downstairs, Kate, do; the drawing-room and dining-room are much more to my taste. I hope you are not going in for morbid fancies, dear; they don't suit me a bit."

Graham's tone was almost harsh, and Kate glanced at him with a momentary feeling of slight surprise.

Downstairs, however, he shook off his gloom. The dining-room and drawing-room were both so cheerful, the servants were so attentive and well trained, and above all things, his beautiful Kate wore so bright and contented an expression, that he could not long give way to low spirits.

Betty, too, did not put in an appearance, and the rooms were now so altered and transformed that they scarcely reminded him of Mrs. Alexis.

After tea the young people repaired to the drawing-room, where Kate played and sang, and Graham, on whom music had always a great effect, felt almost happy by bed-time.

When they went upstairs, however, Kate made a remark which startled her husband a good deal.

"Kenneth, dear, who was Jonas Alexis?"

Graham had a small glass in his hand; when his wife spoke, he suddenly dropped it.

"Oh, my dear Ken, you have broken my little looking-glass—how unlucky!"

"Don't, don't say that, Kate. Aren't you tired? Won't you get into bed?"

"Yes; but do answer my question—who was Jonas Alexis?"

"How have you heard of him?"

"Betty mentioned his name, and that is his likeness on the mantelpiece; who was he?"

"The son of Mrs. Alexis, of course."

"Oh, I did not know she had a son. Is he alive, Ken?"

There was a slight pause.

"No," answered Kenneth; "he is dead."

Kate went over to the mantelpiece, and taking up the faded photograph, examined it attentively.

"Poor fellow!" she said. "What a gentle face, but not very strong; he has a weak mouth, Kenneth, but his eyes are very kind, and rather sad-looking. His mother must have suffered very much when he died."

While Kate was speaking her husband came over to her side.

"Put down that likeness, Kate," he said sternly. "I don't want to talk of Alexis. He was not good to his mother; he is dead years ago. That photograph does not please me."

"Kenneth, dear, you are ill," said Kate suddenly. "Your hand shakes. There, we won't talk of anything more; you must lie down and rest."

No gloomy room, no old memories could keep Kenneth Graham's happy wife awake, and very soon she was lost in a pleasant world of dreams. Smiles, and blessings, and laughter seemed hers, and she saw no shadow on the horizon, nor guessed how miserable were the feelings of the wretched man who lay awake by her side.

CHAPTER XIII.

KENNETH GRAHAM fell very suddenly. A swift temptation was presented to him; a brief pause, measured by seconds, was his, and then he took the fatal leap. When Jonas Alexis asked after his mother, Kenneth replied that he knew nothing about her. No sooner had this falsehood passed his lips, than he became conscious all through his being that his fate was sealed. He had chosen the side of the evil and the bad, and henceforth Rectitude and he, Honesty and he, Faithfulness and he, Truth and he, must be strangers. The instant the words passed his lips he knew it—he knew what lay before him.

He said to himself,—for he and his conscience had still many parleys together,—he said that his fall had been sudden, that the temptation had been so swift and terrible that he had no time to reflect.

Had he told the truth then to the wretched Alexis, his marriage would have been postponed, probably broken off; the golden cup which all but touched his lips would have been dashed aside; Kate and he would have been parted. Would any man, under such a crisis, have acted differently? Give a man five seconds to make a resolve so momentous, and surely no man, no man could have acted otherwise.

So Graham reflected; and always, at the end of his reflections, he comforted himself with the assurance that the suddenness of his temptation must be his excuse. He fell, as he was fond of saying to himself, in one brief moment.

Here he made a great mistake; he did not in reality fall suddenly—perhaps no one takes this swift leap from good to evil in so hasty a manner; the fortifications must be undermined to cause the strong citadel suddenly to crumble into ruins.

As a boy Graham had been as sweet, and frank, and truthful, and honourable as boy could be. He had a very loving and sensible mother, and she had shown him, by example as well as by words, the straight and upright path of virtue, and had prayed and hoped that he might walk therein.

His mother died, and Graham came to London; and then, little by little, scarcely noticing it himself, he left off all the good old habits of his boyhood. "They were not absolutely necessary," he said to himself; "a man could be very good without them. It was not absolutely necessary to go church every Sunday. Of course he meant God to help him, but it was not really essential to make long prayers. Not for worlds would he give up real spiritual religion; but he need not talk about it, nor make a fuss about it—to talk about one's innermost feelings was bad taste, and no one could expect one so reserved as he was to mention them."

So, little by little, Graham's friends and companions spoke of him as a right good fellow; but they never associated him and religion in the same breath.

He was very steady and very upright—not for worlds in those days would he do a mean thing; but his life was full, crowded, and certainly God was not in all his thoughts.

Then his story came to him, as it comes to us all; he loved, and he loved wisely—no one ever made a better choice than he. He loved, and he suffered, and he struggled; he thought he was to do without Kate, and he was instantly all rebellion and despair. Then, most unexpected, most unlooked for, succour came to him. From being a poor man of no special repute, he found himself suddenly rich, and able to marry the girl whom he loved. He told Kate of his feelings, he gave her a glimpse into a heart full of adoration for her; but even while he spoke to her, even while his whole being hung in suspense on her words, he knew in his heart of hearts that he was not the man he was ten years ago. He was not the bright, frank, ingenuous boy who had kissed his mother's cheek as for the last time he bade her good-bye.

He did not mention, in telling his story to Kate, even the name of Jonas Alexis. Ten years ago he could not possibly have kept this fact back from her.

So in reality, Kenneth's fall was not sudden; the way had been paved all along for the great catastrophe; prayers said at longer and longer intervals; thoughts of God coming seldomer and seldomer; the world taking stronger possession each day of a frail human heart, and when the final blow came the victim had no strength to resist.

It is the first step that costs. Graham, when he told that lie to Jonas Alexis, felt on the instant a perfect agony of remorse; but when Kate asked him, on their return home, her innocent question about the young man, his second great untruth came glibly from his lips.

He lay in bed, however, that night, wide awake and wretched, and felt that even from a worldly point of view he had committed a great error. He had been absolutely unprepared for Kate's question; it was no longer a point with him whether he should choose the truth and virtue, or a lie and evil. The point now for him to consider was which was his safest course, which course would be least likely to lead to eventual discovery. As he lay in bed, in the very room where Mrs. Alexis had died, he saw only too clearly that in telling the lie about Jonas he had endangered himself.

Jonas might or might not be now in London, but any day the possibility arose of his meeting Kate and her husband together. Should such a thing happen, no hints that Graham might be able to throw out would be sufficient to prevent the rather slow-witted Alexis from alluding to their last meeting. Kate would then discover that her husband had deceived her. In addition to the pain which this knowledge would be sure to evoke, she would wonder why he deceived her—she might connect this deception with that curious sealed letter which lay in her possession—in short, by a very simple train of reasoning she might find out the truth. Graham trembled as this fearful idea occurred to him. His love for this woman was still so strong and deep that he would rather all the world knew what he had done than that she knew. That night, had the choice been given him, he would have elected to let all other men and women scorn him, provided Kate still believed him to be true.

What a fool he was to tell that lie about Alexis; if he had not done so, in the event of their meeting him, he might have made up some story which would have satisfied Kate. Now such a course was absolutely impossible.

He thought so much about the mistake he had made, that he had no time to be absolutely sorry for his sin that night; his thoughts were so busy, that remorse had not a chance of getting into his heart, and making havoc there. Otherwise his special surroundings would have been quite enough to make him wretched.

In this very room the woman who had been his benefactress had lived and died; on this very bed she had died, and he, whom she had so implicitly trusted, whom she had so largely served, had broken his faith with her before she was many months dead.

She had said something in her will about a mother's curse. Such a curse resting on a man's head was enough to make him nervous, even though his nerves were made of iron.

The evening, which had been very wet and cloudy, had ended in bright moonlight and a cloudless sky. The ghostly light now came in through the ill-fitting chinks of some very obsolete venetian blinds, and even caught a queer reflection from the glass frame which covered poor Alexis's photograph. Graham, tossing about on his sleepless couch, suddenly caught sight of it.

He started up in bed with a smothered cry, and then began to tremble violently. The ghostly light, the weird effect, had absolutely frightened him for the moment. He could not endure that photograph in the room; he could not look at it himself, and he certainly would not leave it for Kate to look at, to study, to pity.

He stole very softly out of bed, he slipped on his dressing-gown, and taking the photograph, frame and all, in his hand, he managed to open the room door without awakening his wife. The thick carpet on the stone stairs would have prevented even a heavier footfall than his being audible. He went downstairs, down and down, until he reached the kitchen. A little fire still burned in the kitchen range; into this he dropped the photograph, then he deliberately broke the frame and smashed the glass, and threw the broken bits into the dust-bin. Somewhat relieved, he now returned to his room, and lying down by his innocent wife, fell asleep.

The moon set, and the sun, bright, and strong, and beautiful, arose to bid all toilers be of good courage, and to commence a new day with the hope of victory. Kate arose with the song of the lark in her heart, but Kenneth knew that sunset and sunrise alike meant only evil for him. He had chosen wealth, and the woman he loved, —and Evil. He said to himself, "There is no turning back now."

(*To be continued.*)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY first is a simple word,
And neither uncommon nor new;
And yet it is seldom heard,
But when friends apply it to you.

My second, at swiftest pace,
Will run by the hour for ever;
And yet from its own fixed place
Removed can it be? No, never.

But were you as quick as the last,
And, bird-like, could fly to the goal,
Ten centuries would be past
When you had arrived at my whole.

1. Among the cattle in the pasture sward
   Beware of getting this;
2. Or where the colley o'er the sheep keeps guard,
   'Tis well if me you miss.
3. Foreseeing danger, do not go this way,
4. But turn while you in this condition stay.

The answer to this will be given in our Number for April 28th.

RAILWAY TICKETS.

By ANDREW T. SIEBALD,

Author of "Indian Railways," "Railway Signalling," "Russian Railways," etc., etc.



IN the infancy of the railway system, it was customary to issue small paper billets at the booking-offices, in exchange for the money-fare. The billets were torn out of a book; and some of them needed a little writing by the clerk, in addition to the printing which they bore.

As the system extended, however, the bits of paper were superseded by little tickets of cardboard, more convenient and durable. It became necessary to devise some mode of registering or numbering these tickets, to facilitate the adjustment of accounts; and, in recognition of this necessity, Mr. Edmondson invented a machine, which enabled him to number each ticket while printing, and to give each a number different from that of every other. So useful has the system become, that every railway company gradually adopted it; and now there are from 150,000,000 to 200,000,000 such tickets made, printed, issued, paid for, used, and destroyed in the course of twelve months in the United Kingdom, mostly for one journey each, but some for return-journeys, and others as excursion, tourist, market, weekly, monthly, and season tickets.

As at present managed, some of the larger companies print their own tickets; but the others buy them ready printed. The cardboard is made on purpose, at the various country paper-mills. Many, perhaps most, of the varieties are coloured; and some, especially return tickets, bear two colours each, for more easy identification.

This colouring is executed by such firms as that of Messrs. De la Rue, manufacturing stationers. A cutting-machine, working with great rapidity, cuts up the sheets of cardboard into the well-known tickets, all of which are of the same size, to whichever company they may belong. The railway companies themselves, Messrs. Edmondson of Manchester, and Messrs. Waterlow of London, are the chief printers of the tickets, all using machines similar in general principle, though varying in detail. A pile of blank tickets, containing many hundreds, is enclosed in a kind of vertical shoot or pipe, open at the top and bottom. On turning a handle, the undermost ticket is made to slide out and pass over the bed of a small printing-machine. The type is set up in the usual way, with the necessary particulars concerning the name of the company, the two stations which mark the beginning and ending of the journey, the class of carriage, the fare, and so forth.

The number of varieties is necessarily immense, seeing that journeys are made from almost every station to almost every other; and unless the stations are of small importance, different tickets are used for each couplet; so that the system is a complex one. Even if there were only four stations concerned—say London, Rugby, Coventry, and Birmingham—the permutations would amount to twelve. If there were five stations—by adding Stafford to the list—the number of couplets would be twenty. If there were six stations—by adding Crewe—the number of couplets would be thirty; if seven—by adding Manchester—forty-two; and so on. It follows that, where the stations are reckoned by hundreds, or even thousands, the number of couplets increases enormously.

And each couplet is itself greatly varied, according as the ticket is for a single or a return journey, and as the class is first, second, or third. The ticket-printer, therefore, has to be repeatedly varying his form of type, printing off a certain number from each form, and then resetting it up, either in whole or in part. The same turning of a handle which prints the ticket also makes a small number-wheel rotate, and brings a different number, or different combinations of numerals, uppermost each time.

This is an application, on a small scale, of the beautiful principle on which Mr. Babbage's calculating-machine acts.

In the small fraction of a second, which follows the printing of No. 4875, for instance, the apparatus changes the digit figure to 6, and is ready to print 4876 on the next ticket. Error is scarcely possible here, for the wheels and axles of the apparatus can only rotate in one direction, and in certain relations with each other.

Two tickets are under operation at the same time, side by side, one being printed while the other is being numbered. The tickets enter the machine as an unprinted pile, and quit it as a printed pile, without being touched by the hand.

The blank tickets are furnished at a shilling to eighteenpence per thousand; but the cost of the printed tickets varies with the number of each kind printed, a smaller rate per thousand being charged when the number is large. An ingenious verifying machine is used to examine the tickets before being made up into packets to send to the station-clerks. The tickets descend through a shoot, display their numbers openly one by one, pass on, and form another pile a little further on; while they do this, a number-wheel as rapidly changes its uppermost number.

When fifty or a hundred tickets have thus passed, the attendant stops the handle, and compares the exposed ticket with the exposed number-wheel; if they agree in the numeral, all is right, and the operation proceeds. The tickets are tied up into small packets of a hundred or more each, and those packets are literally as hard as solid wood. Two or three of the great companies require twenty million tickets a year each; but the actual number is constantly varying, owing to the extension of the through-booking system.

Each booking-clerk at the stations is responsible for the tickets entrusted to him; he must apply for a renewal of each kind in sufficient time, and must hold the money forthcoming for such as have been issued. Each kind of ticket is piled, with the lowest number undermost, in a separate cell in his ticket-case; and the cell is so contrived that he can draw out the undermost ticket without disturbing the others.

So regular and certain is this action, that he does not require to count his remaining tickets, to see how many he has sold; if his lowest number before was 807, and his lowest number now is 849, he knows for a certainty that he has issued forty-two of those tickets. It is generally the custom for the booking-clerk to pass each ticket, as he is about to issue it, into an upright cylindrical machine, where it is instantly printed with a date; but where the issue of tickets is very great, this date-printing is done beforehand, to save time.

When the journey has been completed, and the ticket handed up by the passenger, all the tickets are sent to the accountant, or some other officer of the company. Many of them require to pass through the Clearing House, while the rest are dealt with by the companies to whom they more immediately belong.

All being duly verified, checked, and audited, the tickets have done their work. They are put into a mincing or shredding machine, and cut up into fragments, in order to prevent any possible use of them again in a surreptitious way; and then the fragments are sold to the paper-makers, at so much per hundredweight, to be re-converted into cardboard, and to contribute to the formation of fresh tickets. Such is the process of ticket manufacture and usage, the whole routine being typical of that gigantic and accurate system to which railway affairs have at length attained.

As is generally known, it is a serious offence against railway law to occupy a seat in a carriage of a higher class than that for which the ticket is issued. Tricks of this kind occasionally take place; but as prevention is better than punishment, the obligation to show tickets before starting generally insures attention to the peremptory rule of neither travelling without a ticket, nor with one of a wrong denomination. The tickets are usually collected before the passengers leave the carriages; but on the Metropolitan, the Blackwall, the North London, and some other lines having a heavy traffic, the collection is made as the passengers leave the station. This saves time, but the arrangement tempts unscrupulous persons to travel in a carriage higher than that for which they have paid, seeing that the liability to detection is lessened. Many people, indeed, seem to think that cheating a "Company" is not essentially the same as any other dishonesty.

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Thirteen Hundred Miles in My Caravan," "From Pole to Pole," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE INNUITS' PARTY.

BY breakfast-time next morning the storm had worn itself out. It howled no longer round the ship. The clouds had gone with the wind, and the stars were now very bright indeed. There was, too, a new moon, lying low on the horizon like a gilded scimitar, and independent of the Aurora, which danced among the Northern ice-bergs. There was light enough to see a party of the Innuits, with their dogs, leaving the shore, and making straight for the slip.

"Now then," cried the captain, rubbing his hands, "what say you, men, to a good hard day's work? I would like to start those savages to do something."

"I'm in fine form," said Jack.

"So are we, I think, Godfrey," said Dess.

Young Nat stretched himself lazily. "I was going to read a book——"

"Nonsense!" said his cousin. "Leave books to the ladies."

"Oh! I assure you *we* are not going to read books at prescnt, are we, Katie?"

"No," answered Katie. "I want to do something to make me feel tired. We can read in the evening."

"After sunset, eh?" said Captain Boyd, laughing.

"Well, Captain Boyd, I mean after what would be sunset if the sun hadn't gone south to keep himself warm."

The people of the *Oona*, at all events, were in good spirits, and when the bell rang, all hands — combatants and non-combatants — appeared on deck, and Dresky was there too.

"How can we induce your people to work?"

It was evident the savage chief understood the captain. He proceeded to act interpreter.

"No workee, no eatee. No workee, no plenty tabak."

"Tabak" was the keynote, this was evident.

"Merrily does it then!" cried Jack, who took command of all the parties. And in a few minutes all hands were over the side and busy at work.

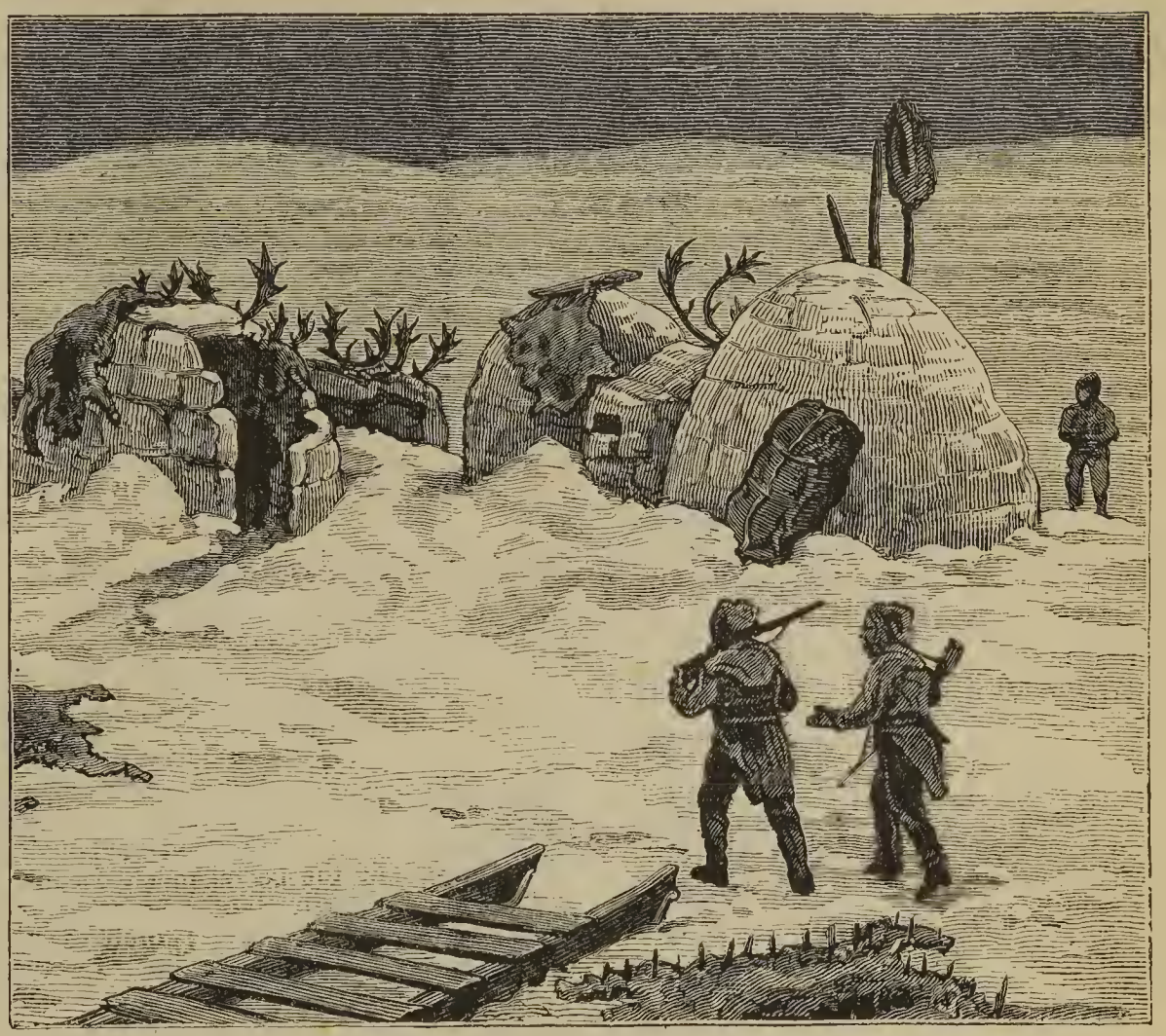
The snow was not deep, having blown away almost as soon as it fell. But a large space was thoroughly cleared around the vessel, and the fishing holes and water hole were re-opened. Besides this, a path was made all the way to the shore, Jack explaining to Dresky, and Dresky telling his men, that to keep these portions of the ice clear would be their duty all the winter, and their payment would be tea, "tabak," and plenty of food.

The last seal had probably now gone far away south, the last bird had assuredly fled; but, on inquiry, Dresky informed our people that it would be possible to beat up a bear now and then, and that bear's flesh was "plenty good eatee."

Two long months went slowly past, but Boyd and his officers never once relaxed their efforts to keep the men at work and at play, and therefore in health and spirits. And he was nobly seconded in his efforts by the two Nats, and by the ladies. Katie continued her readings. Concerts of all kinds were got up, and recitations as well. To some of the former the more respectable Innuits were invited, and Dresky even contributed to the harmony. But after all said and done, it was

"A weary time, a weary time,"

and one day Katie let her head drop on her cousin's shoulder, as she sat beside her on the sofa.



"Jack and Desmond would sally forth."

"I wish all this darkness was over," she whispered, in a most melancholy voice.

Poor Katie! she was sighing and longing for the sun.

A day or two later came the festive evening, on which the *Oona's* people had been invited by old Dresky.

"Going to a party, my ladies!" said old Sally, in amazement. "Oh! poor dears! Why, both o' ye will freeze wi' low-bodied dresses."

Miss Graves laughed as she explained that evening costume would not be a necessity on this occasion, and that furs must take the place of satin and lace.

The kashga, where the Innuit gathering was to take place, was quite a large affair, and on this auspicious occasion, was thronged with the *élite* and beauty of the tribe.

There was, however, a place of honour retained for the party from the *Oona*, including raised seats for the ladies, these and the floor in front being comfortably covered with bear skins.

The chief attraction of the entertainment was its novelty. As, however, the white folks did not understand it, any more than an Innuit would the Italian opera, much of its beauty was doubtless thrown away on them. But Chips and old Bob-a-link,—both of whom were honoured guests,—seemed quite to appreciate the fun, and laughed immoderately; and it was a treat for the ladies to watch the effects of the fun and recitations on the listening savages.

Every face there was a study, in brown and white, for when they laughed, their sun-coloured faces were wreathed in smiles, their eyes twinkled and sparkled with merriment, and their by-no-means limited expanse of mouths showed teeth like alabaster, or like real ivory.

It would be impossible to describe so strange a performance. It was fantastic, if not funny. There was a deal of singing, to the accompaniment of a kind of rude feather-adorned drum, the musicians themselves being plentifully adorned with foxes' tails and feathers, and strings of sea-gull eggs. The performer not only sang but moved rhythmically to the tap of the drum, while the song itself was at once a story and a chant. Chips said it described great deeds done in the hunting-fields, and in chase of walrus or whale by sea, in boats; but was everywhere pleasantly and copiously interlarded with allusions to scenes of domestic life and village incident.

But on this particular night, there was something very special indeed, for Dresky himself favoured the audience with "Auld Lang Syne," of all songs in the world. His voice was peculiarly drone-like, and as he sang he came constantly moving round and round, so as to face and sing to every point of the compass. If I remember rightly, our own song of "Auld Lang Syne" consists of about eight verses; Dresky's had fifty, if it had five.

It was quite evident that Dresky was quite as much the great traveller to these simple Innuit savages as Livingstone was to Englishmen. He had been everywhere, and learned everything. According to Jack Silk, the following is the first verse of the "Auld Lang Syne" which Dresky droned—and Jack assured Katie next morning at breakfast that the diction was quite correct, for he had taken it down word for word as Dresky droned it.

Those of my readers who are musically inclined, may adapt it to the air, and try it. They may also be glad to learn that it is not copyright, and may therefore be performed in public,—by those who like it sufficiently.

"O rinky, ransky, cora leesh,
O chonga tilkee ree;
O kotsko, chilkee, oonee hah
Cheeka tonga lee."
Chorus.—"O rinsky, ransky, coraleesh," *ad. lib.*

It was worthy of remark, Jack added, that old Dresky did not let anybody join in the chorus but himself, and that the air, as set, was peculiarly well suited to his voice—a minor-major key, with five and twenty flats, extras and accidentals not charged for.

However, there is no doubt about one thing. Dresky's droning gave the greatest satisfaction, and was *encored*, upon which he immediately droned fifty verses more.

Immediately after this, afraid perhaps that they would have to listen to another half-hundred stanzas, Miss Graves looked at Captain Boyd, and glanced significantly at Jack, and hereupon all rose and smiled, and bowed and retired.

It was a beautiful starlight night, and the air felt infinitely cold on coming out of the hot tent, but it was also infinitely fresh and exhilarating, and nobody would have returned to the concert-room for a good deal.

Then their quarters did seem snug and delightful now. The inside of both the parlour and retiring room was lined with skins, and beautiful fires of coal and wood were burning on the low hearths, and sending quite a cheerful glow round the apartments. Though the table was in itself a rough one, no fault could be found with the snowy cloth that covered it, nor with the well-cooked dishes that graced the board.

When the party entered the house, the sky was well starred all over, not a cloud being visible, and only a faint phosphorescent light on the northern horizon. When they left to go on board, after a cosy two hours spent around the fire, talking of their homes in the far-off States and merry England, a sight was presented to their eyes such as those who have once seen it are never likely to forget while life does last.

The poet Burns talks about

"The Aurora Borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;"

but half the display did not seem so much in the sky as about them, on every side. It is difficult to give any correct idea of those curling curtains of phosphorescent lace-work hung so close overhead.

They seemed almost tangible, changing shape, and form, and colour every second, glimmering like ghosts, leaping, dancing, quivering, flickering, here, there, and everywhere; advancing in rows and regiments spear-armed, meeting, mingling, battling, dancing, retiring, hurrying up again in squadrons, mixing, fighting; emitting a sound (the sound may or may not be all imagination; I have heard it in the deep silence of an Arctic night, and can only liken it to the noise you make by rubbing the forefinger rapidly up and down the page of a book), a sibilant, whispering, hissing sound, which Innuits tell us only the good can hear; suddenly going out to appear in the millionth part of a second on the southern hill-tops, there to dance, stream, and gleam, and glow, and burn, as if unseen suns were casting rosy-red rays on them, or pale greens, or saffrons.

The display ceased almost at once, and in silence the party returned to the vessel.

* * * *

Snow fell again next morning, but not much, and by ten o'clock a party of non-combatants had so far cleared the ice that skating could be resumed.

It must not be supposed that the good people of the *Oonalaska* had determined to devote *all* the winter to sporting on the ice.

No; but Captain Boyd, as an old Arctic sailor, knew very well that plenty of exercise, and that, too, taken in the open air, is the best preventive of sickness, and of that harrowing, gloomy forerunner of all evil to those who winter here, namely, *ennui*, and its attendant misery.

That must be kept at bay at all hazards, so the doctor and his captain had many a talk about it. McPhee was really a long-headed fellow, and knew a good deal about his profession, both theoretically and practically, and he was never tired of planning for the comfort of those under his charge.

Winter customs had, however, already been inaugurated. No lazy habits, either fore or aft, were encouraged. As regularly as the chronometer itself did the bell ring for breakfast at eight o'clock, and the stewards march in with it. Even before this, not only the men folks, but the ladies as well, had gone for a turn on deck, so every one was fully prepared to do ample justice to the good things put on the table.

After breakfast, Jack and Desmond would take their guns and sally out, generally taking one of the Innuits with them from the village.

After dinner came work or pleasure, or both combined. Even on days when the wind blew too keenly to make going from home enjoyable, exercise of many kinds, and many sorts of games, were carried on, on board ship.

The ship's fiddler was in great request; he could accompany a song well, and many an old-fashioned melody, that brought tears to the listener's eyes, he used to play of an evening: for sailors will think of home at times, you know.

(*To be continued.*)

TALKS WITH MARRIED FOLK

ABOUT THE MANAGEMENT OF INCOME.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

No. 4.—WHEN AND HOW TO SAVE.

(*Continued.*)



S with eggs and potatoes, so with many other things. Butter can often be bought by the barrel much cheaper than by the pound; apples by the barrel; oranges by the hundred; flour by the sack; and bacon by the side. Where there are cheap markets in the neighbourhood, fish, meat, and vegetables may often be bought in quantities at exceedingly low prices, and during three-quarters of the year there is no reason why this advantage should not be gained, if only the meals can be planned beforehand, and the ready money is at hand. But the pity is, that so many housekeepers are hampered for want of ready money; they cannot market economically, because they have to market by driblets. The way to gain this ready money is to estimate beforehand, and draw a plan; and by this means not only money, but time and trouble will be saved.

Yet a good many people say, "I do not approve of buying in large quantities, because I find that to do so leads to extravagance. What is easily got is freely used, and so, in the long run, nothing is saved."

In reply, all we can say is, that here management comes in; food *must not* be extravagantly used. Consumption must be watched, and necessities calculated. But in making our limitation we have to remember that when we buy economically we can more easily dispense liberally. If we buy oranges at 3s. a hundred, for instance, we can give them away much more freely than if we buy them at two for three halfpence.

I should say, then, that wise buying was one of the most effectual ways of saving. Yet, even for this, physical strength and a certain leisure are needed; and these are not at the disposal of every one.

If we agree that economy does not mean only saving, but means much more "wise spending," we shall also agree that "wise spending" involves spending money upon what is best of its kind.

To buy cheap things because they *are* cheap, is one of the greatest extravagances which married people can commit. The best things endure; they answer their purpose; they "stand in some stead"; they accomplish a good end. Cheap things are made to sell; they rarely answer any other purpose; and therefore people who have very little money to spend, are the very last who can afford to get them. Yet, unfortunately, these people are the very ones to buy them. Whenever you meet with people who have got well hold of their income, and who are succeeding in managing it, you find them most careful to buy the *best*. They cheerfully pay a halfpenny more here, and a penny more there; but they invariably think of quality before price.

The people who have nothing are exactly the ones who fritter money away. Of course the one fact explains the other; for if they did not fritter money away, they would not be so very poor; if they had a plan for their expenditure, and understood exactly how much was to be spent in this department, and exactly how much was to be spent in the other, they would have realised that to spend a penny here or a penny there, was to land themselves in difficulties. The more experience we have in saving and spending, the more thoroughly we realise how quickly trifles piled one on the top of another mount to a respectable sum.

If we could collect together, for example, all the pennies that are spent on cheap sweet stuffs on any one Saturday, in any large town, we should have a sum large enough to do very good service. Yet, if we were to say this to the fathers and mothers who buy the sweets, they would very likely answer,—

"It's very hard if the poor children cannot have a few sweets now and again!"

To a remark like this I should reply: "I think it is very hard that the poor children have them! The sweets do nothing but mischief. They help to ruin the teeth; they injure the digestion; they take away the appetite for good wholesome food; and they help to create that desire to be constantly sucking something, and swallowing something, which is very hurtful, and which, once acquired, *may* lead to drunkenness in later life. Mothers and fathers who give their children sweets, do not know what they are about on the children's account; and on their own account, if once they form the habit of squandering trifling sums on nonsense of this kind, they never know where they are."

There is another consideration that ought to make us willing and determined to buy what is excellent of its kind, and to turn away from cheap rubbish of all sorts. It is, that for making the cheap rubbish, low wages have been paid. In these days a great deal of the suffering that arises from people having to struggle to manage with insufficient means, is the result of cutting down prices, and trying to get as much as possible without paying a fair price.

In the long run this leads to loss for every one. The people who are paid low wages, and who are beaten down in their bargains, do not give the same good work that they would do, if they were trusted and paid properly; their great aim is to make their work *seem* good, without being so. Thus the employer is paid out in his own coin, and there is dishonesty all round; but the workers who are least able to stand up for themselves suffer the most.

If, however, people would aim at having

what was good, instead of having what was cheap, this evil would be considerably lessened, and at the same time the purchasers would be benefited even in their pockets, for they would have laid out their money to better advantage.

And surely, if the sensible married people who are trying to manage their income intelligently, who want to pay their way honourably, and make much out of little ; who have the desire to be thrifty, independent, and yet just—if they could realise that through buying cheap goods they were making it very hard for others, and increasing the suffering of the weak and the unfortunate, they would turn away from so miserable a business, and keep their hands clean of it.

"It must needs be that offences come," the greatest of Teachers once said ; "it must needs be that offences come ; but woe to the man through whom they come." Decidedly the people who buy the cheap goods, because they are cheap, are not free from this condemnation.

But perhaps some one feels inclined to say, "This is a painfully serious way of talking about managing the income. We have never thought about it in this way. We wanted to find out how we could make a little go a long way ; what little dodges we could adopt to spend little and get much, to save here and save there, and yet enjoy all the advantage of having lived as if we were millionaires. You speak as if expenditure, marketing, and housekeeping had to do with religion, and our duty to God and our neighbour, and as if the management of the income were a most solemn affair."

So it is. Looked at aright, there is nothing more serious or more solemn with which we have to do. The "dodges" come in certainly, and of them we will speak in a moment, though we will not call them dodges ; we will call them "the teachings of experience." But we must have a fair understanding of what we are aiming at ; and it must be remembered that we are aiming at getting on the top of our income, at escaping from its power, preventing anxiety about it weighing down our lives. We can only do this by entering on our task in a right spirit,—the spirit which accepts economy as a duty, and makes it simply a means to an end ; that end the highest and best welfare of those whom we love, and of all with whom we have to do, including ourselves. To accomplish this we must spend wisely, but we must also do without wisely ; and we must not let either spending or doing without be the chief or only concern of life.

It was said a little while ago that one way of saving was to buy in quantities—to refuse to buy in driblets,—because people who buy in driblets throw away advantages, and "let money run out at the heels of their boots" ; and that the reason why so few can do this was that they are short of ready money. The question then comes, How are we to provide that ready money? The answer is the one that has been given before : Look ahead ; arrange and prepare beforehand. Thus, when we were planning out our income, we found that we must set aside one-half for household expenses, which included coal, gas, cost of living, servant's wages, and various other items. Now, if our expenditure is too large, and we feel it necessary to retrench, we shall probably fix on the household expenses as the detail which must first be dealt with in the way of reduction. A very clever woman once said that "a good manager was a person who had learnt to do without, and who knew *what* to do without." This is exceedingly true. Bad managers do without, and generally a good deal of it, but they do without the wrong things,—the things which by rights they ought to have. They are not entirely destitute ; they spend something ; if they did not, there would be no question of managing at all ; but they choose to save on the wrong thing. We want, then, to discover what is the right thing.

And now for the practical aspect of this question. If I were asked to say, straight out, in what departments saving might be made in the majority of household expenses, I should reply, in butcher's meat, in the laundry, in coal, gas, prevention of waste, and dress. We will take these departments one by one.

All housekeepers know that the butcher's bills are the heaviest bills they have to pay. And yet it is not unlikely that, if they were advised to buy less meat, they would think that they were being advised to live miserably, and to starve themselves. People who have been accustomed to it like meat ; they like the flavour, and the feeling it gives of hunger satisfied ; and they imagine that if they are deprived of it, they are deprived of something which makes life endurable.

Now, I am not opposed to meat. I am by no means a vegetarian ; and I think well-cooked meat once a day is very excellent. But I am equally certain that a great many people would be better both in health and pocket, if they would not depend quite so much on meat.

For meat is very stimulating food ; it throws a good deal of work upon the digestive organs ; it loads the blood with impurities, and taxes the liver and other organs sorely. When taken in excess, it even affects the character ; it makes people full blooded and likely to get angry quickly, and it also makes them bilious and indolent.

Writers on cookery very often compare the human system to a common fire, and the food that is taken to keep us strong and well they liken to the fuel which is put on the fire, and consumed to keep the fire alight. If we might continue this simile, we should say that people who use much meat are trying to make a good fire by putting on huge lumps, while the stove is choked up with ashes.

The lumps are very good, but they will not burn quickly, and there is just a chance that they will not burn at all. If the stove could be cleared out, so that air could get in, and some small nobbles were put on judiciously, we should have a fire blazing merrily in a very short time.

Especially does this condition apply to children going to school. Very often mothers, anxious to do the best they know, say to themselves, "Oh, my children are working hard at school ; I must provide them with plenty of meat. They will never be able to work hard and thrive on anything else. There is nothing so good for them as mutton chops and beef steaks, and no matter how expensive they may be, mutton chops and beef steaks my children shall have."

Yet, to buy these chops and steaks is a heavy drain on the household expenses ; and if the housekeeper who buys them keeps accounts, and will examine those accounts for the last six months, she will find that her heaviest item has been butcher's meat ; and she will see that if the butcher's bill could be very considerably lessened, she would manage very much more easily.

The pity of it is, that both children and grown-up people who are in a normal state of health would be positively better if they had meat in moderation, and a more liberal supply of less stimulating food. To make this change in their nourishment would for them be equivalent to feeding the fire with easily burning nobbles, instead of loading it with hugh unmanageable lumps. The saving of expense produced by this alteration would be very material.

Housekeepers would perhaps be more likely to believe this statement if they realised what food does for us. There is a proverb which says, "Strength goes in at the mouth," and some people seem to think that in swallowing food they swallow strength.

But it does not necessarily follow at all. Different foods are made up of different elements, as they are called, and one element will no more do the work of another than a housemaid in a large establishment, where there are many servants, will set to work and cook the dinner, when it is her business to be dusting her top bedrooms. Now it happens that the element for which meat, poultry, and fish are valued is present also in foods which are much cheaper, namely, in eggs, milk, peas, beans, lentils, oatmeal, maize, and flour.

The housekeeper, therefore, who will introduce these foods into the diet of the family will be furnishing the same elements that she would supply if she furnished chops and steaks. As for the young people, they will thrive better if they have simple foods, bread, milk, vegetables, and fruit, with the stimulating food once a day.

We often wonder that the Scotch are such a hardy race ; but the reason is evident : in country districts they are fed largely on oatmeal, and they get plenty of fresh air. To quote the words of a lady who has given much study to the subject of food : "One pound of oatmeal will give a man as much strength as three pounds of lean beef, or three pounds of veal, or three pounds of boiled ham."

There is no doubt that amongst people who have not been accustomed to them there is a strong prejudice against lentils and haricot beans. I once heard a woman say, "I'm tired of the name of lentils. Your good managers are always throwing lentils and haricot beans at our heads, and my people cannot endure either ; whilst, as for porridge, they hate the sight of it." It is a little unfortunate when people who have very little money "cannot endure" nourishing food which can be bought for a few pence, and have a liking for food which costs shillings. The probability is, that unless these people conquer their prejudices they will spend the rest of their lives at Agony Point. Let us hope they will enjoy their rump steaks and their mutton chops there.

I do not care, however, to talk on a subject like this with people who think only of what they like and what they fancy. I suppose myself to be conferring with those who want to manage an income which they feel is small for their needs in such a way that health shall not suffer, comfort not be sacrificed, nor honesty and self-respect thrown overboard. And I maintain that one of the most effectual means of securing these ends through lessening the household expenses, is by lessening (not abolishing, mind,) the butcher's bills through varying the diet, and obtaining from cheaper kinds of food, and also from cheaper parts of meat, the nourishment and the appetising meals which ordinary humanity would obtain from the best and most expensive joints.

A DARING DEED; OR, LEILA'S LEAP AND LEILA'S LOVER.

By G. de la Plante.



"'I presume you are aware that his brother was a thief?'"

THAT long limestone cliff cropped up in the midst of a fertile plain. Its bare, rugged surface fronted the road by the river, whilst at the back it sloped down gently, until it regained the level of the rich tillage lands. Two miles long at least was the bluff, and right in its centre, almost overhanging the road, was a quaint old mansion, rearing its gabled roof towards the sky, and defying the stormy gales from its coigne of vantage.

The situation of Cliff Castle was less convenient than picturesque. The land at the back was laid out in large farms, with distant houses dotted here and there; all the civilization of the country lay right below the cliff, so that though the occupants of the Castle could look down on the pretty little village, and could almost hear words spoken on the road below, they had no way of reaching the lower level, except by going round the end of the bluff, a distance of two miles at least.

If adventurous schoolboys had lived at the Castle, no doubt a ladder would have been constructed down the face of the cliff, or else the overhanging branches would have been experimented upon with more or less success; but school-boys,—except a stray "trespasser" from the village,—had not set foot in the old Castle for long, long years, nor were they likely to do so.

The place belonged to an elderly man, Burton Trench by name, who shared few interests with the homely people around. He was eminently respectable in his habits, and regular in his attendance at church; he encouraged local trade, and did not set his servants' tongues a-wagging; in short, there was no reason to dislike the man, except that he had a sort of half-veiled contempt for the narrow mental horizons of his neighbours, and made them feel that he, and he alone, was possessed of culture and refinement. In the matter of horizons, his was the limited one, after all, for whilst the village folk were happy in a simple piety, that looked for a life to come, the rich man in the Castle had his view bounded by the things of time and sense.

Burton Trench was a man of refinement in all his tastes. Books, pictures, curios of various kinds, above all, jewels; these he collected, and on them he lavished his care. He was not a miser,—gold was only valued by him for its power of enlarging his "Collections" with rare and costly things.

Suddenly, he brought an orphan niece to live with him in his Castle on the cliff. Conjecture was rife as to his motive, but conjecture was as resultless as usual. There the niece was, without a doubt, and there she seemed likely to stay. Leila Montarn quietly took her place amongst the collections, an object of less interest and responsibility to the proprietor of both. When Burton Trench spoke of the girl, he laid a delicate emphasis on "*my* niece," which conveyed to a discerning hearer that Leila was one of her uncle's chattels—nothing more. The village folk instinctively learned the lesson, and never, even by their cottage firesides, questioned the uncle's right to his niece.

But after a year or so, one man did. Some five miles away, across the plain behind the cliff, was a large old homestead, in the midst of broad acres of rich tillage land. The best farm in the townland was Harley Haugh; but the Harleys themselves had somewhat fallen from their once high estate. The old couple were tottering on the verge of the grave, prematurely aged by sorrow. Of their twin sons, one had turned out a hopeless scapegrace, and after inducing his father to mortgage every acre of land, had absconded with the money, leaving numerous heavy debts unpaid, which the old man was too proud to repudiate. This burden, added to the interest on the mortgages, sorely crippled the family resources. Hugh, the remaining son, had stood by his father in the struggle, spending but little himself, and working both early and late on the farm. His hands were hardened from toil, and his face was bronzed from exposure to all weathers, but for all that, Hugh Harley was every inch an English gentleman. His clear eye had not a shadow of dulness; his firm lips were not relaxed, and his broad, white brow told of no degeneration in mental power. This was the man who dared to claim the hand of Burton Trench's niece,—and the chattel was refused him.

Now Leila had a will of her own. She and Hugh Harley were one in heart and aim, and no uncle's prohibition could part them. She would not disobey the man who had given her a home, and made himself her protector; but she was not going to give up Hugh.

She told her uncle so one day. He sat by his table reading the record of some recent sales. Leila came close to his side. "Uncle," she said gravely, "I wish you to know that I love Hugh Harley, and have promised to be his wife some day."

Burton Trench took no notice of the girl, so she turned from him, and walked to the door. As the handle slowly turned, the paper slid from her uncle's hands, and he glanced over his shoulder to where she stood. "I presume you are aware that his brother was a thief? Those things run in families, I understand."

"I don't care *what* his brother was," cried the girl; "he himself is noble and true!"

"Really?" was the cynical reply, as the paper was resumed; "oblige me by not

referring to the matter in my presence again."

Henceforth Leila's life would have been gloomy if she had not had sunshine in her heart. She could see Hugh but seldom, for he was busy now with his men, as they sowed the seed in the rich red soil, and letters from him her uncle had forbidden.

A month passed by. Burton Trench was more than ever absorbed in his jewels, adding now and then to his precious stores, and devising all sorts of precautions for their safe keeping. Reports had reached his ears that his jewels were of wide repute, and began to be unenviably notorious. It was scarcely possible that treasure to such amount should escape assault; but Burton Trench flattered himself that it was one thing to wish for the rare contents of his cabinets, and quite another thing to reach them. Even Leila did not know the secret of those mysterious springs and locks.

One fine Spring night, when the young moon peeped in and out amongst the broken clouds, some one possessed with a longing for those jewels made entry into the old Castle on the cliff. Leila was late that night, and heard the stealthy movements in the room below. No thought of jewels or robbers came to her mind; she imagined that her uncle was ill, and needed her. Ten o'clock was his usual bed-time; it was now a little past midnight.

The girl, shading her candle with her hand, crept gently downstairs. Her uncle never liked her to fuss about him, so she would not disclose her presence until she was sure he needed her help. Some one else had heard the noises too. Outside the door of the study stood her uncle himself, his face pressed close to the chink of the door, through which shone a faint gleam of light. Instinctively the girl blew out her candle, and, drawn by some strange fascination, came on noiselessly and unseen, until she too could see through the open door. There was a look of almost cruel expectancy on her uncle's face, which froze her to the heart. Whom was he watching? If it were a robber, why did he not rush forward to rescue his treasures from the thief? Suddenly a low sob of terror and dismay burst from the girl's white lips. What had she seen? Bending over her uncle's jewel case, his deft fingers seeking to undo the lock, was—oh! could it be real, or was it a hideous dream?—Hugh, her Hugh! The sound she made caused her uncle to look round; his face softened one moment into pity as he saw the anguish of the girl, then he held up a warning finger to her, and again bent forward, fixing his eye on the man still intent on his midnight work.

Leila longed to cry out, but her tongue was paralyzed and refused its work. Those moments seemed like hours of agony to the girl, but at last the suspense was broken by a quick sharp report, a flash of light, a cloud of smoke, and then a heavy fall. The figure standing over the cabinet had vanished, and Burton Trench bent over a prostrate form on the floor. Leila stood one moment transfixed. Then from the midst of the smoke came her uncle's voice, hoarse and broken,—

"Get the doctor, quick, child, quick;—I believe it has killed him."

To Leila it seemed in that awful moment as if death were the best end of Hugh's dishonour; rather, far rather, would she have lost her lover, than have thus had to lose her faith in him. As she turned quickly to obey her uncle, the first movement brought a rush of blood to her frozen heart; her faith revived; some dread mystery there was, some awful mistake, but Hugh was not, could not be, a common thief. She sprang forward, without a thought of the chill night air; a cloud of shame would rest on her lover's name if her footsteps failed to bring relief in time; but alas! an hour at least must elapse before she could reach and rouse the doctor, if she took the long road round by the cliff.

Leila's fleet steps had already reached the old lime tree on the carriage drive; there she stopped short and stood waiting, looking up as if for a heavenly light. Was that daring thought God-sent, or the creature of her fevered brain? Dared she risk her life by trying that awful climb down the face of the limestone bluff? Had she nerve enough to do what no woman had ever done before? Life, honour, love hung upon her action. God helping her, she dared do all. One swift, fervent prayer went up to the cloudy sky, then Leila hastened across the narrow strip of greensward, and took one long look down the dark face of the cliff. As her eyes strove to pierce the darkness, the moon burst through the clouds, as if its light were Heaven-sent to guide her on her way.

In a moment the paling was surmounted, and slowly, slowly the girl swung herself over the edge of the cliff. Her face was white and resolute, her dark hair was dishevelled and undone, and her short, panting breath told that she realized her danger indeed. Still, though the flesh yielded to terror, the girl's heart was strong, and she firmly held the branches that overhung the cliff. Down, down she went, treading in the uncertain moonlight, where, in the fuller revelation of the day, she would have feared to step. It was an awful strain. Her light, loose dress helped her, by leaving free her limbs; but those slender arms were ill used to bearing the whole weight of her body, and more than once it seemed as if they must give way.

At last, long last, came the final descent. So much had been safely passed, surely failure could not await her now.



"Her short, panting breath told that she realised her danger."

Below her in the uncertain moonlight lay the road, how far distant she was afraid to guess, and between her and it a smooth space of rock, with not an inch of foothold. The branch from which she hung was the lowest within reach; with both hands she clung to it, pausing to gather courage for her final leap. One thought of Hugh, one cry for strength from Heaven, her hands unclasped the branches, and she fell to the road below.

Not in vain had been the brave girl's venture; shaken she was, and bruised, but when her breath returned after the shock, she was able to hasten forward to the village, and in a few minutes was knocking at the doctor's door. The good man sped away to the Castle, as soon as his gig could be got ready, whilst Leila, completely unhinged, now that the need for action was over, frightened his old servant by a long death-like faint.

Thus it came to pass that the early morning was dawning before Leila returned to the Castle on the cliff. Slowly, fearing to hear the worst, she crossed the drive before the door-way, and began to ascend the steps. The door was opened gently, and before her stood Hugh, pale but unhurt. Without a moment's pause, the girl sprang towards him, the last flutter of distrust banished by a glance at those clear blue eyes; she did not understand, but love is cold indeed when it only follows reason.

Some one was hurt. The house was hushed; the doctor's hat was in the hall; quiet figures flitted to and fro, and through the study door came now and then a moan, as if from one in pain.

"What is it, Hugh?" asked Leila, her face blanching again,—"not uncle?"

"No," said Hugh, "I don't know how to tell you. It is—my brother, Leila."

With a cry of joy Leila buried her face in her hands. "Oh! Hugh, Hugh! so it was not you! So like, so like!"

"My darling, did you think I could be a thief?"

"Hugh, I could not understand,—he is so like you,—but I could *trust*."

"I cannot forgive him, Leila. He came back last night,—we never expected him—so, early this morning I was summoned here, as the doctor thought he was dying. To appear in this house as the brother of a captured thief—it will set your uncle still more against me."

"I am yours, Hugh," said Leila: "Can you not afford to forgive the sinner who may soon be past forgiveness? Do not be harder than God."

"You are right," said Hugh briefly; "who am I that I should judge? Go to him, Leila, he may want you;" and the young girl passed into the sick room.

The wounded man was so strikingly like Hugh that Leila could not suppress a shudder, as she watched him tossing to and fro in uneasy slumber. Her uncle, at the far end of the room, was bending over his jewel cabinet, with eager hands removing the complicated arrangement of springs whereby the concealed pistol had been discharged at the would-be thief. His precaution had succeeded only too well, and he bitterly repented the skill which had enabled him to put a human life into the balance. The doctor sat beside the patient, and looked critically at Leila as she entered the room. He rose, and taking her by the arm, led her to the window. "If that fellow lives," he said, "it will be due to your fleetness. How did you get to me so fast?"

"Down the cliff," said the girl.

The doctor drew his lips together as if to whistle, then changing his mind, he asked, "Down the face of the limestone bluff?"

"Yes."

"Ah! I see," said the doctor, after a pause, as if he had grasped the whole situation; "troublesome climb, wasn't it? You go straight to bed, and drink what I send you."

"I may be wanted——"

"Probably—to-morrow. Meanwhile, be a good girl, and do what you are told."

The doctor made little of Leila's exploit when with her—not so afterwards to her uncle and to Hugh.

"I tell you, sir, many a man would have failed to do it, much less a girl." Then he turned to Burton Trench. "You understand the full motive? She mistook yonder poor thief for his brother, and it was to save *him* she risked her life. There's stuff in that girl."

"She risked her life for me when her senses told her I was a thief—God bless her," said Hugh brokenly; "but I'd rather have died than let her down that awful cliff."

"I was a brute," said Burton Trench, his cynicism fairly giving way; "I thought it was you, and I gloried in it. I watched through the door, and waited for the pistol to go off. Harley—can you forgive me? I can't forgive myself. As for Leila—I can't speak of her yet!"

And so it all came round at last. Slowly Hugh's brother weighed down the life side of the balance. Those weeks of suffering were not in vain. Hugh's brother was Leila's brother too, and the prodigal's heart was softened by a pure woman's pity and prayers. Years after, an altered life proved that the sick-bed repentance was real; this, God's son, who had been lost, was found.

Burton Trench no longer opposed Leila's marriage; before the summer was over she and Hugh were man and wife. The old couple at Harley Haugh ended their days in peace, and the farm, when sold, sufficed to pay all debts, so that Hugh, though penniless, could start unhampered in the world. He would have taken Leila away with him in search of work, but Burton Trench pleaded that she might be kept near him. He settled a sum of money upon her, and put Hugh in charge of all his land.

Though years have long passed away, and bright-faced children play round the Castle on the cliff, Leila's leap is not forgotten, and Leila's lover is just as much her lover as of old.

THE STILL HOUR.

RESPICE FINEM.

OH, not her gentle, silent forces most
Doth Nature use to purify the world;
But raging hurricanes, in tumult hurl'd,
And blasting winds and tempests are her boast.
With thundering whir of ebon wings, from coast
To coast they fly, by might resistless whirl'd;
Then, in their central calm, betimes are furl'd
And rest content; for lo! a new born host,
Of stronger life and fresher bloom, arise.
And thus have all the greatest eras wrought
Those changes that have made our earth so wise.
Weak, doubting heart, receive the lesson taught,
Beyond each storm of grief, a blessing lies
Becalmed, within the soul of God's best thought.

IULIA H. THAYER.

HOMELY HOBBIES.

By W. H. HARRIS, B.A., B.Sc.

No. 12.—THE SALT OF OUR FOOD.

IT is said that a child under examination being asked, "What is salt?" answered, "It is that substance which, if we have none of it, makes potatoes taste nasty!"

This definition, though not remarkable for logical correctness, hit the main point connected with salt as related to our food; for it is the vegetable portion of our diet which especially excites a craving for saline material.

Mungo Park, in his "Travels," says, "I have myself suffered great inconvenience from the scarcity of this article. The long use of vegetable food creates so painful a longing for salt that no words can sufficiently describe it." He tells us, further, that in the interior of Africa "the greatest of all luxuries is salt. It would appear strange to a European to see a child suck a piece of rock-salt as if it were sugar. This, however, I have frequently seen; although in the inland parts the poorer class of inhabitants are so very rarely indulged with this precious article, that to say a man eats salt with his victuals is the same as saying he is a rich man."

Nor are we the only animals benefited by this mineral addition to vegetable food. Many of the *herbivora* visit natural deposits of rock-salt; and we have geologic evidence that in past ages huge beasts, like the extinct mastodon and mammoth, not unfrequently became hopelessly buried (by their eagerness to obtain this substance) in saline marshes and bogs.

Moreover, our horses and cattle show a distinct appreciation of salt when added to their forage and fodder, or when supplied in large lumps which they can lick at their pleasure. Its utility to their constitutions is seen in improved "condition" and in an increased sleekness of "coat"—a general sign of excellence of health.

Now, if we remember that several of the secretions, notably the tears, are saline; that the bile, manufactured constantly in large quantities by the liver, owes its alkalinity to one of the ingredients of salt; that in the blood an appreciable amount of this substance occurs; that the gastric juice of the stomach contains free hydrochloric acid; and that we must attribute the supply of each of these materials to the salt we take with or in our food, we shall understand its importance to a diet of a perfect kind.

Its occurrence in blood affords an explanation why carnivorous animals need it less than the *herbivora*, as a separate article of nourishment. It is remarkable as being the only completely mineral substance taken as food by man.

Chemically, it is a compound of chlorine and sodium, and is called *sodium chloride*. It occurs to the amount of about 3 per cent. in the waters of the ocean; and it was from this inexhaustible source that it was formerly manufactured.

Now it is, at least in our own country, obtained almost entirely from mines and brine springs; and as it is with the geological aspects of the subject that we are concerned, we shall devote our attention almost wholly to the way in which it has been deposited among the strata of the earth's crust.

Like coal and limestone, it is not the product of any one epoch in the history of the globe. It is true that in England the most important saline beds belong to what is

known as the Triassic group of rocks ; but deposits of equal magnitude are worked among the Oolitic series of the Salzburgh district in Austria, and in Spain large quantities are met with in the Cretaceous formation and even in strata of the Tertiary Age. Nay more, there is good reason to believe that, in certain localities, salt is being deposited from water at the present day.

As we endeavoured to reason about the production of coal and limestone by the aid of facts within our actual observation in different parts of the globe, so we may, with great probability, learn, from certain phenomena of our own period, how salt-beds originated in times indefinitely remote.

In the Holy Land there is a well-known lake, usually called the Dead Sea. It is about 46 miles long, by 8 or 10 broad in its widest part, and in some places it is as much as from 1,000 to 1,300 feet deep. There are two remarkable facts connected with it : the first being, that its surface is some 1,300 feet below that of the Mediterranean ; the second, that its waters contain so large an amount of mineral matter in solution, that its specific gravity is sufficiently high to sustain persons bathing in it, without any effort on their part to keep their heads above water. The explanation of this great salinity is, that the lake has no outlet, and, consequently, a continual addition is being made to its mineral contents.

At its southern end there is an extensive salt marsh, at its south-west corner is a ridge of rock-salt, and at its diagonally opposite or north-east corner another salt plain occurs. It is, moreover, believed that, at certain places, an actual deposit of sodium chloride is taking place at the bottom, for cubic crystals of pure salt are said to have been dredged up from the mud. That the amount of water in the lake is gradually diminishing is proved by the fact that on its borders are seen former beaches, at various heights above the present surface. If evaporation continues to go on faster than the Jordan can make up the loss of liquid, beds of various minerals will be formed in the order of their solubility ; and if by any means the course of the river should be diverted, the whole lake would dry up, and immense masses of solid material—chiefly salt—would be left behind.

In various parts of the world, notably in Africa and North America, similarly shut-in and river-fed lakes occur, all characterized by the great quantities of saline matter which they contain ; and it seems likely that at all epochs since the earliest in the geologic record, there have been such collections of water subject to the conditions we have been describing. In these we manifestly have the possible source of beds of rock-salt.

Again, along the sea coast it happens, from time to time, that inlets or narrow gulfs are gradually cut off from the main body of waters, by the throwing up of sand-bars, over which, at high tides only, or during storms, waves can flow. When such events take place in latitudes where great evaporation goes on, there will be a constant loss of liquid, whose dissolved mineral matters will remain behind. Then, as replenishment will be frequently occurring from the sea, saline substances will be constantly accumulating in amount, till at length deposition of the solid ingredients will begin. We may suppose these processes to continue for long periods, but, at last, all communication between the sea and the lake to be stopped by the heightening of the sand-bar. There will now come to pass a still more rapid precipitation, until at last the whole area is reduced to dry land, consisting of strata of different mineral composition. Those substances which are least soluble will be the first laid down ; afterwards those which the water can longer retain. In this fact we have the explanation of another remarkable circumstance, viz., the constant occurrence of strata of gypsum and magnesian limestone among the salt beds of our own and other countries.

For the further elucidation of this last point, we have only to imagine two sets of circumstances, which are by no means infrequent at the present day, and evidences of which are plain in past geologic periods.

The first of these is, changes in the level of the land, which would give again access of sea-water to districts from which it has been evaporated as before described.

The second is the intermittent river-carriage of earthy and saline material to lakes having no outlet, but subject to copious evaporation. We should then expect to find, when all the water had disappeared, seams of marl, magnesian limestone, gypsum, and rock-salt of varying thickness, and repeated so often as similar sets of conditions had occurred. Now this is precisely the sort of succession of beds which we do see in Cheshire, Worcestershire, and other saliferous localities.

In the former of the two counties just mentioned, the deposits of rock-salt are worked along the valley of the river Weaver. The beds are not uniform in extent, but occur in patches, and at varying depths. There are records to prove that the works have been carried on in that neighbourhood from the reign of Edward the Confessor ; and it is evident that even in still remoter times there were settlements of some note in that district. It is, indeed, worthy of remark that the names of the places where the manufacture is carried on in England, end for the most part in "wich"—a termination pointing to the days of the Roman occupation, as it is derived from the Latin *vicus*, a village (Saxon *wic* or *wyc*). As examples we may mention Nantwich, Middlewich, Northwich, and Droitwich.

In Cheshire there are two main beds of salt, lying under more than 100 feet of coloured marls, sands, and irregular seams of gypsum. The upper of the two beds is 75 feet thick. The lower is more than 100 feet in thickness, and between the two there occur strata similar to those overlying the bed nearer the surface. The purity of the salt in these deposits is very variable. Considerable admixtures of earthy material are found, especially towards the top and middle portions of the beds. It is rarely sufficiently free from impurities to be crushed for direct use. The separation of marly and sandy matters has to be effected by water, which will dissolve the salt, and leave behind the earthy substances.

When, from any cause, water finds its way from the surface of the ground to salt-bearing strata, and can accumulate in cavities and old workings, we have a brine spring, and as in past days, so also at the present time, it is found more advantageous to pump up such brine, and to extract by evaporation the contained salt, than to mine for it in the solid condition. William Camden, who has been called "the Strabo of England," and who lived in the latter half of the sixteenth and first part of the seventeenth centuries, tells us that then the brine was lifted by human labour. He speaks of "a deep and plentiful brine-pit at Northwich, with stairs about it, by which, when the people have drawn the water in their leathern buckets, they ascend half-naked to their troughs, and fill them, from whence it is conveyed to the wich-houses."

So great is the quantity of solid matter thus carried away by underground streams dissolving the salt bands, that in many places considerable subsidences of the surface have taken place, and fresh-water lakes now occupy the hollows thus made.

The total quantity of salt annually manufactured in England must border closely on a million and a half tons. In Ireland some 30,000 tons are produced yearly. Very large amounts are exported to all parts of the world. The different qualities are known by such names as *square salt*, or that made in moulds ; *butter salt*, *brisk salt*, *basket salt*, *broad* or *coarse salt*, *bough salt* (made once a year in winter, and crystallized on branches of trees), and lastly, *agricultural salt*, consisting of the sweepings of the works and the evaporating-pans.

The uses of this substance are numerous and important. Beside its great utility in food, it is valuable for its preservative qualities. It owes this character probably to its acting as a poison to those low forms of life, which are believed to be the agents of putrefactive change. In view of this fact, how exceedingly suggestive are the words of our Lord to and regarding His disciples : "Ye are the salt of the earth."

It is largely used in various arts. It is one of the chief ingredients employed in the glazing of pottery, earthenware, and china. From it are manufactured soda and chlorine, and it is used also in the preparation of sal-ammoniac. Tanning, metallurgy, and agriculture, require large quantities annually.

We have been able to give a bare outline of this interesting subject. It merits, from our readers who are geologically inclined, a fuller investigation.



A TALK ABOUT HORSES.

By A. L.

WALKING along a crowded street one day, I was startled by the sudden sound of wild shouts, the swift rattle of wheels, and the rushing gallop of horses. Quick as thought the crowd parted on either side, and made way for what dashed past us like a lightning flash!

Such of our readers as happen to be dwellers in London, or any other large city, will know that it was a fire-engine, with its fine team of horses, and its bright-helmeted firemen, which was flying full speed to the rescue of life and property without a second's delay.

It was a stirring sight, as it always is, to see a body of brave fellows ready at a moment's notice to risk life or limb for the relief of their fellow-creatures.

With the exception of the drivers of the fire-engine, the firemen have almost all, at one time, been sailors, and it is thus that they have acquired that fearlessness and skill in climbing which distinguishes them, and which so well fits them for this service of danger. It is not, however, of the firemen that I am going to write just now, but of their horses. The generality of horses dread a fire, which makes them grow quite timid; but those of the firemen seem to enjoy the scamper to one, and the shouts and the attendant excitement do but arouse their courage. The horses belonging to a certain fire brigade at the West End are remarkably well-bred, strong, swift, and handsome.

Now a horse, if in good health, rarely lies down in his stall except to sleep, or after any great fatigue; but one of the horses of the brigade mentioned has his own peculiar views on this and another matter: he always lies down except when feeding. You may do all you can at other times to make him get up; it will be to no purpose.

On some occasions, when it has happened that there was little work for the horse to do, he has been put into a cab to give him exercise; but this he hates and resents—so much so, that it is often a full twenty minutes before he can be harnessed to it; but once let him hear the fire-bell ring, and he is up in a moment, eager to be off, and then will even thrust his neck into the collar quite of his own accord! So it looks as if he considered himself pledged to the fire brigade, and was determined to have nothing to do with any other service if he could help it.

Those who are accustomed to be much with horses know them to be very intelligent animals. In deeds of valour and daring the horse is a fitting companion for man. The horse, indeed, seems sometimes to have learnt, with the soldier, that the foe must be faced and that duty must be done. Many a time in battle, his master having fallen, killed or wounded, the riderless horse will lead on the charge; and countless are the stories on record in which we are told how the faithful steed strained every nerve and sinew to the utmost, as though conscious that on his speed alone his rider's life depended, and then, the goal won, the danger over, the brave animal, whose high courage had been beyond his strength, has lain down, panting and gasping, and died at his master's feet.

It has been questioned if horses have the same power of attaching themselves to persons as dogs have; but it must be remembered that they are apt to change hands far more frequently, and that they can never—in this country, at least—be so domesticated as the dog is. The Arabs, who are accustomed to live in camp with their horses, could probably throw some light on this question.

There can be no doubt that horses have their decided likes and dislikes, and will readily trust those who use them kindly; but it is by no means safe to abuse their confidence, as they have remarkably good memories, and have been known to pay out an offender long after the offence was committed, and therefore supposed to be forgotten.



"The shouts and attendant excitement do but arouse their courage."

There is almost as great a difference in the dispositions of horses as in their form and colour. Some grooms tell you that the disposition has its outward characteristics: thus, for instance, that a white or grey horse loves to cover itself with dust and dirt; that a chestnut is fiery tempered; that a "flare in the face" is a bad sign; that a horse which lolls its tongue out of its mouth is invariably well-disposed, and so on.

Bad tempers in horses may be subdued by judicious treatment, and there have been wonderful cases of success obtained by professional horse-tamers. I remember hearing of a curious mode adopted once upon a time in some racing stables with an ill-tempered racer.

He had maltreated the grooms who tended him, biting and kicking at all who approached. At length it was agreed that a donkey should share his stall with him, and feed at the same manger. At first the horse bit and mauled poor Neddy sadly; but the donkey's hide was thick and his will stubborn. A series of battles commenced between them, and they fought incessantly; but ere long the horse had recognised his master, and might be seen patiently waiting whilst the donkey took his food first, and from that time his temper and ways began to improve.

The following story is also authentic:—A gentleman was one morning lamenting to his family the difficulty there was in clipping and trimming a young horse of his; it would not suffer any one to touch its heels, kicking violently if this was attempted.

We may imagine his alarm and astonishment, then, when, shortly after, on going to the stable, he saw his little girl, aged three, seated on a low stool, endeavouring, with a pair of large scissors held in both hands, to trim this horse's fetlocks. The horse was standing quite still under the operation, as if pleased with the attention.

The anxious father commanded his feelings sufficiently to bid the child quietly to come away. Luckily, she was accustomed to obey implicitly, and therefore rose at once, although vexed at not having been able to complete the work neatly. The chief idea which seems to have possessed her infant mind, when she heard her father's regrets about the horse, was that she would do something to please him.

And here, for to-day, my "Talk about Horses" must end. What I have related will, doubtless, enable readers of "A. L." to recall story upon story of like interest; for the subject is not only attractive, but well-nigh inexhaustible as regards materials.

Y.M.C.A. ITEMS.

THE Committee of the Bradford Y.M.C.A. has decided to admit Members of local Mutual Improvement Societies, Adult Schools, and kindred Societies to membership of the Association at the following rates: Societies of not less than ten and under fifty members, 2s. 6d. each member (members between the ages of 16 and 18 will be admitted at 2s. each); over fifty members (irrespective of age), 2s. each. The ordinary subscription to the Association is, under 18 years of age, 2s. 6d. per annum; over 18, 5s.

We have received a copy of *Pass it on*, the organ of the Bradford Y.M.C.A., and must congratulate the new editor on the excellent account given of the doings of this energetic Branch of the various organizations in connection with the Association. The public Evangelistic Service, held every Sunday evening, seems particularly flourishing, the average attendance being over 200.

On March 8th, the third party of young men sent out this year by that active and very useful branch of the Manchester Y.M.C.A., known as the "Young Men's Emigration Advice Society," sailed, per the S.S. *Vancouver*, to take situations on farms in Manitoba.

The party numbered thirty young men from London, Newcastle, Sale, York, Blackley, Chester, Mossley, Manchester, Hazlegrove, Bradford, etc. Each young man went out with the consent of his friends, and, as usual, the party met at the Y.M.C.A. rooms the day before sailing, when General Secretary Newett gave them information and advice about the sea voyage, rail journey on the other side, etc.

A Little Song of Sadness.

By Samuel Gee, A.R.A.M.

apassionata.

PLEASANT SUNDAY AFTERNOON CLASSES.

By one who has tried the plan.

[A short sketch of this interesting movement will doubtless stimulate other workers. Space forbids the full account sent us.—ED.]

MR. BLACKHAM, of West Bromwich, had been long impressed with the fact, that a great gap existed between the Sunday School and the Church. For twenty years he had dreamed of a large Bible Class, to which young men and maidens might be invited, and often had he been urged to take the superintendence of such a meeting, but this he refused.

Early in the year 1875, he went to Birmingham, with the intention of hearing Mr. Moody; but the Town Hall was so crowded that he could not get in.

He then asked, "Where can I see one of the largest Bible Classes at work?" and to this he went.

There were thirty students, with a "splendid fellow" at their head. The address was good and interesting, but so long that both back and head ached before the close. But one important lesson was learned, viz., "How *not* to do it!"

Mr. Blackham returned to West Bromwich, and agreed to take a Bible Class on two conditions:—(1) That the other teachers would pray for him; (2) That they would not hamper him with rules.

Then he began what he called a "Pleasant Afternoon Class," from 2.30 to 3.15; and the first afternoon he had over 100 young men. The class grew and grew, until it now numbers several hundreds. Twelve similar meetings have sprung up; and so successful have they proved in attracting hundreds of young men, that our friend is quite besieged with invitations to establish these classes.

We pass on now to describe the methods of the "P.S.A.C.," as it is called.

When Mr. Blackham first gave his invitation to young men, he had no idea of associating with the movement the marking of attendance, or the giving of books to the most regular, but simply to hold a bright, brief, brotherly service, for three-quarters of an hour. When, however, more than 100 came, it was a serious consideration how to keep these young men together; and the following Sunday Mr. Blackham addressed them somewhat in this way:—

"My lads, I did not think so many of you would turn up. It will take me two months to get you all comfortably settled down, but I don't want to lose one of you. If you'll come every Sunday, I'll give you a tract to read, and all who bring eight tracts at the end of two months shall have a book."

They all agreed to this, and the books were soon contributed by donations from friends. These benefactors, however, were removed later by death or other causes.

Mr. Blackham at once appealed to his increasing class:—

"My lads, we must either give up the class, or the books. Which is it to be?"

"Neither!" shouted several.

"Well, *I* can't go on begging money. Will *you* help?"

"Yes, we will."

"Will you all give or beg a halfpenny a Sunday?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then, the thing is done! You'll pay for your own books; and we'll keep on the class."

Speaking roughly—but within the bounds of truth—there are in West Bromwich twenty classes, with an average attendance of 5,000; in Walsall 7 classes, with 3,000.

About my own class upon this plan, permit me to say—In 1885, I issued 100 large posters and 10,000 handbills, thus:—

'Sunday Afternoons for the People,"
Conducted by ——— and friends.
3 p.m. to 4 p.m.
All seats free. 1d. Collection.
Sacred Songs and Solos used.
Subject of Address—"Birthdays."

Sunday afternoon came. I wondered what would the result be? About 250 people came. I at once openly and briskly said: "My friends, there will be nothing stiff and formal here. We'll be bright and brief. Let us sing."

Then followed a few verses from the Bible (not lasting more than three or four minutes), then prayer (three minutes), another hymn; the address (twenty minutes) and another hymn; and then:—

"My friends, a few words of explanation before the collection is made. I hope to hold a class here every Sunday afternoon. Will you all become members, and endeavour to get others? Membership consists in receiving a card properly divided into spaces (holding one up) and presenting it at the door as you come in every Sunday; when it will be stamped by an officer appointed. You will also undertake to pay at least 1d. each Sunday. These pennies, at the end of the half-year, will be spent in the purchase of books, which will be given to those who have made 24, 18, or 12 attendances out of 26. This service is your own; will you nominate half a dozen men to work with me and my friends on the committee?"

The next Sunday came; and 300 or more people were present. Two members of the committee stood at the doors, and stamped the cards of those who had received them the Sunday before. The rest conducted the strangers to seats, and endeavoured to make them feel at home; and we all had a happy time. I again explained the movement and the method; seventy more gave in their names as members.

In July I gave away about 250 volumes of books to those who had made the required number of attendances, and at the close 100 members were added, and the class has grown until now we have 1,100 members, raising a total income of about £180, all of which is given back in books, after deducting necessary expenses.

"The people" are ready and thankful to be helped, if Christian men and women will only aid them in the way they like. It is no use endeavouring to force the gospel upon men on the old lines; the very people our churches want won't come to hear it, unless under exceptional circumstances. The plan suggested, and carried out in the way suggested, will fill any building. Since starting the meeting on this plan, two years ago, six other such Sunday afternoon meetings have been begun in the town, the last being in the parish church under the care of the Rev. E. M. Fitzgerald, M.A. Mr. Fitzgerald, however, proposes to mark attendances for the year, and to give books for that period. And this plan will, I think, have to be adopted by all large classes; it is no light work to select and distribute books twice a year.

On the front of the member's card is the title of the class, space for the member's name, and number of attendances required. The back is divided as shown below.

1888.

January	1	8	15	22	29
February	5	12	19	26	...
March	4	11	18	25	...
April	1	8	15	22	29
May	6	13	20	27	...
June	3	10	17	24	...

Back of the card.

This card is presented every Sunday by the member upon entering the building, and is stamped on the date upon which it is presented. On Sunday, "June 24th," the card is exchanged for another, marked in a similar way from July to December. The attendances are counted, and a book given according to the attendances made. The Presentation Day usually takes place within the month following the delivering up of the card.

Such is an outline of the work which has resulted from Mr. Blackham's visit to Birmingham fourteen years ago, where, as he listened to the good and learned teacher of a Young Men's Bible Class, he learned how *not* to do it.

Further information may be had, if desired, from any of the following: Mr. Blackham, Hill Top, West Bromwich; Rev. A. F. Barfield, Walsall; Dr. Dingley, Wednesbury; R. Hodder, Esq., Derby; T. H. Lloyd, Esq., President of Y.M.C.A., Leicester, and others.

THE TWO "EXCEPTS."

THEY ring right down the Ages—God's "except," and man's.

"*Except* ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved," said "certain men from Judæa," to the brethren (Acts 15. 1). So say "certain men" to-day. "*Except* ye agree to this form or to that; *except* ye bear the mark of outward conformity; *except* ye do it after the manner of this man or that sect, ye cannot be saved." Tell me, my friends, who made *you* the janitors of heaven? It was not heaven's King. What right have you to set up your "except" beside, or instead of, God's "except"? How can you dare to "limit the Holy One of Israel"? You are doing the devil's work—in God's name. The door of salvation opened by Jesus Christ has only the one "except," and that He placed there Himself.

Except a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven" (Jno. 3. 3). Here is God's "except"; and God means what He says. No use to explain away that barrier; there it stands, firm as the Rock of Ages. No use to beat against it; force will not avail. *Except* you humble yourself to become again a child, to enter heaven by the lowly doorway of the Cross, you cannot be saved. Have you realised what it means to be lost? The blood of Jesus applied to your soul can alone re-create you; but praise God! the cleansing tide was out-poured on Calvary, and is waiting for you even now.

"Except," says an unchanging God.

"Lord, I *accept*," is the helpless sinner's cry.

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

ANSWERS.

Pilgrim.—The China Inland Mission accept missionaries who are considered thoroughly qualified for mission work in China, without insisting upon any definite training. If your path is clear, and you have the consent of your parents to offer yourself for mission work in China, we would advise your communicating at once with the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, 4, Pyrland Road, London, N. In reference to discerning the Lord's will in such a matter as this, we would say that He guides in a threefold manner; first, by the voice of His Word, commanding, "Go"; secondly, by the the voice of His Spirit within, creating willingness to obey the command; and thirdly, by the voice of His providential dealings, as manifested in the circumstances around us.

Socrates.—Professor Roscoe's set of apparatus suitable for a course of lectures on chemistry would be £4 7s. 6d., and can be obtained from Messrs. Griffin & Sons, 22, Garrick Street, Covent Garden, and this Firm will supply any chemicals required in whatever quantity may be convenient.

To Letter the Backs of Cloth Books in Gold.—The cloth where the lettering is to appear should be sized with white of egg diluted with ⅓ water, applied with a sponge. When dry, moisten with a rag slightly greased with olive or palm oil, lay the gold leaf on of the required dimensions, and make the impression with a heated type or brass letters; the surplus gold to be wiped off with a rag, and the letters touched lightly with Indiarubber to brighten and clean them.

Infant Baptism, when was it instituted, and by whom?—It seems to have been practised by the Jews before our Lord's time: for when receiving Gentile proselytes into their religion, they not only circumcised, but baptized them, and offered a sacrifice on their behalf. So, when our Lord commanded His disciples to teach, or make disciples of, all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, He was only instituting anew, and consecrating to a higher purpose, a sacred rite already existing.

The fact, then, that children were admitted into the Jewish covenant, and not specially excluded by Christ from admission into His own, as they would have been if a change were contemplated, is a strong proof that in baptizing all nations, infants as well as adults were included. And although we do not read in the New Testament of any cases of infant baptism, any more than of women receiving the Lord's Supper, yet we have no reason, in either case, to doubt that the fact was so.

The baptisms of entire households makes strongly in favour of this view, for it is scarcely credible that there were not some infants amongst them, and such expressions as "Children, obey your parents *in the Lord*," show that the young as well as the old were included in and bound by the covenant of His grace. It also stands to reason, for if infants are capable of salvation, the full spiritual blessing of that covenant, why should they be thought incapable of baptism, its outward sign and seal?

But the question is one which would require a treatise to unfold, and not a simple answer to a correspondent.—Rev. CANON DOBBIN, M.A.

F.L.—In answer to the question—"When infant baptism was instituted and by whom taught?" we must reply,—

That those who hold believers' baptism can find no trace of it in the New Testament. Those who hold infant baptism found their principal arguments on the facts that three households are mentioned as having been baptized; but in none of them is there mention made of young children.

The household of Lydia probably consisted of her assistants in the dyeing trade, and there is nothing to show that she was either a wife or mother.

The household of the Jailor consisted of those who were old enough to believe in Christ for themselves (Acts 16. 34).

The household of Stephanus also consisted of those who were old enough to assist him in ministering to the saints (1 Cor. 16. 15).

The first mention of infant baptism is in the works of Tertullian, about 150 years after Christ. But it was not until the fifth century that it became fully established as a general practice of the Christian Church.

In the rude pictures on the walls of the Catacombs there is no trace of infant baptism, and the spacious baptistries of the ancient churches and basilicas are a strong evidence that believers' baptism was the practice in the first age of the Christian Church.—Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A.

[Whilst we are most anxious to help our correspondents, we cannot open our columns to controversial discussion. We have given the above replies, indicating the two main lines of argument for believers' baptism and infant baptism, and now recommend the prayerful and intelligent reading of God's Word, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit.—ED.]

Zillah.—The best paper to use for writing a story for publication is ordinary foolscap. Articles should always be written on one side of the paper only, and all the sheets should be pinned together at the left hand top corner with a paper pin. Name and address should in every case be written fully at the end of every MS. Foolscap paper can be obtained at any stationer's.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

By Rev. J. H. THORPE, M.A.

CHRISTIAN WATCHFULNESS.—*Matt.* 24. 42-51.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Mark* 13. 37.

COMMAND to Watch, most impressive. As to "that day," note it will be—

I. A SURPRISING DAY.

See this in picture drawn, "days of Noe." How? (1) Days of *Sensuality*—their sole business "eating and drinking," etc. Beware of losing sight of the "Day of Christ" in lawful things. (2) *Of Security*, false, of course. Cause? Wilful ignorance. "Those that *will* not know by faith, shall be *made* to know by feeling," but then it is too late. The nature of their doom: (1) immediate, (2) irresistible, (3) irrecoverable. See how like the days of Noe are to the coming of the Son of Man: (1) both predicted for a long time, (2) both received by the world with unbelief, (3) both coming when least expected, (4) and in time of excessive worldliness, (5) both final in effects.

II. A SEPARATING DAY—between God's people and the World.

Note (vers. 40, 41) position of God's people at Christ's appearing. (1) Some in menial positions (grinding at the mill was the work of female slaves), (2) Scattered up and down through the world, (3) quietly doing their usual work.

Mark the permanence of the Separation, "taken," "left."

III. A SEARCHING DAY. Two instances:—

1. The *faithful* servant. He working for God, Conscientiously, Constantly, Continuously. The way to be ready is to attend not so much to *thought* about "that day" as to faithful doing of duty.

2. The *unfaithful* servant. His unfaithfulness began in unbelief. His faults were (1) profaneness, (2) persecution, (3) open ungodliness of company and life.

The general command is "*Watch.*" This implies (1) belief in the Master's coming, (2) desire for it, (3) thought about it, (4) practical preparation.

JESUS and His disciples are standing on Mount Olivet, overlooking city of Jerusalem, after watching the widow put in her two mites. Our Lesson part of a conversation. SUBJECT: *Watchfulness.* What led the Lord to this subject? *The foretelling of destruction of Jerusalem, and coming of Son of Man.*

A Christian should WATCH

W arily. Ver. 43: Dangers come in disguise.
A ctively. Watch *and* work. Ver. 45; Nah. 2. 1. An all-round watch, going from post to post.
T rustfully. Ver. 42: No uncertainty. The Lord *doth* come, not may. A trustful watch is a happy one.
C onstantly. Ver. 44; Eph. 6. 18: Dangers, privileges, and opportunities come mostly unexpectedly.
H eroically. Ver. 13: Brave to attack, defend, wait. If the eye of the hunter watching the cruel tiger quails, he perishes.

AGAINST

F ormality. Ver. 51: This servant pretended to watch, and so got his portion among the hypocrites. "Having the form of godliness," etc.
U nkindness. Ver. 49: Do not say, I should never be so bad as that servant. Unkind words are so quickly spoken, unkind deeds so quickly done.
L ukewarmness. Ver. 48; Rev. 3. 15: Because we have to *wait* as well as watch, comes lukewarmness. Wanted, enthusiastic watchers.
N egligence. Ver. 45, 46: Neglected duties. The need of faithful workers.
E nemies. Sin, in all its forms. Satan in all his disguises.

FOR

S ouls. They are not easily won (Heb. 13.17). Their worth. What they cost the Saviour.
S aviour. Ver. 42: Emphasise fact, He *is* coming. The joy! Know not when. Fulfilled and unfulfilled prophecies.

CONSTANT.—There is an Eastern fable that a man waited 1,000 years before the gates of Paradise, watching for them to open, that he might enter. Alas! he fell asleep for one short hour. But during that hour the gates opened and were shut, and he was left out.

C. SKINNER.

Y.M.C.A. BIBLE CLASS LESSONS.

APRIL 15TH.

THE SYRO-PHŒNICIAN WOMAN.—*Mark* 7. 24-30.

THE lesson may be arranged thus—observe the *four characters* in the narrative:—

I. The afflicted daughter. II. The distressed and interceding mother. III. The unsympathizing disciples. IV. The sympathizing and powerful Saviour.

I. THE AFFLICTED DAUGHTER.

1. *Possessed by a Demon.* Consider the real and awful nature of this affliction. Under the power of an evil spirit. All the faculties controlled by this foreign power. Such is *sin.*

2. *An unclean Spirit* (Mark). Sin is always *unclean.* It is a departure from purity. It may not be what *men* call unclean, but it is what God calls *unclean.*

3. *Grievously vexed* (Matthew). The devil always torments those whom he possesses. There is no rest, no peace, no ease. Sin makes people restless and troubled. It troubles every part of our nature.

II. THE DISTRESSED AND INTERCEDING MOTHER.

1. *Her Sympathy.* She suffered too: suffered by sympathy. The capacity for joy is also the capacity for pain.

"He that would be barred capacity of pain
Courts incapacity of bliss."

2. *Her Effort.* Not an *idle* sympathy—it was a do-something sympathy. When too overwhelmed to plead for ourselves, *then* we feel the value of praying friends, who *really can* plead for us.

3. *Her Courage.* She was under a great disadvantage, being a Gentile. Yet she came *boldly.* The *urgency* of the case, and her pure disinterestedness, made her bold.

4. *Her intense Earnestness.* "Fell at His feet." Helpless misery! She lay in His path, as if she would say, "No further shalt Thou go until Thou bless me." Blessed obstruction! You cannot cast yourself at Christ's feet in vain.

5. *Her touching Confidence.* It was confidence that brought her at first. Her confidence surmounted all obstacles. Like a kite, it rose with the wind.

6. *Her Perseverance.* In spite of delay, apparent inattention, apparent refusal, still she held on, Jacob-like. "I will not let Thee go." This was what He wanted; this is what He wants now. In spite, too, of the discouragement of the disciples, she persevered.

III. THE UNSYMPATHIZING DISCIPLES.

"Send her away, for she crieth after us." They did not like the noise; it disturbed them. Go, poor woman, anywhere, so long as thou dost not trouble *us.* Ah! she was *not* crying after *them*, but after *Christ.* Had she cried after them, she might have cried. This sort of people are not extinct yet. We ought to encourage people when we see them crying and seeking after Christ, not try to shut them up.

IV. THE SYMPATHIZING AND LOVING SAVIOUR.

1. *His Method.* Silence. Then objections. Apparent disinclination. Object of this, to discipline her soul, quicken its graces. *He* saw what was there, and, like a skilful gardener with a plant; developed it. He knew just *how much* she could bear, and measured the strain.

2. *His real Sympathy. Veiled*, but present, and afterwards expressed in word and deed. That is not always the truest sympathy which talks most and is very gushing.

3. *His Delight.* The pleasure which the woman's faith afforded. See what kind of things delight the Saviour. He is pleased with our faith; then let Him have it all.

4. *His Power.* Seen in the domain of spirit. How the spirits acknowledge and bow to His authority. He has all power in heaven and earth. Little know we how much we owe to it.

5. *His Deliverance.* It came at length. So it always will. None can appeal or trust in vain. It was instant and complete. See the *rest* that followed: "laid upon the bed."

JAMES L. STANLEY.

In future, our Monthly Part will contain the Bible Class Notes for the current month, instead of those for the previous one. We are sure the large and increasing number of Teachers who use our Notes, will appreciate this change.

ANDREW FORSYTH;

OR,

THROUGH DARKNESS TO LIGHT.



CHAPTER I.

CONFLICT.

"Whoever may discern true ends here, shall grow
pure enough to see them,
Brave enough to strive for them, and strong enough
to reach them,
Though the way be rough."

—BROWNING.

THE sun is sinking beneath the western horizon. The day is dying; fading slowly away, with a grace and loveliness worthy of the exquisite beauty of its noontide hours. The sun has been making a hard fight against the lengthening shadows; even now that he has disappeared, he still prolongs the contest, sending forth quivering shafts of light that shoot up far into the heavens, until the long banks of cloud gathering there are transformed into masses of living glory, and the sad-coloured grey gives place to gorgeous hues of crimson, orange, green, and violet. For a few brief moments it seems as if light had conquered darkness; but suddenly the brightness fades, fainter grow the brilliant colourings, longer the shadows, a cold chill creeps over the world, and—the day is dead.

The sudden darkening recalls the present to a woman who has forgotten it, while gazing at the sunset from her cottage windows, and she turns hastily away, with a deep sigh.

The past is present to Janet Forsyth. She is thinking of her twin boys, and of the resolve made by their father and herself to educate one of them for the ministry; of her husband's sudden death, and the hard struggle of the after years; of her determination to carry out the resolve, if possible; of the difficulty in choosing between the two boys; of her relief when Andrew voluntarily offered to let Robert go to college, and at the age of twelve, took up the burden of toil which he had now borne so bravely for five years. Then come thoughts of the future; Robert's bright prospects, the coming separation, and the breaking up of the family group. Her reflections are interrupted by the entrance of her son Robert, who looks handsome and happy, as he sits down in the firelight.

"Well, Robert, you're back; did you see Andrew?" she asks.

"No," replies Robert; "but I'll go and look for him, if you like."

"Verra weel, an' I'll hae the supper ready by the time you come in." Then, as if moved by a sudden impulse, she adds, in a broken voice, "Robert, laddie, you wad never forget Andrew; he is a guid lad."

"Ay, he is; I'll never forget." And without another word he is gone.

Meanwhile, Andrew is sitting, with his face buried in his hands, beneath a majestic beech tree, on the border of the wood between the village and the river. He has sought its shadow on his way home from the factory, that he might witness the contest raging in the heavens; and now that it is over, it seems to him that for himself, as well as for the world, there is nothing left but darkness. For the time being, he has identified this with the struggle going on within him, and is overwhelmed with the consciousness of defeat.

He is seized with a sudden and terrible temptation to give up the hopeless struggle, to refuse to sacrifice himself longer for his brother, to be false to his better nature. Nor does he realise that the noble impulses which he is thus tempted to silence are the avenues along which the Father's voice is calling to His wandering child. He does not think of looking to Him for help; the creed which has been to so many a bridge between the natural and the spiritual, has, for his sensitive nature, with its unutterable cravings after love and sympathy, led to nothing and nowhere. But if he has not been able to believe, he has, at least, tried to obey,—has seldom been deliberately false to the light within him; it is this persistent allegiance to what has seemed right and true, that makes it possible for him to resist now. After a long struggle, he raises his bowed head, and mutters, "I canna mak' mysel' willin'; but I can and will do it." As he speaks, the moon, emerging from a cloud, illumines the surrounding darkness; and into his soul there steals a reflected light, not hope, but rather the faint expectation of her advent. Through his determination to be true, perhaps also through the discovery of his own impotence, he is catching a glimpse of that light which shines on the path of duty. But, like the tired earth, Andrew is too exhausted to do more than sit still and wait for the falling of that misty curtain that makes life seem so indistinct. So it is with a thrill, almost of pain, that he hears footsteps, and looking round, sees his brother approaching. He rises mechanically, and begins to move homewards.

After a while, Robert says, "What's wrang, Andrew? Can I no' help you? Mind, we are brithers."

"No, no," Andrew replies, "you canna help me, Robert; I canna help mysel'."

They are walking on in silence, when suddenly Robert grasps Andrew's hand, and looking earnestly into his face, exclaims, "Andrew, if ever I can help you, God forgive me if I refuse."

For a moment the brothers stand hand in hand, while their spirits beat against the barriers that separate them. Then they move on, without speaking, till home is reached.

The two cats have an unusually large share of the porridge and milk to-night, for neither mother nor sons have much appetite. After the table is cleared, the mother brings a big Bible from the inner room, but she does not read the chapter marked; she turns to the twenty-eighth chapter of Genesis, and reads from the tenth verse to the end, with a decided quaver in her voice. In the prayer which follows, she makes no allusion to the special experiences through which they are passing, except that after the final petition for forgiveness, she adds brokenly: "And, oh, bring my boy again to his father's home in peace." Then mother and sons go off to bed, but not to sleep.

Once again the sun is setting on the little village of Ash, but now it is one of the longest days of summer that is closing, and both sun and earth seem to be welcoming the coming of night. There is no warfare in the heavens, where the sun is dipping beneath the horizon; and as there is peace in heaven, so there is peace on earth.

It has indeed been an ideal Sabbath, a day of rest and gladness. The sun's last rays are burnishing the windows of a row of cottages, one of which we entered eight years ago. Mother and sons are again together in the old home. Robert sits gazing dreamily into the fire, his bright face bearing an impress of thought and culture which was absent when we saw it last. Andrew is standing by the window. The peace of the sunset seems reflected in his face, which has lost the expression of unrest it used to wear. The mother is lying on a little sofa made for her by Andrew, as she often has to do now. Her face is haggard and pain-worn, but it lights up with a smile of supreme content as she looks at "the laddies." She has lived to have her heart's desire granted; she has seen her boy to-day in the pulpit of their own little church. Each moment the sense of their father's presence, which has been haunting her all day, becomes more intense. She thinks it must be because this evening, she went with "the laddies" to his grave in the little churchyard.

There is perfect silence in the room, except for the ticking of the old clock, and it seems drowsy to-night, for it is delivering its message in faint, uncertain tones. Presently it stops, apparently from sheer exhaustion, for Janet, in her excitement, had forgotten to wind it yesterday, as usual. The sudden silence startles the young men; they look first at the clock and then at their mother, and both hasten to her side. She opens her eyes, takes a hand in each of hers, then lies still, smiling faintly. Suddenly she cries: "Lift me, Andrew," and his strong arm supports her, while her head droops on his shoulder. He hears her whisper, "I'm coming," and something about "the laddies." Then her hands relax their grasp, her head falls back. She is with their father, and "the laddies" are alone.

(*To be continued.*)

THAT HOUSE IN LONDON.

By L. T. MEADE,

Author of "Scamp and I," "A Knight of To-day," "Great St. Benedict's," "The O'Donnells of Inchfawn," etc., etc.



"'I am a miserable man! the game is not worth the candle.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

GRAHAM was now a very busy and important man—the firm of Martin & Co. had offered him a small partnership in the business, and he was, truly and indeed, hastening to be rich.

Six months ago he had all the desire of an honourable man, for a good income and a certain share of life's good things; but now the passion for wealth, for its own sake, had seized him. His fortune, and his wife's, combined, seemed but a drop in the ocean to his desires. What, after all, was a capital of £60,000? Had he an income of that sum, he imagined that he might begin to feel satisfied!

In the old days he had worked hard, and had been considered by his employers an invaluable and painstaking clerk, but now, as junior partner, his exertions were redoubled.

Early morning and late night saw him at his post, and he sat up until the short hours, studying the great questions of commerce, and the laws of supply and demand.

He grew pale, his eyes became more sunken than ever, his dark hair even began to be slightly sprinkled with grey. Before they had been more than three months in the old house, Kate had sadly to confess that as far as her husband's companionship went, their honeymoon was indeed at an end.

She was naturally a very bright woman, not fanciful, not nervous, not given to vain speculation. She had not married with the idea of finding her husband perfect, but when she discovered, which she very soon did, that his temper could often be irritable, that his moods could vary, that he was sometimes too busy even to be affectionate, she did not sit down and cry, and consider herself a martyr.

Kate was quite willing to overlook small faults in her husband. So essentially womanly was she, that perhaps she would have loved him all the better because of them.

Sometimes, when he tried her patience most, she murmured something of the kind

to herself, but she was thinking then of those failings which might be put under the head of trivial. Had any one whispered to her, "The husband you adore is wanting in honour, he is a thief, a scoundrel," she would have desired that person to leave her presence, no words could have expressed her passion and her anger. *She* give credence to such a slander?—never—never—or if, God help her, the whole ugly truth was forced on her, it would have broken her heart.

Kenneth had learned enough of his wife's true character before they were six months married, to be well aware of this. With every glance of her true and sweet eyes, with each tender inflection in her loving voice, with each little service she delighted to render to him, he read the fact more plainly day by day—did she know the truth, her heart would break.

Now, however, in these early days, no suspicion of any ugly secret entered into Kate's happy life. She was busy from morning to night—she was even busier and more active than she had been before her marriage. Never was there a fuller life than hers. She had her sisters to watch, and love, and guard more faithfully than ever. She had, to a certain extent, two houses to manage, for it was arranged that for a year at least the three Misses Kennedy were to live in the pretty cottage at Croydon under the care of Miss Beale.

Kate was very much pleased with Miss Beale's influence over her sisters; and knowing, although he never said so, that their presence irritated her husband, she resolved to leave them at Croydon for the present.

Polly was not flirting too outrageously, Alice was devoting herself very creditably to her musical studies, and Nellie was developing quite a nice taste for cookery and art needlework.

Kate's mind was at rest about her sisters, but she made a point of going to see them at Croydon twice a week; and she generally asked them to spend Saturday with her in the old house in Exmoor Square.

In addition to working for her sisters, and interesting herself in their lives,—in addition to looking after her own house well and thoroughly, this active-minded young woman found plenty of time for outside interest.

The claims of those not exactly belonging to her filled her heart. She wanted to do good with her money, and she believed thoroughly in the greater good done by sympathy and love.

So Kate took up a district and visited the poor, and had classes at her own house for little children; and as the winter approached, and she saw hungry faces, and half-clothed little bodies, she drew the cold and hungry children into her own comfortable home, and clothed them and fed them.

The only claims which Kate perhaps, to a certain degree, neglected, were the claims of society.

But when Kenneth expostulated with her, and said that he wished her to receive his friends, and to accept their invitations, it did not occur to her even to dream of objecting; yet she was once or twice heard to say that if any duty connected with her present life could be irksome, it was the duty which required her to be civil, and to waste her time over these so-called friends.

With all these changes, the old house in Exmoor Square certainly no longer presented a deserted or gloomy appearance; it was always bright, always busy.

Visitors of one sort or another came and went at all hours; the drawing-rooms and dining-room were kept sweet and bright and fresh with flowers; the servants delighted in their new mistress, and showed happy faces whenever they were seen. Betty Carew alone retained her unbroken gloom. She could not absolutely quarrel with Kate, perhaps she tolerated her as well as she could tolerate any one, but it was not in her nature to be cordial with one who was bright and happy.

"I mourns with them that mourns," she was often heard to say, "but as to rejoicing with them that is foolish enough to laugh in this 'ere wale of tears,—no, no, that's not me—that's not Betty Carew."

At Kenneth's request, Kate and he had long ago moved into one of the cheerful and modernly-furnished bedrooms. Betty could never forgive what she considered a downright insult to the old missis.

Without saying a word to any one, she locked the door of the slighted chamber, and refused to give up the key. Kate felt annoyed, and would have mentioned the fact to her husband, but she could not help noticing how he shrank from all mention of this room.

"I always knew that Kenneth had deep feelings," thought Kate to herself, "but I did not know he was so fond of Mrs. Alexis. Poor fellow, poor fellow, if he feels the death of an old friend so much, what would become of him if anything happened to me?—why, it would break his heart."

Meanwhile Betty lived between her own attic and the old missis's room, and seldom troubled herself, except by giving short snorts of disapproval, with what was going on in the rest of the house.

CHAPTER XV.

"How do you like me in this dress, Miss Beale? What a tiresome old woman you are! Alice, do see if the flowers are nicely arranged in my back hair. Do you like this rose a little above or below my ear? Mr. Fitzhugh says he likes it best a little below; he says with the hair worn low on the neck, and the rose just so, I have such a purely Grecian profile. Ah, Nell, here you are, dressed, too, and not bad; upon my word, you look something like a daisy. Now, Miss Beale, are you ready? and has the cab arrived?"

Polly Kennedy was of course the speaker; Polly, all in white, with soft, white roses in her golden hair; Polly looking as charming and lovely as even she could look, uttering of course, as usual, the silliest nothings, and yet put up with and even adored because of her rare beauty by her two sisters, and by that most patient of all companions, Miss Beale.

The three girls and their chaperon were going out to an evening party, and in consequence Polly's spirits were at their highest, and more sober-minded Alice and Nellie were equally pleased.

"A letter has just come by the post, my dears," said Miss Beale, as she rose from her chair, and drew a rather old-maidish white scarf, with what she considered a graceful movement, round her thin shoulders. "A letter has come, Polly, and it is from Kate, and she says something about coming down to see you all to-night; she and Mr. Graham are both coming; it seems such a pity you should be out."

"Oh, we can't help it," replied Polly. "Dear old Kate, but we see her very often. Come on, girls, do. Miss Beale, you'll drive me wild if you stand in that mooning attitude any longer."

"My dear, I was just considering. It will be extremely disrespectful to Kate and Mr. Graham to have no one here to see them. Of course I can't stay, for I must chaperon you, my dears, or I would most gladly; but perhaps, under the circumstances, one of you dear girls would give up your evening's pleasure for your sister's sake."

Alice and Nellie immediately put on wistful glances. They knew perfectly that Polly would not be the one to offer to remain behind; and as they both had their own special ideas with regard to the charms of the evening, their two bright young faces became proportionately gloomy.

Polly, however, was equal to the occasion.

"You go first, Miss Beale," she said; "no more time for loitering. Now, girls, you next. Pack into the cab as fast as you can, and leave plenty of room for my skirts. Now, then, off we go. Miss Beale, you're a dear old thing, but as to any of us giving up our party, how *can* you imagine that Kate would allow us to do such a thing?"

Miss Beale sighed, yielded to the inexorable hand of fate in the shape of Polly's determined will, and sank back into her seat as resignedly as she could.

"We'll come back early, on that point I am resolved," she murmured to herself. "Kate and her husband are sure to remain for the night; and I have given Susan directions to prepare a room for them."

Any further meditations were interrupted by the cab drawing up at their destination, and the three girls and their companion were soon ushered into a scene of much brilliance and gaiety.

Polly was quite accustomed to being admired, and the glances, some envious, some adoring, which were cast upon her, she took as a matter of course. Hers was truly a slight and fickle nature. She had long ago absolutely forgotten her old adorer, Charlie Segrave. Many another good-looking youth had since then been fortunate enough to secure Miss Polly Kennedy's heart—for a week.

Segrave, however, had not ceased to remember the pretty girl who had taken his fancy some months ago. He had not seen her since the day when Kate had told him that their engagement must come to an end. He was present to-night, however, and was not long in making his way to her side.

"Polly—Miss Kennedy, I mean—have you forgotten me?"

"Oh, dear me, how tiresome you are, Charlie!—Mr. Segrave, I mean. Of course I had ceased to remember you even existed."

"But I had not ceased to think about *you*. I am so enraptured we should meet again."

"Now, look here, we're not going to flirt, you know. I won't have it. You're a great deal too young, and I have met much nicer people since I knew you. There's Charles Fitzhugh. Do you know him? No? Ah, well, I call *him* Charlie now. You don't look at all as presentable as you used to look, Mr. Segrave, so I hope you're not going to keep by my side all the evening. Oh, I say, how that individual by the door does stare!"

"Look here, Polly," said Segrave, with some spirit, "honestly, I do not want to begin flirting with you again. I've quite come to the conclusion that your sister was right when she broke off our engagement. I never could care long for a girl who thought a lot about other fellows, and forgot my existence. You need not be a bit afraid of my wanting to flirt with you, for I really have no intention of doing so."

Polly coloured, tapped the floor impatiently with her little foot, and began fanning her-

self vigorously. Segrave of course rose in her estimation the moment he showed that he was not under her spell.

"There is nothing in the world for it but to make him jealous," she said to herself. "Charlie," she said aloud, "it is very sweet of you to say you won't flirt with me, and I am greatly obliged. Now we shall get on comfortably together. Do you know the name of the man who stands by the door? Oh, I say, how he does stare!"

"He is a friend of mine. Shall I introduce him?"

"I wish you would. What is his name?"

"Verney — James Verney. I have not known him long; but he seems a good kind of chap, only melancholy. You won't find him very entertaining."

"I like melancholy people enormously. Do introduce him."

Segrave raised his brows in wonder, crossed the room to where Verney stood, and very soon brought him back a willing captive to the beautiful Polly's side. She had been quite right in saying that he had looked at her from afar; her brilliant appearance, the soft young curves about her face, the exquisitely candid expression which to all appearance filled her deep-blue eyes, quite dazzled Verney. He said to himself, "Never, never before have I seen anything so lovely."

Polly greeted this too evident adorer with all those airs and graces for which she was so distinguished.

After five minutes' conversation, however, she quite echoed Segrave's opinion that Verney was dull. He was not only dull, he was nervous. He was always pulling himself up short, and glancing in a queer, startled way towards the door, and making statements which the next moment he contradicted. He evidently knew nothing of the arts of flirtation, and though his sad eyes expressed volumes, he was unable to say any of the pretty nothings to which Polly was accustomed. His admiration, however, was genuine, and once at her side he could not leave it. Presently Segrave came back and joined in the conversation.

"I wish you would get Mr. Verney to talk," said Polly, again stamping her little foot, and giving Segrave a far more favourable glance than she had done an hour ago. "Mr. Verney won't confide in me. I like my friends to confide in me."

Segrave smiled slightly.

"Verney, you look like a fellow who has had adventures," he said. "Pray dish one up now for Miss Kennedy's benefit."

Verney turned pale. Instead of replying in a light and mocking spirit, he said, half under his breath, "I have not been very long in London; only London life interests young ladies."

Polly tried to suppress a yawn.

James Verney again retreated to his post of observation near the door, and again watched Polly with his quiet, persistent, melancholy stare

"He must have fallen in love with me, Charlie," said she. "Oh, he is queer."

"Yes, no one seems quite to understand him; but I believe he is a good fellow."

"Charlie, Kate is going to give a party for us next week at Myrtle Cottage."

"How good of Kate!"

"Yes, she is a darling. I mean you to be there."

"Oh, do you think I dare to come?"

"Of course. We are not going to flirt any more. I'll tell Kate, and she'll send you an invitation; and, Charlie, you may bring your friend Mr. Verney with you."

"Thanks. Then you do rather like Verney?"

"No, I don't. He's the slowest of the slow; but he likes me most awfully."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE girls came home some time in the small hours, in the highest of spirits. Kate and her husband both awaited them at Myrtle Cottage. Kate listened to their raptures with sympathetic interest—Kenneth with ill-concealed boredom. After a time he rose from his seat, suppressed a yawn, and said a word or two to his wife.

"You and the girls evidently mean to chatter until daybreak. I shall go out for a stroll for half an hour."

"Oh, do, there's a dear, Ken," exclaimed Polly, "we have not half described Mr. Verney yet. Kate, dear, he has such delicious, melancholy eyes."

"Bosh!" exclaimed Graham. He escaped from the room, Polly's peal of laughter following him into the passage.

"That girl will drive me wild," he said to himself, as he put on his hat, and went out into the night air. "What a remarkable contrast my dear, good, sweet Kate is to the rest of her family."

He walked on rather quickly, sometimes raising his hat to get the benefit of the cool night breeze on his heated brow. Very soon he forgot Polly, and the petty worries she occasioned him, he even after a fashion forgot Kate, and walked slowly, his hands in his pockets, his head slightly bent. He felt none of the beauty of the tranquil autumn night, but the quiet of this comparative country scene insensibly soothed him, and he was in no hurry to return home.

"The girls and Kate will talk for an hour or two," he muttered. "During that time the stars and I will keep each other company."

He walked more quickly, as if spurred by some invisible stings. Suddenly he stopped, leant against a telegraph post, and said aloud,—

"I am a miserable man!—*the game is not worth the candle.*"

These words he uttered aloud. He was indeed startled when they were taken up, when a voice almost by his side said in a quiet, nervous manner,—

"Forgive me, Graham, I could not help recognising your voice, I am sorry for you. I, too, am wretched."

"Alexis!"

Graham turned; he was thankful that the darkness of the night concealed the piteous tell-tale white which overspread his features.

"Alexis, you here?" he said; after a moment, quite steadily,—"I thought you had left London long ago."

Alexis laughed and rubbed his hands.

"Not I," he said, "not I. London is the best hiding-place on earth. I'm there still, and after a fashion I've fallen on my feet. I met a man who knew my mother years and years ago, and he got me a berth—a small thing, but enough to keep that gaunt enemy, starvation, at bay. I'm known as James Verney now, and I have friends. Jonas Alexis is dead and buried. I don't mind confessing my little secret to you, Ken, old fellow—you'd be the last to betray me."

All the time Alexis was speaking Graham was thinking hard. His acute mind instantly grasped two facts—first, that Alexis, as well as he, had a secret to preserve; second, that Polly Kennedy had spoken of having met James Verney that evening; furthermore, he perceived that his companion's character was a most timorous one, and he could be very easily suppressed.

"Walk a little way with me, Alexis," he said in a genial tone. "Not this way—this ——" He took the road which led towards London. "So you are now known as Verney, and have sunk the name of Alexis. I think that is a good plan, for when a fellow has anything to conceal, his first and primary object must be to suppress his name."

"If a fellow has anything to conceal?" repeated Alexis, his voice shaking. I—I—never said that—I never, never said that, Graham."

"My dear fellow, you did not say it, but—never mind, your secrets are safe with me. I shall recognise you as Verney in the future. I shall suppose again that Jonas Alexis rests in his quiet grave. By-the-way, Verney, you met my sisters-in-law to-night."

"Your sisters-in-law? I was at a party with a new friend of mine—Segrave; there were a great many girls— one beautiful girl——"

"I think I know whom you mean. She is my wife's sister, Mary Kennedy."

"Her name was Kennedy; she impressed me very much. Such beauty as hers gives pleasure. Segrave has been good enough to promise that I shall meet her again."

"Listen to me, Alexis, I must be plain in this matter. Don't follow up any inclinations you may have felt towards Miss Kennedy. You can come to the house, of course. I mean, I leave that to your sense of good-breeding; but between you and Miss Kennedy nothing can ever be. You have a secret—if you wish me to guard it, attend to my wishes."

Alexis turned pale.

"You rather alarm me, Kenneth," he said, "I—I—I mean, you would not really do a shabby turn to a chap?"

"No, and therefore I give him fair warning; if he chooses to disregard it, the consequence be upon his own head."

(*To be continued.*)

TWO RECORDS;

OR,

"WELL DONE, YOUNG MAN!"

PASSING with a companion along Oxford Street last Sunday to my Bible Class, I saw coming towards me a slight, small-sized young fellow, with a small Bible under his arm, and a packet of Notices in his hand. Just in front of me was a fine young soldier, sauntering carelessly along. As the two passed each other, the young man held out a Notice towards the soldier, who made a half move to take it, let it fall to the ground, and passed on. The young man stopped, there was a brief struggle, then the victory was won. He stooped, picked up the Notice, hurried after the big soldier, and again placed it in his hand. The battle was fought in a moment. My companion exclaimed, "Well done, young man!" and the quiet worker slipped by us, and was lost in the crowd.

A few yards further on we saw the soldier crush the unread Notice, and drop it on the pavement.

Two records were made in God's Book in that moment of time. A record of faithful service, of ready "answering to the helm," on the part of that youth, and alas! a record of one more refusal on the soldier's part to hear the message of a Saviour's love.

AN AFGHAN CHIEF'S VISIT TO CALCUTTA.

By A. L.

THE famous Khyber Pass, in the range of mountains which divides our Indian Empire from the country of Afghanistan, may be called the north gate of India. It is under the charge of certain Afghan chiefs, whom the present Governor, or Viceroy (Lord Dufferin), lately invited as his guests to Calcutta.

They were very much gratified and impressed by all they saw and did on the occasion, and one of them wrote the following interesting account of the visit. We give it as he put it, *i.e.* :—

"This is a king's country. Every one ought to be amazed at the wonderful things to be seen in it. That which has most astonished us is the regularity with which everything is conducted. During our railway journey, we arrived at the different stations, and left again with great regularity as arranged. There is nothing like this at home. A country which is ill governed is not good.

"We arrived at Calcutta early in the morning, and, being tired, stayed in our lodgings the whole day.

"On the day following, we went to see the railway station and workshops. There are nothing like them in our land, which is poor. We were then taken to the mint, and saw the *pice* and *four-anna* pieces that are being coined there. The 'Cabul pieces,' namely, those of Afghanistan, are stamped with a die, and a hammer.

"There is nothing equal to this government, either in its silver, or its general management, or anything else. We visited the fort next day, and considered it very strong. We saw all the cannon and big guns there. They are very good.

"We were then taken to the Botanical Gardens in a steam launch. This is the first time we have been on board a steamer, and we enjoyed the trip very much. The gardens are by far the finest we have ever seen.

"We were then taken to the Zoological Gardens. Some of the animals here we had seen before at Cabul, but some of them were quite foreign to us, and greatly puzzled us, as we could not tell to what country they belonged.

"We also paid a visit to the *Bacchante*, and were truly astonished by the big guns and everything on board. We never saw such a ship. No other government could make them like that. The chiefs wanted to distribute money amongst the crew for showing all these wonders, but the captain said the *Sirkar* (Governor) would be very angry at their accepting a present.

"We again wanted to give the sailors something, but were again told that we could not be allowed to do so, as what had been shown to us was for our amusement. When we went down into the hold, we saw the men's tables spread in a minute and taken up again, their beds put down and taken up—all done in a minute—and in a moment the ship was made ready for a fight.

"The big guns were fired, but only with fuses. We saw the sailors going up the rigging very quickly, at the double, and run up the masts and remain there. We have never seen these things before. We were presented to the Lord Sahib of the sea—'the Admiral'—who was very kind to us.

"We were then taken to a small arms manufactory to see the workmen making cartridges and bullets. Another day we visited the *Englishman* newspaper office, and saw them printing, and making lead letters. . . . We also spoke through the telephone.

"Some of us were at the *Englishman* office and some at Messrs. King Hamilton's, and we recognised each other's voices. Then we visited the telegraph office, where we spoke with a friend at Peshawur—all in a few minutes. One of us asked a relative at Peshawur how he was, as he had been suffering from fever. He replied, 'Quite well; how's your boil?' Now these words astonished us very much, because none of us knew that this chief had a boil,—only his friend at Peshawur. Great are the ways of the Sirkar.

"We were then taken to a jute mill, where we saw the manufacture of gunny bags and cloth. We admired this more than anything else, as we had never seen cloth made in such a way. This sight struck us as much as the *Bacchante*, and the way in which that monster could be got ready for fighting. . . .

"India is indeed a wonderful country, and we are deeply grateful to the Viceroy Sahib for having brought us down to see such wonders."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

WHAT human love is like to that a mother bears her child?
So self-renouncing in its aims—so deep, so undefiled:
One love, alone, surpasses it, descending from above,
But this is ne'er in Nature found; it is not human love.

* * * *

Long years gone by, from Albion's shores, a British workman sailed,
His native land no work would yield; he sought it long, but failed.
At last, in dire necessity, he sailed for the far West,
But left his wife behind him, with an infant at her breast.
Then, like a man, he promised soon to make for them a home,
And send for both his wife and babe, when prosperous times should come.

At last, the longed-for missive came, which brought the cheering news.
How tight her grasp upon the note, as tho' she feared to lose
The very thing she waited for, long years, with aching heart:
She soon would join the one she loved, and ne'er from him would part.
"Dear Susie,"—thus the note began—"our troubles near their end;
Cheer up, my lass! good times at last—enclosed some cash I send.
I've built a house, am master man—have lots of money too,
The *Mary Jane* sails this day month; and so I'll look for you."

The sailing day at last arrived, and they were ready too—
"Good-bye" to dear old England's shores! to all old friends, "Adieu!"
On sped the ship; the winds soon filled the sails, and on she flew,
The sun shot forth his brightest beams from skies of deepest blue.
Right merry were the passengers, right gay the sailors all;
The ocean showed no threatening wave, the sky no cloudy pall.
Some had their minds engaged with thoughts of those they soon should meet,
Whilst others thought of those they left; not those they hoped to greet.

Two weeks had pass'd, they neared the port; 'twas now but one day's sail,
When hark! a cry of "Fire" is raised, and many a face turns pale;
The passengers rush to the deck, thither the smoke comes too,
The Captain cries: "Let down the boats." "Ay! ay!" respond the crew.
Forthwith the boats are lower'd, and with women first are fill'd,
The Captain stands to duty firm, tho' every nerve is thrilled.
The last boat now is lower'd, and 'tis filled as quickly too,
And some are left upon the deck—alas! what will they do?
Some plunge into the water, and others curse their fate,
Many are praying on their knees for mercy—not too late!
But from their midst a woman cries, as forth the boat departs,
"For God's sake save us! Are you men, or have you human hearts?"
They hear her cry and back they pull. "There is but room for one,
Which shall it be that we're to save—the mother, or her son?"
"Why, take the mother," cry they all; "quick! time is slipping by."
"No! no! not me, but save my boy. I'll stay; he shall not die."
The boy is lowered to the boat, already overfull,
The mother gazes on her child, as from the side they pull,
"Willie," cries she, "if you but live to see your father's face,
"Tell him, my boy, I died for you; and that I took your place."

That boat, although through hardships great, arrived all safe to shore,
But the *Mary Jane*, with her living freight, was never heard of more.
Yet the story of that mother's love shall last till time has run,
And earn from ev'ry lip the words—the inspiring words: "Well done!"
And well this story pictures forth the story of the cross,
Which tells of One who took thy place; who bore thy shame and loss;
Who suffered e'en God's righteous ire 'gainst sin on Calvary,
Who saith in tenderest tones to all: "I gave Myself for thee."

WILLIAM HENRY ROSS.

A Mistake Somewhere. — In America, nearly all paper-covered novels are entered in the Post Office Department as "second-class matter," and can be sent by post from the publishers at 1 cent per pound, and by the public at about 4 cents per pound. All other books,—school, law, science, even the Bible itself, can only be sent at 8 cents per pound. It would be well if this were reversed!

It was said of Charles Lamb: "Whether he had won for his greedy listener only some raw lad, or a charmed circle of beauty, rank, and wit, who hung breathless on his words, he talked with equal eloquence; for his subject, not his audience, inspired him."

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Thirteen Hundred Miles in My Caravan," "From Pole to Pole," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SPENCER RAE TAKES UP THE TRAIL.

IT is the age of wonderful—extra wonderful inventions,—this latter end of the nineteenth century, I mean, and there is no saying where they will end. Since I began to write this tale, Edison has brought out his marvellous phonograph. By its means, instead of writing a letter, you speak it; it is sent to your correspondent, and instead of reading it, he simply puts it in a box and listens, and lo! the letter speaks all it was told!

What a convenience it will be when books are printed in this way! Instead of turning over the leaves and reading, you will put your magic book into your magic box, touch a spring, and while you sit on your easy chair, or lie on a couch, your author will speak to you; every tone, every rise and fall of his voice, will be heard, so that he can to some extent combine the actor with the author.

People will not ask in those days, "Have you *read* so and so?" but, "Have you heard so and so?" And you will be able to reply in the affirmative, although you may have gone to sleep in the middle of the story, or after listening to the talking book for only a few minutes.

Wonders will never cease, and there really is a possibility of our grandchildren, if we ever have any, being able to talk to each other by means of electricity, and quite independent of wires, from one end of the globe to the other. Sight may be added to sound, though this might be awkward at times.

But at present the only individual who can see from pole to pole, and hear from Cape Horn to the Highlands of Banff, is the intelligent tale-teller.

While, for example, the good folk of the *Oonalaska* are beset in Arctic seas, and doing all they can to make things pleasant, I and my reader (without leave of Edison) can fly to England, to Yorkshire, to the village of Allandene itself, and to the very firesides of its peaceful inhabitants.

Here it is, the dear old drowsy place that Godfrey, lying in his snow-lined* bunk in the Polar Ocean, so often dreams about. Here are the "Dew Drop" Inn, and the old houses. The leaves on the great elms are dark and crisp and curly now, for it is the "fa' o' the year," and it is evening too.

"Peace seemed to reign upon earth. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the barnyards,
Whir of wings on the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons.
All were subdued and low as the murmur of love; and the great Sun
Looked with eyes of love through the golden vapours around him."

Out under the elms, through which the gentle gloaming winds are whispering, sit Gossip Gray and his neighbour.

"Ah, neighbour," says Gossip Gray, "they were never separated. Foine lads both—foine lads!"

"And they *do* say, Gossip, that Spencer be a-goin' to look for Godfrey all the world over."

"God send he may find him, neighbour."

"Amen, amen."

We pass up the road, and meet the Doctor jogging away in his trap. The good old man looks part and parcel of the place, looks as if he had grown up with the elm trees yonder, and would still be driving that same horse and trap a hundred years hence; for some of these old-fashioned Yorkshire villages give one the impression that they never have changed, and never will.

Old Mr. Lea is walking in his garden, communing with his thoughts. It is the evening of life with him, but he is very calm and very happy.

We open the little wicket gate of Mr. Neil's compound. We have to hold aside the trailing roses as we do so, and we glide into the parlour. No one there. But the piano is open, and there, on a chair, lies Mrs. Neil's knitting, and on a book her husband's spectacles. The birds have not long fled, and we easily guess where they have gone to.

Yes, we find them here in Dennis's drawing-room. All are here. Something more than usual is on the *tapis*. For Spencer tomorrow begins his search, or rather he leaves home to cross the sea for its commencement. He might have gone before, but thought it prudent to wait, and correspond with San Francisco.

Poor Mrs. Dennis!

"I have less hope," she says, "than any of you. But if it be His will to restore my boy, Godfrey will return."

"Mother," said Spencer Rae,—he always called her mother now,—"I have hope. I will hope for every one——"

"If," continued Mrs. Dennis, as though she hardly heard what Spencer said, "if it be His will—if not—well—*this* life will not always last."

Rosa went over to the sofa whereon Mrs. Dennis sat. She did not speak, but only took her hand and nursed it.

"Life will not always last."

There was a weary ring in her voice. It was as though she cared but little how soon she laid down the burden of her existence.

Oh! if Godfrey had but seen her thus in his dreams, had but heard her speak as she now did, how broken-hearted he would have felt, how unutterably wretched! But he was far, far away; and ever since that evening on the island of St. Paul's, when he had confided his sorrows to Miss Graves, he had been far less wretched in his mind, and there were times when he even caught himself hoping that things were not so bad as he—— And just as I with my pen cut that sentence short, so did he—Godfrey—always dash away the cup which Hope held to his lips.

"No, no, no," he would say to himself, "I have no right to do anything else but suffer." And, easier in mind though Miss Graves' counsel had rendered him, he still firmly adhered to his determination to remain in the Arctic Regions. When the ship should sail, he would be missing. This was his own sweet secret, that not even Miss Graves must know. When the time came he would act.

Yes, he often thought of his mother, his father and sister, and—Rosa. His consolation, when he did so, was that they knew him, and knew he would never return, and that they must have given him up long ago, as one gives up the dead, only to think of sweet reunion beyond the skies.

Spencer Rae was well liked in Allandene. He had mounted his big horse this afternoon, and ridden into the village to bid his friends good-bye, for he was to start late that night. He went to Parson Lea's first, and received an informal but heart-felt blessing.

"I'll pray for you, boy," said Mr. Lea.

"Oh, yes, mind you do that," said Spencer, turning serious immediately, "and not once, but always. And, I say, Mr. Lea——"

"Well, boy?"

"You've always been a friend to our family; now do go as often as you can to see Mother Dennis. Ah! do you know, I fear I'll not meet *her* again."

"Hope on, lad, hope for the best."

"Yes, I'll do that. And, of course, you'll often see Miss Neil. Keep her heart up. *You* can. Good-bye, sir."

But there was scarcely a house in the village where Spencer had not a farewell to say; and to tell you the whole truth, he had more good wishes for his welfare and success than fall to the lot of many brides, and they were all sincere.

Before they parted that night, Rosa gave Spencer a letter for Godfrey. Like Spencer himself, she was as full of bright hopes as a rainbow is of bright colours.

The young man had a long way to drive to the nearest civilised station,—for there really *are* uncivilised railway stations, you know.

When he took his ticket by the night express for London, his heart and brain were full of a not unpleasant kind of excitement. Spencer was in fine form. He was healthy mentally and corporally, and therefore exertion of both mind and body was the only thing that could really do him good. While at home, he fretted and moped, but now his barque was launched on the ocean of life, and Hope was at the helm.

There was, for the most part, an abiding smile on his face, an abiding light in his eye, that told of the joy within. He had not thought about, nor taken the time nor the pains to reckon, the difficulties and the dangers he would have to go through. If he had considered them at all, it was to treat them as lightly as one treats the clouds that obscure a summer moon; they would vanish one by one, and all would go well, even to the blissful end.

The train was late that night, but seated there, all alone on a daïs, with his luggage near him, he had such a deal that was jolly to think about, and so many bright castles to build in the air, that impatience was out of the question. When the sleepy porter rang the bell at long last, and the train came fussing and tearing into the station, Spencer picked up his heavy hand-bags as if they had been only a set of cricket gear, and

* At night the sleeper's breath speedily freezes, and lines the roof and sides deep with hoar frost, which also lies thick on the coverlet.

pitching them into a compartment, followed and took his seat.

He spent an hour or two talking with a fellow-passenger. The conversation was very tame, but all subjects were tame now to Spencer, except *the* one that filled his life and soul.

He threw himself on the cushion at full length next, and was soon sound asleep.

When he awoke it was early morning. The train was swinging along through green flat meadows, where cattle grazed; past plantations of stunted elms and ashes; past ponds in fields, where ducks and geese were feeding, and rooks, intent on finding the matutinal worm; past farms and villages; the scenery all half enveloped in fog.

In a short time he was in London. It was damp, and dreary, and comfortless; but Spencer was not downcast. He had much to do, and his thoughts had an atmosphere of his own.

* * * *

We find him a week after this walking the quarter-deck of an Atlantic liner, still looking fresh, and hard, and rosy—the Yorkshireman all over. Men envied him his very appearance and happy looks, and to more than one lady he was an individual worthy of study.

Spencer might have looked what he was, a farmer, but soft or green, no! He took to travelling as a duckling takes to water; he found his way about New York, and after arriving at San Francisco, one night's rest sufficed to chase away his fatigue, and free his brain from that cobweb feeling of fulness that long journeying induces in most people.

Then Spencer went to work in earnest.

So anxious was he, so well did he work, not leaving a single stone unturned, that in three days' time he had found out all he was likely to find out for a time.

He found relations of Mr. Graves; he found his banker, his solicitor, and many men in the city who had known him and bidden him good-bye, and who had even spoken to and shaken hands with his cousin Godfrey. But to Spencer's sorrow no one knew definitely what Mr. Graves had sailed in the *Oonalaska* for, unless for change and adventure, coupled with his insatiable craving to see, as he himself expressed it, "both ends of the world, and how it looked upside down."

With his banker and an old uncle of his, Nat senior had been dining an evening or two before sailing. He laughingly told them that he was going to give his sister Mary a treat.

"Suppose you get lost up North, eh?" said his banker.

"Well, man, if I don't come home in time, why, send out and seek me. Come yourself, too, and I'll make you sure of a good day's shooting. I've got some cash in your old stocking."

But as to his intention of trying to force a passage through to Baffin's Bay, he had breathed no hint; and the probability is he had not even formed it until he had been for some time at sea.

He ought to have been back at 'Frisco months before.

"Frozen up," the banker said; "they must be." And he added, "His friends must wait and hope."

Wait and hope? a bad look-out for Spencer. He could work and hope; but waiting is wearisome to the young and ardent.

So far, however, fortune favoured Spencer. A ship came in from the Pribyloo islands, laden with fur-skins. It was the identical Russian barque that had seen the *Oonalaska*, and seen her sail away for the North.

"Do you think they will get round?"

"No; they never will. They do not know the country. They stayed too long at Pribyloo."

"But if frozen in for the winter, may they not try again in spring?"

"Impossible; they are not provisioned."

"Where do you sail next to?"

"I go down south to thaw out. Back here in spring, and on to Alaska."

Hope relit her lamp in Spencer's heart. He would wait till the captain returned, and sail with him, if the *Oonalaska* did not return ere then.

Meanwhile he would daily read the shipping news; for, notwithstanding all the Russian had told him, he considered there might be a possibility of the *Oona's* success, and of her eventually arriving at New York.

(*To be continued.*)

TRAVELLING IN INDIA.

A HINDOO, having had his conscience awakened, inquired of various Brahmins how he might make atonement to God for his sins. All agreed that it was by torturing his body that his guilt was to be expiated; and the mode recommended was:—

"Thou must drive a number of iron spikes through thy sandals; and on these sandals thou must place thy naked feet, and walk to the sacred station at the Godavery River (distant 480 miles). If, through loss of blood, or weakness of body, thou art unable to proceed, thou mayest halt, and wait for healing and strength. When thou hast performed this, thou mayest '*hope*' that thy soul will be cleansed."

The poor Hindoo was in earnest to save his soul; and, severe as the penance was, he did not hesitate, but immediately set out on his painful journey. At length he felt compelled to halt beneath a wide-spreading tree.

It happened that a Christian missionary was accustomed to take his stand beneath this very tree, and to proclaim the words of life. The poor foot-sore devotee had not been there long before the missionary came to his wonted labour, and cried aloud, "The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth from all sin." He began to describe what sin was in the sight of God, and pressed guilt home; he showed the utter hopelessness of man's saving himself by any self-imposed suffering, and pointed out God's way of salvation, through the blood-shedding of His own well-beloved Son.

These glad sounds fell upon the Hindoo's ears like rain on a thirsty soil. He drank in every word; and at length, plucking off his sandals, sprang up and cried out, "This is what I want! This is what I want!" He gladly received the word, and believed it, and became a living witness, that the blood of Jesus Christ *does indeed* cleanse from *all* sin.

58 SUNDAYS IN A YEAR.

A PERSON who values his Sundays can, if he will, add to their value six and a half days every year, by the simple process of rising one hour earlier than his custom. General habit makes it one hour later to get up, and often one hour earlier to bed. "The best of all the seven" is woefully pared down.

TALKS WITH MARRIED FOLK

ABOUT THE MANAGEMENT OF INCOME.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

NO. 5.—WHEN AND HOW TO SAVE.

(*Continued.*)



THERE is very little doubt that the chief reasons why so much money is spent on meat in our families is, first, that people do not know what to get instead of joints, or how to cook other foods; and, secondly, that they like to have what can be quickly prepared. This is a pity. So far as knowing what to get instead of the best joints goes, all I can say is, that those who wish to effect an alteration will have to set themselves to learn not only to choose, but also how to cook the cheaper parts of meat.

This is not a simple business. It calls for pains, careful thought, and perseverance; and those who will not pay the price cannot have the advantage. As the proverb says, "Those who will not take pains, pains will take them."

We sometimes hear people talk as if good management and good cookery were affairs of course, quite easy of accomplishment. They are not at all easy; and those who know most about them would be the least likely to under-rate them. Skill of this kind is not to be acquired by reading a book, or copying out a recipe; it is gained by practice, patience, observation, and experiment.

It may be comparatively easy to follow an expensive recipe and produce an elegant dish at a great expense. But economical cookery is not easy; it requires intelligence, discrimination, and many other high qualities. Let no one think slightingly of good cookery. There was never a woman yet who could do it well and economically, who did not possess ability above the average.

Then as to rapid cookery. "Haste makes waste." It is no use for people to think they can prepare economical meals unless they can give time to them; or, at any rate, I am afraid *I* shall not be able to tell them how they can dispense with time. A tender steak we can broil over a large fire a few minutes before dinner, but the coarser and cheaper pieces of meat require long gentle stewing to make them nourishing and appetising. Fortunately, this long stewing requires to be carried on over a gentle fire, and thus we are enabled to save fuel as well as cash; but Time we *must* have. This long preparation may sound difficult, yet it only means that with it we shall have to arrange our meals beforehand, take time by the forelock, and not leave everything to the last minute.

As a matter of fact, we shall probably not give many more minutes to the preparation of the economical food than we should to the preparation of the expensive food. Only, with the former, we should have to commence in good time. Thus we come back to the same old story, "Be beforehand." The secret of thrift lies in looking ahead, and preparing for what is to come.

Before I end these papers, I will give a few recipes for inexpensive nourishing dishes. But we need to understand that to have a good recipe is only the fringe of the business. A recipe can never be considered valuable until it has been tried and proved by the person who has to use it. A recipe which we know from personal experience is

suited to our individual requirements, and to the taste and needs of our family, is worth writing down in letters of gold.

Still another word I must say about "leguminous foods," as peas, beans, lentils, etc., are called. People who decide to use them should be careful in what quantities they give them to children. We should none of us think of putting as much roast beef or roast mutton before a child as we should put before a grown man. Yet the legumes are quite as strong and rich as meat, though it is difficult to realise the fact, because when well boiled they are soft, and they are generally served in liquid form.

They should therefore be eaten with plenty of rice, bread, potatoes, and other vegetables; otherwise they are likely to disagree. Also, they should be introduced gradually, and as the skins are often a little irritating to the digestive organs of those unaccustomed to the food, it is wise to remove them by crushing the beans or peas through a sieve, and keeping back what will not go through. There is one encouragement to the employment of these foods, namely, that the taste for them is very easily acquired, while the saving in expense which can be effected thereby, is very considerable.

After butcher's bills, the next item on which there is a chance of saving, is in the washing bills. Saving in the laundry department is effected by washing at home, instead of putting the washing out. Once on a time it was quite exceptional for people of moderate income to put out their washing; now it is quite exceptional for them to do anything else. And yet it is marvellous what a difference there is between the comparative cost of the two methods. By washing at home we save not only in the weekly bills, but also in the wear and tear of our linen. Linen sent out to the ordinary professional laundress is in rags and tatters years earlier than linen which is carefully cleansed at home. The average laundress *will* use chemicals in her manipulations, and these chemicals ruin our goods. If we wish to preserve them, to keep them a good colour, and to save time in darning, making, and mending, we shall make arrangements to wash them at home.

To busy housekeepers, who are accustomed to enjoy the relief of sending dirty linen out of the house, and receiving it back clean, this suggestion is likely to be unwelcome. Yet, if they will look into the subject, they will find that a very real saving can be very speedily effected through a "better order" in the laundry department; and they will be wise not to decide too quickly that such a saving for them is quite an impossibility.

When it is necessary to hire special help in washing, it is certainly open to question whether the evils of the arrangement will not outweigh the benefits. In small establishments, the hiring and extra keep very often prove exceedingly demoralizing, and the introduction of a new claimant to advantage into the household, makes settled assistants disposed to discontent. The house-mother would be wise to think twice before she ran the risk of any mischance of this sort. Yet if, with the ordinary help, she can have even part of the family wash done at home, she will undoubtedly economise. Sometimes, where there are girls in the family, it can be arranged that each one shall undertake special washing of small things. One girl, for instance, might wash the stockings and laces; another might undertake the small flannels and vests. Little duties of this kind are not onerous; they give the person who does them a practical knowledge of laundry work, which is sure to be useful, and the arrangement is most economical. Stockings carefully washed at home do not need to be darned nearly so much as do stockings which are put out; for really it is quite cruel to see how, occasionally, in high-class laundries, good stockings are torn and made hard and unwearable.

When kitchen cloths and dusters are allowed to accumulate, they will at the end of a week or a fortnight form a small wash by themselves, especially if they are allowed to get very dirty. One way of conquering this difficulty is to wash out every night those which have been used during the day. When this is done, the wash at the end of the week does not look nearly as formidable as it would do, if the kitchen cloths were added to it. When the oven has been used, clever managers often arrange to have the kitchen cloths soaked and slightly soaped, then put into an earthenware jar with a little ammonia, or a small lump of soda, and left in the oven all night. In the morning the dirt is so much loosened, that they need only to be rinsed out, and they are clean.

Still one other way of reducing the laundry expenses is for the gentler members of the household to wear rational under-garments. On this subject we must speak when we talk of dress; but it may be remarked, by the way, that one of the chief advantages of rational underclothing is that, besides being healthier and more comfortable, it effects an economy in washing, as well as in material. Where there are two or three girls in a family, it is keeping quite within the mark to say that if washing were put out, the difference in the washing bills for rational dress and ordinary dress would not be less than 2s. a week, and 2s. per week, it must be remembered, is more than £5 in a year.

Having done what we can in the laundry, we find that the next item upon which we can save is in the consumption of beer and intoxicants. The advocates of temperance very often tell us of the harm done to health and morality by spirituous liquors; they tell us that comfort, happiness, and progress are destroyed by them. With considerations of that kind we have nothing to do here; we have simply to do with economy. Looked at from that standpoint only, we have to confess that there is no more costly item in household expenses than beer and wine; and the worst thing about them is that you can never make an accurate estimate of what they will amount to. Once admitted, their cost grows.

In the majority of cases, the only way to lessen this expense is to get rid of it altogether; then we begin to have hopes, and to have a chance of saving. The item of alcoholic drinks in an estimate of household expenditure is like a hole in a pocket where money is kept; we never know how much we shall lose by it.

If even moderate people could draw up the same sort of statement about intoxicants, which we drew of general expenses at the beginning of these talks, and put the money spent on beer and wine on one side, and the benefit received from them on the other, and then add up and compare the two sums, there is no question as to which would be the larger.

When people who have got into money difficulties begin in real earnest to try to save, they almost invariably attack first this one item of expense. As a rule, they find it easier to dispense altogether with beer and wine, than to regulate the consumption thereof. The troubles connected with abstention from beer and spirits grow less with every day. Those who have been accustomed to the use of alcohol will probably feel the longing for it come over them at intervals; but if the desire is conquered, it will grow feebler and feebler, and at length will disappear altogether. Then the victory over appetite will be won, and a huge stride will be made in the road which leads to economy.

We have all heard of the drunkard who resolved to reform, and who put a glass of spirits in front of him, and said he would fight his enemy while facing him. The poor fellow would have been much safer if he had kept his enemy out of the house. The same rule holds good when this particular enemy attacks our pockets, instead of our character. If we keep it out of the house, we have not very much to fear from it.

It is probable that there would be less difficulty in effecting this one economy if householders would realise that when beer and spirits are not supplied, something else must take their place. Despise and fear them as much as we will, there is no denying that these beverages supply a want; to an extent they constitute food; and they act as a stimulant, which, in this hard work-a-day world, is frequently very much needed. When householders, therefore, turn this foe out of doors, they would be much more likely to keep him out if, at the same time, they admitted a friend in his place.

If, when beer was banished, pains were taken to supply good coffee or cocoa, or refreshing, harmless beverages in its stead, its absence would not be missed. We ought not to forget that those who save the cost of beer can afford to furnish other beverages; their families will need more coffee, cocoa, or lemonade than others. Therefore, it is a prudent arrangement, and a positive economy, to acknowledge this fact and act upon it. It is very hard work, especially when the change is first made, for people who have been accustomed to take a glass of beer with their meals, or the last thing at night, to resign themselves to drinking cold water. They would be much more content if an acceptable substitute for the former beverage were provided. The house-mother should tax her ingenuity to supply this.

The number of beverages at her command is great and varied. Amongst them may be named coffee, cocoa, boiled milk, lime juice, lemonade, gingerbeer; in summer time fruit-syrups of all kinds, mixed with water, toast water and barley-water. Of late years many people have learnt to enjoy and to believe in the value of hot water as a drink. Its advocates say that, taken with food, and last thing at night, it is most comforting and wholesome; it aids digestion, and through habit becomes as acceptable as beer used to be. Certainly, no objection can be raised to hot water on account of its cost!

(*To be continued.*)

THE SQUIRE'S PROBLEM: "MUCH—SOME—OR NONE?"

By G. DE LA PLANTE.



CHAPTER I.

TWO EXPERIMENTS.

WYNYARD WHYTE and his sister were "inseparables." Everything these two did was invested with keen interest for the whole of the neighbourhood, for young Whyte was squire of the parish, and a "great man" amongst the small folk around.

He and Mary had been under tutors and governors until they both came of age; then all restraints were laid aside, and brother and sister began life in earnest.

The squire was a manly, straight-limbed fellow, with a clear head and a kindly heart. Not very clever, perhaps, nor gifted with fine susceptibilities, but at least a pleasant, good-hearted gentleman. Mary was smaller and slighter in build, with a clear-cut profile, and wistful brown eyes.

Life looked very fair to these two, when, after all the guests had departed, they took sole possession of the old Hall, and prepared to start "on their own account." Young, strong, wealthy, what might they not do? Already Mary had begun to plan for the future, and where she went the squire was sure to follow.

"Come for a walk, Wyn?" said she, as her brother strolled into the library one sunny morning. "I have written five 'polite' letters, and feel as if I wanted a bit of nature, after so much art."

"All right!" said the squire; "let us go up the hill and have a good long talk. We ought to do something worth while now, Mary, you and I."

Up the hill they went, winding in and out amongst the patches of gorse and heather, until they reached the highest point. There they paused, breathless, and turned to see the view. Nestling to the right hand, far below them, lay the Hall, while its broad acres of demesne stretched away as far as eye could reach. At their feet lay the fishing village, beneath a cloud of smoke, which hung lazily in the still air; and out on the sparkling ocean were scores of little fishing-boats making for the trawling-grounds.

"All yours, Wynyard," said Mary, seating herself amongst the heather.

"Yes," said the squire thoughtfully.

It felt strange to stand on that hill-top, and realise his own power.

"The old Hall is in the sunlight, but the village is in a cloud of smoke," said Mary again.

"Yes," repeated the squire.

"It doesn't seem right," said the girl. "I wonder *why* you were made squire, Wynyard? You did nothing to deserve it."

"I see."

"But you *are* the squire, and you can't help it."

"I suppose not. What are you driving at, Mary?"

"Only this: ought we not to try to make these people better, happier? You see you can do it, so I suppose you are responsible about them."

"Well done, Sis! Never knew you were a preacher! Why shouldn't we work this notion of yours into part of our fun? Those fishing people scarcely know me from any other fellow, though I own the very roofs over their heads. Let us have a grand dinner for them at the Hall, and give them a real good time for once."

"Capital!" said Mary. "The Forsyths and the Brentons would come to help. We would put up a tent near the tennis lawn, and have a Band down from town."

"That's settled," said the squire, with a sigh of relief; "if you see to the provisioning, I'll see to the fun. You'd better have invitations printed, and left round at the houses."

"I wonder ——" began Mary. Then she stopped. "We'll try it anyhow, Wyn; it will be something to get to know the people. Come along, sir; down the hill again, or we shall be late for lunch."

The day for the great dinner came at last. Quite a large company of the fisher folk assembled, and a number of the gentry round, looking with genial amusement on the young squire's benevolence, came to share in the fun. Fair ladies waited on the rough, care-worn men, and as the evening wore on, the fun grew fast and furious.

"Wynyard," said Mary, touching her brother's arm, "can you not stop this? Many of the men have had too much."

"I know," said the squire; "but what can I do? You and the ladies had better go to the house. Let the poor fellows have enough for once."

"Enough?" said Mary. "I doubt if this will do them much good. Can't you say a word?"

"How can I cut off supplies?" asked the squire rather angrily. "They must go their own way for to-night."

Mary turned aside, and listened with a sick heart to the congratulations on her brother's benevolence which greeted her in the drawing-room: this was not the way in which the people could be helped.

Breakfast was a silent meal next morning, and after it, Wynyard strolled down to the village in a puzzled frame of mind. Evidently Mary was not satisfied with their initial effort; he was not satisfied himself.

Two men leant over a wooden railing, watching a coasting vessel lazily drying her sails. The squire, as he passed, overheard what they said.

"Yes, 'twere well enough, but what's a good dinner once in a way? It spoils a man's taste for his salted herrin'."

"There'll be none too many herrin's to salt to-day," said the other; "half the boats 'ont go out. The men are a-bed yet."

"St! man; th' squire's close to hand."

Old Betty came to the door of the post-office a few yards farther on. She evidently had a "word in season" for the squire.

"Ay, ay, Squire; 'twas kindly meant, an' Miss Mary sent me a gey bit o' beef, an' a tasty puddin', but there's two sides to most things,—there's two sides to this."

"What's the matter now, old friend?" asked the squire, for Betty was one of his few acquaintances in the village. "Did I do more harm than good last night? It seems like it."

Betty pointed across the street to the Black Bull. "You did him a good turn, anyhow. Th' place was crowded half the night; little sleep had I."

"The men had enough to drink at the Hall," said the squire sternly.

"Enough's a matter o' 'pinion," said Betty; "'pears they didn't think so; they had enough to start 'em, anyhow. There's many a wife cryin' to-day because her man went back to drink last night. Th' dinner brought you more'n blessings, Squire. Likely they told you 'bout Big Bill?"

"No—that great strong fellow who made a speech last night?"

"As like as not; he'd better ha' stayed at home. Comin' back, he turned in to the Black Bull, and took all he could drink. Tryin' to walk home, he tripped on the kerb-stone, an' pitched right down a flight o' steps, broke his leg, an' knocked his skull near to pieces. They *do* say 'twill be a near thing with him now. Last six weeks he kep' sober, but before that—well, he was a one! Goin' to see him, sir? First turn to the left down the lane. Hope his missus 'll be civil."

The squire walked on, sad at heart. If only Mary had let him be; but now that he had begun he could not go back. Indifference, once broken, cannot be resumed.

Faugh! what a sickening place! Every sense offended by the close contact of unpleasant sight, and smell, and sound. How could men be good and women pure in such a den as this? yet Big Ben's cottage was far from being one of the worst. The injured giant tossed restlessly on his comfortless bed; two children fought by the hearth-stone, and the housewife, uncombed and unwashen, sullenly went through her work. For that week she had money for food, but who was to care for the future?

The squire's form darkened the doorway. The woman looked up. Here was hope. Uncivil to him? She knew better than that. A minute before she had been muttering hard things against him for having enticed her husband back to drink. Now she was all smiles and curtsies; for the squire could help her to find bread.

Ten minutes later, Wynyard Whyte left the house, a sadder and a wiser man. He saw through the woman's obsequious words; he knew why she did not dare to show her anger openly, and it cut him that poverty should compel her to dissemble with him. Substantial help he gave her, of course, but food for the body could not do much for those steeped in surroundings of misery and sin.

"Are the other cottages like yours?" he asked.

"Well, sir, we're respectabler than most. Since Bill took to be sober, I've got a stick or two o' things together again. I was just

thinkin' which would have to go first, when your honour came in."

"Wyn, you are utterly dispirited to-night," said Mary, stirring the fire to a blaze. It was after dinner, and the brother and sister were alone.

Wynyard told her something of his experience that morning. "No wonder I feel out of sorts, as I've made things worse, not better."

"Drink seems to be at the bottom of it all. Couldn't you stop that, Wynyard?"

"I don't see how. I don't hold with taking away a man's liberty."

"Nor do I. But you might show them how wrong it is to take too much."

"So I might. I wish I'd thought of that last night."

"Here's an idea! Why not go straight off now to the Black Bull, and have a talk with the men there? That landlord seemed such a pleasant man last night. Do, Wynyard."

"Look here, Mary, it's rather a nasty job." The squire took a turn up and down the room. "I believe I'll face it," he said at last; "it's better than being haunted by that house to-day. Ugh! it was horrible!"

The landlord of the Black Bull gave a smiling welcome to the young squire. A murmur of surprise went round the crowded bar-parlour, hats were touched, and a general hush fell upon the assembly. How warm the room was, and how bright it seemed compared with Big Ben's hovel! No wonder that more than half the fishermen gathered here every night.

"Glass o' beer, Squire?" called out a half-tipsy man. "We'll stand treat in return for yours."

"No, thanks," said the squire; "I've had my two glasses of wine at dinner. I never take more. May I say a word or two to your customers, landlord?"

"Surely, Squire," said the publican. "Real jolly I call this—us dining with the Squire last night, and he dropping in so friendly now."

"Hear, hear!"—this from the audience.

"I would not say a word against the Black Bull behind his back," said the squire, raising his voice, "but I want to warn you fellows against taking too much drink. 'Enough is as good as a feast.' People say you can't have too much of a good thing. Now the Black Bull's beer is a *very* good thing, as we all know, but it's quite possible to take too much of it. I blame myself about last night——"

"How's Big Bill, missus?" broke in a sailor, speaking to a woman who was trying to keep out of sight. All eyes were turned towards her corner, and the squire saw the wife and mother, whose place was at home, just finishing a glass of what had been her husband's ruin. The woman slunk away ashamed, fearing she had lost all chance of further help from the squire.

The young man went on,—

"You know more of the harm of too much drink than I do. I don't want to keep any of you from your social glass, but I do want to keep you from being drunkards. Look here,—will you make up your minds to-night that you'll never again take too much, either here or elsewhere? You agree to that, landlord?"

"Surely, Squire, surely," said the landlord, stepping to the front, "that's what I say, too. Come in here every night, boys; the bar parlour is at your service, and the best the house can give. But don't get drunk. I



"Betty had evidently a 'word in season' for the squire."

never like a man to take too much, though two or three glasses are good for us all. As for them as want to take away the liberty of a man to have his drink when he likes, I say they're robbers. We're free Britons, who never, *never*, NEVER will be slaves."

In the midst of the applause which followed, a sailor got upon his legs. "Th' squire's right," said he, "an' so are you, sir. But there's two things I'd like to be told. *How're we to know when we've had enough, and how're we to stop when we know it?*"

The squire racked his brains for a satisfactory measure of sufficiency, but none could he find. "That's a point you must decide for yourselves," he said at last. "I don't ask you to decide it for me. I take my glass or two every night, and then I stop. Can't you do the same? Be men, every one of you; make up your minds to do a thing, and stick to it. Will you remember what I say?"

"Ay, ay, sir," came in a somewhat sullen chorus; whilst one man remarked, "'Tis easy for the squire to be sober, with a good meat dinner and a warm fire"; and another muttered, "Th' landlord knows his business, that he do. 'Tisn't like that the men, when once they begin, will stop while they can hold a drop."

"A free glass all round, lads, to drink the squire's health," called the landlord, who was far from pleased at the turn things were taking; and amid loud, unsteady cheers, the young squire left the Black Bull, not very hopeful about his effort at reform.

CHAPTER II.

A LIGHT ON THE WAY.

"I SAY, Mary, do let us get out of this for a while; I'm sick of the place. They had another fight in the village last night. Big Bill's keeping sober, but his wife drinks like a fish. I wish I could forget all about them; but the worst of beginning to take an interest in people is that you can't stop when you want to. What on earth can I do to keep them sober? It's a regular problem."

"I think you've done something, Wynyard; but certainly not much. Yes, we'll have a run to the Lakes, and get fresh ideas amongst the hills."

There was a crying baby in the only first class carriage when the squire and his sister reached the little roadside station, so their wraps were put to engage two corner seats in a second class compartment, where one passenger, a quiet-looking young fellow, already sat.

Wynyard bought a paper, then sprang in, and the train started. For the first half-hour there was silence; then the stranger finished his paper and laid it aside. Wynyard, not caring to have leisure for thought, proposed an exchange, as he had also finished his.

"Gladly, but mine is the *Temperance Chronicle;* you may not care for it?"

"Mine is the *Temperance Times*," said Wynyard, laughing; "the subject interests me specially just now."

"Really? May I ask if you are a worker in the cause?"

"I scarcely know whether 'the cause' would own me. I have a fishing village on my estate, and have been trying to teach the people not to drink too much."

"And the result has been——?"

"Practically *nil*."

"Excuse me, but I expected that answer. You do not hold with my 'bit o' blue'"; and the stranger touched his button-hole.

The squire smiled rather scornfully.

"Assuredly not. I believe in teaching men self-control—not in chaining them up."

"Yet you have not been successful in your teaching."

"I admit that, but I do not see that it touches the principle."

"The principle may be right enough, but it won't work. How is a man to know when he has had enough, and how is he to stop when he knows it?"

Why, here was the sailor's question again! The squire was silent.

"You see we have to deal with men as they are, not as they ought to be; now men, as they are, cannot continue moderate drinkers without danger of becoming drunkards. Of course there are exceptions; probably you yourself are one. We total abstainers hold that you moderate drinkers do the 'cause' more harm than drunkards."

"You speak strongly."

"I mean no offence. A drunkard shows the horrors of drink; his very face proclaims its degrading power; he may deter some one from following in his steps; but a man like you,—why, every glass of wine you take is an advertisement for the publicans! You drink, yet it does not affect you; the poor wretch, who with weakened will is struggling against his tyrant, fondly hopes—because he *wishes* to hope—that what is so good for you cannot be bad for him."

"I never taught the villagers to drink," said the squire, looking rather frigid; "they knew it well enough before I came."

"Perhaps; but don't you see that you are a daily excuse for them? If not directly causing crime, you are hindering reformation."

"Wine means nothing to me," said the squire; "I only take it from habit. If I really believed——" and he paused.

"It is a heavy responsibility to let a mere *habit* stand in another's way," said the stranger. "I am only a clerk in a city office, with no influence, as the world counts it, whilst you have evidently a great deal; but I dare not be neutral in the matter. The little I can do I must not leave undone."

"You feel it to be so vital?"

"I feel it to be the most vital question, next to the gospel itself; in fact, the two should ever work side by side."

"And you have no faith in moderate drinking?"

"Absolutely none."

"But it would not be possible for me to practise Total Abstinence. My position would put it out of the question. I must keep my guests in countenance; it would amount to a reproach to them if I refused to drink what they drank."

"Quite so; but that could be easily met."

"In what way? A man cannot always keep on explaining his actions."

"No; but what is simpler than to banish all intoxicants from your table and your household? Then you and your guests would be water-drinkers alike."

Mary sat forward and listened eagerly. This going to the root of the matter commended itself to her impulsive nature. "If only that were possible, Wynyard!" she said wistfully.

"You have no conception of the difficulty it would cause. I should get the name of being stingy and inhospitable. The Hall would be deserted."

"Better that, perhaps," said the stranger, "than that you should feel that the loss of even one drunkard's soul lay at your door."

"I have not yet realised that feeling," said the squire, a little stiffly; "when I do, it will be time enough for such marked action. Up to the present, I am scarcely convinced that it is even possible for these hard-worked men to get on well without a glass of beer."

"The statistics of the subject, if you wil study them, as well as the chemistry of intoxicants, will soon settle that. When a man does not drink beer, he has more money free for the real necessaries of life."

"Perhaps so, but as I tell you, I am not convinced. Until I am——"

"You can take no action, of course; but at least put yourself prayerfully in the way of conviction."

"We change here, Mary," said the squire, as the train slackened speed. "May I know your name and address, sir? Here is my card."

"This is the card of the firm I travel for," said the stranger frankly. "I will write my name below."

"Good-bye; I hope we shall meet again," said the squire, grasping his hand.

"Forgive one word more—even Total Abstinence will never work, unless it goes hand in hand with the gospel of Christ. If you love Him yourself, sir, lead your men to seek Him as their Saviour. Nowhere else will they get the strength they need to keep them from drink."

(*To be continued.*)

WHAT MEDICAL MEN SAY.

DR. CHEYNE writes: "Nothing can be more prejudicial to tender constitutions, and studious or contemplative persons, than lying in bed after one is distinctly awake, or has slept a reasonable time."

Dr. Wilson Philip says: "Although it is of consequence to the weakly to go early to bed, there are few things more hurtful to them than remaining in it too long. Getting up an hour or two earlier often gives a degree of vigour which nothing else can produce. For those who are not weak and sleep well, the best rule is to get out of bed soon after awakening in the morning. This at first may appear too early, for the sickly require more sleep than the healthy; but rising early will gradually prolong the sleep on the succeeding night, till the quantity the patient enjoys is equal to his demands for it."

THE MEANING OF THE WORD TIME.

THE word Time is derived from the Greek word "Temnō," to cut,—a piece cut off. Time, therefore, is a piece of Eternity cut off for man's present use. We cannot claim from God anything beyond the present; we only live by the day, taking each piece of time as it is cut off for us, moment after moment. Time is something opposed to Eternity; one is measurable, adapted to the small, finite ideas of human imagination; the other is a vast, unknown, incomprehensible perpetuity, far, far beyond the grasp of finite man.

None can conceive a state of existence that is without beginning or end, without bottom to be sounded, without shore to be reached; yet this is Eternity, an infinitesimal part of which is broken off, for all born on this earth to use, or abuse, as each lists.

ENTHUSIASM CONDEMNED BY GOOD PEOPLE.

By the Rev. JOHN WATSON, M.A., Liverpool.

IT is, perhaps, unfortunate when honest, sincere, and intense enthusiasm is criticised and condemned and vilified by a hostile world. One has, however, this consolation when viewing such a spectacle, that nothing else could have been expected in the circumstances, and that opposition so natural will only encourage brave hearts.

But when the people who are heart and soul with your cause, say—the progress of the kingdom of God—take up a critical attitude, and pour cold water on your efforts, and make out that you are doing more harm than good, and that you had better at once give up what you are doing, the warmest heart is apt to be chilled, and the highest spirit wounded. You never expected your own allies to desert you, far less to attack you; and those who would have faced all for the honour of God and the happiness of man, are wounded unto death by this Brutus' stroke.

Viewed in this light, I have always regarded, as indeed one of the most painful incidents in the life of Jesus, the interference of His mother and brethren at Capernaum, when they came to seek Him.

He was, alas! quite accustomed to receive the bitterest abuse at the hand of the Pharisees, and was told three times at least that He had a devil. So far as one can judge, He was not much hurt by this insult, probably because He had discounted any rivalry from the Pharisee party, and also because He knew that when a Jew said any one had a devil, he only meant to say that the person had different opinions from his own. Just as some good people now-a-days will call one who differs from them on election or inspiration, a Socinian or an infidel. But it was another thing to have His own brethren, and it seems also His mother,—who ought to have sympathised with Him, and who, in fact, had the kindliest feelings towards Him, —coming down from Nazareth to Capernaum, pushing their way through the crowds, striving to get near Jesus, and actually intending to place Him under restraint as one who had gone out of His mind.

Mark the circumstances of this incident, and you will see in a moment why His own family were so concerned about Jesus. It was not, remember, because He had been preaching the gospel of the kingdom to all Galilee, nor because He had been healing diseased people by scores, nor because He was idolised by the grateful people, nor because He was hated by the Pharisees. No! it was because He was hurrying hither and thither, and working double tides as it were, and taking so little care of Himself, that He had not time so much as to eat. It was all very well to say He was doing good, and blessing multitudes, and making happy homes, but surely He could do all this in a more sensible way. Was it necessary He should kill Himself for the sake of these people? Would it not be better for their sake that He should moderate His hot zeal, and take care of His body? They—His mother and brethren—would persuade Him to leave Capernaum, to return with them to Nazareth, and to live quietly with them till His brain should grow cool again; then He might resume His public work with renewed strength and in a more leisurely way. In short, it was not His work they condemned —certainly not; with that they no doubt entirely sympathised—but His way of doing it. They called Him mad because He was enthusiastic.

Well, circumstances being changed, the situation is constantly being repeated. We do not venture to say that one could find anywhere the pure enthusiasm of Jesus, in whom the fire of Divine love was guided by the Spirit of Divine wisdom; but we do not hesitate to say that there are thousands of men in this land to-day, whose zeal for God's kingdom, and passion for precious souls, are so intense as to carry them to great extremes both in word and deed. They are neglecting health, hazarding life, flinging away great chances, offending the world, dropping old customs, outraging conventionalities, very much as Jesus did in Galilee, and for the same reason. The method may be imperfect, but the spirit is the Spirit of Jesus.

Enthusiasm is not dead, in this composed and conventional age; and the kindly and good-hearted, but I venture to think, mistaken, critics of this enthusiasm, are also present. Some of the most loyal friends Jesus has in the world—as loyal, doubtless, as His mother—are inclined to be rather unfriendly to what they would call the extravagance of certain persons. They cheerfully admit that the people in question are sincere, call their work good work; "but!"—and when they unburden their minds, you find they regard with rooted suspicion, and sometimes with angry impatience, aggressive temperance work, the White Cross movement, efforts to evangelise the masses and purify their home-life, schemes for teaching them provident habits, and other forms of enthusiasm.

Now let me at once make an admission. Some enthusiasts are very foolish and very irritating; they are quite destitute of good taste; they are very unpractical; they are unreasonable in argument; they are thoughtless in action; they violate a thousand rules of plain common sense. Enthusiasm is not always a very high or heroic thing. It is often vulgar and coarse. It lays itself open to attacks from irreligious people, and gives many grounds of complaint.

There are, however, reasons why a man who wishes God's kingdom to come, should smile on hearty and honest zeal, although it is a little extravagant, and though he himself may be cold and phlegmatic. And the first is, that enthusiasts within the sphere of religion are not yet very numerous. If they were to become a majority, then we might have to put a check upon their doings. But although I hear, now and again, severe rebukes and solemn warnings administered to men and women who have been doing something extreme in helping their suffering and lost fellow-creatures, it does not appear to me that the prohibition of enthusiasm has come within the range of practical politics.

Now and again one does hear some very outrageous statement about drink; but we have also read how hundreds and thousands of people scrambled for shares in a Stock brewery.

Take, for instance, that remarkable body which is called the Salvation Army, and whose leader speaks of it as a new denomination. Well, there are many of their doings and actions we would be inclined to condemn, and we would all like the Army to be just a little more devout. But the leaders are engaged in a wondrous enterprise, and are doing all they can to make it successful. They don't appeal to us of the middle and respectable classes, nor to working men, but to the residuum of the people. Their minds and hearts have been filled with the idea of saving this mortal waste, and they are ready to use any means that will serve this purpose. Some years ago, I heard Mrs. Booth state her case, and one remark she made has stuck to my memory: "Do not suppose," she said, or words to that effect, "that we do the things you dislike, because we love to be vulgar. I hate vulgarity as much as any one" (and any one who has seen or heard Mrs. Booth will believe that); "but we would rather be vulgar than leave men and women to perish in ignorance and vice."

Besides, let us never forget how enthusiasm revives the spirit of the Christian Church. Suppose the enthusiast was not a great man; suppose he was unwise in his methods; suppose he was unsuccessful in gaining immediate results; suppose he died in his effort—yet this man has not failed, nor has the world lost. It is a mistake and a shame to think so, and indicates a want of moral insight and moral sensibility. This poor struggling world wants more than deeds —deeds to be tabulated in columns and published in report; it wants what must go before deeds, and what alone is the potential force of deeds. It wants the torrent to drive the wheel. It wants *spirit*, a spirit that does not calculate and does not hesitate, a spirit unhindered by prudence and forgetful of self.

Many readers can still remember the Crimean war, and no one who does can forget the charge of the Light Brigade. "Magnificent!" said a French guard; "but not war." It *was* magnificent, and perhaps it *was* war, though not in a narrow and limited sense. It appealed to the imagination of England, and raised a standard of heroic duty for her sons. It was our Marathon; and the death of the men of Marathon was a heritage to their nation.

We were all mourning a short time since for General Gordon. He should not have volunteered to go; he should not have been sent; he should have left; he should have been relieved. Every one thought there was a mistake somewhere, and that Gordon sacrificed himself. Of what use is the death of such a man in the prime of life? No victory, no glory, no spoil. Only a grand soldier cut down! What a waste! Do not be so fast! Would we have had Gordon Institutes all over the land? Would we have had this Christian soldier made a type for the young officers of the Army? Would we have had this illustration of honour to set before young men, had not Gordon thrown away his life?

When a man dies in the conflict, it does not so much matter whether he won or lost, as that he did his part like a man. Every man that has seen him dare and die, departs from the lists more a man and less a coward. It appears to me that is something, and a great thing. One who can plan is rare; one who can organize is rarer still; but for a hundred such, you can hardly get a man who can stimulate. Get him, and he is priceless.

Results! They are secondary. When Hannington died at Uganda, and one missionary after another falls at the Congo Mission, the gain is not one of numerical, but of moral, gain. It is worth while for the

Churches to see that the spirit of the martyrs still lives in her members, and for the world to know that Jesus Christ has only to command, and men and women will go as martyrs to death for His sake, as even officers to lead a forlorn hope.

But do not suppose that enthusiasm has not achieved direct results of the most practical kind. You cannot do anything without enthusiasm. You cannot carry on a charity relief society, or a political club, with cold-blooded men. And Christianity is more than a society or a club. There is no enterprise in the world which depends so much on enthusiasm as the cause of Christianity. It utilises all resources, but its great generals have belonged to the impetuous rather than the calm set of men. George Buchanan was the greatest Scottish scholar of the 16th century; but it was fiery John Knox, and not the Latin writer, that recast Scotland. Erasmus was the first scholar anywhere of that century, but Luther led the European Reformation. It was not the learned Alexandrian Apollos that converted the cities of the Roman Empire, but that madman, St. Paul.

What we should do, instead of sneering at extreme plans, and giving the cold shoulder to extreme men, is to assist and guide; and, instead of letting enthusiasm run wild, give it a course in which to run, and a chariot to drive. It will then pursue a level path, and will draw a callous world after it.

RULE O' THUMB.

By Felix Ferry.

THE majority of proverbial expressions are volumes of experience condensed. They are the shorthand of life's philosophy.

To this order belongs the term—"Rule o' Thumb." A glance at its significance will show that it has grown marvellously in meaning since it slipped into vogue. The proof is in the comparison between its origin, and present usage.

Perhaps it is not quite universally known that a whole literature of antiquarian and legendary lore clusters about the thumb. But such is the case. Let us imagine that we have looked in, with curiosity fast merging into abhorrence, upon some old Roman amphitheatre in the days of desolating luxury, and sinister delight in human suffering, which marked the period of Rome's decline and fall.

It is a wide, vast circle, and around, tier above tier, ries the seats of the noble, in name only; of the fair, in face and form alone; of the gay and careless citizens. A deadly struggle between men who have no real quarrel with one another, who fight merely to thrill with an evil excitement the jaded senses of emperor, empress, and courtiers, has reached its last act. One gladiator is prostrate upon the blood-stained sand of the arena, and over him stands his antagonist, gripping with triumphant malice the sword that, with one final stroke, may send a soul into eternity. But the blow does not fall. There is a pause, a silence that may be felt, ending in a clamour of applause. The empress has pressed her thumb down, and the defeated gladiator is reprieved. Had the haughty beauty reversed her thumb, the issue would have been—death.

The historian Tacitus states that the custom between Iberian kings, when they met and had a treaty of amity to arrange, was to join right hands, "interlacing their thumbs and squeezing them tightly." When the blood was forced to the tips, an incision was made in these extremities, and the kings mutually sucked each other's blood. It is argued by some investigators, that herein is to be found the origin of an ancient Scottish manner of ratifying a bargain or an agreement, *i.e.*, by thumb licking.

In Chambers' "Book of Days" it is said that the latter custom has "remained to a late period in Scotland as a legalised form of undertaking a bargain"; that proverbs and snatches of northern song prove and illustrate the fact, and that "in the parts of Ulster, where the inhabitants are of Scottish descent, it is still a common saying, when two persons have a community of opinion on any subject, 'We may lick thooms upo' that.'"

The stamp of a thumb upon melted wax answered for a signature amongst the knights of the Middle Ages, who were more familiar with the use of sword than of pen; and solemn indeed was the bond entered into with the thumb upon the sword-blade.

It is related by an old chronicler that a certain princess, tired of the world, took to the cloister. But her kinsfolk had determined to marry her to a neighbour whose lands adjoined her own. In all ages sharp ears have now and again detected the refrain "land to land, gold to gold," in the clamour of wedding bells. But the lady scorned the suitor, and with thumb upon the naked steel vowed to remain a nun. A papal dispensation to abrogate her earlier "religious obligation" had been obtained, but this oath the Pope declared to be decisive, and he declined to set it aside. The obstinate maiden was therefore left to her beads, and her books of devotion.

And these are but specimens of an extensive variety of interesting traditions concerned with the thumb. The title at the head of this paper carries us, however, a stage further. It suggests measurement. And in primitive conditions of life and labour the expression "Rule o' Thumb" came thus into existence.

Across the Channel, in comparatively recent years, until the introduction of the decimal system, a thumb was commonly regarded as a fair fractional part of a foot. The reckoning was not of thumb lengths, but of thumb breadths; and as twelve of the latter were counted to a foot, it is obvious that the average thumb width was supposed to equal the span of our inch.

But the meaning of the phrase under discussion has enormously widened out, and the term lingers with us long after the adoption of more exact methods of getting at lengths and distances, as a word-picture of rough and ready modes of making calculations or transacting affairs.

Rule o' Thumb is a principle of life and conduct greatly in favour with Mr. and Mrs. Happy-go-Lucky and their large and troublesome household, Master Careless, Master Just-as-it-Happens, Misses Any-How, Little-Heed, and the rest. Very severe censors are apt to group all these well-meaning but helter-skelter folk together, in a class which they deliberately label the "ne'er-do-wells." But if any reader of this page should be consciously tempted to join their company, let me plead for a wiser course. It does not pay to contract reckless or slovenly habits.

Success in life is not to be compassed by those who are shiftless, and who, like Mr. Micawber in Dickens' famous novel, are always "waiting for something to turn up." It is clearly defined purpose, and resolution to carry that purpose through, that win in the battle—a battle which year by year is growing harder.

Sir T. Fowell Buxton was wont to say: "The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination; a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory! That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

We are told of the celebrated philosopher, Dr. Paley, that when he first went to the University he mixed with men above himself in social station. His light-hearted adherence to Rule o' Thumb principles—ready in season and out of season for the jest and the frolic, and heedless of the future—made him an acceptable companion to some of the wildest and wealthiest young fellows in Cambridge, and Paley was on the high-road to ruin.

One morning, before he was up, a comrade entered his bed-chamber. "Paley," said the intruder, "I have not slept a wink this night for thinking of you! I am, as you know, heir to a fortune, and whether I ever look into a book at Cambridge does not signify a farthing. But this is not the case with you. You have only your abilities to look to, and no man has better, if you do but make the proper use of them. But if you go on in this way, you are ruined, and from this time forward I am determined not to associate with you for your own sake. You know I like your company, and it is a great sacrifice to give it up; but give it up I will, as a matter of conscience." All that day Paley remained in seclusion, thinking. A great resolve was being reached. In the evening he gave his bed-maker orders to lay his fire over-night, and call him at five in the morning. And henceforth he invariably rose at that hour. He went out from Cambridge first wrangler of his year.

This anecdote conducts naturally to a word of warning about the employment of Rule o' Thumb in the measuring out and disposal of time. Time is money in more senses than one. With it the most of us may do much or little as we choose.

If good interest is wanted, the precious capital must be prudently invested and drawn upon with discretion—not paid out over the

counter of life as so much dross. A shilling squandered may conceivably find its way back again into the pocket—even by some curious chance, the same identical coin. But never will a minute or an hour return, once it has ebbed into eternity. There is no retracing the mystic track of the past to gather up wasted fragments. And no man or woman knows until essay is made what can be accomplished with even odd scraps of time, the "chips" of the twenty-four daily hours.

There is a story somewhere of a young working lad who read Macaulay's noble "History of England" from beginning to end in a marvellously short space of time, while he was waiting for luncheon day after day in a quiet corner of a city restaurant. He was no believer in the wilful waste of a Rule o' Thumb policy with regard to time.

Elihu Burritt, blacksmith and linguist—a prince amongst the sons of the people—attributed his striking attainments in the study of languages to his habit of properly employing "those invaluable fragments of time called 'odd moments.'" And multitudes of similar examples are on record.

One of those clever people who take infinite delight in statistics, and play with numbers as jugglers do with balls, has made the interesting calculation that all the people in the world, 12,000 millions, more or less, could find standing room, if they were packed as in a place of public entertainment, on the surface of the Isle of Wight. That may be true or not, but depend upon it there is room in the average human life for almost every species of good work and useful acquisition, if we only get the knack of packing our engagements and avocations into reasonably close compass.

Again, to live by Rule o' Thumb is to live in chronic muddle; and prosperity or happiness never came into a single home on this planet by that road. Muddle destroys peace, shatters the nerves, and deflects the judgment. How many husbands, alas! has Rule o' Thumb on the wife's part—in the regulation of household affairs—sent into questionable haunts where temptation has foamed at their elbow? It cannot be too often remembered that, in the old but still serviceable adage, "Order is Heaven's first law."

A word in passing about Rule o' Thumb in speech and in reading.

It is clear that conversational Rule o' Thumb results in exaggeration. The pity is that so many otherwise estimable persons are victims of this failing. They appear to entertain an audacious disregard for such a trivial matter as even the approximate accuracy of what they say. It certainly happens sometimes that there is evidence of "smartness" and wit in their "drawing of the long bow" (as their friends euphemistically style their pet vice). But wit and cleverness cannot adequately justify the continual resort to distortion of fact for effect's sake. Is there not a stern condemnation in the Sacred Volume of—"idle words"?

What shall be written about hap-hazard reading—the careless choice of books and magazines? This, surely,—avoid it. Promiscuous reading by those who have a real desire for self-improvement is a pitiful mistake. The need for method and for wise selection was never more pressing than in these days of numberless periodicals and prevailing sensationalism. A little truism may be entered here, which is extremely deserving of remembrance: It takes just as long to read a weak or worthless book as a good and helpful one of similar length. Fiction abounds; but we would earnestly urge that fiction should not be all that is read. The claims should be honoured of Poetry, History, Biography, and Science. And let all reading be with purpose and system.

Finally, to live by Rule o' Thumb, in the deepest and saddest of all senses, is to live without an aim beyond the narrow confines of time. And how many—what misguided hundreds and thousands—do this! What the eye can see and the fingers touch and the ear listen to is all in which heart and brain are interested. Life's fleeting pleasures are enjoyed as they come, and regretted as they depart; and beyond all is a blank darkness that already affrights the spirit, whenever transiently confronted. The Greatest of all Teachers spoke of a foolish rich man who said to his own soul, "Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." Terrible words for such as he to utter! True Rule o' Thumb philosophy, reckless and improvident. Even where the highest of all interests are concerned, is such a sentiment spoken by human lips or enacted in human life today? Let it be ours to care sedulously for those things which make for our eternal peace, to rule our lives on the pattern of the Blessed Model Life. Following patiently in the Saviour's footsteps, even though the way shall lead through many a sore trial and temptation, the pilgrim shall be happy, and safe at last.

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

By Dr. Alfred Wright.

THE brain is a great mass of nerve matter, which is contained within the cranium. It is divided into three parts; namely, the cerebrum or proper brain, the cerebellum or little brain (the latter being situated below and behind the first-named), and another portion called the *medulla oblongata* — the oblong marrow, which is the commencement of the *medulla spinalis*—spinal marrow. Thus the nerve matter is continuous, from the head, throughout the whole length of the spine.

From the base of the brain are given off the nerves of the special senses, such as the optic, the auditory, etc.; these convey to the centre of the nervous system—the brain, from which they arise—the peculiar sensations produced by external objects, such as vision and hearing.

The cerebrum is divided into two hemispheres, in keeping with the dual arrangements of all nature; for, as we know, all life is conducted on the principles of a twofold partnership; hence we have a double arrangement of limbs, muscles, and nerves. If we had not, we should not be able to walk, to work, or to balance ourselves on our own centre, but should move in spasmodic jerks, for want of proper poise and counterpoise. But as it is, our muscles and nerves are in a twofold manner so beautifully arranged and accurately balanced, that, while one leg is put forth, the other bears the weight of the body, and while one hand holds the other moves, and so on; thus, with all our limbs and senses in pairs, we go on working and journeying through life, with our thoughts and actions accurately balanced.

The nervous system consists of several parts, each of them having distinct offices, but they administer to one grand object, namely, the subjection of living matter to the purposes of consciousness and volition.

It would be restricting its influence to very narrow limits, were it said that it merely receives impressions from without, and transmits volition from within. Man's nervous system has been likened to a tree, the brain being considered as the root, the spinal marrow as the trunk, and the nerves as the branches arising from these parts.

This view serves the purpose of conveying to the mind the idea that the nervous system, though complex and subdivided, forms one whole, all its parts being ultimately connected and associated, at the same time that some are placed under the control of others.

The nervous system, then, is divided into three parts—(1) the cerebral (those nerves which are derived from the brain); (2) the spinal (those given off from the spinal marrow); and (3) the ganglionic. With the brain are connected thought, will, and feeling; with the spinal marrow, reflex or excited action; and with the ganglionic system, all that is essential to the chemistry of animal life.

It is at the base of the brain that we find given off the nerves of seeing, hearing, and smelling (namely, the optic, auditory, and olfactory), and certain others, which, acting in sympathy with sensation, or states of mind, excite expression of the features, and so, in the face, indicate emotional feeling.

The nerves which come off from the spinal cord number about forty pairs, all of which answer peculiar and important purposes, for, in their physiological action, is included all those muscular operations which go to sustain man's life, such as breathing and swallowing, all those which tend to perpetuate the species; in addition to the movements of all the other muscles in the body, which muscles they endow with the power to act.

The nerves themselves which issue from or communicate with, the central masses, are firm cords, consisting of a white substance enclosed in a sheath, and on the course of some of them are small reddish-grey swellings termed "ganglia."

It has been already stated that the nerves

are classified as cerebral and spinal, according as they arise from the brain or spinal marrow; but besides this cerebro-spinal system, there is another termed the "ganglionic," or great sympathetic, which consists in a chain of "ganglia," which, commencing at the upper part of the neck, passes down the spinal column, at the lower part of which it terminates. This third system communicates freely above with the cerebral; and along its whole course with the spinal nerves, by means of off-shooting fibres, and from it are derived the principal branches which supply the lungs, heart, stomach, liver, and the other internal organs.

By physiologists, nerves are divided, according to their functions, into nerves of sensation, nerves of motion, and nerves of peculiar sensation, or what we term the senses. Dr. Carpenter shows that each spinal nerve consists of four sets of fibres. These he distributes as follows:—(1) A *sensory* bundle, passing upwards to the brain; (2) a *motor* set, conveying the influence of volition and emotion downwards from the brain; (3) a set of *excitor* or *centripetal* fibres, terminating in the true spinal cord or ganglion, and conveying impression to it; (4) a *motor* or *centrifugal* set, arising from the ganglionic, and conveying the *motor* influence reflected from it to the muscles. Of these the first and third are united in those roots which carry *sensation to* the brain, the second and fourth in those which convey *motion from* the brain.

Now with regard to the sense of touch, although that sense be in some measure diffused over the whole external surface of the body, still it is principally developed in the points of the fingers, and there it seems to depend on the arrangement of the extremities of the nerves in the pulps at the end of the fingers.

The term *excito-motory* nerve signifies that such nerve, or offshoot of one, causes motion indirectly by a reflex action; in other words, that such nerve being acted on, the sensation is communicated by it through the central nervous mass, or motor nerve, which then throws the muscle of the part into action, motion being thus indirectly excited by means of the stimulus applied to the sensitive nerve. An itching, with an immediate scratching to relieve it, is an example of this.

Consciousness and discrimination, voluntary muscular contraction, and every variety of feeling in man, must be ascribed to the soul resident within his organism, and operating through the permeating nerve-power. From a number of experiments which has been made, it has been determined that there exists in the nerves an imponderable fluid, which may be considered as somewhat intermediate between the electric and magnetic.

Motion is dependent on our will; every act of ours would seem to imply an intention, and we have seen that that will acts on the muscles, through the medium of appropriate nerves. There is something in the muscle and nerve ready to act when excited by a suitable stimulus, and this stimulus is directed into the muscle by the mind, or else the mind acts directly on the stimulus proper to each part.

Every visible action of a voluntary muscle looks like a voluntary action, because the organism of motion was designed to obey will.

Now, consciousness and will being both connected with the brain, and their influence on the spinal system of nerves in the human body being effected by the substance of the brain-matter being prolonged, as described, into the spinal cord, and mixed with its centre, it follows that any disturbance in the connecting nervous organisation, interferes with perception and volition to a proportionate degree.

When we consider that a nerve-tube has a place in almost every visible fibre of the body, that it is in some instances not larger than a silkworm's thread, and may be distinctly traced in an unbroken line from the foot, for instance, up through the spinal cord to the base of the brain, we cannot be surprised that a very slight derangement in the nervous apparatus is sufficient to disturb its functions.

Each nerve-tube is distinct and isolated, never transferring its stimulus to another of any kind; and if a nerve be impressed on any part of its course, it is equally affected throughout; and whether it be impressed at one end or the other, the sensation is the same. Thus, a man who has lost his leg will imagine he feels a sensation in his toe whenever the nerve which was once connected with it is irritated.

Insanity may in some measure be explained on this principle, for actions similar to those induced by impression through the senses may be supposed to take place in the brain, so that a man *shall* believe that he sees, hears, feels, smells, or tastes what exists only in idea.

On the mental functions, I shall, however, have more to say in another article.

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

ANSWERS.

WE would specially ask our correspondents to bear in mind that we do not undertake to reply to any inquiries unless a stamped and addressed envelope he enclosed. We fear that several of our correspondents may be disappointed in not receiving replies to communications, but we are strongly obliged to adhere to the above rule.

J. A.—If there is anything in the Entertainments which is unworthy of the name of Christ, by all means stay away. We must not be sweeping in condemnation, but we do wish the Christian Church would abolish the secular and often jocose element, which is gaining ground in our Social Meetings. The Gospel, alone and unaided, is the greatest "drawing" power on earth.

"Just Nineteen."—Your letter is full of "feelings," or lack of them. You did not learn *that* from the Bible. Peace will only come through what your Saviour has *done*, not through what you *feel*. You think you ought to have "experiences" like other people,—that is no business of yours; God will deal with you as He sees best for His child. You say you have not the Holy Spirit. Read Luke 11. 13,—Can you doubt God's word? *Ask*, believingly, and you will receive. Do not envy other Christians; "the same Lord over all is rich unto all," there is no blessing too great for Him to give you,—even *you*.

U. L. S.—So "A.1." *has* been helping you, and now you want it to help you to "find out your talent." The simplest thing in the world! God gave you talents, and God gave you work He never puts things in wrong places. *We* put a "round peg in a square hole" sometimes. Just where you are, do your *very* best, and be sure it will develop your "talent." That is the reason God put you there. Don't fall into the mistake of thinking a talent must have a grand name, a "talent for music," for languages, or drawing, or mathematics. It is simply the power of doing *anything* so as to glorify God. Your "talent" may lie in farm-work, or in being a neat accountant, or a punctual clerk.

Spelling Chase.—If E. Reynolds and E. D. Mason will send us their addresses, we can forward the Certificates awarded to them.

T. J. H.—(1) To enter the various Medical Schools, and to ascertain the courses of study prescribed, apply to the Deans of the Schools attached to the various London Hospitals for syllabus, etc.; or the Student's number of the *Lancet*, issued every September, will afford the same intelligence only in an abbreviated form. The office of the *Lancet* is 423, Strand, W.C.

(2) The stains on the nickel-plated parts of a tricycle caused by allowing the oil put on during the winter to stay long, will wear away in time if the parts are cleaned often. To brighten nickel-plated parts use sperm oil only, and beware of "Plate-powders," or "Silver-powders," as they are sometimes called.

Alpha.—The best Latin Dictionary is Lewis and Short's (Henry Froude, London, 25s.). Andrews' Edition of Freund's Latin Dictionary (on which this is based), is, for ordinary purposes, equally good, and may often be obtained second-hand at from 9s. to 12s. The best Greek Lexicon is Liddell and Scott's (Henry Froude, 36s., and an abridged edition, quite good enough, except for advanced scholars, 7s. 6d.). This also may often be obtained second-hand.

Seaside Lodgings (A Scotch Girl).—See Advertisements in OUR OWN GAZETTE for Y.W.C.A. Sea-Side Homes. By writing to the postmasters of villages, you may often get information about Farm-houses. Mrs. Baxenhall, Greenlea Farm, Norton Selsey, near Chichester, offers lodging in her delightful Farm-house, in the country, but close to the sea. This can be well recommended. Thank you for your enthusiastic words about our paper; and for extending its circulation so energetically.

I fear the root of all the trouble of which you write is not in the Y.W.C.A., but, as you suggested very truly to your friend, in the pride of our own heart. And as the Association earnestly aims at winning those who are, as yet, proud and unyielded to Christ,—it seeks to meet them as they are, and to provide Bible Classes for all. We do not agree with you that Servants are looked down upon, provided they dignify their calling by faithfulness and devotion to their employers. The same rule applies to Shop Assistants. No calling can demean any woman, and every true woman ennobles her calling from the scullery right up to the house-keeper's room. But, even supposing that your friend *has* a just ground of offence,—does she think that will be sufficient satisfaction to her in the day when she discovers she has permitted such a flimsy reason to have turned her aside from pressing into the Kingdom? We trust you will not be in *any* way responsible, by your example in neglecting the Bible Class, for thus advancing her present course of danger. If we can help you further, be assured that it will give us sincere pleasure to do so.

Ivy.—Yes, we send parcels of specimens quite free to anybody who is likely to secure for us a few subscribers; or afterwards take a parcel for distribution themselves. We shall be very pleased to send you a parcel, if you will kindly let us know how many you require.

What does the Catholic Religion consist of? This is rather an ambiguous question. Does it mean, what are the doctrines of the Catholic Faith? They are to be found in the three ancient creeds of the Church, contained in the Book of Common Prayer. But if by "Catholic" is meant *Roman* Catholic, then its distinctive doctrines are of comparatively modern date, and are formulated in the Creed of Pope Pius IV., A.D. 1564. To which we must add two other dogmas, still more recently defined, as articles of faith: the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, 1854, and the personal Infallibility of the Pope, 1870.

Comsay.—We cannot find space to criticise verses. Any questions of real interest we shall gladly answer here.

Gretchen.—The decoration of a drawing-room with pretty and artistic things is certainly not unsuitable for your leisure time. God has given you your talent, and means you to use it. Do not *live* for house decoration, nor let it unduly absorb your time. Read all the good and helpful books you can,—Ruskin and Carlyle will be of great use to you. Your mind is God's gift, and He wants it to be cultivated to the full. The novels you mention are better than many others, but in our opinion it is wiser for Christians to have nothing at all to do with them.

Ruby.—Probationers are received in Hospitals from 20 to 30 years of age; the time of training varies from one to three years. A small salary and uniform are sometimes given. Write for further information to Guy's Hospital, London, S.E., or to the London Hospital, Whitechapel Road, London, E. Your other question we shall answer presently.

C. S. F.—The Cookery Primer by Agnes Maitland (publisher: Hogg, 13, Paternoster Row) is a very good small cookery book, containing recipes suitable for the poor. You would probably hear of books of the kind to which you refer by writing to the Ladies' Sanitary Association (publishers: Messrs. Gerald & Sons, Norwich).

Pussy.—The following gentlemen devote their attention to the cure of stammering and other impediments of speech: Rev. A. J. D'Orsey, B.D., 13, Princes Square, W.; Dr. Altschul, 9, Old Bond Street, W.

Country Cousin.—With respect to the machine for enabling invalids to go up steps, inquiry has been made at all the chief makers and dealers in apparatus of the kind, but none can be found such as you are in search of.

An Odd One.—We cannot give advice under such circumstances, but would suggest your consulting an experienced friend or doctor.

Sunday School Libraries.—With a short article on this subject in a recent number of that excellent publication, the *Sunday School Chronicle*, we entirely agree. The office of school librarian is a most important one, though unfortunately its importance is as a rule scarcely recognised. A good librarian has it in his power to second the efforts of the teachers most materially, by advising scholars as to the books suitable for them, creating in them an enthusiasm for the best books, introducing them to the records of noble lives, and inculcating in them, especially in the elder lads just leaving school, a desire to follow a course of systematic reading. Surely the article in question, and the editor's note in the same issue, will have practical results.

QUESTION.

Is there any difference between the Church of England Temperance Society and total abstainers who wear the blue ribbon? A curate lately preached that it was wrong to join, as all things are sent for our good, and St. Paul said—"Every creature of God is good, and *nothing* is to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving (1 Tim. 4. 3, 4), taking the miracle of turning water into wine as an example that Christ meant them to drink it and *not* abstain. Is there any text in Scripture which says it is *a sin to taste of* intoxicating liquors?

WHY DID HE GO THERE?

By F. B. Irving.

AWAY in Carolina there used to be, some years ago, a well-attended Friends' Meeting, called "Spring." It was a strange name, and came about through a circumstance so unusual that it seemed worth while to disinter it from the burial-place of an old history, and give it fame again by this Paper.

Had any of our readers been at "Spring" about 1790, they would have seen an unused building, sombre and deserted, with grass-grown paths and rusty locks. When the key was turned, and the outer door opened, rows of plain benches, unvarnished, unpainted, and well preserved, though dusty from disuse, were revealed. Faithful men and women were wont to assemble themselves there; but hoary heads, that had worn crowns of righteousness on earth, had gone where the King gives crowns of glory; and younger men had removed to busier centres, seeking wider fields for Commerce or for Art.

The assembly grew less and less, and, being small, had no attraction for the young; then, too, the meeting had been weakened by unfaithful men—Judases, who had betrayed the "Light," until at last the dozen folk who came dwindled to six, and the six to two or three, and the two or three to one, who thought it equally profitable, and far more comfortable, to worship by her own fireside.

So the lock grew rusty, and the white deal benches were covered by an ever-increasing quantity of dust. The building was not called "Spring" in those days, and other religious bodies spoke of the Society of Friends as having died out in the town. This might have been true, and the empty seats might have still remained unoccupied, had not one young man, under the influences of the good Spirit of God, begun to feel a sense of religious awakening, and being predisposed to the customs of "Friends," thought he would like to visit the old place.

Procuring the key, and permission to enter, from a resident who had an interest in the property, he resorted from time to time to the deserted building to meditate on the things of God, and to offer in solitude spiritual worship. It would not have seemed an attractive spot to a stranger, especially if that stranger had been a young man whose pulses were beating with the vigour of manhood; but then the stranger would not see the forms that Carter saw.

Up to this time he simply followed his inclination, loving like another Isaac his quiet meditations in this quiet place. One day, as he was sitting, there came to him a great concern to proclaim there and then the "love of God, through Jesus Christ, towards sinful men." With his convictions, he dare not resist the influence of the Spirit, though he marvelled greatly as to why the Master required him to give an audible witness of his faith and feelings, to bare walls, bare floors, and in an empty house. But he knew God to be His own Interpreter, and though it was a great trial to his faith, and the carnal question, "Why?" would arise, yet he yielded to the "apprehended duty," and having delivered his soul, sat down again with the quiet solemnity characteristic of "Friends," when they have liberated themselves by giving God's message.

Soon after, hushed footsteps—not the echo of his own—fell on his ears. He looked up, and several young men, companions of the mill and market, took their seats beside him in serious silence, with a bowed manner that evidenced their brokenness of heart.

After the meeting closed, his friends told him they had noticed that they never saw him at certain hours on certain days; and their curiosity was at last so greatly aroused, that they decided to follow him, and see where he went.

They did so, and to their surprise their following ended outside the disused meeting-house. When he entered it, their wonderment grew instead of diminished, and they said to one another, "What can Carter be after?" Not being able to find any motive, they settled to go softly down the grassy path, and stand at the porch. At first all was still, but after a little they heard him speak; the bow he drew at God's venture went home; they were arrested, touched, converted.

Some of them continued to meet with him, and became valuable Friends. The meeting grew vigorous and healthy. It had been dead; but through one man's faithfulness it lived again, and they called it the "Spring" Meeting.

In the year 1800 the eminent Friend Stephen Grellet paid it a visit, and wrote in his diary the significant words,—

"We had a refreshing meeting at 'Spring'; it was a large one."

We cannot trace the Christian name of young Carter, but his record is on high.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

By Rev. J. H. Thorpe, M.A.

May 20th.

Jesus in Gethsemane.—*Matt.* 26. 31-46.

Golden Text.—*Heb.* 5. 8.

THE lesson really consists of two distinct portions.

I. Incidents on the Way from the Supper Room to the Garden.

1. Jesus fully knows the weakness of His people, but this does not diminish His love for them. 2. He often reveals ourselves to ourselves as a preparation for great trials. 3. Though they forsook Him, yet He would meet them again. "I will go before you into Galilee." 4. Peter's fault was not in his profession, but his dependence on his own strength. "Yet will I not," etc. 5. Christ is the Bond of His people; when He was taken, they were scattered. 6. Lesson about professions. Not to promise good is unbelief; to promise without earnest will is hypocrisy; to promise in reliance upon our own strength is presumption. 7. Those are least safe who are most secure.

II. In the Garden.

1. Here we see Jesus truly as the Man of Sorrows, laden with our sorrows.

2. Lost opportunity. Never had man an opportunity like this—of watching with, and helping by sympathy, Jesus in His agony; yet this one opportunity lost through indolence.

3. Our Lord's sufferings in the garden were (1) isolated—"He trod the wine-press alone"; (2) intense—"exceeding sorrowful, even unto death"; (3) intelligent—"this cup," etc. Never forget that our Saviour saw from the beginning the garden, the cross, and the tomb before Him; yet for our sakes He turned not aside.

Contrast another scene with this (2 Sam. 15. 20). When David wept at this Mount of Olives, all his followers wept with him; but when the Son of David was in tears at the same mount, all His followers were asleep.

Contrast also—In the Garden of Eden the battle was fought and lost (Eve and the tempter); in the Garden of Gethsemane the battle was fought and *won!*

In Christ's sufferings consider their (1) depth, (2) cause, (3) fruit. Learn that the time of suffering should be the time of supplication.

Before reading verses, give Scripture references to gardens—Gen. 2. 15; 1 Kings 21. 2; Isa. 58. 11; John 19. 41.

After the supper the disciples have *a walk with Jesus.* Refer to other walks, and with scholars follow the little group. Bade farewell to owner of house; into the streets of city, through small gate, over brook, up the grassy slope of Olivet; conversation by the way; enter a garden. Our lesson—

All about a Garden, and what Happened there.

Its name means *oil*-press. A favourite resort of Christ's (Luke 22. 39). An olive garden still on Olivet with eight venerable trees. What other place is mentioned as apparently a favourite place of Christ's for prayer?

A Pause at the Gate.

Canaan was described as a garden (Gen. 13. 10).

The Church like a garden (Cant. 4. 15).

Our souls should be like a garden (Jer. 31. 12).

Five things form a well-kept garden; *i.e.*, Beauty, Growth (read with scholars Ezek. 31. 3-9; note the beauty of language), Fragrance, Promise, Fruit. Our souls should have the same—only found in a *watered* garden. How can we water the garden of our souls?

In the Garden of Gethsemane. How many disciples near the gate? Eight. How many further on? Their names? How many times previously have those three been chosen for special purposes? Why? Where is Christ?

Night in a garden. A time for inactivity and rest, but here—

1. Watching. For what? *Judas and his band.* See how intent and alert they are!

2. Prayer. All are not watching. How short the prayer! What is it for? What was the "cup"? How many times?

3. Suffering. What proof is there? A physical fact that great mental distress induces blood through the skin. It was not dying that caused Christ to suffer, *it was the weight of sin.*

4. Strengthening. The white gleam of angels' wings mid the dark olives (see Heb. 1. 14; Ps. 34. 7; Dan. 3. 28).

5. Sleeping. Look at them. Could not watch one hour. In constant. We not in a position to condemn.

While in the garden, let us gather as food for our souls and minds

A Little Basket of Fruit.

We may have the sorrow of Gethsemane, but may have its victory also.

By prayer we conquer every difficulty.

"God's will" our unfailing motto.

Faith sweetens every trial.

Watch as well as pray.

C. Skinner.

ANDREW FORSYTH;

OR,

THROUGH DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

CHAPTER II.

THE sun has set four days later, when the brothers emerge from the home that seems so empty now, and walk slowly along the road. All is quiet in the village; only in one of the cottages is a solitary light beaming. Both brothers look at it as they pass, and both faces brighten. Then Robert says: "Mary seems to be busy yet"; and presently adds, in tones that show he is deeply moved: "Andrew, there is something I have often thought of telling you, but somehow I never could." Then, after a pause, he goes on to tell of his love for Mary Gray, and his cherished hope that he may some day call her his.

He is too engrossed to notice Andrew's silence, and through the gloom of night he cannot see how pale his face is. He does not guess that his words have pierced his brother's heart, and rung the death knell of hopes that made sweet music there. And Andrew is hearing every word with startling distinctness; yet he feels as if some one else, and not himself, were listening. He is only aroused from his stupor when Robert, still speaking of his hope for the future, grasps his hand and exclaims: "Andrew, if ever I win her, I shall owe it to you; it is you who have made it possible for me to hope for such happiness. I can never repay you, but oh, if ever the day comes that I can help you in any way, God forgive me if I forget."

They have been walking on, and the last words are spoken near the old beech tree, almost on the very spot where they were uttered eight years ago.

Presently Andrew says, and his voice sounds strangely: "God bless you, Robert; but go home now, I want to be quiet awhile. Don't sit up for me." Then, before Robert can answer, he hurries away, and throws himself on the ground.

All stupor is gone now, and he is fully aroused; yet only two or three distinct impressions stand out like rocks amongst the wild sea of passionate feeling raging within him. Robert loves Mary. He too loves her better than life; he has made it possible for Robert to win her, and, high above all, he hears Robert's twice-repeated vow. The wild inward storm rages more and more fiercely, and a mocking cry seems to say: "This is the reward of self-sacrifice!" Is there no help for the solitary soul, struggling amid the billows of bitter sorrow and temptation? Yes! there is help in his past allegiance to duty; more help in the brother to whom he clings; most help, though he knows it not, in the Divine love which is supporting him through all. The voice that stilled the storm with a "Peace, be still!" is speaking to this storm-tossed soul now, as he is carried by a current of unselfish love, away out of the raging flood of passion into a quiet haven. At last he lifts his head, and murmurs quietly and firmly: "It would be easier to die than to give her up; but for their sakes I can do it."

And lo, in the sky the first faint streaks of dawn are visible! With the same intense consciousness of oneness with Nature, with which he watched the sunset eight years ago, Andrew gazes at the breaking of the day. As the sun rises above the horizon, and the shadows flee, and the birds awake and flood the air with song, a strange expectant stillness falls on his spirit. Through it there comes floating to his memory the words of Robert's text last Sabbath: "But God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Again and again they echo through the silence, while a bright light illumines them, and reveals hidden depths of meaning. Through the cost of his own sacrifice, Andrew is realising, as he never did before, the cost of this transcendent, Divine sacrifice. The closed door of his heart flies open at the touch of Divine love, and he knows that "the Christ" has come to him through the storm.

* * * *

The sun is again bidding farewell to earth at the close of the summer's day. He is shining upon the windows of a plain but substantial house, kissing the roses that climb around them, and stealing down through the leafy trees to dance upon the lawn in front, and on the flower-beds that surround it, where rich and varied hues are linked in harmonious beauty, by a chain of living green.

Backwards and forwards along the gravelled walks Andrew is thoughtfully pacing. He is little changed. It is exactly eight years to-night since we left him under the beech tree, and his thoughts are busied with the past. The years between that night and this are forgotten, and he is living over his experiences as if they belonged to the present. Presently the tones of a sweet voice singing an old Psalm tune, come floating through the open window, and so completely has the present been forgotten that, for a moment, he fancies it is his mother's voice, singing as she so often used to do, to her "laddies."

Then his thoughts wander from his own childhood to the children asleep within the house. Very tender is his love for Robert and Mary's little ones, and the love of the two boys for him is not less true. To them Uncle Andrew is, next to father and mother, the dearest on earth, and they long that he will stay with them always. But Andrew clings to the old home. The sacred memories of the past, and the interests that have sprung up in his life since Christ became its centre, alike combine to keep him there. He often visits his brother's home; a sight of the children's faces never fails to dispel shadows flung on his spirit by the gloom of the past. His love for Andrew, the little four-year-old, is especially great. The child is a complete contrast to his brother Robert, and resembles his uncle, both in feature and in disposition, so that Andrew often dreads the future for the child, as he sees in him the evidences of a capacity for suffering, that may yet be tested.

To-night he is haunted by the little one's words after he had listened to the story of Elijah's translation in the fiery chariot: "I think I should like to go home that way, uncle, if you were there." Touched by the child's implicit confidence, he prays now as he has often prayed before: "O Lord, if the storm must come to him, give him to know that Thou art with him."

It is long before Andrew can sleep that night, but when he does, his dreams are of his mother. He is a child again, and she is reading to him the story of Elijah and the fiery chariot. Then his dream changes. He is a solitary man once more, and suddenly, from the opened heavens, there descends something so dazzlingly glorious that his eyes refuse to look upon it, and he knows that "the chariot of fire" has come for him. He awakes with a start to find that day has dawned.

But what is it that obscures the light? He springs up hastily to find wreaths of dense smoke drifting in through the open door. He rushes to his brother's room, and rouses the sleepers with the news of fire; then, blinded by the smoke that grows ever denser, hurries downstairs and along the passage, to find the back staircase which leads to the children's room in flames. He knows nothing more until he finds himself outside, placing a ladder against the window, and pushing away Robert, who is about to climb it, with a "No, no, not you; let me go; I will save them." Now he is at the window. As he opens it, awful tongues of flame burst forth and meet him, but he does not hesitate to step in and struggle through them to the bed. He can see nothing for the clouds of smoke, but he seizes hold of a little form which he knows must be Robert's, and wrapping a blanket round himself and the child, he makes for the window. He has reached it. He sees his brother's agonized look as he stands at the top of the ladder, and holds out his arms for his child, and he calls out to the stricken mother below: "Please God, I'll save Andrew too."

Again he reaches the bed. The child lies so still that he fears the spirit must have fled; but he is only stupefied, for, as the little head sinks on his shoulder, Andrew hears him say: "Is it the chariot, uncle?" And as he turns his face to the window and sees only a living sheet of flame, he whispers softly: "Yes, darling, but Uncle Andrew is here, and we are going to God. You'll not be frightened." Then he plunges into the fire with the child tightly clasped to his breast. There is a sudden, awful crash, and the two lie buried beneath a pile of blazing rafters.

The pure child-spirit which has known so little of sorrow, and nothing of struggle, and the heart which has been purified by suffering, and has found rest through warfare, have gone home together in "the chariot of fire."

THAT HOUSE IN LONDON.

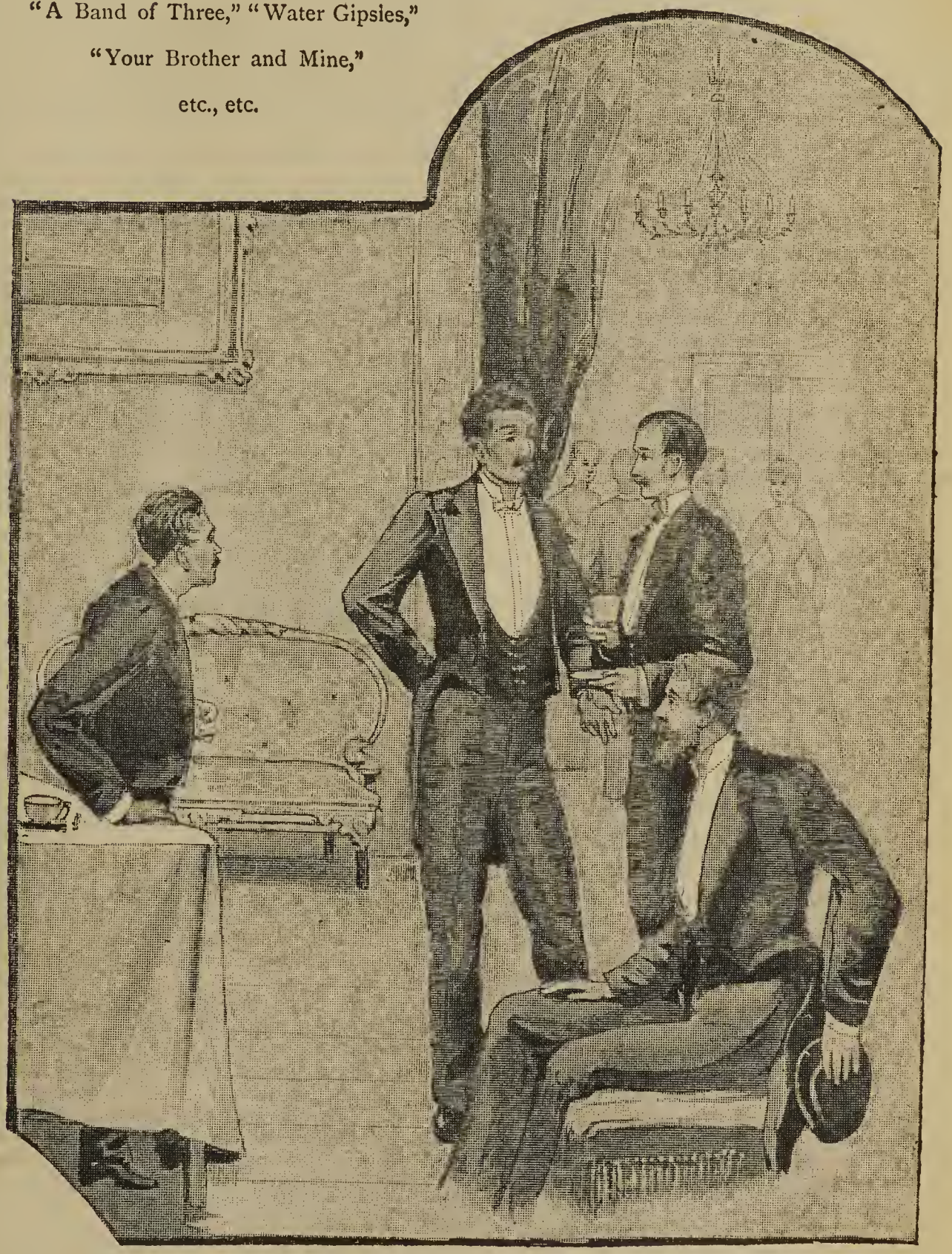
By L. T. MEADE,

Author of "Scamp and I," "A Knight of To-day," "Great St. Benedict's," "The O'Donnells of Inchfawn,"

"A Band of Three," "Water Gipsies,"

"Your Brother and Mine,"

etc., etc.



"'The curious part of the story,' said Graham, 'is this—it is six months since the prisoner escaped; and he has not yet been found.'"

CHAPTER XVI.

THERE was great excitement at Myrtle Cottage—bright young girls flying from room to room, messengers coming and going, parcels arriving, upholsterers putting up awnings, florists bringing profusions of beautiful flowers, and confectioners' carts stopping the way; for on this night Kate's great party was to be given at Myrtle Cottage for her young sisters' pleasure.

Mrs. Graham was not only fond, but after a fashion she was also proud, of these girls; her husband often chaffed her about the intense regard and interest she felt for them.

"One would think they were your children," he said, "instead of being girls nearly as old as you are, and with half your sense."

"You must not laugh at my girls' want of wisdom," she answered brightly in reply. "I always, always have been something of an old woman. I am more than glad they should enjoy their bright youth to the full."

Graham, who could see no charm in these three rather silly young people, shook his head at his wife. "Ah, my dear, you are infatuated!" he said.

Nevertheless, he was thoroughly good-natured about the great entertainment; he interested himself in all the arrangements, and even gave a word of advice on the all-important subject of the girls' dresses.

"Let them wear white," he said; "white suits every good-looking girl under twenty. It is always fresh, always cool and pleasant to look at. You can't improve on it, Kate—even Polly looks best in white."

Polly had lately been taken up with an idea that rich colours and heavy materials suited her. She was too beautiful not to look well in anything she chose to wear; but Graham was right when he advised his wife on this occasion to dress the girl simply, with no attempt at ornament or colour.

Graham knew Polly was lovely, but perhaps until to-night he had never honestly admired her. As she entered the pretty room where the party was to be held, he could not help starting—so radiant, so young, and so fair she looked, with her quiet movements and her beautiful face, which seemed to betoken a whole world of suppressed sympathy and feeling.

"She *is* lovely!" said her brother-in-law under his breath; "and if only she could keep her mouth shut, I shouldn't wonder at any fellow falling in love with her."

Polly, however, very rarely was silent, and, in consequence, even her most ardent and outspoken admirers very seldom absolutely broke their hearts about her. By and by guests arrived, the rooms filled rapidly, and all went merrily. One of the last to put in an appearance was James Verney. Contrary to expectation, Segrave did not accompany him. The rooms were very full now, and Verney had some little difficulty

in making his way to his hostess. Kate and her husband stood together near one of the principal doors.

Graham was chatting with one or two friends, whose opinion he valued very highly, when Verney came up. In the interest of an animated discussion he had for a moment or two forgotten Verney, although he was intensely conscious all the evening that he would be there.

Verney came in, looking shy, seedy, and ill at ease. His evening coat showed plainly that it had never been made for him. He was a man who always appeared to be more or less in a state of depression ; and he felt now not only depressed, but awkward, as he had expected to meet Segrave, and trusted to him to introduce him generally, and to make things go well.

He looked now almost beseechingly at Graham, and then glanced at the beautiful woman who stood so happy by her husband's side.

"Introduce me to your wife," said his timid, pathetic eyes ; and Graham, though he loathed the task, and never thought it would have been thrust upon him, was forced to comply.

Kate took kindly to the stranger ; she saw at once that he felt lonely, awkward, and ill at ease. No other man presenting quite his appearance was in the room.

Instinctively Kate felt that he did not quite belong to their set. She wondered how her husband had made his acquaintance ; she pitied him, and went out of her way to be extra kind.

"I must introduce you to one or two people," she said ; and she moved slowly through the rooms, with Verney by her side.

Polly had been in a great many of his thoughts, and when he saw her he started, and changed colour ; half remembering Graham's words to beware of this too fascinating young lady, and half resolving to defy them, and act according to his own will and pleasure.

Polly herself turned the scale. She saw Verney standing by her sister's side, smiled, and made a step forward.

"I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Kennedy the other night," said Verney. "I hope you have not forgotten me?" he added, going up to the young lady, and taking her proffered hand. Polly replied with one of her most truly coquettish smiles, and Kate left them together.

Verney in his queer life had not met many women—never, never had he seen any one who in his eyes looked so beautiful as Miss Kennedy. The silly nothings she uttered, the absolute emptiness of her little mind, which might have prevented a better and a wiser man from falling in love with her, had no deterrent effect on Verney. Had she been very wise, very learned, very sensible, she would not have suited him half so well. He was behind his day, decidedly behind his present surroundings ; but Polly's pleasantries, and Polly's silly nothings he could thoroughly understand and appreciate. He was too nervous and ill at ease to offer her any repartee himself, but he laughed at her small jokes, and thought her not only beautiful, but witty.

Polly knew perfectly that she was lovely ; but more than one admirer had told her with his eyes, if not with his lips, how very small and silly he considered her utterances. It was quite a new experience to see some one brightening and expanding genially under the small fire of her little nothings. She took very graciously to Verney — allowed him to sit by her side, and to show her all the attentions in his power.

Verney had not been so happy for years. He took the beautiful Miss Kennedy in to supper, and his elation reached its crowning point when he saw one or two good-looking, fashionably dressed men glancing enviously at him.

His hour of triumph, however, was not destined to last long.

All through the evening Graham had watched him ; this rather insignificant individual occupied a large portion of Kenneth Graham's thoughts just now, and soon after supper he approached his side.

"Ah, Polly," he said, nodding carelessly to his pretty sister-in-law, "you are not tired of all this dissipation yet, I presume."

Polly laughed in her musical and yet silly manner, assured Kenneth that never, never could she know fatigue in connection with so fascinating an evening, and just then, another admirer coming up, she left Verney with a slight nod of dismissal.

With her departure, all his nervous uneasiness returned ; he looked wistfully up at Graham—Graham was much taller than he, —and wondered if he might venture to talk to this terribly changed old chum of by-gone days.

Graham glanced at him from top to toe. A friend of his came up at the moment, he introduced Verney to him, and then the three began to talk, Verney, it is true, only adding monosyllables to the conversation.

Presently even these ceased ; he stood rooted to the spot, his eyes sought the ground, and he felt that his knees were trembling.

Graham had begun to tell a story—he told it with his full gaze directly bent on Verney.

It was a tale about a wonderful escape which a prisoner had made some six months ago from Portland prison. Graham said he had seen it in the Papers, and it had impressed him very much. He went on to describe the prisoner, who was slight and small, thin in appearance, with a somewhat uncertain glance.

"Just the opposite of all you are, Verney," he said, with a slight laugh, in which his companion joined.

"The curious part of the story," said Graham, in conclusion, "is this—it is six months since the prisoner escaped, *and he has not yet been found.* Such a thing has scarcely ever been known, and I understand a large reward has been offered for his capture. Curious, is it not? These cases always interest me."

"And me too," said the friend who had joined the little group.

"He is certain to be found," said Verney, raising his absolutely bloodless face, and speaking with sudden decision. "The hunted wretch will get into his lair, but the hounds will track him out, never fear. Is not that a comfort to all right-minded and honest Englishmen? Good-night, Graham."

"Good-night, Verney. Must you go?"

"Yes. Good-bye—old chum."

"What a curious person!" said Graham's friend to him ; "is he really an acquaintance of olden days, Graham?"

"I knew him very slightly as a boy, and he presumes upon it," said Graham.

"Your story seems to have touched him. Any one would suppose that *he* was the escaped prisoner."

"Who? James Verney? My dear Champion, don't run away with such a preposterous idea. James Verney's good little life might be set forth in a child's copy-book."

CHAPTER XVII.

EARLY the next morning Kate went home ; she and her husband came up to Victoria together ; then he started for his place of business, and she took a hansom to Exmoor Square.

The servants welcomed their bright young mistress with pleasure ; she was so genial, so happy, so honestly and sincerely sympathetic, that, wonderful to relate, they preferred her presence to her absence.

She said a kind word or two to the pretty parlour-maid, and then ran upstairs to her own room.

She had not been expected quite so soon, and perhaps that was the reason that the always-locked door of Mrs. Alexis's bedroom stood open.

It stood about half open, and Kate in passing saw that the old lady's arm-chair was occupied. Betty sat in it, with her feet on the footstool, and her head pressed against the pillow, which was fastened across the top of the chair. In that position Betty faced the door, and Kate saw that her eyes were wide open, although she seemed to be looking nowhere in particular.

Nothing could be more absolutely desolate than the old woman's attitude, as she sat thus by the side of the fireless grate.

Kate could not honestly say that she liked Betty ; but she was so happy herself, that she pitied all those who were sorrowful. She went boldly into the room now.

"Well, Mrs. Carew, I have come back quite safely, you see."

"I never supposed you wouldn't," said Betty, in a curt voice. She got up from her chair, her eyes awoke from their dream, and an angry light filled them.

"If you must sit in this room, Betty," said Kate, "why don't you have a fire? It smells very cold and damp."

"I wants no fire," replied Betty ; "I wants no fire, I thank you ma'am,—I likes it damp."

"Oh, come now, Betty, it is very bad for your rheumatism." Then she added, moved by a sudden impulse of great pity, "Poor Mrs. Carew! I feel for you from my heart. I wish you would make a friend of me ; you don't suppose I would like you any the less for mourning for your old mistress? I can't bear to see you going about the house with your sad, sad face. Do make a friend of me, Betty,—your mistress, Mrs. Alexis, liked me very much."

"Don't name her!" said Betty, with a sudden gesture ; "don't name the saint that's gone! You and Mr. Graham spends her money, and grows rich on the spoils. Betty Carew is the only one left to mourn ; and mourn she will."

"Very well, Betty ; but that need not prevent your making a friend of me. You don't dislike me, do you?"

"No, I can't say I do. You means well, I'm not denying that. This is your season of laughter, and that mirth which is spoken of in Scripture as the crackling of thorns under a pot ; but the days of mourning will come, and I'll like you better then. My mind misdoubts me if I don't like you much better when the mourning times come."

Kate went up to the old woman, and put her hand on her shoulder.

"You shall come into my room," she said, "and help me to put away my things. I have often noticed how extremely neat-handed you are. Come with me, Betty, and I will tell you about last night ; it will do you good, even if you do scold us all for being merry."

Betty was flattered at the allusion to her

neatness, and, although she grumbled and shook her head, and took care to turn the key in the door of the room of mourning, as she called it, she did not refuse to follow Kate to her own cheerful apartment.

Here a bright fire burned, and the late autumn sun shone in at one of the windows. Mrs. Graham took care to give Betty plenty to do; she sat by the fire herself, and allowed the grim old woman to wait on her, for it had suddenly entered into her astute mind that half Betty's melancholy must be caused by want of occupation.

While she pottered about, Kate talked, telling her all she thought would interest her of last night's proceedings.

"It was really a very bright and happy scene, Betty," she said, in conclusion.

Mrs. Carew coughed, and sniffed ominously. "Not one present with a grain of thought in them," she said. "Ah, the crackling of thorns; but their time of mourning is coming."

"There was one person present who seemed quite sad enough even to please you, Betty," continued Kate; "a man of about my husband's age, but very thin and shabby-looking. Do you know, his face quite haunts me, and he had such melancholy eyes,—a thin face, very pale, but with such pathetic eyes."

"What colour was they?" asked Betty.

"What colour? Brown, I think, although he was very fair. It was their expression which rendered them conspicuous."

"He must have had a look of Mr. Jonas," said Betty; "it's many and many and many a day since I clapped eyes on him, but he was the moral image of that young man,—pale? yes; fair? yes; brown eyes? yes; and, my word, that sorrowful in expression? yes. Ah, poor dear! poor dear! his time of mourning came early."

"The gentleman whom I met last night had a look of your Mr. Jonas's photograph," said Kate suddenly. "I remember being puzzled by an indefinable likeness, but now you mention Mr. Jonas, I see it quite plainly. By the way, my husband knew him; perhaps he is a relation of Mrs. Alexis's; his name is Mr. Verney."

"I don't think that's likely, ma'am,—my missis had no relations. I'd be obliged to you and Mr. Graham, ma'am, to give me back that photograph of poor Mr. Jonas."

"What photograph, Betty?"

"The one as you seed—the one as was on the mantel-piece along with the likeness of the old missis, in the room of mourning the night you comed back a bride. The likeness is put away, and I'd be glad if you'd give it back to me, ma'am, that I may put the poor young gentleman along with his 'ma on the chimney-piece."

"But I have not got it, Betty; I saw it that one night and never again; I really did not dream of touching it."

"It's gone, ma'am; things don't go without hands."

"True, Betty; but these hands are innocent."

Betty's face paled, she glanced suspiciously at Mrs. Graham; then she coughed, and then she looked again.

"We'll say nothing more about it," she said suddenly. "May I ask, ma'am, if you've got the sealed letter safe?"

Kate rose from her seat somewhat angrily.

"What do you think of me, Mrs. Carew?" she said. "Have I got a solemn trust letter like that safe? Of course I have. Now I must go downstairs. Thank you for putting my things so tidily away."

CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER Kenneth's little story, James Verney left Myrtle Cottage as though he had wings to his feet. He did not wait to say good-bye to Polly; he did not dream of troubling himself to go through the small ceremony of bidding his hostess adieu; he left the house and walked fast, fast, as though he were running, in the direction of the railway station.

Here he was fortunate in instantly catching a train; he got to Victoria not very long after midnight, and from there walked to his lodgings.

His lodgings were quite two miles away; they were somewhere off the Fulham Road, in a low, damp, unhealthy part of the town. He let himself in with his latch-key, and went upstairs at once to his bedroom. This room did duty also as a sitting-room; it was small and ill-furnished, and there was no fire in the grate.

Verney shivered as he lit his gas; then he went to a little looking-glass, took it up, brought it to the light, and examined his features therein attentively.

"No doubt of it," he said to himself, "no doubt whatever. Kenneth Graham knew what he was talking about. So much—for old chums!"

He put the glass back in its place, and turned hungrily to some bread and cheese which stood on the table. He made a hearty meal, devouring every crumb of the bread, and almost all the hard piece of cheese.

When he had eaten he felt better, his face was not quite so pale, nor did his hand shake so much. A fire was laid in the grate, and he even so far plucked up courage as to go to the extravagance of lighting it. When it blazed merrily up the chimney, he spread out his thin hands to the genial warmth, and even smiled faintly.

"No doubt at all what Ken meant," he said once or twice under his breath; then he muttered in a tone of great pain, "So much for old chums!"

The nearest church clock sounded the hours—two, then three, then four. At four o'clock Verney was still crouching over the fire; he had not dreamt of going to bed. But about then he began to bestir himself; he rose from his stooping attitude over the now fading fire, and, moving about his room, put his few possessions into a little hand-bag.

The bag was small, but his all fitted in easily. He looked round the room to see that nothing at all was left. Yes, on that topmost shelf was a little Testament which his mother had given him ages ago. He took it down, it was worn and shabby, her name was next to his on the title page; he started, and turned deadly white as he saw the name which he no longer used. Tearing out the fly-leaf he flung it into the fire, but the little Testament found a place in the hand-bag. Now he took some money out of his pocket—four, five sovereigns—he had been paid his month's salary yesterday. He laid on the table five shillings for his landlady, the rest he put carefully back into his waistcoat pocket.

The church clock struck five; everything was done now, except the last thing of all. From a carefully locked drawer he took out a bottle of dye. With this he quickly changed the colour of his hair and moustache to black. After doing so he looked at himself again in the little hand-glass. He was more hopeful now.

"Not quite so like," he muttered. With some more of the dye he darkened his eyebrows, then, opening the window, he threw bottle and all into the street.

"Good-bye my last little try after being a gentleman," he muttered to himself, as he slipped downstairs in the early, early morning. "Good-bye, old chum; you won't be troubled with Jonas Alexis any more."

He went out into the street, and walking to the right terminus, took the first third class train to Liverpool.

It was still early in the day when he reached his destination. He went straight to the docks and began to make casual and apparently uninterested inquiries with regard to different sailing vessels.

He avoided the larger craft, but looked with ill-concealed envy at those boats which were being laden with small merchandise, for he knew that many of them were destined to reach safe and distant ports. His money, however, was now reduced to something over £3. Such a sum would take him, even in the poorest vessel, to no far distant scene. He was too weak and effeminate-looking to offer to go before the mast. He walked up and down, up and down, however, hoping against hope that some burly captain might appear who would take him on board his ship, for the sake of the little money, and the small services he might offer. As he paced about, feeling starved and cold and wretched, he suddenly noticed a man, who in rough but comfortable sailor dress seemed to keep pace with him. The man never once to Verney's knowledge looked at him, but when Verney turned he turned, walking with the same slow, indifferent step. This was enough!

"I am watched!" muttered the wretched fugitive; he sought his opportunity, he had learnt many a lesson in cunning, and before the burly stranger was aware of it, he had slipped out of sight.

For the next few days James Verney lost himself in the low parts of Liverpool. He took the humblest sort of lodging, and retired to it as a rat to its shelter. At the end of a few days he had broken into his last sovereign. He was now almost desperate; he felt that if he did not escape now, while he had a few shillings to call his own, he would never escape at all. Once more, thinner, whiter, more haggard-looking than ever, he strolled down to the docks. There were the ships, the mighty as well as the small, there were the passengers coming and going, there were the tearful friends, and there also was the burly, red-faced sailor, calmly smoking his pipe. The moment Verney found himself on the quay he saw him; the sailor did not pay the smallest attention to Verney. Not once did he glance at him, only he came up a little nearer, and took his constitutional just in front of where Verney stood.

"No escape," muttered James Verney. "I have fifteen shillings still in my pocket; shall I go back to my lair for another twenty-four hours, or shall I die to-day? Faugh! it is sickening in that hole; I will give up the battle to-day."

The moment he had made this resolve he went up to the burly-faced sailor.

"Good morning," he said.

"Good morning," answered the man, taking his pipe out of his mouth, but still not glancing at Verney.

"You want me," said Verney.

The man shuffled from one foot to another, took his pipe again out of his mouth, and finally deposited it with a sigh of regret in his pocket.

"I rather fancy I've been standing about long enough," he said. "I may as well run

you in now—save a sight of worry. Your name is——"

"My name is Jonas Alexis."

"Ay, ay; well, my fine fellow, you'll do your cause no harm by coming back peaceable. They're a bit lonely for you at Portland; you'll get a right welcome back, and no mistake. Take my arm, will you?"

"Thanks—I owe this to an old—chum—is it not so?"

The burly man winked profoundly.

"We tell no tales," he said; "the Government is indebted, very deeply indebted, to those parties as gives them the straight tip. What was it you was a-muttering? I wouldn't, if I was you; no malice is meant to you, and don't you bear none to nobody."

"I was thinking," said Alexis, with sudden fire, as he walked swiftly now by the side of his companion, "I was thinking of friendship—what it is worth, particularly old friendship, the friendship of those who have known you when you were a boy. I was thinking also that two years wear themselves out, even in Portland. In two years I shall be free, and then—why, then *I* may prove myself a nice old chum."

(*To be continued.*)

ITEMS.

CIVIL Service Reform, under the Merit Service rules, is making good headway in the United States. The Civil Service Commissioners of the State of Massachusetts—where the new rules have been thoroughly tested and tried—report that their experience during the past year has proved the fallacy of the argument, that only college graduates have the best chance at the examinations; on the contrary, out of 938 applicants who passed successfully, only 19 were college graduates; and even the test of age indicated an average of one year more for those who passed over those who failed. In the matter of physical examination, the higher standard of excellence required has been reached, to the great advantage of such branches as the Police and Fire departments.

The contest for the Scottish Cross Country Championship was decided on March 10, at Edinburgh, resulting in a victory for the Clydesdale Harriers. The Edinburgh Harriers were second, and the West of Scotland Harriers third. The first man was A. P. Findlay (Clydesdale Harriers).

The Christian Chinese have several branches of the Y.M.C.A. in different parts of the Sandwich Islands. Each member of the Y.M.C.A. pays £1 a year to the Central Association at Honolulu; and he has the privilege of lodging there, when he comes from other places, to visit the capital of the Islands.

A gentleman has promised £50 towards a gymnasium for the Portsmouth Y.M.C.A., on condition that a further sum of £150 is raised in six months.

The second Annual Report of the Wakefield Y.M.C.A. shows that the membership has more than doubled in the last twelve months, there being now on the books 175 members and 92 associates, or a total of 269, as against 126 a year ago, giving an increase of 143. A very encouraging state of affairs for so young an Association!

"*If the people* who want to do good among the poor would give up patronizing them, would cease from trying to convert them, before they have gained the smallest personal influence with them, and visit them as those who have just as good a right to be here as they have, it would be all the better for both—perhaps chiefly for themselves." —*George Macdonald.*

A DOUBLE-MINDED MAN.

By EDWARD BUTLER.

A DOUBLE-MINDED man is a wobbler,—not having one fixed aim, he hits nothing. He is like a man firing at two birds, and sending his harmless shot between them. A description of his life would resemble a photograph of a family group, in which the members could not make up their minds to sit still. Baby crows; mother smiles sweetly on it; the camera makes violent efforts to report all it sees; and the result is as if three or four faces had been melted up together. The double-minded man does not go straight at anything. He blunders up against it sideways. He is like an old quintain-player, who did not strike the mark plumb in the centre, but hit one of the revolving arms, so that the other, with the bag of flour, whirled round and buffeted him.

"Great is the man who doeth one thing." The whole mind fastened on one object at one time is a great secret of success. Have we not heard of battles won by a sudden concentration of the attack on one point of the opposing lines? That fierce and single onslaught broke up the enemy's organization, and led to rout and ruin. The immediate object being achieved, the victorious general would instantly wheel round, and be equally definite, compact, and concentrated on some other service; developing that, too, with all his strength and all his heart. On the other hand, it is a common stratagem in war to make "feints," and to effect diversions, so as to destroy in some way the single-mindedness of the adversary.

It was not without deep meaning that David prayed, "*Unite* my heart to fear Thy name." If a fraction of David's heart had feared God, and a fraction feared the Philistines, and another fraction feared Baal, he would have done no heroic work in the name and for the glory of God. No man with a divided mind rises to the rank of hero. Even a man's own welfare in spiritual things—commonly and rightly put in the first rank of demands upon the mind and heart—must sometimes, in the stress of lofty endeavour, disappear from view. Some men, with the best intentions, expressed to Wilberforce the fear that in his tremendous exertions against slavery, he might be unduly neglecting the culture of his own soul. But Wilberforce replied, in a fashion that must have troubled his kindly monitor as bordering on irreverence, "I cannot leave my work; it must be done. I must leave God to take care of my soul." St. Paul soared, in the same ethereal region, when he "could wish that he himself were anathema from Christ for his brethren's sake."

For the picture of a miserable double-minded man take Pilate. Is there a more pitiable spectacle in all sacred or secular history than that Roman governor, swaying about between his sense of duty and his fear of Cæsar; his desire to pronounce the discharge of the august and innocent prisoner at his bar, and his terror of the Jews? In his double-mindedness he was a man beside himself, two men in one, wrestling with each other, now this one uppermost and now that. Then his wife comes in, trying to put an end to his imbecile vacillation with a dream; and then follows the preposterous performance with soap and water, ended by his mind being made up for him by the savage cries of the scribes, Pharisees, and Jews, "Crucify Him."

Compare the wretched irresolution of the oscillating Pilate, with the granite firmness of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, "If it be so, our God, whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. BUT IF NOT, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods." Those words, "but if not," deserve to be printed in gold. They bespeak a purpose, a conviction, deep as the roots of the everlasting hills.

At this point it is well to ask oneself the question, How is a double-minded man to become single-minded? If a man find himself "in two minds," which is he to cleave to, and which shall he abandon? We do not forget the ass that starved between two bundles of hay, the equilibrium being so perfect that the creature could not move. Real difficulties of this sort do arise, in which one is almost reduced to the fatuousness of "tossing up." I have heard credible stories of juries resorting to this method of arriving at a verdict. But suspense and hesitation of this sort, have no connection with the vice of double-mindedness.

The circumstances in which we are called to act may be complicated, and the facts obscure; they may require patient and protracted investigation, careful weighing of evidence, balancing of probabilities, estimation of the relative claims of conflicting duties; and yet, throughout the long suspense of judgment and anxious thought, there may be, in the moral sense, the single mind.

If the aim of the judge be to do justice, at all costs of time and trouble, and all hazards to himself, he is a single-minded judge, though he be as incorrigible a doubter as Lord Eldon. If the young man making his start in life resolve that his primary aim, his paramount purpose, shall be truth and righteousness in word and deed, he is a single-minded young man. "Honesty" may be "the best policy," "*but if not*," he will be honest. Truthfulness in the description of the wares he sells may be—probably is—the best road to permanent success as a merchant; "*but if not*," he will tell the truth. When asked questions he is "not careful to answer," in the sense of looking all round the corner, to see how the answer will square with what he has said before, or with his supposed self-interest. If it be a question that the questioner has a right to put (I presuppose that important condition), he answers promptly, according to the facts.

How simple life becomes to the simple-minded man! His life has the tremendous directness of the mysterious creatures seen by Ezekiel. "They went every one straight forward: whither the spirit was to go they went; they turned not when they went. . . . And when the living creatures went, the wheels went beside them. . . . Whithersoever the spirit was to go they went; thither was their spirit to go; and the wheels were lifted up beside them, for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels."

The Spirit of God, working without hindrance in the spirit of man, and the spirit of man, thus guided, controlling the wheels of all his faculties, there is rapid decision and straightforward action in the line of what is seen to be the will of God. The soul's resolution to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness" braces and girds it with a noble unity; the vice, the weakness, the wretchedness of the "double-mind" disappear; the ship has one commander, and the helmsman obeys one voice.

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Thirteen Hundred Miles in My Caravan," "From Pole to Pole," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A WEARY TIME.

POOR Katie! Sighing for the sun!

She had been on deck, and had asked Chips, as she often did, to draw aside a little bit of the canvas that formed the lee doorway of the great deck tent. Chips had done so, and she had gazed forth upon the dreary darkness of the Arctic night.

Never a star was to be seen, only the pale suspicion of yellow light from a quarter moon, that just sufficed to reveal the rapidly drifting cumulous clouds; only the snow lying like a winding-sheet over the ice around the ship, over the dim hills, over the spectre-like bergs; only this, and the mournful howling of the wind, rising and falling in uncertain gusts, and bringing with it, as it swept over the Innuit village, the dismal yap—yap—yee—ow—ow of the Indian dogs.

Chips felt her shudder, as she leant a hand on his arm, and he quickly dropped the curtain and shut the darkness out. But it was there all the same. Katie knew it, felt it—felt that the dismal night of the North was all around the ship, all over those awful fields of ice, and stretching far, far South, over a lonesome barren land. Night had crept round her very heart. No wonder then that she laid her head so closely down on "the mother's" shoulder, and sighed for the sunlight.

Miss Graves put her arm tenderly round her, and drew her shawl partly over her head, as if Katie were indeed the baby Captain Boyd called her. Then she talked low and soothingly to her—talked to her of other lands, of southern climes, of home—till the child's eyes closed, and she slept.

Presently Jack came down below, humming a tune to himself, and perhaps making more noise than there was any occasion for; he never did walk very gently at any time. But Miss Graves raised a warning finger at him, as he entered. He took in the situation at a glance, and advanced on tiptoe.

How sweetly pretty the girl looked in her sleep; pretty at any time, but now so child-like, so innocent, so helpless! So ran Jack's thoughts as he stood there as if spell-bound.

What possessed him, I wonder? An impulse of some kind, that he had no control over, else Jack would have held it under; but he lifted one of Katie's soft tresses in his hand and gently kissed it. Then he patted Miss Graves's hand as tenderly as if she really were his mother, and retired on tiptoe as he had come.

A moment after, Katie awoke, and looked somewhat wildly round her.

"Were you dreaming, dear?"

Katie heard her not; she was fast asleep once more.

* * * *

Sighing for the sun? Yes, and many more were longing to see the southern horizon lit up once again, with the golden and crimson glories of the sunrise. In truth, a weary time had commenced for all hands.

Christmas was past and gone. They had kept it as it should be kept, as a time of thankfulness and rejoicing; but in the very midst of their joy, sad thoughts would come, which, however well they tried to conceal them, cast a gloom over even their smiling faces. Christmas had been to these beleaguered travellers like a green oasis in a desert. But it had vanished, and they were out in the desert as before.



"A solitary cross . . . marking the lonely grave of some ill-fated explorer."

Work to the men had now become a toil, and play itself no longer a pleasure.

Sighing for the sun? The crew forward did indeed long for his cheering beams, to come and chase away this night. They did not hesitate to say so to each other, although it must be allowed they went manfully to work every evening to dispel the gloom that hung about them, and to cheer each other up.

Sometimes, when sitting round the half-deck stove, listening to the wondrous yarns of old Chips, which he could tell so graphically and truthfully; or to the more humorous experiences of Turlough O'Brady, who had been everything in his time, and tried all trades, one of the hands would jump up and sing out,—

"I say, lads, we're all down in the mouth! We're moping. We're spoiling ourselves, by thinking too often about home, and wives, and children, and sweethearts. Boy Bates!"

"Ay, ay, to you."

"Pass the word for the ship's fiddler. Chips, old man, we're going to have some music."

Then the fiddler would be found, and for the next hour or so that part of the ship would present a cheerful scene indeed, as they listened to the strains of the fiddle.

But I have this to add—the merriment was forced. And one by one the men would resume their pipes, while the musician, as if following the lead of his thoughts, would glide into some beautiful but melancholy

"Lilt o' dool and sorrow,"

till the very fiddle itself seemed sighing for the sun.

The crew would go earlier to bed of a night now, although at times the cold was so extreme, that sleep for fully an hour after they turned in, was entirely out of the question.

They used to turn out more wearily, too, of a morning; and, indeed, showed an entire want of heart in everything.

Sighing for the sun? Neither of the Nats, nor Jack, nor Desmond, I believe, grieved much on account of the darkness. Or, if they did, they managed to hide their feelings. But poor Godfrey at times seemed laden down with sorrow.

"I think so much of home," he said once to Miss Graves; "and oh, mother, I've no business to do so. I am dead to everything, and have no right even to hope."

"Godfrey! don't talk thus. It is presumptuous, it is sinful. Do you know," she added, after a pause, "that I dreamt of you last night, and of your friend Spencer—dreamt that you had met here on the snow-field?

And you both looked so happy, and he had such pleasant news to tell you. Godfrey, Spencer lives!"

"Mother!" cried Godfrey. "Mother, kind and good, don't speak to me thus. Your dreams, alas! are but the reflection of your waking thoughts."

Miss Graves put her hand on the young man's shoulder, and looked earnestly into his handsome but clouded face, as she made reply.

"I pray, Godfrey, that He who permitted this great sorrow to fall shadow-like over your young life, may sanctify your heart thereby. Nothing is impossible to Him, Godfrey, and hope is His gift too, and no human being should refuse its solace; for, mind you, not to hope may sometimes be a sin."

"Heaven bless your kind heart, dear Miss Graves; I'd been dead long ere now, had you not found me that evening and given me comfort. Why, mother, I sometimes think you really are an angel!"

"Rather a heavy one," said Miss Graves, smiling. "I haven't got wings, Godfrey, and if I had—heigho! I fear I'm too fat to fly far."

"I wouldn't let you fly far, mother; I'd clip your pinions on one side, so that you couldn't leave me."

"Ah! now there is a more cheery ring in your voice. Come below, and I'll sing for you. This deck makes one feel dreary."

Sighing for the sun! Why, even old Sally began to sigh for it.

"I feels, my dear lady," she confidingly told Miss Graves one evening, "I feels as how I be gettin' old. I feels more stiff-like, and my poor legs be so cold of a night, ma'am. Only I bustles about, and Boy Bates, he do tease me so!"

Boy Bates did. There was no sighing for the sun about him! He teased Sally, and made her laugh, and he sometimes chased her, and made her run; and really, I think the exercise did her good.

But sighing for the sun would not make that luminary appear one single half-hour sooner. And many weeks of the very coldest weather had yet to elapse, ere he should send the golden clouds and the gloaming over the hills, to announce his coming.

Terrible storms still swept almost constantly over these lonesome wastes, and while they lasted, all communication with the shore was impracticable. But there were intervals, or spells, of what might well be called beautiful and even blessed weather.

For was it not a blessing when the winds died down; when those glittering stars, "so near and yet so far," shone brightly down on the wild snow-land; when a great moon shed radiant light from over the southern hills; or when the aurora danced and flickered around the ship, and lit up the pinnacled icebergs with its glorious tints of crimson, green, and orange? It *was* a blessing, and it was felt to be so.

On such still nights, a party was always held in the kashga. This was *such* a change from the ship. And the steward on shore vied with the steward on board, in keeping up fires that roared up the flues, fires that crackled, and flickered, and blazed, and lent brightness not only to the faces, but to the very hearts of those who sat round them.

The walk home to the ship, though—it was always called going home—was a cold one, despite the furs the ladies wore, and despite the very decided and very undaunted way the gentlemen stamped their feet, as they went tramping through the snow.

They always went home early, because, after they got there and went down below, it really was a *sine quâ non* of nocturnal comfort to have an hour's basking around the saloon or snuggery stoves, before retiring.

So Winter wore away, and daylight opened its eye at last.

* * * *

It was a starry night in the early Spring, a night so still and quiet, that even at the distance of half a mile, it was possible to hear the sound of a morsel of ice rolling down the slope of a berg. There was not a breath of air stirring; the silence was deep, impressive, awesome, a silence that could be felt; a silence that entered one's very soul.

Jack, keeping the solitary middle watch, had gone on deck, and, pulling the gang-way canvas aside, gazed out into the night. Nothing to be seen, only a dreary waste of snow, and a solitary cross, which loomed black, doubtless marking the lonely grave of some ill-fated explorer, and the glorious moon, touching the tips of the tallest bergs, and sliding over the southern hills.

Jack Silk went below again, and seating himself by the stove, took up a book, which he set himself to study seriously.

But he could not read to-night. His thoughts went wandering away from one subject to another. Jack had not many home ties. His father was busy in the battle of political life, and too actively employed to think much about his absent sailor son. A mother Jack had not. He was therefore free to do very much as he pleased, without interfering with any one. But he had many friends, and he kept thinking about them to-night, and wondering what they were doing, and what they would say, and how they would look, were he to suddenly stalk into their presence, and recount his adventures since the last time they had seen him.

"My head must be queer," Jack said to himself, "else why such silly thoughts? Well, anyhow I'll go and have a look at the glass. They do say that changes in the atmosphere have a wonderful effect on the mind in this strange country."

He took up a lamp and walked to the other end of the saloon.

"Honolulu!" he exclaimed aloud. And it was not surprising he should give vent to his harmless interjection—the glass was wondrous low, and *falling still.*

He replaced the lamp on the table and made his way forward now. There was a big fire in the galley, and near it, with his palms spread out to catch the grateful warmth, sat Chips.

He looked up as Jack came down.

"Ha! Chips, old friend, I thought I'd find somebody here. But it isn't your sentry-go, is it?"

"No; I'm doing it for a messmate. Besides, sir, I could not possibly sleep. I feel my old head all of a buzz."

"And so is my old head, Chips," said Jack, laughing; "and I say, Chips, the glass is lower than ever I saw it before, and still going tumbling down."

"I thought as much," replied Chips, "though I waited to hear you speak first. We'll have a storm. And it'll be a sneezer, sir—a sneezer!"

"It will start from the south?"

"Yes, it'll start from the south or thereabouts, but *it won't stop there.*"

(*To be continued.*)

TALKS WITH MARRIED FOLK

ABOUT THE MANAGEMENT OF INCOME.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

No. 6.—When and How to Save.

(*Continued.*)

THE *Prevention of Waste* is the next item in which saving can be made; and this opens so large a field for examination, that one scarcely knows where to begin.

If waste *is* to be prevented, however, every one in the house must be its foe. It is very little use for one person to avoid waste, if every one else is heedless on the subject. If employers and employed, parents and children, do not pull together in this matter, very little will be accomplished.

Sometimes we go into houses where the wife walks a mile to buy at a cheap shop, and the husband hails a cab whenever he is rather pressed for time. In other houses, it is not at all unusual to see mothers making their meals of unsatisfactory scraps, odds and ends which have been left, and which no one else will touch; and the children turning fastidiously away from homely but excellent food, or leaving wholesome morsels of fat, or meat slightly underdressed, on the side of their plates.

The result of this kind of saving usually is, that the mother becomes ill, through not being properly nourished; and that her unselfishness makes her children selfish. Again, we find mistresses anxiously trying to sew in the gloaming, because they do not like to light the gas too soon, and servants allowing the gas to flare away in empty rooms. Individual efforts for the prevention of waste under these circumstances always prove disappointing.

Another point upon which we have to be on our guard, is to prevent waste all the way through the household; not in one department only. Very often people who pride themselves on their thrift will be parsimonious in one direction, and very extravagant in others. Some have what have been styled "pet economies"; they will carefully preserve small pieces of string, or use scraps of paper, and recklessly leave books lying open downwards; or poke the fire incessantly, so that they burn twice as much coal as they need do. Persons who can act thus have no right to call themselves thrifty; they are only crotchety.

A very common notion, held by a great many people, is that it is in groceries alone, that there can be waste. This idea leads them to keep strict watch over the sugar and tea; when all the time cinders may be thrown out unsifted and unnoticed. Others are specially anxious that bones should be stewed for stock, and fat rendered down for frying, yet take no heed when brushes, which ought to be kept for the stairs and carpets, are used to sweep the hearth; or when scrubbing brushes are left in a pail of water.

Some waste by putting things to the wrong use; some by giving out provisions too liberally, so that more is used than is necessary; others by giving out provisions too sparingly, so that deficiencies have to be made up in a hurry; and "haste makes waste." Where there is lack of ready money there is a great temptation to waste by not having furniture and domestic utensils repaired directly they need it, by which means bad becomes worse, and shillings have to be spent, when pence, employed earlier, would have done the business.

Thoughtless people waste through throwing out little drops of sauce, milk, or vinegar. The careless waste through peeling fruit and potatoes too thickly, and allowing furniture and silver to spoil, through not being properly cared for. Also when they put knives, handles and all, into hot water; when they let saucepans burn over the fire; when they cut into a new loaf, and allow the piece of an old loaf to become dry and mouldy; when they buy new house-flannels and new dusters, when old woollen stockings cut open, old flannels, old chintzes, and old cotton dresses cut into neat squares and hemmed, would answer the purpose equally well; when they pile coal on the fire, so that half the heat goes up the chimney, or when they let the fire go out, and have to take fresh wood to light it again; or when they do not sift and burn cinders.

Some waste because they do not check the bills, or weigh the joints, and so allow small errors to pass unchallenged; others by not taking care of and duly filing paid bills, so that, in case there is a mistake, they may not be called upon to pay a second time.

Small escapes of gas are a fruitful source of waste. In many households there is a waste through matches being struck unnecessarily, and candles being left burning when not needed. In very many others, there is waste, through workers not being allowed food enough, rest enough, and change enough to keep them well and in good spirits; a very "penny wise and pound foolish" policy. In short, the ways in which waste may occur in a house are so numerous, that it would scarcely be possible to name them all; the most experienced housekeeper would omit some of them.

Heads of households very often waste when they endeavour too anxiously to avoid waste; though what is consumed here is not money, but strength, nerve, and temper.

Money and material are not by any means the only things we waste in life; Time, Labour, Character, are all treasures which are expended in domestic management, and we waste when we do not measure carefully what we pay against what we receive, and in parting with our treasure do not get its worth. Thus we very often find that industrious people give hours to work which answers no purpose but that of display; then they congratulate themselves that they have accomplished something, and it has "cost them nothing."

It is a mistake; it has cost them so much of life, energy, thought, and strength. The minutes, the half-hours, spent over this worthless business might have been used in enriching the mind with helpful thoughts from good books, in cultivating the powers which have been given us, or in helping others. We manage but poorly when we give our labour without real profit.

To avoid waste thoroughly and successfully, constant watchfulness is required, unceasing, unresting. As a wise writer once said, "Economy is like liberty; to maintain it there must be eternal vigilance." Order must be the rule of the household, thrift the habit of every member thereof. Even children will have to be trained to orderly ways, so as to save trouble, and to save expense. It is astonishing how children may be trained thus to habits of thrift, when the habits of their elders are thrifty.

Children learn by example, not by precept. If they see that it is the rule with father and mother to take off dirty boots, before stepping upon a carpet, they unconsciously get into the same way. But if father and mother talk anxiously about saving, and heedlessly waste all the while, children will quickly follow suit, and pecuniary muddle will be the result.

But it may be said, "If waste and pecuniary muddle are to be avoided through a better order, what is this better order that is to do so much for us?" To this question I should reply, "In your house, I do not know. In my own house, it will be a disgrace to me if I do not arrive at it." This is a sum we must each one work out for ourselves. If we were to take a street with two hundred houses in it, we should probably need two hundred different arrangements if we wanted to arrive at order in every one.

In trying to give advice, therefore, about the management of the income, all one can do, is to persuade people to get at this order. It can be arrived at; or rather, as we said at the beginning, it *must* be arrived at, if disaster is to be prevented.

The way to arrive at it is very simple; it is to face the situation, and deal with it. The way to disaster is very simple also; it is to let things slide.

Still, though I cannot tell you your order, I may confess how I arrive at mine. By way of discovering the true order in living expenses for both of us, let us turn again to the pencil and paper which we had at the beginning of our talk, and which we have neglected for awhile.

(And, by the way, may I remark that pencil and paper are most valuable aids to economy. We never economise so successfully as when we plan our economies in black and white before we carry them into practice). In our first estimate we decided that we were to set aside one-half of the available income for living expenses, and that one-fourth of this sum was to be deducted for incidentals. The amount of these incidentals ought to be set aside straight away; not interfered with on any account.

The demands on it will be so large that we are sure eventually to have to scheme and contrive to make it do. If we have something to contrive with, we can scheme hopefully; the pain comes when the necessity is there, and there is nothing wherewith to meet it.

The sum for incidentals having been laid away, the sum for the household expenses is to be handed over to the house-mother regularly, once a week. She has to say to herself, "This is the amount with which I have to do my work; it is a talent that is entrusted to me by the great Master. I am to make the most of it. If I go beyond it, I shall be violating the contract which has been entered into between myself and my husband. In keeping within it, I must get the utmost possible value out of it, consistent with doing justice to others. In receiving this money I have accepted a sacred trust. May I have strength given to fulfil the obligations thus accepted by me."

If I might advise a house-mother thus circumstanced, I should once more say, "Before you spend any of that money, plan it out." Perhaps my friends who are talking with me feel a little impatient with this continued return on my part to the method of "planning it out." If they are, I am very sorry; but really, it is the secret of the whole business. At any rate, I cannot tell them a better one. Be beforehand, be prepared, look ahead—this is thrift. Let things go; take the chance; trust to something turning up; this is unthrift. So I must return to my humdrum way; and try, my friends, to have patience with me.

To the house-mother I say, therefore, "Plan out your expenditure."

You recollect that living expenses were to include coal, gas, servants' wages, laundry expenses and repairs, as well as provisions. Find out from the last three months' bills what these separate items came to. Now calculate how much per week will be required for each sum; add the various items together, and put the money away.

This is the only way in which you can be secure. By acting thus you will never be in a corner; you will always have the wherewithal to meet what is coming upon you. What is of almost as much importance, you will always have the feeling that you are not destitute of ready money; and not entirely penniless.

To be entirely penniless is a very unpleasant sensation; it robs the house-mother of nerve, and makes her feel the unhappy slave of circumstances, instead of being the mistress of the situation. Moreover, it ought not to be.

Put these sums away, therefore, and I should say, Put each one into a box, labelled with the object for which it is intended. Have a number of boxes, and let each one be labelled, and keep them locked up; or, if the money amounts to any sum which makes it worth while, put it into the post office savings bank, and get the interest while keeping it safe, for it is never safe to have much money in the house. In this case, make a statement saying what is the destination of the various sums which make up the whole amounts, and keep the statement in the bank book. By this means everything will be kept straight.

Perhaps all this will be clearer if I give an illustration. We will suppose that, after incidental expenses have been laid away, the sum left for the housewife to deal with is £2 10s. Out of this she will ultimately have to pay £12 per year for wages, £4 per year for gas, £10 per year for coal.

Now £12 per year is equal to 4s.7¼d. a week. Before the money is used, therefore, 4s. 7¼d. must be put away in a box labelled "Wages." £4 per year, which is the sum needed for gas, is equal to 1s. 6½d. per week. In a box labelled "Gas," 1s. 6½d. must therefore be deposited. The sum needed for coal, *i.e.*, £10 per year, is equal to 3s. 10d. per week. The 3s. 10d., therefore, must be put away in its place. If this is due every week, when the time comes for the wage to be paid, there the money will be; and so with the amounts needed for gas and coal.

If we adopt this plan, and persevere in it concerning these items, there will be no need for anxiety.

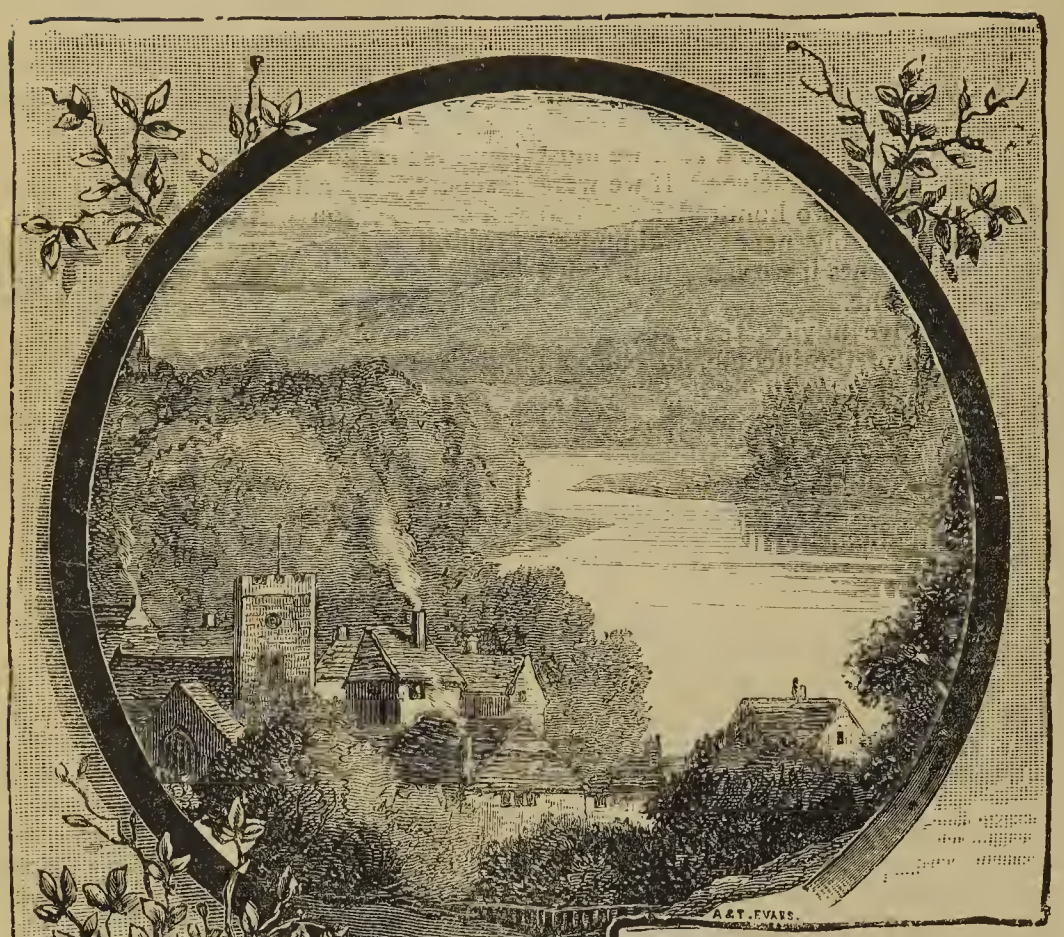
It is quite possible that if we thus plan, and persevere in following the plan, we shall be so thoroughly imbued with the folly of waste that we shall find, when the time for paying for gas and coal arrives, that the estimate taken from last year's bills was too large, and that we do not need to pay quite as much as we expected. But it will never do to count on this reduction. If the bills are less than we anticipated, we are so much to the good. But on no account must we presume on the possibility that this will be the case.

"The worth of a state in the long run is the worth of the individuals composing it."
—*J. S. Mill.*

"No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness, than disbelief in great men."—*Carlyle.*

THE SQUIRE'S PROBLEM: "MUCH—SOME—OR NONE?"

By G. DE LA PLANTE.



"In the quiet . . . the squire worked at his problem."

CHAPTER III.

THE SQUIRE RESOLVES TO TRY IT.

IN the quiet of the wild woodland dells, beside the brawling streamlets, the squire worked at his problem alone. Even Mary could not help him. How could he sit by and see his men friends wishing for something that was not upon his hospitable board? Was it needful to ask such self-denial for the sake of those fishermen? He saw plainly enough that merely abstaining himself, as a matter of personal opinion, would lack force, and fail of real effect; but was it right to force this compulsory abstinence on men who were not convinced of its need? Then there came to his mind the memory of more than one in his own rank of life, who had become a prey to drink. Nay, in the estate next to his own, was not the son and heir an alien and a wanderer, because he would too frequently spend his evenings at the Black Bull?

Out amongst the fern by the stream side, the squire made up his mind at last. A total abstainer he would be, and his whole household should follow him. He did not like the necessity, but a necessity it was.

The squire's face was brighter than it had been for days, as he sauntered into the pleasant balconied room, where Mary sat by the window.

"Look here!" said the young man earnestly, leaning his folded arms on the railing, and bringing his face close to hers; "Mary, I've tried Much, I've tried Some, and now I've made up my mind to try None at all! We'll lock up the wine-cellar when we go home, and drink only water. We'll turn the Black Bull into a Coffee House, and the village will be a model of comfort and beauty in six months' time. I am sure it will, for drink, and drink chiefly, is what degrades our fisher-people so. Take away the habit of haunting the Black Bull, and spending time and money there; and we shall have the 'old order' most thoroughly changed. It took me a long time to think it all out, but now I see clearly."

"Oh, I am glad!" cried Mary. "I knew you were thinking about it, Wynyard. *I* made up my mind that day in the train. How well it was we met that young fellow, as we did."

"He knew what he was about," said Wynyard, frankly. "He hit me hard. Pity he went in for cant; that spoiled him."

"Oh, not cant!" said Mary; "he was so earnest about it. And, Wynyard—perhaps he was right."

"About what?"

"That—that total abstinence is not possible for tempted men, unless they have God's grace in their hearts."

Wynyard laughed uneasily. "I know nothing about it, Sis; you can preach while I work the pledge cards."

"I am not fit to preach," said Mary, sadly; "but I want to know more. Wynyard, won't you think about it too?"

"Not in my line, little sister. You have got moped all alone here; come for a row on the lake."

A few days later, Mary and the squire were back at the old Hall. Somehow distance had lent enchantment to the view of the proposed reformation. It did not seem at all easy to the squire as he drove through the village, and nodded in return to the obsequious bow of the landlord of the Black Bull.

"I'll have a fine piece of work with that fellow," said the squire, rather pettishly; he had all a man's hatred of a fuss. "He has a long lease, too, and I can't shake his license; so he can defy me if he likes."

"Right must ever win," said Mary softly; and the frown left her brother's face.

Dinner was ready when they arrived. As usual wine sparkled on the table. Mary turned to the old butler,—

"Remove the wine, please, Austin," she said clearly. "The squire and I are both total abstainers, and will have wine on the table no more."

In silent amazement the old man obeyed, inwardly hoping that the change would spread to the servants' hall, where he saw too often the ill effects of an unstinted supply of drink.

The first step thus taken, the squire set out boldly on his new line of work. He called a meeting of the fishermen at the Hall, told them what he meant to do, signed his name just beneath the pledge which he had written out on a large sheet of paper, and invited those who were willing to sign below. Not a man stirred at first. Then, one by one, about a dozen of the best and soberest men came forward, and affixed their name or their mark; but of the tempted or drunken ones, not a man came to the front. The landlord of the Black Bull stood gloomily in the background, looking on.

"Now," said the squire, "I mean to carry this thing through. My first proposal is this,—I am willing to take the Black Bull and turn it into a Coffee House at my own expense, put the present landlord in possession of it again, and pay him, at the end of the year, anything he may have lost by the change. What say you, landlord?"

"Meaning no offence, Squire," said the landlord in thick, angry tones, "I've my lease, and I've my license, and I mean to stick to them both. The men what's used to beer will never do with a wash of coffee. We're all free to use our own mouths as we please."

"Very well," said the squire. "That's your answer. Then I shall take a cottage, turn it into a Coffee House; my sister will have a room for the women, and we'll give you due notice when we are ready to begin the work. The Room will be open free every evening, and a hearty welcome for all."

"Three cheers for the squire," called out one of the men; then "Three cheers for the landlord," called out some one else. So, amid confused hurrahs for squire and publican, total abstinence and drink, the gathering dispersed.

CHAPTER IV.

"SOMEHOW WE CAN'T."

THE Coffee House was a formidable rival for the Black Bull, as far as comfort went. But the Black Bull held its ground. All hope of keeping the squire's favour being gone, the landlord laid aside his mask, and the house sank lower and lower in character.

Wynyard and his sister stuck to their resolution. Not one drop of stimulant was used at the Hall. Certainly the example had some effect. The steadier fishermen followed the squire's example, and no longer sent their boys out for a jug of beer to adorn the dinner table; but, for the really tempted ones, not much was done. Coffee could not stand against drink. A few looked longingly at the Coffee House, but passed it, drawn to the Black Bull by cravings which they could not subdue; a few—a very few—signed the pledge, and broke it within a month; but the greater number laughed at the whole movement, regarded the squire's action as an infringement of their rights, and exalted the publican into a much-enduring man, who defended their rights at a great personal sacrifice, and deserved their thirstiest support.

"'Big Bill' wants to see you, sir," said the care-

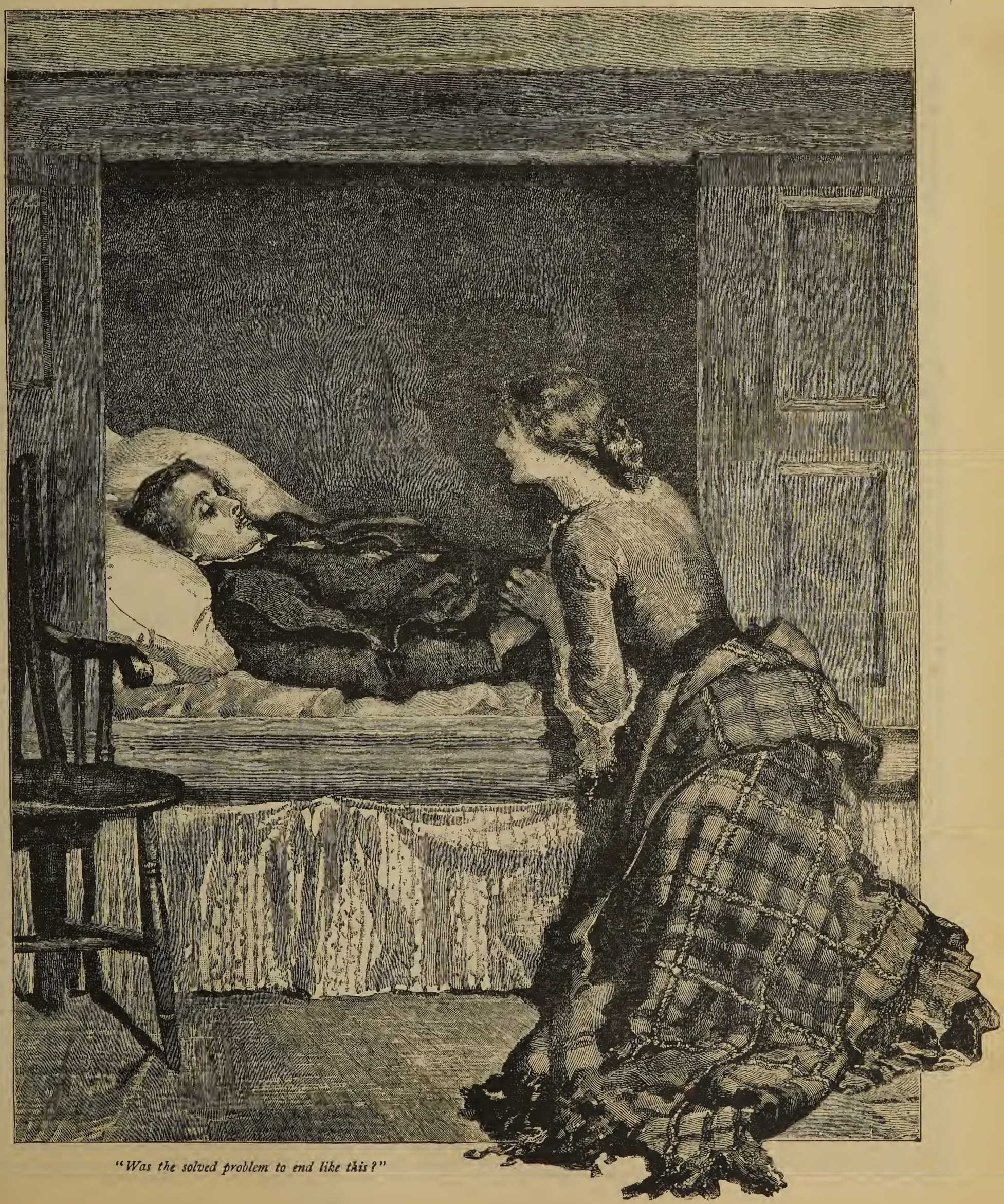
taker's wife, opening the door of the squire's little room at the Coffee House.

"Show him in," said the squire gladly; for "Big Bill" was one of his "hopeful cases." He and his wife had both signed the pledge a few weeks since. There was a despondent look about the burly giant, as he turned his cap uneasily in his hand.

"What is it, Bill? How's the wife?"

"We can't hold on, squire, that's the truth," said the poor fellow. "Missus and me do want to be sober, but somehow we can't."

"Both pledges broken, Bill!" said the squire sadly. Then he was silent. He had no more to say, though much to think of.



"Was the solved problem to end like this?"

"I don't want to be a drunkard, sir," said Bill despairingly, "nor the missus. But what's to do next? We've tried our honest best, we have, but somehow we can't. Isn't there nothin' you could put behind th' pledge, Squire? Somethin' that 'd hold on to a man, an' not let him go? There's no *drawin'* in a pledge an' coffee, like there is in drink."

"God help you, Bill," said the squire brokenly, "for I can't. If there's anything to put behind the pledge, I know nothing of it myself."

The man turned and left the place. The squire bowed his head on his hands in an agony of doubt and despair. He had failed again. Self-sacrifice and human resolution were utterly vain; it needed a force without a man to control his evil passions. The words of the stranger in the train echoed in his ears. He had called them cant—he knew now that they were truth itself. "If you love Him yourself, sir, lead your men to seek Him as their Saviour. Nowhere else will they get the strength they need to keep them from drink."

CHAPTER V.

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

MARY gathered much of what had passed from her brother; but for her the true Light had come, and the problem was solved. She had turned to her Bible, a book she and her brother had scarcely been taught to read, in search of passages on total abstinence, and at first had been sorely puzzled at finding some that seemed to point just the other way. But as she drank deeper of the spirit of the Book, she saw that below all the surface incidents and injunctions connected with special individuals and circumstances lay the broad principle of do "nothing whereby thy brother stumbleth, . . . or is made weak." But Mary came upon one little verse which flashed a light on all the unsuccessful work of the past. "I, if I be lifted up . . . will draw all men unto Me." That was it—the drawing power of the loving, living Saviour, could alone hold men back from drink. She showed the verse to Wynyard, as he sat beside her, and then rose softly, leaving the young squire with the open Bible in his hands.

The squire started next evening for Bill's cottage. All day long, he had struggled towards the light, feeling for a foothold step by step. "If you love Him yourself,"—those words barred his way; dare he say that he loved this Saviour of whom he had scarcely thought till yesterday? "I will draw all men unto Me," said the Christ; and as this young man turned the pages of his Bible, the love and forgiveness that gleamed from every page melted his heart, and he cried with Thomas of old, "My Lord and my God."

Bill was out, his "missus" said; she "guessed he had gone to the Bull, as he was kind o' despairin' when the squire could do nothin' more for him."

"Ah, but I can to-night!" said the squire, with a light on his face. "I'll go fetch him home myself."

"Don't go into the Bull, Squire," called out the woman; "the landlord 'll set his bull-dog on you—he said he would."

"Never fear," said the squire; "I must fetch Bill"; and off he went.

The door of the Bull swung to behind the squire, and he stood, the only sober man in the crowded room. An angry buzz went round; only Bill hid his face in his hands.

"Come home, Bill," said the squire, holding out his hands beseechingly; "I've got good news."

"Let's share the news, Squire," said the publican, insolently; "Bill has no secrets from his friends here. "He'll stand us a treat, if the news is good."

The squire's face flushed. "My news will be good for you all. I have found a power that is able to keep a drunkard sober, and take away the craving for drink. The Lord Jesus Christ, whom I have found to-day, as my own Saviour, is able and willing to be a real Saviour to-night to all you men. He will forgive you everything, and His power alone is strong enough to draw you away from drink."

There was a moment's dead silence as the squire stopped. Then the infuriated landlord fulfilled his threat, and the great bull-dog sprang fiercely at the squire. The young man stepped hastily aside, to escape those savage fangs, tripped over a fallen chair, and fell to the ground, striking his head heavily against the corner of a table.

In twos and threes the sobered men crept out. Bill sobbed like a child. The frightened landlord sent for the doctor and "Miss Mary," and the still unconscious squire was carried across the road to the Post Office, and laid on old Betty's bed. In half an hour Mary was beside him, holding his hand in hers. He had not moved or spoken. Was the solved problem to end like this?

Not so. After weeks of suffering, the young man regained his hold on life. When he was well enough to see them, the men would come, one by one, to his bedside, and listen whilst he told them of the Saviour, who could draw tempted souls to Him. In those quiet hours, too, he learned to know his Bible, and to wield it as the "sword of the Spirit" against all unrighteousness and sin.

"Big Bill" no longer complained that he had "nothing behind the pledge"; he and his "missus" could stand firm in the new strength. The publican found the tide of public opinion so strongly set against him, since the bull-dog affair, that he sold his lease, and left the place. The Black Bull was bought up for another Coffee-House, and at last, long last, the village grew sober and happy, and the squire's problem was solved.

AN OLD LEGEND.

A PAGAN Prince in ancient days,
His servants round him drew;
"Your choice of serving *either* God
This day I give to you."

Each one a Christian convert is:
"Will ye still own your God?
Or will ye serve my images,
And tread where I have trod?"

Then, fearing to offend their Prince,
Those servants, in a breath
(All except three), declared themselves
Idolaters till death.

All except three; and those brave three
Their flag for Christ unfurled;
Unflinching stood to own their Lord,
Prepared to face the world.

Then turned the Prince in bitter scorn,
And spoke to them again;
"*Three* only are there, of you all,
Whose service I retain.

"Go! get you gone! no longer stay;
My servants are but three;
For they who to their God are false,
Will faithless be to me!"

FIVE WEEKS' HOLIDAY.

LET any young man go to his employer, and stipulate that he must have five weeks' holiday every year to improve his mind, how he would be laughed at and shown the door. Yet, this he can get every year without asking, or being indebted to any one for the gift. Let him get up one hour earlier every day, and he has it in a better way and manner than if he had all the five weeks together; for one hour every day devoted to any one special object, would accomplish vastly more than five weeks' successive poring over some study or inquiry; the brain would be clearer, the mind more active, the body less wearied, the memory more retentive.

RECREATIONS IN GEOLOGY.

By W. H. HARRIS, B.A., B.Sc.

THE GEMS OF OUR JEWELLERY.

THERE seems to be in human nature an inherent love of light and brightness. We must all have noticed that one of the earliest indications of intelligence in very young babies, is their turning towards a candle-flame or gas-jet, and following with their eyes any brilliant object which is being moved near to them. Possibly this instinctive liking may be the origin of the interest and attraction manifested by man in all ages, and in nearly all nations, for sparkling gems.

But various stones have other qualities beside mere glitter to recommend them. Their hardness and resistance to wear: their portability, enabling large values to be kept or carried in small space; their complete immunity from change through atmospheric influences; their permanent retention of colour, or of reflective qualities—all these circumstances have combined to render jewels of great worth in all countries, and at all periods of time.

Within the space of a short article it would be quite impossible to give even a very brief account of the many varieties of gems. We can, therefore, select for notice only a few of the most remarkable. A certain sort of distinction is sometimes drawn between *Gems* and *Precious Stones*, the former being made to include the most valuable, such as the diamond, sapphire, emerald, ruby, and topaz, the latter comprising the less-esteemed kinds, such as rock-crystal, amethyst, opal, agate, jasper, and malachite. But such a classification is entirely unscientific. We shall therefore group together for description those which have certain mineral characters in common. And we shall begin with a set which, rather remarkably, includes both the most valuable, and the least so, of the minerals used for jewellery purposes.

The *Carbon Group.* In one of our articles, on "the coal of our fires," we just alluded to the fact, that there is good ground for believing the last change which vegetable matter has undergone, in its series of transformations, is into the crystalline condition of the *diamond.* It is true that neither chemistry nor geology has yet revealed to us the actual passage from the amorphous into this crystalline form, but we know that this most precious of gems consists almost wholly of carbon. When burnt in air or oxygen, the same compound results as from the combustion, under similar conditions, of graphite, or black lead so-called. Moreover, some observers have thought they detected traces of vegetable structure in the exceedingly minute portions of ash from consumed diamonds; but this is very doubtful.

Other investigators have imagined the possibility of an *inorganic* origin for these stones, and have urged that, as sulphur is precipitated from hydro-sulphuretted vapour by contact with oxygen, in like manner carbon in a crystalline form might be the result of the oxidation of a hydro-carburetted gas. But, supposing this to be the case, there is still the probability of such a gas owing its existence, in the first instance, to animal or vegetable remains. Geologists have urged that the combustible nature of the stones excludes the idea of intense heat, in connection with their formation; but a review of all the facts leads to the conclusion that

an exceedingly high temperature, acting under very great pressure, or a lower degree of heat, continued through long periods, will account most reasonably for the production of diamonds.

These gems are found usually, and most abundantly, in old drifts or gravels, derived from the wearing away of igneous rocks of various ages. In India they are met with in a matrix of sandstone ; in Brazil, they occur in mica-slate. The former of these is considered to belong to the Tertiary period, while the latter is probably as low down in the geologic series as the most ancient stratified deposits—the Cambrian and Laurentian. Intermediate between these, the diamonds of South Africa are met with in rocks supposed to be of Jurassic, *i.e.*, Mesozoic age. Dr. Gardener informs us that the diamantiferous diggings of Brazil consist of between 30 and 40 feet of sandy clay, reddish sand, loose gravel, and then hard clay lying on schistose rocks. Of course these last were the birthplace of the gems.

From the three countries mentioned, the largest quantities of these stones have been and are still procured. From a single mine in the Transvaal, as many as £100,000 worth are sometimes obtained in a month. They occur of various sizes, from mere tiny grains to a weight of several hundred carats, in their rough state. In the process of cutting, a great reduction in size of necessity takes place. For instance, the celebrated Koh-i-noor, now the property of our Queen, is said formerly to have weighed 900 carats, but at present, after its final cuttings, to be only 123 carats.

Space forbids our giving particulars as to the size and value of other remarkable gems of this kind, or our telling some of their romantic histories. We may, however, mention that diamonds are the hardest substance known, and that only their own dust is capable of cutting and polishing them. They are used for many purposes, as in the arts of the glazier, the lapidary, and the jeweller. Recently they have been largely and effectively employed in the boring of rocks. It may interest some of our readers to know that the cut made in glass by glaziers is not more than $\frac{1}{200}$ in. in depth, yet is sufficient to render the line of fracture sure.

Another substance of the carbon group is *jet*. This is manifestly an altered form of vegetable matter, a variety of highly bituminous coal, almost crystalline in structure. It is found in many localities—Turkey, Spain, France, Prussia, and England. In our own country it comes chiefly from Whitby, where it is obtained from the Upper Lias Shale, mixed with fragments of coniferous bituminised wood. It occurs in lumps and branching pieces, which often reveal their ligneous origin. It is remarkable for its black and compact appearance, its resinous lustre, its light weight, and its development of electricity when rubbed.

Amber hardly ranks as a precious *stone*, but is well known for ornamental purposes, and, as a fossil resin, might be classed in the carbon group of valuable minerals, being used for the manufacture of necklaces, bracelets, ear-drops, and other small ornaments. It is, geologically, extremely interesting, as there have often been found, enclosed and perfectly preserved in it, remains of insects, and even small fishes of bygone ages.

But it is time we referred to the next set of valuable stones—the *Alumina* Group. Of these the chief are the ruby, the sapphire, and the turquoise. Chemically, these consist almost wholly of the same substances as form the constituents of clay, that is, alumina, with water of crystallization, and traces of lime, magnesia, and silica.

The *ruby* derives its name from the Lat: *rubeo*, I flush with red. There are, however, various shades of this colour, with yellowish, orange, and even violet hues. The finest of these gems come from Ceylon, Pegu, and from our latest acquisition, Burmah. They occur abundantly in alluvial deposits, derived from the breaking up of crystalline rocks into gravel and sand. They have also been met with in their original matrices of granite, gneiss, mica-schist, and quartzite. There is little doubt that they owe their production to the action of heat, and great pressure on certain minerals, far below the surface of the earth, and in the presence of some amount of entangled water.

Sapphires are closely allied to rubies in composition, but their colours are blue, yellow, white, and violet, while sometimes they are translucent. They occur in prismatic crystals, under circumstances closely analogous to those in which rubies are found. They are next in hardness to diamonds, and can only be cut and polished by diamond dust.

There are two kinds of *turquoise*, but one hardly deserves the name of a precious stone, being nothing more than bone, or ivory, coloured (naturally) by phosphate of iron. This variety is met with in the drifts of N. Asia, in which occur immense quantities of remains of the now extinct mammoth. The mineral variety consists chiefly of alumina, in combination with phosphoric acid, a little lime, traces of copper and iron, and 19 per cent. of water. It is said to exist embedded in certain sandstones of unknown age in Arabia, Persia, and Thibet. The gem is specially valued because its colour is not affected by gas or candle-light.

The next group contains such stones as the topaz, emerald, garnet, and beryl. Fundamentally, these consist of varying combinations of silica and alumina, with certain other ingredients, such as fluorine, lime, and chromium.

The *topaz* derives its name from a small island, Topazos, in the Red Sea. Its birthplace is, like that of several of the preceding gems, in the granitic and oldest crystalline rocks. In these, certain small cavities occasionally occur, and it is in such hollows that precious stones are especially common. The countries most noted for them are Brazil, Burmah, Ceylon, Bohemia, and Australia. Specimens are met with also in the Highlands of Scotland and the Mourne Mountains of Ireland.

The *emerald* has long been highly esteemed for its rich velvety-green colour. It is not found in many localities. The finest have long been obtained from S. America, where they are got from crystalline veins in clay-slate, and from granite, near S. Fé de Bogota. They occur also in the Ural Mountains, and ancient mines for the stones have been discovered in Upper Egypt. The gem has been in repute from very early times, and it is said that a very perfect specimen of only 6 carats in weight, has fetched as much as £1,000.

The *beryl* is really an emerald of less brilliant colour than the fine varieties. It is found in quite large crystals, some being more than a foot in length, and several inches in diameter. Some kinds are colourless, and might then easily be mistaken for quartz. They may, however, be always distinguished from the fact that beryl-crystals are striated in the direction of their long axis, while those of quartz are striated transversely, or at right angles to the longer axis. Moreover, the latter mineral fractures conchoidally, or like thick shells do when broken by a blow, while the beryl splits in smooth planes.

Garnets are so variable in composition that they are ranked by lapidaries in six sections, according to their predominant minerals. Silica is the essential constituent, forming about one-half of their total weight. Other ingredients are lime, alumina, iron, magnesia, and manganese, in various admixture. The stones occur, for the most part, in gneiss, mica-schist, and rocks of an allied character.

They are sometimes so thickly interspersed, as to give the name of *garnet-rock* to the beds in which they are found. Such rock is often reduced to powder, and used for polishing purposes under the name of "red emery." The colours of garnets are most commonly deep-red, reddish-brown, or black ; but occasionally olive-green, and even yellow specimens, are met with. The largest quantities for commercial purposes are imported from Bohemia, Ceylon, Pegu, and Brazil ; but they are found in all parts of the world, where the igneous rocks have been raised above the surface, and have been "weathered."

The *Silica Group* of stones contains some of the less valuable kinds. *Rock-crystal*, which consists of little else than quartz, is usually colourless ; but, when tinted, goes by different names. So, when violet-blue, it is called *amethyst*, from two Greek words, meaning "not drunken," for the curious belief prevailed in old time, that this mineral had the effect of immediately curing intoxication. The cinnamon-yellow or brown kinds are known as *smoky quartz* or *cairngorms*, from the Scottish mountain in the neighbourhood of which they occur. When reddish-pink, the mineral is styled *rose-quartz*. The colourless sorts have received such titles as Irish diamonds, Bristol diamonds, etc.

These last are used for a great variety of purposes, some simply ornamental, some highly useful. Among the latter may be mentioned their employment for spectacle-lenses. The coloured varieties are much esteemed for the less expensive articles of jewellery. This is especially the case with the amethysts and cairngorms.

Chalcedonies and *agates*, *carnelians* and *onyxes*, are other stones of the silica group, which possess a certain value in the hands of the lapidary ; but space forbids of our speaking of them in detail. We may just notice what are called "fortification-agates," from the zig-zag arrangement of their silica bands of different colours. It is evident that these have been formed in cavities of rocks, into which water holding silica in solution has found its way. Either by evaporation of some of the liquid, or by chemical precipitation, the solid matter has been deposited, layer upon layer, and of hues varying according to other ingredients in combination with the flinty matter. We find also "moss-agates," which look as if a vegetable growth had been entangled amidst the silicious deposit.

We can cordially recommend to our young readers the pleasure of making, by slow degrees, a collection of various kinds of gems and precious stones. A search along many of our shores, and among the pebbles of our hilly districts would, with the help of a lapidary, enable an inexpensive beginning of such a series to be made.

With this Paper we end our present suggestions for Recreations in Geology.

"Sandy," "Alec," or "Alexander"?
"Liz," "Lizzie," or "Elizabeth"?
"Bill," "Willie," or "William"?
"Kitty," "Kate," or "Catharine"?
"Millie," or "Millicent"?
"Sam," or "Samuel"?
"Ted," or "Edward"?
"Jack," or "John"?
"Noll," or "—

What in a Name?

By WILLIAM TIREBUCK,
Author of "Great Minds in Art," etc.

A GREAT deal is in a name. Many a book is read, many a picture sought, many an article bought, and many a woman loved in the first instance, because of her beautiful name. A beautiful name, in fact, imperceptibly influences the mind, it plays upon the fancy, dwells in the memory, and even acts upon the emotions.

At the sound of Florence, or Violet, or Marian, or May, one has a keener anticipation than in the case of Jane or Ann or Lizzie.

True, Florence and Violet, in reality, are sometimes disappointing, while Ann and Lizzie please us beyond expectations; but these are among the apparent contradictions in human nature, which must be allowed for. The perfect realization is when Florence is a characteristic Florence, May a representative May, and Margaret a creature full worthy of the name.

Then we see character in harmony with the sounds. Why, a name when first heard in association with a new acquaintance, has quite a magical influence. In the presence of any one called Jack, or Ted, or Tommy, or Sandy, we are at once inclined to slacken in manner, under the impression that a fellow who sails under the name of Jack, or Ted, or Tommy, is not likely to demand much from us; but let him be called John, or Edward, or Thomas, or Alexander, and we brace ourselves up to our best. In the same way, Pat or Mick are demoralizing; whereas Patrick or Michael straighten us, if only out of respect for the saints. Charlie suggests a joke and a laugh; but Charles at once turns us into courtiers. One would be playful with Milly, but romantic with Millicent; skittish with Kitty, careful with Kate, but very, very cautious with Catharine. Of course it is quite possible for a Ted, or a Pat, or a Mick, or a Kitty, to be as dignified as Edward, Patrick, Michael, or Catharine; but it is by no means probable.

The reason is not far to seek. Whatever name may be originally given to us, our own individuality usually evolves an index-name by which our friends know us, and by which the world may read us. Mary will not turn into Polly, or Elizabeth Liz, or Janet Jennie, unless her own individuality brings it about. Sometimes, of course, a girl is called Jennie, or Pollie, or Liz from childhood, quite apart from characteristics—but she unconsciously acts up to the name, and so becomes a characteristic Pollie or Liz.

Naturally, too, the parents who would call her Pollie or Liz, would quite as unconsciously also mould her character in the same direction. And so with boys. No one would call Oliver, Noll; or William, Bill; or Samuel, Sam; or Richard, Dick, if Noll, Bill, Sam, or Dick did not predominate in the boy himself. When a boy is nick-named by his companions, it usually has an aptness which the lad himself feels so true that he does not resent it—and it sticks. If he resents it, he clears himself of it, and his character has more freedom. On the other hand, the fact that the nick-name does stick, daily operates upon him. It hourly influences him. It develops strongly and quickly what was simply latent—a weak trait, which under purer influences might have been stamped out.

But the name fixes it, and then comes that harmony between an individual and a name which so often seems inseparable. The individual and the name have grown together—the individual always tending to act up to and justify his title.

A name, indeed, is like an ideal. It is always with us. It helps to mould us to a greater extent than is usually thought. The idea is not to have even a beautiful name, for the mere sake of the name, but for its beautifying influence upon the character that is to bear it daily and hourly company through life.

RED TAPE.

By FELIX FERRY.

"RED Tape," and "The Circumlocution Office," are terms first introduced into everyday speech by Charles Dickens. Referring to the caustic description in "Little Dorrit" of a certain public department, which the novelist represents as possessing over and above all competitors the art of "how *not* to do it,"—Professor Masson has said: "The Administration Reform Association" might have worked for ten years without producing half the effect which Mr. Dickens has produced in the same direction by flinging out the phrase, "The Circumlocution Office."

"Red Tape" is the official formality which rules in the above office, and in many less imaginary associations and organizations. The origin of the expression is of course found in the practice of lawyers and Government servants of tying together their documents with bands of this particular colour. As in the case of Rule o' Thumb, the technical meaning of the term has now become practically lost, in the metaphorical interpretation and application.

The life principle which is currently understood to be implied in the phrase "Red Tape," is diametrically opposed to the happy-go-lucky method of doing, or at least attempting to do, things which we have elsewhere seen to be symbolised by Rule o' Thumb. The stately, formidable system which bears the former title is, being translated, the sacrifice of common sense and simplicity for a vain exactitude, and ultra compliance with the letter, very often to the thwarting and denial of the spirit, of an injunction. It is a euphemistic synonym for a frozen formalism. As determining forces of conduct, both "Rule o' Thumb" and "Red Tape" are highly mischievous, abounding in peril, and should be forsaken for a far wiser middle course, which, sailing from Scylla, will not suffer wreckage on Charybdis.

Many amusing examples of the lengths to which Red Tape will stretch in its first and more superficial meaning are to hand. A story was printed in a notable book a few years ago of a high functionary, who had accepted a post in the English Foreign Office. He went in due course to take possession of his rooms. To his surprise he found a sentinel pacing with military precision to and fro the length of a dark passage.

The reason for this was not immediately obvious, nor why the soldier bade every passer-by "keep to the left." The newcomer asked the sentinel for an explanation; but the man had none to give. All he knew was that he was under orders to walk this passage, and issue ever and anon his curious warning. It was not for him "to reason why."

The Civil Servant of the Crown took the trouble to inquire further, and after immense pains it was disclosed, that on the walls of the corridor to the right being painted, some fifty years before, an orderly had been told off to keep people from spoiling the paint by suggesting that they should "keep to the left." The order, by some strange accident, was left uncancelled for fifty years.

Almost a parallel instance, and one quite as startling in its absurdity, appears in Prince Bismarck's "Table and Other Talk," collected by Dr. Busch. It purports to be given in the German Chancellor's own words.

"One day," says Bismarck, "I was walking with the Emperor of Russia in the Summer Garden of St. Petersburg, when, coming upon a sentinel in the centre of a lawn, I took the liberty of inquiring why the man was placed there. The Emperor did not know. The adjutant did not know. The sentinel did not know, except that he had been ordered there. The adjutant was then despatched to ask the officer of the watch, whose reply tallied with the sentinel's,—'Ordered.'

"Curiosity being awakened, military records were searched, without yielding any satisfactory solution. At last an old serving man was routed out, who remembered hearing his father relate that the Empress Catherine II., 100 years ago, had found a snowdrop on that particular spot, and given orders to protect it from being plucked. No other device could be thought of than guarding it by a sentinel. The order, once issued, was left in force for a century."

Believers in Red Tape, and in its sovereign efficacy to hold this strange, erratic world of ours on safe and steady lines, are numerous. The worthy folk who must have a rule for everything, and everything according to a fixed rule; who would, if the power were at their disposal, bend all their neighbours under the yoke of rigid obedience to their arbitrary laws; who are inveterate sticklers for ideas (we do not mean for moral principles, in which questions of right and wrong are involved—it is every one's duty to be a faithful standard-bearer of moral truth) in defiance of changed or changing conditions; who cling like limpets to every successive article in the code of etiquette, whether or not circumstances justify the waiving of ceremony;—these people are ardent "Red Tapists."

Some individuals champion rules that must have no exception. In season and out of season they are staunch advocates of their special "fads." Peace of mind only comes to them when these fads are honoured.

A story is somewhere told of a professor who belonged to this class. He was a most profound believer in ventilation. Compelled at a crowded inn to occupy a room in company with a fellow-traveller, he asked the latter to be good enough to open the window. "I can't raise the sash," said the gentleman, after essaying to grant the request. "Then knock a pane of glass out," retorted the determined professor. It was done. But

still, to the mind of the scientist, there was not sufficient air. He could not rest. At last he got up, and himself knocked out another pane of glass. The effect was magical; he was now able to sleep. In the morning, to the astonishment of the pair of travellers, it was discovered that the improved ventilation had been a figment of the imagination only. They had broken into a bookcase!

Even more troublesome to deal with are those men and women who will accept no excuse for unwitting infractions of social custom, and condone no trivial and accidental breach of professional etiquette.

People of this description are not absolutely unknown in any walk of life. And it occasionally happens that the tables are turned on the stickler for Red Tape. Such is said to have been the case with Lord St. Vincent, once the Commander-in-Chief of the British Navy. He was exacting upon minute points of discipline to a degree that was most irksome to his officers. One day a spirited young Lieutenant went on board the ship of the Admiral—who was then Sir John Jervis—for orders. The commander refused to give his instructions because the young fellow had no buckles in his shoes. The Lieutenant retreated, repaired the omission, and returned, meditating a clever retort.

The budget of orders was opened, but, to Jervis's surprise, the officer declined to accept them, pleading that from his superior's dress he could not discover at all in whose presence he stood. Sir John was fairly caught. Without another word he retired into his cabin, whence he soon emerged in the full costume of an Admiral, instead of in the simple undress he had before affected. The Lieutenant demurely expressed his satisfaction, took his chief's commands, and was shortly after promoted; for Jervis had the good sense to appreciate his spirit and wit.

"Red Tape," in the wider reading now given, as we have said, to the phrase under discussion, represents a sounding, but empty and infinitely dreary formalism. First, formalism carried to its extreme in behaviour and over-riding benevolence, generosity, and amiability. It ought to be shunned. True politeness is in no way dependent upon bondage to Red Tape. It has been well said that the foundation of all good breeding lies in Christianity.

If habits of self-abnegation and of kindly thought for others are cultivated, they will surely fashion a true and noble courtesy, which shall triumphantly endure the strain of the most awkward test.

It was an exhibition of this better politeness which had struck an old scholar of Westminster, who some years since gave evidence before the Commission on Public Schools. The witness said:

"I remember hearing of Lord Mansfield's brother being very ill in one of the boarding houses, and his mother, Lady Mansfield, coming there to see him. There was only one chair in the room, upon which the poor sick boy was reclining, and a friend, who was with him, was sitting on the coal-scuttle. When Lady Mansfield entered the room, the lad who was sitting on the coal-scuttle got up, and with perfectly natural politeness and good breeding offered it to her ladyship to sit down upon."

And on the contrary the want of this instinctive consideration for others often brings those who are only polite on Red Tape principles—because it is "good form"—into trouble and difficulty. It was a guest in a great house, who, man of fashion as he might be, evinced a glaring lack of delicacy to his own discomfiture by addressing a Lord North of a bygone generation thus:

"What an ugly woman that is," indicating a lady present.

"Sir!" replied the statesman, in tones of natural hauteur, "that lady is my wife!"

Whereupon the ill-bred speaker tried to atone for his rudeness, and floundered deeper into the mire.

"You mistake," he said; "I mean the lady sitting near her."

"And that lady," responded Lord North, "is my sister."

The society in which we mix, voicelessly demands at our hands what the New Testament inculcates,—the culture of charity, gentleness, and long-suffering. From these roots the flower of genuine courtesy springs.

Again, Red Tape may not unfairly stand for *caste*, which exists in England as well as in India. Indeed, the tendency of the race to divide into sharply defined classes is a world-wide phenomenon. It should ever be kept in check by a remembrance of the revealed truth that we are all of one blood, in spite of our differences of colour, rank, or occupation; and that we are all bound—if we will accept for our Elder Brother, Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life—to the same Father's home.

Another common and mischievous manifestation of Red Tape bondage is in the sphere of thought and character. Not a few otherwise estimable people would apparently aspire to regulate the lives and habits of their fellows to one pattern, as the clocks of a town are timed together. They are quite convinced that the character of some neighbour or relative is growing awry if it does not conform to their own model. Half the bitterness of criticism may be traced to the captivity of the censor's mind to this sort of Red Tape. What eyes these folk have for an all-round perfection—no flaw anywhere. What a dull uniformity they would inaugurate if their individual views could possibly triumph. What to them is unusual they call eccentric, and what is eccentric they very industriously cry down. To argue with them is to waste breath, trouble, and time. They are a bundle of animated, discursive prejudices. They cannot release themselves from their shackles, and they will not suffer another to set them free. All that the pitying observer can do, is to take warning, and avoid sharing in their spirit of narrowness.

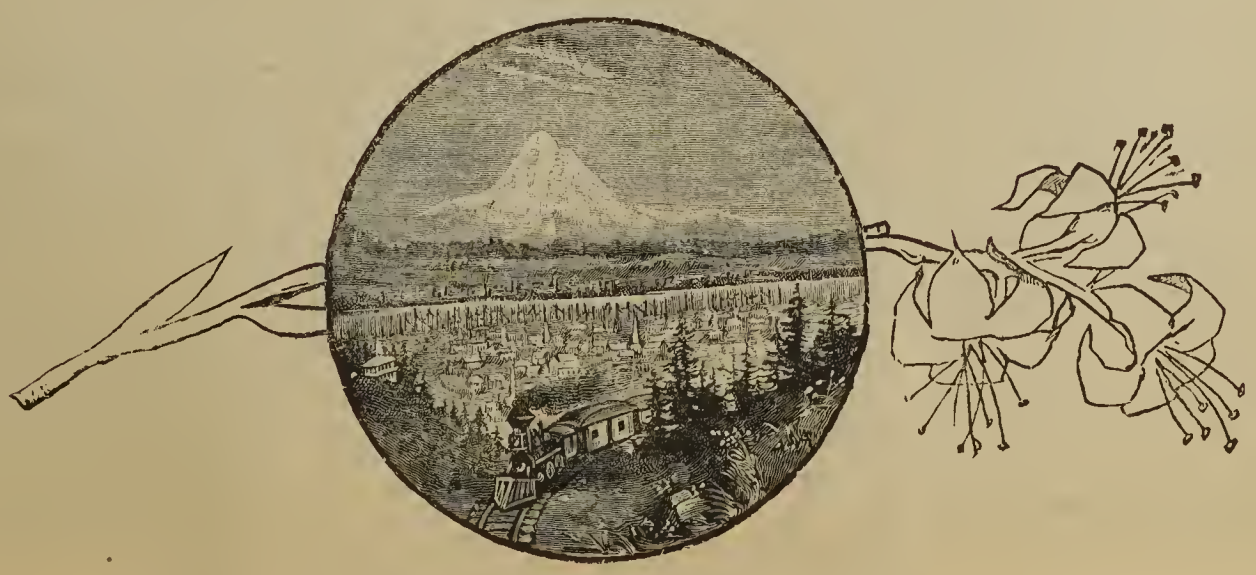
Without becoming in the smallest degree reckless or unwary—and thus adherents of the policy of Rule o' Thumb—we may struggle to have at all times an open and unbiassed mind, and a readiness to discern and follow the truth, even though it comes forth from somebody else's school, and not our own. We may strive in the Master's strength to crush into impotence

> "The low desire, the base design,
> That makes another's virtues less.
> * * * *
> The longing for ignoble things;
> The strife for triumph more than truth;
> The hardening of the heart that brings
> Irreverence for the dreams of youth."

Once more, "Red Tape" may symbolise to us, in the loftiest of all regions, devotion to religious form for form's sake, the religion of outward show instead of the love and obedience of the heart. In the old days when the Blessed Son of the Highest walked the fields of far-off Palestine, the Pharisees were a numerous body, who thus lived in conformity to the letter of the law, and denied the spirit which should have vitalized every commandment. The Evangelists record again and again the scathing rebukes with which Christ exposed their hollowness and uselessness. And even yet the formalist is with us.

Oh, let no reader of this paper be content with the mere husk and shell of religion, but instead, seek and find the salvation which makes all things new. Christ in the heart, the hope of glory, will deliver on the one hand from the terrible mistake of squandering the fast-fleeting year on things that perish in the using, and on the other, from the not less serious error of acting a religious part, while lacking a consecrated soul.

With this richest of all blessings—free to all who seek, knock, ask—life will be full of true peace and happiness, and animated by lofty purpose.



"YE ARE MY WITNESSES."

A STORY by the Rev. B. G. RICHARDSON, M.A., F.S.Sc.

PASSING along the street, on his way from the office where he was employed as a clerk, Henry Bernard was presented with a tract, having the somewhat striking title, "*What are your intentions? A friendly word to business men.*" Its contents were as follows:—

"You mean to do your duty, for your own sake, that from the bottom step you may reach, if not the top, at least a good altitude on the ladder of success. Unless some extraordinary event should hasten your progress, you cannot expect the attainment of your wishes for some years to come; and during those years, *what are your intentions?* Oh, you will be very diligent, and by integrity and industry, gain a creditable reputation with your employers; and, as to yourself, your motto will be, 'Work now, in order that the season of rest may be certain by-and-by.' Good! but if your most sanguine anticipations are realised, what are your intentions when the rest-day comes? Oh, then you will be the moving spirit in your social circle, and thus enjoy the remainder of life."

"Well," thought Mr. Bernard, "talk about delineation of character, mind-reading, and kindred sciences, here are my plans nicely noted down, and without my knowledge, too. I wonder what follows; perhaps the length of my life, the place of my retirement, or even the name of my future wife, may be predicted." He read on: "And now, dear reader, if I have expressed your intentions for the future, up to the quiet sail down the remainder of life's stream, let me seriously ask, what are your intentions when that journey is ended? Are you making arrangements for the launch out on the sea of eternity?"

Mr. Bernard's countenance assumed a serious expression as he read the closing words. "Ah," thought he, "that is just what I have failed to do. My plans only reach to the end of *this* life, and I am making no provision for the life to come. In my earnestness in seeking the things of Time, I am losing the things of Eternity." A sense of deep anxiety took possession of his mind; something must be done; how should he find out what it was?

The following Saturday he resolved to visit a friend in the country, and spend a Sunday with him, not because he expected much help from his friend, but that he might accompany him to church, where, he knew, a very earnest clergyman officiated. His friend was a professing Christian, but he had not yet realised the meaning of out-and-out consecration to Christ. He resided in a locality famed for its beautiful surroundings, and the Sunday after his friend's arrival being a charming day, he proposed a drive. Harry protested that, knowing as he did his friend's pleasure in attending the services, conducted by the clergyman referred to, he would not, for any consideration, be a party to his absenting himself. "Oh," the other replied, "I have so many opportunities of hearing him, and so few of seeing you." "But," said Harry, "is it quite right to go for this drive, when, by doing so, we neglect our duty to God?" "Perhaps it is not quite correct," answered Mr. Allen, "but I know you are saying one thing and meaning another, for church-going is not—as you have often put it—'in your line.'"

Harry was persuaded, and the two set off together, returning, after a tiring day, late in the evening.

The next day, soon after his friend had left, Mr. Allen received a visit from his minister, in answer to whose inquiry as to the cause of his absence from church, he remarked, "I was very sorry not to come, but a friend from London unexpectedly came down on a visit, and he prevented my coming; in fact, I took him for a long drive."

"May I ask," said the clergyman, "is your friend a converted man?"

"Well, sir," the other replied, "of some I should not like to say yea or nay, but of Harry Bernard I can assert that nothing is further from his mind than even the idea of his being a Christian."

"May I ask," the minister continued, "have you done all you can, as a follower of Jesus, to lead him to see his need of Christ?"

"Well, to tell the truth," said Mr. Allen, "I see him so seldom, that when we do meet, the time seems too short for even family topics of a general nature."

"But, my dear friend," the pastor rejoined, "God requires our services as His witnesses, and in Ezekiel xxxiii. He tells us how solemn and responsible a position we, as Christians, occupy. Look at the eighth verse, addressed to us believers as watchmen: 'When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand.' I daresay it would have seemed unkind not to drive your friend out yesterday, but your duty to God should have been placed first, and you know, dear friend, you not only neglected to warn the young man, but actually assisted him to wander farther from God."

Mr. Allen's conscience smote him during this address, for did not the young man beg to be allowed to accompany him to church, instead of going for the drive? Yes, he was verily guilty concerning this! And turning to the clergyman, who had risen to leave, he said, "Thank you for your faithful words, and when my young friend pays his next visit, God helping me, I will be faithful to him and to Christ."

That evening the sad news reached the town where Mr. Allen resided, that the midday up train had got off the track, while crossing a viaduct, and that ten persons were killed and many injured.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Allen, "that was Harry Bernard's train; God grant he is not among the injured ones!"

The matter was solved next day, when, in the list of names published, that of Henry Bernard was found in the fatal column. Later on, a letter came from Henry's sister, who had been sent for to the injured man, a letter from her being found upon him.

"I reached the place," she wrote, "just before he died. He whispered, as I knelt beside him, 'Pray for me, Mary, and ask God to receive me as I am, for I didn't know how to mend my life, and there was no one to tell me; but,'—here his voice began to fail—'but, Mary, I longed to be saved. God be merciful to me, a sinner! Lord Jesus, I come to Thee, don't, don't cast me out!' These were his last words, and in a few moments, after a brief struggle, he was gone."

The sorrow of Mr. Allen was heart-rending, but he learnt a lesson he will never forget.

Dear reader! are *you* allowing precious opportunities of spiritual usefulness to pass away? Oh, live in the expectation of eternity, and put GOD FIRST in everything! In your homes, among your children, in your business, in your social circle, are there any who will be able to say in the great day of reckoning, as they turn their despairing gaze upon you, "You never warned me of my danger, or directed me to Christ"?

"Ye are My witnesses, saith the Lord;" "therefore thou shalt hear the word at My mouth, and warn them from Me. Be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort"; "for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh."

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

"Model Husband and Wife" Competition.—If "D. Allingham" sends us her address, she will receive her Prize. In future, we cannot undertake to forward Prizes or Certificates to those who give no address. Any one may select a pseudonym for publication in our lists, but it gives us unnecessary trouble when full information is withheld from us.

Mrs. H., Linlithgow.—So glad you find our Notes so helpful. Yours is a capital plan. If other fathers would take up the Sabbath School lesson at family worship, as your good husband does, how interested the children would be! The subject is kept before the mind right through the week. Your free distribution of our Paper, if watered with believing prayer, is sure to bear good fruit. The Spelling Chase diphthongs are to be written like any others; "æ" and "œ" were frequently quite indistinguishable. *To glaze collars and shirt-fronts*, soak in lukewarm water to draw out previous stiffening, wash until clean in moderately warm water, rub on both sides with soap, and scald by pouring boiling water over, or else boiling in a perfectly clean, white-lined saucepan. Rinse repeatedly in cold water, till it comes off quite clear, and in the last rinse mix a little blue. Dry, but *not* in strong sunlight. With 4 ozs. of starch, mix two small teaspoonfuls of powdered borax, the same of turpentine, and as much water as will bring it to the thickness of cream. Linen dressed with this starch can be ironed at once. Keep your iron *very* clean. Rub its flat surface now and then with a piece of white wax. Do not lay muslin over the article to be ironed; it lessens the gloss.

A Seeker in God's Word.—"While I am seeking the Saviour, I am always doing wrong." Then why keep on *seeking*? Can you not trust His own Word that "he that believeth HATH everlasting life" (John 3. 36)? Of course you will be "always doing wrong" until you give up groping, and seeking, and doubting, and simply TRUST the Lord Jesus as your Saviour. He is waiting to save you. There is no need for you to keep "seeking" for the One who stands knocking at the door of your heart. We have not space for all the references you ask for. *Search* your Bible, and get a Cruden's Concordance.

How to Crystallize Fruit. An American Recipe. Boil one cupful of granulate sugar and one cupful of water together for half an hour. Let the water be hot when added to the sugar, and count the time from the moment the boiling begins. At the end of the time, dip the point of a skewer into the syrup, and then in water. If the thread formed breaks off brittle, then the syrup is ready; if it does not, boil a few minutes longer, and test again. The syrup must never be stirred, and must boil slowly, not furiously. When done, set saucepan in pan of boiling water, or pour syrup into a bowl, and treat that in same way, in order to keep syrup from candying. Take the prepared fruits or nuts on the point of a large needle or fine skewer; dip them in the syrup, and lay them on a dish which has been lightly oiled or buttered. When oranges are used, divide them into flakes, and wipe off all moisture. Cherries should be stoned. English walnuts are specially nice prepared this way.

No Joke.—If a young man persists in such a questionable habit as smoking, when conscious that it is far from agreeable to the young woman to whom he is engaged, does it not indicate an amount of selfishness which should make both parties face the important question: "Are we suited to each other, and are we prepared to make such mutual sacrifice of our own preferences as will ensure the future happiness of both?" It is better to face such questions *before* the happiness of two lives is wrecked.

E. M. L.—Bravo, plucky Competitor! You have tried two competitions, failed in the first, and are "quite sure you have not succeeded" in the second. Nevertheless you mean to go on, because you believe "it is a capital exercise, and a good thing, even if it only makes the competitors find out their ignorance." If you could see some of the "growlery" letters we get, you would know how welcome is yours! People almost affronted at a Certificate of Merit! How our poor tempers vary, to be sure! Some people are *so* pleasant, others—well, we will not be hard on them, poor things! We shall try to answer your question presently, but as you have been "asking about it for more than a year, and never got an answer," you must allow even our wisdom a little time for thought.

From the last Annual Report of the Birkenhead Y.M.C.A., a copy of which has just been sent us, it is evident that the Committee, and the energetic Secretary, Mr. T. Forsyth, are determined to make the future as successful as the past. The membership increased 50 per cent. during 1887; the attendance at the Educational classes in the same proportion; the various agencies for the spread of the gospel were well sustained, and a Gymnasium was organised. Encouraged by these tokens of appreciation on the part of the young men of the town, the Committee have decided to erect new and commodious premises at a cost of £5,000, a not inconsiderable proportion of which has already been promised; and have already purchased a suitable site.

RAIN.

By Rev. J. B. FAUNTHORPE.

RAIN! Very few have considered how beautiful is rain. I do not mean the beauty of the rain-drop, or the pearly dew-drop, but the simple beauty of rain, as when we say after a month's sultry heat, "Thank God, it rains."

Things are beautiful in various ways—beautiful to look at, beautiful to touch, to taste, and to smell; but rain is all these at once.

The sight of a few drops of rain on the pavement is a thing of beauty. And to allow a few of those drops to fall on us bareheaded is a pleasure of sense not often surpassed.

It is not very possible to catch a rain-drop in the mouth; but if it were, then at such times we could eat the rain even with more avidity than the English eat the air in the cool, dark evenings of the hot season in India.

And the smell of the rain—well, it is difficult to describe or remember a smell, but the smell of the rain is delicious. Perhaps it is the smell of the washed air. Perhaps the air is so dry, so dusty, so burnt up, that all the beautiful, all the delicious odours of all the summer flowers and summer leaves are imperceptible to us until the rain comes.

> "The rain, the rain, the beautiful rain,
> Sent from heaven o'er land and main,
> To fill man's heart with gladness."

Of course, if we were invited to a tennis party, and just as we were setting off, down came the pouring rain, we should be inclined to say that all this about the beauty of rain was just nonsense, and that rain was horrible, or perhaps horrid! And this goes to show that things are very much what we make them—a wider truth that than one can spell all at once. For instance, the sunshine, or laughter, or a beautiful rose, or a bunch of violets and toothache.

I remember once in Italy, in August, after a long, dry season, running out of the house into a thunder-storm, for the mere pleasure of it. And I remember travelling in Norway when every rain-storm invariably gave me a day's illness.

There are two things about rain that we English people know nothing about, so long as we remain in England. One is the entire absence of rain. What strange feelings most travellers across the desert feel—seas of sand, seas, but no rain. The other is the deluging of rain in the tropical rainy seasons, when in a short time it rains a foot or more of water. At certain places in India, for example, as much as six hundred inches of rain fall in a year. The rainiest part of England—Seathwaite, in Cumberland—is said to have two hundred inches in a year. London has about twenty-four, Liverpool nearer forty-two; Ireland more than England; England more than the Continent; France more than Russia, for reasons you can perhaps think out.

These rains differ according to the winds that bring them. Trees and mountains in reality, and the whistling of sailors by supposition, are said to have influence on rain.

A rainy day is Nature's working day, and plants are too wise to drink of working water. They let the water drop off to earth, and there be purified, and then they drink away. All their water is filtered, and perhaps that is why Shakespeare said there were sermons in stones. For plants work, and so do cats, but some humans ought to work more.

If you were actually in a rain cloud on a mountain, you would be in a cold, shuddery fog.

Typical of spiritual blessings, and chiefest of earthly, is rain.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL S.S. LESSON.

By Rev. J. H. THORPE, M.A.

MAY 27TH.

PETER'S DENIAL.—*Matt.* 26. 58-75.

GOLDEN TEXT.—1 *Cor.* 10. 12.

THE lesson properly consists of two portions, ver. 58-68, and ver. 69-75. So that two general heads might be: (1) The Master; (2) The disciple; or, The Sufferings of Christ: (1) From His enemies; (2) From His friends. (1) The Faithful Witness, and (2) the unfaithful; (1) Jesus not ashamed of His Church, (2) His Church denying Him, etc.

I. Compare (1) the Martyrdom of Stephen; (*a*) accused by false witnesses; (*b*) accused of speaking against the temple. (2) The scene here was illegal, for both Jewish and Roman law regarded trials held, and sentences pronounced at night-time, as void. (3) Lessons from the *Silence of Christ* here and elsewhere. (4) The gentleness of Jesus (1 Pet. 2. 23). (5) Every sort of indignity was offered to Christ. His sufferings were of every possible sort—mental, spiritual, and bodily.

II. As to Peter's Denial (the main subject of the lesson).

1. The danger of fellowship with the world. A Christian out of place, and in bad company. Beware of bad companions; bad company in this world is sure to lead to worse company in the world to come.
2. How sin grows and increases when not resisted.
3. See what self-confidence and presumption may lead to.
4. The disciple of Christ cannot be long hid among men of the world.
5. (Peter and Malchus.) Times of fanatical defence of the faith may be followed by seasons of open denial.
6. A small matter makes us fall when God does not support us (the maid); a small matter can raise us again when His grace makes use of it (cock).
7. Causes of Peter's sin: (1) Distance from Christ; (2) Fellowship with the world; (3) Fear.
8. A weak creature may be a strong tempter.
9. Peter's Repentance: (1) *Secret*, "went out." (2) *Sincere*, "wept bitterly." (3) *Sustained*—his whole subsequent life showed this. "Those that have sinned sweetly must weep bitterly."—*M. Henry.*
10. *Oaths.* "None but the devil's sayings need the devil's proofs."—*Henry.*
11. Peter's Recovery by means of (1) Crowing of a cock (compare any event or providence); (2) The look of Jesus (to us by the Holy Spirit, His Word, etc.).
12. See the extent of the world's opposition to Christ: (1) How intense—to death. (2) How general—from the High Priest to the slave-maid.

S.S. NOTES (*continued*).

THE teacher should read the four narratives to gain perfect conception of scene. Peter stands at the outer porch; John gains him admittance. Stands round the fire in open court on account of cold. There occurred first denial. Retreats to outer porch, ready for flight, if necessary. Scene of second denial. Returns to fire, stands opposite door leading into judgment hall, from where, on third denial, Christ's look falls upon him (Luke 22. 61).

To give the lesson *force*, something of Peter's previous history and character must be introduced. Refer in the *first* place to

Peter's DEVOTION. His courageous promise (Matt. 26. 33 and 35). His evident attachment (Matt. 14. 28). His impetuous, valiant defence (John 18. 10).

Peter's ESCAPE. In spite of all this devotion, Peter with the rest "forsook Him and fled." Cowardly desertion; abject fear. If scholars should be thinking, "I would not have fled away like that," work in Golden Text, which should truly be a golden thread through whole lesson.

Peter's "No." Follows Jesus afar off. Cannot bear to leave Him entirely. Gains admittance to palace of Caiaphas. Three times asked if he knew prisoner. In each answer used the word "not" or "no." The presence of that one word soiled his character. One lie leads to another. "Peter drew his sword in presence of an armed band, but lied to a bantering maid." Could walk on the waves of Galilee, but fell before a taunt. We are known by our speech. "Happy he whose speech bewrays him to be a disciple of Christ."—*Henry.*

Peter's IMPIETY. One sin leads to another. Profane language. Probably an old habit come back. Force of habit.

Peter's AGONY. The simple crowing of a cock reminds him of the Master's words. Describe the Master's look. The two glances meeting. Rushes out. The strong man's tears. Difference between his sorrow and that of Judas. Sin *always* brings punishment.

Peter's LOVE. Was tested. Failed through weak elements—ignorance, selfishness, too much feeling and too little principle, weakness, cowardice. John, who took the bold stand by the Master, was unattacked: Peter, who slunk away among His enemies, was "hounded and taunted." Weak love meets with the most opposition.

Plan for blackboard:—

PETER'S { DEVOTION / ESCAPE / "NO" / IMPIETY / AGONY / LOVE. } Teach us to be { Distrustful of self. / Brave in love. / True in speech.

C. SKINNER.

NOTES ON THE Y.M.C.A. BIBLE CLASS LESSON.

MAY 27TH.

THE TONGUE.—*Prov.* 10. 18-21; 31, 32.

IN ver. 18, two faults condemned—*flattery* and *slander*. On the first clause compare Psalm 55. 21, and beware of these reptiles. To profess love where there is only dislike and aversion, is to hide hatred with lying lips. Uttering a slander is the opposite vice, and equally condemned. Abstain from both.

Ver. 19. A word to great talkers. "He that tells *all* that he knows is very likely to tell *more* than he knows." It is impossible to be an incessant talker, and yet avoid error in some way. The outpourings of our hearts need filtering; but where a great volume of words is discharged, there is no time to filter. Quantity at the expense of quality. Wisdom is seen in due restraint. Consult the Epistle of James (ch. 3.).

Ver. 20. "*Choice Silver*," refined, cleansed from dross. There is solid worth in it. It is valuable material. Being silver, it is like those delicate instruments used in surgical operations, which will not poison and aggravate a wound. The tongue of the just may reprove without irritating. The "*heart of the wicked.*" Note the point of contrast—while the tongue, the *channel* of converse in the first, is so valuable, in the wicked, the very *fountain itself* is valueless.

Ver. 21. "*Lips of the righteous*," not the lips of the *learned*. It is those who *practise* well that are best fitted to teach. Ezra set his heart "to seek the law of the Lord, and *to do* it, and to teach. Observe the order.

> "*Think* truly, and thy thoughts
> Shall the world's famine feed;
> *Speak* truly, and each word of thine
> Shall be a fruitful seed;
> *Live* truly, and thy life shall be
> A great and noble creed."

The antithesis in the verse seems to be, the righteous has wisdom enough for himself, and to feed others too, while the fool dies because he has not enough for himself.

Ver. 31. Here, again, note the *moral*, rather than the intellectual qualification, though of course the latter is not excluded.

"Bringeth forth wisdom"—out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. The mouth of the just *gives forth* a blessing; the mouth of the froward *receives* a curse.

Ver. 32. The *moral* quality again. Discontent, "what is acceptable." See Eccles. 12. 10, not in the sense of being merely palatable, but profitable.

Ver. 31 sets forth the *readiness* of utterance in good things: ver. 32, the *discrimination* in the discourse.

JAMES L. STANLEY.

CHRISTMAS EVANS: THE BUNYAN OF WALES.

CHAPTER I.

"POOR little Wales" has been prolific of remarkable, if not absolutely great, preachers.

The names best known and cherished in England, are only as the quartz sparkling on the surface, indicating the wealth of reserves underneath.

If the "poor" Principality has not been eminently productive of politicians, philosophers, statesmen and scientists, it gives ample compensation in the great cloud of famous and original preachers, who rose from its hamlets, villages, and towns; causing the rocks to ring with their eloquence, and the people to be smitten by their fiery appeals.

Foremost amongst those prophets stands the mystic Christmas Evans, who for fifty years was a mighty force in the land. He was charged with a sacred electricity, which magnetised multitudes, and entranced all who came under the spell of his marvellous voice.

He held myriads captive with his forcible reasoning, he charmed them with the brilliance of his eloquence, and lifted them to heaven with the beauty and majesty of his imagery. His oratory was not the mere flow of a torrent of words, but the fervid outpouring of a soul aglow with heavenly fire.

The result of his immense power is seen in the fact that, though fifty years have passed since he passed through the pearly gates into the "palace of the King," his memory is still fresh, and his name an inspiration.

His personal appearance, though striking, was by no means prepossessing; his limbs were massive but unequal, his forehead was lofty and broad, his head so large that you can easily believe he had to be measured for a hat; beneath those dark and lofty eyebrows there flashed the light of one eye, and hence the reason he was known for years as the "one-eyed preacher of Anglesea."

So penetrating and fierce was the glance of that one optic, that sinners winced under his steadfast gaze, that Robert Hall asserted "it was sufficient to light an army through a thicket." His face was broad and open, his walk slow and slovenly, owing doubtless to the strange inequality of his limbs.

One writer, in describing Christmas Evans, aptly says that he was as one who had been formed the day after a battle, out of scattered and broken limbs of various victims. He made no attempt to improve his personal appearance, evidently giving a very literal interpretation to the words, "Is not the life more than meat, and the body more than raiment?"

But the strange countenance was illuminated with the intelligence which marked him out as a man of powerful mind.

He indeed possessed a mind of no mean order,—capacious, well balanced, and evenly developed. What are the qualities of a great mind? They are fourfold,—a clear perception, a strong and authoritative reason, a correct and faithful memory, and a fruitful and lofty imagination.

Perception is the power which hews the stones from the great quarry of truth. Reason selects out of those stores the choicest, and rears with them a structure of noble proportions; the Imagination gilds and adorns it, and Memory preserves it.

Christmas Evans possessed all these qualities of mind. He went to the rock of truth, Holy Writ, and hewed stones to his own mind, set them in order according to sacred science, rearing beautiful structures; which he adorned with graceful and lovely figures sculptured in the chambers of his imagination. Some of his productions are regarded as masterpieces of literature.

He was born in 1766 of humble parents; his father being a shoemaker in the obscure village of Ysgairwen, Cardiganshire.

Ben Johnson, in his "Life of Sydenham," remarks: "That the strength of his mind, the accuracy of his understanding, and the ardour of his curiosity might have been remarked upon from his infancy, by a diligent observer, there is no doubt; for there is no instance of any man whose history has been minutely related, that did not in every part of life discover the same proportion of intellectual vigour."

Hence the interest attached to the early days of great men, for the boy is father of the man. The escapes of Christmas during the period of childhood and youth,—like those of John Wesley and others, revealed a ruling Providence.

He fell from a tree, and was as one dead for a season; he was carried into a chasm made by a flood, and narrowly escaped being buried alive; he was run away with by a terrified animal; and he was stabbed, so that his life was despaired of; yet he lived, preserved and protected by Divine power for sacred purposes.

As a youth, he was thoughtful and meditative beyond his years; his thirst for knowledge was great, and his acquirements in those days, compared with his circumstances with means, were very remarkable.

When but nine years old, Christmas was subject to religious impressions. A great fear of death came upon him, haunting him for a long time, and it was not until he was seventeen that he enjoyed that blessed sense of peace which "passeth all understanding."

This joyous result was brought about through the instrumentality of that great preacher, Daniel Rowlands. He it was who established that powerful body, the Calvinistic Methodists. To this sect the young convert joined himself, and derived much blessing, profit, and encouragement from them.

The pastor of the church which he joined was a Mr. Davies, a singular man, and at the same time an eloquent and pathetic preacher. It is related of him that being caught in a storm and having no umbrella, he called at a farm-house and got a bundle of straw, which he opened in the middle, put on his head, and went on his way. One of his hearers, meeting him, expressed astonishment at his strange appearance, but his only answer was, "A roof of straw well becomes a man of clay."

Christmas Evans preached his first sermon, as many others have done, at a prayer-meeting, and created a profound impression. An intelligent hearer expressed his astonishment that one so young and uncultivated could preach so excellently; but the mystery of the masterly sermon was solved the following day.

The first sermon Christmas Evans preached was stolen, word for word, from a volume of sermons by the famous Mr. Rowlands.

"Even then," said his admirer, "there is something remarkable in that son of Samuel the shoemaker, for his prayer was as good as his sermon." The opinion of the youthful preacher would have suffered 100 per cent. had they known (what was afterwards discovered), that the prayer also was a verbatim plagiarism, and was, like the sermon, a mere recitation.

This was a bad and inexcusable beginning; and spoke ill indeed of his morals. This he afterwards frankly confessed, greatly condemning himself.

Christmas Evans was only eighteen when he delivered his first sermon, and for some time afterwards he suffered great spiritual darkness, passing through a furnace of fiery trials. But the night passed and day dawned; and this was the way in which the clouds scattered:—

Coming home from a fair, whither he had been with cattle, he was attacked by six young men who beat him unmercifully.

The night following this dastardly occurrence he had a terrible dream. He imagined that the day of judgment had arrived, and he says, "I saw Jesus in the clouds, and all the world in flames. I was in great fear, and cried piteously, though I felt some confidence and peace, and the Lord said to me, "Thou oughtest to be a preacher; but what wilt thou do now, the world is on fire and it is too late?" On this he awoke.

That dream he regarded as the Divine call to the ministry; it influenced his whole career, and all his sermons seem to have been dipped in the liquid fire he saw that night.

(*To be continued.*)

THAT HOUSE IN LONDON.

By L. T. MEADE,

Author of "Scamp and I," "A Knight of To-day," "Great St. Benedict's," "The O'Donnells of Inchfawn," "Water Gipsies," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

IT is a well-known fact, that when a good man falls, he falls indeed. A little meaner does he become, a little blacker; a little more despicable than the weaker brother, who was never, perhaps, remarkable for goodness, who was always a little uncertain and a little faltering. Graham had been considered good; he had been looked up to and made an example of; other young men had been asked to copy him; other young men had been entreated to make him their friend.

"Look at him," fathers, and mothers, and guardians had said; "see how steady he is, —how he refuses the evil, and chooses the good. He is the son of a Christian mother; ay, her prayers have been answered for him; he is indeed religious, indeed and truly one of the sons of God."

They thought that Graham was especially chosen and elected as a shining light of the Christian world.



"'As to that hundred pounds of yours, keep it! I prefer beggary and starvation to bread bought with that money.'"

They did not know that the goodness that simply comes from example, that the goodness that is not strengthened and supported by God Himself, that the goodness which has never clasped the strong hand of Christ, was all that Kenneth Graham could ever lay claim to. Consequently, in the evil day, the man who had never prayed for help from on high fell, and his fall was great.

On the evening of the day when poor Jonas Alexis was re-arrested, Kenneth Graham received notification of the fact. Shortly afterwards, also, he was given a cheque which contained the somewhat substantial reward offered by the Government for the capture of its prisoner. When he received this, he did feel stunned at heart.

"It is the price of blood," he kept saying to himself. He sent it, by the very next post, to one of the London hospitals, and hoped that he had whitened his soul a little by so doing.

But now a curious, and yet a natural change came over him. Hitherto he had sinned and been wretched. He had told his wife lie upon lie; he had told his early friend lie upon lie; he had been unfaithful to a dying mother's trust; he was a thief, for the money he used was not his.

Finally, deepest sin of all, he had betrayed his old friend, and to ensure his own greater safety, destroyed that friend's last chance in life, and sent him back to penal servitude.

This last sin, he knew well, was the worst of all; for this last sin was the result of the lowest form of cowardice. Graham feared for his own safety, therefore his old friend must be absolutely sacrificed.

He wondered himself that, after this last cruel deed, after this blackest of all his sins, his conscience should sleep, the pains of remorse should cease to trouble him, the heavy burden which weighed upon him day and night, like an awful nightmare, should be to all appearance lifted, and he should feel once again at ease and at rest.

It did not occur to him that his might be the ease of a seared conscience. He was much relieved by the change in his mental condition; and once more began to enjoy life.

He felt that he had two years of perfect safety before him, for during that time Alexis would be safely away from him, working out the remainder of his sentence at Portland. At the end of that time he was fully resolved, by hook or by crook, to send his old chum to the other side of the world.

In the meantime, however, he was quite happy and comfortable. He was a very tender and indulgent husband, and he lost the little fretful and worried look which had been as a slight shadow to his wife during the first months of their marriage.

Kate was a very sensible woman, but as regarded her husband she was somewhat of a hero-worshipper. She thought her Kenneth one of the best of men.

One thing alone troubled Kate about her husband: he never would go to church with her.

"No, no," he said to himself, "I have chosen this world. Although my sin does not cause my heart to ache any more, yet I cannot deny that I am an awful villain; I cannot deny that God thinks my soul very black. I will not go to church, and pretend that I have any hope of heaven, too. I have chosen earth; I do not suppose I have the most remote chance of heaven."

Kate, therefore, who loved God better and better every day, to whom religion meant much,—the life of her life, the strength of her soul,—was not angry, but sorrowful, when she saw that in this her husband would not follow her.

She prayed most earnestly, most passionately for Kenneth; these prayers comforted her, for she felt certain that God would answer them, and she and Betty went to church together.

The other inhabitants of Exmoor Square once again saw the queer old servant accompanying her mistress to church; but now the mistress was young, and bright, and fair; and she knew most of her neighbours, and had a cheery word for each. It was the servant alone who was morose, and had a scowl and a frown, to meet each gleam of sunshine that fell across her path.

Two years, after all, are not a long period of life. To Kenneth the days seemed to fly; he was working hard, all his enterprises were prospering; he was fast growing rich. Kate's three sisters still lived with their chaperon at Croydon. Two of the three girls were still unmarried; but just after Kate and Kenneth had been married two years, Alice became engaged, and very soon afterwards was married. She and her husband went to India, and Kate knew that she had one charge the less.

Just then, to her surprise, Graham made a proposal to her.

"It seems folly to keep up that house at Croydon any longer, Kate; you had better bring the other two girls here to live."

"Oh, Ken; but you know you are not as fond of my sisters as I am."

"I honestly confess I'm not fond of them at all, but that is no matter; our honeymoon has long been over. We must learn not to be always *tête-à-tête;* and besides—and most important—it seems the height of folly to keep up a separate house for two girls. We cannot, and ought not to afford it, Kate."

"But we have plenty of money to do it, dear."

"I cannot agree with you; we have *not* plenty of money. That is so like you, Kate, always supposing, because we are lucky enough to have a capital of a few thousand pounds, that we are rich. We are anything but really rich; and I am anxious to invest a little more in the business."

Kate sighed faintly.

"I will do what you wish," she said; "but remember, Kenneth, that we hope—we hope—that our lives will be a little fuller in the winter, when, when our dear little baby comes."

Graham went over and kissed his wife.

"My darling, I have to think of our boy—of course baby will be a boy, Kate; and just for that very reason I am more than ever anxious to economise."

So Kate gave up Myrtle Cottage, found another situation for Miss Beale, and brought Polly and Nellie home to Exmoor Square.

Many of her friends congratulated her on having such bright and pretty girls to enliven the old house; and as Kenneth himself had asked for the girls, she felt rather glad to have them with her.

Nellie was a very gentle and useful little creature; and she was only too delighted to help Kate in making up those mysterious small garments which would be wanting by-and-by. She also helped Mrs. Graham in her numerous charities; she had a class in a Sunday school; and was, in short, quite a little busy bee.

Polly was more difficult to manage. Polly still thirsted for admiration, and was, more or less, a do-nothing.

She took no interest in books, she hated needlework, and she detested evenings spent quietly at home. She stood, however, in considerable awe of Graham, and when he was present, behaved fairly well.

Thus the two years which were to complete poor Alexis's sentence ran themselves out; and the day when he was to be once more a free man on the face of the earth drew near.

CHAPTER XX.

GRAHAM had corresponded with one of the chaplains at Portland. He had asked this man to give him an account, from time to time, of the prisoner Alexis; he had also made a special request that his name should not be mentioned to the prisoner,—that the fact of his taking an interest in him should be kept a secret.

He gave the chaplain his business address, and said that letters which contained news of Alexis would always be acceptable.

The chaplain, a brave and excellent man, whose experiences had been varied,—some of them terrible, some of them almost despairing, a few, a very few, hopeful,—wrote to Graham about every six months.

He said he was glad—very glad—that the poor prisoner had so influential a friend. He had known Alexis for several years now, almost, indeed, from his first arrival in Portland.

He had been imprisoned for forgery, and circumstances had attended his crime which had made his sentence exceptionally severe,—in the chaplain's opinion, too severe.

He had always felt a great pity for Alexis, for he believed him to be more sinned against than sinning; he had always found him docile, gentle, very grateful for small kindnesses, a man of few words, but obliging and good-tempered.

If a prisoner could be a favourite, Alexis had been rather liked than otherwise by the warders and the officials generally of the prison. The chaplain did not consider him a humbug; he was always very glad to receive a visit from him, but he made no loud professions of repentance.

Still, the chaplain thought well of him, and believed that when his term of imprisonment was over, he would really turn over a new leaf, and go and sin no more.

This, the good chaplain said, was his first impression of Alexis; these were his ideas before the prisoner had made his very remarkable escape from Portland.

When he was brought back again after his capture, there was a marked change in him, and that change was for the worse.

He was no longer the sad, gentle, broken-down looking man. His sadness had changed to a morose, gloomy, defiant expression; he was sulky; he snarled at those who spoke to him; he only worked because he must.

The chaplain now felt uneasy about his prisoner, and he spoke about his uneasiness very frankly and fully to that prisoner's good friend in London.

Graham told Mr. Marshall,—for the Rev. Henry Marshall was the good chaplain's name,—that he intended materially to assist Alexis; and he thought the best thing he could do was to give him means to emigrate, and so enable him to have another start in a fresh world.

Mr. Marshall approved of this idea, and he and Graham worked it out between them, exchanging many letters, as the time of Alexis's liberation drew nigh. The chaplain had been most careful, guided by Graham's wishes, to drop no hint to Alexis of the inter-

vention of his benefactor. By his contrivance, however, it was arranged that Graham should see Alexis in the chaplain's own house on the day of his release. That day came in the winter, in the beginning of November.

A letter awaited Graham one morning at his office, making an appointment for him to meet Alexis the next morning early, at the chaplain's house.

He had always known that this letter would come; he had even known the day on which he would receive it; nevertheless, when he broke the envelope and read the contents, he felt his strong muscular hand shaking a little.

"Of course all will be well," he muttered, under his breath; still, however, there had been a feeling of security in knowing that the fellow was incarcerated in a place where he could hurt no one, not even himself.

Graham was a little *distrait* over his work that morning. He wore a slight, very slight, air of worry, and was not quite the cool, calm, admirable man of business he was as a rule.

In the course of the day he visited his bank, and took away from it cash in notes and gold, to the amount of £100. He had carefully thought over the exact sum he would offer Alexis. He wanted to give him enough to tempt him to leave the country without a minute's delay; and yet he felt that if he offered too much, he would arouse the very suspicions which he wished to allay.

He put his money into a pocket-book, and hastened home to Exmoor Square.

Kate was waiting for him in the drawing-room. He was at home more than an hour before his usual time, and she rose to receive him with a little cry of pleasure.

"Ken, darling, I am not feeling very well. I am so glad you have come back."

"But I must go out again, Kitty," he said, calling her by his tenderest name, and raising her face with his hand to look into her eyes. "I must go out again. I have just come home to pack up. Where are your sisters, Kate? You are not really ill, are you, darling?"

"No, I suppose I am fanciful," said Kate, trying to smile. "The girls have both gone out for the evening, and I was alone. It seemed so good to see you coming in, Kenneth. What do you mean by having to pack? You are not really going away just—just—now?"

"I shall be back again to-morrow, dear. Most urgent business takes me away to-night. I am more sorry than I can say. Kate, you really do look very pale! What good are those girls, to be away from you just when you most want them?"

"Oh, Ken, my dear, you know you said last night how much you would like an evening all alone with me! Poor Nellie and Polly are certainly not to blame."

"Well, love, we won't waste words in blaming them, particularly if it annoys you. Now, Kitty, you will promise to be very cheerful when I am away!"

"I'll try to, of course, Kenneth. You'll be sure to come back to-morrow, dear?"

"Oh, certain, positive. You may expect me to dinner. Now I must run upstairs, and put a few things into my travelling-bag, and then I must be off."

"Won't you have something to eat first?"

"I have no time. I must be out of the house in five minutes, if I want to catch my train."

Kate hesitated, and changed colour. Kenneth saw that she was about to speak. He made a movement of impatience.

"I really must be off, Kitty," he said. "Have you anything more to say?"

"No, no, darling—only give me your address. Tell me what hotel you will stay at to-night, and to what town you are going. It is not at all likely, but I may, yes, I *may* want to telegraph; and it will rest my mind to feel I can do so."

Kenneth had been prepared for some such question as this. Nothing would induce him to tell his wife where he was really going. Such knowledge would perplex her. Such knowledge might be dangerous.

He considered for a brief half-minute, then taking a card out of his pocket, he scribbled the name of a hotel on it.

"I'm going to Liverpool," he said, "on business for the firm. This address will find me until noon to-morrow."

Then he kissed his wife and parted from her. She put her arms round his neck, and clung to him passionately for a moment; but finally she let him leave her without a word.

CHAPTER XXI.

"YOUR influence and kindness will certainly have the most beneficial effect on the poor fellow, Mr. Graham. You must be an old friend of his; you doubtless knew him in happier days."

Graham was standing in the prison chaplain's modest little parlour.

"You doubtless knew him in happier days," repeated Mr. Marshall, looking almost wistfully at his guest.

The chaplain had a rugged, but powerful face; his eyes had a piercing glance in them: truth was written all over him—truth, and also the ability to look into a lie.

Graham felt a queer sensation when he looked at this man. All in an instant, a horror seemed to seize him; the remorse which he thought dead, awoke fiercely; a pitiful longing for the lost good came back to him.

Alas! he was well accustomed now to telling lies; he told them to his wife, to his friends, to any one, when he felt it necessary to screen his sin; but curious as it may seem, he could not tell a lie to the prison chaplain.

"Yes," he said gravely, "I knew Alexis when he was a boy; you may tell him, if you will, that an old friend is waiting to see him in this room."

The chaplain went away; and a moment later the ex-prisoner was ushered in.

The prison garb was off, and he was dressed in a queer, obsolete suit of clothes, which he doubtless had worn when he was committed to prison years ago; they were out of date, and hung loosely on his spare frame.

His face was very haggard and deadly white; he looked more like the ghost of a man than a veritable human being of flesh and blood.

Nevertheless, when Alexis entered the room, there was a gleam of hope in his sunken and sad eyes. The moment he saw Graham that look left them; he had come in with a timid sort of expectancy, a shadowy beginning of an undefined hope; now he drew himself up, and his brown eyes blazed.

"My old chum!" he said, and he sat down on the nearest chair and covered his face with his hands.

Graham, with some reluctance, drew close to the wretched man.

It is a well-known fact, that the more we injure people, the more, as a rule, we hate them. Graham, had he consulted his own will and pleasure, would have fled miles from Alexis; but he must not think of his feelings now; he must soothe, he must propitiate, he must mould this weak and plastic being to his will.

Surely the task was easy; surely there never was a more wretched human specimen than poor Alexis.

"I have thought of you, Alexis," he began; "I have not forgotten you, during these two last years, and the facts that we have been boys together, and that our mothers cared for each other, have been remembered by me. Now I want to help you; your term of punishment is over, you must begin again, and forget the past; you must commence once more to live. I will help you to live."

Alexis did not make any reply; he sat motionless on the edge of the chair where he had sunk, his hands still covering his face.

"I must help you to live," continued Graham. "Have you—have you any plans?"

No answer whatever from the man who for so long had been a unit among units, who had been simply spoken of in that vast prison as a number.

"Have you any plans?" repeated Graham, once again.

"We don't make plans at Portland," answered Alexis, dropping his hands and looking up at last, and raising his head. Then he rose to his feet.

"Good-bye," he said; "I must be going. I thought for a minute it was my mother, when the chaplain spoke of an old friend. I thought maybe my mother wasn't really dead—it was a mistake, of course—good-bye."

"I will walk with you, Alexis," said Graham. "I will take you to a hotel, and we will have breakfast together."

"*You!* that you won't. I wouldn't be seen out with you!"

"My dear good fellow, what do you mean?"

"What I say. I'm low, I know that as well as anybody; but I'm not low enough to walk with you."

Graham felt himself colouring, then paling; his heart beat a little heavily. How queerly Alexis was speaking, poor fellow; the prison life had evidently affected his mind.

"We will have our talk here, if you prefer it," he said; "I have made plans for you. As I said, Alexis, I am most anxious to help you. I have brought money with me, which I hope you will accept for the—the sake of old times."

"I wouldn't talk of old times, if I were you," said Alexis, for an instant raising his eyes, which had been fixed on the ground.

"I am sorry to distress you, but I fear I must; I have brought money, money sufficient to give you a start. I should recommend you to go to some other land, where life will be fresh and bright; I will, of course, leave the choice with you, but I would suggest New Zealand or Australia—America is too near."

"Why, it is a few miles from England, after all."

"Let me finish what I have to say, Alexis; I would suggest Australia or New Zealand as the better places, for every reason."

"Why? You must explain what 'every reason' means."

"Oh, I must explain? Well, the climate is more like ours, and—and—these countries are not over-crowded; there is a better chance for a man to make an opening for himself in Australia or New Zealand than in America."

"And they are farther off," continued Alexis, quietly. "Farther from the old

country. When a man has to be put away, he is better put away there than in America; I quite understand. Have you anything more to say?"

Graham could not help looking at the man, who had so lately been a prisoner, with a queer sensation of growing uneasiness; he was not quite plastic in his hands as he had hoped.

"I want to give you the money," he continued. "I have brought one hundred pounds. You will accept it for the sake of old times, will you not?"

"And because we were such old chums, eh, Graham?"

"Now, my dear fellow, why will you bring a sneer into each of your words?"

"Oh, *I* sneer? It is not of the smallest consequence what I do. I suppose you have quite finished what you've got to say, Graham; and as my time no longer belongs to Portland prison, but to myself, I mean to make use of it. I am going."

"Well, take the money. You will think about Australia or New Zealand."

"I will not."

"You are very queer, Alexis. Take the money, anyhow."

"I will not touch it—no, not with a pair of tongs."

"My dear fellow, £100!"

"Keep back, sir; it is yours, and therefore it would poison me. Who sent me back to prison? answer me that. Who used civil words, and then betrayed me? answer me that."

"I—Alexis—my poor fellow! I don't wonder you are bitter, but you would always have been hunted down—always in hiding. Now you are free; now you need fear no man. I meant it for the best; it was like the surgeon's knife, cruel, but kind."

"Keep your intolerable humbug to yourself. I have listened to you so far with patience. God help me if I listen to another word from your cruel, craven lips. You sent me back to prison, and I lived through the two years. How and why? I lived on the thought of revenge. I knew that at the end of two years I could come out and make things uncomfortable for you.

"You cannot deny that you were my old friend. You cannot deny that you knew my mother, and now, with my own name, the name of Jonas Alexis, I will meet you in public places, and force you to acknowledge me. You cannot get away from me, for I will dog your steps; I will haunt you, and come upon you when you least wish to see me; and if I can find out any shady act in your immaculate life, I will blazon it abroad.

"No, thank you, no Australia or New Zealand for me. I wish to live near my old chum, the good fellow who was so gracious and helpful in my hour of need, and who has such kindly memories of our boyhood together. As to that hundred pounds of yours, keep it. I prefer beggary and starvation to bread bought with that money."

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC

IN NUMBER FOR APRIL 7TH.

T os S
H ydrophobi A
O N
U nharme D

THE ANTEDILUVIANS.

By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, F.R.S.

WHO has not felt a wish to know the history of the world before the flood? Who has not longed to lift the veil of impenetrable obscurity that has fallen upon that protracted period, and to learn what men did, and thought, and said; what mighty works were accomplished; what deeds of renown were done; what triumphs in science and art were won in the new-born earth, when man's life extended to nearly a thousand years? But the Spirit of God has not thought good to gratify our curiosity much on these points. The record of sixteen centuries and a half is briefly told: it was a period of mighty wickedness; the protracted duration of existence enabled men to run riot in crime; and "the earth was filled with violence." Skill and ingenuity in the arts, music and song, opulence and consequent luxury (Gen. 4. 20–22; 6. 2–4), indeed characterized the age; but these things, though highly valued among men, are of little worth, of themselves, in God's sight.

Not one of Cain's race is mentioned as having turned to God. Indeed, amidst the almost universal apostasy of mankind in the antediluvian ages, there appear to have been very few points on which the eye of God could rest with satisfaction; at least, if we may judge from what He has told us. The individuals concerning whom we may gather that they found grace in His sight during all those centuries are no more than these: our first parents, Abel, Enoch, Noah. We need not conclude that these few persons constituted literally *all* the saints of God that lived before the flood; possibly there were thousands of humble godly souls scattered through the seething mass of iniquity that filled the earth; but these are all of whom the Holy Ghost has conveyed to us any information, and it is of these alone that we can speak with precision. The words of God to Noah (Gen. 7. 1), however, and those of our Lord (Matt. 24. 39), as well as those of the Spirit (Gen. 6. 11–13), imply that in that closing age of the period, at least, Noah was singular.

The "scribe who is instructed unto the kingdom of God" is aware that the history of those whose actions are recorded by the All-wise Spirit has been written, not only to afford us direct examples and warnings for our guidance in like circumstances to theirs, but to shadow forth a deeper and more mystical instruction, not to be obtained without searching, but, when found, abundantly repaying the labour, and making the sacred pages full of precious truth, on which the believer may feed, and be nourished "unto a perfect man." The history of Israel in the wilderness affords many instructive "types of us" (1 Cor. 10. 6–11); the first Adam was "a type of the coming One" (Rom. 5. 14); the birth of Ishmael from Hagar, and of Isaac from Sarah, were allegorical fore-showings of the covenant of works and the covenant of grace (Gal. 4. 22–31). In like manner, the brief notices of these four patriarchs, Adam, Abel, Enoch, and Noah, present a succession of pictures or tableaux, of a believer's life in Christ, each occupying its proper order, and all uniting into a perfect whole.

I. Adam (Gen. 3. 6–21). Here we see a guilty sinner, apostate from God his Maker (ver. 6), first seeking to hide his nakedness in a covering of his own making, a righteousness of his own devising (ver. 7); yet, as conscious of its worthlessness, seeking to avoid the Divine all-seeing eye (ver. 8); then found by that Lord whom he had offended, standing in His presence self-condemned, his mouth stopped, to hear his sentence (vers. 10–19). But what does he hear? A message of grace, the glad tidings of a Deliverer, mighty to save, who should assume *his* nature, to fight *his* battle with the terrible adversary.

Helpless and hopeless, the poor guilty one embraces the promise; the mode in which the salvation is to be accomplished is set before him, under the symbol of an innocent animal pouring out its blood * in sacrifice; and his faith gladly accepts the substitution. The skin, which had been the proper clothing of the victim, becomes a robe to cover *his* nakedness; and he is invested with it by the Judge Himself. Thus he has passed out of the condition of a condemned sinner into that of an accepted, adopted son.

This is the first step of the ladder that reaches from earth to heaven. The transition from a state of guilt and death into one of justification and life, into absolute and perfect and irrevocable acceptance with God, is the very foundation of a Christian's course. He is not called to work up *towards* this, through a long probation, and succession of efforts and attainments; it is the commencing point *from* which he is to work. Until he has laid hold on Jesus as the great and perfect propitiation, he is nothing; his spiritual life has not begun; but the moment his faith has recognized the blood of the atoning sacrifice as *his* answer to the claim of a broken law, in that moment he stands before God clothed with the imputed righteousness of Christ.

II. Abel (Gen. 4. 4). Here we have the worshipper. It is no longer a trembling sinner laying hold on the hope set before him, but an accepted son, using the privilege of sonship, and coming with boldness (Heb. 10. 19) into his Father's presence. Worship, real spiritual worship, must be this; it can be nothing else, nothing short of this,—a drawing near to God by the living way that He has appointed, an entering into the holiest of all. But there is no way into the holiest but by the blood of Jesus; and so we find Abel, the worshipper, coming to God with the blood of his choice lamb.

Cain came, or thought to come, without blood, bringing probably the best he had of what had cost him the sweat of his face; his own work, the fruit of the earth that had been cursed. Thus, still, multitudes fondly suppose that they worship God, who fancy that He will be satisfied with what they call "doing their best"; but do not for one moment think of coming through the blood of Jesus. But, without this, their so-called worship is Cain's offering!

True worship implies pardon. Abel must first have known the pardoning, justifying, cleansing power of the blood of Christ, by anticipative faith, before he could come into the presence of God with the calm boldness of an offerer. He must have stood in the position in which his father Adam is presented to us, of a *believing penitent*, before

* This is legitimately inferred from the fact that the clothing with which Jehovah clothed them was of *skin*; for skin necessarily implies an *animal*, and that animal dead. So that this brief text (Gen. 3. 21) is the first distinct figuration of God's great plan of salvation by the death and righteousness of the sinless Saviour. It is a very clear and full type; though, perhaps from its extreme brevity of expression, it is in general little noticed.

he could take the place in which he stands, of an *accepted worshipper*. But his act of worship is a recognition of the same blood as still the only ground of his approach. He presents before God, in acceptable worship, that same Lamb which God had presented to him as the object of his faith. He thanks God for His unspeakable gift (2 Cor. 9. 15), and he rejoices with God in it. For fellowship with God is fellowship in His beloved Son. Jesus is most precious to the Father, and to those who believe He is also precious (1 Pet. 2. 6, 7).

III. Enoch (Gen. 5. 21–24).—The saint is now presented to us in another phase,—*walking with God*. This is a distinct advance from the preceding character, though inclusive of it. Worship is the first instinctive act of the new nature: walking with God is the matured spirituality of the adult saint. "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" (Amos 3. 3). To walk with God implies a knowledge of His will and character; a delight in the things that please Him; an abstinence from the things that He disapproves; conformity to Him in affection and purpose; a reverential hearkening to His word; an indifference to the world's approbation or contempt; a denial of self; a crucifixion of the flesh, with its affections and lusts; an acute sense of the honour that cometh from God; and a fervent zeal for His glory. And it implies the existence of these characteristics, not now and then, impulsively, but abidingly, as the habitual condition of the spiritual being. For *walking* is not a momentary action, but an enduring course of maintained activity. The saint who thus walks with God, fails not to receive a testimony, or "good report," from the Spirit that he pleases Him (Heb. 11. 5). The complacency is mutual; the Lord delights in His obedient child, and manifests towards him the sweetness of His unchanging love. He cheers, comforts, and protects him; guides him by His counsel, sustains his drooping strength, and makes him "more than conqueror" over all his enemies. There is, in such a case, a realization of that precious promise of the Lord Jesus: "If a man love Me, he will keep My words; and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him, and make our abode with him" (John 14. 23).

Nor is such a happy and holy condition at all inconsistent with the common relations of life. Holiness is not an evasion of ordinary homely duties, nor an ascetic abjuration of them, as if there were something essentially defiling to the spirit in them; but a performance of them all with heavenly motives, as unto God (Eph. 5. 21, 22; 6. 5-9); with a faithful aim to please Him by doing them. It was in the midst of the homely labours of a carpenter's shop that the blessed Son of God passed His spotless childhood and early manhood. And the holy Enoch "walked with God, after he begat Methuselah, three hundred years, and begat sons and daughters." It was not as a hermit fleeing to the desert, nor as a monk shut up in a cloister, but in the social duties and endearments, the joys and trials of a husband and a father, that Enoch maintained his walk with God in the midst of an apostate world, and elicited the testimony of the Holy Ghost that "he pleased God."

But in Enoch we see also the faithful monitor of the ungodly around him. Habitually walking with God, he partook of God's counsels (John 15. 15), and looked forward to the coming judgment; and the knowledge thus obtained by communion with his Father, he used in solemn but surely affectionate warning. "Behold," he cried, "the Lord cometh . . . to execute judgment!" (Jude 14). They who most intimately cultivate communion with God will be most sensibly alive to the solemnity of that hastening judgment.

IV. Noah (Gen. 6.–9.).—As, in the cases already noticed, each new phase of character implied those of its predecessors, so it is still. Noah, like Enoch, "walked with God" (ch. 6. 9), and this, as we have seen, necessarily included *worship*, the coming into the holiest by the blood of sprinkling, as that had implied the previous acceptance and justification of the person. Like Enoch, too, Noah was "a preacher of righteousness" (2 Pet. 2. 5), faithfully rebuking the apostasy that was swelling like a flood-tide over the earth, and solemnly warning the world of approaching destruction; thus carrying on the prediction of coming judgment that Enoch had begun.

But more than this. In Noah we see at length the believer passing unharmed through the judgment, and entering into a New Creation. The vengeance of God against the corrupt world, which His servant had faithfully preached, came at last, in spite of all the contempt which rebellious sinners, misusing the long-suffering of God (1 Pet. 3. 20; 2 Pet. 3. 9, 10), had poured upon the message. "They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the flood came, and destroyed them all" (Luke 17. 27). But the despised faithful preacher, borne up in the ark of safety above the swelling waves, floated in tranquillity and peace, as free from danger as from fear, until the new earth emerged from the waters, purged and purified from all its defilement. Then he came forth, and took unchallenged possession of the renewed world, the head and ruler of a domain, in which he had formerly been the despised and rejected ambassador for God.

In the ark "few, that is, eight persons were saved by water" (1 Pet. 3. 20). The surging, whelming flood, which drowned the whole world beside, ever, as the ark floated on its surface, lifted them higher and higher, and nearer and nearer to God. Why were they safe amidst destruction? Because "Jehovah had shut them in" (Gen. 7. 16). The Ark is Christ. God Himself has shut and sealed us in Him. "Your life is hid with Christ in God."

The day is swiftly coming, when the lowly believer, now patiently walking with God in humble obscurity, unnoticed or despised, shall be borne in triumph to the presence of his Lord. He shall calmly witness the pouring out of the long-restrained, but certainly predicted vengeance of flaming fire (2 Thess. 1. 7, 8) on the finally obdurate. Then he shall see the "new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness," recreated from the ruins, "according to the promise" (2 Pet. 3. 13). He shall rejoice in the new inheritance, whence the wicked shall have been purged away; and shall delight himself in the abundance of peace (Ps. 37.); while he himself shall be associated with the glorified Jesus, in His throne, as Ruler and Head of all (Rev. 3. 21), the joint-heir with Him of all His glory and His joy.

"Ye therefore, beloved, seeing ye know these things before, beware lest ye, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness. But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. To Him be glory both now and for ever. Amen."

ACROSTIC COMPETITION.

OUR Acrostic Competition has called forth some excellent work, though it was perhaps too difficult to be thoroughly popular. It has been a most helpful exercise for all who entered. We give the results below, and cordially congratulate those who have been so successful.

Award of £1 1s. Prize.

DOVE, PERCY W. H., Hardway, Gosport.

HIGHLY COMMENDED.

CHALLICE, John, 7, Coverdale Road, Shepherd's Bush, London.
THOMPSON, Rachel F., Castle Hill House, Settle, Yorkshire.
WISSENDEN, Amy, 73, Maison Dieu Road, Dover.
PELISSIER, W. H., Marlfield, Clonmel, Co. Tipp., Ireland.
JONES, Eliza Y., 5, Charlesville, Claughton, Birkenhead.
HOWE, Cassie P., Mount House, Higher Broughton, Manchester.
RICHARDSON, Miss J., Station Road, Lichfield.

COMMENDED.

WILKINS, Miss G., Westcroft House, Trowbridge, Wilts.
STOKES, R., Newtown Road, Malvern.
MASTERS, Miss L., Mount Avenue, Ealing.
JONES, Clara, Spring Gardens, Holmer Road, Hereford.
ANDREWS, Florence, The Spa, Melksham, Wilts.
CAREY, Lilian, Baildon Vicarage, Shipley, Yorks.
LEADER, G. H., 20, Evershott Street, Camden Town, N.W.
ANDREWS, Miss, Wivenhoe, Bournemouth.
BLYTH, Ivan L., 10, Guadeloupe Terrace, Sandown, Isle of Wight.

COME!

A CONTRAST.

FROM vague disquietude and restless fears,
From anxious gazing into future years,
From dark despondence and soul-rending tears.
From disappointment at earth's faded flowers,
From disenchantment in past pleasures' bowers,
From sad remembrance of embittered hours.
From all the darkness of a life of sin,
From all the madness of this world's harsh din,
From all the stains our souls are plungèd in.
From out the kingdom where dark shadows loom,
From under condemnation's awful gloom,
From certain judgment and eternal doom,
Christ bids us "Come!"

Unto Himself, once lifted up on high,
To see, for us, the sinless Saviour die,
To find once more lost man to God made nigh.
To cleanse our sins beneath His wounded side,
To see God's justice wholly satisfied,
To feel, "I live because my Surety died."
To have forgiveness through His wondrous grace,
To own inheritance in Heaven's high place,
To hold communion with Him, face to face.
To claim the succour of His boundless might,
To share the beauty which is His by right,
To dwell in glory and in heavenly light,
Christ bids us "Come!"

We answer, Lord, as at Thy feet we fall,
And hear the pleading of Thy ceaseless call,
"*From* less than nothing, *unto* more than all,
Thou bid'st us 'Come!'"

G. A. G.

"Often the grand meanings of faces, as well as of written words, may be chiefly in the impressions of those who look on them."
—*George Eliot.*

TALKS WITH MARRIED FOLK

ABOUT THE MANAGEMENT OF INCOME.

By Phyllis Browne.

No. 7.—How to Make the Most of Money.

THE next difficulty that we have to face is that of making the most of the money which can safely be devoted to actual living expenses.

For this, it is a great help to plan the meals two or three days, or even a week in advance, so as to make up by cheap food one day for costly food another day. By planning the meals, we should at the commencement of the proceedings discover what we could afford, and could make our purchases accordingly.

When, however, it is possible for a housekeeper to do her own marketing, this plan for the week should be open to modification; because it very often happens, especially in towns, that one sort of food is abundant and cheap one day, and another sort another. Consequently, the house-mother who can go out and see what is to be had, is much more likely to be able to provide liberally, without paying more for doing so, than is she who has to content herself with ordering food.

It would be a great step in advance if domestic managers could appreciate the advantage to be gained by personal marketing.

Of course, to put on one's bonnet and venture forth on an exploring expedition takes time as well as strength; but the exercise is very good for health, and there is no doubt that, through practice in marketing, we learn to choose wisely, and eventually get more out of our money than would be otherwise possible. Besides, we should by this means find out what is going, and so be able to introduce variety into the daily fare. In these days the treasures of every land are brought to the feet of the average Englishwoman, and she makes a great mistake if she loses the benefit of these through being ignorant of them.

There never was a time when food was as cheap, and at the same time as good and as varied as it is now; and yet there are thousands of people in England who, through not knowing what is to be bought, do not gain as they might do.

This is another form of waste to be added to those already mentioned; these people waste their *opportunities*, through ignorance of their existence. Indeed, we may be quite sure that waste, whenever and however it occurs, is quite as often the result of ignorance as of extravagance.

Personal marketing, however, has its dangers as well as its advantages. The greatest of these is lest we should be tempted to buy what we do not want. To prevent this, it is well to make up our minds before starting out as to what our needs are, and to *pay for our purchases on the spot.*

A great American writer once said, that paying ready money was a great check on the imagination; and certainly there is nothing more calculated to bring us down to the limitations of every day life than to have to bring out our purses and part with tangible shillings and pennies for what we think we need.

Paying ready money, however, is not only a check on the imagination; it positively lessens the amount of the bills. In ready money payments we count the items, and correct the most trifling inaccuracy, as we could not do with accounts of any standing. Also, we benefit by any discount there may be; for, quite naturally and reasonably, a tradesman charges the highest price to people who receive credit. He has to wait for his money, and he pays himself for doing so by taking an extra profit.

To an extent he is justified in doing this, because, as a matter of fact, people who take credit borrow money of a tradesman, which money he could get interest for, if it were in his own hands; or he might turn it over and perhaps gain on it. If his customer prevents his doing this, the customer ought to pay. For the most part tradesmen understand this quite well; they have been taught the lesson by experience, and they generally act upon it.

We very often hear purchasers who believe in "bills" say, "I have my purchases put down; but dealing where *I* do, I pay just the same eventually as if I paid ready money." Usually these self-congratulations are a mistake.

There is an old-fashioned rule for the prevention of lavish expenditure, which cannot be too strongly commended. It is, that intending purchasers should make up their minds beforehand what they ought to spend, take the amount out with them when they go shopping, and *leave the rest at home.* If, while acting thus, nothing is bought but what is paid for on the spot, there will not be many foolish purchases.

It was said a little while ago that to buy foods that will keep in quantities was a means of economising. This was advised because a penny spent by itself has not so much purchasing power as the same penny would have if it were put with a number of other pennies. Thus, if we wanted to buy one pennyworth of oatmeal, or one pennyworth of sugar, or one pennyworth of rice, we should not receive as much in proportion as if we had more pennies to spend, and bought a quart of oatmeal, a pound of rice, or a pound of sugar. If we could buy still larger quantities we should gain still more, provided we could keep our material in good condition and check its consumption.

It is evident, however, that if buying wholesale led to extravagance, harm would be done instead of good. Housekeepers, therefore, who keep stores, should by all means calculate, and give out at regular times, the supplies which they have calculated will be needed for household use. My own opinion is, that it answers best for these supplies to be given out weekly.

If food is not bought in quantities, and if good shops are close at hand, it comes to the same thing to buy what is wanted weekly, after calculating how much will be required. But in any case the purchases should be according to rule; they should not be made haphazard. A house-mother who buys what she feels inclined for, puts no check upon its consumption, and when it is finished, buys more, is injuring every one about her.

She is demoralising her own family, and removing all hindrances to extravagance or dishonesty. What she ought to do is, to find out by observation and experiment what supplies may reasonably be given, and then arrange that the limits thus laid down should be respected. Of course, special occasions may require special provision; but so long as the ordinary conditions remain the same, reasonable limits ought to be honoured.

There is nothing mean in this, and when the spirit of economy reigns in the household, no objection is made to it, and it is not looked upon as a hardship. It is simply regarded as an orderly arrangement, which makes things go smoothly and comfortably. For it ought to be acknowledged that where order and thrift reign, there also is comfort, even though it is of a homely sort. Where there is extravagance, there may be luxury; where there is parsimony, there may be saving; but true comfort for every one concerned is found only where there is thrift.

Another way of preventing lavish expenditure is to buy no more than is needed of food that is perishable, and is to be used immediately. The cost of a quarter of a pound too much here, or a few ounces too much there, will very soon mount up to a sum quite sufficient in itself to make the amount of expenditure exceed that of income.

As I have said that supplies ought to be calculated and given out, I must be allowed (because I feel very strongly on the subject) to say one word about the means to be used for the avoidance of waste. It is this :—

Where the establishment is small, and all the work has to be done by one pair of hands, guided by the intelligent head belonging thereto, it is quite easy to avoid waste. But when the work is divided, it is sometimes very difficult to do so. The lesson we gain from experience, however, is that the only way to success in this direction is through trust, sympathy, and liberality.

Unfortunately, there are a great many people who think that success can only be secured by the policy of being constantly "on the pounce," if the expression may be allowed. This "on the pounce" method never answered yet, and never will answer. Far from preventing waste, it rather increases it, because it destroys co-operation of aim, puts antagonism in its place, and creates suspicion, irritation, and misery all the way through.

Let any house-mother who is trying it ask herself honestly, whether it answers with her. I think, if she will reply candidly, she will say that it does not, and that much of the worry she has to bear arises from the consciousness that it fails. Undoubtedly the watchful method may be effectual over the square yard upon which the watcher's eye rests at any given moment; but it is utterly powerless over the square yard upon which her back is turned; and as no human being is capable of being in every part, even of a small house, at one time, failures are the rule.

The policy of trust, of sweet reasonableness, of liberal consideration for others, on the other hand, is nearly always found to answer admirably. Yet sometimes it fails; because there is a good deal of perversity in human nature, and even generosity cannot be appreciated by every one.

But even its failures are less disastrous than are the failures of the policy of suspicion ; because they are the result of carelessness or ignorance, and not of enmity. When we have to endure loss because our foes are of our own household, our look-out is a bad one ; but when we endure loss through the thoughtlessness or ignorance of those about us, at any rate there is no bitterness mixed up with our annoyance, and this robs it of its worst sting.

"How, then," it may be asked, "is this method of trust and sweet reasonableness to be inaugurated?"

The answer is, "through sympathy," which sympathy must originate with the heads of the family, because in these days they are the persons who are credited with being the least likely to give it. If sympathy is to do any good, however, it must be real ; sham sympathy never answers, because it is invariably found out. Real sympathy shows itself in a real desire for the happiness and well-being of others, a disregard for self, and an acceptance of the golden rule, "Do to others as you would be done by," as the principle of action.

This method is not established all at once ; it must be built up gradually ; but where it is once firmly placed, its success is undoubted. A great American once said, "Every man takes care that his neighbour shall not cheat him. A day comes when he begins to care that he shall not cheat his neighbour. Then all goes well. He has changed his market cart into a chariot of the sun."

Now, the peculiarity of the market cart is that it is always falling over and emptying its load into the mud ; whilst the chariot of the sun rolls on securely and smoothly, along a path of brightness which leads to a sure and pleasant goal.

Nor must it be forgotten that thoroughly accurate accounts are a most valuable check on lavish expenditure. A great many people, particularly amongst women, say that they do not keep accounts, because they are not clever at arithmetic, and would be sure to get into a muddle. But, for simple accounts nothing is wanted but a knowledge of simple addition and subtraction, and it is the simple accounts that are of use.

Simple accounts may be made a record of our own foolishness and mistake, and it is for this reason that they ought to be private. Naturally, we none of us like to record our own weakness, if the record is likely to be inspected. If we know, however, that no eyes but our own will rest upon the page, we do not hesitate to make a plain statement.

My advice, therefore, to house-mothers who are making an earnest effort to keep within a given sum for expenses of living is, "Begin from this moment to keep accounts." Get an ordinary account book, plainly ruled, with columns for pounds, shillings, and pence on each page.

Never mind having any elaborate arrangement,—the simpler the book the better ; we want no complications, for we are not brilliant accountants ; we are only humdrum people, who wish to pay our way honestly. Open the book at the second page, and take two leaves for a week. Upon the left hand page set down the sum you have decided that it is right to spend on household expenses. Underneath it, place a "Model of Expenditure," that is, a statement arrived at, from careful calculation, of the sum which may safely be spent on each tradesman.

The remainder of the space on this page should be given to memoranda of homely experiences, likely to be of use for future guidance. The mere writing down of these will help us to remember them ; and if we are only honest with ourselves, and put them down without any gilding or varnish, we shall have in time a most valuable store of practical hints for daily use.

Some of these notes will be very funny, without doubt, but we need not object to them on that account. Strict economy and keeping within a small income are very prosaic. If we get a smile out of them once and again, we have no cause to grumble.

On the right hand page write down, every day, every sum paid ; and say for what it is paid, no matter how trifling the amount may be. Divide the lower half of this page into as many spaces as there are items in the "model" on the opposite sheet, giving one space to the butcher, one to the baker, one to the milkman, and so on.

In putting down, each day, the various items paid, put each sum down also in the space to which it belongs, and glance at the "model" in order to ascertain if, with regard to this particular item, you are "outrunning the constable." At the end of every week add up the different items, and compare them with the "model," and then make a statement, and sign it, as to whether or not (during this week) the weekly limits laid down have been preserved.

If any one will give this plan a fair trial, I believe it would be impossible to spend too much on living, and not find it out very quickly.

The character of the "model" which is to occupy the left hand page must necessarily vary with the number, age, character, and peculiarities of the family for which it is framed. It would be impossible to imagine a "model" which would suit all requirements.

From my own personal experience, I may say that, for a family, including children, and where the ordinary routine of English home life was observed, the following proportions would probably need to be maintained :— Milk, $\frac{2}{20}$; butcher (including meat, fish, bacon, and substitutes for meat, such as beans, peas, and oatmeal), $\frac{5}{20}$; flour and bread, $\frac{2}{20}$; grocer, $\frac{3}{20}$; greengrocer, $\frac{2}{20}$; butter, eggs, and cheese, $\frac{3}{20}$; laundry, $\frac{2}{20}$; sundries, $\frac{1}{20}$. An estimate of this sort, however, could not possibly be of general use.

(*To be continued.*)



A GLAD REFRAIN.

ALMIGHTY God, who formed the earth so fair,
Who deckest it in robes of softest green,
Which change again to crimson, brown, and gold,
Merging at last in purest virgin white,
As seasons pass, and time rolls on apace ;
Thou, who hast reared Thy grand cathedral piles
Of mountain peaks and pinnacles of snow,
And o'er them stretched Thy heavens in curtain folds
Of clearest sapphire or of vaulted gloom ;
Who givest us the everlasting sun,
Thy royal messenger from Heaven's gate ;
Who scatterest broadcast shining starry gems,
Adorning all the robes of night with gold ;
Who with a lavish hand dost give us flowers,
And trees, and birds, and every beauteous form ;
We thank Thee, blessed Lord, for these Thy gifts,
Which tell us of Thy majesty and power,
And fill our souls with reverence and with awe ;
But, Father, there are higher, holier things
Than Nature's children, howsoever fair ;
Are there not souls who, crossing o'er our path, [love,
Have bless'd our life with light, and joy, and
And raised us nearer to the very Heaven ?
Yes, there are some whose daily, hourly
Is a reflection of the life of Him [walk
Who trod this earth,—the sinless Son of man. [He—
We know, O Christ, that Thou alone art
The living Way by which we come to God ;
But even as many turnings all may lead
To one high-road, so surely may we find
That these pure souls are God's appointed paths
To bring us safely to that blessed Way,
Which is in Jesus Christ.
Again, dear Lord,
For all the noble, earnest-hearted men
To whom Thou givest deep, inspiring thoughts,
Which lift unconsciously a thousand minds
From degradation and from mental sloth ;
For others who have simply lived and died,
Nor known the influence which they shed around,
Yet were they living gospels, full of Thee,—
For these we render loving, grateful thanks,
And pray that Thou would'st so fulfil in us
Thy mighty purpose, form'd ere time began,
That, as we grow in likeness to Thyself,
We in our turn may live to bless the world,
And lead our fellow-men to Heaven and Thee.

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Thirteen Hundred Miles in My Caravan," "From Pole to Pole," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"I'LL—I'LL GO AND SEE," HE SAID.

EARLY an hour had elapsed since Jack Silk first went on deck to look at the night, and just as he was talking to Chips,—

"Hark!" cried the latter, "it is coming, sir, it is coming."

Both listened. There was a mournful moaning now of rising wind, and the occasional flapping of deck canvas. The sound steadily increased, then died away again. But the next squall was stronger; and so stronger and stronger each one became, and briefer the interval between, till at last they appeared to amalgamate their forces, and howled round the vessel in one continuous roar.

Jack went aft to call the captain.

"This is something serious," said the latter. "Glass still going down? And how does the night look?"

"Thick and dark now, Captain Boyd, and soft snow falling."

"*Soft* snow? *Soft?*"

"Yes, sir; at times it is almost sleet."

"Hush! What is that?"

It was a report like the firing of a great gun, followed by a succession of smaller explosions, and the ship from stem to stern shook and shivered as if she had been a living thing in dread agony.

"The ice is all in motion," said Chips, rushing unceremoniously into the snuggery. "I thought that would be it. Heaven help us! We can do little to help ourselves while the hurricane lasts."

Spring though it was, for the sun had weeks ago begun to shine again, and the days were getting long, still, such a thing as a breaking up of the ice yet, around the ship, had never been dreamt of. The dream and hope of all on board really had been, that the wind would come gently from the south, that the snow would melt or get soft, the ice break, and the sea open, and set the prisoners free to sail away to sunny lands.

All hands were now called, and none too soon.

"Put all lights and fires out on deck," said Captain Boyd, "and batten down the hatches."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The order was quickly obeyed.

But louder and louder rose the voice of the terrible storm. Then suddenly, and high above its din, came a sound of wrenching, tearing, and flapping forward.

All hands instinctively threw themselves face downwards on the deck, and in less time than it takes one to speak the words, the great tent,—ropes, and canvas, and splintered spars,—was carried bodily off astern, and the ship was now exposed to all the fury of the elements. Several men were wounded, and one poor fellow so severely injured, that he died before he could be got below.

The doctor did his best for the rest in the half-deck saloon by the lamp-light.

For hours the raging gale continued, getting worse instead of better towards morning.

The character of the storm was now testified, by the fact that, point by point, the wind was veering round.

There was much to be done on deck, for a time, in clearing away the wreck, and dangerous work it was, what with snapping wood, bending stanchions, flapping canvas, and rope ends, that cracked like whips on every side. The darkness, too, was intense, and although the men carried lanterns, the blinding, driving snow rendered them almost useless. More men were wounded before the wreck was cleared away; like the others, they were taken below to the half-deck, where Dr. McPhee, ably assisted by Boy Bates and active Turlough, had his hands sadly full.

"The ship is leaking like a sieve, sir."

This was the next news Jack brought, and he had to bawl the words into the captain's ear, so great was the noise of the chafing ice mingling with the roar of the storm.

"I've put one watch to pump," he added.

Captain Boyd signalled his approval by patting his lieutenant on the shoulder.

Down below in the saloon, the ladies and the two Nats, with Godfrey, sat together, waiting and wondering. To talk would have been but folly, so great was the din of the raging storm, and the constant cannonading sound alongside.

Day broke at last,—the light gleaming cold and yellow through the driving clouds and haze. The snow had ceased to blow, so that it was possible for those on deck to look around them; the sea was a chaos of ice cakes, grinding and chafing together with the action of the waves beneath. The great icebergs were all in motion, affected more perhaps by wind than water, and from their lofty turrets and spires the snow had been swept clean away, so that they glittered green and threatening in the morning light.

The water still rose, despite the efforts of the men to check it. Orders had been given to get up steam, but both captain and engineer knew this was but a forlorn hope. Breakfast, or rather refreshment, was now served out to all hands fore and aft, in saloon as well as in galley. Alas! it was a last meal for some of these poor fellows.

About ten o'clock steam was got up, and an effort was now made to head round for the shore; it would be better to beach her if she could not be kept afloat.

By eleven o'clock the vessel's bows were turned landwards, but steam was no longer needed, for the wind had gone right round, and was now roaring from the north.

By this time it was evident to all that the ship was doomed, and when the heavy ice was now seen to be steadily advancing towards the shore, every one knew it was but a case of time.

Towards the middle of the afternoon the ship touched bottom within a hundred yards of the shore, and the noise of the crashing ice under her stern was redoubled.

There is only one word in the English language capable of describing the wild scene of confusion now witnessed both on board and around the unfortunate ship. That word is *chaos*—complete and utter.

Chaos reigned even among the icebergs—they were turning, crashing, and twisting. Chaos reigned in the bay-ice, for gradually as the great bergs moved grimly on shorewards, as inexorable and merciless as Fate, this bay-ice was packed. It rose in heaps everywhere, and on the beach was thrown up in one vast barrier. Chaos reigned on board—the ship was fast breaking up; the rudder was already splintered; the ice heaps had even burst in the stern windows, and forced their way into the saloon itself, smashing tables, sofas, bulk-heads—everything. Chaos on deck, where amid-ships all hands were huddled together, looking helplessly on; paralysed, almost, both in mind and body.

The last order given was to extinguish the fires, even below. This was faithfully obeyed, having been seen to by Desmond, Godfrey, and Jack. Had this not been done, an appalling catastrophe would have arisen—the *Oonalaska* would have caught fire, and the ship in which they had sailed so long would have become the wanderers' funeral pile.

To Captain Boyd and his officers the utter helplessness of the situation was the most painful part of it. There seemed for the present no hopes of rescue; for to have attempted to reach the shore would have been but to court death in a more speedy form.

The ladies had been taken to the galley, as to the safest place, for the pressure of the sea was all astern. They were very brave, very quiet, but pale, as if the death they knew was coming seemed already to have claimed them as its own.

Jack Silk came below often. There was still some little warmth in the galley range, and he had seated them there, wrapping the three of them—enshrouding them, I might say—in skins and rugs. Sally, too. There was no distinction now—no difference in rank. All are equal on the brink of the grave.

Jack came below often, because he made himself believe there was frequently something to say or report, and some words of comfort to give; but when he tried to give hope, language seemed to freeze on his very lips. There was one question he could always ask, and always did when he came below, "Are you warm enough?" That was something to say, and indirectly it was meant to give the poor ladies a little comfort; for, while he put the question, he imagined them thinking that if there were any immediate danger it would not be so trivial a matter as this that would occupy his mind.

"Are you quite warm, mother?"

"Oh yes, Jack, thank you."

"And you, Miss Katie?"

Katie would nod. Her voice was too feeble now to be heard; and to see her look so sad and wan, and he to feel so helpless, was a greater grief to Jack than words could have expressed. She must have seen suffering in his face, for once she extended her hand to him, and the tears sprang to his eyes as he pressed it, and he ran on deck to hide his weakness.

"The ship was being hove up astern." That was some news our sailor boy returned with presently. Nor was it bad news.

"They could see from the deck the In-

nuits making a breach in the barrier of ice thrown up on shore." That was more news for the ladies.

"The pressure was less, and the captain thought the great bergs had grounded." Again another item.

"The sky was still clear, and the wind not quite so high." Jack was smiling now.

"Was there hope?" The question was Katie's, and she asked it very eagerly.

The smile died on Jack's lips. Alas! it had been only on his lips, and not around his heart.

"Was there hope? Was there any hope?" How could he answer the question other than truthfully, with those pure, earnest eyes looking into his, and seeming to search his soul, and read the answer there.

"I'll—I'll go and see," he said.

There would still be two hours of light, and then a long twilight, succeeded by a night, the morning to which might never come to any on board this doomed ship, if some attempt to reach the shore was not made at once.

An idea occurred to Captain Boyd and Chips almost at the same time.

"Rafts!" said the captain, suggestively.

"Gangways!" said Chips, with vigour.

"Let it be done at once. Call all hands."



"All hands, assisted by the Innuits, were hard at work to clear the wreck."

It was no easy matter for men to work in that awful gale and in that deafening chaos. But it was life or death, so all hands were speedily active. Spare spars were laid down and held in position, while cross-pieces were nailed and fastened on; and with such hearty will did the men work, that in less than an hour the bridge-like rafts, three in number, were completed, and a ladder let down over the bows for purposes of debarkation on the floating, chafing, tossing sea of ice.

The rafts were about fifteen feet long, all decked over, and with life-lines from upright stanchions at each side. One was gradually lowered. It seemed madness to alight on it, but the men did. It was a forlorn hope, and better than to stay in the ship till they were dashed to pieces among broken wreck and pancake ice.

The second raft was lowered and placed in front of the first, and the men now left the first, and having gained a position on the other, raft No. 1 was dragged in front of raft No. 2. Thus toiling on and on, and struggling against fearful odds, the first batch of men succeeded in reaching the shore.

The Innuits seemed wild with delight.

But there was no time to lose; half a dozen of the saved were left on the beach, and proceeded to light fires in the English kashga, while the others went back with the rafts.

The ladies now were taken, with the two Nats to help them and give them confidence, and they were safely landed and conducted, as much dead as alive, to the kashga.

The third journey was a disastrous one, one of the rafts being rushed by advancing pancake ice and broken into splinters, all on board at the time perishing miserably before the eyes of those on the ship, and almost within touch of the men on the adjoining structure.

The wind went down that evening shortly after the sun, but the ice continued to rise and crush, and further on in the evening, when all hands were mustered in the principal room of the kashga, the list of the missing was found to be a very large one. Eleven men and two officers had perished. Among the men was poor Turlough O'Brady. His merry voice would never again help to cheer the crew with joke and song. The officers were the surgeon, Dr. Duncan McPhee, and the chief engineer. Both had died nobly doing their duty, for they had stuck to the ship to the very last.

It is not known how either died. They had been seen on the raft helping others, and in the darkness they must have slipped off and been crushed to death.

The engineer's strange superstition about the "unluckiness" of going back was therefore verified.

It is a somewhat remarkable thing that the bodies of the poor fellows whose lives had thus been lost were never found, although every search was made next day among the still moving chaos of ice, both by the *Oonalaska's* crew and by the Innuits.

Of the ship herself, when day broke—and the beauty of the sunrise over the hills beggared description—nothing was visible except the masts and the top of the funnel. All else was completely buried in a hill of packed-up pancake ice.

As early as nine o'clock, and ere yet the golden tints of morning had left the hills and clouds, these shipwrecked people had met in the hall of the kashga to return heartfelt thanks to Heaven for the merciful preservation of the living, and to read the service for the dead, whose bodies were not.

A more sad and solemn meeting it would be impossible to imagine; for their lives, all there had reason to be devoutly thankful, and in those who had been taken away, each one had lost true-hearted friends. The poor savage Innuits looked on in silence, not unmingled with awe, while Captain Boyd delivered his short but impressive address. They looked on in silence, and wondered why the ladies wept, and why the men, with downcast eyes, all seemed so stricken and so sad.

The day was spent in refitting the kashga, which, however, had stood the storm well, and in attending to the wants and comforts of the injured.

Night fell at last, and never before had a more beautiful sky or aurora been seen. The same awesome stillness had again settled over the scene, the silence continuing deep and impressive as before.

Next morning, the ice being thick and firm, all hands, assisted by the Innuits, were hard and early at work to clear the wreck of ice, and save all stores and valuables that could be got at. Everywhere on board the riven ship—which by the afternoon they had succeeded in exposing—was evidence of the gigantic and irresistible forces which had been at work on the night of the hurricane. The after-part of the vessel was completely gutted and disintegrated; the great screw shaft had been bent and broken, and the screw itself sent through the *débris* of what had been the captain's snuggery.

Bulwarks had been levelled with the decks, or swept bodily away, hatchways and skylights shivered, and the deck itself in many places stove in with the super-incumbent weight of ice.

For a whole week the weather remained open and the sky clear, and stores of every kind, with coals and wood in abundance, were landed.

The wounded men, despite the cold, which at night was often intense, got rapidly well, and the shipwrecked crew began to get more cheerful, and to look their situation boldly in the face. It was bad enough in all conscience, but it might have been far worse. They had, after all, much to be thankful for. A council was now convened to consider what had best be done. It was held in the officers' quarters of the kashga, and at the board not only had Chips and the Aleut a seat, but Dresky also was present.

There was no formality here, no ceremony. They were men met together to try to solve the question, How best to retract from a position which in a few months would become untenable from want of food? how to make that retreat in the safest way possible, and in the speediest?

"There is where we lie," said Captain Boyd, pointing to a spot on the chart, about midway between Point Barrow and the easternmost shores of Alaska. "Well, gentleman, there is no denying it, the difficulties we have to encounter before we see other civilised faces except our own are many and terrible. But we must meet them and surmount them like men. Thank God, we have, all of us—at present, at all events—health and fair constitutions. Chips here, and myself, are, maybe, old, but I'm not sure we aren't as tough as many of the younger of you. Well, whatever plan we agree to adopt in order to get out of this country, one thing is evident to me, and, I suppose, to you: we must not act on the motto, 'Every man for himself, and God for us all.' We must alter that somewhat. It must be, 'Every man for his neighbour, and God for us all.' Well, now to business. We must all use our wits. Mr. Silk, have you anything to suggest?"

"Only this. American whalers visit here sometimes, and if not exactly, round the coast somewhere; I move, that in our efforts for freedom we hug the shore all we can, and keep our weather-eye lifting seawards," was Jack's reply.

"Spoken like a sailor," said Captain Boyd; "and a sailor may be excused for never thinking himself safe out of sight of salt water. But just cast your eye round the coast, my dear Jack, and see the extent that our journey would be before we reached even Icy Cape."

"I second Jack's motion," said Desmond, "but only in a formal way, Mr. President."

"All right. Take it down, then, Mr. Godfrey. I think you were to act as clerk, and do all the writing, were you not?"

"The sea will be open round this coast in summer," said Nat, senior; "could we not build boats, and force our way round by water?"

"Is that a motion?"

"I second it," said young Nat.

"Take it down then, Mr. Godfrey."

"Well, now, Chips, you're an old iceman, and you know more than any of us about these regions. What say you? Let us have your real, candid opinion."

"Well, gentlemen, it would be mere affectation to say I don't know much; I've lived more years o' my life in Arctic regions than out o' them. And if he'll let me tell him so, Mr. Silk's notion, or his motion, isn't what you'd call 'A. 1. at Lloyds',—leastways so it seems to me, like. And Mr. Graves's idea—he'll excuse a plain sailor-way o' talkin'—isn't ship-shape nor Bristol fashion. If it were possible to build boats, kyaks, bidarkies or bidarhas—and mind, I don't say they couldn't be run up—it would be next to impossible to round Point Barrow in them. It would be all very well if there was to be a surety of open water—no gales o' wind and no fog, gentlemen. Ah! I see, Mr. Graves, you hadn't thought o' the fog, sir. Yet we shall have to take it into account."

"Well, but what is my plan? Why, simply this—that we steer straight away south—overland, I mean—for the great Yukon River, and trust to Providence for all the rest. I have considered the matter well, gentlemen, and I've slept but little since the dear old *Oona*—rest her timbers!—was cast away. The Aleut here, our friend Bob-a-link, and old Dresky, too, will both second my motion. The Innuits can make the journey,—why can't white men? We have as much endurance as they."

"Well, Chips," said Captain Boyd, "your proposal is precisely what mine would have been, had you not been first to the front. Let us now consider the best means of transport,—that is to say, if we are to adopt this course."

"What say you, men?" said Jack. "I now retract my motion."

"And I mine," said Nat, senior.

"Well, we are unanimous," said Captain Boyd. "It is a terrible journey; but whatever men can do, *we* will do; and, as Chips has said, I think we may safely leave the rest to Providence."

"I move now, then," said Jack, "that this meeting resolve itself into a committee of ways and means, and I second my friend's motion."

And so it was; and after the meeting no time was lost in commencing the work of carrying out the resolutions adopted.

(To be continued.)

"YOU'VE GOT YOURS."

By S. G. PROUT.

"MAIS, levez vous, M'sieu."

"A quoi bon, si matin?"

"Comment donc? Messieurs les Prussiens sont ici, vous dis-je."

My worthy and much-flustered landlord added something about "les petites balles," which I did not quite catch, but which a sound, not unlike energetic carpet-beating in the back-garden of the Couronne, helped me to understand.

I was just going in for a small illness, after rather overdoing it for the past few days, and was hoping for a couple of hours' sleep; and I *did* wish "Messieurs les Prussiens" at Berlin, smoking their pipes in placid bliss; however, as they and their pipes were then in that little straggling village on the Sarthe, there was nothing for it but to turn out.

"Ce vieux grogneur," Auguste, who had brought me from Alençon the night before, protesting all the way, while making pretty well a month's income out of the cut lines, had made a still more rapid toilette than my own, and, when I got downstairs, I found he had already harnessed his old mare to the cabriolet, to be off before "*la bonne bête*" got requisitioned — and off he was, "grande vitesse," with not half an ear for my wise suggestion that as the Spikes were not yet at the "hotel" door, we might as well have a *café au lait* to help our cogitations, and put the pieces of my head together.

It was not much of an affair, though the deep snow was red at the Long Bridge end, and the little, hastily knocked-up ambulance in the school-house had more patients than beds. The sun had just risen, large and lurid, like a huge jacinth, above the bare black woods, as, at the "double," I crunched the nightfall of snow, untrodden by so much as a pussy cat, that lay, drifted up against the cottage doors, all down the ragged street, where, through many a little square window-pane, glinting back the orange rays, peered night-capped, flattened faces.

Crossing the rapid river by the crooked old stone bridge, through whose narrow arches clashed and hurtled the ice-masses, the Pont de Fer some yards above, loomed, lofty and spectral, through the warm haze, in which the thin white smoke-wreaths lost themselves; and into the lingering gloom beyond, the ice-cumbered Sarthe foamed and fought its way.

A common-place bit of Brittany landscape, the scene had somehow a curious wan beauty; one could but pause a minute.

"Chocolat!" in a loud, demanding voice, broke the reverie. A very tipsy member of the German Ambulance Corps was charging me at half gallop, with this particularly droll war-cry. His tired mount was quite willing to be checked in his limping career, and turned aside; and with a word and gesture of regret at being unprovided with the required military stores, I trudged on.

"Chocolat! Doktor Englisch— Chocolat! Kapput!" fell on my ear with a minatory emphasis, that stopped me promptly.

My loose-seated friend had wheeled and returned resolutely to the charge, at a mended pace. It would hardly have been prudent to "unship" my brother ambulancier, so I *dived*, where cavalry could not follow. In a crowded cabaret, there huddled round the fire in miserable plight, some thirty or forty Mobiles, who had, as Ducrot put it in respect of certain of their comrades, with vague ideas about cartridges, "fallen back with very regrettable precipitation," from the field a few miles distant, where a disastrous action had just been fought. Twitted by a boy-Franc Tireur, with "want of starch," in having abandoned the capital position they held, the excuse made by the unfortunate fellows seemed to be an unrefusable one: "We got no orders."

Well, you've got *yours*, and a grand thing it is to get them. What *do* I mean? "A. 1." surely, is not coming out as a "United Service" periodical, or the special organ of the Volunteer forces? I'm not talking, am I, to "Tommy Atkins"? That's just what I hope I *am* doing, or, if you like, to his Colonel.

If you're *not* soldiers, lose no time in joining—any branch of the Service you please; only get at once into the uniform that has a cross below the crown, and under the colours that bear but "Calvary" on their folds. If you have nothing to do with "orders," you have nothing to do with victories. Very near the end of the Bible we get some marvellous promises—"to him that overcometh."

Overcoming distinctly predicates fighting; they are all *soldiers'* honours and decorations—those most wonderful awards—not one of them for any but "Christ's own." "But this is not altogether our Mag.; it has, you know, a mixed mission. Are the girls going in for fighting?" I should rather think they are. The Amazon contingent in that division is very strong—quick ear for a command, and quick foot to obey. Heaven's "V.C." will be radiant, over many a loyal, brave girl-heart—an added impulse to you young fellows, to keep well in the van.

It's no "promenade militaire," mind you, nor just a becoming uniform, on occasion, and a cockade on the coach-box; but a life-campaign, with plenty of foot-sore marching, and arm-weary furbishing of lock, and barrel, and bayonet; over and above a deal of stiff, down and up, never say "die" fighting.

What *are* you going to do in that sort of thing, with "no orders"? There is one though, that *comes before enlistment*—for all, since "all" are "out of the way." "God commandeth all men everywhere to repent—repent, and be converted"—in plainest words. Stop! and let God turn you round.

No stern word of command may stay your step; just a memory-whisper of a pleading voice, that for many a year, you know, has been heard only in song-gladness, may bring the order; or the deeper echo of one suddenly hushed, whose reckless laughter had often mingled with your own. And the quick thought pulls you up, "I'm wrong, awfully wrong." As the stayed foot turns, you're in the ranks; and quick and clear comes another order, "Believe! This is His commandment, that we should believe on the Name of His Son Jesus Christ." I'm not preaching to you for your comfort—I can't do much in that line—I'm not *talking at* you; I simply bring you your orders from God's Book of Instructions.

The bugle and the little bugler are nothing—brass and a boy; the note may be very feebly sounded, but it gives the Leader's command! *That*, remember, is not an importunate request. God does indeed "beseech" us to "be reconciled," in Christ's name;—what a most marvellous thing that is! But if we are His soldiers, what we have to do is, *to obey His plain commands.* When an order is given, the thing has got to be done, or attempted; if you cannot go through with it, you have to *go at it.* Just fancy, when the command rings out to form, or advance, a small voice heard from line or square, "Well, but, really——" and another little voice pipes out, "I can't!" True enough, too, *that* might be. Those unlucky Mobiles, had they even got their orders, might have been unable to carry them out: good as their position was, they might have been shelled out of it. Not one order will reach you from the King, but brings its own obedience-power. There is one in His Order-Book we must ever keep memory of:—

"Be strong! thy God hath *commanded* thy strength."

"A strange command, that," you say. "A fellow may screw himself up to an ugly piece of duty; but how on earth is he to '*be strong*' to order?"

He is to be strong "on earth," because he gets his strength from heaven. We will finish the command: "Be strong—in the Lord, and in the power of His might." *That strength* will do for you, will it not?

"Follow!" "Stand!" "Watch!" These, and many another order, will reach you—each one with a blending note of promise-heartening. "Sure, and its beautiful fighting," to go into action, with the positive assurance that the enemy "*shall flee*"! There's one order that you will never hear sounded, "Retreat!" It is not in the Book, not within the compass of the trumpet; no more than there is a white flag, or a white feather, among your appointments. And, mind this, *no* "*mufti.*"

Every command is a text for more sermons than the three 8's could find hours or preachers for. All I have now to tell you is, that *you can obey every one of them.* If you say you cannot, you say God's strength is not sufficient for you. And *He* says *it is.*

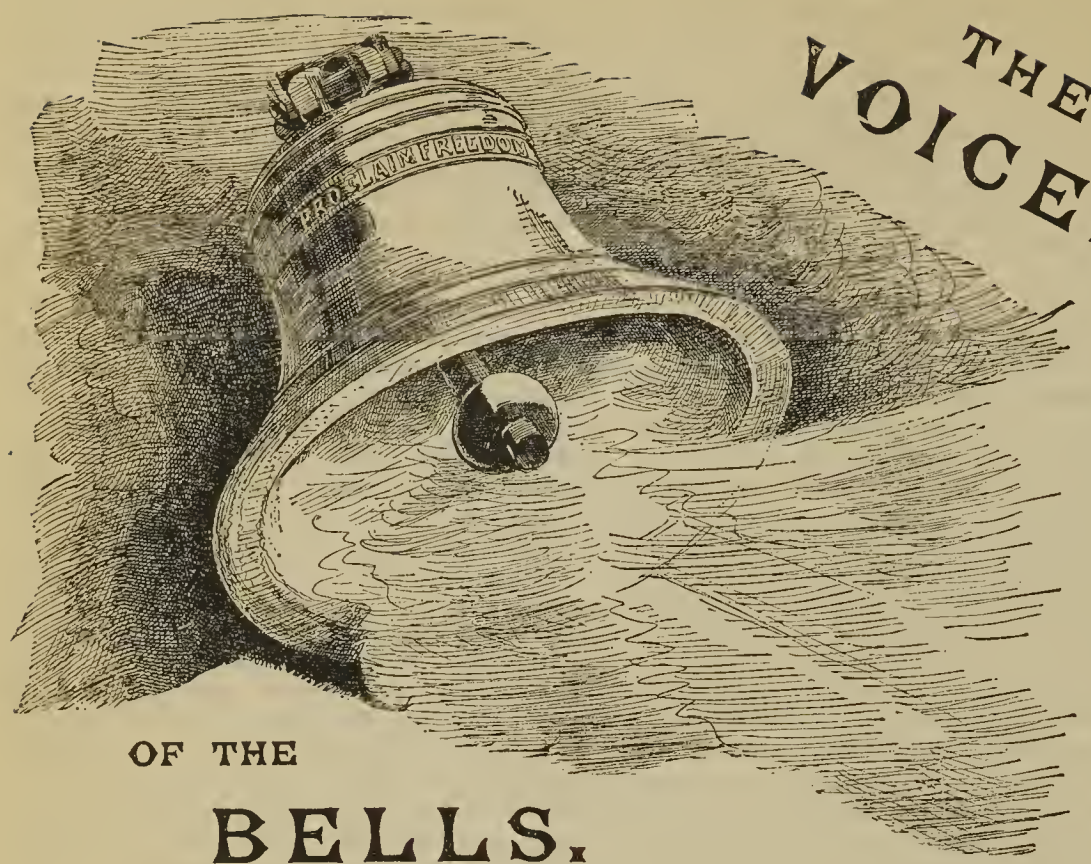
But (*Arcano hoc dico*) "A. 1." *is* rather stiff about "space"; almost as bad as an earnest young friend of mine in the North, who once pressed me to take a slum-service for him; and, tiptoeing to my ear, as I made a big step on to the platform, whispered with hoarse emphasis, "You'll not let the whole concern be over twenty minutes." I'm dreadfully afraid this "concern" has already got beyond limits. Only just a homely word or two about that one all-important order, without having obeyed which, we *cannot even receive* the others, yet which is the one of them all we most boggle at, and blunder over. "*Can't* believe"? What *is* believing? Simply *taking word*—somebody's, anybody's word. In the matter of our souls, and their for ever, and their Saviour, there is of course but One, whose word can be worth taking.

You are "in a corner"—entirely, you admit, through your own folly; that makes it none the better. All your turning things over and over, will not turn that most objectionably explicit document you keep crumpling, and rolling, and unrolling, into an open invitation to a pleasant country house, or a cheque from your godfather.

Comes a tap at your door, and a friend's face inside it. "Well! what is it, old man?"

"May I have a look? Why, you haven't a leg to stand upon! Here, just you leave it in my hands. *I'll* see to this tender epistle. Take first train for my place to-morrow; *it will be all right.*" And you come "right away" out of your corner; and you quite enjoy the dark cold walk to the station in the early morning, to meet your friend.

That's believing; that's "faith," pure and simple. You *just take your friend's word*—that's all. *Do take God's.* Take HIS, who has taken "the handwriting that was against us out of the way, nailing it to His cross"! And, in accepting His "great salvation," obey your Captain's orders.



THE VOICES OF THE BELLS.

BELLS have mingled associations for us all—some sad, some glad ; some of work, and some of play ; some of life, and some of death.

Searching the inmost corners of memory, the first bell whose tones (alas ! they were sorely cracked) have left a record there, is the rising-bell at school. Church bells, of course, I had heard, but they did not specially impress me at that early date ; the dinner-bell must have had meaning for me, though I recall it not ; but that rising-bell at school —oh, ye who have heard its hateful clangour in the grey morning hours, do ye not respond to my memorial groan ?

Far away on the landing above me it would begin, its first distant tones telling of my coming fate. Nearer, nearer, nearer, still muffled by the flooring that intervened, all along the passages above me, until the tramp, tramp of the ringer's feet was heard just above my bed. A moment's silence, as that hateful bell came downstairs ; then it began with redoubled vigour at the further end of the landing on which I was. On, on came that relentless tread, louder and louder clamoured the angry bell ; blankets failed even to dull the intensity of the sound. Then past me, and away into the distance of the corridor it went, giving a last stifled *clang* as it was roughly set down in the niche where it dwelt.

It was possible to get up before the bell rang, it was *too* possible not to get up until some time after it had finished ringing, but to get up while its cracked *crescendo* and *diminuendo* echoed through the house was fairly out of the question. As a snake fascinates a bird, so that bell held me.

The "grown-up" edition of the school-bell is that of the auctioneer. It, however, has the mitigation of being intermittent ; also, it is generally possible to escape its tones, unless you are either being "auctioned off" yourself (in which case even the bell cannot make you more miserable), or else seeking for "bargains" (in which case you deserve all the sufferings that a bad bell can inflict). If I ever entered upon a walking race (I have no immediate intention of so doing), I should stipulate to be started with an auctioneer's bell ringing behind me,—I know of nothing else so potent to accelerate one's steps. A barrel-organ is an approximation, nothing more. The door-bell is also an "aggravator." On the busiest mornings it always rings the most, suggesting possible disturbance in the form of a visitor, when in truth it is but the butcher's boy.

But these are the prosaic bells of our daily lives, the bells that tell of the work-a-day world, with never a touch of romance in their shrill metal tongues.

There are other bells that cause our eyes to dim with tears, or our hearts to leap with rejoicing. Heard you not that slow, deep note that rang through the storm and darkness, when the good old "father of the hamlet" fell "on sleep," or that sadder one in the sweet spring dawning, which told of the death of the miller's little maid ?

Boom ! boom ! the solemn dying away of the sound tells of ebbing life, and as it recurs again and again, it seems a token that, as one life has been hushed to silence, so another will be, and another, and still more,—ours amongst the rest.

But the wedding bells ! Laughing, jostling, tumbling, scrambling, like merry children free from school, how they rang out a peal of silvery gladness as the sweet young bride drove by ! The big bass and the little treble, and the middle-sized ones between, what a wealth of joyous medley burst through the quivering air ! Who ever thought of sorrow on a wedding day ? Ring on, gay bells, ring on ; life is joyous this morning, and it well beseemeth you thus to chime. In years—it may be only *months*—to come, that big bass bell, now so undignified in his merriment, may have to toll out the death of the bridegroom or the bride ; but what of that ? To-day all is sunshine, and the bells have a message of joy.

Stealing through the opened window on a peaceful Sabbath morn, or chiming softly across the level homesteads in the ruddy sunset glow, comes the pleading music of the bells from the old church tower. They have no mystic meaning, but yet they speak. They tell us of the quiet resting-place, the spot set aside for prayer, the gathering souls who come "with one consent" to praise. Out from the houses dotted here and there, out from the hall and the cottage, from the rich and the poor, come "laden souls" at the bells' gentle bidding, and gather in the house of God. For us the bells do nothing, yet each memory of their ringing brings its association of the following sacred hour ; we remember the hush that fell upon us as the chiming ceased, and words of balm and comfort reached our weary ears. True "gospel bells" have they been to many a sin-worn soul !

So far about bells in general ; now a word about bells in particular.

First as to their antiquity. The bells of gold, mentioned in Exodus 28. 34, were probably not bells as we understand the word, but rather jangling pieces of metal. However that may be, the Romans certainly used bells. Lucian, A.D. 180, mentions an instrument worked by water, which rang a bell to measure time. Bells were rung to summon people to the public baths, and also in processions ; hence they naturally passed into the service of the Western Church.

Their first recorded use in sacred services, according to Polydore Vergil, was by Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania, about 400 A.D. In 680 A.D. Benedict, Abbot of Wearmouth, introduced them from Italy ; and in the seventh century Bede mentions them in England. St. Dunstan hung many bells in the tenth century ; and in the eleventh they were not uncommon in Switzerland and Germany. Very old Scotch, Welsh, and Irish bells are still in existence. They are often quadrilateral, made of thin iron plates rivetted together. St. Gall's bell—he was one of the great early Irish missionaries —is still preserved in the monastery of St. Gall, Switzerland.

Bells have had a very marked effect on ecclesiastical architecture. The elevation of church towers is almost entirely due to their presence ; prior to their day, the towers were merely lanterns to admit the light. But the bells did not always belong to the church in which they hung. The burghers now and again had a jealously guarded right to them. The civil wars of Belgium gave a strange significance to her bells. Whoever held the bell-tower could see the enemy, and make his approach widely known. At Antwerp, for instance, the Curfew Carolus, and St. Mary's bells are the property of the citizens, not of the chapter. After the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, in 1453, the use of the bells in the town was forbidden, lest it should prove a signal for a popular revolt. Conquerors commonly melted down the city bells when it was possible to do so.

Presently we have a word to say about bell-ringing ; but first let us make the acquaintance of a few celebrated bells. There is the great bell of Moscow, Tzar Kolokol, which was cast in 1733, remained in the earth 103 years, and was raised by the Emperor Nicholas in 1836. It is cracked, and seems never to have been rung ; a photograph of it upon a platform is very common, and will be familiar to most of my readers. It is used as a chapel. This ungainly monster weighs 440,000 lbs., is 19 feet 3 inches high, and 60 feet 9 inches in circumference. The second Moscow bell, the largest in use, weighs 128 tons ; the

great bell at Peking, 53 tons; that at Nanking, 22 tons; at Vienna, 17 tons; Nôtre Dame, 17 tons; Erfurt, 13 tons. Of our English bells, Great Peter, in York Minster, which cost £2,000 in 1845, weighs 10 tons; the big bell at St. Paul's, 5 tons; and Big Ben, in Westminster clock tower, weighs between 13 and 14 tons. This cracked giant, against whose unmusical note quick-eared Londoners protest, was cast in 1858.

There are some interesting bells at Antwerp. In the carillon there are forty bells, and besides these there are five celebrated ones, with a history attached to each.

The "Honida" is the ancient tocsin, and is dated 1316. It is a queer, long-shaped bell, and out of consideration for its age and infirmities is considerately not rung now. The "curfew," which hangs apart, is rung each day at 5, 12, and 8 o'clock. The "St. Maria" bell, which weighs 4½ tons, rang for the first time when Charles the Bold entered Antwerp in 1467, and is still in excellent condition. The "St. Antoine" bell is best beloved of all by the citizens; and the fifth great bell, the Carolus, was given by Charles V., and weighs 7½ tons. It is made of copper, silver, and gold, and is worth £20,000. The clapper, from always striking on the same place, has worn the bell, so that it is now only rung about twice a year.

The famous "Holy Ghost" bell, at Strasburg, is only rung when two fires are seen in the town at once. It is dated 1375, and weighs 8 tons. It bears the inscription, "O Rex gloriæ Christæ veni cum pace."

One of the Ghent bells bears the following inscription, common in the Low Countries:—

"Mynem naem is Roelant,
Als ick clippe dan is brandt,
Als ick luyde dan is storm in Vlanderland."

That is,—

"My name is Roelant:
When I toll, then it is for a fire;
When I swing, then there is stormy weather in Flanders."

Besides the bells that merely ring, there are the "carillons" or tune-playing chimes. The word comes from the Italian "quadriglio," which was a dreary kind of dance, but being very popular throughout Europe in the 16th century, became the first tune arranged for the tune-playing bells. In the 17th century carillons were found in all the principal towns. Of Antwerp we have already spoken; St. Romband at Mechlin had 44 bells; Bruges, 40, and one bourdon, or heavy bass bell; Ghent, 39; Tournay, 40; St. Gertrude, at Louvain, 40. We read also of a peal of bells sent in 1456 by Pope Caliphus III. to King's College, Cambridge; for three hundred years this remained the largest peal in England.

The immense variety of changes which can be rung upon a peal of bells is almost incredible. 3 bells ring 6 changes; 4 ring 4 times as many as 3—that is, 24; 5 ring 5 times as many as 4—that is, 120. It would take 91 years to ring all the changes upon 12 bells at 2 strokes a second, whilst 24 bells would occupy more than 117 billions of years! The technical names of some of these changes are hunting, dodging, snapping, place-making, plain-bob, bob-triple, bob-major, double-bob-major, grandsire-bob-cator, etc.

There are two methods by which these peals are rung. One is by the rope and old familiar wooden wheel, shown in the open belfry in our picture. The other is by means of special machinery, rough and rude no doubt, but still capable of producing the lovely bell-music, which dances at intervals of seven minutes across the Dutch lowlands. We read of "*carillons aux clavecins, et aux tambours.*" The "tambour" is a revolving barrel like a huge musical box, which is up in a room in all Belgian belfries. The barrel is set with little spikes, which, as the barrel is turned, raise a tongue, which pulls a wire, which lets a hammer fall upon the bell.

But far beyond the *tambour*, both in power and association, is that rude key-board also in the belfry tower, where the choicest musical spirits used to assemble to wake the music of the bells. The *clavecin* key-board looks like a series of rolling-pins, arranged in semi-tones, and on them the player strikes a blow with his clenched fist. Rare music was once showered from these Belgian belfries over the listening plains.

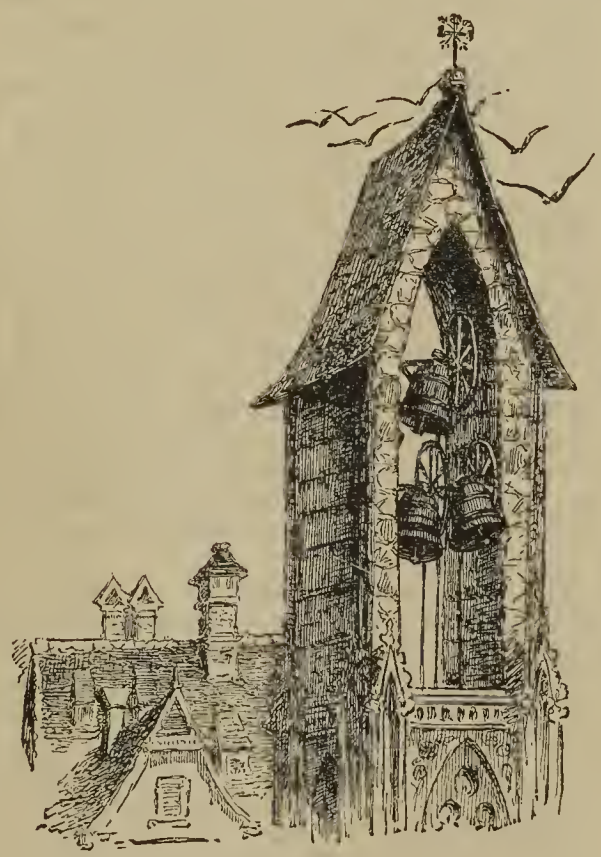
The Van der Gheyns were the greatest family of bell musicians and founders, though other names, such as that of Hemony, are not far behind. The 16th and 17th centuries were the great bell-period of Holland, and her greatest carillonneur, Matthias van der Gheyn.

Our modern bell-founding is characterised by the prosaic spirit of the age, but the early bell-makers lavished loving care upon it. The bells were adorned with bas-reliefs of exquisite beauty, feathers, forest leaves, flowers, portraits, and inscriptions in bad, but quaint Latin.

The method of founding was, briefly, somewhat as follows:—

A brick column about the size of the bell was built, and covered with clay to make it smooth. On this were laid wax flowers, figures, or any decorations or inscriptions which the bell was to bear. The model thus prepared was washed with oil, and then the smoothest and most delicate clay was spread over it in several coats, and common clay spread outside to strengthen it. A fire was lighted underneath, the brickwork in the centre was heated through, then the clay. The wax and oil escaped through a hole at the top, leaving the exact impression of the model upon the inside of the cover. When quite hard, the cover was raised, and suspended some feet above the model. The model, being the size intended for the *outside* of the bell, was then broken up, and a smaller one built. The great cover was then let down, leaving a space between its inner surface and the new model. Into this space, which was just the size of the bell, the hot metal was run; nothing remained but to let it cool, to break up the cover, and there was the bell complete.

We have talked on, you and I, for quite a lengthy time. The bells do not appreciate our attentions, for here, right athwart all the other bells, comes the *dinner*-bell, and we must stop.



"They have no meaning, but yet they speak."

EARLY RISING.

WE advocate early rising, because we believe it is in every way conducive to health and vigour of mind and body. There is great truth in the old proverb, "Too much bed is bad for the head." The question comes, What is too much? Ask some: they will say that they require more sleep than others; perhaps they do, but how much? No rule can be laid down. There is more rhyme than reason in the saying,—

"Nature requires five, custom gives seven,
Laziness takes nine, and wickedness eleven."

There may be truth in the two last, but the first two lines require to be accepted with modification and caution; we cannot lay down any one rule for all alike to adopt; we are not creatures of the line and plummet order, nor rows of brick-bats, that can be set up or laid down at the word of command. Physical structure, temperament, occupation, opportunity, results, all have to be considered.

But giving nature and all the "infirmities that flesh is heir to," due credit and allowance, we are forced into the conviction that we spend too much time in our beds, more than the requirements of nature demand; nay, more than this, if we spent less time than we do, we should be much healthier and more vigorous than we now are.

Nature and common sense alike point to the necessity of a reform in our hours of retiring; eleven at the latest, ten better than eleven; then, as soon as you wake in the morning, get up. The great Duke of Wellington's maxim was, "When you turn, turn out." The requirements of the body will soon adjust themselves to the proper amount of sleep needed; beyond what is thus required is indeed custom and laziness, most hurtful and detrimental to body, mind, and soul. There is a baneful, enervating effect on the physical, mental, and moral faculties of the person who lies snoozing, dozing, dreaming, thinking in bed; persons in health should determinedly set their wills and resolves dead against any such pandering to the flesh. Away with truckling to such sensual, sordid appetites, hibernating like the animals that have nothing else to do. Up from thy sloth and carnal indulgence, act as a man whose sense of responsibility to thyself, thy neighbours, and thy Maker demand the full surrender and devotion of all thy powers to a complete discharge of thy duties, which can never be done by a cowardly, selfish surrender of thyself into the complacency and senselessness of late rising.

IS CHRISTIANITY CONDUCIVE TO MANLINESS?

By ARTHUR E. ABEL.

IN some form or another this question has forced itself upon the mind of every young man who has thoughtfully and earnestly considered the claims of the gospel of Jesus Christ. "How is it," said a young friend to me once, "that I meet with a better type of manhood on the river or the foot-ball field than I do in the prayer-meeting and Bible-class?" If we admit that such is the case, we must conclude either that the gospel does not appeal very strongly to *men* as such, or that it fails to make *men* of men, or that it is very defectively preached now-a-days to men. The first two suppositions we cannot allow for one moment. Upon the last we will not now pronounce an opinion.

It is true, however, that among a certain class of young men the idea is prevalent that religion is all very well in its place—its "place" being the heart of the child, the "old woman," and the man well advanced in years. But it is suspected of having a tendency to destroy true, honest, open-hearted manliness. This is a serious indictment, but it is as untrue as it is serious, and therefore does not cause us a moment's anxiety. We are confident, from what we know of the gospel itself, and from a wide observation of its effects, when sincerely embraced, that it does appeal to all that is noble, courageous, and strong in the human heart; and also, that it makes the man who accepts it infinitely more manly than he was before.

Let any one read down the list of earth's great ones—apostles, martyrs, reformers, missionaries, and the like, and then ask himself the question,—"Did the gospel of Jesus Christ make these men in any sense effeminate? or can we not trace their courage, self-sacrifice, and thorough heroism to its glorious influence upon their hearts?" What would Paul have been but for the gospel? What Luther? What Captain Hedley Vicars? What General Gordon? What Livingstone? What Bishop Hannington? We have only selected a few names out of thousands. Let each make a list for himself, and remember that our cemeteries and graveyards contain the dust of unnumbered Christian heroes, whose names have never been heralded by the trumpet of Fame.

Of course it is very easy to reply that these men possessed the noble traits of character for which they are famous, before they came under the influence of Christianity—that they were *men* first and Christians afterwards. But, if this is true, it goes a long way to prove what we have already affirmed, namely, that the religion of Jesus Christ has charmed many of the grandest specimens of manli- that ever trod this earth. And more than this. Could we call them one and all into the witness-box, they would unhesitatingly testify that their nobility, bravery, self-sacrifice, and all the best characteristics with which their names are associated, would never have been what they were, had they not given themselves, body, soul, and spirit, to their Saviour.

Much, however, depends upon what you mean when you use the word "manliness." God has His idea of what a true man should be, and the worldling has another. We are not surprised if we discover that these do not agree in every particular. His thoughts are not our thoughts. God once said, "Thou fool," to one who had a very satisfactory opinion of himself as a wise and prudent man. And He has said "Thou coward" to many a man who has been considered brave by his companions. If your idea of a *man* is one who "talks big," swears, drinks, bets, and fights, there is nothing in Christianity that will assist in the formation of such a character. But if manliness consists in patience, forbearance, self-government, purity, courage, and uprightness, then, we affirm, these are the very fruits of that Spirit whom the Saviour has promised to bestow upon every one that believeth. In other words, true manliness is produced by a living union with Him who through time and eternity will stand alone as the great embodiment of God's design and desire of what a man should be.

The gospel is slowly yet surely lifting the standard of real manliness, even in the eyes of the world. There was a time when the hero was the man who had more of the "brute" in him than his fellows. Mere physical strength, prowess in battle, the boast of numbers slain,—these called forth the applause of men and the admiration of the fair. To a very considerable extent, we are happy to say, this state of things has given way. We seem now to be passing through what may be termed the Intellectual stage. The man of thought, culture, imagination, carries off the palm. But there is a higher standard yet to be reached—that of Goodness or Moral Beauty. Before the man who is in the highest sense good, both brute force and intellectual force will dwindle into comparative insignificance. And if feeble minds and puny, sickly bodies are the results of sin, we may reasonably believe that the time will come when a noble, healthy frame, a cultivated intellect, and a Christ-like heart will be found more frequently than at present in one and the same person.

We admit that there are effeminate Christian young men. We regret to have to state that we know several such. They are good, earnest, harmless fellows enough, but they lack force, backbone, and manly vitality. Their virtues are rather negative than positive. We know them best by what they *are not*, rather than by what they are. They do shine for Christ, but their light is not strong and brilliant enough to be very attractive to those who are acquainted with them. But, we ask, is the gospel to be blamed for this? Would they, think you, be more manly without it? Do you complain that the sea air is not bracing, because along the promenade or on the beach you meet persons who are consumptive and weak?

The New Testament idea of a Christian man is that of one in whom the character of Jesus is reproduced. We do not become like Him merely by imitating Him, but by becoming, by faith, one with Him. "He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." When Christ is not only a man's Example, but is *formed* in him, depend upon it, the weak, the sickly, the effeminate will go, and the manly will appear. Says the Apostle John, "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are *strong*, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one." Such young men are needed in the Church of Christ more to-day than ever. When the world sees that the gospel can produce such, He who was a *young man* when He died on Calvary will achieve victories that the Church hardly yet dreams of.

THE CALL AND THE RESPONSE.

"Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and He shall say, *Here I am*."—Isa. 58. 9.

IS there any word in the Bible full of greater encouragement to earnest prayer? Is it not as cold waters to a thirsty soul? We have in it the cry of the needy soul, and the Lord's presence immediately made known as the answer. Sometimes, when we pray, God seems far off from us, and it is difficult to realise that He is indeed near to His people for all that they call upon Him for; but here we have the comforting truth, that whenever we cry unto Him from the heart, He does Himself draw near immediately to help and bless. "Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon Thee, Thou saidst, Fear not." "He shall say, *Here I am*."

Just as the little child in the dark night wakes up, and is full of fear until the mother's gentle voice is heard saying, "Here I am, close beside you; my child, you need not fear," and the child goes to sleep again in peace. Or as a traveller in an unknown land, for a moment loses sight of his guide in the darkness; terror seizes his heart, until the reassuring word is heard, "Here I am, still beside you, though you cannot see me," and he treads along the rugged path full of confidence. Just so are God's children cheered and comforted in their lonely hours, by the sweet whisper of His love.

Oh! see to it, that in every need, in every temptation, in every difficulty of life, your first act is to call upon God, to cry unto Him, and most assuredly the answer shall come, "Here I am."

The special request you bring may not always be granted, but of *this* you may feel quite sure, the cry shall be heard and responded to.

WHAT I GOT BY RELEASING A "BLUE-BOTTLE."

ON the front of my father's house in Essex were some fine old climbing rose-trees. One beautiful holiday morning, while walking along the terrace, I heard the plaintive sound of a large blue-bottle fly, caught in a spider's web high up on the wall. Looking up, my heart moved me to try to release the poor thing from the grasp of the spider. I climbed up the old rose-tree with no small difficulty, and the buzz of "Thank you" from the blue-bottle, as with my finger I set it free, was very satisfactory.

On turning round to make my perilous descent, I observed, hanging in the spider's web, a curious little dried rose-calyx, or seed-vessel, with three small seeds projecting from it. On reaching the ground, the treasure was soon shown to my father, who was son of a widely-known Naturalist, and he pronounced it to be the veritable seed of the White Banksia Rose. This was very remarkable, as it had never before been known to produce seed in England.

After sowing the precious seeds, I had the joy of seeing two little seedling rose-trees spring up, and, in due course, had the intense pleasure of watching one of these produce some exquisitely fragrant flowers, less double, but much more fragrant than those of its very sweet parent.

I need scarcely tell those interested in gardening what pure delight it gave me to watch their development.

Even in this world, kindness rarely misses its reward.

A VISIT TO THE PASS OF O-JIGOKU.

By Mrs. Orme Webb.

SOME four years ago, my husband, brother, and myself made a tour round the world, and in the course of our travels we spent some weeks "up country" in Japan, living in "tea-houses," and having some very strange experiences.

One morning we set off to visit the Pass of O-jigoku (which means in literal English, "Big Hell"), of whose weird scenery we had heard so much. I rode in the native chair, or "kangó," which is a sort of sedan slung under a pole, and carried by two bearers, and is calculated to give a severe attack of cramp in five minutes.

The road being all up-hill and very rough, I was bumped about terribly, and was not at all sorry to get out when we reached a small wood or jungle of high bamboo grass, through which the kango could not pass. There I was seized upon by our guide, and dragged through bodily, and at last, panting and breathless with our struggles through the thick grass, we stood and looked round us at the Pass.

I wish I could describe the strange scene. Imagine high brown mountains, or hills perhaps I should call them, rising on all sides, bare of all vegetation, and steep and rocky; here and there a stunted and dead tree lay on the ground, twisted into strange shapes and torn up by the roots by the stones which constantly rolled down the hill-side. In a rocky gorge a foaming stream of boiling hot water rushed down and emptied itself into a boiling torrent below, above which was a narrow path, which we eyed with some distrust.

Our guide warned us to walk in single file some yards apart, as it is not safe for two persons to stand together, owing to the thinness of the crust,—and indeed we shuddered to see how thin it was. One of us poked a stick into the ground, and instantly fumes of sulphuric steam arose, the smell of which was almost unbearable.

Added to this, from all sides rose strange roaring and bubbling sounds, under our very feet at times, as if some imprisoned demon was trying to force its way out. We felt as if we ought only to speak in whispers, the whole scene was so weird and horrible, and we prepared to return; however, our guide led us towards the path we had seen on the hill-side, and resigning ourselves to fate, we very meekly followed him, and soon found ourselves walking on a narrow ledge of shifting sand, with nothing but slippery bamboo grass here and there to hold on to, and nothing whatever to keep us from rolling down into the boiling torrent below.

It was a curious sensation, and I looked back despairingly at my fellow-sufferers. They wore a somewhat chastened expression, and nodded to me in a half-hearted manner, I fancied. It would not have been so bad if only the pebbles would have rolled down the hill in any other direction; but they rattled against our ancles in the most trying manner, and tested one's good temper. At last our sturdy little guide stopped and gave me his hand; I felt as if I was losing my head, and must roll down into the water. "It isn't safe to walk together," shouted my husband, but I was reckless, and did not care, and we soon reached firm ground, and all sat down and surveyed the past scene. My brother mournfully rubbed his bruised ancles.

"Well, you have seen the source of the sulphur springs," remarked my husband, as though starting a new idea; and as I gazed at the weird, bird-less, tree-less place, I replied, "Yes, and I don't care if I never see it again."

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL S.S. LESSON.

By Rev. J. H. Thorpe, M.A.

June 3rd.

Jesus Crucified.—*Matt.* 27. 33-53.

Golden Text.—*Phil.* 2. 8.

ON a subject so full, it is very difficult to write short notes. The teacher may treat it in many ways.

I. The Passover.—Point out the object of the original institution, and show how perfectly every minute detail was fulfilled at the cross, even to the presence of the hyssop (John 19. 29), and His death just after 3 o'clock—at the time of the slaying of the lamb.

II. Another lesson might be founded on the various characters seen at the cross, and their relationship to Jesus. (1) The heathen world in the Roman soldiers. (2) The ignorant and godless world in the passers by. (3) The bigoted and superstitious ecclesiastical world in the chief priests. (4) The openly abandoned in the two thieves. (5) The faithful followers in the many women (see ver. 55).

III. Or, the sins clustering round the cross, types of sins borne on the cross.

IV. Again, you may see here three sorts of *mocking*. (1) The common people—thoughtless scoffers. (2) The priests—hateful and spiteful scoffers. (3) The criminals—saddest of all scoffing.

V. The lesson may be studied as a series of contrasts. Effects of the phenomena of the cross—on "the rest," ver. 49, and the centurion, ver. 54. Christ strong to save in the hour of weakness—the penitent thief. As crucified persons were stripped naked—what a contrast! His nakedness and our covering through His nakedness! Intention and reality—His accusation was set over Him to mock, whereas it described no crime, really proclaimed His innocence, and described His true office. Contrast the two trees—the cross and the forbidden tree in Eden. The serpent was overcome on a tree, having first overcome man upon a tree. The cross and the Word—see the honour put on the Word of God; every point must be fulfilled. The cross—a mirror, where we see our guilt, God's law in its terrible demands, our sufferings laid on Another; a seal of God's grace and mercy, of our safety and of our acceptance.

VI. Or consider His death as a great result (1) of the world's deadly hate, (2) of His own unconquerable love, (3) of God's grace.

He drank the second drink because (1) the wine was unmixed, (2) Now the moment of rest had come, (3) That the Scriptures might be fulfilled. He rejected the first, for He would not have the world's consolation.

When He was born, night became bright by the shining of the star; when He died, the midday sun was darkened into night. The teacher will, of course, dwell on the punishment of the cross as that used for slaves, and only the worst malefactors; as the most prolonged and painful death.

Calvary, a hill outside the city, now recognised as "a knoll of rock about sixty feet high, of rounded form, covered with shallow soil and grass, in full view of the great northern road from the city." "In its form, and certain old tombs, which simulate sockets of eyes, it has a remarkable resemblance to a skull partly buried in the ground."

As the lesson opens directly with scene on Calvary, make this the starting-point, telling scholars to place themselves in imagination on that green hill "without a city wall," and there, "*by the cross of Jesus*," do *four things*:—

Look, Listen, Realise, Determine.

Look *at the Way Christ Travelled.* From garden to palace, where He was twice examined, buffeted by soldiers, taken to Pilate, to Herod, back to Pilate, scourged, sentenced, cross laid on Him; meets Simon the Cyrenian. Words to women on the way.

Look at the Arrangements for Crucifixion. Hole dug in ground. Cross on ground; Christ laid on it; nails driven in.

Look at His Sufferings. "The most terrible and shameful death of antiquity." "Death by crucifixion included dizziness, cramp, thirst, starvation, sleeplessness, publicity of shame, long continuance of torment, horror of anticipation, mortification of untended wounds—all intensified just up to the point at which they can be endured at all, but all stopping just short of that point which would give the relief of unconsciousness."—*Farrar.* "It is on record that a soldier once said that of all the awful sounds human ears could listen to, the worst, most terrible out of hell were those pitiable cries, in the solemn silence of midnight, from the lonely hill where crucified men were hanging in agonies out of which they could not even die, whilst a breath remained to suffer with." Some ladies of Jerusalem made it their mission to prepare a drink for the prisoners, which would deaden their consciousness. This Christ would not accept (ver. 34). He bore the full burden. He died through *a broken heart.* This asserted by doctors, who prove it through blood and water flowing from side.

Look at His Companions. Thieves (Isa. 53. 9; ver. 38).

Look at those around Him. The cross was low, so that the sea of faces only slightly below. First the group of women; soldiers, holding part of His raiment (ver. 35); sneering scribes (ver. 41); timid, cowardly friends.

Look at His Accusation (ver. 37).

Darkness shuts in the scene (ver. 45).

Listen. Get scholars to repeat seven sayings, also "Truly this was," etc. Sneers (vers. 45, 46).

Realise *that He is your Redeemer* (1 John 1. 7).

Your King, though a crucified prisoner. Cross once a symbol of shame, now of glory (Gal. 6. 14).

Your Inspiration (Phil. 4. 13). Illustration: Dying Indian chief who caused himself to be laid on a cross outside his tent, and died, exclaiming, "It lifts me! it lifts me!"

Determine *to accept Him.* "*My* Lord and *my* God."

To vow Allegiance to Him. "From this day forth, and for evermore."

To do Him Service. Illustration. Hymn, "Something for Thee."

C. Skinner.

NOTES ON THE Y.M.C.A. BIBLE CLASS LESSON.

June 3rd.

Seven S's.—*Luke* 15. 1-7.

A CERTAIN class of people who came to Him—*sinners.*

I. What is sin?

"Sin is the transgression of the law" (1 John 3. 4).

"All unrighteousness is sin" (1 John 5. 17).

"Whatsoever is not of faith is sin" (Rom. 14. 23).

"The thought of foolishness is sin" (Prov. 24. 9).

"He that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin" (James 4. 17).

Now a sinner is one who fails in the above.

II. What is the sinner likened to? *Sheep.*

(1) Because of its *stupidity* in wandering into danger (Is. 53. 6). We well remember reading of two sheep in the north of Scotland wandering from the fold, and straying to a cliff which overlooked a railway; they were unable to get back, and finally fell over the cliff.

(2) Because of its *helplessness* when in danger.

III. Who went after the sheep?—The *Shepherd.* Oh, what a Shepherd He is! There is none like Him.

(1) He is God's Shepherd, who has borne the wrath of God for us (Zech. 13. 7).

(2) He is the Good Shepherd, who has laid down His life (John 10. 11).

(3) He is the Great Shepherd, who is risen from the dead (Heb. 13. 20).

(4) He is the Chief Shepherd, who is coming again (1 Pet. 14).

(5) He is the One Shepherd over the one flock (John 10. 16).

IV. What did the Shepherd do? *Sought* until He found it "Have you found Christ?" asked a Christian worker of a man. "No," was the reply; "but He has found me."

V. Where did the shepherd put the sheep? On his *shoulders.* Mark on his shoulders. In Isaiah 6. 9, we read that "the government shall be upon His shoulder." He only needs one shoulder for the government of the world, but He needs both when He brings a poor, lost sinner home. Creation is the work of His fingers, but in saving a sinner He bares His arm. At creation He spoke, and it was done, but in redemption He gave Himself.

VI. *Singing.* The Shepherd rejoiced at the recovery of the sheep (Zeph. 3. 17).

VII. The *satisfaction* of the Shepherd in finding the sheep expressed in the words, "Rejoice with Me."

Sunderland. F. E. Marsh.

CHRISTMAS EVANS: THE BUNYAN OF WALES.

CHAPTER II.

SOON after this he became a Baptist, being baptized at Aberdeen, when in his twentieth year; and with this body of Christians he developed his powers, exerted his influence, and accomplished his work.

Christmas Evans' first settlement was as pastor of the Church at Lleyn, in Carnarvonshire; and here it was that he met the wife of his youth, in the person of Catherine Jones, in whom he had a true helpmeet.

Christmas Evans had no conception of household duties; he and his wife, however, made up an excellent whole. He was doctrinal, poetical, and mystical, and she was experimental and intensely practical.

One day they happened to be without potatoes for dinner, and it appeared too cold to dig any out of the garden.

Christmas said to his wife, "Never mind, Kitty, trust in the Lord; Providence will give us potatoes for dinner."

She turned upon him sharply, and replied, "Chris, you go to the top of that mountain and sit down, and I'll go into the garden to dig, and see to whom Providence will send potatoes first."

What a gathering is a Welsh Association! The "*session*" of the Methodists, and "*Cymanfa*" of the Independents and Baptists have exerted historical influence upon the Principality, and show how characteristic is the Welshman's intense love of preaching.

At these periodical assemblies there would be gathered 5,000, 10,000, 20,000, 25,000, and even 30,000 people, all having come purposely to spend the hours in listening to the gospel being proclaimed.

At such an Association, of necessity held in the open air, Christmas Evans preached in 1794, and to him was given the doubtful compliment of preaching the last of three at the ten o'clock service.

The two preceding preachers had been tedious and long, and the day being hot, the people had become wearied, and many had wandered to the shade of trees, the vast congregation becoming woefully scattered.

Such was the aspect of things when the stranger rose to continue the already long service. His very appearance, as an untried man, commanded attention, whilst his musical voice, like a trumpet, enlisted all ears, and every face turned with strange expectancy towards him. Five minutes, and what a transformation! the wandering, scattered and listless pressed into the crowd, and in a deathlike silence listened to the preacher.

What a magical effect! See the immense crowd swayed to and fro, like trees in a tempest, by the words of an unknown preacher. No one could resist the mysterious influences. People and preachers joined in the shouts of praise, the exclamations burst, like peals of thunder, from different directions.

His preaching was largely allegorical, and hence he is known as the Bunyan of Wales, and the Bunyan of the Pulpit; and doubtless the designation is true, for he was a master of allegory and metaphor; similitude, figure, and parable sparkled in all his sermons.

The parable of the "Journey of the young Child," with all its anachronisms, is a perfect specimen of his kind. Nothing can exceed the solemn grandeur and devout majesty of his "Graveyard scene," or, as some call it, "The Cemetery World." The quaintest of his descriptions is found in his sermon on the "Demoniacs of Gadara"; and though it would shock the sensibilities of Christians of to-day, the scene and conversation were most natural, and the impression produced and lessons enforced would be marked ones.

He possessed the dangerous gift of sarcasm, but he used it prudently. He had never been to College, but he gave himself to study, and acquired a fair knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, gaining the reputation of being learned.

On one of his annual journeys he was overtaken by a student, who sneeringly remarked, "Good-day, Mr. Evans; where is the donkey you had last year? You must be weary without him."

"Oh no, young man, good-day," answered Mr. Evans. "The donkeys are very scarce in our country just now; they have turned them into students, and not one is left."

After three years Mr. Evans left Lleyn, and accepted a call to Anglesea. "The salary was larger, and therefore he went," is the sarcastic remark of one who enjoys a hit at ministers. The salary *was* larger, and what a salary it was! At Lleyn he received the munificent amount of £15 per annum; and when he became "Bishop of Anglesea," he received £2 per year more.

Surely the bitterest foe of Christianity, or the most parsimonious and economical professors of it, cannot say he was overpaid. It seems almost incredible that, after preaching two sermons at a place, one Sabbath, the treasurer slipped into his hand the remarkable sum of one shilling and sixpence. Christmas gazed at the amount, and then playfully remarked, "*Tell me which was the sixpenny sermon, for I will never preach it again.*"

No sooner had he settled in Anglesea, than he appointed a day of humiliation and confession, which resulted in a great awakening.

He had under his charge twelve churches, each of which he visited monthly. The care of these churches, and the very success which he achieved, placed him in difficulties; for the people were poor, and could not build chapels for themselves.

To help on the work, he undertook to go on begging tours into South Wales and England. The amount he collected in this way cannot be computed; but it must have been some thousands of pounds, for he made no less than forty journeys (each of them occupying as long as six weeks), preaching in every hamlet, village, and town through which he passed, generally twice, if not thrice, daily. He is stated to have been a very effective beggar.

It is sad to reflect that the latter days of such a veteran should be cloudy. Complaints were made that he was too authoritative in the Church; and perhaps he was, but were the Churches free from blame?

He left Anglesea, after labouring incessantly for forty years; and it must have been a touching spectacle, to behold a venerable apostle leaving the scene of such prolonged service, the dust of the dear dead, and breaking a thousand ties to undertake fresh work for the Master.

The fact will ever blot the history of the Churches of Anglesea, though it may have been somewhat obliterated by the recall which they gave him, a few years afterwards. He left Anglesea, and laboured successfully at Caerphilly, Cardiff, and Carnarvon.

As the church at the latter place was burdened with a debt, he determined to go on another begging tour, which he did; but it proved his last.

In the course of his journey he arrived at Swansea on a Monday evening, and preached in English at the English chapel. His text was, "*Beginning at Jerusalem.*" He was very feeble, but there were sparkles and gleams of greatness in his sermon, which were highly appreciated. When descending the pulpit stairs he said, loud enough for many to hear, "This is my last sermon"; and so it proved, for that night he was taken seriously ill, and grew gradually worse.

On Friday morning, at two o'clock, the friends and ministers in the town having been hastily summoned, he spoke his last words: "I am leaving you. I have been labouring in the sanctuary for fifty-three years; and my confidence and consolation at this crisis is, that I have not laboured in vain. *Preach Christ to the people, my brethren. Look at me; in myself I am nothing but ruin, but in Christ Jesus I am heaven and salvation.*"

Then he repeated joyously four lines of a Welsh hymn, and, turning to his mourning friends, said in English, "*Good-bye, drive on,*" and immediately fell asleep.

So passed away this prince of preachers,—so declined the brilliant star which filled Wales with its light for sixty years. The glow of its glory has not yet faded; rather, it seems increasing in brightness; for historians are just beginning to recognize the marvellous power and character of this great man.

Eternity only will reveal the majesty of his character and work, and yet how poorly recompensed! What slight recognition have his splendid services had in the Christian Church generally.

"Amidst the noblest of the land, men lay the brave to rest,
And give the bard an honoured place with costly marble drest,
In the old minster transept, where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings and the organ rings along the emblazoned wall."

For those who, like our hero, have spent their lives in seeking to restore the Golden Age of which poets sing, the world has no crown, or chapel, or place in the Temple of Fame. But let them have a niche in the hearts of true Christians, and a chamber in the temple of God; and they have an immortality which is lasting as the throne of God, and a crown which glistens for a blessed Eternity.



MOTHER OF THE LATE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

Louise Augusta Wilhelmina Amelia, sixth child of Prince Charles Louis of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Princess Frederica Caroline Louise of Hesse-Darmstadt, born March 10*th*, 1776*; married, December* 24*th*, 1793, *to Frederick William, Crown Prince of Germany, with whom she ascended the throne in* 1797. *Queen Louise died at Hohenzieritz, July* 1809.

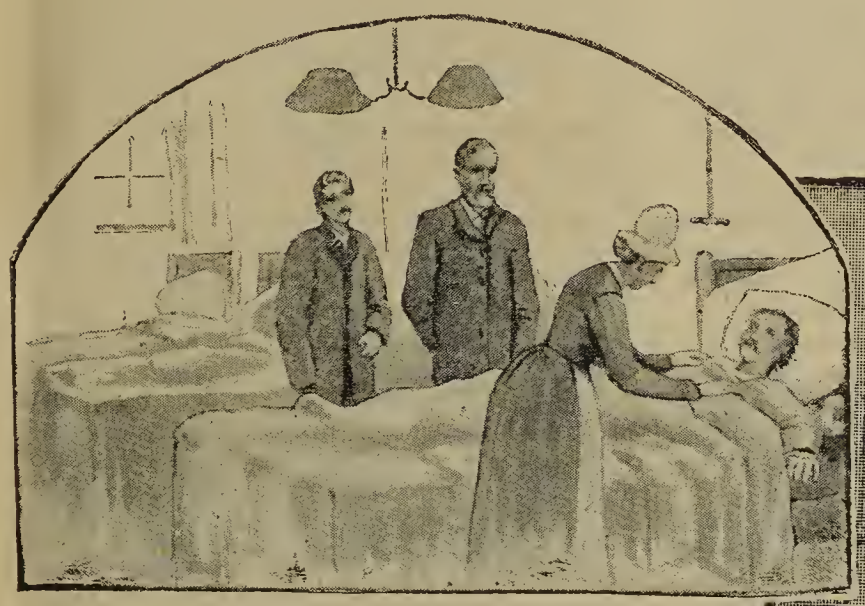
IN HER, GERMANY SAW

its best self personified; love of liberty and country, pleasure in domestic and family life, taste for poetry, deep and quick gratitude for all the gifts of God.—*See page* 428.

MAY 5, 1888. "A.1." ONE PENNY.

THAT HOUSE IN LONDON.

By L. T. MEADE,
Author of "Scamp and I," "A Knight of To-day," "Great St. Benedict's," "The O'Donnells of Inchfawn," "Water Gipsies," etc., etc.



"Her touch was delightfully soothing."



"In an instant he was in the middle of the street."

CHAPTER XXII.

ALEXIS had been provided by the prison authorities with a small sum of money; he had also been given much excellent advice by his kind friend, the prison chaplain. It is to be doubted whether he thought much of the advice, but he certainly was careful of the small store of money.

When he had escaped from prison, two years ago, he had been a creature more or less indefinite of purpose, more or less weak and vacillating of will. Now he had a purpose strong and defined enough. He had a goal to which he steered, and great must be the obstacle which would interfere with his reaching it.

He reached the railway station, and took a third class ticket to London. He knew Graham lived in London, and therefore he, too, must make London his home.

His clothes fitted him badly—they were obsolete in cut; his closely-cut hair, his injured hands, also proclaimed him to be a man who, for a time, had not kept count with other men.

He knew perfectly that he had the flavour of the prison about him; that others would recognise at a glance that he was one of those unfortunate human beings who had dropped out of the life-race, and who now could never, never hope to win any worldly success.

At another time, Alexis would have been intensely, morbidly sensitive on this point. He was not so now; his mind was so full of another subject, that he gave very little thought to the significant glances of his fellow-passengers; he did not mind the little asides they whispered

one to another, nor the curious and suspicious glances they darted at his toil-roughened hands.

As the train neared London, a man, egged on by another, entered into conversation with the ex-prisoner. He talked about the current events of the day—of course Alexis had never heard of them; he alluded to matters of interest a year ago—Alexis owned profound ignorance.

Now the passengers in the railway carriage began to draw away from the outcast; their suspicions were certainties; they would leave the degraded being to himself.

Alexis only smiled when he saw this.

"They cannot interfere with my revenge," he said to himself. "I care for nothing in the wide world but my revenge."

The train steamed into Waterloo station, the passengers dispersed, and Jonas Alexis once more found himself a free man in a free world. Things were not now as they were two years ago. Then he was doubtless free; but he was only free because he was not found; he was only free because his *old chum* had not yet marked him out as his prey.

Now he was free, indeed; he might be hated and despised, and looked down upon, but the law could not touch him; he had paid its extreme penalty; he could go where he liked, he could use his own name, he was not in the smallest danger.

It was delightful not to be afraid of the law; this first taste of liberty, after those long captive years, was positively exhilarating.

It was night when he got to Waterloo. He walked from the station, and presently found himself on the top of an omnibus, which took him across Waterloo Bridge. He dismounted in Wellington Street, and was soon in the gaily lighted Strand. The night was fine; the streets were thronged; men and women hurried to and fro; omnibuses and cabs jostled one another on the crowded roadway. The shops were very bright and gay.

Alexis walked very slowly, gazing into the shop windows as he crept along. A policeman came up to him, and requested him to move on. He did so, smiling to himself as he remembered that he need not now cringe before these protectors of the peace.

He came to a large restaurant, and there discovered that he was hungry—almost starving. He went in at once, and ordered a substantial meal.

Here again he observed the people glanced at him, smiling at the cut of his coat, and frowning at his roughened hands. Alexis had a delicate, almost refined face, altogether out of keeping with these toil-worn hands.

He ate the excellent dinner he had ordered, however, without minding either smiles or frowns, paid for it out of his slender store of money, and once more went out into the street.

The theatres were open, and it suddenly occurred to him that he would go to one. He mingled with the crowd at the pit entrance of one of the largest houses. When the doors opened, he pushed and jostled with the rest of the eager pleasure-seekers, and managed to secure for himself a seat in the front.

The motive of the play came home to him well. A man had been treated badly—the man would avenge himself. Alexis listened with all his ears, and watched with all his eyes. When the crisis came, and the victim fell under the hand of the avenger, he shouted aloud in his joy and excitement.

"That was well done," he said, wiping some drops of moisture from his pale brow. "That was as it should be."

So fierce did he look, so almost fiendish was the expression of his eyes, that a pretty fair-haired girl, who sat by his side, shrank away from him in some alarm.

The play was over, and the crowd once more was turned into the streets. Alexis had always been a temperate man. For many years now he had, of course, not touched anything stronger than water; but he was so excited to-night, so overwrought, that he could not resist the temptation of turning into a gaily-lighted gin-palace.

Here he ordered some whisky and water; he drank one tumbler, then another. The quantity he imbibed was small, but in his weak and excited state, it got into his head before he was in the least aware. A little before midnight he staggered out of the public-house, and now he reeled along the foot-path, a truly miserable object.

At the corner of the street there was a noise, a bustle, a confusion. Alexis looked behind him; he suddenly became frightened and bewildered. Was he really not free, after all? Were the police again pursuing him? Was it a dream that his term of imprisonment was over?

His head seemed to spin round and round. What tall figure was that approaching him? A policeman—surely, surely, and to lock him up! He uttered a cry, and darted from the hand which had almost grasped his shoulder. In an instant he was in the middle of the street; the next moment he was down—down—while a thousand hammers seemed to beat on his brain, a thousand lights danced before his eyes, and then all was darkness and insensibility.

The wheel of a heavy dray had gone over one of his legs, crushing and mangling it. The very policeman who had intended to run him into the lock-up for the night now helped to carry him to the nearest hospital.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ALEXIS was taken to Charing Cross Hospital. He was unconscious when he arrived; he was unconscious for many hours after.

When he came to himself he found that he was strapped down on a narrow white bed, that a strange weight seemed to pervade all his limbs, and that his head felt dazed and queer.

For a time he could recollect nothing; he thought that he was once again in his prison cell, that his time of imprisonment was not yet over, and that the voice of the warder would soon be heard bidding him get up from his hard and unrefreshing couch.

He became quite sure of this, and wondered dimly why all his limbs felt so leaden. He had as yet only half-unclosed his eyes, and therefore was quite unaware of the fact that the room in which he lay was both large and lofty, and that many other narrow beds, similar to his own, were placed at intervals along its walls.

Presently he felt something cool touching his lips; this was not quite like the prison, but he found himself intensely thirsty, and swallowed the refreshing drink thankfully, but with no sense of wonder. He was better after it, and now opened his eyes more fully.

After all, the day had not come—the warder would not call him yet—the light in the room was certainly artificial; how queer to have artificial light in a cell. Then he noticed the size of the apartment, and finally, that it had other inmates. Little groans came from other white beds, some restless movements, some impatient words.

A figure dressed in cool, light-coloured clothes, kept flitting about, now stooping over this bed, now over that. The figure was that of a woman, and her movements were very quiet, calm, and dignified.

Except at chapel on Sundays, it was many long months since Alexis had seen a woman, and the female prisoners at Portland, in their prison dress, were but sorry specimens of what a woman might be.

This quiet nurse belonged to a totally different order of beings; it became refreshing to Alexis to watch her. He now knew that he was not in his prison cell, but his brain was still far too dull and confused to speculate as to the why or the wherefore which had brought him into this unaccustomed place.

He lay absolutely motionless, his eyes alone moving, as they followed the night nurse from place to place. Presently she came up to him again, and raised his head and smoothed his pillow.

"You are better now, my poor fellow," she said, in a voice which fell like music on his ear.

"I'm not at Portland, then?" he said, looking up at her, and speaking in a very hoarse tone.

Many people would have shrunk away at these words, but the sister did not. Her full dark eyes grew a shade more pitiful.

"You are at Charing Cross Hospital," she replied; "you have had an accident; does your leg hurt you?"

"It burns, and I can't move it; is it broken? I can't remember anything."

"Don't try; your leg has been considerably hurt. Drink this soothing draught, it will enable you to get some sleep."

She poured something out of a bottle, and gave it to him, raising his head again as she did so, in order to enable him to swallow the mixture with greater ease.

Her touch was delightfully soothing, and he would have liked her to remain by his side. Some other patient, however, called her, and she had to hurry off.

Then Alexis was left for some hours alone. They were perhaps the longest hours of his whole life. The soothing draught was not sufficiently powerful to dull the ever-increasing pain in his leg. Before the morning, that pain increased to torture; he had to set his teeth and clench his hands to keep himself from screaming.

The next day the ex-prisoner of Portland prison was delirious. Kenneth Graham, expecting he knew not what of revenge and mischief, little knew that Jonas Alexis had again for a time been removed from his path—nay, that there was a chance of his altogether ceasing to be an obstacle in a clever and bad man's career.

The doctors thought badly of Alexis, and feared that he would not have strength to bear up against the amputation of the wounded leg, which seemed necessary.

Days passed—during these days Alexis lay truly within the shadow of death. He was delirious nearly all the time, and, perhaps, fortunately, his delirium took him back to early and happy days.

He talked in the language of a boy, and about boyish things. He was back again in a country cottage with his mother; he was bird-nesting, and fishing, and playing cricket with another boy; he looked up to the other boy with affection; he always mentioned his name in a tone of endearment; then gradually, as he grew worse and weaker, the

scene changed, and his clouded brain evoked less happy memories.

Now he had got into trouble of some sort, and he was no longer a boy. He mentioned his mother's name very, very often just now; his grief of griefs was that he should have done something to break his mother's heart.

He was dreadfully unhappy about it; he called her name aloud with ringing cries of deep distress. The sick people in the beds nearest to him shook their heads when they heard these cries.

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" they said; "his mother must have been a good 'un to make him cry out after her like that."

The sick people felt quite compassionate towards Alexis when they heard him mentioning his mother's name so feelingly. His delirium did not take him back any farther than that final scene with his mother; he never once mentioned Portland prison, nor did he, in any of his wild wanderings, allude to Kenneth Graham.

When the surgeons discovered that Alexis was far too weak to allow them to amputate his injured leg, they all with one exception believed he would die.

One surgeon, however, in the hospital, a man of great ability and rising reputation, thought differently. He had a great horror of amputation, and he believed that Alexis's case was one which might be treated after a method which he had himself discovered.

Accordingly, he took up the case, and gradually and surely his efforts were rewarded; the pain in the much-injured leg lessened, the inflammation subsided, and once more consciousness came back to Alexis.

His recovery was very, very tedious, but he did recover; he began to sit up in his narrow bed. Although the injured leg was absolutely useless, he could use his other limbs. His head no longer felt confused, memory had come back to him, and he knew exactly where he was, and what his chances were in life.

The good people at the hospital were most kind, and the nurse who had taken his fancy on the first night of his arrival, signalled him out for many special little attentions.

She was a very noble and a very brave woman; the motto of her life was in all cases to help the weakest and the worst. She made this her rule in her hospital practice.

Those patients who were happy in their minds, who had friends who came to see them, who were likely to get better, she left more or less to the other nurses; but those patients who were pronounced on all hands uninteresting and hopeless, to those Sister Lucilla gave many an earnest and sympathising glance; for them she prayed many a prayer.

Any one could see that Alexis was unhappy; any one could see he was a waif and stray, a human being who had fallen so often in the race, that it seemed scarcely worth while for him even to try to go on again.

Sister Lucilla noticed these facts with a quick glance or two; she knew that here was a man who had more or less of despair at his heart; she saw also that his was one of those characters whose very weakness make it almost impossible to impress. Of course she did not give him up; on the contrary, she devoted a good deal of thought to his case.

One Sunday evening, when he had been in the hospital for six weeks, she sat down by his bedside, and tried to draw him out. She began by assuring him that when he spoke in a low tone, and addressed her directly, the other invalids could not overhear them.

Then she said something which startled him, and brought the colour into his white face.

"Is your mother living?"

Alexis turned his full brown eyes directly on the speaker.

"No, Sister," he answered sadly; "no one cares for me is alive."

Sister Lucilla laid her shapely white hand with a certain quiet and sympathising gesture over the sick man's. Her hand was large, and it covered his, which was terribly attenuated now from illness.

"I am sorry for you," she said in her rich, full voice; "you loved your mother very much."

"How do you know? How can you say?" answered Alexis in great surprise.

"You spoke of her in your delirium. Oh, you cannot guess with what passion and anguish you mentioned her name. I was deeply sorry for you."

"That was good of you, Sister," said Alexis. He was very weak in body still, and the sister's words brought tears to his eyes. "Did I speak of anything else?" he continued after a moment's pause, and now he shuffled uneasily, and half turned his head away.

"You spoke of many things, of your childhood, of your youth; on the whole, your memories were pleasant — except — except when you mentioned your mother."

"Did I——" began Alexis; here he suddenly stopped; his face was deadly white.

"Hush; you never spoke of Portland. *I* know you have been there, because you told me the first night you came in; but no one else knows, nor shall from my lips. You don't mind my sharing your secret with you?"

"No, Sister; I believe I could trust you with anything."

"That is right; so you shall, later on. I want to learn all your story, for I am most anxious to help you. I believe God sent you here, and I believe He intends me to do my utmost for you; so you need not feel overpowered with gratitude to me, for I must obey my Master. Now you are weak and must not be excited; just tell me your name again, it is an uncommon one.

"My name is Jonas Alexis."

"Alexis? I knew a lady of the name—not well, but a little; she used to visit at this very hospital. She came here once a week for a long time, and the men all loved her. She was a gentle little old lady, and had one peculiarity; she always would visit the men's wards in preference to the women's. She said she had a feeling towards men, particularly men ill and in trouble. She was most gentle and sympathising, and very popular; we have missed her much since she died."

"Oh, she is dead!" said Alexis with a sigh. "You spoke of her exactly as if you were speaking of my mother; my mother would have done just that; it seemed to me you were drawing her picture when you spoke."

"She could not have been your mother, my poor fellow, for she was, pardon me, a lady."

"Pardon me, too, dear Sister, there was a time when I thought myself a gentleman."

Sister Lucilla started, and looked intently at the ex-prisoner's face. For the first time she noticed that although the physiognomy was undoubtedly weak, yet the features were refined.

"He left off being a gentleman very young, but he was born one," she murmured under her breath.

"The Mrs. Alexis I mean," she continued aloud, "was small in stature, and had a very gentle face. Her eyes, now I remember, were brown, something the colour of yours; her hair was perfectly white. When did your mother die?"

"I don't know, Sister."

"You don't know? This lady died about two years ago. She lived in Exmoor Square, a large square at the back of Bloomsbury. She was rich, and she was very charitable. In every way we miss her much."

"Then she could not have been my mother," said Alexis, with a sigh; "for my mother was one of the poorest women on God's earth. She could not have been my mother, though the description is like, for she, too, was little and gentle, and had brown eyes, and a kind, kind way that would make your heart somehow rise up in your throat if you felt any way low. My poor mother! I don't want to think about her; she has been dead for many and many a day."

"I am sorry for you, Alexis, for I know you must have loved her well. You must tell me all your story another day. Now I must leave you. Here is the little book of hymns; read it when you are not too tired, and remember that, though you may have a dark page in your past, yet there is a Divine Father, who welcomes prodigal sons to His heart. I should have liked that dear little lady to have been your mother. Her name was Grace—Grace Alexis."

"And that was my mother's name; oh! Sister, that was my mother's name."

Sister Lucilla was called away just then for urgent duties, and it so happened that during the remainder of Alexis's stay at the hospital, she was so much occupied that the chance of having another long conversation with him never came.

She did not forget him, and she often stopped by his bedside to give him a kindly word; but Alexis never did confide his life-story to her sympathising ears. Had he done so, much that followed need never have been.

Three weeks later the doctors pronounced him well enough to leave. The little money that he had on his person on the night the accident occurred was returned to him, and once more he put on that obsolete suit of clothes which had belonged to him in the old days.

The surgeon who had attended him gave him quite a hearty good-bye, and Sister Lucilla herself wished him God-speed, expressed her sorrow that she had not been able to see more of him, and finally gave him the address of a clergyman who worked hard in one of the central parishes in London, and who, she said, was her brother.

"He will be good to you, for my sake," she said. "Tell him that I nursed you in Charing Cross Hospital, and he will, I know, do what he can for you. Should you ever be in need of a friend, Alexis, go and see Mr. Raymond."

Jonas promised, for Sister Lucilla had wonderful influence over him; but when he got outside the hospital, his thoughts were quickly directed into a fresh channel.

The story the sister had told him about the old lady who used to visit the hospital had made a deep impression—the old lady whose name was Grace Alexis, and who was

small and pretty, and had brown eyes like his.

He thought about her day and night. How like the description was to his mother! If his mother were alive now, she would have white hair; she would be called old; and he knew she would have just that sweet and gentle face which Sister Lucilla had described.

His mother, however, had been dead for years—so Graham had told him; and although he hated Graham, he knew of no reason why he should fabricate a lie about his mother.

This old lady was also dead; but her death had been recent. She was still remembered at the hospital, and spoken of there, not only on account of her goodness and sweetness, but also on account of her wealth.

Ah, well, she could not be his mother; his mother had been poor beyond words. How well he remembered the scanty fare, the tiny cottage, the grinding poverty.

Riches in connection with his mother? No, no; impossible to associate anything approaching wealth with that gentle and well-beloved memory. Some other Grace Alexis, like his mother, and yet unlike, had visited the hospital at Charing Cross.

But though Alexis told himself this over and over again, the thought of the old lady who bore his mother's name was always present with him. It became a more constant, and certainly a much happier thought than the idea of avenging himself on Kenneth Graham. It gave him an outside interest—an interest altogether beyond himself and his miserable past.

The first use he would make of his returning strength would be to go to Exmoor Square, and inquire first at one house, and then at another, till he found out where the old lady, who bore the name of Grace Alexis, lived and died.

(*To be continued.*)

"NOW I CAN KEEP IT."

"THIRTY years ago," says a working man, "I was one of the worst of men. The teetotalers got hold of me, and made me sign the pledge. I went and broke it, and they got hold of me once more, and made me sign once more. I do not know how many times I signed the pledge, but I do know that I always broke it. The result was that I fell into the hands of the police, and got sent to prison. But neither teetotalers, nor police, nor magistrates, could do anything with me. At last I heard of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that did something for me. I am a sober man, I have taken the pledge, and *now I can keep it!*"

NOT LONELY.

A DYING soldier, placed, on account of the awful nature of his disease, in a tent far away from his comrades, when asked if he were not lonely, replied, placing his hand on his Testament,—

"My companion is here; how can I be lonely?"

The same night he passed away into the country wherein there shall be neither sickness nor loneliness any more.

OUR MONTHLY TALK.

BY THE EDITOR.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

In my letter to you to-day, I feel led to take up one or two of the stumbling-stones by which the enemy seeks to bar the road of those who are pressing into the kingdom of God.

"Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God," were words of tremendous emphasis, spoken by Him who would not have uttered them, had He not known that of all the important matters towards which the minds of men are bent, there was not one of any interest at all, in comparison with this momentous and personal matter of seeking the kingdom.

Satan cannot erase this solemn, arbitrary command—and mark well, friends, this is a positive *command*—but he will endeavour to stultify its force. He will reason thus: "'Seek the kingdom of God'—but that does not mean at an inopportune season. 'Seek the kingdom of God'—of course it's good and, perhaps, even necessary to do this, but by-and-by you would do it with far greater ease; just now your business makes tremendous claims upon your time and attention; just now your studies, your university course, your examinations, are your pressing duty; just for a few years society has absorbing attraction, which will slacken in coming days. To everything there is a *season*, and this is certainly *not* the season for seeking the kingdom of God."

Does the arch-fiend seek thus to cheat you of your most inestimable treasure? I pray you, sit down and count the cost. *Business* the most flourishing, a *university career* the most brilliant, *society's* loudest applause—put all these into one side of the balance, and the eternal loss of the kingdom of God into the other, and they shall be but as the small dust of the balance. This present is but as a vapour, appearing for a little moment and then vanishing away. But the kingdom shall be for ever and for ever, the unfading possession of God's people.

But I am writing to some, I fully believe, who have looked "Eternity" in the face, who with their mightiest intellectual capacities have sought to comprehend its infinitude; and who, baffled by its awful mystery, feel that a sure standing-place, a secure refuge, is for them at least an absolute necessity. They have stood in the light of the glory of God's holy law, they have grasped its demand upon every child of Adam, they have found the bed shorter than that a man can stretch himself upon it, and the covering narrower than that he can cover himself withal; and conscience with unerring justice has pronounced the verdict: "Guilty, guilty." Beloved friends, have you come to this point in your spiritual history, and in agony of soul are you yearning for deliverance? A while ago you knew not that you were wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked; but to-day you are groaning for deliverance from the burden and thraldom of sin, which now has become verily *intolerable*. If this be your position, you have cause to bless God. He who commanded the light to shine out of darkness has discovered to you *yourself*. The sight is ghastly, but it must precede another view upon which He now bids you fix your gaze: "Look unto ME, and be ye saved."

It is just this *look* right away from self and sin, and right off unto Christ, that the enemy would fain hinder. He has no objection to a soul becoming aroused and anxious, or becoming religious, attentive to prayer and Bible-reading, or seeking to abandon old and evil ways; all this may be done and yet no safety and no joy experienced. Thus hundreds of souls are seeking rest and finding none.

Beloved friends, Jesus and Jesus alone can give you rest; and the moment you take from Him the gift He *offers*, that moment you possess eternal life. "The *gift* of God is eternal life." You want eternal life; then you can only have it on God's terms—as His *gift*. But a gift cannot become yours till you take it. And I find that at this one simple point hundreds of seeking souls are hitched. They are convicted of sin, they are willing to surrender anything standing in the way—yet they have not peace. And they are almost in despair. Why? Because they miss this one point—that whilst there is nothing to do, nothing to be earned or toiled for, there must be the taking of the gift; or, in other words, faith must lay hold of and rest upon God's testimony about His Son—His complete atonement, His putting away of sin, His payment of my debt, His enduring of my stripes. God gives the record; it is mine to *believe* it; and the moment faith thus says "Amen" to the glorious tidings, peace is enjoyed.

> "He bore on the tree
> The sentence for me;
> And now both the Surety
> And sinner are free."

And with glad exultation I rejoice, for I know that—

> "Payment God will not twice demand,
> First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
> And then again at mine."

Impossible. So thy happy soul is pardoned, and brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

If I have not, in these few words, met the difficulties of some of my readers, do let me assure you that I shall count it a privilege to write to any who will explain the special difficulty which is hindering their instant and simple acceptance of Christ.

In closing, may I again ask the Lord's people to pray that this Paper may widen in its influence and helpfulness week by week? And any co-operation they can give with its circulation will be sincerely appreciated. Especially would I ask this from young men, who have almost unbounded influence when engaged either in work or business, in large Manufactories or centres of Industry.

Thanking you for many cheering communications, which have afforded me much gratification,

Yours most truly,

M. Jane Menzies.

BAD BARGAINS.

MANY a man makes a bad bargain, and lives all his life to repent of it.

"Lot" made a bad bargain, when he went down to Sodom.

"Esau" made a bad bargain, when he bought the mess of pottage.

"Judas" made a bad bargain, when he bartered his Master for silver.

That man makes a bad bargain, who, for money or position, sacrifices peace of mind, and exchanges conscience for gold.

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Stanley Grahame," "From Pole to Pole," "Kenneth McAlpine," etc., etc.



"Jack and Desmond went down to the beach to look their last."

CHAPTER XL.

"HEAVE-HO! CHEERILY DOES IT."

THE complete strength of the expedition now in course of formation consisted of thirty white men and ladies, with the addition of nearly thirty Innuits and their baggage.

Their baggage included not only their arms, sledges, and dogs, but their wives and little ones, which latter Dresky assured Jack Silk, through Chips, were baggage, and nothing but baggage. It is a pity that I should have to state that, as far as gallantry to the gentler sex is concerned, Dresky was not a whit more civilised than his fellow-countrymen, albeit he had travelled so far, and seen so much.

Every one was now busy in the camp; the hall of the kashga, indeed, was turned into a huge workshop, under the charge of old Chips himself.

Here the framework of the sledges was made and riveted. They were then turned over to the natives to be finished, these men doing the work quite as quickly, and even more substantially, than the white men.

Every sledge was lined with skin, the hair side up, with the exception of those to be used for the transport of the heavier baggage.

Perhaps the Innuits, under the charge of Dresky and Bob-a-link, were most to be complimented on the building of one large bidarka, a kind of open boat or "cobble," or "coracle." It was very light, although roomy, and with plenty of breadth of beam, being composed of a strong wooden framework, covered over with the skin of a walrus, pared down to a sufficient thinness. It was mounted on light runners or sledge-work, and the whole, when completed, could be dragged over the snow by two men alone.

Very great pains was taken with the furnishing of this sledge-bidarka, and Jack superintended this. He had it roofed over with canvas, the front part of this tent being arranged to open. It could thus be used by the ladies—for, need I say it was meant for their reception?—as a carriage by day, and a comfortable bedroom at night.

The armoury department was placed under the command of Godfrey, while Desmond took charge of the provisions, and ranked as head-steward.

The sleeping department was managed by Nat senior, ably seconded by Mary his sister.

Dresky had charge of his own men, and Bob-a-link, the Aleut, was to ride in one of the swiftest dog-drawn sledges, and act as scout and agent in advance. With him would sit one of Dresky's best men.

Though great haste was made in fitting out the expedition, in packing, and in storing and arranging everything for safety, nothing was forgotten that the experience of sailors and travellers pointed out as necessary for health and comfort.

But haste was imperative, for the first part of the terrible journey would lead them across flats and plains, and wild bogs and moorlands, which would be quite impassable when the weather grew milder and the frost fled. They must push on over these at all hazards, and without delay.

One morning, a few days before the expedition started, Miss Graves appeared unusually quiet and thoughtful during breakfast.

"What is the matter, mother?" said Captain Boyd. "You don't look quite in your usual spirits this morning. Nor you either, Baby. One would think you really weren't glad to be starting so soon for home."

Miss Graves smiled somewhat sadly.

"I'm afraid," she said, "there is one of us will go home before the rest."

"What! not poor old Sally? Now that I think of it, I have missed her for some days. You don't mean to say it is really serious?"

Miss Graves simply nodded. She was soft-hearted, and at present could not trust herself to speak.

Everybody loved old Sally. She had queer ways and queer looks, but all admitted that she had also many most excellent qualities; and not only had she been a faithful servant to the two ladies, but a skilful nurse to the sick.

Captain Boyd went to see her immediately after breakfast.

She was lying in a cot of skins close beside the fire in the ladies' room.

"Ah! Sally, old lass, how are you feeling?"

"Oh!" sighed Sally; "which I be a-sinking fast, sir! Oh! I be, sir, I 'ssure you—ah! I ain't in no pain, sir, thank God, but so cold; and I keeps a-thinking, too, and a dreaming and wandering like. And Turlough, poor, dear gentleman, he went and left us—ah! And my poor, dear darter in Ameriky—I shan't never see her no more, sir."

"Come, Sally, come; don't forget that there is a world beyond the grave. We'll all meet there, I trust."

"What, and talk o' old times, sir?"

"Yes, Sally, and talk of old times, and praise the good Lord who brought us through all our trials here below."

"Ah! I be weak, sir; but I keeps thinking—thinking, and oh! sir, every word our old parson—poor dear soul—used to tell me at home comes back now. It does be comforting like—comforting—ah!"

She seemed to doze after this, and Captain Boyd went slowly and silently away.

He met Boy Bates at the door of the kashga.

"'Ow's old Sally, sir?"

"Ah! my boy, Sally is sinking fast."

"Sally sinking, sir!"

The boy's eyes grew sad and large. His face was very pale. He clutched Captain Boyd by the arm.

"Oh! sir, don't you go for to frighten a poor chap. I did tease Old Sally, but I loves her like a mother, sir. I didn't 'ave a mother before, only the bobbies to chase and chevy me. Oh! sir, don't say she'll—die."

The captain patted him kindly on the head, and passed on. Boy Bates looked after him wistfully. He was hoping against hope, and half expected that Captain Boyd would turn round smiling, and say it was all a joke.

But he disappeared. Then an ice-cold hand seemed to touch the orphan boy's heart.

"Sally sinking!" he muttered. "Sally goin' to leave us? The parson cove in prisin

says we'll hall on us die ; but—Sally sinking ! I—I—I'll go and 'ave it out ; if I don't, w'y —I'll bust."

Boy Bates did not go far to have it out—only to the back of the native kashga, where he threw himself on his face, and wept like the child he was.

Jack found him fast asleep an hour after, and kindly carried him into the hall, and covered him up with skins, for Jack Silk had seen the signs of sorrow on his face, and well knew what they meant.

They buried old Sally near the beach, and the men raised a cairn of rocks over the grave, and then went sadly back to work and duty.

* * * *

Another terrible storm raged all that night and all next day, but the morning after was bright and clear. Jack and Desmond went down to the beach to look their last at the place where the *Oonalaska* had lain. The ice had receded some distance from the shore, and dark waves were lisping on the snowy beach ; but the ice had got mixed, and of the good old ship not one vestige was visible. Crushed, scattered, or sunk was every bolt and timber.

"How do you feel, Dess?" said Jack, turning abruptly to his companion, after a brief silence. "Sentimental, eh?"

"That is the Irish character," replied Desmond, "isn't it, Jack? and I must say I am sorry to leave the poor old *Oona's* timbers in that dark sea. But now," he added, "we've got to nerve ourselves for the journey, and I feel fit—do you?"

"Yes, just burning to be off! I wouldn't mind anything we are likely to come through, if it weren't for Miss Graves—and—Katie, Dess."

"Ah! Katie ; yes, to be sure. Well, Jack, I'm confident she is not indifferent to you. Why don't you tell her——"

"Stop, Dess, stop. I wouldn't now, not for the world. It wouldn't be quite fair. It wouldn't be ship-shape. How do I know her heart is free? How do I know there isn't another fellow somewhere in the world who has gained her love? I'm not going to take a mean advantage of anybody, Dess. Everything fair and square and above board. I want, d'ye see, to woo and win—and that's talking poetic, Dess—woo and win under circumstances that are no more favourable to me than—than to the other fellow, Dess."

Desmond laughed, and they walked on a little way.

"Look here, old man," said Jack, again stopping short, "I'm no orator, and maybe I don't make myself rightly understood. I'm slow in speech, and I express myself badly ; but, do you remember, Dess, when I and a dozen other blue-jackets cut out that big armed dhow right under the guns of the Arab fort?"

"I do, Jack, and a tough fight you had."

"And do you remember the big dhow I boarded and carried in the open sea, when there wasn't much danger to signify?"

Dess nodded.

"Well! which was the action to be appreciated?"

"Both, but especially the first."

"Ay, Dess, though I myself say it to you, that tiff under the fort was worth writing a song about! If ever I'm the lucky man, Dess, to board and carry Katie's heart, it will be in such a way and under such circumstances that all hands will confess I've won the battle fairly."

"Look!" cried Dess, "all is ready for the start. The dogs are harnessed, and a nice row they're making. There goes Bob-a-link ; he's the first man off. Come on, Jack! I am so glad we're going to start at last."

They found, on their return to the village, that nearly all the sledges were already in motion, the Innuits dragging those containing most of the heavy baggage ; while the white men had charge of the armoury and the provisions for themselves. Alongside the bidarka-sledge, in which Miss Graves and Katie were already seated, stood five fur-clad sailors. The ladies, Captain Boyd assured them, looked as charmingly composed as though they were merely going out for a drive in Hyde Park.

The men were about to bend on, when Jack Silk sang out,—

"Avast there, lads! That won't do ; we must start in state. Captain Boyd, jump on board there, and sit by the ladies for a mile or two. Nay, I insist ; if you don't, there will be mutiny. Now, Dess, Godfrey, and you two Nats—I'm not sure the older isn't the stronger, after all—bear a hand here. We've got to pull this sledge for the first three miles. But—Honolulu! look yonder. The old flag is unfurled again."

It was true. The flag-staff that had been raised on the loftiest iceberg, albeit that berg had shifted position several times, had got so firmly welded and wedged into the ice, that it had defied even the efforts of the hurricane to dislodge it. The dear old flag itself, however, had suffered sadly, and, indeed, it was supposed that it had been clean blown away. And now, behold! yonder the ragged remains of it, unfurling from its ice-clad pole, was fluttering out on the breeze.

Captain Boyd was not, as a rule, given to excitement of any kind—he was too old a sailor for that—but now he fairly clapped his hands, and laughed as heartily as a schoolboy on a Christmas morning.

"Bravo! old flag," he cried. "Why! my boys, if ever there was a good omen, that's one."

"Hurrah!" shouted Jack Silk.

"Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" shouted Dess, and that ringing cheer, begun by the officers, was taken up by the men and the Innuits already half-way up the hill—"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

It went rattling and reverberating over the wild, bleak country, and was echoed back from a hundred rocks and cliffs. It startled even an old bear asleep in a cave ; and, gaunt and hungry, and lean as a wolf, he staggered out to the cliff top, and joined the chorus. Desmond advanced a step, Jack himself made as if to unsling his rifle from his shoulder, but Captain Boyd held up a warning hand.

"No, no," he said. "Not to-day, Jack—not to-day, Dess."

"Now then, boys, bend on!" cried Jack Silk. "Cheerily does it! With a heave-ho! and away we go, for we are homeward bound!"

(*To be continued.*)

Sixty-one Women have made the ascent of Mont Blanc. The first was made by two Frenchwomen ; one of aristocratic and the other of plebeian birth. The sixty-one women referred to represent ten nationalities. 32 were Englishwomen ; 15 hailed from La Belle France ; 4 were from Russia ; and the United States claims 3 ; 2 were natives of Switzerland ; the list is completed by adding one each from Prussia, Denmark, Hungary, Italy, and Austria. Eleven of these ladies accompanied their husbands.

HOW WE MADE OUR WHATNOT.

WE all like to adorn our own rooms, and by contrivance to supply the place of articles which otherwise we could not get. This very natural desire started the idea of the Whatnot, which I am about to describe. I believe many will find it both easy to make, and useful in supplying a place for many knick-knacks, of which it is not easy to dispose in a bedroom furnished in the usual manner.

We first procured four boards, three of them measuring 1 foot 9 inches by 1 foot, and one measuring 1 foot by 7 inches ; these were of common deal, smoothly planed. We covered them with a pretty, dark-patterned paper, pasting it on ; a hole was bored in each of the corners of the four boards, and the edges surrounded with an art fringe, tacked on with brass nails.

We had stored up a large number of empty cotton reels, and procured four pieces of stout iron wire. Two of these were as long as the Whatnot was intended to be high—about 4 feet 3 inches, and two were a foot shorter for the front. The small upper shelf needed special front legs for itself ; so we cut two small pieces of wire about 13 inches in length. A dozen of the largest reels were then strung on the longer wire for the back legs, and the wire turned to keep them from coming off. The wires were then put through the holes in the first shelf, and another dozen reels, a little smaller, were put on ; the second shelf was placed at the desired distance from the first, another dozen reels added, and the third shelf was finally secured by another turn at the top of the wire.

The two front wires were then treated in the same way, and fastened securely on top of the second shelf. Then a hole was bored 5 inches further back on this shelf, to correspond with the breadth of the smaller one above, the short pieces of wire were fastened as before, and a dozen of the smallest reels strung on ; the wires were passed through the front holes at the corners of the little shelf, and turned neatly in.

As the reels we used were white, brown, and black, we were obliged to paint them black, and varnish the whole afterwards, including the shelves. This gave quite a finished appearance to our work.

Small bookcases of three or four shelves can be made in the same way, by using strong crimson cord instead of wire. The height of shelves can be varied to suit the books intended to be held. If these tiny bookcases are hung upon two large nails, they will be quite secure.

£456 5s.

IF we reckon the value of one hour redeemed from bed every day, at the rate of sixpence per hour, it would come, in the course of fifty years, to no less a sum than four hundred and fifty-six pounds five shillings ; this, without any interest or compound interest, just the simple amount for each hour.

Many who value their hours at a higher rate than sixpence each, would feel greatly insulted were they only offered labourers' wages ; to them the amount would be greatly increased, if these hours were put to profitable account. Wisely invested, they would return to the investor forty, sixty, yea, even one hundred fold.

TALKS WITH MARRIED FOLK

ABOUT THE MANAGEMENT OF INCOME.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

No. 8.—THRIFT.

HAVING done what we could to make household expenses come well within the limits we thought it right to assign to them, we turn again to the estimate of expenditure we made when portioning out the income, and we find that the next items are clothing and charity.

A great many people consider clothing, or dress, as they would call it, a most important item of expenditure. For it they would starve their bodies, their minds, their hearts, and their characters. To persons who are truly thrifty, conduct of this kind would be impossible.

One of the characteristics of Thrift is that it enables people to go without what is of little worth in order to obtain what is of real worth. Yet, in the long run, the unthrifty go without far more than the thrifty.

In dress, what promotes health and comfort is worth having. Health and comfort, therefore, are the first things a thrifty manager aims at securing. To this end she tries to dress *sensibly;* buying material that is good of its kind and will wear; *suitably*, according to the season, and to her means, her age, and her needs. She does not defy fashion, because people who do that look singular; and persons are never well dressed when others turn round in the street to look at them. But she never follows the vagaries of fashion, because she knows that they are almost always very ugly, and that they are invariably costly, especially when they are cheap. Cheap trimming, for instance, is the most costly thing any one can buy.

Some thrifty people have a notion that pretty dress is not worth thinking about. In this, I think, they are mistaken. We all ought to make the best of ourselves, and try to make ourselves look attractive. We are most likely to do this when we choose dress that is becoming to ourselves, and colours that suit our own complexion and figure,—not merely colours that other people wear. Extremes of fashion are always ugly, and we acknowledge this if we see pictures of them after they have "gone out." Dress that is becoming to ourselves is economical, because we get to like it, and take care of it, and mend it to the last.

From the health point of view, boots and shoes are more important than any other article of clothing. The thrifty mother, therefore, looks to boots and shoes before everything. Children would be more likely to keep well if allowed to go barefoot, than if allowed to wear boots which let in water in damp weather. A doctor once said, there is more illness in children induced by damp boots than by any other single cause besides. Illness in children means trouble and anxiety, but it also entails expense, and we never know where that expense will end.

From the health point of view also, *easy* dress, dress which permits of the growth, development, and free action of the various organs of the body is important. People cannot keep well if their liver, heart, and lungs do not act properly. It is very much to be wished that thrifty mothers could realise the advantage which would be gained through never letting their girls begin to wear stays. What is called "Rational dress," is healthful because it is easy, warm, and light. It is economical also, because there is less of it to begin with, and so it saves both time, money, labour, and washing.

Unfortunately a great many people are afraid of it, because they think it is something extraordinary, when really they do not know what it is. Described in a few words, Rational dress is an under-garment made of wool instead of being made of calico, is made closely fitting instead of being made to flap about, and made Princess shape, instead of being petticoat shape. A girl who wore a good warm woollen combination, and two good warm Princess petticoats would be more warmly clad than would the girl who wore a dozen calico garments with any amount of embroidery and feather-stitch upon them. Yet the first girl would be wearing "Rational Dress," and any one can see that she would save both in pocket and in laundry expenses. She would also be more healthy and more graceful, and after she had become accustomed to the attire, would be more comfortable.

The care of clothes has a great deal to do with economy. Thrifty managers are most particular to keep clothes mended and brushed, and to put them away when done with. This makes them wear three times as long.

In portioning out the sum set apart for dress, it should be remembered that the bread-winner of the family, whoever that is, should have the largest share. He need not be finely dressed, but he should be as well dressed as may be, because this will help to make him respected, and will give him an advantage in his dealings with outsiders. Also, it is well to remember that men's dress lasts longer and *seems* more, if it is changed frequently. It is a mistake for a man to wear the same coat and the same pair of trousers day after day, until they are worn out. If he could have two coats and two pairs of trousers, wear them turn and turn about, and have the clothes not in use well brushed and folded each time they were laid aside, the two costumes would last more than twice as long as the one costume, and the wearer would *seem* better dressed all the time.

So much for dress. The next items we have to consider are Charity, Education, and Books. It may sound ridiculous for people who have difficulty in managing their money so as to supply their own needs to talk about making gifts to others. It is not ridiculous, however. We have none of us a right to live to ourselves, and so far as we can, it is our duty to help those less fortunately placed than we are.

In the old days, it used to be laid down as a rule that one-tenth of the income should be given to the needy, "given to the Lord," as it was called. There are not many of us who would feel called upon in these days, when we have so many claims upon us, to draw a hard and fast line like this. But we have no right, therefore, to suppose that we are at liberty to give nothing. How much is to be given, however, is a matter which each individual must decide. There is this to be said, those who give nothing away, neither money, nor sympathy, nor help, injure themselves more than they injure any one, for they grow mean, small, and narrow, and gradually lose the power of seeing what is highest and best. There is no one so poor that he cannot give something away, and the will to give increases with the practice of giving. It would be a poor end to thrift if no one shared our gain with us.

Not many parents will be found in these days who will be disposed to undervalue Education. Children are not properly equipped for the battle of life, who are not well educated, and wise parents would sacrifice much before they would sacrifice education. Fortunately for the rising generation, children *must* now-a-days be sent to school; the State has taken their case in hand, and will not permit them to grow up in ignorance.

Still, the attitude of the parent towards education makes a good deal of difference to the welfare of the taught. If parents will work with the teacher, support his regulations, uphold his authority, yes, and even spend money in making arrangements for assisting his efforts, the pupil will have a far better chance of making a mark than if things were simply left to take their course. A good education is now to be had at a very cheap rate, but parents have not done all they ought, nor spent all that is due in this direction, when they have sent their children to school and paid the fees. They ought to make the thoroughness and success of the education one of their chief aims, and spare no pains to accomplish it. This is their duty not only as parents but as patriots.

We think that we English make much of education, but we do not make as much of it as do the people of many other countries. Unless our children are properly trained and properly taught, they will not be able to hold their own in the future with the children of other nations. If Thrift consists in looking ahead, surely we ought to look far enough ahead to secure for our loved ones the benefit of all our saving and sparing. We shall not do this if, in order to make things easier for the moment, we let education go to the wall.

So, too, with regard to books. There are many people who never think of buying books. They will give a shilling for shabby finery here, and another shilling in foolishly trying to appear richer than they are there; but to spend a shilling over a good book, a book that could be read again and again, a book that would be a true friend, never turning away from them, always ready to comfort them, always ready to give them beautiful thoughts, which would distract their minds from the sordid cares connected with income and expenses,—to spend a shilling over a book of this sort is the last thing that would occur to them. If these people did buy anything to read, they would buy trash; silly stories that paint life as it is not, and make those who read them dissatisfied with the humdrum duties of every day.

Unfortunately, trash is to be had very easily; it is cheap; it is offered for sale before everything else in every bookseller's shop. But no matter how cheap it is, it is dear. We had better sit with our hands folded before us and read nothing, rather than read trash, because by reading it we destroy our taste for what is good.

(*To be continued.*)

THE STRANGE PLANTS OF A STRANGE LAND.

By Professor J. T. ROTHROCH.



"No Cactus without thorns."

IN far Arizona, world making and plant producing appear to have been conducted on principles utterly unlike those which prevailed in other parts of the American continent. Every aspect of nature is fervid. The hills suggest over-baking; the streams tell of excessive evaporation; the plants indicate that in the long struggle, all textures which could, will have disappeared. Soil and vegetation both are weird and ghostly, and hint at some other globe than ours. In fact, the sun is strongest there, and his last slanting rays upon our soil, before he disappears into the vast Pacific, fairly scorch this desolate region.

For years before that strange region was opened to civilized men, rumour told of its amazing richness in precious ores, its striking scenery, its peaceful Indian agricultural tribes, or its savage wanderers, who had no sympathy with any living beings; but these were regarded as myths, or as something worse. Now we know that no rumour was equal to the reality.

With such a land the Giant Cactus is in keeping,—the one as much alone in creation as the other. Our illustration gives a fair idea of the species, which, though uncouth in its outlines, is still symmetrical in its fluted column and branches. It thrives in the open sunlight, and rejoices in a temperature of one hundred degrees and upwards of Fahrenheit's scale, asking only for a sandy declivity on which to plant its roots—all the better if that declivity have a south-eastern exposure; then, under the most favourable circumsances, this giant will tower up forty feet or more. When we remember the large and attractive flowers which our greenhouse cacti have, we can hardly realise that this, the most regal representative of the whole family, should have flowers which crown the summit of the main stem, and of the branches, in May, no longer than the others.

The fruit serves the Indians as food, and is said to be preserved by them for winter use. The ribs, which are so prominently seen on the surface, are made by the longitudinal woody framework which stretches through the plant from root to tip. These, when young, have no transverse connections, and hence, when the plant dies, those near the summit stand out like so many independent rods, after the soft tissue which covers them has decayed. In this condition they are very suggestive of an enormous but well-worn broom. Farther down the same stem (which may be more than two feet thick) these rods are united by transverse growths, and so the old skeleton may remain in one hollow, perforated cylinder when all the rest of the plant has decayed.

It may be surprising to find such an enormous trunk, green in colour, yet, if time-honoured notions are correct, this is requisite for its well-being. It has no leaves, nor anything comparable to leaves, hence the breathing pores, which should have been on the under side of green leaves, are here on the younger parts of this green stem.

No cactus without thorns, one might almost say; certainly this Giant Cactus (or Giant Cereus, as you may prefer to call it) is no exception. The whole region may be regarded as characterized by this and other members of the cactus group. In fact, it can be regarded as pre-eminently their home and centre of greatest development. Even animal character appears to have been modified by them. I have seen birds which, when in the open ground, were quite shy, banish all fear when seated amid the thorny branches of a cactus.

These well-guarded points are often utilised by the birds to build their nests in. Evidently they feel that the young family is secure there against all attacks of the rattlesnakes and other enemies which infest the region, especially if in the neighbourhood of a "water-hole."

I might add another fact, as illustrating the same principle of animal traits modified by the plants, that these cacti have suggested to the unpitying Apache a mode of torture of prisoners which is too horrible to relate.

Standing on the open, sandy, gravel-stream flat land, one

occasionally finds what in the distance looks like a dead tree. It is perfect in its details, except that not a single leaf suggests the presence of life. These trees are not common ; one or two are all that the traveller is likely to see in a day's march. Sometimes they are twenty feet high, and more than a foot in diameter.

The green colour of the younger twigs and the yellowish green of the older, give it an appearance peculiar enough to invite further investigation, when surprise deepens into absolute amazement on the discovery that the tree is not only in perfect health, but that it is in full fruit or flower. Our second illustration will give a general idea of the appearance of a cluster of the smaller twigs.

Here, again, we have the same lesson as that taught by the Giant Cactus ; in the absence of leaves, the younger green bush performs their functions, and over the surfaces of both plants an innumerable host of openings, so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, is scattered. Neither of these trees, which give so peculiar an aspect to this region, is common even there.

It is hard to say whether they are a disappearing race, which once formed larger masses of vegetation, or whether they are new-comers, which, but for the interference of man, would have multiplied over that waste area, and covered it with dense forests of leafless trees ; most probably the former is the correct view.

Still another striking plant, this time not a tree, however, but a tall, slender shrub, is found in this strange land. It grows in clusters on dry, rocky hill-sides, and though the stem often becomes twenty feet high, it remains almost or quite unbranched, and is not more than an inch or two in diameter at the base.

Hence, then, to say that it is delicate and wand-like would express the exact idea, were it not for the fact that it possesses to the square inch probably as many hard, sharp thorns as any plant could well have. These thorns doubtless have some meaning, and probably some use in the economy of the plant, though, I confess, I cannot even guess what these are.

This ash-coloured shrub has, toward the top, some small leaves, but instead of reminding one of the expanded surface and soft textures of such leaves as we consider well formed, these vary down until part of them become mere thorns. This probably suggests, then, a meaning for the plant's thorniness, which is, that it puts on the leaves for appearance sake, because its ancestors did, but ends by starving and drying them into very small and harsh representatives of what respectable leaves should be.

However, to redeem the plant when it does come to flower, it sends out on the summit of this rod-like stem a most charming cluster of flowers, which is attractive not only as a mass, but because each individual flower is beautiful. The final product of the plant is, then, the most redeeming. Even if we examine the seeds, we shall find their thin, wing-like margins resolving themselves, when much magnified, into hairs which contain delicate threads, forming graceful curls and networks. Candlewood is the common name of this shrub, though botanists will persist in calling it *Fouquera splendens.*

The plant affords some support to the belief that everything has a use, for out of these spiny shrubs the natives make fences, which no one wishes to climb over or to crawl through, and the stems are also used to cover the walls of the Adobe houses, before the mud roof completes the building.

The Agave is represented by several species, none of which attain the size of the Century plant. These are not less remarkable than the others already described, and are, on the whole, much more useful. They are living fountains in the desert, producing pure, sweet juice, which not only assuages thirst, but may often save life ; in a land where water is warm, bad, and scarce, the weary traveller comes to regard them as beacons of hope. The writer has more than once, in time of extreme suffering, found relief from sucking this juice out of the ends of a freshly-cut flower-stalk.

The hard leaves yield abundant fibrous material for making into mats, ropes, and even paper. We may add, too, that the head of unopened leaves furnishes, when roasted, a highly nutritious food, very rich in grape-sugar. The young stem also produces a juice which, by distillation, returns an exceedingly strong intoxicating liquor (known as mescal), of so peculiar a flavour, that its adulteration is almost impossible.

These are the more conspicuous forms of leafless vegetation produced in our Arizona region, but the same characteristic feature is also present in the smaller specimens of plant life. From the Southern Rio Grande westward, may be found a plant known to the botanical fraternity as *Kœberlinia spinosa.*

This is tersely described by Mr. Wright as "a much-branched, leafless shrub, consisting of nothing but thorns, flowering in July and August ; flowers greenish-white, berries oval." This, though seldom more than three feet high, may, under the most favourable circumstances, rise to the dignity of twenty feet.

One can give no clearer idea of the unique character of much of the vegetation we are describing, than to say that botanists themselves are often at a loss to know where to place a particular plant in their systems of classification, and that some of these plants have consequently been changed in name and place so often, as to suggest the legend of the Wandering Jew.

Less conspicuous still are certain hard, herbaceous or shrubby plants (whose floral structure shows them to be closely related to the pea or bean), known in a group under the one name of *Dalea.* Their leaves may be reduced to a minimum, and the entire plant be absolutely dotted with shining yellow, or purplish-brown, or even black glands, though the flowers are often of remarkable beauty.

The oaks never rise to the height of those which we have here, and the leaves are smaller and thicker, as a rule. The Nut Pine produces, as the name indicates, a nut which is a most important article of food to the wretched Indians inhabiting the country.

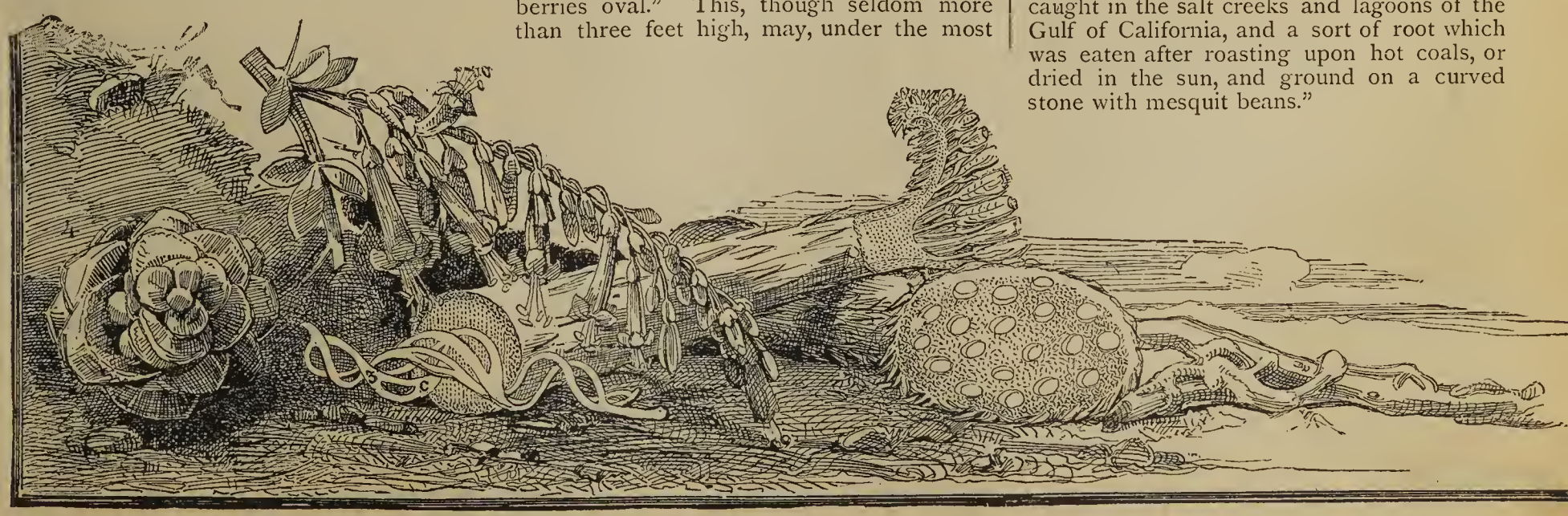
The wood of this low, much-branched Nut Pine is saturated with resin, and even the cones are frequently quite covered with it. Indeed, when we associate this with the innumerable resin glands on the Dalea, the idea might suggest itself that the resin in both instances is literally baked out ; but this, of course, is a very crude statement.

The writer has in vivid remembrance many camps, at night, where, beside the roaring flame from this wood, the poetry of out-door life was realised to the fullest extent.

In that most barren and absolutely superheated region bordering on the head of the Gulf of California, this sand-food is found growing in the naked, burning sand. Though having a stem from two to four feet long, the entire plant, save the dilated, salver-shaped, flower-bearing portion, is beneath the surface.

It is said to be fleshy, of a dull orange colour, and having no true leaves by which to make food for itself, to obtain this through those of its roots, which have fastened themselves to the roots of some plant which has green leaves. Hence, then, it must have a companion in misery, but what that plant is, cannot now be told.

Among the flora of the Eastern States, there is no plant which can be said to bear more than a remote resemblance to this sand-food. Col. Grey, writing of it, says : " In this naked spot I found a band of Indians, almost in a state of nudity, living on fish and crabs caught in the salt creeks and lagoons of the Gulf of California, and a sort of root which was eaten after roasting upon hot coals, or dried in the sun, and ground on a curved stone with mesquit beans."



" The plant affords some support to the belief that everything has a use."

THE BLANK BIBLES: A DREAM.

By Emily Sarah Holt.



I DREAMED that I was sitting in my easy chair, and a small table stood by me, piled with books. On looking at these books, I saw that they were Bibles; and by that process of intuition which is natural to dreamers, I became aware that there was a strange peculiarity about them. Each Bible bore on a silver plate the name of its owner, and, by some miraculous influence, the words of certain passages in the Book had been blotted out. Every text which contained either a fact which the owner of the Book did not believe, or a doctrine which he refused to receive, or a precept which was not allowed to guide his life, appeared as a perfect blank. I thought, moreover, that I was bound to examine these Books; and on doing so, I discovered, on the fly-leaf of every one, certain words in golden letters, which I perceived to convey the exact truth as to the real spiritual condition of the owner. Having arrived at these discoveries, I now went through the pile in regular order.

The first Book which I took up bore on its silver plate the name of Professor Sands, whom I knew to be an eminent scientific authority, filling a prominent chair at one of our great Universities, with a reputation for vast learning, much amiability, and rationalistic opinions. This Bible might have been sold for a blank book, with little disappointment to the purchaser. The Pentateuch was entirely gone, and everything of the nature of miracle or prophecy, with all doctrines, precepts, or deductions drawn therefrom, was blotted from the pages. The result was, that scarcely anything was left beyond portions of the Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, a few detached versicles of the Psalms, some geographical details from the Acts of the Apostles, and such exhortations to general philanthropy as are to be found in the Epistles. The entire appearance was that of a ruin, very much ruined indeed, and, strange to say, resting upon no foundation whatever.

I laid down this nearly blank Book with a sigh, and took up the second, upon which I saw the name of Dr. Waters, an equally eminent Ritualistic preacher. There was much more printed matter in this Bible, but the blanks were very abrupt and curious. Many sentences ended in the middle; sometimes only a few words of a text were left, and all the rest was gone. The whole ceremonial law was intact; in fact, the Pentateuch was little touched. But the damage done in the New Testament was much greater. Several of St. Paul's Epistles, notably those to the Galatians, Colossians, Thessalonians, and Timothy, had some very odd blanks in them, which at times left the context scarcely intelligible. I noticed, too, that the fifteenth chapter of St. Matthew began with the twenty-first verse, and John 6. 63 was wanting. I sought in vain also for Mark 8. 14–21. The twenty-third of St. Matthew had disappeared entirely, and when I attempted to turn to the Epistle to the Hebrews, I was met by a dozen leaves utterly blank.

I now took up the third Bible, which I perceived to be the property of Father Loyola, a Roman Catholic priest, whom his co-religionists claimed as a most successful preacher, especially in the conversion of heretics. I was struck by the extreme similarity of this Book to the last. In fact, the only difference seemed to be, that in this there were a few more omissions. There were blanks in the third of St. Mark, at verses twenty-one and thirty-one to thirty-five, and in the second of St. John the fourth verse was left out. This reduced the information concerning the Virgin Mary considerably. I also missed Mark 8. 32, 33, and Galatians 2. 11–14. In other respects, the third Bible scarcely differed from the second.

The fourth Book bore on its silver plate the name of Wilbraham Smythe, a wealthy and philanthropic man, whose name was always to be seen in subscription lists for large sums, and who was fond of talking about the duties which "we men of substance" owe to society. Its omissions were puzzling, for there was a singular absence of all the passages bearing upon love or almsgiving. But when I turned to the fly-leaf, and read the golden letters, I wondered no longer: "Not that he cared for the poor," they ran, "for he loved the praise of men."

The volume beneath was inscribed with the name of Caroline Smythe, whom I knew to be the wife of the gentleman last mentioned. "A very remarkable woman, Mrs. Wilbraham Smythe," said most people who knew her. "So discriminating!" said Mrs. Bennett, and "So heavenly minded!" said Miss Carter; to which observation, old Mr. Wainwright was heard to mutter in his beard something which sounded like an assertion, that if Mrs. Smythe were an accurate sample of the society of heaven, he should consider a journey thither of doubtful advantage. But nobody ever listened to Mr. Wainwright, who was generally set down by gentlemen as a regular bore, and by ladies as a malicious old creature.

Mrs. Smythe's Christianity was of that singular type (and singular, in this connection, is very far from meaning unique), which consists in undermining the Christian reputation of everybody else. "You heard Mr. Blake last night? Ah, yes," Mrs. Smythe would say in her soft, smooth voice, "a charming preacher, is he not? Ah, what a pity that he is so apt to—you know." For one of this lady's peculiarities was, that she never brought a distinct and tangible charge of any sort. Of course, the more vague the hint, the more shocking might be the truth. Or she would ask, "Did you meet Miss Carter on Tuesday? Yes, I thought you would. You thought her quite an advanced Christian, did you not? Ah! she does give that impression to a great many." In short, an interview with Mrs. Smythe left you under an idea, very misty, very uncomfortable, but very hard to get rid of—that all your Christian friends were wells without water, and all the people who professed to love you had not a heart anywhere. But then—and this you were never allowed to doubt—Mrs. Smythe's own Christian character was of so elevated a type, that she saw through all these people as easily as through a window, and could not bear them which were evil. Nay, more, if it had not been her duty to warn you in this manner, Mrs. Smythe would never have said a word about it. It gave her indescribable pain to find these people so hollow, and still more to report it, but how could she let you be deceived? Mrs. Smythe's duty was rather puzzling to outsiders. It was her duty to let Mrs. Armitage know that Dick Merton was suspected to be getting into bad ways, by which communication he lost the place, which he had nearly obtained, of under-gardener at the Hall. It was her duty to drop a hint to young Mr. Linwood, which caused him to break off his engagement with Miss Fraser. It was her duty to chaperone her daughter to dancing parties, which required a powerful microscope to distinguish them from balls. She would so much rather have stayed at home, and read the Bible quietly with you; but how could she neglect her duty to Dora?

I opened this Bible, and found the Sermon on the Mount terribly damaged, and the Epistles mere fragments. The First Epistle of St. John had vanished completely. The Psalms presented large gaps. I turned to the golden letters, and read this showy character in two words: "Sounding brass."

Underneath the last Bible, which was rather a large one, lay two small, and somewhat pretty volumes, looking oppressively new. I read, on their silver plates, the names of Leonard and Dorothea Smythe, the son and daughter of the couple last named. As I turned over the leaves, I perceived that the gilt edges stuck together after the fashion of books which have scarcely been used. In Leonard's Bible, the newness pervaded the whole volume; in that of Dora, it was rather more confined to the Old Testament.

I knew Leonard Smythe as a young man of the period, as his sister was a girl of ditto. I did not wonder that he had, apparently, not read his Bible, since I had never seen him read anything except railway novels, *Bell's Life*, and what are termed the "Society" papers. I very much doubted what kind of examination he would stand in Scripture history, except that he would probably not reckon Moses among the apostles, nor imagine that it was for beheading John the Baptist that Adam was turned out of the garden of Eden.

How Leonard had ever been educated was a mystery. Everything was a horrid bore. Cricket he never played—it tired a fellow so. Chess he declined—it took too much out of you. He did occasionally languidly join in lawn tennis for five minutes, when exhaustion supervened, and he threw himself at full length on a garden seat with a cigar. Mr. Wainwright cynically remarked that Leonard must have been cruelly knocked up in his last transmigration, for evidently he wasn't rested yet. Dora was like him in one sense, but very different in another. Want of energy could never be laid to her charge by those who saw the number of miles she could dance in an evening. But neither she nor her

brother ever seemed for a moment to suppose that they could have been sent into the world for any possible end, but to get out of life as much amusement as they could extract, and to shirk pain and trouble, so far as they were able. I may add that in point of dress, both worshipped the goddess Fashion; and in point of language, both indulged in the latest slang. Moreover, both were ready, on any evidence or none at all, to give an off-hand, decided opinion on any and every subject, "from predestination to slea-silk."

From Dora's very emptiness and silliness, this was less offensive in her than in her brother, for it merely showed as a part of her general folly. But Leonard contrived to put on an appearance of perfect acquaintance with every subject he was pleased to discuss, while he settled it without an instant's deliberation, with an air which implied that wisdom would die with him.

It may be asked how such young people as these could have been reared under the shadow of such parents. From very opposite reasons, both the parents had contributed to this end. Mr. Smythe's one idea was that his children must "settle well," and—he did not say, but he *lived* the sentiment—that until this settlement had taken place, much religion would be rather in the way. Dora was, if possible, to marry a baronet, and baronets were not always attracted by young ladies who aimed at being righteous over much. Leonard was to entrap an heiress, and heiresses did not want to marry Methodist parsons. When this desirable business was satisfactorily effected, then they could be as religious as they liked. That they might not like, but might then prefer to lead the rest of their lives according to that beginning, did not apparently enter into the calculation.

Their mother took an entirely different view, yet hers led to the same end. She was sorry to say that she had no reason to hope that either Leonard or Dora was converted. But what could you expect? If the Lord meant to save them, He would do so in His own good time. She had no power in the matter. It was cruel to blame her for the dispensations of Providence.

"Better to blame Providence, eh?" responded Mr. Wainwright.

"True, in one sense," answered Mr. Blake; "but if you were anxious that your son should go to York, you would not spend your time in dragging stones and logs across the road which led thither, because you had not strength to carry him?"

A few historical facts, and a very few moral maxims, were all that remained of the two pretty little Bibles. They were more empty than any of the others. On the fly-leaf of Dora's book, the golden letters said, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth;" while on Leonard's they spoke in equally solemn accents: "There is more hope of a fool than of him."

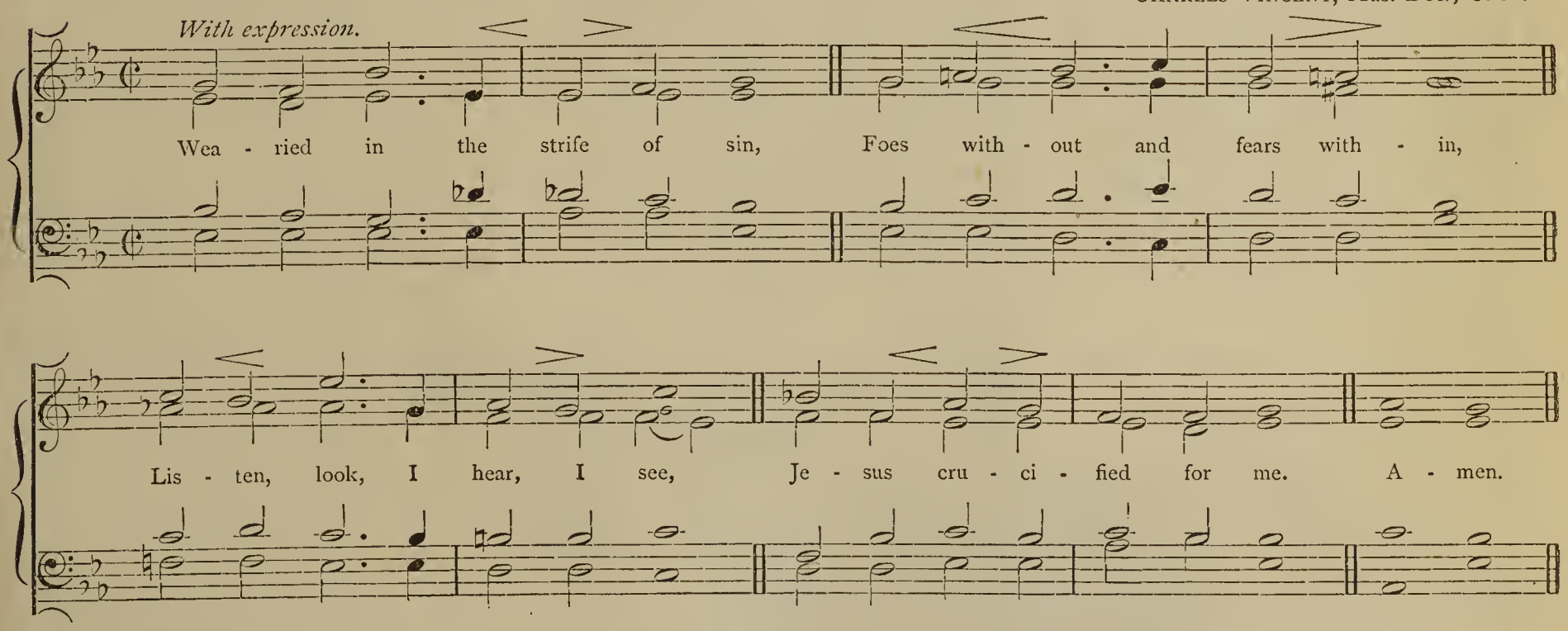
(*To be continued.*)

Crucified and Crowned.

By the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Exeter.

"*We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory.*"—Heb. 2. 9.

Charles Vincent, Mus. Doc., Oxon.



Listen, how He pleads, "Forgive;"
Look, my soul, on Him and live:
All my guilt on Jesus laid,
Perfect reconcilement made.

Counting all the world but loss,
Let me clasp the blood-stain'd cross:
What can sinners crave beside
Jesus only, crucified?

Resting in His love, forgiven,
Thoughts will come of home and heaven:
Listen, look, I hear, I see
Jesus crown'd, and crown'd for me.

Listen to His mighty prayer:
He would have me with Him there,
With the saints before His throne,
Clothed in glory like His own.

Look, He reigns for ever now:
Many crowns are on His brow:
By His Father's side adored,
Priest and King, and God and Lord.

Yea, Amen, Thy will be done:
All my prayers are breathed in one,
Jesu, let me rest in Thee,
Crucified and crown'd for me.—Amen.





A SPRING SONG.

By E. H. Knapp.

MERRILY soundeth the voice of the brooklet,
Winding its way through the far-stretching moor,
Telling of Spring to the flowers as they greet it,
Begging a gift from its crystalline store.

On through the vales and the woodland it murmurs,
Where 'mid the larches the soft breezes sigh,
Where the wood-pigeons, high up in the fir-trees,
Cooingly one to the other reply.

Sunbeams glance gaily and kiss the sweet flowerets,
Bidding them wake at the Spring's magic voice;
Gladly the celandines show their bright faces,
Daffodils down in the dingle rejoice.

Fragile anemones, wind flowers of spring-time,
Star-like above it their white petals rear,
While 'midst its sedges forget-me-nots cluster,—
Sweet blue-eyed flowerets, to true lovers dear.

Bluebells chime softly inaudible music,
Rustling their bells as the breezes pass by.
Great snowy lilies, like fairy boats anchored,
Float o'er its bosom as summer draws nigh.

Violets and primroses show themselves near it,
Buttercups ope their corollas of gold.
Daisies with starry crowns heavenwards gazing
Brightly at sunrise their petals unfold.

"Onwards, still onwards," the stream keeps repeating,
"Purity strive for,"—the lilies reply;
"Trust," the anemones tenderly whisper,
"Love," the forget-me-nots joyfully cry.

"Hope," the glad sunbeams all radiantly murmur,
"Upwards," the daisies, with smiles, all exclaim,
While the glad songsters, in musical chorus,
Tell of God's goodness and honour His Name.

Learn, for the whisper of nature is mighty,
Learn of the flowercts, the lesson of love;
Learn of the brook and the sunbeams to trust Him,
God, the good Giver, who watcheth above.

QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA.

By Barbara Clay Finch.

MENTION has frequently been made, since the death of the Emperor William, of the name of his brave and noble mother, but many of our readers may be unacquainted with the details of her history. In all that stirring epoch during which the eighteenth century *died*, and the nineteenth *dawned* on the stormy and tumultuous scenes that were so sadly frequent throughout Europe; when the Little Corporal was consolidating his wondrous power, and craftily bridling France; when our hero-hearted Nelson was "doing his duty" at the Nile and at Trafalgar; and when Farmer George, yet hale and sane, was honestly wondering how the apple got inside the dumpling—there was not a figure whose memory has come down to us with such pure pathetic lustre, such tender shading of high-souled romance, as that of Louise of Prussia, who had what Thackeray calls "the sad pre-eminence of beauty and misfortune," and who was regarded by the Fatherland with a love and loyalty amounting to veneration, and strongly resembling the spirit in which Dagmar of Denmark was and is looked upon by the brave and tender-hearted Danes.

Louise Augusta Wilhelmina Amelia, sixth child of Prince Charles Louis of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the youngest brother of Queen Charlotte, and Princess Frederica Caroline Louise, of Hesse-Darmstadt, was born on the 10th of March, 1776, and when scarcely six months old, was taken by her parents, with her sisters Charlotte, Teresa, and Frederica, and one brother, George, to the castle of Herrenhausen, near Hanover, her father having been made Governor-General of the latter state by his brother-in-law, George III.

Here her mother died, when Louise was but six years old, and she and her sisters were removed to Darmstadt, and placed under the care of their grandmother, the Princess George of Hesse-Darmstadt. The young princesses resided in the palace in the Herrengarten, and Louise, under the care of Mdlle. Gelieux, a French Protestant, grew up a lovely and loveable girl, gracious, gentle, and true, her beauty being, as we are told, "only the outward expression of her still more lovely character."

When only fifteen, Charlotte, the eldest of the sister princesses, was married to the Duke of Hilburghausen; and in May, 1789, Teresa, the second, wedded the Prince of Tour and Taxis. In 1790, Louise was present at the coronation of the Emperor Leopold II., at Frankfort, and she and her sister Frederica lodged in the house of Frau Rath Göethe, a kind-hearted lady, the great poet's mother. She humoured the two sisters in all their childish freaks, and defended them from the interference of the stately Oberhofmeisterin, whose sense of propriety was outraged at the idea of her princesses amusing themselves with the undignified heartiness of common clay. One day Louise and Frederica discovered the charm of pumping in the yard, and splashing themselves liberally, and Frau Rath, sympathising with their innocent enjoyment, told the horrified duenna that she would turn the key on her, rather than have the children disturbed. While under her kindly protection, Louise met for the first time the famous Prussian minister, Von Stein, of whom she was destined to see so much in later years; but at present the pump was probably an object of much greater interest to the young princess than the grave, grown-up statesman.

In 1792 war was declared by France against Austria and Germany, and all the princes of Louise's family leaving for the camp, she, her grandmother, and her two sisters, all repaired to the home of the eldest, the beautiful young Duchess of Hilburghausen. In this little court, situated in the most romantic and delightful part of Thuringia, Louise met the poet Jean Paul Richter, of whom her sister Charlotte was the friend and patroness. He had all a poet's admiration for the young duchess's beauty, and soon grew hardly less eloquent concerning the future Queen of Prussia, who is described as being then very lovely, with large blue eyes, full of feeling, exquisitely transparent complexion, soft, golden-brown hair, a tall, slight, and graceful figure, and most winning and attractive manners.

Hostilities having temporarily ceased, the Princess George, thinking they might travel in safety, set out for Darmstadt, but paused on her way to visit the Landgrave of Hesse at Frankfort, there to meet the King of Prussia and his sons, who had arranged to appear at the theatre that evening. The two young princes, Frederick William and Louis, were fascinated by the lovely sister princesses; and the King of Prussia, being fortunately both able and willing to smooth the course of true love, invited the Princess George and her grand-daughters to sup with them after the play, instead of proceeding on their journey as they had intended. What the Crown Prince thought of his future wife may be gathered from the words spoken long afterwards, in the time of his sorrow, to his faithful friend, Bishop Eylert: "I felt when I saw her, 'Tis she, or none on earth.' The expression is somewhere in Schiller, I forget where; but I know it, and it exactly describes the emotions which sprang up in my heart at the moment." The expression quoted was from the "Bride of Messina."

The Crown Prince, then twenty-three years old, is described by Bishop Eylert as being tall, well-proportioned, and soldier-like, with broad forehead, and deep dark-blue eyes. Not the least pleasing phase of his character was the intense affection he bore to his brother Louis—an affection which the latter as warmly returned. The boys had been brought up under the superintendence of their grand-uncle, Frederick the Great, who watched their progress with much interest and satisfaction, and always looked upon Frederick William as his heir.

On the 24th of April, 1793, the double betrothal took place in the palace at Darmstadt; and through the ensuing summer, Louise had many opportunities of meeting her lover, both at Heidelberg, and in the camp before Mayner. Meanwhile the palace of the Crown Prince, lately the home of our own Princess Royal, was refitted and decorated for its fair young mistress; and, on the 23rd of December, the beautiful sister-brides entered Berlin, and passing through Potsdam Gate, were received by the chief magistrates in the name of the town, and met the different guilds of burghers, who fell in with and swelled the processions. Amid loyal cheers, fluttering flags, and many-coloured decorations, the carriage, with its fair occupants, passed up Unter den Linden to the spot now occupied by the equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, where a triumphal arch was erected, and where addresses of welcome were to be presented. Here a pretty child, a burgher's little daughter, came forward and offered the beautiful bride a bouquet; and the fair young princess, stooping to receive it, kissed the small upturned face.

"Ach!" cried the Oberhofmeisterin, Countess von Voss, in tragic tones, "what has your highness done?"

Louise, herself only seventeen, started at the remonstrance.

"What!" she said, "is that wrong? May I never do that again?"

On the day following that on which the two fair sisters, whom Göethe calls "heavenly apparitions amid the turmoil of war," entered Berlin—Christmas Eve, 1793—Louise, with the diamond crown of the Hohenzollerns on her brow, and in the presence of the Queen Elizabeth Christina, the widow of Frederick the Great, was married in the White Drawing-room of the palace, by the

rites of the Lutheran Church. Then eame the banquet and state ball, eoncluding with the inevitable Fackel Tanz; and the following morning—Christmas Day—the newly wedded pair went in state to the Cathedral; and then the Crown Prince took his fair young wife "home" to his palace in Unter den Linden. Three days later, on December 27th, Prince Louis and Louise's sister Frederica were wedded. On the next birthday the King presented the Crown Princess with the palace of Oranienberg as a summer residence.

Louise's first year of married life was almost uncloudedly happy. The one drawback to her own and her husband's bliss was the tedious etiquette and ceremonial which surrounded them. The poor Countess von Voss, whom the Crown Prinee wickedly nicknamed "Dame Etiquette," struggled fruitlessly to preserve the proprieties.

One of the many writers on Louise's life gives an amusing picture of the stately old eourt dame's perplexities. "In vain did she point out to the Crown Prince that it had always been the eustom for the husbands of the royal family of Prussia to apprise their eonsorts of any intended visit before entering their ladies' apartments."

The prince maliciously requested "Dame Etiquette" to announce him in due form the next time he wished to speak with his young wife; and when that zealous official entered the princess's drawing-room with the solemn intelligence, there sat the Prinee already; he having slipped in through a side door before the ambassadress could execute her eommission.

In vain did the good eountess point out, with all the eloquence she possessed, that it was quite necessary for the peace and well-being of the Prussian States that the Crown Prince and his consort should not drive out together in the good city of Berlin except in the traditional coach and six dedicated to that especial service.

Again the prince listened with an air of profound gravity to the lady's remonstrances. He ordered the huge vehiele to be brought out, with the six horses, two eoachmen, and three footmen, all according to precedent and rule. Then gravely handing the *gouvernante* into the carriage, he gave the coachman a sign to proceed, and himself followed with his young wife in a quiet earriage and pair. But the horror of "Dame Etiquette" reached its culminating point when the prince actually proposed to drive his charming wife out in a *char-à-banc!* This was too much—"in the lowest depths, a lower still," and "Dame Etiquette," mournfully refusing to be one of the party, and abjuring all complicity in so horrible an atrocity, retired to the seclusion of her own apartments in the palace, where she remained "more in sorrow than in anger."

This happy life was not destined to be of long duration, for the Crown Prince was forced to return to the seat of war, leaving his wife distressed and trembling indeed, but still showing something of the high-souled courage of the women of mediæval romanee. "The dangers," she said, "to which my husband is exposed, make me tremble; but still the Crown Prince, who is the first after the king on the throne, must also be the first after him in the field." Left thus solitary, the princess solaced her time with studying the literature of her country, being specially attraeted by the writings of Herder, Göethe, and Schiller, and showing much intelligence and appreciation. After the capture of Warsaw, her husband returned; and, Oranienberg being too costly for the prince and princess to retain as a residence, they puchased Paretz, near Potsdam. There they lived in such contented fulness of wedded happiness, as reminds us of that other royal husband and wife who

> "In that fierce light that beats upon a throne,
> And blackens every blot,"

walked hand in hand in such devotion of leal-hearted love, till death sundered them—Albert the Good, and his wife, Victoria.

In this little *château*, far from the restraint of eourt ceremonial, the prince and princess lived like a country squire and his wife, known to all the villagers, and petting the children, for whom the light-hearted young princess would buy toys and cakes; and long after, when the splendour and crown of her queenhood was upon her, she would declare that the child-lisped title of "Gracious lady of Paretz," sounded infinitely sweeter to her ears than the ever-recurring "Your Majesty" of the Court. This pleasant country life was darkened in 1794 by the death by fever of Prince Louis, the Crown Prince's brother, and the husband of the Prineess Frederica, now a widow of eighteen, with an infant son. The following year, however, Louise was gladdened by the birth of her eldest boy, afterwards Frederick William IV., born October 15th; and eighteen months later, March 27th, 1797, William, the late German emperor, was born. At the elose of the same year, the old king died, and the Crown Prince and Princess ascended the throne as Frederick William III. and Queen Louise. About six months after their accession, they made a tour of their eastern dominions, where they were received with the utmost loyalty and enthusiasm, the beauty and sweetness of the queen exciting universal admiration and affection. Not long after their return, she gave birth, at Charlottenburg, to a daughter, Frederiea Louise Charlotte, always known in her own family by the pet name of "Blanchefleur," who married at nineteen the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, and, taking the name of Alexandra, closed her gentle life in the reign of her son, Alexander II.

"In the fierce light which beats upon a throne," Queen Louise stood fearless, strong, and true. Says Madame de Staël, "The court, presided over by a beautiful and virtuous woman, is at once imposing and simple. The royal family mingle freely in society, and identify themselves with the country in the hearts of their subjects."

"I am queen now," wrote Louise to her grandmother, soon after her accession; "and what chiefly delights me in that is that I shall no longer be obliged to be so careful in counting the number of my good deeds." In truth, her charity was boundless. Every expense that could by personal self-denial be restricted, was cut off, that she might have more to give in alms; and she had the happiness of finding her husband in complete accord with her.

He loved her passionately; her bright sweetness and loving energy were just what his grave and rather pensive disposition needed; and she always seemed to him a good angel incarnate.

All sorts of pretty aneedotes were told of their happy married life. Thus, once the king, playfully twitting her with extravagance for giving four dollars for a new eap, called up an old soldier, Christian Brandes, who was standing sentry under the palace windows. "The lady who is sitting on that sofa," said he, addressing the bewildered veteran, "has a great deal of money. Now, what ought she to pay for that little cap that lies on the table? You must not be dazzled by the beautiful pink ribbons, but say what you think it is worth." The old soldier surveyed the article in question, and, with masculine ignorance, opined that it might have eost "some groschen."

"Groschen, indeed!" cried the king; "that thing eost four dollars. She can afford to *give* you as much as she can afford to *pay* for that."

The queen laughed, and paid her dollars cheerfully; but turned the tables on her lord by adding, "You see that noble gentleman standing at that window. He has much more money than I have. All I have I receive from him, and he gives very freely. Go to him, and ask him for double what you have received from me; he can afford to give you eight dollars."

Years after, when the bright queen was gone, the king, who had the royal gift of remembering faees, saw his old soldier again, and said sorrowfully, "Brandes, dost thou remember?" turning hastily away.

(*To be continued.*)



"The Royal Palace in Berlin."

"YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT."

By M. F. FREEMAN.

THE spring breezes blow softly among the palm branches on the mount of Olivet, and the spring sunshine gilds the white walls of Jerusalem on the opposite side of the valley. The light of a Jewish Sabbath morning has risen on the fair summits of Mount Zion, and within her streets all is active, joyous life, in prospect of the solemn festivities of a Sabbath high day. It is Palm Sunday in the Holy City.

By the winding path from Bethphage and Bethany, over the hill Olivet, a band of worshippers is making its way towards Jerusalem. We catch the music of their voices as they come nearer the crest, and then we see them strewing palm branches in the way, and carpeting the green hill-side with their coats, in honour of One in their midst. Scarcely can we see Him at first, so thronged is He with the happy children as they shout their glad "Hosanna in the highest!"

But now they have mounted to the top, and are halting in full view of Zion—Zion, "the perfection of beauty!" "the city of the great King!" and from the base of her solid bulwarks and buttresses to the summit of her palaces and towers and Temple—how fair is she! The sight of her thrills the band with new ecstasy, and they burst forth into such a shout of praise as they would make the city herself, as well as the surrounding hills, echo the strain, "Blessed is the King that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

But what is this? a sound of weeping in their midst! The children's songs are hushed, and the men and women fall back in the presence of the King's grief. Listen to the voice of His lamentation: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, and ye would not! If thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace. Behold, your house is left unto you desolate!"

Is *this* the King, meek and lowly, and riding upon an ass?—His visage so marred more than any man's, the Man of Sorrows!

The city shone on in the morning light, and none took heed of the voice of prophetic warning. The band went forward on its way, and the children sang their hosannas again, on through the gates into the city, on through the streets to the Temple. The Pharisees from the multitude called to the Master to bid His followers cease their singing; and when the children echoed the refrain within the very Temple walls, the chief priests and scribes were moved with indignation, and rebuked the King and the children.

He came unto His own, and they that were His own received Him not. Ere the week after that Palm Sabbath had fled, the King who had entered the city so triumphantly was led forth from it crowned with all the shame and sorrow its unhappy people could heap upon Him. The cross for a throne; shed blood for royal robes; thorns upon His brow for regal majesty; mockery and derision for hosannas! And all this because of "the exceeding sinfulness of sin!"

Whence the sad echo eddying round us in the fitful gusts of wind? "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate!" It is a weird, dark night as we again visit Mount Olivet, and climb the winding path. Oh, that sad lament! Is it in the winds that whistle and sigh around us? Is it in the hollow answering echoes of the mountains round about Jerusalem? Or is it in the moan of distress that floats across the valley from her charred ruins?

Is it imprinted in that lurid glow of smouldering heat on the hill where the Temple stood?

The children who cried "Hosanna" in the Temple are but become men, and men in the prime of life who saw the King crucified have scarcely run the threescore years and ten, ere judgment has come upon the city, and her house is desolate, her children scattered.

Through the day all the confusion and tumult and tribulation of war has seethed within her tottering walls. Her Temple in flames; her people struggling and shrieking in mad desperation; the Roman soldiers, broken loose from all discipline, fighting and firing and slaughtering with the fury of a bitter hatred.

And now that the dark pall of night has fallen round her, she lies writhing in her misery; her wounds prevent the hush of sleep, and keep her awake to the full sense of her destruction; and the smouldering embers of the fire make even the darkness visible, shrouding the ghastly spectacle of dead bodies in heaps upon her hills.

"'Mountains, fall on us and hide us!'
Rose her people's bitter cry;
But they heeded not, and all her wounds
Lay open to the sky.
Oh, of sin's exceeding sinfulness,
The misery and shame!
Oh the woeful curse on those who mock
At mercy's lowly claim!
Oh the bitterness of death, when Life
Was offered in that Name!"

OF INTEREST TO YOUNG MEN.

THE Eleventh Triennial Meeting of Young Men's Christian Associations of all lands, will be held in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, from August 15th to 19th. The month of August is the time to see the "Queen of Malaren" (as Stockholm is sometimes called) at her best. Everything is then nice and green; and the banks of Lake Malaren, lined with villages and small picturesque summer dwellings of the city merchants and magnates, is a sight well worth seeing. The woods, extending all along the shores from Sodertelji to Stockholm, contain all kinds of trees from the plebeian pine to the aristocratic oak and walnut. A splendid view of Stockholm is obtained when coming from Sodertelji; you have then the main part of the city in the midst, and on each side the north and south part. When nearing the capital, you cannot fail to notice the large number of small steamers going to different places. Communication between different parts of the city depends to a great extent upon these small boats, and many of them run nearly all the year round.

The Stockholm Young Men's Christian Association (known in Sweden as the Kristeliga Foreningen af Unge Man) rents six rooms, in the northern part of the city, at No. 2, King Street. On entering the Association you are received in the "tambur" (hall) by the "vaktmastare" (doorkeeper), who is pleased to show you around the Rooms, and introduce you to the President and Secretary. The former, Prof. Shuldheis, is a lover of young men, and takes great interest in the work, and he is ably seconded by the General Secretary, Mr. G. Vider. Besides a library containing about four hundred volumes in ten different languages, the Association possesses a large Reading-Room supplied with one hundred newspapers and magazines printed in eight or nine languages. There is a fine gymnasium, and classes in gymnastics are taught three nights a week during the winter months. Besides young men in general, nearly all the city pastors, a good many students, and soldiers of all grades, from General to Private, are members of the Association. The rooms are open to the public from 4 to 10 p.m.

An oculist in New York recently said, in answer to certain inquiries, that wearing eye-glasses, as many do because they think it adds to their personal appearance, is very hurtful. "But," he added, "the greatest enemy to the eyes of young men is the cigarette. A disease has recently appeared among smokers which is dangerous; and after careful investigation, the best authorities, who, for a long time, were at a loss to understand the peculiar malady, traced it to the small paper-covered tobacco sticks. It is now known as the 'cigarette eye,' and can be cured only by long treatment. Its symptoms are dimness and film-like gathering over the eye, which appears and disappears at intervals. If young men continue to smoke cigarettes excessively, they may expect to be afflicted by this troublesome disease; and it is not relieved by spectacles."

During 1887 the membership of the Sydney (New South Wales) Y.M.C.A. increased from 936 to 1,095.

BIBLE JOTTINGS.

Signification of the Names of Aaron and his Sons.

Aaron—"very high" . . .	Acts 5. 31; Heb. 4. 14; Phil. 2. 9.
Nadab—"willing"	Judg. 5. 2; 2 Ch. 17. 16.
Abihu—"my father is he" .	Gal. 4. 6; 1 John 3. 2.
Eleazar—"my God an help"	Hos. 13. 9; Ps. 121. 2; Ex. 18. 14.
Ithamar—"land of palm" .	Ex. 15. 27; Ps. 92. 12; Ezek. 41. 18.

Seven Weak Things in Judges.

Left hand	Judg. 3. 21.	1 Cor. 1. 27. 2 Cor. 12. 9.
The ox-goad	„ 3. 31.	
A woman	„ 4. 4.	
A nail	„ 4. 21.	
Piece of millstone . . .	„ 9. 53.	
Pitcher and trumpet. . .	„ 7. 20.	
Jawbone of an ass . . .	„ 15. 16.	

Fire out of the Rock . . .	Judg. 6. 21.
Water „ „ „ . . .	Ex. 17. 6.
Honey „ „ „ . . .	Ps. 81. 16.

Seven Short Prayers.—Ps. 143. 7–11.

"Here me,"	Ver. 7.
"Cause me to hear," . . .	„ 8.
"Cause me to know," etc. .	„ 8.
"Deliver me,"	„ 9.
"Teach me,"	„ 10.
"Lead me,"	„ 10.
"Quicken me,"	„ 11

CHARMS OF JAPANESE WOMEN.

GRACE AND ATTRACTIVENESS *versus* EUROPEAN DRESS.

THE general attractiveness of the Japanese fair sex, as to which there are hardly two opinions, is due in a more than ordinary degree to the becoming character of their raiment, and the grace with which it is worn. Few Japanese women possess physical beauty of those lofty types which are the Western ideals. They are for the most part comely and engaging, rather than handsome. Dark eyes and hair, pencilled eyebrows, well set necks, and remarkably good teeth, together with bright artless manners and a winning smile, all serve to draw attention from irregularities of feature which will hardly bear critical scrutiny. It is the combination of physique, grace, dress, and manner that makes up the agreeable sum total of the average young girl or matron. As well in the brisk, bronze-cheeked serving-maid, with her homely but tasteful garments, her eyes of kindness, and her pretty ways, as in the refined little lady of high degree, pale-skinned and gentle-mannered, in her rich, exquisitely neat dress of ceremony, the visitor and the resident alike recognise most pleasing specimens of womankind. But they also acknowledge how much of the general outward effect is really due to the picturesqueness of the national garb. If confirmation of this be needed, it is sufficient to behold the same women clad in foreign clothes, or to mix in any gathering where the two styles can be seen together. Making full allowances for the disadvantages that, in the nature of things, must tell against a costume to which the wearer is wholly unaccustomed, no one who has eyes to see, can then hesitate as to the artistic superiority of the Japanese apparel. And, besides its æsthetic merits, the latter has other points of excellence.

It is healthy, in that it involves no distortion or compression of the kinds imposed by Western fashions. If the skirts of a well-dressed lady's robes are gathered somewhat too tightly for very active locomotion—perhaps the only fault that can be found in her whole attire—no other part of her frame is subjected to unnatural constraint; while the massive girdle gives warmth and protection to the chief bodily organs. Secondly, it is very much less expensive than the costly and irrational habiliments of the West. Jewellery, moreover, forms no part of it in any station of life.

Again, its fashions are abiding. While a Japanese belle, like all of her sex, delights in having good clothes and plenty of them, she has, or at least has hitherto had, the comfortable assurance that her ever-increasing wardrobe is in no danger of being at any moment thrown out of date by the caprices of court milliners and fashion-mongers.

Lastly, it is admirably suited to the beautiful fabrics of the country. It is no wonder, then, that the grievous change now in progress is loudly deprecated by nearly all onlookers. With most of us the first feeling is one of wrathful indignation. That the Japanese, who are nothing if not artistic, should set themselves in this cold-blooded way to blot out one of the most delightful and picturesque features in the whole national life is regarded as incredible, unnatural, and exasperating. It is Vandalism; it is sacrilege; it is mimicry; it is everything that is bad. Such is the general lament, and there seems to be a good deal in its favour.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON.

By Rev. J. H. THORPE, M.A.

JUNE 10TH. JESUS RISEN.—*Matt.* 28. 1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.—1 *Cor.* 15. 20.

AN interesting topic arising out of this lesson would be the ministry of women to our Lord when on earth. Amongst other points it would seem that the food, etc., required by our Lord was furnished by a band of women who ministered to Him of their substance (see Luke 8. 3). The teacher, in any case, will not fail to notice that women followed our Lord when His disciples had forsaken Him; women were the last at the cross and the first at the tomb. How completely, therefore, it would seem that the cross of our Lord has restored woman from the stigma of being "first in the transgression."

As to the work of the angel (see ver. 2) in rolling away the stone, the earthquake, etc., it took place in the presence of the women (so *Alford*). It was not needful for our Lord's delivery—He had already risen. A nice point is brought out by St. Mark regarding this stone (Mark 16. 3, 4); it was a difficulty discussed by the women on the way; they did not know how to get it removed, yet they continued on their journey of love, and when they arrived at destination found stone rolled away for them, "for it was very great." Thus does God make the way of His people clear, when they "follow on." Take the next step and the next—and leave *the great stones to His providence!*

See in this lesson the interest angels have in Christ's people. This one knows the seekers of Jesus, and has a word of cheer for them (compare Luke 15. 7). See how the angel regards the word of Christ. He reminds these disciples, "as He said." If we remember what Christ has said to us, we shall be the less surprised at what He does to us. From ver. 7 learn that blessed news is to be passed on. If God lights our candle, it is that other candles may be lit at our flame. From ver. 9 you have the suggestion that Jesus meets with His people in the way of obedience and witnessing for Him. See in ver. 10 (1) The resurrection message is, "Be not afraid." (2) The name Christ gives to His people after His resurrection, *not before*, is "My brethren." (3) How Jesus loves the gathering of His people—see here how He arranges a meeting with them in Galilee.

Vers. 11-15. See (1) How one sin draws on another. The men who crucified Jesus now concoct a lie about His disciples. (2) What a power money is for evil, and how often it is used that way! (3) Here large money was given for the support of a lie, yet how many grudge a little money to advance the truth. (4) How ridiculous was the story they started, and *yet some believed it!* It is easy to deceive men into believing what is popular. Query—If the soldiers slept, how could they know what they said took place? If some were awake, why not arouse the rest? If disciples stole the body, why did not the soldiers search for it? (5) Ver. 15. Note, when once a lie is raised, none knows how far it will spread, how long it will last, or what mischief it will do.

S. S. NOTES (*continued*).

BEFORE reading verses, refer to *burial of Christ*—the *watch* set before the grave, and the dark intervening day between the death and resurrection. Introduce lesson by picturing the women groping their way through the city while it was yet dark (John 20. 1). Sun rises very suddenly in East. They hear a great noise, earth seems to rock (verse 2), but not afraid, they pursue their way.

Lesson might well be made to gather round verse 6, giving it as title—

THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

"Come, see the place where the Lord lay." As significant to us as to the women. The message has come floating down the ages to us here in this class. FIVE points of interest about the place.

1. *It was in a Garden.* Call to mind a lovely English garden. Show how an Eastern garden would be still more lovely. The natural desire to make the resting-places of the dead beautiful. Refer, if possible, to some spots in a cemetery or graveyard near by.

2. *It was a* GRAVE. "Of course it was," some scholars may exclaim. Refer to the theory put forth that Christ only swooned. This impossible, owing to sword thrust, if nothing else. Not simply a resting-place, like the well of Samaria. Mysterious influence of graves. Abraham Lincoln converted as he stood by the graves of his comrades at Gettsburgh. Women have come prepared with spices. See rich Joanna laden; they bend and look in—start back.

3. *It was Empty.* "Was it not enough," they cry, "that they heaped indignities upon Him while alive, that they must now steal Him away!" They look again.

4. *He bore Marks of a Resurrection* (John 20. 5-7). The doctrine of the resurrection, the keystone in arch of Christianity. Proofs of the resurrection: Disciples could not have invented, as it was against what they expected. Their after conduct proved it to be no lie of their making. Impossible to think all the guard would sleep. Had either enemy or friend stolen the body, they would not have unwound the clothes. Suppose the guard had slept, the noise would have waked them. Impossible for a handful of men to have stolen anything from that garden, in face of a cohort of Roman soldiers. Nothing in history so clearly demonstrated as this fact. Still another look.

5. *It contained Angel Forms* (John 20. 12). Life where death had been.

Five comforting thoughts gathered from "the place where the Lord lay."

1. *This Life is not all.* There is something beyond. This both comforting and alarming.

2. *Departed Friends who have died in Christ, only gone before.*

3. *Our Saviour conquered Death.* Therefore we need not fear; to do so is to dishonour our Lord.

4. *The other World is close to this.* Proved by appearance of angels and Christ.

5. WE SHALL RISE AGAIN. Repeat Golden Text. This *a fact of prophecy. A fact of history. A fact of science.*

Illustrate by an acorn from which springs oak, diamond from charcoal, silk from worm, butterfly from chrysalis An object lesson might be given by teacher taking some of these things to class.

A chemist's assistant once dropped a silver cup into a vessel containing some clear liquid, when, to his consternation, it disappeared. The master dropped a few drops from a phial into the liquid, when lo, a mass of silver gradually gathered together at the bottom of the vessel. It was taken out, sent to the silversmith's—and, lo, again appeared the silver cup. C. SKINNER.

NOTES ON THE Y.M.C.A. BIBLE CLASS LESSON.

JUNE 10TH.

THE DEMONIAC.—*Luke* 8. 26-35.

CHRIST'S journey across the Sea of Galilee on this occasion appears to have been solely for the purpose of delivering the poor demoniac. (Compare ver. 37).

Matthew speaks of *two*, Mark and Luke of *one* demoniac. The discrepancy is only *apparent*. *Substantial* agreement with *circumstantial* variety.

Evidently no collusion—artless and candid. *One* demoniac was probably more conspicuously afflicted than the other.

Mark the features of the affliction:—

"*Had Devils*" or demons—not mere madness, but a distinct misery, a literal possession by spirits. See Matt. 4. 24, where the two are specified as distinct.

"*Long Time*," an inveterate case, and therefore, the more painful and NATURALLY hopeless.

"*Abode in no House, but in the Tombs.*" Driven from society—in the place of death.

He could not be Bound with Fetters and Chains. The demoniacal power burst these bonds, and drove him into the wilderness.

All these features are illustrative of a sinner's experience. Under the power of Satan. No legal restraints or resolutions are capable of binding him.

He cried out against Jesus (ver. 28). Thus the devil deceives men, and makes them resist their greatest Friend, the Saviour.

Ver. 31. Observe the subjection of the demons to Christ, their dread of Him, and acknowledgment of His authority.

Ver. 32. Was there not an artifice of Satan here to set the people against *Christ*, by destroying their property? Note the sequel in ver. 37. So now, if Satan can make men believe that religion is injurious to business, he can succeed in setting them against it.

Ver. 35. The happy condition of the poor demoniac. At the feet of Jesus.

Place of Rest (Luke 8. 35).
Place of Safety (Ruth 3. 8).
Place of Humility (Rev. 1. 17).
Place of Honour (Acts 22. 3).
Place of Instruction (Luke 10. 39).

JAMES L. STANLEY.

JOSEPH BARKER AND THE QUAKER.

By Tryon Edwards, D.D.

SOME thirty or forty years ago an avowed infidel, named Joseph Barker, became widely known for his activity and earnestness in spreading atheistic views, and opposing the Bible and the truth of God. In 1854 he had a public discussion in Philadelphia with Rev. Dr. Joseph Berg, which was continued through eight evenings, and was at the time regarded as one of the most remarkable and important debates ever held on such subjects. The large concert hall was crowded to overflowing—floors, galleries, aisles, platform, every part—and the arguments on both sides were stated with singular clearness and power, and were listened to night, after night, with fixed attention and thoroughly intelligent interest.

At every step of the discussion, on to the end, all felt that Dr. Berg, strong in the power of truth, was more than a match for his opponent. And when at the close Mr. George H. Stuart read a series of resolutions, devoutly thanking God for the manly and powerful eloquence with which Dr. Berg had spoken for the Bible, and also expressing full devotion to the sacred Book as the bulwark of all civil and religious liberty, the ground of all lawful authority, and of morality as well as religion, the whole vast audience responded by the peal of two thousand voices, with an earnestness that was grand almost to sublimity. Then followed the request that all opposed to the resolutions would respond in the negative ; but not a voice was uttered, or a hand raised, either because all were convinced, or that the advocates of infidelity were not willing by voting to show how few were their numbers, and how weak their cause. But instead, from every part of the room the people gave a great shout, followed by three groans for the views of Mr. Barker.

It was not far from the time of this debate that Barker went out to Frankford, then a suburb, but now a part of Philadelphia, and there lectured against the Bible to a large audience. At the close of his address, when he evidently felt that he had made a strong impression, he invited either replies or questions from any in the audience. After a moment's silence, a substantial-looking Quaker arose and said :

"Friend Barker, thee said not only that the Bible was a pack of lies and fables, but that every preacher was a hypocrite, and well knew that in his preaching he was telling what was not true—did thee not?"

Barker admitted that he had said it, and again declared it was so.

"Well, friend Barker, was not thee a preacher so many years ago, and did thee not then preach just as other ministers now do?"

Barker was evidently taken by surprise, for he did not suppose that any one present knew his early history (for he had been a preacher before he apostatized to infidelity) ; but colouring and hesitating a little, he admitted that he had been a preacher, but said he had long ago given up such nonsense, as he had no faith in it.

"Well," said the Quaker, "if thee was *not* a hypocrite *then*, thee surely could not say that *all* preachers were hypocrites ; and if thee *was* a hypocrite *then*, thee may be so *now* in what thee is telling us. And beside," he continued, "the Bible must be true, for ages ago it exactly described thyself, saying, 'In the last days there shall come scoffers, false teachers, bringing in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, by whom the way of truth shall be evil spoken of' ; and this is just what thee is now doing."

Barker seemed not a little confused, and making no reply, the Quaker again said, "Friend Barker, I would ask thee another question : Did thee ever know a mother teach her child to be an infidel? And if thee was dying, would thee not just as lief have the Christian's faith and hope, as be without them then?" The questions evidently cut Barker to the quick, and made a strong impression on the audience. Barker did not attempt to answer them, and the assembly soon dispersed. They may have had a lasting influence on Barker himself, for some years afterward, in 1870, he publicly renounced his infidelity, and again professed his belief in Christianity, preaching as a minister of the Methodist Church till his death in Omaha, in 1875.

After his conversion he laboured with earnestness and energy to counteract the influence he had exerted while an infidel, and his constant labours with pen and tongue, in the pulpit and on the platform, are said to have hastened his death. He was constantly receiving letters from infidels in the United States and other countries, complaining that he had led them into infidelity, and now had forsaken them, and asking reasons for his change. All these letters he endeavoured to answer, rising early and sitting up late, that if possible he might lead the writers to the truth. He was in the habit of telling them to read the Gospels, for it was the story of Christ, he said, that had converted him. And what aided to open his eyes, and led him to consider the whole subject anew, he added, was the immorality and licentiousness to which he saw infidelity led its disciples ; for he had never known an infidel who hated and opposed the Bible, who was not an immoral man ; thus reminding us of Wilmot, the infidel, who, when dying, laid his hand upon the Bible, and solemnly and with energy said, "The only objection against this Book is a bad life."

A short time before Mr. Barker's death, as his son tells us, he called to his bedside his son, Mr. Gilbert, his lawyer, and Mr. Kellom, one of his trustees, and said, "I feel that I am approaching my end, and desire that you should receive my last words, and be witnesses to them. I wish you also to witness that I am in my right mind, and fully understand what I have just been doing, and that I die in the firm and full belief of Jesus Christ, and trusting in God's infinite love and mercy, and in full faith in a future and better life. I am deeply sorry for my past errors, but during the last years of my life I have striven to undo the harm I did, by doing all I was able to serve God, by showing the wisdom and excellence of the religion of His Son Jesus Christ. I wish you to write down and witness this my last confession of faith, that there may be no doubt about it."

He also left behind him several books which he had published after renouncing his infidelity—books of earnest and powerful argument for the Bible. In one of these he says, "Men who have strayed into scepticism are continually coming back to the Bible, and accepting it as their teacher, guide, and comforter ; and I myself am an instance of this. Carried away, as by a tempest, from my early faith, I wandered for years in the dreary regions of doubt and unbelief. 'I looked for light, and behold darkness.' I sought rest, and found disquietude. And the further I went, the worse I fared, and the more wretched I became. I found myself at length face to face with utter darkness and eternal death. God in His mercy rescued me from that awful state, and brought me back to Christ. And now I am happy in the light of His truth and the assurance of His love. I praise the Bible, and love Christ and Christianity more than ever, and am more happy in my work as a minister than I ever was in my life. And my ability to maintain the claims of Christ and Christianity and the Bible to the love and reverence of mankind, is greater than ever, and my hatred and horror of infidelity is greater than ever. I know it to be the extreme of madness and misery, the utter degradation and ruin of the soul."

THAT HOUSE IN LONDON.

By L. T. MEADE,

Author of "Scamp and I," "A Knight of To-day," "Great St. Benedict's," "The O'Donnells of Inchfawn," "Water Gipsies," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

KATE was not at all a fanciful woman. She never met trouble half-way; she was unsuspicious, and had naturally a genial and bright temperament. Nevertheless, when her husband did not return home at the appointed hour, after his supposed visit to Liverpool, a sense of discomfort and uneasiness did oppress her. She began to watch for his expected footstep; and the watching for a footstep that does not come is always, under all circumstances, more or less weary work. Polly and Nellie were at home that evening; they were very bright and animated, and did not at all share in their sister's longing for her husband's return. Kenneth was not popular with his young sisters-in-law; he showed his indifference to them far too plainly for them to care about him. Kate concealed her growing anxiety, talked with apparent interest to Polly about her new winter costumes, was genuinely pleased with Nellie's crewel work, and when the dinner-time was half an hour past, ordered the meal to be served, and was outwardly quite calm, and even tried to eat.

The slow hours passed; Kenneth did not arrive, neither was there a telegram from him. The girls went to bed, and presently Kate also sought her sleepless couch. She never forgot the agony of that night; but she locked her door, and would not even allow the servants to guess at her uneasiness.

In the morning, very early, she got up and dressed, and by eight o'clock she was at the nearest telegraph office. She sent off a telegram to the managers of the hotel in Liverpool, the name of which her husband had given her. She sent the telegram with a reply prepaid, and then she waited at the office until the answer should arrive. The lines were comparatively clear at this early hour, and in a little over an hour the return message was put into her hands. It was brief, and to the following effect:—

"No gentleman of the name of Kenneth Graham has been here."



"He thought and thought—he pondered and pondered."



"'You may faint when I get you into the room that has waited for you so long.'"

She crushed the paper in her hand, and went quietly home.

Something *was* wrong. Was it an accident? Had harm befallen her husband? or, had he tried to deceive her? She put this latter thought away, saying to herself, she could not and would not foster it. When she came home, however, she told her sisters that she feared something was the matter with Graham. She was trembling violently, and Nellie was frightened about her.

"You will go to him, won't you, Kate?" she said.

Kate shook her head; she could not tell these girls she did not know where her husband was.

After breakfast she went upstairs. Mrs. Alexis's room was open, and Betty stood on the threshold.

"Ay, my dear lady," she said, coming up and speaking in an affectionate tone to Kate, "didn't Betty know, didn't Betty know well that the bridal days would soon be past, and the days of mourning at hand? Take comfort, my dear, and know that this is the will of a merciful God."

"No, it isn't," said Kate, turning round, her eyes flashing. "I know better; it is not the will of God that any one should be unhappy. He means us to be bright, and joyful, and glad to live. Don't say that again, Betty; it is not true. I love God too much, far too much, to believe it."

Betty sighed and shook her head.

"I'll go in and light your fire, ma'am, for you're but poorly," she said, in a submissive voice. "Eh, dear," she continued, as she pottered about Kate's bedroom, "it seems sad as the poor little babe should be coming in such troublous times; but who can wonder when we remember Scripter, which says we is all born to trouble as the sparks fly upward? There now, ma'am, you has got a nice fire, and you'll sit by it and get a bit warm. I do hope as your feet aren't wet, Mrs. Graham. Oh, fie! fie! why, your boots are sopping. Here, let me take them off this minute. Yes, ma'am, you're new to it, and you takes it hard; but you'll get accustomed later on."

"I think, Betty, I will be alone now," said Kate, when she could find her voice. "It is very good of you to make me so comfortable. Thank you much."

"Not at all, ma'am; the mourning spirit is ever congenial to Betty Carew, and I'm pleased to be of service. Did I tell you, ma'am, that I've been dreaming lately of poor Master Jonas? I had a dream about him last night, which repeated itself three times. My poor boy, he riz up before me, all white and faded-like, in shabby clothes, and a world of trouble writ across his forehead, but alive, ma'am—alive. It's my belief, Mrs. Graham, Mr. Jonas is not dead."

"Oh, Betty, he must be. If his mother had not been quite sure, she would not have left all her money to my husband."

"She was persuaded," said Betty, "persuaded in her own mind that he had gone before her, but she may have been mistook; and dreams that come three times is never to be disregarded. Oh! I say, Mrs. Graham, ma'am, if that ain't the master's step on the stairs?"

Kate gave a cry, rushed from her seat, and met her husband on the landing. His face was deadly white, his eyes weary and troubled; he scarcely responded to her loving greeting. Betty slipped away into old Mrs. Alexis's bedroom, and the two were alone.

"Oh! Kenneth, I was frightened," said the poor wife; and here her fortitude gave way, and she began to sob.

He led her gently back into their bedroom; then he held her to his heart.

"Poor Kitty!" he said. "Poor Kitty!"

"But why did you do it, dear?" she continued. "Why did you make me so terribly, terribly anxious? If you could not come back last night, you might have telegraphed; and you were not at that hotel at Liverpool at all. I sent a message there this morning, and they told me so."

"You distrusted me, then?" said Kenneth, his brow darkening; and he pushed his wife a little away from him.

"No, dear, by no means; but I telegraphed to know if anything had happened to you. Oh, Ken, don't be angry; I did try hard not to be anxious."

"Poor Kitty! Well, my offence was not very heinous, was it? just to be out one night longer than I intended. I changed my mind about that hotel; there was nothing very heinous in that. I forgot to telegraph. There, I own I was careless; but, Kitty, I knew I should be with you in the morning, and I have been much worried, much worried."

"Never mind now, dear, that you have come back; I mean, never mind on my account. I am so sorry you have been unhappy; and you don't look well, not at all. Sit down in this arm-chair, and let me brush your hair for you. Poor old boy! it is good to have you back with me again."

"I have had a blow, Kate," said Graham, "a blow; and, dearest, I cannot tell you about it, and you must not ask me. Something bad has happened, and I have been hurt. There, it shall not affect you, my darling; how you tremble."

"You have frightened me, Kenneth."

"I know; I can't help it."

"Has the trouble anything to say to the business, Ken?"

"No—yes—think what you like; I can't enlighten you."

"Betty was right," said Kate, speaking half to herself; "Betty was quite right when she said that troublous days were coming. I am so sorry; I wanted everything to be bright when my baby comes."

"I wish that wretched child was not coming now, Kate; it complicates matters. Why, what is the matter, my love?" For Kate had suddenly put her hands to her husband's lips, and sunk on her knees before him.

"Unsay those words, Ken; they frighten me; they sink into my heart."

"My dear girl, what words?"

"About the baby, Ken; you are glad we are going to have a little child of our own? Don't speak of our little unborn child as wretched."

"I won't, dear, if it hurts you so much; only, Kitty, I fear I shall have to go away again."

"Again? Because of this trouble?"

"Yes, on account of it."

"Then it must be a business worry. I am glad, that is a relief; money troubles are by no means the worst."

"No, dear," said Kenneth, trying to speak cheerfully; "but this will, I fear, take me away from you, for a time at least."

"Oh, Ken, not now, not before——"

"My darling Kate, would you have courage to come with me?"

"With you? Kenneth, are you going far?"

"I don't know; I cannot fix my plans in an instant. Now I am better, and will go to the office. We will talk over matters again this evening, Kitty."

He rose from his chair, changed his coat, and washed his face and hands; then, stooping down and printing a hasty kiss on his wife's brow, he left her. She had sunk back again in the arm-chair, and was gazing dreamily into the fire. Just as Kenneth reached the room door, she called him back.

"I will go with you, Ken, even though it is a risk. It is no matter where we are, if only we are together; and to have you away ill and in trouble would be too dreadful."

CHAPTER XXV.

JONAS ALEXIS had managed to checkmate Kenneth Graham. Nothing could exceed the astonishment and the dismay of this well-to-do man of the world when the much-trodden-on worm turned at last. Alexis had asserted himself, had shown Kenneth plainly that he could not tempt him, had used bitter words to the man who had treated him so badly, had refused all aid from him, and then had gone his own way independently. But before he went he had told Kenneth plainly that he meant to find him out. Alexis himself did not know what his words implied, but Graham did. Alexis as his enemy, as his declared enemy, would be sure soon to know too much. Graham was fearfully disturbed. His checkmate was so sudden, that for a time he could scarcely get his breath. He felt that he could not possibly return to Kate until he had made his plans, until he had collected his ideas. He spent that evening and night in a small inland town, about half-way to London. There he thought and thought, there he pondered and pondered; but the more he meditated, the more impossible did escape seem to him. There was nothing for it but flight; there was nothing for it but to take his family with him and go. He would let the house in Exmoor Square, he would break up his establishment in London, and with his wife, and sisters-in-law, and old Betty, go abroad. It would be necessary to take Betty; for he knew that if she saw Jonas, she would certainly remember him. He wondered if he could persuade his partners to establish a branch of their business in Australia; if so, he would have a plausible excuse for going there—in short, he would run away instead of Jonas.

He returned home, and told his wife enough to prepare her for any coming catastrophe. His wife expected soon to be a mother; this much complicated the situation. It would be so unnatural for him to leave her now; she would think him so cruel. The world, too, would be harsh to him; and, if anything did turn up, would be the more likely to suspect him. Then he wondered if he and Kate could go away at once together, go away to some little unknown English or French village; and then, after the baby's birth, he might return, and arrange for the breaking up of his home. It seemed the best thing to be done; and he hurried away now to his neglected business with a certain sense of relief.

In the course of the day it occurred to him he would employ a detective on his own account. He went to Scotland Yard, and saw one of the officers. He had a private interview with this man, which lasted over an hour. He described Alexis's appearance to the detective, and asked him to keep an eye on him, and let him know if he were in London. The man was one of the cleverest of the force. That evening, just before his

return home, he called to see Graham at his place of business; there he told him that he had traced Alexis to Charing Cross Hospital, where he was then lying very ill from the effects of a street accident, and that his recovery was more than doubtful.

Graham received this information with a curious sensation—a sensation which filled him partly with dismay, partly with exultation. The dismay was caused by the glimpse which he suddenly got into his own moral nature, which now rejoiced over another man's pain and probable death; the exultation arose from the sense that time was once more his, and that even if Alexis recovered, he had now some weeks to make his plans in. He thanked the officer from Scotland Yard with almost effusion, paid him handsomely, and asked him to let him know from time to time how Alexis progressed.

Then he hurried home, feeling almost cheerful. After the misery of the last few days, this pleasant little interval of safety was such a relief, that for the time he was happy. He kissed his wife with great tenderness, was unusually affectionate and sympathetic, told her that her mind might rest for the present, as none of his plans could be made in a hurry, and then he proved himself so agreeable a companion, that even his sisters-in-law began to like him. Kate's fears were once more laid to rest, once more she trusted her husband all in all, and almost laughed at Betty Carew when she met her with a long face, or when she spoke in her croaking old voice of the days of mourning.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ALEXIS got to Exmoor Square when it was dark. He was still rather feeble on his legs, and though he had discarded the use of a crutch before he left the hospital, he limped more or less as he walked. He had come from a place which seemed to him by contrast to be wonderfully homelike and refined. Gentle words had been said to him during his two months' residence at Charing Cross. Sympathy and kindness had been showered upon him, and he had learnt to feel real and sincere affection for Sister Lucilla. He was just in the mood when his mother's love and his mother's forgiveness would have been most acceptable to him. When he found himself in the gloomy old Square, a wild hope filled his breast. Suppose the sister had made a mistake when she said that Mrs. Grace Alexis was dead; suppose this good and gentle lady still lived, and that she was, indeed, his mother! Were this indeed so, he fancied how he, who had lived so long upon the husks, who had tasted so bitterly of the waters of sin, would return to his mother in the spirit in which the prodigal in the Divine parable came back to his Father. He had no doubt at all that his mother would pardon and forgive and bless him. Fear on this point never entered his mind. No, he knew well that if his mother were still living, all would be well with him. In that case, he could even believe that he might forgive Kenneth Graham.

He entered the Square, which was dimly lighted, and looked around him. He had not an idea which house to go to. His vaguely formed plan was to knock at each door in succession, and inquire if a lady of the name of Alexis lived there now, or had lived there lately. He knew well that he presented a sorry figure, and that people would not be particularly courteous or civil in answering his inquiries; nevertheless, he determined to persevere. Exmoor Square was, indeed, an old-world region, and Alexis's heart sank when he perceived that more that half the houses were empty. Well, he must take his chance, and ask his question at those doors which might be open to him. He began at No. 1, and walked down that side of the Square. The present owners of No. 1 could tell him nothing; at Nos. 2 and 3 he was equally unlucky; No. 4 was empty; but at No. 5 he met a response which caused his heart to leap into his mouth, and then gave him a queer sensation of faintness and despair.

"Mrs. Alexis?" said the frowsy housemaid who replied to his summons. "Ah, poor dear! she's dead and gone, she is; she did live at No. 10."

Alexis leant up against the door-post. He had built his hopes so high, that the news of the old lady's certain death came upon him with the effect of a shock.

"Was you a relation?" said the girl, peering at him curiously. "She kept herself to herself, no doubt, but from what I could gather, she was always hoping to get tidings of a relation. Maybe they could give you news of her at No. 10."

"I'll inquire," said Alexis. He thanked the servant, and walked feebly down the steps. He did not know why he trembled so much.

"I'm weaker than I thought," he muttered to himself; "that accident shook me a good deal. I was never much, but I'm not even now the man I was. Maybe it's a good thing my poor mother is dead. I wonder if the old lady who lived in one of those grand houses was my mother. Well, I may as well go to No. 10, and ask a question or two."

He walked up the tall flight of steps; the steps were whitened and carefully kept, he could see that much even in the gaslight; the fan-light over the door was well polished, and a full flood of cheerful light from within streamed out in bright rays. Alexis noted all these small details.

"She never lived here," he muttered. "It's clean, no doubt, and so was the cottage clean, but there's nothing else to remind me of my mother. My mother was a very poor lady; God bless her memory."

He rang the bell at the servants' entrance. He heard voices and laughter coming up from the area, but no one attended to his summons. He rang it a second time, more feebly than the first, for he was shaking more and more violently.

"I can't think what's come to me," he muttered; "my head is going round; I must be very weak."

He took off his hat in a vague manner, hoping thereby to relieve the giddiness and lightness of his brain. Just then the door was opened. An old woman, in a black dress and tall mob-cap, stood on the threshold; the light from within streamed full on Jonas's ghastly face; his brown eyes, half glazed, half blinded, looked full into Betty Carew's.

"Thank the Lord!" she muttered, in a sudden half-choking voice; "didn't I know as dreams dreamt three times meant the truth? Come in, Master Jonas, come in, my darling, long-lost boy."

She dragged him into the hall, and slammed the door after him.

"I'm going to faint," he muttered, groping for a seat.

"No, no, not here; come your ways upstairs," she exclaimed. "You may faint and do anything you fancies when once I get you up into the room that has been waiting for you so long."

By the sheer force of will she dragged the tottering, despairing man up the richly carpeted stairs—up and up, past the landing window, with its coloured glass and its stands of richly blooming flowers,—up and up, until they reached the first landing, where she opened a door, and took him into a dismal and lofty room.

"Sit there," she said, guiding him forward; "sit there, my poor, poor lad, and I'll light the fire, and make you a bit comfortable."

She placed Alexis in his mother's old arm-chair; his head rested against the pillow which hers had so often pressed, and he went off into a dead faint.

Mrs. Carew was by no means alarmed; she was all bustle, and interest, and activity; she turned on the gas and filled the room with the blaze of light. Then she lit the fire which had been so long laid in the unused grate; she managed it skilfully, and got it to burn well.

"Let him lie there until I have things a bit home-like," she muttered, looking at the death-like figure as it lay prone in the old arm-chair. "His mother's darling—yes, for sure; well, he's my charge now."

When the fire blazed high and roared up the chimney, Betty got a bottle of smelling-salts from a cupboard in the wall, and applied it to Alexis's nostrils. After a moment or so he stirred uneasily, and opened his eyes with a slow and languid movement.

"There now, dearie," said Betty, "you prop your feet up on this footstool; it was your mother's, dear heart, and who has a better right? You prop your feet there, my bonny lad, and get the warmth into you, and Betty Carew will go and fetch something that will bring back the colour to your lips. Don't you stir until Betty comes back, Master Jonas."

The old woman hobbled out of the room shutting and even locking the door behind her. She went down, right down to the kitchen, where she encountered the cook.

"I wants the very strongest and best beef-tea that you have in the house, Mrs. Andrews. I want it made piping hot, and a bit of toast along with it, and given to me on a tray this minute; so you look sharp, for I've no time to spare."

"Whatever for?" exclaimed Mrs. Andrews.

"Well, for my own bit of supper, so there. You give it to me, and no words about it—the very strongest, mind, that that you serves up for the missis—do you hear?"

"I haven't got none of it," replied the cook; "I sent up the last to the missis's room an hour back, and there'll be no more made before the morning. Come, come, Mrs. Carew, you're none so bad that you can't eat your supper like the rest of us. It's all laid out in the servants' hall, as piping as you please, real juicy steak and onions."

Betty paused to consider for a moment, then shaking her old head, she left the kitchen and slowly remounted the stairs. Now she passed the door where she had shut Jonas Alexis in, and boldly entered another room. It was a pretty room, very bright and cheerful; a baby's bassinet stood in a sheltered corner by the fire, a sofa was drawn up close to the cheerful blaze, and on the sofa lay the young mother, looking fair, peaceful, and happy. Graham was standing with his back to the fire, and when Betty appeared, Kate had been saying something which caused them both to laugh heartily.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Betty, coming in and dropping one of her accustomed curtsies, "but would it be to say convenient to let me have a cup of your beef-tea?

Cook says she has sent up all she has to your room, and I thought maybe you'd spare me a cup."

"There's none to spare," here exclaimed the nurse, coming forward from another part of the room. "Mrs. Graham will want what is here for herself during the night."

"Then you can't have it, Betty," said Graham, in his decided voice.

Betty scowled, and looked up at him with a very frowning face.

Mrs. Graham's gentle voice, however, interposed.

"No, Ken, dear, I wish her to have a cup," she said. "Certainly you shall have it, Betty; are not you well?"

"Not so very, ma'am. I'd like a cup of the beef-tea made very hot, and a slice of toast done delicate and brown.

"Get what she wants for her," said Kate, turning to the nurse. "Will you eat your supper here, Betty? Mr. Graham is obliged to go downstairs in a moment. Will you sit here, and take a look at baby? he is sure to wake in a moment or two."

"No, I thank you, ma'am; I prefers to eat in the room of mourning; much obliged, Mrs. Graham, ma'am."

Betty took her temptingly prepared little tray from the nurse's hands, and left the room.

(*To be continued.*)

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

By Rev. THAIN DAVIDSON, D.D.

THE education of the body is an important element in the training of the mind. When we look at the crowds of ill-formed, emaciated, stunted frames that meet us on every side, it is impossible not to feel that more attention ought to be given to the practical teachings of Physiological Science. I believe the Volunteer movement has done not a little to improve the physique, the gait, the figure, ay, and the health of many hundreds of young men.

Drill expands the chest and braces up the frame; and if a handsome uniform occasionally engenders just a wee bit of personal vanity, we shall pardon this as we mark the decided improvement in general health and bearing.

It is no longer the fashion amongst Christian people, as it certainly was some years ago, to decry as brutalising and irreligious all sports and amusements which bring into full play the physical powers.

I am not sure but that the pendulum of popular taste is not swinging a little too far in the opposite direction. We almost make a demigod of the youthful athlete, who surpasses all his fellows in the feats of wrestling, or pedestrianism, or rowing, or cricketing, or the like.

It is well to develop by training all our physical powers; but the value of such training consists in its effects upon the health, and upon the powers of the mind. The mere production of a large human animal, a mountain of bone, and sinew, and muscle, like some famous pugilist whose picture is occasionally thrust before you; the mere production, I say, of such a creature (as you would produce a prize horse, or a fat ox), is a very poor ambition; indeed, I confess that such a picture only fills me with disgust, suggesting the culture of the brute at the expense of all that gives true dignity and worth to man.

Did you ever, as I have done, stand still for a few moments, and make a study of the faces in the group gathered round such a portrait, or lingering about the door of some sporting journal, waiting for the news from a race or prize-fight? What a humbling spectacle! Of all the brainless skulls and vacant, vapid countenances to be anywhere seen, you will find nothing to match that worthless company!

I hardly know a lower type of men than those who, ignoring their mental and spiritual nature, aim at nothing higher than possessing a strong and well-formed body. But that is no reason why intelligent Christian young men should neglect the culture of their physical powers. There is no necessary connection that I can discover between thoughtful piety on the one hand, and flaccid muscles, lack-lustre eyes, a sallow complexion, a contracted chest, and a shuffling gait, upon the other.

I admire true godliness everywhere, but nowhere more than when I see it in the well-built, manly youth, with bright eyes, clear skin, and buoyant step, who looks the picture of health, who knows how to run a race, or to handle the oars, or spring into the saddle, or climb a tree, or leap a five-barred gate; or even, when occasion requires, use his fists to protect the wronged and feeble.

So long as athletic exercise is kept in its own place, I confess to a thorough approval of the erection of the gymnasium in a young men's Institute; for our Christianity is given to us to bless and develop every part of our being, body, soul, and spirit; and the finest specimens of our race are those who are thus trebly ennobled.

Now a gymnasium is very well in its way; but you want something more than a few upright poles, and transverse beams, and stout ropes, to brace up the system; and



"Complete change of occupation."

living in a large city, it is essential that you seize every opportunity of enjoying cheerful exercise in the open air.

Then I must earnestly counsel you to avoid all recreations and pleasures that are usually followed by reaction, and that leave you less inclined and less fit for duty than before. It is a feature of wholesome pastime, that it qualifies you for future work. You return to the ordinary tasks of life the better for the interval of leisure.

Of course, any exercise, however good, may be *overdone*. I have known young men who injured their constitution for life by foolishly exceeding their strength, it might be by walking, or swimming, or cycling.

Many a permanent injury has been met with through over-violent exertion on the cricket-field, or at a football match. Even the most healthful sport must be indulged in with moderation, or it leaves no benefit behind.

Whatever your favourite recreation may be, take it moderately. Indeed, to some hard-worked men, nothing is so exquisitely delightful and refreshing as just a day or two of absolute *rest*. I never knew a busier man than the late Dr. George Wilson, the famous chemical philosopher of Edinburgh—a man with an extremely poor physique, but a mind of great freshness and beauty.

During one of his holidays, he wrote to a friend:—"They speak of the luxury of doing good, but what is that to the luxury of doing *nothing*, especially when, as in my case, doing nothing is doing good? What did I do yesterday? Nothing. The day before? Nothing. What am I doing at present? Nothing."

But of course I speak of this as quite an exceptional state of things; for, where body and mind are not abnormally overstrained, a complete change of scene and occupation is incomparably more restful than absolute idleness.

A game at chess with an accomplished player certainly necessitates no little mental exercise; but that very exercise may be rest to one whose mind has for hours been occupied in a wholly different manner. It is a sound principle to act upon, that the greater the strain upon the nerves and the brain, the more indispensable is it that the body be kept in good condition; and that by fresh air, cold bathing, and active habits, the outer man be thoroughly braced up.

Young men! it is easier to lose health than to regain it. Leave no means untried to preserve so precious a treasure.

HUMILITY.

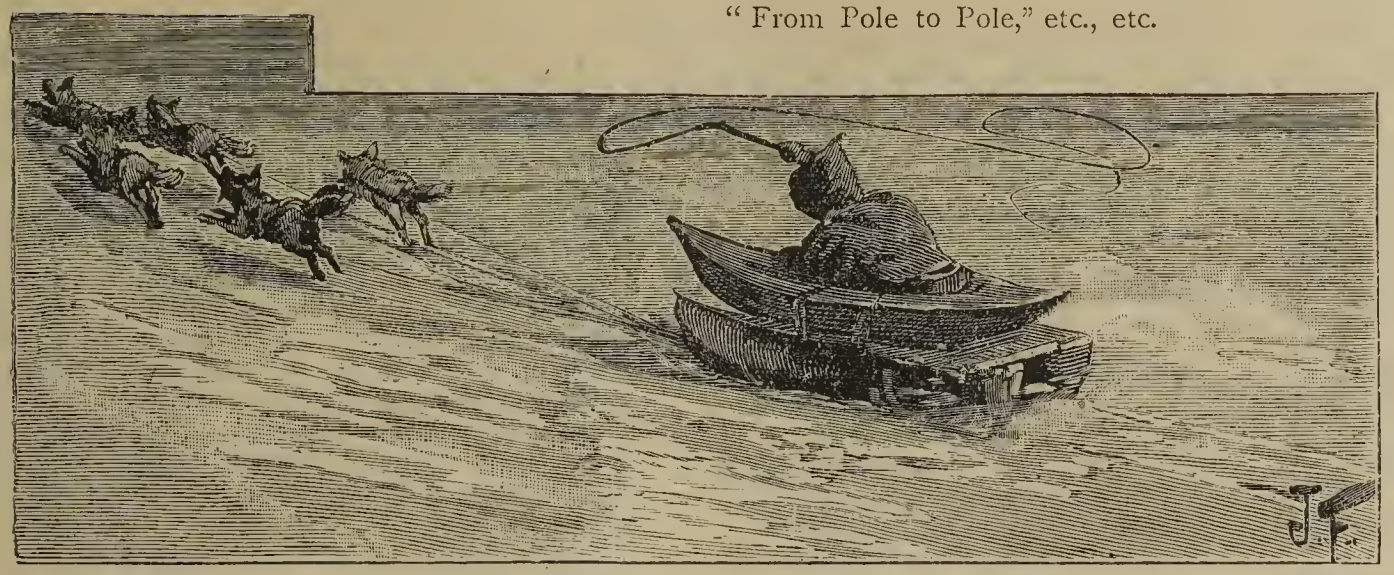
I BELIEVE the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility doubt of his own power, or hesitation of speaking his opinions; but a right understanding of the relation between what he can do and say, and the rest of the world's sayings and doings.

All great men not only know their business, but usually know that they know it; and are not only right in their main opinions, but they usually know that they are right in them, only they do not think much of themselves on that account. Arnolfo knows he can build a good dome at Florence; Albert Durer writes calmly to one who has found fault with his work, "It cannot be better done"; Sir Isaac Newton knows that he has worked out a problem or two that would have puzzled anybody else; only they do not expect their fellow-men, therefore, to fall down and worship them. They have a curious undersense of powerlessness, feeling that the greatness is not in them, but through them; that they could not do or be anything else than God made them; and they see something Divine and God-made in every other man they meet, and are endlessly, incredibly merciful.—*Ruskin.*

Life, like the waters of the sea, freshens only when it ascends towards heaven.

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Thirteen Hundred Miles in My Caravan,"
"From Pole to Pole," etc., etc.



"Dresky's sledge went dashing away through the snow."

CHAPTER XLI.

LIFE IN ALASKAN WILDS.

TWO weeks of sledging, two weeks of painful and terrible toil—two weeks that seemed months, ay, years even, so slowly did the days and nights drag on.

"Two weeks!" said Desmond to Jack Silk; "why, it is surely more than two weeks since we left the sea-shore. Why, Jack, old father Time himself appears to be getting tired!"

Two weeks! And over such a country too, so bleak and so dismal and drear, even with summer winds going moaning over it, that, sitting here by a cosy fire, I shudder when I think of it.

But in winter, or as it was now with our heroes the early part of a spring, in a land of all but perpetual snow, imagine, if you can, the utter dreariness—the desolation of those lonesome wilds.

Imagine, if you can, one of their finest days, a sky above of the darkest, heaviest slaty-blue, a sky that a child would know was filled with snow, the earth beneath a wide waste of snowy moorland, rising here and there into rugged hills, broken abruptly in this place or that into cliffs of ice-clad rocks; a sun that, if it did condescend to glance, for a moment or two, through an azure rift in the cumulus, looked flat, and rayless, and cold—a sun you could look at and count the spots in.

Imagine this, and imagine, too, the feelings of the travellers as they gazed wistfully southwards, as if looking and wishing would bring the far-distant goal any nearer. They remembered that, though two weeks had gone, the journey was little more than begun.

"This one of the best days?" you would say; "pray do not tell us of the worst." There! I have thrown down my pen as a sign of my utter inability to describe a snow-storm in Alaskan wilds. And now I take it slowly up again, and write. *As* I write the description of this journey, *so* they performed it—feebly, it may be, but determinedly, because it had to be done.

A snow-storm? They had encountered one. Luckily the expedition had found itself to the lee of some mountain rocks ere it began. Night was descending as the snow commenced to fall, lightly, beautifully, calmly at first. The men made little of it. The bidarka-sledge was drawn close under the rocks, the big tent was erected, the camp was formed.

It was only a handful of snow, old Chips said; there was no wind; the morning sun would brightly shine on the dazzling plains, the days would be merry, they would bark and yelp for very joy as they went bounding along, and all hands would be merry.

"Give us a song, doctor"—thus he finished, addressing the cook—"and bother me if I don't spin you a yarn."

"Well, heave round with your yarn first, Chips. We'll all listen, but mind, I'm busy; this is the last of the fresh beef, and I suppose our friends the Yacks 'll have to eat the most of it."

Chips told his story. He had a queer, graphic way of describing places and events, that was amusing at one moment and thrillingly exciting the next, so that he kept his audience always interested, and sometimes even spell-bound.

He stopped at last, and proceeded to fill his pipe. As he did so, the canvas flapped ominously, and there was heard outside a moaning, wailing sound, rising at last into a shriek, which was half-drowned by the now incessant flapping of the canvas. The wind was awakening; the storm spirit was coming; these sounds were but the voices of his spectre couriers!

"Out, men, now, and see to the fastenings of the tents."

It was Jack's voice.

"See that everything is as secure as hands can make it. Out, boys, out!"

The two great dogs, Robin and John, slank in and laid themselves close to the fire. They were shivering. The Yack dogs had been fed, and had turned in for the night. Poor wise brutes! They had found for themselves a kind of cave or hollow, and here they lay two deep, huddled together for warmth. I suppose they slept sound, and no doubt knew their services would not be wanted next day.

In less than an hour the storm must have reached its height. It blew in gusts, not in actual squalls, but those gusts must at times have reached almost hurricane force. The cold was intense, piercing; a sort of cold, too, that appeared to reach the very bones, and depress the spirits, till one cared not to speak or do anything except sit or lie in a semi-sleep. Sheltered though the bidarka-sledge was, by a tent which formed the ladies' room, a shelter within a shelter, the wind found its way in to-night through a dozen little nooks and crannies that had never before been dreamt of.

A huge lamp burned in this tent for light and warmth, and round it, most of the night, sat Captain Boyd and his officers. Who *could* sleep with the sound of that wailing wind in his ears, and the dull, monotonous flapping of the frozen, snow-laden canvas? If there was anything about the situation that was *not* distressing, it was the thought that in this camp-nook, under the rocks, they were comparatively safe.

It was a doubtful kind of safety, after all; a safety like that which the mariner feels, when he lies down "all standing," not knowing the moment he may have to start up, and struggle for his life with the dark and merciless waves.

One by one they drooped at last, though Jack remembered staggering up to replenish the lamp, swaying about as he held the half-frozen can over the flame to thaw it and make it pour. He remembered throwing himself down again, and burying himself in rugs and skins. All else was a blank, till he awakened, cold, shivering, and aching all over, dull in mind, and inactive in body, half-thinking that those men are the happiest, after all, who lie down in the snow and fall asleep, never, never to awake.

Nobody in this tent was astir yet. The lamp still burns, though Jack knows it must be day. The tent canvas is bulged in with the weight of snow, and icicles hang here and there from it.

The wind is still howling, and when he makes an attempt to get out by what *was* the doorway, he finds he is imprisoned. So he waits, and tries to warm coffee 'gainst the time poor "mother" and Katie shall face once more their waking misery.

Presently he hears a faint shout.

He goes to the doorway, and answers it through the wreath of snow.

"What, ho! there!"

"Ay, ay, men."

"All alive in there?"

"All alive, thanks. And you folks?"

"All alive and kicking."

"We're not kicking yet, but we're going to. Can you dig us out?"

"We're doing it."

"Doing it?" Yes! there were fifteen feet of driven snow to cut through, before the excavation was complete. Then in rushed the daylight, and the lamp looked mean and miserable. But snow, powdery and fine, tried to sift in also. And here was Chips with a camp kettle of smoking coffee and breakfast for the ladies, preserved eggs of sea-birds, biscuits, and butter.

"Good old Chips!" Jack can't help say-

ing to him. "What a tough old fellow you are, to be sure!"

On the second day this happened. It was bright and clear, let me tell you, to begin with, and calm as well, and from an early hour the Innuits and white men were busy striking tents, and getting ready for the road. Jack and Dess and Chips had gone out after breakfast to look at the "lay" of the land, and were standing on a bluff, reckoning the chances of a "best" day, when they noticed Dresky circling round them at some little distance, muttering and motioning to himself. Dresky was composing a speech—a terrible task. Presently he must have mastered his part, for he came down on Jack as a tempest and spoke as follows (Dresky to Blue Jack):—

"Blue Jack, I makee you morning goot."

("The same to you, and many of them, Dresky.")

Dresky, encouraged and smiling from one side of his skin cap to the other,—smiling right "athwart ships," one might say,—proceeds:—

"Blue Jack, I makee you plenty muchee morning goot. See, see," he added, and bending down, he took up a handful of snow, pressed it for a moment as if to form a ball, then opened his hand and blew on the snow. Not a crystal melted; it all flew off in a powder-like smoke. "That is goot, *goot*, plenty goot. Goot to-day, goot tomollee, plaps plenty many day goot, goot. He! he! byme-by sun shinee muchee. Too muchee. No goot. Sledgee no go-ee then. Poor man all walkee, walkee, plenty cold, plenty water. No goot. Byme-by Indian come. Plenty badee man. Make chick! chick!"

(Here Dresky drew his finger across his neck in a most graphically dreadful manner.)

"Then," he continued, seizing another handful of powdery snow, and scattering it in the air, "no more whitee man, no more whitee lady! All go piff—paff. No more poor Blue Jack!"

Jack looked half-amusedly, but wholly puzzled, at Chips.

"It's like this, sir," said the worthy old soul. "Dresky has been to me already, and he has got a real good and handsome proposal to make. He is chafing at the delay, and at the dangers ahead. Now, his chief man knows every foot of the way to Chilcat and Sitka on the Pacific coast. Dresky would leave him as our guide, while he himself goes on in his fleetest sleigh. He'll do the journey in less than a month, and find assistance, if you'll give him letters, for there are sure to be American or Russian ships in southern waters. D'ye understand, sir?"

"I think I do; but what does he mean by 'Chick! chick'?"

"He means that there are howling Indians on ahead, and that they will do their level best, sir, to scupper all hands for sake of what we possess."

"Do you think this danger is real, Chips?" asked Jack.

His heart gave a big, uneasy bounce as he thought of the ladies, and remembered the tales of Indian cruelty which he had already heard around the camp fire.

"I think, sir, the danger is very real, and the sooner Dresky goes the better. We can move on, less quickly, but more surely, then. And if we reach the upper reaches of the Yakon by the time the snow has melted, we shall do well, sir."

Jack went straight away now, and held a consultation with the others. The upshot of this was, that on this same forenoon, Dresky's sledge, drawn by half a dozen of the best dogs, went dashing away through the snow; and the last seen of him was when he checked his speed a moment on the hill-horizon, to wave something dark in the air, in token of farewell.

He carried with him despatches from Captain Boyd and Mr. Graves, that would move mountains, should the bold little Innuit ever reach his journey's end and fall in with white men.

(*Continued page* 456).

EVEN AS A DAY THAT IS SPENT.

THE sun springs up in glory:
The world and day are new,
And fields and waysides hoary
With the fresh, cool morning dew.
We stand on low hills, dreaming
O'er the world that lies below,
When, afar off, comes the gleaming
Of the ocean's ebb and flow.
And it's, oh! to rise and journey
Till we gain that distant shore,
For the lanes are cool and ferny,
And we've all the day before;
And the great sun travels o'er us
Through skies of azure blue,
And the world lies stretched before us,
While our feet brush through the dew!

Oh! days of childhood's glory,
When faith bedews the soul,
And the world's an unread story,
With "Hope!" writ on the scroll!

The sun rolls on unwinking
Through cloudless realms of air;
But heart and hope are sinking
Beneath the noontide glare.
His hot breath burns and parches,
And the dew has left the lawn;
And full of toil our march is,
That seemed so fair at dawn:
For far in front outstretches
The dusty road and dreary,
Where we, weak, faint, discouraged,
Toil on heart-worn and weary.
The goal we seek is shrouded,
Yet toil and toil we must,
Though the sun beats down unclouded,
And our feet plod through the dust.

Oh! manhood's days of sorrow,
And the morn's fair promise dead!
When no hope lies in the morrow,
And the joy of life is fled!

The sun is sinking slowly
In radiance to his rest,
And a glory soft and holy
Illumines all the west.
Cool blows the wind of even
Now the sultry day has passed;
There's a splendour in the heaven,
And that shore is won at last.
The sorrow has departed
Of those plains so drear and bare,
While the hills from which we started
Seem very near and fair:
For the sunset heavens bend o'er us,
Life's circle is complete,
And the boundless sea before us
Is breaking at our feet.

Oh! days of eld's soft splendour,
When faith shines bright and clear;
When life's a memory tender,
And eternity is near!

ALBANY F. MAJOR

TALKS WITH MARRIED FOLK

ABOUT THE MANAGEMENT OF INCOME.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

No. 9.—CONCLUSION.

IN our last "Talk" we dealt with the choice of books, and the ease with which literary trash may be obtained. Books worth reading, on the contrary, need to be sought after; we must give time and trouble to finding out what they are. Having found out their titles, we shall be spending money most wisely in buying them, and reading them again and again. If they are of the right sort, they will do more to help us to get on the top of our anxieties about money than anything else that can be named, and we shall not think we are paying too much for them when we devote to them and to education, with stationery, one-sixteenth of our income.

The only items now remaining are Insurance, Doctor's Bills, and Saving, and to them we allotted the one-eighth of the income, which is all that remains after other claims have been met. Doctor's bills are a very uncertain item. There is no saying how much they will be. "Health is the first wealth" a wise man said, and where health is wanting, thrift is arduous work. Yet we must not forget that where people live reasonably, when they have nourishing food, dress for health instead of show, and escape worry through conquering pecuniary difficulties, they are much more likely to keep well, and consequently to reduce their doctor's bills, than they are when they are badly fed, improperly clad, and consumed by anxiety.

It is said, and we find no difficulty in believing the statement, that a large part of the ill-health of the present day is the result of anxiety. People live too fast, they try to appear rich when they are poor, and this leads them to pinch. Their wants are many, and their means are small, and so they get no comfort. If they would be content to go without what is really not worth having, their health would be improved, and their doctor's bills would be lessened.

Then as to Saving and Insurance. People who find it hard to pay their way from day to day, turn with impatience from those who speak glibly about saving, feeling that for them such a thing is impossible. Still the teaching of experience remains the same. No matter how small the income may be, it is foolish not to put a little away—not to make some provision for a rainy day. A beginning should be made, even if it is only a beginning of a penny a week.

In these days there are numbers of means by which small savings can be made. The Post Office Savings Bank is by no means to be despised. It has started thousands on the road which leads to independence. Also there are various clubs, Provident Societies, Building Societies, Co-operative Societies, and trades' unions, all of which have advantages. The choice of a method of saving must of course be determined by individual position and locality; concerning these points no general advice can be given. But about the wisdom of saving something, there is no question. There is this always to be considered. If people once get on the right side in managing their income, by ever so little, the probabilities are that their position will gradually improve; if they get on the wrong side, by ever so little, the probabilities are that things will get worse. It is most

remarkable how this is the case. The chances of life seem to come to the people who have already "got a pull." The mischances of life seem also to visit those who have not "a pull." Does not this make is worth while to make a vigorous effort to enter the position where continuing as we are means improvement?

Now we have come to the end of the list of items, the management of which is equivalent to the management of the income. It may be that there are some who feel a little disappointed that the suggestions given have been of so prosaic a nature. They would have preferred to have been told of some large exciting way of making both ends meet. The truth is, however, that there is no such large way. We cannot buy a large dose of economy at the druggist's as we buy a large dose of physic. We can only arrive at it by "careful niggling at small things." Married people who have not patience for this "niggling" will never order their households economically.

To married people blessed with children I should like to say still one other word. It is this. Economizing is in itself a very dreary business. It is a business which nine-tenths of the community have to follow, but if choice were possible, it is not likely that one amongst them would choose it. Yet it becomes a help or a hindrance to the higher life, according to the spirit of the person who practises it. If the duty of thrift be taken up bravely, if the trials connected with it are endured patiently, if its details are dealt with skilfully and cleverly, and if through everything the higher needs of the nature are not allowed to starve, but daily life is carried on (as under the Great Taskmaster's eye), then even thrift may be converted into a Jacob's ladder, which shall help us to climb to God.

Some of these days, when our battle of life is over, and the place which now knows us, knows us no more, our children will look back upon the time they spent at home, and they will understand, as they cannot now, what was the meaning of it all. If then they can say to themselves, "Father and mother must have had a very hard struggle when we were little. Their means were very small; they were often sorely pressed to feed and clothe us, and to educate us. Yet how cheerful and kind they always were; how patient under trial; through everything they tried to do right; they were always industrious and frugal, yet they never were selfish and mean, and they would have scorned to cheat their neighbour. They were honest and true; they cared for the best things, and were indifferent to shams, and they deserve to be held in highest honour"—if our children can speak thus of us, they will try to walk in our footsteps, and by setting them a noble example, we shall have done more to make them good, than if we had preached to them all our lives.

Before concluding this series of "Talks," we must give a few recipes for economical and appetising dishes, as promised a short time since. They are, for the most part, those used by a lady who, a year or two ago, gave a course of demonstration lessons at Newington Green on economical cookery.

Housekeepers who think of trying them must remember that cheap cookery is almost always slow cookery. In one way this is an advantage, because slow cookery can be carried on at a low heat, so that not much fire is needed for it. But those who adopt it must, above all things, look ahead and arrange, and very often cook, to-morrow's dinner to-day.

Nearly all these recipes take some hours to cook; but as they want slow cooking, the saucepan which contains them can stand on the hob, or at the side of the fire. *The meat must never be allowed to boil*, and the gravy must only gently simmer round the edge of the saucepan. Tough, cheap pieces of meat, thus treated, will be tender and wholesome. If they were quickly boiled they would be ragged, if they were fried they would be hard, but gently stewed they will be excellent.

Also, the housekeeper must remember that what foolish people call inferior parts of meat are, when well cooked, better than prime parts badly cooked, and that the inside parts of an animal are as good as the outside.

Ox Cheek Stewed.—Take 2 lbs. of ox cheek trimmings, cut the meat in small pieces, lay these in a saucepan, season with pepper and salt, and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil, draw the pan back, and simmer for the rest of the day. The stew will be much more savoury if an onion, carrot, and turnip are put with it. To make brawn of it, leave out the vegetables, stew it as before, put it into a basin, and when cold turn it out.

Ox Cheek, Melt, and Rice.—Take 1 lb. of ox cheek trimmings, two pennyworth of melt, half a pound of rice, one small onion, pepper and salt. Put the ox cheek and melt in a brown earthen jar or a saucepan, with one quart of water, pepper and salt, and let it stew all day. Next morning boil the rice with a small onion, pepper and salt. When quite cooked, add the stewed meat, and serve hot.

Tripe and Onions.—Take one pound of tripe cuttings, two onions, pepper and salt, one tablespoonful of flour, one ounce of dripping. Boil the tripe, onions, pepper and salt for two hours; mix the flour smoothly with the dripping and half a pint of milk (or water). Stir into the saucepan with the tripe; boil up for ten minutes, and serve.

Savoury Stew.—One pound of shin of beef, one onion, one carrot, one turnip, one tablespoonful of vinegar, pepper and salt. Cut the beef into small pieces; wash, trim, and cut small the vegetables. Put the meat into a pan, season it, and pour the vinegar over it. Add the vegetables, and shake the pan to mix together its contents. Cover the pan closely, and put it near the fire for four hours. Serve potatoes with it. A stew of this kind cooks very well if put in a basin covered with a saucer, and placed in a saucepan with water round it; or it may be put in a brown jar, covered with brown paper, and set in a cool oven, or *under* the range among the cinders. It will then take five or six hours or more.

Sea Pie.—One pound of pieces of beef, half a pound of flour, two ounces of suet, a carrot, an onion, and a turnip. Cut the lean of the meat into pieces an inch square, and flour them lightly. Put the fat into an iron saucepan, let it get hot, then drop in the meat, and let it brown quickly. Have ready the vegetables cut small, put them with the meat, stir the contents of the saucepan, then pour on as much water as will barely cover the whole. Two potatoes sliced can be added if liked. Let the stew boil, then draw it back, and set it where it will just simmer. Shred the suet till it is as fine as oatmeal, mix it with the flour, add very little baking powder, make it into a stiff paste with cold water. Roll it lightly till it is a very little larger than the saucepan. Put it over the meat and vegetables, put on the lid, and simmer gently for two hours.

Haricot Beans.—One pint of haricot beans, three teaspoonfuls flour, salt and pepper. Soak the haricots in two quarts of cold water overnight. Next day stew them in the same water, pepper and salt, for three hours, until the beans are quite tender and beginning to crack. Strain off the liquor. Mix a pint of it with the flour, turn back into the saucepan, and stir till it thickens. The rest of the liquor may be thickened with oatmeal, and will make nourishing soup. A little piece of fat pork added to the haricots will be an improvement.

Conger Eel.—One pound of conger eel, one pint of water, one teaspoonful chopped onions, one ditto parsley, pepper and salt to taste, and two teaspoonfuls flour. Boil the onion, with the pepper and salt, in three quarters of a pint of water for half an hour. Add the rest of the water, so that the liquor shall be slightly cooled before putting in the fish. Now add the parsley and fish, and boil until the fish is tender (about three quarters of an hour). Mix the flour into a smooth paste with cold water, and stir into the saucepan. Boil till the gravy thickens, and serve.

Carrot and Lentil Soup.—Quarter pound Lentil flour, three halfpenny worth of vegetables (*i.e.*, carrots, potatoes, onions, and parsley), pepper, salt, and sugar, and a slice of dripping. Boil five pints of water. Mix the Lentil flour into a paste with cold water, and stir into the boiling water, adding one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper, and one teaspoonful of sugar. Cut up the vegetables into very small pieces, and, if convenient, fry all except the potatoes in the dripping. Turn them into the saucepan with the soup, and simmer all together for fully two hours. Before dishing, taste the soup, and add more pepper and salt if liked; and serve with bread. This quantity of soup, with bread, would be sufficient for ten people, and would be very nourishing, wholesome food. It would cost 4d., without bread.

Plum Pudding (Mrs. Beeton).—Half a pound of flour, 6 ozs. of raisins, 6 ozs. of currants, ¼ lb. of suet (finely chopped), ¼ lb. of brown sugar, ¼ lb. of mashed carrot, ¼ lb. mashed potatoes, one tablespoonful of treacle, 2 ozs. candied peel. Mix flour, suet, sugar, and fruit well together; then add mashed potatoes and carrot; lastly, the treacle. Do not put in any milk, water, or other fluid, or the pudding will be spoiled. Put the mixture in a basin, leaving room for it to swell, and boil for four or five hours. The pudding is better for being mixed over night.

THE LIFE OF A DEAD CAMEL.

By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A.,
Author of "Homes without Hands," "Nature's Teachings," "Man and Beast," etc.

"I DIE daily," wrote the Apostle Paul, nearly two thousand years ago. The context shows that he used the words metaphorically, but even in the outward sense they are strictly and literally true.

In those days, it was impossible that the writer could have known the fact, but we now know that as far as the material body is concerned, every creature into whom God has breathed the breath of life, dies daily. Every breath which is exhaled from our lungs carries away some particles of the body, and even the lifting of a finger or the winking of an eyelid entails a loss of tissue.

The human body has been well compared to a whirlpool, which retains its shape, though the particles of which it is made are incessantly changing. From earth we came, and, sooner or later, directly or indirectly, we return to earth, who reclaims her own.

I must here repeat the aphorism on which I have frequently insisted, that there is no waste in Nature. Whenever any being has done with the whole or any part of its structure, other beings are always waiting for it. Various means are employed for the attainment of this end, some being conspicuous and self-evident, while others are invisible, obscure, and only to be detected by the aid of chemistry and other cognate sciences.

Chemistry, for example, has taught us that the carbonic acid gas which saturates every breath which is exhaled from our lungs, and which is deadly poison to us if again inhaled, is the breath of life to plants. These inhale it by means of their leaves, which are equivalent to our lungs, and exhale it in the form of oxygen, which is the breath of life to us; and so the cycle of nature rolls its ceaseless round.

As long as life informs the bodily frame, these silent and invisible forces are quite sufficient to aid earth in resuming her own property. But, when any animal lays aside the whole of its body, additional agencies are needed. As an extreme case, I select one which is of too frequent occurrence, *i.e.*, a camel that has broken down and been abandoned to death.

Now we come to another point in the economy of nature. He who has expended such infinite pains in putting together the numberless particles which constitute the earthly body, and in holding them together as long as they are needed, never loses a moment in taking them asunder as soon as their former borrower stands in no further need of them.

No sooner is the breath out of the body, than disintegration commences. Ordinary decomposition would, at a certain temperature, achieve this end, but the process is a slow one, and it has therefore to be supplemented by other agencies of quicker action.



"A scavenger of earth and water."

First, there come the correlative scavengers of earth and water, namely, the hyænas and the vultures; the terrestrial scavengers apparently learning the presence of their prey by means of the nostrils, while the aërial scavengers appear to be guided almost wholly by the eye. Perhaps, as we shall presently see, the eye also may assist in guiding the terrestrials.

Let us first take the vultures. These birds soar every morning to almost incredible heights, and from their vantage point survey a vast expanse of earth, their wonderful eyes acting like telescopes. Humboldt mentions that when he was on the Cordilleras of South America, at an elevation of fourteen thousand feet, he saw above him the great condor-vultures—birds whose wings measure some twelve feet from tip to tip—sailing at such an elevation, that they looked like mere specks in the sky. Their height above the level of the sea was estimated at more than twenty thousand feet, and it is said that the birds can attain the height of nearly six miles. The vultures know every tree, bush, or stone in their district, and a dead rat could scarcely escape their observation. The sight, therefore, of so large a creature as a camel, lying down and unaccompanied by a human being, is quite enough



"Their bodies are very long and slender."

to inform them that a plentiful banquet is at hand.

Down swoops the bird which first made the discovery, and is followed by its companions, which may not have seen the dead animal, but know that a vulture does not swoop for nothing. I am of opinion that the hyænas may also watch the vultures, and so learn the presence of food.

Be this as it may, the breath is scarcely out of the camel before it is surrounded by a cloud of vultures. "Where the carcass is, there will the vultures be gathered together." Jackals, too, gather themselves round the body, waiting to pick up any fragments which may be left uneaten by the vultures and hyænas.

Note how differently these animals fulfil their appointed tasks. The beaks of the vultures can only deal with soft substances, and so the birds content themselves with tearing the flesh from the bones.

In those countries decomposition sets in very rapidly, but the more putrid is the meat, the more the vultures seem to like it, and the effluvium which is so repulsive to our nostrils is peculiarly attractive to those of the vulture.

The hyænas gorge themselves as much as they can, but they have a task essentially their own. The horny beaks of the vultures are unable to deal with the hard skeleton, and for its removal from the face of the earth the very powerful jaws of the hyæna have been most fitly framed.

Hyænas are by no means large animals, but their power of jaw and strength of teeth are almost incredible. Even the hyænas at the Zoological Gardens retain their strength of jaw, though they have little need of it; and if the leg bone of an ox be given them, they will crack it as easily as a Newfoundland dog cracks a chicken bone, the splinters flying in all directions, and each bone, as it cracks, sounding like a pistol shot.

When the late Dr. Buckland made his discovery of the pre-historic hyæna caves, he brought away a number of splintered bones, and then compared them with bones which he had seen broken by the hyænas of the present day. In character they were identical, the only difference being that those which were found in the caves were larger than those of the present time.

The work is not yet finished. There is much material—such as the brain—which neither the teeth of the hyæna and jackal, nor the beak of the vulture can touch. Moreover, there is the skin to be considered.

In this country we can hardly realise the effect of a tropical sun upon the hide of a dead animal. It clings to the ribs, and rapidly dries upon them, enclosing them, as it were, in a case of horn. The reader will remember how the wild bees made their combs in the body of the lion killed by Samson. I never understood how bees could build in so unsavoury a locality until some years ago, when I was collecting the larvæ, pupæ, and perfect insects of our British beetles for dissection.

There had been an exceptionally hot summer, and a lengthened drought, accompanied by a great mortality among the sheep on the Wiltshire Downs. The animals died so fast that there was no time to bury or even skin them, and they were, in consequence, left on the ground. The result was as I have stated: the dried skins being stretched so tightly over the ribs, that when struck they sounded like drums, and a strong and sharp knife was required to cut through them. For the removal of this horny skin another agent is employed. This is the Dermestes—sometimes called the Museum-beetle, and sometimes the Bacon-beetle. The larvæ, or grubs of this beetle are covered with stiff, radiating hairs, and their presence in a museum is a sight of terror to the curators. Still, they are only doing their duty, which is to devour dried skin, and for that purpose their sharp and powerful, though small jaws are eminently fitted.

Through the holes thus made by the Dermestes pour hosts of other feeders on carrion. Chief among them are the various blow-flies.



"Then comes the great tribe of Burying-beetles."

The oft-quoted statement of Linnæus, that three blow-flies would eat an ox as soon as a lion could do so, is far within the mark. The flies themselves, not possessing jaws, but only having a soft proboscis through which they suck liquid food, do not consume a particle of flesh, but leave that task to their countless young.

Some of them lay eggs, which are hatched after a while like those of most insects. But there are some which, instead of laying eggs, deposit long strings of ready-hatched maggots, rolled up like so many ribbons. As soon as they are deposited, these maggot-rolls unwind themselves, and the little hungry creatures at once set to work at their task of eating. They never seem to rest or sleep, but eat unceasingly, until they have attained their full growth. They rapidly pass through the pupal stage, emerge as perfect blow-flies, and in their turn deposit their maggot-rolls upon the carcass.

Now a lion, although he can eat a large amount of food at a meal, is not a continual feeder. He gorges himself to the fullest extent, and then lies down to sleep until awakened by hunger. While he sleeps the maggots are incessantly eating and multiplying, so that the offspring of the three flies would finish the ox while the lion had still much of the carcass to consume.

Then comes the great tribe of Burying-beetles (*Necrophaga*), which render such good service to us of this country. Not only is it true that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the knowledge of its heavenly Father, but He who made and gave it life has prepared for its burial when dead.

Has the reader ever reflected how many birds die annually, and how few dead birds are seen? The fact is, that during all the warm parts of the year, the burying-beetles are at work. They have the power of smelling a dead carcass, however small, and at a wonderful distance, and it is very interesting to see them converging from all directions



"A sight of terror to the curators."

towards the carcass, upborne on their beautiful wings.

I cannot but think that they have some sense, independent of smell, which indicates the presence of food for their future young. Were scent their only guide, the direction of the wind would affect their whole economy. But, as I have already stated, they converge from all points, independent of the direction of the wind.

Of course they could not bury a camel, neither could they bury a sheep, but the bodies of the dead sheep which I have mentioned were swarming with the larvæ of various burying-beetles, the eggs having been laid by the parents without attempting to bury any part of the carcass.

Another large tribe of carrion-eating beetles is that which is scientifically known as *Hister*, a title which I am obliged to use, as they have no popular name. They are short, wide, and are notable for the extreme hardness of their exterior. They are highly polished, and in spite of the nature of the substances in which they are continually burrowing, not a particle of it seems to cling to their steely armour. These insects, like the burying-beetles, have wings of enormous size in comparison with their bodies.

The last group of carrion-eating beetles which I can mention is that which is popularly known as Rove-beetles, or Cock-tails, the latter name being given to them in consequence of their habit of turning up their long, slender bodies when alarmed.

The object of this habit is rather remarkable. Their bodies being very long and slender, so as to enable them to insinuate themselves into the smallest recesses, and their wings very large, the wing-cases must necessarily be very small. So, when packing the wings into so small a compass, the beetle turns its body over its back, and with the end of its tail pushes the wing into its place. I have found that the larvæ of these beetles were mostly to be found within the skull, and could be shaken out in hundreds, their object being evidently the consumption of the brain. Thus does the death of one being become the life of another.

NOT GOING HOME.

DURING the American War, numbers of Christian gentlemen went about caring for the sick and tending the wounded. Amongst them was D. L. Moody. One of his fellow-workers tells the following touching story :—

Mr. Moody went with me to visit the wounded Rebels, who crowded the twenty-three log-house hospitals. In one of them we found almost every inch of room occupied. In a kitchen corner, on some straw, was an old, grey-haired man. I went up to him, knelt down by him, and asked if I could do anything for him.

"No," said he, "you can't."

"Don't you want *anything?* Is there nothing that might comfort you?"

"Oh, yes!" was his answer, "I want to go home; I have a wife and six children in Tennessee, but I'm dying. I'll never go home."

"My friend, if you are dying, are you not *going home?* Don't you know that Christ said He had gone to prepare a home for those who loved Him? Have you never thought of that home in heaven?"

He gazed at me with an expression of despair.

"My wife has talked to me about this for thirty-five years; and God knows how I have treated her. I've rejected every invitation, and I'm dying here without Christ—without Christ."

He kept groaning out for a long time, "I can't die; I can't die." And with no light to show him the heavenly way, he went alone into the darkness of death.

THE BLANK BIBLES: A DREAM.

By Emily Sarah Holt.

(*Continued.*)

ON the silver plate which next came to view, I read the name of Marianne Bennett. This lady was known to me as an indefatigable worker of good works. At every mission service, prayer-meeting, or Christian gathering for any object, you never looked in vain for Mrs. Bennett. She supported a *crêche* out of her own purse. She worried all her friends, with splendid impartiality, for personal help and pecuniary contributions, now to missionary societies, now to hospitals, now to life-boats. When he saw Mrs. Bennett at his little green gate, old Mr. Wainwright was wont to seize his hat and stick, and hobble out into the lane through the side door, with more alacrity and agility than he was apt to manifest on any other occasion. He had been known to call out to Jane in the kitchen, "Tie up the knocker! say I'm sick, I'm dead!" in which line that smiling damsel, accustomed to her master's oddities, probably failed to recognise a quotation from the poets. This dislike to a visit from Mother Bennett, as the old gentleman termed her, was not by any means confined to himself. Mrs. Bennett was unpleasantly apt to make people say their catechism in a style which most reserve for their physician and their confessor, human or Divine. Any stranger in her small world was pounced upon at once (Mr. Wainwright was so wicked as to add "with fiendish glee"), and put through a string of questions. You had to state your denomination and your politics; whether you were a district visitor, a Sunday school teacher, a total abstainer, a worker for the bazaar next June to obtain funds for a new organ, and a subscriber to a dozen societies. If to any one of these queries you said "No," then "Why not?" came with startling sharpness from the inquisitorial lips.

Mrs. Bennett allowed no unworthy evasion of her inquiries, and for a negative she could see no possible cause but one—laziness. Ill-health, want of leisure, felt incompetence, were all so many mock modest variations on that one air. Nothing could be better for health than stirring about, alleged this lively lady, without having the least idea what was the matter with you. As to want of leisure, what *could* you have to do of half so much consequence as the scheme she propounded? And as for incompetence, it was all nonsense. Anybody could teach children to spell, or make kettle-holders, or write cheques, or sign the pledge.

"And as you have not yet signed," out came a little pledge-book from that capacious pocket, which, Mr. Wainwright observed, would be found, if wanted, to contain a white elephant or a kitchen range. And if you succeeded in dismissing that book without adding your signature, you must be a person of the firmest resolution, and you must expect to leave the impression for ever afterwards on Mrs. Bennett that you had no Christianity about you. If she discovered that you were already working in the vineyard, but on another plot of ground from that on which she was then engaged, Mrs. Bennett could never rest till she had dragged you away to her own particular corner. In vain you pleaded special aptitude or training for that one bit of work, Providential leadings, or even sheer possibilities. Mrs. Bennett was eminently one of those persons who see nothing but that which they bring with their eyes to see; and if you failed to see with her, why, there could be no explanation but that you were blind. Though apparently so opposite in disposition, Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Smythe were fast friends. They styled each other "that dear Christian woman," an epithet which, whenever used in his hearing, was followed by a peculiar little sniff from Mr. Wainwright. They were alike, also, in a point which troubled some of their friends—an utter apparent want of reverence. The most sacred names, on their lips ran off with a lightness and glib smoothness which it was absolutely distressing to hear. The most solemn passages of Scripture, and the most touching hymns, were quoted with as little seeming capability of feeling them, as if they had been the multiplication table. Mr. Blake could hardly keep from shrinking visibly when these ladies struck a religious vein in his presence; while Miss Grandison's quiet, sweet face took a graver expression, and occasionally she attempted to turn the conversation. The reward of both was often a soft remark from Mrs. Smythe, that it was *such* a pity some people seemed to have no relish for spiritual conversation, echoed by Mrs. Bennett with, "My dear, how can you expect it of *some* people?" while Mr. Wainwright muttered from the corner, "Depends on the conversers, sometimes."

On opening Mrs. Bennett's Bible—a well-used volume—I perceived that the direction to women to be keepers at home was missing. So was St. Paul's precept that they should learn in retiredness,* and St. Peter's advice that they should adorn themselves with a meek and quiet spirit. Looking a little further, I saw that all passages were wanting that dwelt on the impossibility of man doing any good thing without Divine help. And turning at last to the golden letters, I read of one who was made keeper of the vineyards, but her own vineyard had she not kept.

The name of the Rev. George Armitage decorated the next volume. About the amiability of this gentleman there could be but one opinion. His sermons were thoroughly sound, not wanting in originality and interest, yet they were wanting in something, and few could say in what. No converts were ever heard of under his ministry, and no saints were built up by him. Yet he was so doctrinally sound, and so exceedingly kind, that it seemed unjust and cruel even to hint a suspicion of the want of satisfaction felt by all his Christian hearers, and angrily resented by all his merely professing ones. In this instance I turned at once to the golden letters, and found a terrible reason for the want without a title: "Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead."

On the Bible lying beneath I read the name of Isabella Carter. I took it up with some curiosity, for here was a character which puzzled me. At times she made remarks which seemed to indicate that she must have undergone the new birth, while at others her observations left the impression that she could never have done so. Mrs. Smythe unhesitatingly pronounced her a counterfeit, but then so did every one, except her dear Christian friend, Mrs. Bennett, while Mrs. Bennett never hinted a doubt of Miss Carter's genuine spirituality. She was given to sighing over all those persons whose opinions were not precisely her own, and gushing into raptures over those who exactly

* The word rendered "silence" in the Authorized Version does not signify absence of speech, but a retiredness of modesty (1 Tim. 2. 11, 12).

agreed with her. Miss Carter was not a pleasant companion, for she always felt it her duty to be faithful, which meant that she kept you under a perpetual microscope. Every word or action, however small, which did not square with her opinions, was met with. "Oh, excuse me, dear, but I must be faithful. Do you think so-and-so becoming in a Christian? You won't be angry with me, I know." I am afraid that the last remark was not true, as regarded all Miss Carter's friends, for some were very angry with her. But how could you keep angry long with a limp creature who was ceaselessly bemoaning her own imperfections, and remarking that she *hoped* she was in the right way for heaven, but she always felt afraid of coming short at last, and she was sure all her friends must see how very, very unlike a Christian she was. Of course her friends (Mrs. Smythe included) instantly assured her of the contrary, and declared that if any human being they knew on earth were ever to be met in the New Jerusalem, it would be an angel bearing the name of Isabella Carter. Only that most objectionable of old men, Mr. Wainwright, growled out on one occasion, that if Miss Carter would practise what she preached, she would be a better woman than she was.

"Ah, so we all should—should we not?" responded Mrs. Smythe in a velvet voice.

"You and I would, I don't doubt, ma'am," was the cutting response.

I was astonished to find Miss Carter's Bible so nearly a mass of blank leaves. Except the historical and some of the prophetic portions, it was a mere collection of fragments. And the golden letters ran: "If a man think himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself."

Robert Blake was the name on the next volume. He was, as Mrs. Smythe allowed, a charming preacher, though that was not the adjective which I thought most appropriate. Less eloquent and original than Mr. Armitage, there was that about his sermons which those of the latter wanted—the experience of the heart and the unction of the Holy Ghost.

Yet I knew few men who were more pulled to pieces by their neighbours. "How Mr. Blake could call himself a Christian, not to say a clergyman, and give way to all the irritability of temper," Mrs. Bennett could not understand. Mr. Smythe thought Mr. Blake most unneighbourly; he would hardly dine with you once a year. Miss Carter considered him very much to blame, because he took so little interest in the Clothing Club and the Temperance Societies. He ought to put himself at the head of them, and be most anxious to push them on. Mr. Armitage vaguely hinted that a man might spend too much time over his sermons, to the neglect of his parish. "Means well," said Mr. Wainwright; "decent fellow on the whole; might do better." With this last expression of opinion, as concerned any mortal man, who could disagree? Mr. Blake's occasional irritability could not be denied, even by his warmest friends. But most of them knew that it was caused by years of delicate health, was rarely yielded to, and was bitterly regretted. He certainly was very loth to accept invitations from the wealthy, for in his eyes these "neighbourly actions" were generally a sad waste of time, and often something worse. For the pastor of the souls of men to devote himself to Clothing Clubs and other secular affairs, good enough in themselves, but not his work, he considered to be serving tables. He frowned on bazaars, which he thought were, as they have been wittily described, "religious bread, buttered thick with worldliness." Of course this set all the young ladies against him. What he ought to push on, in Mr. Blake's eyes, was the gathering of souls to Christ, and the building up of Christ's body. How could he be popular with those who were not of the body, and had no desire to be included in the gathering? I found Mr. Blake's Bible the most nearly perfect of any I had yet examined. The golden letters were few, but pithy: "He that overcometh shall be clothed in white raiment."

The Bible below this was inscribed with the name of Thomas Wainwright. I examined it with much interest. I was surprised to find it less blank than I expected. Of only one class of texts was there a noticeable omission, but these were such as spoke of tenderness and forbearance. Yet the golden letters assured me that the omission was a serious one. "Though I have all faith . . . and have not charity, I am nothing."

Underneath this lay a shabby little Bible, from which the silver plate shone out the brighter for its surroundings. I read on it the name of Grace Ridgeway, a young daily governess, whose earnings supported a blind widowed mother, and a little sister too young to help herself. She was known to me as a remarkably shy girl, who almost shrank from conversation even with acquaintances, and looked positively alarmed if any stranger addressed her. "A very well-meaning young person," Mrs. Smythe pronounced her, in a tone which ran counter to her words; while Mrs. Bennett thought her "a sly chit, my dear, who will get into trouble some day." Mr. Blake said she taught very well in the school; but he hinted that as teaching was every-day work to her, some person of more leisure might reasonably relieve her of it. Miss Carter did "so *hope* Miss Ridgeway was *really* converted, but——" I opened the shabby little Bible. It was nearly perfect. Some blanks there were. I looked in vain for several passages such as "Rejoice evermore," and "Casting all your care upon Him." Turning at last to the golden letters, I found them at once a commendation and a reproof—a gentle suggestion of imperfection, and yet a setting among the children: "O thou of little faith! wherefore didst thou doubt?"

Underneath this lay a Bible bearing the name of Esther Grandison. I opened it with a feeling of relief, for I felt pretty sure what to expect. Nor was I disappointed. Quietest, gentlest, and sweetest of elderly ladies, Miss Grandison might have been created both as a foil and a panacea to Mrs. Smythe and Mrs. Bennett. The softly-breathed aspersions of the former were met by, "Well, friend, let us hope the best;" the sharp thrusts of the latter by, "I think we might find *some* good point in So-and-so." Even the distant relative who, when left her trustee, had embezzled more than half of her little fortune, met with no evil words from her lips. "Don't call it a fraud, my dear," said Miss Grandison, gently; "he had no head for business, that was all. I daresay I should have done much worse if I had had it in my own hands. I do not believe he meant to wrong me, and I am sure I do not wish to think so." Mrs. Bennett declared fiercely, that if a burglar were to break in on Esther Grandison, she would offer him a cup of tea. But Esther only smiled quietly, and did not contradict her. Few ever saw Miss Grandison actually working in her little plot of the vineyard, yet the condition of the plot bore ample evidence that the work was done. She never teased any one for subscriptions, but she drank her tea without sugar, in order to send the amount thus saved to the Missionary Society. She never worried reluctant, sober people to take the pledge, or insisted on carrying busy people off to meetings, or made incompetent teachers out of fashionable young ladies. On the contrary, she was wont to say, that "there were no pressed men in Christ's army," and that he who felt the Lord's work a burden, and not an honour, was not a fit man to work for the Lord. But when Joe Harrison turned over a new leaf, and dropped his evening visits to the Jolly Tinkers, his wife declared, with tears in her eyes, that it was Miss Grandison who had done it. When little Willie Jenkins was brought near death by fever, the oranges and pots of jelly which moistened his parched lips were of Miss Grandison's sending. Old Sarah Hunt said that she would have gone short of many a cup of tea if Miss Grandison had not kept her regularly supplied. When Dick Merton broke off from those idle lads, who were doing him so much harm, and brought his wages home to his mother every week, it was to please Miss Grandison in the first instance. Mr. Blake remarked with a smile, that you rarely caught Miss Grandison doing a good work, but in every direction you saw the good work done; while Mr. Wainwright said, that half Mrs. Bennett's energy was wasted in noise and dust, as her heavy coach and six dashed along, and Miss Grandison got over twice the ground in her quiet little basket-carriage. I spent no time in examining this Bible, but looked at once for the sentence on the fly-leaf: "Because thou hast kept the word of My patience, I also will keep thee."

And now there were only two Bibles left on the table. Reader, they were yours and mine. Will you give a careful examination to the one, while I do the same to the other?

"THE HAPPIEST MAN YOU EVER SAW."

"CHAPLAIN," said Sergeant Mc——, "are you the Chaplain of this hospital?"

"Yes," said I, "and shall be glad to serve you."

"Oh, I'm so glad we have a chaplain here. I'm the happiest man you ever saw!" and his whole countenance was radiant with joy.

"How is that?" replied I. "You have lost a leg, and——"

"No matter about my leg," he quickly replied, I'm the happiest man you ever saw," and his very heart seemed to leap with gladness.

"Well, what makes you so happy?" I asked.

"I will tell you," said he. "As we were going into battle, I said to myself, 'this is serious work'; so I prayed God to spare my life and pardon my sins, or if I should be killed, to take me to heaven. Presently a shell struck my leg below the knee, and I *just lay still and prayed.* I was left on the battle-field all that night; but I lay still and prayed. Oh, Chaplain, that was the happiest night of my life," and again his countenance was lit up with inexpressible joy.

"How could you be happy under such circumstances?" I asked again.

"Oh, *I just prayed*, and Christ seemed to come and stand by my side all night, and He comforted me. I felt sure that my sins were all pardoned and washed away in His blood, and I do tell you, Chaplain, that I forgot all about my wounds for the moment; it was the happiest night in my life."

And so indeed it seemed. He lingered several days, happy all the time. Then he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA.

By Barbara Clay Finch.

(*Continued.*)



THE Queen Louise, in seeking teachers for her sons, considered nothing so important as thorough conscientiousness and true religious feeling. "Delhüch," she said, speaking of the Crown Prince's tutor, "is much prized by me, because he seeks to awaken and nourish love for the Redeemer and for His holy precepts in the hearts of my children." Good Bishop Eylert often held conversations with his royal mistress, and has left records which give us many glimpses of her ways of thought. "Our moral feelings and our conscience," she said to him, "demand purity and perfection; we seek and seek on, and we find them not; even in the very best we find spots and deficiencies that give us pain. Therefore do I love the holy Saviour so inexpressibly; the highest and purest ideal is united in His life and actions. In veneration we worship Him, and yet we feel at the same time attracted. His endless and self-sacrificing love has a soft but wonderfully winning force."

"I am very happy," she said at another time; "and I am especially fortunate in my religious opinions and convictions being in perfect accord with the Christian belief of the king." Since her husband's accession, Prussia had been at peace, and she had been spared the anxiety and suffering that the horrors of war could not fail to rouse in so patriotic a heart; but in 1805 the insults heaped upon the kingdom by Napoleon, whose marvellous good fortune rendered him indifferent to the indignation or remonstrances of those weaker than himself, grew so unbearable, that it became impossible to submit to them longer without loss of honour; and in the November of that year the king, queen, and Emperor of Prussia, assembling at the tomb of Frederiek the Great, solemnly swore that Germany should be freed from the invader. Even then the king, with that fatal spirit of irresolution and self-distrust which would nullify the highest genius, wavered and hesitated. "I am a young man," he wrote on his accession to General von Kocheritz, "and know too little of the world to be able to depend entirely on myself." And this doubtfulness and want of self-confidence were as strong in him in 1805 as in 1797.

The fearless and high-souled queen, on the contrary, was ardent in her wishes that a stand might be made against the Corsican usurper; caused her name to be enrolled as colonel of a regiment, and, when the war had at last finally commenced, insisted on accompanying her husband to the camp, and would have remained with him throughout the campaign, had she not, after the fatal battle of Jena, been compelled to return to Berlin. On her arrival there, she learned that the French troops, flushed with success, were advancing thither, and that her two sons, aged eleven and nine, had already been removed to Schwalt-on-the-Oder. There she followed them, and, bursting into tears, explained to them the calamities which had fallen upon the nation.

"Ah, my son!" she said to her eldest boy, "you are of age to understand the great events by which we are now visited; in the future, when your mother and queen is no more, recall them to mind, and weep for me as I weep for the overthrow of my country. But do not content yourself with tears,—act, develop your powers; perhaps the spirit of the guardian angel of Prussia will descend upon you. Deliver your country from the shame, reproach, and humiliation which have fallen upon it. Try to win back from the French the sullied fame of your forefathers." Oh, strange kaleidoscope of time! Sixty-four years later, France, not Prussia, lay humbled at the feet of the foe; and the successor of the mighty Corsican victor surrendered his sword to the white-haired king, who, as a little child, listened with dim and half-comprehending awe to the eloquent, well-nigh despairing adjurations, and gazed on the pale and tear-stained beauty, of his fair and sorrowing mother!

A week later, at Cüstrin, a fort upon the Oder, Louise and her husband met; and the queen, putting aside her own sorrow, tended the wounded king, and exerted all her powers to give him consolation and hope. Never was consolation more needed. The French captured fortress after fortress, and town after town; the king and queen fled from place to place, till they reached Königsberg, in sorrow and misery, aggravated tenfold for the hapless queen by the reports Napoleon was spreading, that it was she who had caused the war, and wrought the ruin of her people; reports originating in the fact that the Emperor, ransacking Charlottenburg, had discovered her enmity to himself in private letters, which—great conqueror though he was—he had the feminine meanness to read.

From Königsberg they had again to retreat, and the poor queen was reduced to a state of the utmost privation, a barn being sometimes her only lodging. The one gleam of brightness was the presence of Von Stein, the minister, who had followed his royal master to Königsberg with the treasure. Louise had implicit trust in him, saying that "when he was at the head of affairs, she could always look up and see a little light somewhere." "Von Stein is here," she wrote to her father, "and that makes me feel that Providence has not forsaken us."

In the midst of the sorrow caused by the national calamities, the unfortunate queen's distress was heightened by the illness of her sons, who were attacked by fever—a malady to which she was herself a victim on two different occasions. Suffering and sorrowful, she arrived at Memel, where her first night was spent in a miserably dilapidated room, with a broken window, through which the snow fell upon her bed. From this town the queen wrote to her father, on June 24th, 1807: "My faith shall stand firm, but I cannot hope any more. I will pursue my path in life or death; and, if it must be so, live upon bread and salt. I shall never be entirely unhappy, only I cannot hope any more." A little further on in the same letter she speaks of her two boys. "The Crown Prince is full of intelligence and animation. He has extraordinary talents, that must be carefully cultivated. He is true to a fault, and his lively nature renders dissimulation impossible. He studies history with great avidity, and all good and great actions exercise a singular attraction over his mind. He is devoted to me. I love him most dearly, and I often speak with him upon what may happen when he shall be king. Our son Wilhelm [the late Emperor] will be, if I mistake not, straightforward, sensible, and firm. He is, in appearance, like his father, but not so handsome. You see, dear father,"—with a touch of pathetic playfulness,—"I am in love with my husband still."

After the disastrous battle of Friedland, Napoleon, Alexander, and Frederick William met at Tilsit; and Alexander, wishing to obtain concessions for the king, and believing that Louise's presence would not only cheer and console her husband, but that she might by her beauty and eloquence, soften Napoleon's harshness, persuaded Frederick William to send for his wife. When she received the letter that summoned her, the queen burst into tears. "This," she said, "is the hardest thing I have ever had to do—the greatest sacrifice I could possibly make." And, in writing on the same subject, she thus expresses herself: "What this cost me, my God alone knows; for if I do not positively hate this man, I look upon him as a man who has rendered the king and the whole nation miserable. His talents I certainly admire; but his character, which is manifestly deceitful and false, I cannot endure. To be courteous and complaisant to him will be most difficult to me; but this duty is required of me; and I am already accustomed to make sacrifices."

She arrived at Tilsit in the beginning of July, 1807, and Napoleon, who, having heard much of her talents and beauty, extremely wished to see her, in spite of the opposition roused by Talleyrand, who feared the concessions her beauty might induce him to make, received her with much distinction, sending his state carriage, drawn by eight horses, to meet her, and a company of French dragoons as escort. One hour after her arrival he called upon her, and the victorious emperor and lovely queen met at the head of the staircase. His first impression was one of intense admiration. "I knew," said he to Talleyrand, "that I should see a beautiful woman, and a queen with dignified manners; but I found the most admirable queen, and, at the same time, the most interesting woman, I have ever met with." In later days,—probably after the first novelty of her beauty had worn off, and she had annoyed him with her fervent entreaties,—Napoleon modified this opinion. "When I heard him speak of the beautiful queen," says Mme. Junot, "it was by no means in terms of admiration. He acknowledged that she was handsome, only she did not suit his taste; the expression of her countenance, he said, was too lofty and severe."

Louise was dressed in white crape, which was trimmed with rich embroidery in silk. With his usual insatiable curiosity, Napoleon touched it, and asked: "Was it Indian gauze?"

"Shall we speak of such light things at a moment like this?" answered the queen.

Said the emperor abruptly: "How could you think of making war upon me?"

"We were mistaken," she said sadly, "in our calculations as to our resources."

"And you trusted," pursued the emperor, "in Frederick's fame,—and deceived yourselves."

"Sire," cried the fair queen, raising her eyes to his face, "in the strength of the great Frederick's fame, we may be excused for having been mistaken with respect to our own powers and the means at our command,—if, indeed, we *have* quite deceived ourselves."

Her beauty and earnestness touched Napoleon; and she, quickly perceiving it, pleaded for her husband's distressed kingdom with all the eloquence she could summon. The emperor strove to put her off with compliments and graceful evasions, but she persisted in her entreaties, and so touched him with her beauty and her tears, that when she besought that Magdeburg at least might be spared, the emperor was so manifestly inclined to yield, that Talleyrand was in the greatest alarm. Unfortunately, just at that moment, the King of Prussia entered the room, and, changing the conversation, released Napoleon from the necessity of a reply, and caused the discussion to end for the time.

The queen, however, still hoping to effect her purpose, arrayed herself in all her royal splendour, unused during so many months, for the dinner to which she and her husband had been invited by the emperor, and exerted all her powers of fascination to win the boon she craved from her country's conqueror. Napoleon devoted himself to his lovely suppliant, and at length offered her a rose. "Avec Magdebourg, sire?" she asked

softly. "I must point out to your majesty," answered the emperor, "that it is for me to beg; for you to accept or decline,"—rather a neat snub imperial. "There is no rose without a thorn, but these thorns are too sharp for me," said the queen, refusing the flower. Her heart sank; she had failed.

The following day, in bitter disappointment, she returned to Pisktüpohnen, and Frederick William had an interview with Napoleon, in which the latter positively and peremptorily refused to cede Magdeburg.

If Louise's beauty did not affect the Emperor of France sufficiently to make him accede to her requests, it at all events inspired intense admiration in the heart of his general, Dulau, who considered her, according to Mme. Junot, "the prettiest woman he had ever seen." The same lady adds, in her "Memoirs," the following notice of the lovely queen: "I have known Prussians belonging to her establishment who adored her; I have everywhere met with universal suffrages in her favour from those who had opportunities of knowing her real character."

"The unfortunate King of Prussia," continues Mme. Junot, "lost by the treaty of Tilsit four millions and a half of the ten millions of subjects he possessed before the battle of Jena. He was compelled to open military roads into the heart of his remaining possessions, all of which, Napoleon continually repeated, were restored to him only at the intercession of the Emperor of Russia. These dominions formed a long parallelogram, extending a hundred and eighty leagues upon the coast of the Baltic, while its utmost breadth did not exceed forty leagues. The prohibition of English commodities was stipulated with the utmost rigour, a sentence of death to Prussia, whose heaths and lands, bathed by the waves of the Baltic lost thereby all hopes of fertilisation through the medium of maritime commerce."

After this disastrous treaty was signed, the king and queen did all they could by almsgiving and wise benevolence to alleviate the distress prevailing in the country; and in 1808 their youngest daughter was born.

"Poor child," said the king, when they talked of her christening; "who are to be her sponsors?"

"*Poor* child, do you say?" cried the queen. "She is as rich as we. She has the love of the whole nation."

"Right, Louise," answered the king. "The nation shall be her godfathers and godmothers." And accordingly, representatives of various ranks and classes were present at Königsberg, when the little princess was named Louise. Soon afterwards the queen wrote one of her long, confidential letters to her father.

"Best of Fathers,—

"All is lost—if not for ever, at least for the present. In this life I hope for nothing further. I am now resigned, and feel tranquil in submission to the dispensations of Providence. If, in this calm reliance, I have not earthly happiness, I have what is more—I have peace of mind. . . . Whatever God wills is right. I find consolation, courage, and serenity in this thought, and in the hopes deeply graven on my soul. Is not everything passing away in this world? Yet we must go through it. Let us take care that each day shall find us more and more prepared. . . .

"It will delight you, dear father, to hear that the misfortunes that have encompassed us about have not penetrated our matrimonial and domestic life. On the contrary, they have cemented our happiness, and rendered us more worthy of each other. The king, the best of men, is kinder and more affectionate than ever. I often fancy I still see in him the lover and the bridegroom. More in action than in words—for such is his custom—does he manifest the constant attention he shows for me on all occasions. It was only yesterday that he said, with characteristic simplicity, as he gazed on me with a most affectionate expression of countenance, 'Thou art dearer to me than ever, dear Louise, and more valued in adversity. I know now by experience what I possess in thee. Let the storm rage without, if the serenity of our union remain undisturbed. Because I love thee so tenderly, I have named our youngest daughter Louise.' This tenderness affected me to tears. May she become a true Louise to him. It is my pride, my joy, and happiness, to possess the love and confidence of the best of men. With all my heart I return his love; and we are so perfectly united, that the will of the one is the will of the other. Thus it is easy for me to keep up the good understanding which has increased with our years. In a word, he suits me in every respect, and I am equally well suited to him, and we are always happiest when we are together. Pardon me, dear father, for thus boasting of our delightful union; it is the natural expression of my happiness, which cannot be more important to any one in the world than to you, my best and tenderest of fathers. With people generally, as I have learnt from the king, we may not speak of my private happiness. It is enough that we know it ourselves."

(*Continued page* 454.)



"The experiment is capable of endless variations."

SCIENTIFIC RECREATIONS.

CONTRARY MOVEMENTS.

ONE of our readers has recently communicated to us an amusing recreation, practised with great success during a period of leisure.

It consists of this:—

Seat yourself before a desk, pen in hand, lift the right leg, describe a circle in space; and while the foot describes this circle try to write a capital "D." This will be impossible. Seeking to analyse this amusing experience, we have found that the hand cannot trace a circle in one direction, while the foot describes a circle in an opposite one. Our illustration shows the most simple way of making the experiment. Supposing that the right *hand* describes a circle, in the direction in which the hands of a clock move, the right *foot* cannot at the same time describe a circle in a contrary direction. Why?

This is no doubt due to lack of exercise.

Perhaps, also, the neck will not command two organs acting differently at the same time. Physiologists and psychologists must be equally interested in this curious fact.

It need hardly be said that the method of performing the experiment is capable of endless variations.

Try to pass the left hand up and down the chest; this will be easy. But if at the same time you seek with the right hand to accomplish a similar movement in a horizontal direction, you will find it very difficult. Try, and judge for yourselves!

HOW TO ORGANIZE A POSTAL PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

By J. Eaton Fearn.

(Conductor of the "Argosy" Club.)

THERE are two sides to almost everything. Truth often takes a middle course. Those who have lived in the country all their lives, sigh for the intellectual advantages of the towns; whilst dwellers in the latter wish that their lot had been cast in some sweet Auburn!—

> "Loveliest village of the plain,
> Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
> And parting Summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd."

Each has its peculiar advantages and disadvantages.

Thanks, however, to our splendid Postal system, the dweller in the remotest region can keep in touch with the great centres of intellectual and commercial activity.

Almost every large town possesses a flourishing "Amateur Photographic Club," with monthly meetings in the winter for the reading of papers, as well as discussions, and with weekly trips during the summer months. The isolated individual, however, who lives in the country, is utterly destitute of these great privileges. He is separated from his *confrères*. The people in the village understand more about stock than art. Alas! Wordsworth's lines are too true of many a rustic, more's the pity:—

> "A primrose by a river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,—
> And it was nothing more."

Sympathy, therefore, must be sought further afield. The train and the mail-cart are the willing mediums.

The first thing to be done in organizing a "Postal Photographic Club," is to secure a suitable number of members. This is an easy task. As a rule, there are more amateurs desirous of joining a well-conducted club than vacancies for them. A letter, giving particulars of the proposed club, in that excellent journal, *The Amateur Photographer*, will quickly bring about the desired result. In my opinion, the club should be confined to ten members. By allowing the members three days to look the photographs over, with this number the "Album" should practically be due once a month. Some albums only get round once in two months, but this is a great mistake, since the members do not take the enthusiastic interest they otherwise should do.

In order to secure good working members, the conductor should request each applicant for membership to enclose with his application a fair specimen of his work. He will thus be able to select members of all-round average ability.

There are many plans adopted to circulate the photographs. Some clubs send them round unmounted. This method, however, is not to be recommended, as the photos get seriously damaged by so much travelling about, and are not so handy to examine as mounted ones. Other clubs paste the photos in an album, one album in each year becoming the property of each member.

The best plan is to circulate them in a light wooden box covered with leather, as it stands its work well, and moreover has a neat appearance. The lid should be made at one end, and hinged so as to fall flat and allow the photos to slide out.

At the outset the size of photo to be circulated should be agreed on, and the particular size selected adhered to. The "half-plate" size, or popular cabinet, is undoubtedly the best. Each member should contribute two fresh photographs each round.

Members should be requested to give the fullest details of the photographs they insert. Most of the better-conducted clubs have forms printed to be pasted at the back of the prints. The information asked for should include make of camera, lens, stop used, exposure, light, time of day, month, plate, system of development, toning bath, etc. Interesting particulars also should be given of the subject itself.

A manuscript book should accompany the prints. This should contain, first of all, the names and addresses of all the members. Following this should be the time-table of the month, to register the dates of receipt and despatch of each member. Fines should be levied for delaying the album past the proper time. Punctuality, in this as in all other matters, is an extremely important point, on which success or the reverse turns.

A space in the MS. Book should also be given to interchange of remarks by the members. Then, after this, should follow "criticisms" of the prints, from a technical as well as from an artistic point of view. It goes without saying that all criticisms should be taken and given in good part.

Space also should be left for "Queries and Answers," "Members' Print Exchange," "Discussions," and "Miscellaneous Notes," all of which explain themselves, and greatly add to the interest and success of the club.

The plan of circulation, of course, is obvious to all. The conductor sends the "album" to the first member on the list. This member, after keeping it three days, in which he contributes his portion to the MS. book, inserts his photographs and then sends it to the second member. The second on to the third, and so on until it returns at last to the conductor. Then, as the album appears again, each member should take out his old photos and substitute fresh ones.

There should be special rounds of the album, due notice of which should be given by the conductor the previous month to the members.

One round should be devoted exclusively to "Instantaneous" work, another to "Home Portraiture," others to "Landscape," "Figure Studies," "Animals," "Children," and such subjects as may be suggested.

To those who live "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," a club formed on some such lines as the above, will be a source of profit and gratification to all concerned.

OF INTEREST TO YOUNG MEN.

MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the President of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, and one of the wealthiest and most successful men of the day in the United States, recently gave his life experience in the following words: "When I graduated from Yale College, I thought I would lead a life of scholastic ease. I thought I would read and write a little, take it easy, and have a good time. I had a hard-hearted old father, of sturdy Holland-Dutch ancestry. He had money enough to take care of me, and I knew it; and when he discovered that I knew it, and intended to act accordingly, he said to me, 'You will never get a dollar from me, except through my will. From this time forth you have got to make your own way.' Well, I found I had a hard lot of it. Nobody had a harder one, and the old gentleman stood by and let me fight it out. I bless him every day with all the heart and gratitude I have for that. If he had taken the other course, what should I have done? I should now have been nursing a stove, grumbling at the men who had succeeded in the world, and wondering by what exceptional luck they had got on. Having to dig my way along, I got beyond everything my father ever dreamed of; but it was done by fourteen hours, or sixteen or eighteen hours' work a day, if necessary. It is done by temperance, by economy. When you make a dollar, spend seventy-five cents, and put the other twenty-five away. Don't bury savings in a stocking, but put them in Government bonds, or in a house and a plot of ground.

"It has been a study with me to mark boys who started in every grade of life with myself, to see what has become of them. One day, recently, I began to count them over, and it was an instructive exhibit. Some of them became clerks, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, doctors. It was remarkable that every one of those who drank is dead; not one living of my age. Barring a few who were taken off by sickness, every one who proved a wreck, and wrecked his family, did it from rum, and from no other cause. Of those who were steady, industrious, and hard-working men, who were frugal and thrifty, every single one of them, without an exception, owns the house in which he lives, and has something laid by, the interest on which, with his house, would carry him through many a rainy day."

The office of General Secretary of a Y.M.C.A. is a position which requires an exceedingly well-rounded character, and abilities above the ordinary run, to insure anything like success; and the number of young men of marked ability who have left situations in which they might have earned fortunes and won fame, in order to devote themselves to the secretarial work of a Y.M.C.A., has been a subject of comment among those who have studied the working of these Associations. We were particularly struck with this fact by an incident reported to us from Knoxville, Tenn., U.S.A. The Assistant Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in that town was, before his conversion, a cartoon artist on the staff of *The Judge*, a New York satirical illustrated paper. This young artist now only uses his crayon for the good that he can do, his pencil being often employed to give chalk-drawing entertainments at Y.M.C.A. social gatherings. He is one of the many young men who, on being arrested in a ruinous career by the influence of the Y.M.C.A., are willing in return to do all in their power to promote the welfare and success of this grand Institution.

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

Ignoramus.—Who was the first Poet Laureate?

"With regard to the Poet Laureate of the Kings of England, he is undoubtedly the same that is styled the *King's Versifier*, and to whom one hundred shillings were paid as his annual stipend in the year 1251. He was only a '*graduated* rhetorician employed in the service of the King.' That he originally wrote in Latin appears from the ancient title '*Versificator*,' and may be, moreover, collected from the two Latin poems which *Baston* and *Gulielmus*, who appear to have respectively acted in the capacity of royal poets to Richard I. and Edward II., officially composed on Richard's crusade, and Edward's siege of Striveling castle." (See Warton's History of English Poetry, p. 403, ch. xxv.) We regret we cannot have articles offered for sale through our columns. Thank you very much for your warm appreciation; we are always glad to hear of brothers taking an interest in our Paper.

Muriel.—We are not able to get you the information in reference to "Greenleaf's Examination of the Four Gospels." "Brighter than the Sun," with twelve illustrations and frontispiece, 3s. 6d.; cheaper edition, limp cloth, 2s. Nisbet & Co.

Rose and Violet.—We scarcely think that whistling is a young woman's accomplishment, though perhaps it may be admissible when she is quite alone in her own family, amongst brothers and sisters.

Valencia.—The title of the book for which you ask is "Convent Life Unveiled," published at 1s. by W. Fawcett & Co., 4, Dorset Buildings, E.C. Your request for prayer shall be specially remembered. We trust that your influence with your friend may be the means of leading her to see the fallacy of the creed to which she is now trusting, and that before long she may be led to trust for salvation to Christ, and Christ alone.

Ada R.—Who is the greatest musical composer? Probably Charles Gounod; and Anton Rubenstein is one of our first pianists.

"One Hundred Pounds for Sixpence."—Attention has been drawn to some circulars and handbills under this title which have been slipped into a number of copies of our Paper—"A.1." We would specially caution our readers against all similar advertisements, as they are not inserted in our Paper with our knowledge or consent. We are greatly obliged to friends who have brought this matter under our notice, and we therefore give this word of caution.

"Violet" wishes to know if any person could tell her if old postage stamps are of any use.

Musician.—The Ocarina may be played with very little practice, a moderate ear for music being all that is required. It is made in various sizes, and can be purchased from almost any Musical Instrument Dealer, at prices ranging from 9d. each upwards.

Country Violinist.—Tour's Book, No. 2, "Melodious Exercises," is the best introduction to good music. Published by Novello, Ewer & Co., 1, Berners Street, London, W. Followed by "Album Célèbre," Nos. 1 and 2 containing some of the best music, and not too difficult. Price 2s. 6d. each. Published by Enoch & Sons, 19, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, W. Litolff Edition, Nos. 493 and 460. A good Metronome can be bought for about 10s., and is used for beating the time when playing.

A Monthly Subscriber.—You can buy the score of Handel's Oratorio at any music-seller's. You will find a history of the Maccabees in the works of Josephus, which you will get in any parish library, or at any of the London Reading Rooms. The history of the Maccabees belongs to the period between the Old and New Testaments.

W. L. B.—Back Nos. of "A. 1." can always be procured by writing direct to the London Office, 62, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

R. N., Edinburgh.—We advise you to consult a doctor.

"CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES," OUR NEXT COMPETITION.

ACCORDING to our recent promise, we are arranging a Prize Competition on "Christian Evidences," which we hope to announce shortly.

"GOT WHAT?"

A NORTH of England ironmaster lay on his death-bed. He was heard continually to mutter, "I have got it! I have got it!" "Got what?" at last asked one of his friends, who hoped that the dying man had got hold of a possession for eternity.

"A million," was the answer.

"ARE YOU A SCEPTIC?"

IT is told of a celebrated infidel lecturer, that, after he had concluded one of his lectures in a village, he challenged those present to discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old bent woman, who went up to the lecturer, and said: "Sir, I have a question to put to you."

"Well, my good woman, what is it?"

"Ten years ago," she said, "I was left a widow, with eight children utterly unprovided for, and nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction, and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and my family. I am now tottering to the grave, but I am *perfectly* happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus in heaven. What has *your* way of thinking done for you?"

"Well, my good lady," rejoined the lecturer, "I don't want to disturb your comfort; but——"

"Oh! that's not the question," interposed the woman; "keep to the point, sir. What has your way of thinking done for you?"

The infidel endeavoured to shirk the matter again; the feeling of the meeting gave vent to uproarious applause, and the infidel had to go away discomfited.

The mother of Hume, the infidel philosopher, was once a professor of Christianity. Dazzled by the genius of her son, she followed him into the mazes of scepticism. Years passed, and she drew near the gates of death, and from her dying bed she wrote him the following:—

"MY DEAR SON,—My health has failed me. I am in a deep decline. I cannot live long. Your philosophy affords me no comfort in my distress. I am left without hope or consolation, and my mind is sinking into a state of despair. I pray you, hasten home to console me, or, at least, write to me the consolations that *philosophy* affords at the dying hour."

Men may *live* without Christ, but they cannot *die* without Christ. You may scoff at the words "Heaven" and "Hell," but they are *solemn realities.*

What may horrify *you* is, that my life has been saved by the death of another, in my stead, and that God should have so loved me as to give His own Son to cruel torture and death for me. But this is *God's plan.* It seems worse than foolishness to *you;* but "the foolishness of *God* is *wiser* than men." And if you are not determined to die as a fool, and meet the fool's end, you must bring your foolish reasonings and intellect to God's plan, and take God's offer, and thus get pardon. If you reject so great salvation, there remains nothing for you but fearful judgment and fiery indignation. Remorse, anguish, despair! Why, these words don't half describe what it will be in those regions "where hope will never come!"

But why should you ever come to this, when the Son of God, *who loved you, and gave Himself for you*, is even now beseeching you to *believe* that HE has died in your stead, to see the Son of God as *your* substitute, and eternal life is yours?

And it is not only pardon that Christ offers *you* to-day, but with it He gives all the good things which you have sought in vain from Satan; and these not merely for a passing hour, but for ever and ever.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL S.S. LESSON.

By Rev. J. H. THORPE, M.A.

JUNE 17TH.

THE GREAT COMMISSION.—*Matt.* 28. 16-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Ps.* 68. 11.

THE appearance of Jesus here described is supposed to be identical with that mentioned by St. Paul in 1 Cor. 15. 6, "to five hundred brethren at once." This was a fulfilment of His promise (ch. 26. 32). This gathering explains the words, ver. 17, "but some doubted." The eleven cannot be meant, so that it would refer to "some" of the five hundred. Another point arises as to *what* they doubted. It could not be whether the Person before them was really Jesus.

A lesson might be founded on Matthew's three sacred mountains: (1) Beatitudes, (2) Transfiguration, (3) Ascension. Teacher might point out that Jesus has His meeting-places now: "Jesus, where'er Thy people meet." Also that though "some doubted," He did not therefore reject them, but proceeded to declare to them more truth about Himself. The true cure for doubts, "Tell me more about Jesus." The Great Commission (vers. 18, 19, 20) may be divided thus:—

1. THE MISSIONARY. "Go—teach—baptize." Note, this command was given to *all*, not to Apostles alone. No Christian is free from the obligation to go. The question for each is *not*, "Am I to go?" but "What good reason have I for *not* going?" All who have accepted Christ's invitation, "Come!" are bound by this "*Go!*" It is evident our Lord meant this missionary office to be continued by His Church, for those to whom the command was given in the first instance *could* not teach "all nations." "Baptizing them in the name," etc., should be "into the name," as Gal. 3. 27. Note "name," not "names,"—an instance of the unity of the Godhead.

2. THE PASTORAL. Those who have thus been baptized are to be further taught. Baptism by itself is not enough, it must be followed up. The teachers of the Church of Christ are not left to their own fancy as to their teaching; its subject matter prescribed—"all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

3. THE ENCOURAGEMENTS. They are two: (1) Christ's unbounded *power*, and (2) His unfailing *presence*. Compare "*with you*," He ordained twelve "*that they might be with Him.*" Mark the *presentness* of Christ: "I am with you always"—all the day and every day—and "I am," not "I will be." This assurance about His power was no doubt to encourage the disciples to undertake their stupendous work—otherwise a hopeless task. The whole passage has been fitly called "The Marching Orders of the Church Militant."

THE last lesson in the life of Christ, and truly the *Jubilate* of the series. Matthew evidently only gives a brief summary. Elicit from scholars an account of Christ's *ten* appearances between resurrection and ascension. Five times on first Sunday, once on the second; then by the lakeside, after which our lesson comes in, followed by 1 Cor. 15. 7; Acts 1. 3.

I. A GREAT ANNOUNCEMENT. (See chap. 26. 32; 28. 7.)

Illustrate by Queen's proclamations, newspapers, placards, bills of meetings. In Christ's day announcements were chiefly by word of mouth. An announcement implies there has been an intention formed, preparations made. Christ planned this interview before death. He, the Framer of the world, most careful in every detail. In same way plans all our lives, and is preparing heaven. Disciples did wrong by not going at once to Galilee: we also by not trusting ourselves more entirely in His hands.

II. A GREAT EXCITEMENT.

Illustrate by crowds round notices of German Emperor's death. How did the news spread? From the eleven to rest of disciples; visitors carried it home with them; sent messengers from village to village. "Oh, I must go!" said loving hearts. Preparations for the journey.

III. A GREAT MEETING.

Where? On a mountain in Galilee; name not given. In sight, doubtless, of lake. Why there? The place possessed loving memories. The greatest number of friends, and the greatest security against interruption from foes. Who would be there? Get scholars to give names of those most likely. How many were there? Probably the five hundred mentioned by Paul (1 Cor. 15. 6). What were they met for? *To see Christ.*

IV. A GREAT APPEARANCE.

Picture the *sudden glorious* appearance. Result: they fell down and worshipped Him. First time the disciples are said to have done so. Why did some doubt? They were dazzled, could not realise for joy this was the Master who had been crucified. Perhaps they were those who had not heard of His previous appearances.

V. A GREAT POSSESSION (ver. 18).

Christ had doubtless been explaining His life and work to them. That what had been in their sight failure was all success, for "all power" was His. In same way, and for same reason, Christ still conquering. Christ's ultimate victory over all.

VI. A GREAT COMMAND.

Three things to do. "*Go.*" Not to wait till people came to them. Where? "Into all the world." "To all nations." No one but the great God could conceive a religion suited for all peoples and times. God's plans are vast in extent, yet perfect in detail. *Teach.* What? *Baptize.* In whose name? Trinity. Use St. Patrick's illustration from shamrock—three leaves in one; also the light from a candle produced by three agencies—tallow, wick, atmosphere. A gentleman once asked Daniel Webster, "How can you reconcile the doctrine of the Trinity with reason?" The statesman replied by asking, "Do you understand the arithmetic of heaven?" We ought *all* to be missionaries. The success and importance of missions. How to help foreign missionaries.

VII. A GREAT PROMISE. (Ver. 20), "With you always." Prove this promise was to *us.* "Unto the end of the world." Presence of some people a drag upon us, but this,—An encouraging presence. A guiding presence. A comforting presence. A warning presence. Christ always keeps His promises.

"And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee."

C. SKINNER.

NOTES ON THE Y.M.C.A. BIBLE CLASS LESSON.

MELCHIZEDEK.—*Ps.* 110., and HEB. 5. 6-11.

I. *Purpose of God* (vers. 1 and 4).

The purpose of God is, by virtue of what Christ has done as the servant, to give Him the place of honour now and in the coming glory. "The Lord said," etc. These words take us back to the past eternity; they bid us look up to the throne and see Christ in the place of power (Acts 2. 34); and they bid us look on the future, when Christ shall sit as a priest on His throne (Zech. 6. 13).

II. *The Position of Christ.* "Sit thou on My right hand." He sits at the right hand of God—

1. As our Intercessor, to plead for us (Rom. 8. 34).
2. As the honoured One for us (Mark 16. 19).
3. As the Channel of blessing to us (Acts 2. 33).
4. As the waiting One to receive us (Acts 7. 56).
5. As Head of the body, to minister to us (Eph. 1. 20).
6. As the object to attract us (Col. 3. 1).
7. As the Sin-purger who has cleared us (Heb. 1. 3).
8. As the glorified One who is to reign (Heb. 1. 13).
9. As our Representative (Heb. 8. 1).
10. As the Accomplisher of His work (Heb. 10. 12).
11. As the Conqueror over His foes (Heb. 12. 2).
12. As the Almighty One (1 Pet. 3. 22).
13. As the expecting One (Ps. 110. 1).

III. *Promise to Christ.* "Thine enemies Thy footstool.

IV. *People of God* (ver. 3).

V. *Priesthood* of Christ (ver. 4).

VI. *Power* of Christ (ver. 5).

VII. *Perseverance* of Christ (ver. 7).

There is a difference between atonement and priesthood: (1) Atonement is a thing of death, and priesthood a thing of life. (2) Atonement is, once for all, finished; priesthood is continuous. (3) Atonement was accomplished on earth, priesthood is carried on in heaven. (4) Atonement is for the sinner, and priesthood for the saint.

Christ is a priest after the order of Melchizedek. Melchizedek was without father or mother in a priestly sense, *i.e.*, his priesthood was of a different order from Aaron's, which depended on descent and genealogy, and lasted for a definite period. Christ is the Eternal One. His priesthood begins and ends with Himself.

It is interesting to note the three things that Melchizedek did when he met Abraham (Gen. xiv. 18-20).

1. He brought forth bread and wine to him. Bread is strengthening and wine is symbolical of joy. Our High Priest ministers to us His own word and joy.

2. He blessed him. We are blessed in our High Priest. We read that when Christ was about to ascend to heaven, He led His disciples as far as Bethany, and there, with uplifted hands, He blessed them (Luke 24. 50). We never read that those hands were put down.

3. He received from Abraham a tenth of what he had taken. Our High Priest waits for our gifts and offerings. There are four we can give:—

1. Our bodies (Rom. 12. 1). 2. Our service (Phil. 2. 17; Heb. 13. 16). 3. Our money (Phil. 4. 18). 4. Our praise (Heb. 13. 15).

SOCRATES: THE SAGE OF ATHENS.

Outlines of his Life and Death.

SOCRATES was born in the city of Athens, B.C. 470. His parents were in poor circumstances, his father being a common sculptor and his mother a nurse; but Socrates was never ashamed of their callings, and served for some time in his father's workshop. His genius and wisdom, even in his youth, soon attracted attention, and he gave up the profession of a sculptor to follow the more ambiguous calling of a philosopher and teacher. Like all Athenians he was trained in the use of arms, and was conspicuous for his bravery on more than one occasion. His father bequeathed him about two hundred pounds, which he lost by lending to a friend; and through all his life he had the greatest contempt for riches. A favourite saying of his was that the greatest, riches a man could possess was contentment.

In course of time Socrates married, as all Athenians were obliged to do, on penalty of a heavy fine for celibacy; but his choice was a singularly unfortunate one, and the name of his wife, Xantippe, has been handed down through twenty-three centuries as a typical name for a shrew—a most unenviable notoriety.

But even a Xantippe was unable to disturb the philosophic calm of her husband, who declared he had chosen her especially for her bad temper, knowing that if he could live on peaceable terms with her, then he could with any one—rather an unusual reason for the choice of a wife.

On one occasion she had tried in vain to disturb his equanimity by her foul language and abuse, and when she brought matters to a climax by emptying a pitcher of dirty water on his head, he only remarked that "so much thunder must needs produce a shower." Whether this soft answer turned away her wrath or increased it, is not recorded in history. On another occasion, some hasty person, not his wife, gave him a stinging box on the ear. But this insult only drew from Socrates the words, "It is a misfortune not to know when to put a helmet on."

Socrates' aim in life was to instruct the Athenian youth in morals and philosophy. He had no school, like other philosophers, but went out and in amongst the youth, instructing them at all times and seasons, showing by his own example how a worthy citizen should live, teaching them virtue, and helping and encouraging them to act wisely on all occasions. From all parts of Greece came men who were his eager pupils. Euclid, Plato, and Xenophon were amongst the most distinguished. Euclid belonged to Megara, a province which lay under the ban of the Athenians, who prohibited any Megarian to enter Athens on pain of death; but in such high estimation did Euclid hold the teaching of Socrates, that he came to him at night, disguised in woman's clothing, and only left when it was dawn. In this manner Socrates passed his life, doing all in his power to elevate the *morale* of Athenian society, and to inculcate maxims of probity and justice on the minds of his attached pupils.

But he was not without enemies; and in the sixty-ninth year of his age, those who were jealous of his influence accused him of corrupting the Athenian youth by his opinions with regard to the gods. The method in which they proceeded is higly characteristic of the times. It was the custom in the Greek drama, now so much praised, to introduce personalities on the stage, and to bring in public characters without any attempt to disguise them. Aristophanes, the celebrated comedian, was hired to write a comedy in which the character of Socrates was introduced and held up to public scorn. This play was "The Clouds," and in it Socrates was made to defy Jupiter, a proceeding which the Athenians regarded as most impious.

Once the public ire was awakened, the enemies of Socrates took every means to increase it, and consequently he was cited to appear before the authorities to answer two accusations—the first, that he did not acknowledge the gods of the republic, but had introduced others; and the second, that by doing so he had corrupted the Athenian youth.

The defence of Socrates was well worthy of him. It is couched in elegant language, and he boldly examines and refutes the charges. His closing words are truly noble: "I am more convinced of the existence of God than my accusers, and so convinced that I abandon myself to God and you, that you may judge of me as you shall deem best for yourselves and me." The result of the trial was that Socrates was found guilty, and condemned to die by drinking hemlock. Socrates heard the sentence with unmoved calmness, and when a friend and disciple expressed his sympathy for him, and regretted that he should die innocent, Socrates replied, with a smile, "What! would you have me die guilty?" The unusually long time of thirty days elapsed between the sentence and its fulfilment. The reason was that the yearly sacrifice had been despatched to Apollo at Delphi, and, until the return of the sacred galley, no sentence of death could be carried out.

In this interval Socrates had much intercourse with his friends, who did all in their power to make him escape. They even won over the jailer; but Socrates disdained to save his life by flight, and, when told of the scheme, asked "whether they knew any place out of Attica where people did not die?"

The thirty days too soon came to an end, during which time Socrates had calmly awaited his fate, making good use of the time in instructing those about him in philosophy, and consoling them in anticipation of their bereavement. The mode of death, having to cause it by his own act, to be himself the instrument, was peculiarly painful to Socrates, who held that "man, appertaining to God who formed and placed him with His own hand in the post he possesses, cannot abandon it without His permission, nor quit life without His order."

He took leave of his wife and children, whom he dismissed, and, at sunset, he was informed that the time had arrived for him to drink the fatal hemlock. He did so very calmly, and even reproved his friends for showing signs of grief, which they had with difficulty restrained during the day. In course of time the poison took effect, and Socrates was no more.

In this manner died the greatest of the Grecian philosophers, one who strove nobly after an ideal which at best was terribly imperfect.

No sooner was Socrates dead than a reaction took place among the people. Euripides wrote a tragedy, called "Palamedes," in which reference was made indirectly to Socrates. At the words, "You doom the justest of the Greeks to perish," the people were visibly affected, and a decree was passed, forbidding any one to speak of him in public. The public conscience was awakened, and the accusers of Socrates were punished by death or banishment. A statue of brass was erected to his memory, and placed in a prominent position, where the people might see it, and be reminded of the virtues of their great teacher.

It is interesting to note that Socrates never wrote one sentence of his sayings; they were written down and treasured by his disciples.

A prayer, written by an unknown poet, often quoted by Socrates, and in which we can all unite, will form a fitting close to this sketch of the great philosopher:—

"Great God, give us, we beseech Thee, those good things we stand in need of, whether we crave them or not; and remove from us all those which may be hurtful to us, even though we implore them of Thee."



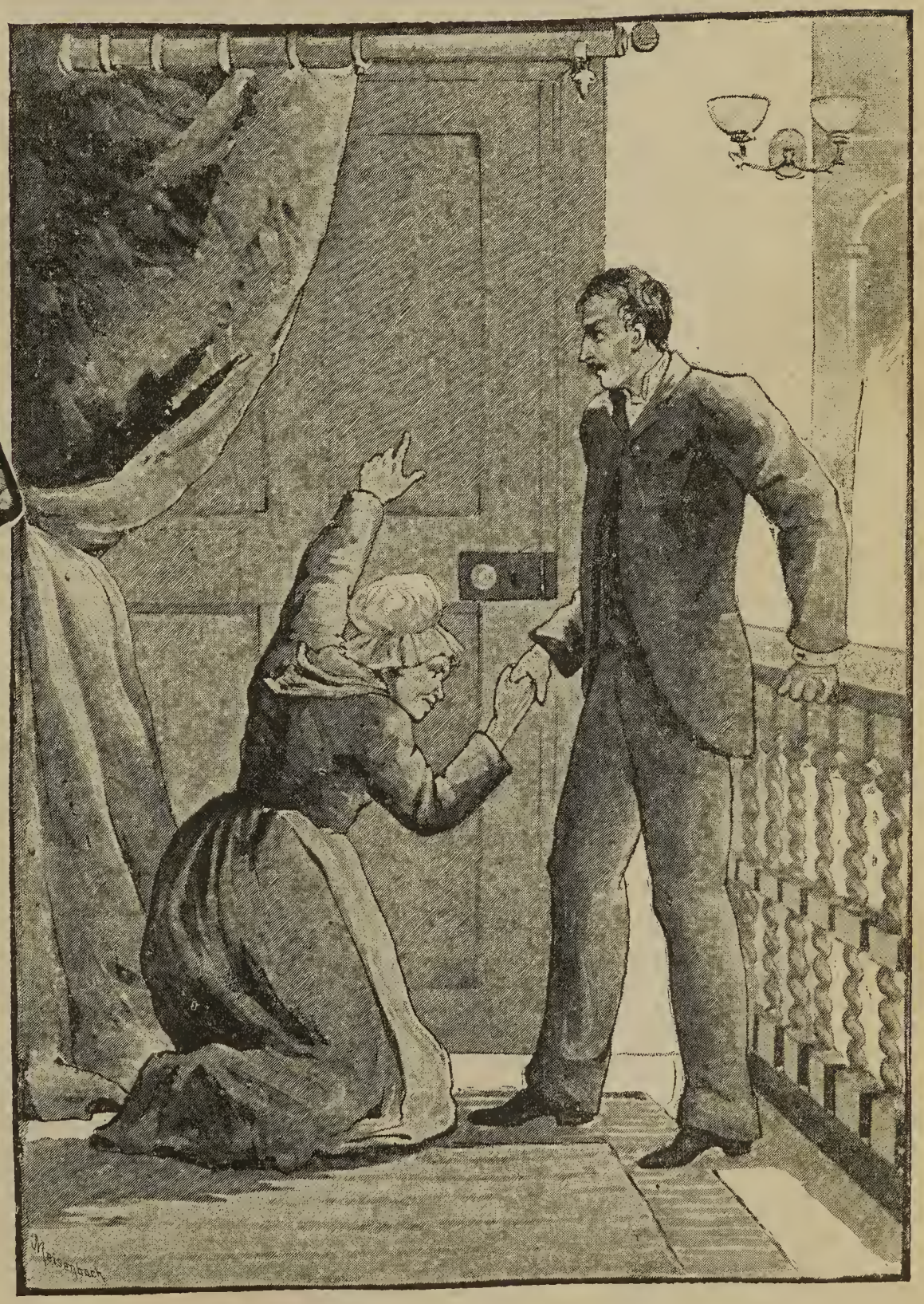
THAT HOUSE IN LONDON.

By L. T. MEADE,

Author of "Scamp and I," "A Knight of To-day," "Great St. Benedict's," "The O'Donnells of Inchfawn," "A Band of Three," "Water Gipsies," "Your Brother and Mine," etc., etc.



"A wild figure was sitting upright in the bed, his eyes burning, his face flushed, his hair unkempt."



"As Betty spoke, she went on her knees, and exclaimed frantically :— "'Give me your hand, master. Come close—listen! Now do you hear?' Distinct sounds from within were undoubtedly audible—sounds of rustling and moaning — deep-drawn ejaculations; and then a voice, thin and weak and high pitched."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE tired and worn-out man was still lying almost motionless in the depths of the old-fashioned arm-chair. He had come back from his dead faint to a world of realities, but he was not yet conscious of any sensation of surprise. His mother was dead, and he was in her house—in her large, solid, handsome house—in a bedroom which bore tokens of old-fashioned wealth. He was here, and Betty Carew, the woman who had nursed him as an infant, was once again tending him ; she was hovering about him in the fussy, half-motherly fashion he remembered so well of old.

He took in the facts well enough, but his brain was still too inert to be conscious of any surprise.

Betty bustled round him with zeal and almost cheerfulness ; she brought a little table up to the side of his chair ; she covered this table with a snowy napkin, and on the napkin she laid the tray which contained the fragrant and nourishing little meal.

"Drink your soup and eat your toast, Master Jo, my poor dear," said the old dame. "There, there, you're but feeble still; take a sip at the brandy and water."

She held the glass herself to the feeble man's blue lips. He sipped, and was revived; then she fed him with the toast and strong beef-tea.

"Now lie quiet, dearie, while I air sheets for your bed," said Betty. "This fire burns well, and the missus's sheets, that she died in, are clean and scented with lavender, in the chest of drawers. I'll air them here in a twinkling, and you shall lie soft to-night, my poor boy."

"But I must go," said Jonas, feebly struggling to his feet. "You are very good, Betty, and I am glad to see you again, but I must go now. This is not my house—my mother is dead, you know."

"Sit you down this minute," said old Betty, in an authoritative tone of voice. "After missing you these many years, and the missus's heart being all but broke, you don't suppose as I'll let you out of my sight again in a minute. No, no; sit you down, Master Jo, sit you down; you're Betty Carew's charge now."

Alexis was far too languid to be able to resist these decisive words; he sank once more into the old arm-chair, and watched, in a feeble manner, Betty's active movements. She opened and shut drawers, she pulled blankets off the bed, she toasted fragrant linen sheets by the fire, and when they were very hot, she laid them on the bed, preparing it for his reception with almost reverence.

"The missus would have been glad to see this day," she muttered. "There, Master Jonas, now you'll get between the sheets, and lie down snug and warm. You let your old nurse help you to take off your things."

"I cannot sleep here, Betty," said Jonas. "Everything is like a dream to me; but how can I sleep here, knowing nothing at all?"

"What can I tell you, my poor dear? The missus is gone—that dear saint is no longer in this world. It did come over her that you might be waiting for her above; but no, you are still here, although you are going to her, you are going to her, my dear bonnie boy."

"If you mean that I am on the road to heaven, you are mistaken," said Jonas, covering his face with his thin hands. "Whatever road I'm on, I am not on that path. Oh, mother! Betty, you make me think of her now. Why was it the will of God that I should never look in her face again?"

"It was you that was silent, Master Jonas," said Betty, kneeling in front of the fire. "Well, well, Betty Carew will heap no reproaches on you to-night. Get into bed, my lad. Here, let me help you off with your coat. My word, how thin you are!"

"Betty, how is it my mother came to live in this house? When I left her, she was in the cottage at Silverdale. This house is large, and must have cost money. How is it she lived and died here?"

"She bought the house, dearie. How else would it come to her?"

"But with what money? My mother was poor."

"Poor?" echoed Betty; "oh, that was a long time back. She was rich for many and many a year before she died."

"Rich," said Jonas, feebly; "my mother rich. Then I am not a beggar. Thank God, I am not a beggar. That is good; that puts life into me. Betty, tell me nothing more to-night; my mother died rich, and I am her only son. Betty, there is a man I hate; his name is Kenneth Graham. I won't talk about him to-night, nor about my mother either, for I am dead beat—only this money comes in handy, very handy. Money gives power—it gives great power; with money, I can use means and punish one who made life as hell to me. Betty, I will get into bed; I don't mind anything now, as my mother was rich. Linen sheets, did you say? I never lay between linen sheets. Betty, I've had a hard life, but it's all right now my mother died rich."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHETHER he had been too weak to leave the hospital, or whether the shock of finding old Betty, and of knowing that his mother had really died a wealthy woman, was too much for him, no one can exactly say, but the next morning, to Betty's unutterable dismay, Alexis awoke in a high fever. He did not know Betty when she approached him; he knew no one, but he called wildly for his mother, and tossed about, and uttered piteous cries.

Betty looked at him for a moment or two in dismay; then very quickly she made up her mind. She would nurse him in that house; she would nurse him herself, and keep the fact of his existence a secret from the Grahams, and also from the other servants in the house. She knew that her task was an almost impossible one, but one or two circumstances were in her favour.

The room where her old mistress had died had gradually come to be considered her special property. She kept the key of this room; she alone entered it. By slow degrees, and yet very surely, the other servants had come to consider the room uncanny, dismal, almost haunted. They would hurry past it at night; not one of them ever cared to go near it. Betty, who liked the seclusion of this dismal chamber, had taken pleasure in encouraging their fear; she was fond of alluding to the chamber of mourning, to the dead body which had lain there, to the coffin which had been taken out from its threshold. The room stood alone—no other rooms near it; its walls were very thick; surely, if Jonas did make any noise, the servants could be got to attribute it to supernatural sources. Betty made her plans with deliberation; she left the sick man muttering on his uneasy bed, and went downstairs to the kitchen.

"I'm not well," she announced; "my attic is too damp. I'm going down to sleep for the rest of the winter in my old missus's room. That saint would wish it, and I can be near to her dear sperit there. The chamber of mourning, I calls it. Well, well, it suits me; it suits Betty Carew fine."

Then she filled a scuttle with coals, and mounted up the stairs herself with them, refusing all proffers of assistance, which were not too willingly given.

"No, no," she said, "the sperit of the world don't suit what may be found inside those sacred walls. I'll keep myself to myself, if you please. No fear, I'm not lonely; I has the companionship I likes best."

After this speech, not a servant in the house would have ventured near the mysterious chamber. Betty supplied herself with stores of fuel, also with eggs, tea, and a bottle of brandy. Then she laid in candles and night-lights.

"I'm weak, and I wants nourishment," finally she said to the cook. "See that you have my beef-tea when I comes downstairs for it. Oh, yes, thanks, I'll fetch it myself. I wants no one to wait on me."

Then Betty began her arduous task, nursing the sick man day and night, and only anxious on one particular, namely, that he might not grow bad enough to require a doctor. She had a little knowledge of illness, and after her old-fashioned way she attended Alexis well. She kept up his strength with constant supplies of milk and the best beef-tea. When he was very weak indeed she gave him small doses of brandy, but none of her efforts could reduce the strength of the burning, raging fever, and at last, one night the horrible conviction came over her that the sick man would die—that he would die in any case, but all the quicker if she did not immediately get a doctor to see him. She stood at the bottom of the great four-poster looking at him, as this conviction flashed across her mind. He was moaning feebly, tossing from side to side, and muttering words of direful meaning with intense rapidity.

"My mother died rich—that is right, that is right; now I can revenge myself on Ken—fine old chum Ken was!—yes, but I'll pay him out—I'll live and pay him out. I hate him; he wanted to send me to Australia, but he missed his game there. Jonas Alexis might be a fool, but he was not quite such a fool as that. No; London is the place for me—I'll stay in London, and dog his steps, and make his life a hell to him. What do you say, Sister Lucilla?—Vengeance belongs to God? No, no, no — I clutch it in my hand—I press it to my heart—it is part of me, my life, my all. *He* sent me back to penal servitude. I should like to see him die. He has a wife, I should like her to be a widow. Has he a child? I hope it may be fatherless. Oh! oh! oh——"

The confused mutterings died away in anguished moans. Betty went up and laid her hand on Alexis's forehead; it was burning; his pulse was very rapid, but very weak.

"I've done my best," she said to herself; "I've done my very best, but I can't save him. A doctor he must see. How can I fetch a doctor into this room, and nobody know it?"

She pondered very deeply for a moment or two. Alexis had been violent, but he was now too weak to get out of bed; it was certainly dangerous to leave him, but to get no assistance for him meant his certain and speedy death. Betty made up her mind very quickly. She smoothed the tossed bedclothes, gave her patient a spoonful of broth, placed a guard before the fire, and slipping out of the room, locked the door as usual, and put the key in her pocket.

Mrs. Graham was better that evening. Her recovery had been slow. Splendidly strong by nature, after the birth of her child she became unaccountably weak. Her doctor wondered at her lack of strength. He said to himself more than once,—

"Is it possible that even in this happy and prosperous house there is a secret skeleton? I could understand the want of tone which I discover in Mrs. Graham's system if she had a secret care. That fine-looking fellow, her husband, certainly loves her. They have plenty of money—what can it be?"

The doctor discovered nothing. In his presence Kate's large dark eyes seemed serene and uncareworn; he never detected the little flash of anxiety, hidden as soon as expressed, with which she darted an eager glance at her husband's face; he never heard the faintest of faint sighs which now and then came to her lips, as she bent over her beautiful baby. The child was extremely lovely—precocious beyond its few weeks—a fair,

placid, grand-looking baby, with heavenly blue eyes, and now and then a radiant, far-off smile filling the eyes and dawning round the lips, as though angels had, indeed, been talking to him. His mother and his nurse both noticed this look—the nurse uneasily—it wasn't canny, she said; she had seen it before, but never with babies that lived. It did not awaken uneasiness in the unsuspecting mother, but it thrilled through and through her heart with an ecstasy which was also pain.

Kate was not getting on fast, but she was better that evening. She had gone into the drawing-room that day for the first time, and told her husband that she felt much brighter and better for the change. He stayed with her until quite late, and kissed her even more tenderly than usual when he bade her good-night.

As Graham left his wife's room, and walked across the landing towards the stairs, he came across Betty in the act of locking the door of the room which was now known in the house as the "chamber of mourning." This title, given by Betty, was universally adopted, although no one liked it. Graham was in a peculiarly good humour that night, for the step his wife had made towards recovery had cheered him, and he hoped that now she would soon be well enough to go abroad.

"Well, Mrs. Carew," he said, speaking cheerily to the old woman. "Oh, by the way, I think you must give me up the key of that room. I think of taking your mistress abroad for a time, when she is strong enough, and if so, I shall let the house. In that case this room will want papering and painting and renovating generally, to match the others. Here, give me the key. Ill go in and look round it now."

"You'd better," said Betty, lifting up her twinkling, deep-set eyes to his face; "you'd better! There's no modern fashion could abide that room. You listen! Put your ear agen the key-hole and listen! Sperits are at work in the chamber of mourning!"

As Betty spoke, she went on her knees, and pressed her own ear to the key-hole.

"Give me your hand, master. Come close—listen! Now do you hear?"

Distinct sounds from within were undoubtedly audible—sounds of rustling and moaning — deep-drawn ejaculations; and then a voice, thin and weak and high-pitched.

"I will have my revenge! May he die!—may he——"

No other words were audible; but Kenneth had heard enough. The cold dew stood on his forehead; his heart beat heavily.

"There's the key," said Betty, rising to her feet, and greeting him with an almost fiendish grin. "Open the door, and go in, if you dare. You can hear the sperits talking better when you're within. I likes them—I finds them a sort of companions; but folks differ in their taste."

"You're mad, I believe, Mrs. Carew," said Kenneth, angrily. "Good-night! I'll look at the room to-morrow."

He fled downstairs, Betty's shrill laugh following him.

"Ah! my bonny boy—my own Master Jo! I've put him off the scent for a time, anyhow," she muttered, and then she trotted downstairs, and out of the house as fast as she could, in search of a doctor.

Graham went into his smoking-room, sat down in an arm-chair, and covered his face with his hands. He was trembling and cold from absolute fear. What had he heard through that key-hole? A voice—words—a sentence had fallen on his ear.

"Folly!" he said to himself. "Folly! I imagined it. I am always thinking of the fellow; he is ever and always before my mind. Ah! what I gained was not worth what I undergo. No money was ever worth this torture, this suspense, this daily and hourly fear. Since I had that interview with the fellow at Portland, I have scarcely known an hour's peace. My detective has most mysteriously lost sight of him. He may pounce upon me at any moment. I cannot sleep, I cannot rest, I cannot eat. Kate sees it in my face; I know she does—my darling. I can see the trouble in her dear eyes. She will not question me, yet she knows I am unhappy. Oh, how long is this to last? I am indeed unnerved, unmanned, when the shrieking of the wind through a key-hole can be interpreted by me into words—into words uttered in his hated, hateful voice. What a fool I was not to have gone into the room! Mrs. Carew thought I was afraid. I believe that old woman is half mad. She suspects me of something; I have seen it for a long time in her manner. What an awful thing it would be if she came across Jonas; and, of course, what so likely? She would recognise Jonas at once. Yes, there is nothing for it but to get away as fast as possible; go to Spain or somewhere, where one could be absolutely safe. But should I be safe anywhere? No; for what I dread even more than the punishment, even more than the scorn of all my other fellow-creatures, is Kate's knowing; and she would read my secret quickly in my eyes, in my misery. Oh, my God, my God!" added the unhappy man, suddenly falling on his knees, and clasping his hands before his eyes; "if the woman I love finds out about my sin, I shall go mad." Then he added in a hoarse, half sob, "The way of transgressors is hard."

The household had long retired to rest, for the hour was past midnight; but at this moment an unwonted sound in the hall fell on Graham's ear. He started to his feet, shook off his increasing depression, and went hastily out of the room.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HE went into the hall, where he discovered Betty in the act of softly closing the entrance door. By her side stood a little withered-up man of the style and stamp of the ancient apothecary. The hour was past mid-night; every other soul in the house was in bed.

"What does this mean, Mrs. Carew?" said Graham, sternly. It was a relief to him to have a fresh channel into which to turn his thoughts. Betty had no right to smuggle a stranger into his house; the feeling that he might be legitimately angry was quite delightful to Graham after his deadly fear. "What does this mean?" he repeated. "Who are you, sir? This is a most extraordinary hour for a visit."

Betty dropped a little curtsey, and raised a thin, anxious face to her master's. All her shrewish, daring look had left her.

"I'm not at all well, sir," she said, "and this gentleman, Mr. Cutts, is an old friend—a sort of relation of mine. I thought I'd ask him to find out what was wrong with me. I has pains in my joints, awful. I expects it's the damp."

Betty's eyes could not meet Graham's, and now he thought he intercepted a quick glance between her and the stranger. His anger grew greater.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, "but this is no hour for my servant to see a physician. Have the goodness to call to-morrow morning, and let me have the pleasure of showing you out now."

Betty's face turned ashy. If this old apothecary whom she had summoned in her sore need did not see Jonas to-night, he would certainly die. In a moment her resolve was taken.

"I must have the advice I need now, sir," she said. "Come with me, if you please, and stay with us, while the doctor looks at his patient in the chamber of mourning."

Graham felt his heart beating, and once more that cold fear stealing over him. He did not say a word, however, but followed Betty and the doctor up the stairs. They stopped at the oak door, and Betty, taking a key out of her pocket, opened it deliberately. On the threshold she made a last effort to keep Graham out of the room.

"There are ghosts within," she said. "Do you want to keep them company?"

"Let me pass," said Graham, sternly. He pulled the door out of her detaining fingers, and entered the room first.

Where was the gloom and desolation he had pictured? A bright fire roared up the chimney, and in a distant corner was a night-light, shedding a subdued and soft radiance. Its dim light was hardly needed—the blaze from the fire lit up each object in the chamber distinctly. Graham glanced round it. He saw the chair in which Mrs. Alexis had sat on the night when he had bade her good-bye for ever—on the night when she had said to him, with her gentle eyes full faith, as they glanced into his,—

"Everything is arranged, Kenneth, and whatever happens, I trust you fully."

From the chair he looked at the old four-poster. What object met his eyes? Why did he start and fall back and murmur God's name in a voice of anguish under his breath? A wild figure was sitting upright in the bed, his eyes burning, his face flushed, his hair unkempt. When he saw Graham, he uttered a piercing shriek, and buried his face in the pillow.

"Move out of his sight, or you'll kill him," said Betty, rushing up to Kenneth, and with the strength of many women seizing his hands. "There, go behind the curtains, and don't show yourself to him unless you want to be his murderer. I don't care what you think of me—he's my missus's son, and I'd do more than this for him. There, keep out of his sight."

Graham did not need any second bidding to depart. With almost cat-like steps he stole on tip-toe from the room, and closed the door softly, very softly, after him.

(*Continued page* 465.)

CHAPTERS FROM NATURE'S STORY-BOOK.

By Professor Haddon.

CHAPTER I.

A STROLL BY THE SEA-SHORE.

"And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, 'Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.

'Come! wander with me,' she said,
'Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.'

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale."

—*Longfellow.*

FEW walks are more pleasant than a stroll along an unfrequented, firm, sandy shore on a warm, sunny day. On the one hand is the bright blue sea, whose dancing waves flash back the sunshine; on the other, the tawny sand is heaped up into gently rolling dunes, sparsely covered with wiry grass and silvery-green sea-hollies. The gently sailing fleecy clouds ever and anon afford a grateful shade, and at the same time their chasing shadows dapple the sea with purple and the sands with grey.

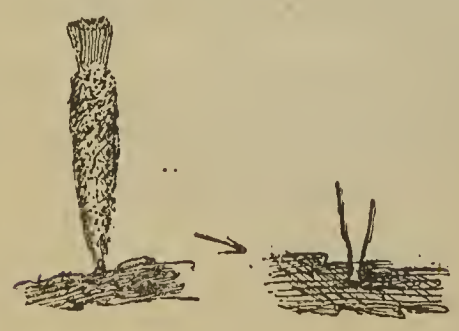
The sky, sea, and shore have their several and collective beauties, but our interest for the present is centred on a few of the forms of life which people the water, land, and air.

At every step in the yielding sand lively little sand-hoppers jump for dear life, with prodigious bounds; and now and again a crunch tells that some dead shell or other has been broken into many fragments. Here is a purple mussel, there a bleached razor-shell; separate valves of cockles, scallops, and oysters lie scattered far and wide. A sand-hopper and an odd shell or two are consigned to a bag, to be examined with other captures later on.

Long ridges of small pebbles or of sea-weed extend along the shore, at various distances from the sea. These mark the limit of divers high tides, and of occasional storms, the deep waves of the latter having torn up large quantities of sea-weed, and cast them forth to die upon the sand.

If one is fortunate enough to walk along the shore after one of these storms, many interesting sea-beasts will be found, which are rarely otherwise met with; especially are they strewn along these ridges of sea-weed. A handful picked up at random will afford employment for several hours.

Most of the branched and gracefully curved objects are not sea-weeds at all, but are colonies of animals, often called "Zöophytes." The word zöophyte means "animal-plant," and, as we shall see, many of them have a very simple structure. Nevertheless, they are true animals, and have no connection whatever with plants. They only possess a superficial resemblance to some sea-weeds in their general form, just as groups of ice-crystals on a frosty window-pane assume the appearance of fronds of ferns and twigs of moss. The "zöophytes" are no more plants than are the frost-markings.

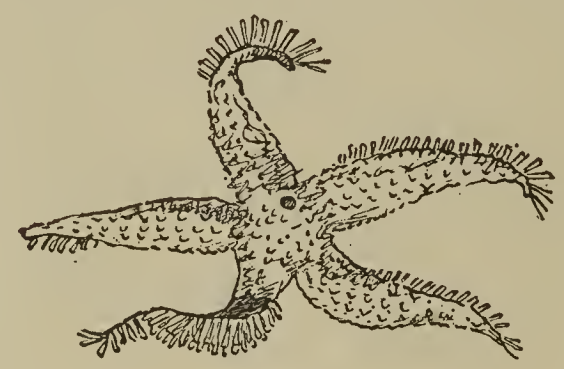


Sponge with Chalky Needles (*Grantia ciliata*).

Long lines of white stretch along the sand, the colour being due to the presence of minute shells, smaller than a pin's head (*Foraminifera*). We will put some of the dust into a bit of paper for future examination.

On many pieces of sea-weeds and "zöophytes" are minute, polished, white, coiled tubes, like fairy porcelain trumpets. Each of these is formed by a tiny worm (*Spirorbis*), with lovely branched plumes, by means of which it breathes; on others are white flat bags or rounded tubes (*Grantia compressea* and *Grantia ciliata*); the latter are usually crowned with a coronet of silken spines. These are really sponges, although so very unlike the fibrous skeleton which is familiar to us all as a "sponge."

Other kinds are often cast up like fleshy balls or branching, flexible twigs; others, again, spread along the rocks, and at low tide may be seen clothing the dripping stones, like yellow or orange-coloured lichens. Though true sponges, none of these are of any use to man.



Starfish (*Asterias rubens*).

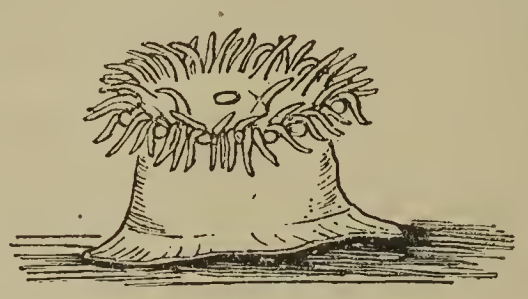
The star-fish will be welcomed as an old friend. Amongst the sea-weed, small brittle stars, with their round, flat bodies and five long delicate arms, are frequently found; and the shells of the sea-urchin and of the sand-loving heart-urchin should be looked for.

At low tide the sand is riddled by the burrows of worms, and the fisherman may be seen digging up lug-worms and hairy-bait. Another worm forms a tube for itself by glueing together grains of sand and broken shells, the end of the tube which projects above the level of the sand being provided with curious branched sandy threads.

As we ramble along, we come to a reef of low rocks and stones, and at once find quite a new set of creatures. In the rock pools gaudy sea-anemones flaunt their brilliant colours in the sunshine, and by attentively watching a pool, many delicate creatures may be seen furtively expanding filmy breathing plumes, contracting with great rapidity on the least alarm.

The small conical acorn shells open their lid-like valves, and a fairy-like, many-fingered hand beckons unwary animalcules to destruction.

Worms which rival the emerald in colour, others which glisten like shot silk, glide amongst the roots of the sea-weed; and lively gobies and blennies, together with trans-



Sea-anemone (*Actinia equina*).

parent shrimps, dart through the water as if they are playing hide and seek.

The wonders of the rock pools entice us, but time urges us to make our way homewards; but first let us bask on a sand-hill in the sunshine, and without seeking for anything, see what will come to us.

There is a good old French proverb that "all things come round to him who will but wait," and this is especially true for those who want to learn the hidden things of nature: those who rush about, glancing here and poking there, see only the obvious facts; while to him who possesses his soul in patience, and holds his peace, the rarer and more subtle sights present themselves.

After quietly watching for a minute or so, we discover that there is life everywhere. Little butterflies, like burnished copper, or of metallic blue, flash in the sunshine and are gone; larger ones, of varied hue, flutter hither and thither. Bees buzz with an energy which is almost reproachful in its tone. Beneath the spiny leaves of the sea-holly an active ground-beetle scuttles along, the purple edging of its armour gleaming in the sunshine.

Many different kinds of insects now disclose themselves on the plants, their restless activity offering a marked contrast to the slow gliding of the banded snails. An unwary fly settles on an open spot, to preen its wings in the sun, when immediately it is pounced upon by a hunting spider, just as a leopard springs upon its prey.

A brown streak flashes across a small bank of sand. Now we must be perfectly still. Peering between the grass stems are two brilliant eyes, set in a pointed head; covered with an enamelled coat of armour, on the sand we can just see two little feet



Acorn Barnacle (*Balanus balanoides*).

peeping out, with exquisitely delicate toes; in a moment more the whole body of the elegant sand lizard is revealed, only to disappear at the least sound.

Now for a final glance round. Disporting themselves among the sand hillocks are several rabbits, so like the colour of the sand, that when at rest they almost escape notice, but when frightened, they kick up their heels and away they go, showing the white feather of the proverbial coward, or rather, the white fur of his stumpy tail.

Overhead the sea-gulls are sailing in peaceful flight, and landwards a lark is flooding the air with wondrous melody. Thus we can drink with our ears the rampant joyousness of the lark's song while feasting our eyes with the poetry of motion of the sea-gull.

On our way homeward we pass along hedge-lined roads, and later emerge upon an open common, the hollows of which are converted into reedy pools. On nearing one of these, half a dozen frogs jump from the reeds into the water. We will secure one and allow the rest to escape.

In the course of our short walk we have seen or handled a large number of different animals; let us now endeavour to arrange them in some definite order. The fishes, frogs, lizard, birds, and rabbits all have a backbone and a skull, which protect their brains, and which are not possessed by any of the other animals we noticed; so we may divide the vertebrate from the invertebrate or backbone-less animals.

The rabbit suckles its young, and thus is what naturalists term a mammal; the sea-gull and lark, having feathers, are birds; the lizard is a scaly land animal, which lays eggs, and is consequently a reptile; and the gobies are scaly water-animals, which also lays eggs, and are fish. Representatives of the five great groups of vertebrates, fishes, amphibians, reptiles, birds and mammals, have been met with in our stroll.

There is much greater dissimilarity amongst the invertebrates than amongst the vertebrates, and the work of sorting them will consequently be more difficult. First of all we will put together the active forms—those which fly, run, and hop—such as sand-hoppers, crabs, spiders, and butterflies.

Each of these has a hard skin, and a more or less ringed body, and at least three pairs of jointed legs. The last character gives the name to the group—the *Arthropoda*, or jointed-footed animals. The great group of arthropods is further divided—(1) into the crab group, or *Crustacea*, with a large number of limbs, in addition to the walking legs; (2) into the spider group, or *Arachnida*, which usually have hairy bodies and four pairs of legs; and again (3) into the insects, which have only three pairs of legs, and usually two pairs of wings.

The mussel, cockle, oyster, periwinkle, and snail have soft bodies without legs, but they are protected by a hard shell. The sea slugs and land slugs either have a minute shell or have had one at an early stage of their lives, but it has subsequently disappeared. Thus we unite them all together in the group of mollusca, or soft-bodied animals.

All the worms we noticed have long bodies, which are distinctly ringed, and tufts of fine bristles spring from each ring. Some crawl about at will, others form sandy or chalky tubes, within which they live. There are other worms which are not ringed, and do not possess bristles. The former are the segmented worms, the latter the unsegmented worms.

Some of the "zöophytes," as they are



Common Frog (*Rana temporaria*).

called, are formed of an immense number of little chambers, within each one of which a small worm-like animal lies bent upon itself; when alive, each little hermit protrudes a branch of delicate gills, by mean of which it breathes and catches its prey.

The common sea-mat is a familiar example of one of the *Polyzoa*. The term polyzoa really means "many animals," and this is a very appropriate name. The Germans call them *Bryozoa*, or moss animals, which is equally descriptive.

The starfish and sea-urchins are protected from harm by hard, chalky plates and prickles. They walk about by means of rows of suckers. The prickly-skinned animals, or *Echinodermata*, form a well-marked group.

Nobody could mistake a sea-anemone, with its fleshy, tube-like body, circle of tentacles and bright colour, for any other animal; but it has its poor relations as well as other creatures. They are to be found amongst the remaining "zöophytes," or "hydroids."

Hydroids are small tubular animals, with a crown of tentacles around their mouths. They are often grouped into colonies, the whole forming a blanched horny tube, within which the polyps live securely. Sea-anemones and hydroids, having wide open stomachs, are called by zoologists *Cœlenterates*.

The sponges have their bodies penetrated by a large number of tubes, through which the water flows. The large holes, through which the water is poured back into the sea, look like the craters of small volcanoes. The pore-bearing animals, or porifera, usually have a skeleton of horny fibres (washing sponge), or sharp little flinty or chalky needles.

Lastly, we have yet to arrange the minute shells washed up by the sea on the shore. These have all sorts of beautiful shapes and markings; but, strangely enough, the animal which forms them consists only of a little drop of slime. No skin, no eyes, no ears, no legs, no arms, no mouth, no stomach, and yet they are able to build up the most beautiful of all shells! These simple shell-makers are called *Foraminifera*, and, like the *Infusoria*, or minute animals found in stagnant water, they each, as we have seen, consist of a simple piece of animal slime, or "protoplasm." All the other animals, from the sponge to the rabbit, are built up of an immense number of separate pieces of protoplasm. This fact enables us to divide the animal kingdom into two great divisions; first, the simple animals, or *Protozoa;* and secondly, the complex animals, or *Metazoa*.

The following table will assist you in understanding the manner in which naturalists arrange or classify animals:—

I. PROTOZOA (SIMPLE ANIMALS).
Foraminifera (and other groups).

II. METAZOA (COMPLEX ANIMALS WHICH LAY EGGS).

1. *Porifera* (pore-bearing animals): sponges.
2. *Cœlenterata* (hollow stomach animals): hydroids, sea-anemones.
3. *Echinodermata* (prickly-skinned animals): starfish, sea-urchin.
4. *Vermes* (worms): unsegmented and segmented worms. The polyzoa, or sea-mats, are also placed in this group.
5. *Mollusca* (soft-bodied animals): cockles, snails.
6. *Arthropoda* (jointed-footed animals): crabs, spiders, insects.
7. *Vertebrata* (backboned animals): fishes amphibia, reptiles, birds, mammals.



QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA.

By Barbara Clay Finch.

(*Concluded.*)

ONE of the queen's favourite passages of Scripture was the 126th Psalm. "The more I meditate on it," she said, "and try to grasp its meaning, the more its loveliness and sublimity attract me. I do not know anything which has such a solemn, benign, elevating, and comforting effect upon my mind as these precious words. The anguish of soul which is simply expressed in them is deep but tranquil, peaceful and tender. What it will effect, and the fruit which it will bring forth, is strikingly explained under the pleasing figure of seed-time and harvest. The hope which soars above all, and makes all sorrow bearable, is like the hues of the morning, and you hear in the distance the triumphal songs of the victor rising above the waves of sorrow. It is pervaded by a spirit of melancholy, but also of victory, of resignation, and the most joyful trust; it is an elegy, but also a hymn of praise; a hallelujah mingled with tears."

In the time of her deepest distress she wrote thus to Mme. Krüdener, with whom she had formed a friendship: "You will understand that I can never be quite miserable while I have a source of purest joy. With the keen eye of truth I have seen the vanity of earthly greatness, and its nothingness in comparison with heavenly possessions. Yes, I have attained to a repose of the soul, and an universal peace, which allow me to hope that I may be able to bear all God's dispensations, and the sorrows that are sent to purify me, with the composure and humility of a Christian. For it is in this light I view all the trials which bow us down."

In 1809 the king and queen paid a visit to the Russian court, and were received by the emperor and empress with every mark of magnificence, honour, and consideration. In spite of the kindness of her imperial hosts, and the growing hope of soon re-entering Berlin after its evacuation by the French, Louise's spirit could not regain its elasticity. "I am come back from St. Petersburg," she writes on her return, "as I went. Nothing dazzles me now. Yes, I feel it daily more and more; my kingdom is not of this world."

In the October of the same year her youngest son was born at Königsberg; and on the 23rd of December following, the anniversary of the day on which, sixteen years ago, she had passed through the city gates as a bride, Louise and her husband again entered Berlin. The day was one of strangely mingled joy and sorrow. "More eyes were wet," says Arndt, "with tears of grief than joy." The deep grief of the beautiful queen was evident in the midst of her joy, as she stood at the window, acknowledging the people's greeting, for her eyes were red with weeping.

Since she had "belonged to Prussia," as she called it, she had slept but one night under her father's roof, and had not seen her aged grandmother, the Princess George, since 1806. She now expressed a deep desire to re-visit her home; and her husband fondly hoped it might restore her fading strength. Accordingly, on the 25th of June, she left Charlottenburg, and travelled through Oranienburg to Furstenburg, the first town in the Grand Duchy of Strelitz. She manifested much joy at seeing her old home again, greeted all her old acquaintances, and showed her friends with emotion the miniature of the king that she wore. "It is the one that resembles him the most of any I possess," she said, "and therefore I always wear it." Some one admired her pearls.

"I prize them very much, too," she answered, "and have kept only these of all my jewels; for circumstances required that I should give up my brilliants. Pearls are more suitable for me; they signify tears, and I have shed many." Her husband's fond hopes that her health might improve were not realised, and she grew manifestly weaker and more fragile. On the 16th of July she was seized at Hohenzieritz with a dangerous illness, arising from an abscess on the lungs. As she lay helpless, the utter vanity of temporal glory struck her forcibly. "Of what avail," she said, "is all earthly greatness? I am a queen, but I cannot move my arms." The king, hearing of her danger, hurried to her with his two eldest boys.

"God be praised, I am here," he said, as tears of joy fell from his wife's eyes.

"How didst thou come?" she said, her anxious love for him conquering her own extremity: "not in an open carriage with thy fever?"

"Who came with thee?" she asked later.

"Fritz and Wilhelm," said the king.

"Oh, what joy to see my dear children!" cried the mother; and when the boys were brought to her side, she exclaimed, "My dear Fritz! My dear Wilhelm!" and tried to question them about her other children; but the pain was too much for even her brave spirit, and they had to leave her.

"Oh, my God, my God, do not forsake me!" she prayed; and in her death agony she besought, "Jesus, shorten my sufferings." The end came mercifully soon; and, with her hand clasped in her husband's, she passed from the waves of this rough world to the home she had ever looked and hoped for, where "beyond these voices there is peace."

The grief of the king was indescribable; he was utterly overpowered; and only the tears and caresses of his motherless children roused him. Long years afterwards, he said, "This was the blow heaviest of all to bear." The queen was interred in a little Doric temple in the grounds of Charlottenburg. Over her grave an exquisite monument—a masterpiece of Rauch, a sculptor she had befriended—was raised. She is represented lying on a marble tomb, and the figure, says an eye-witness, "expresses all that is beautiful in womanhood, all that is perfect in a queen, all that is holy in a saint." It is beautifully described in Körner's lines:—

"Du schläfft so sanft—die stillen züge hauchen,
Noch deines Lebens schöne Traume wieder;
Der Schlummer nur sankt seine Flügel nieder,
Und heil'ger Friede schlieszt die Klaren Augen."

Four years later, when the tide had turned, and the king came back a conqueror from Leipsic, after a public thanksgiving in the Cathedral at Berlin, he hurried to that small temple hidden among the trees, where lay all that was earthly of his lost love. On the still marble form he laid the laurels that symbolized the victory which would have so gladdened the loyal heart now still in death; and lingered long, in his love and sorrow, by the tomb of her who had been the charm of his life, the love of his youth, the wife of his manhood, and the sad and blessed memory of his lonely years. In remembrance of her he instituted an order, to be called by her name, to be worn by the noblest and most heroic of her country's daughters; and, ever faithful and constant to his dead love, was laid, after thirty years, by the side of the wife he had loved so well, and mourned so truly.

It has been well said of Queen Louise that in her "Germany saw its best self personified; love of liberty and country, pleasure in domestic and family life, taste for poetry, deep and quiet gratitude for all the gifts of God." Perhaps it is because of this that her name is so deeply venerated, and her death was so truly mourned, by her people. The grief of the nation was but second to the grief of the king; and Louise, though her life was stormy and troubled, had at least the supreme content of knowing that she had gained, firmly and unalterably, the treasure of a husband's devoted love and a nation's heartiest blessing.

HERE is the heir, yonder the inheritance; here is the toil, there the rest; here the candidate, there the reward; here the faithful, there the crown of everlasting life. In proportion as we grow in excellence, so as not to be barren or unfruitful in God's service, so shall an entrance be ministered to us abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.—*Hamilton.*

THE WHITE CROSS SOCIETY.

(*Inserted at the request of the Lord Bishop of Durham.*)

THE White Cross Society took its rise in a meeting held at Bishop Auckland, under the Presidency of the Bishop of Durham, on February 14th, 1883.

The objects of the Society are threefold:—

1. To urge upon men the obligation of personal purity.
2. To raise the tone of public opinion upon questions of morality.
3. To inculcate a chivalrous respect for womanhood.

The policy of the Society is especially to influence young men of all classes, and in all conditions of life—boys at school, undergraduates at the Universities, clerks in Business Houses, soldiers and sailors, artisans, labourers in the country villages, etc. It will thus be seen that the work of the Society is definitely educational.

The method of the Society has been from the beginning not so much to create new machinery for the special work, as to utilise that which is already existing—Temperance Societies, Guilds, Bible Classes, and similar agencies. Therefore, the spread of the White Cross Society within such organisations as the Y.M.C.A., Young Men's Friendly Society, the Church of England Young Men's Society, the Church of Scotland Young Men's Guild, etc., is strongly recommended.

The diffusion of healthy literature, setting forth a high ideal of manliness, has been systematically undertaken, and more than a million of the White Cross Series have been circulated. Grants of papers for distribution have been freely made. Upwards of five thousand were given away during a general mission recently held in a large manufacturing city.

The five White Cross Obligations have been accepted as the connecting link which binds together Societies in England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, the United States, Australia, India, Japan, and other parts of the world. Thus the spread of the same principles is secured outside our own country, and a vast moral federation is becoming an accomplished fact.

The working expenses of the Society have been defrayed up to this time by a few warm and liberal friends, who provided the necessary funds for three years. The period for which provision is already made, is fast approaching its termination, and it is now necessary to look forward to the future. The work is rapidly increasing, but it is estimated that for the next few years, a sum of £600 a year will suffice; and appeal is earnestly made for contributions, securing without delay this annual income. It is, however, thought advisable that an effort should be made to obviate the necessity of annual appeals for subscriptions by raising an Endowment Fund of (say) £20,000, which, invested, would place the Society beyond risk of pecuniary embarrassment. The Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Herschel, Lord Kinnaird, and Sir T. Fowell Buxton, have consented to act as Trustees of this Fund.

Donations and subscriptions may be sent to the Bishop of Durham, Auckland Castle, Bishop Auckland; the Lord Kinnaird, 1, Pall Mall East, London; or to Messrs. Ransome, Bouverie & Co., 1, Pall Mall East, London.

J. B. Dunelm, *President.*

Auckland Castle, Bishop Auckland.

JAPANESE ART, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

By M. F. Billington.

WHEN the history of taste in our present century comes to be written, one of the most noticeable points in it will be the comparatively sudden rise into favour which the decorative products of other lands have enjoyed. Eastern Art-work has been especially used, with the result that a distinctive style in arrangements and colouring has arisen from it.

To take the furniture of a tasteful drawing-room of an average house, one will find that scarcely any feature has not been more or less influenced by it. If means or inclination have not allowed the use of genuine Persian or Oriental rugs, the pattern of the Brussels or other European carpet will assuredly show trace of an Eastern model. The probability is that the quaint shape of the tea-table will recall Moorish design.

The chairs will be covered with chintz that is based upon Turkish embroidery devices, and the knick-knacks about the apartment will be a miscellaneous assortment of Chinese blue and white pottery in reality or imitation. Indian coloured ware will have furnished the idea for many an odd-shaped gaily tinted vase or pot, and Japanese screens and fans are distributed *ad libitum*, to say nothing of the fact that a Japanese tray will probably hold the tea-things when they arrive, and the teapot or other accessories will most likely have a touch of the same land about them.

For, strange as it seems to talk about true artistic feeling, when such elementary principles in Western art as those of perspective are completely ignored, Japanese work of this class is among the most beautiful things we can dream of. An American Commission, which has just been to Japan to report upon the art of the country, came back saying, that despite its imperfections and faults, Japanese art is the only *living* art in the world to-day, and that if Japan will only remain true to the best inspirations that are in her, she will become the acknowledged centre and leader of the fine arts in all civilized countries.

And that is not all. The Commission went even farther, and declared that painting has never reached the highest perfection of which it is capable in East or West, and that it can only do so in the future, after experiments made in Japan by the Japanese. Perhaps its most sweepingly unkind remark is that *Millet* is the only artist of recent years whose work may be said to be *almost* on a level with the great bygone race of early European and Asiatic artists.

He adds also, that many artists in all parts of the world are looking to Japan to lead the way, and that in twenty years' time, Tokio will take the place that Paris now holds as the world's art centre. This is of course an immensely exaggerated view, and Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., writes that it is quite ludicrous to think that Japanese art could ever become the expression of Western artistic genius, or really satisfy Western æsthetic demands.

Japanese design may be traced to Chinese origin. It has adhered with rigid conservatism to its traditions, and has very seldom introduced originality or innovation. There is a Chinese drawing in the British Museum which dates from the twelfth century. It is by an artist named Hwui Su, and is merely of two geese by a pond. But in the quaint fashion of distanceless landscape with which we are so familiar, it is perfectly true in its fidelity to nature. The reeds, grasses, and rushes are depicted with surpassing fidelity. There is nothing European, from printing to gunpowder, from the telephone to paper making, in which the Chinese were not before hand. A respect for natural outline did not come into European art until the fifteenth century.

The art of xylography or engraving was known in Japan in the eighth century. Colour printing dates back to the seventeenth only, and is therefore comparatively modern. But another point still on which the inhabitants of the far-off land are in advance of us was in sending New Year's cards, a fashion in favour of which came in towards the close of the last century. New Year's gifts were also made, and it is amusing to read that the lacquer ware sent was often wrapped in an embroidered handkerchief of the choicest material, carried by a special messenger, whose nose and mouth even were frequently enveloped, so that no breath even should fall upon its exquisitely polished and delicate surface.

The labour laid out upon these old Japanese lacquers almost passes credence. In the first place, the wood was selected with the greatest care. The qualities demanded were hardness, closeness of grain, and readiness to take a high degree of polish. Then it underwent a lengthy and tedious process of drying, and was repeatedly rubbed with marble dust, to obviate any chance of shrinking and warping.

The cup or bowl was overlaid then with a very fine but tenacious linen, affixed with a vegetable glue. The next process was to paint it with many coats of a thin varnish termed lac, each coat being allowed several weeks to dry, and undergoing finally a careful polishing to remove the least trace of roughness. The pattern or design is the next step.

This is furnished by some artist who is famed for his prowess, and is drawn on in freehand in gold. Then a coating of lac is passed over, which completely hides it for the time being. A long drying process takes place, and the next step is the tedious one of polishing it with charcoal till the design is again visible, and over this the pattern is again drawn in gold. A beautifully transparent lacquer varnish is added again and again for perhaps six or eight times, and at last the workman is satisfied.

It very often took six months to complete quite a small article, while for a large one fully three times as long was necessary. On some of the old swords the patterns are marvellous. Mr. Marcus Huish, who has a wonderful collection of this work, bought for 15s. a sword which, he says, is thus decorated: "The pattern upon its upper surface and sides is a Greek fret in gold wire beaten into iron, which is subsequently damascened. It measures about an inch in length by half an inch in breadth; and I have had the curiosity to count the lines of pattern upon this half square inch—they are no less than 280. Each one is mathematically true; and the whole is finished to such a pitch of perfection that no inequality can be detected on its polished surface. To plant this wire so firmly that it has not given in a single place, very fine inverted V-shaped furrows have had to be driven into the iron foundation, and into them the wire has been beaten. This must have required a firmness and steadiness of hand, and a clearness of eyesight, little short of the marvellous."

Regarding modern Japanese art, it is to be feared that our slipshod conditions of work are making themselves felt there. Mr. Huish describes that even the sweating system is not without its Japanese imitation; and the demand for such things as screens from Europe exacts the extremity of absurdity and the grotesque. Moreover, cheapness is a paramount consideration.

The agent in Yokohama is depicted as replying to the objection that they cannot properly be made at such low cost, "But they must! They can have but one coat of lac upon the framework instead of three, and the gold thread must contain an even larger interior of cotton than the last, and of course the men must be paid less."

Gold brocades suffer, and those which are professedly the heaviest and richest are often the most weighted with base alloys. Lacquers that want months to finish are ordered to be ready in a fortnight; and Western machinery is cutting out by thousands to stereotype patterns the beautiful metal objects that always of old had the unique *cachet*. that handwork alone gives.

Trade will suffer, and in modern times we know how difficult it is for a country that once loses this to recover it. The one branch that it is said has not yet become demoralized is that of ivory carving and inlaying.

In the imitation and adaptation of Japanese ideas, it is curious that no originality-hunter has ever seized upon the Japanese idea of a picture-frame. This is either a simple affair of lacquered bamboo rods or of elaborate carving; but it differs from our own in the fact that the picture is never placed in the middle. It may be to the top, bottom, sides, or corners, but is never put mathematically straight!

The theory regarding it is that you look at, say a group of people, down a street, or a landscape through a window or between two hills, but it is not exactly in the centre of anything! So that this is one of their queer concessions to realism that always amuse an European mind. An artist of the name of Mempes has opened an exhibition of scenes of Japanese life and country, in one of the Bond Street galleries; and he tells me that he has had all his works framed in Japan by native workmen.

There, ye ingenious young ladies and gentlemen, does not the above account give you any ideas for decorative novelties? But seriously, why not try the effect?

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Stanley Grahame," "From Pole to Pole,"
"Kenneth McAlpine," etc., etc.



"'Hush!' cried Godfrey, stretching out his hand."

CHAPTER XLII.

JACK'S WOOING.

THERE was a degree less of cheerfulness in the men's tent after Dresky had gone, for everybody had become fond of him. With his droll ways, and his droller English, he was quite a character, and all hands believed in his sincerity.

So, when Chips said, as the men were gathering up the shower of snow-shoes they had flung after the sledge for luck, "God speed him, for he is a right true-hearted little fellow, savage and all though he be," there was not a single dissentient voice.

But it was no time now for regrets of any kind, nor for sentiment either. Dresky was gone, and Captain Boyd and his officers felt certain in their own minds that he would do all in his power to reach the Pacific shores; and that might, or might not, be to reach the ears of civilization.

Nat Graves, senior, was an American of wealth, and, like many such, he knew the value of money, *i.e.*, not to hoard, but to use aright. He had in this case offered enough to whomsoever it might concern, to reward them for sending to the assistance of the expedition. If Dresky found Americans, patriotism would lend them wings; if Russians—well, they would be paid.

* * * *

Early summer had come to the land of Alaska ere, through toils and difficulties innumerable, the people of the *Oona*, with their Innuit guides, found themselves not far from one of the upper reaches of the great Yukon.

Summer had come quickly, as it always does in this region of wildernesses, and it brought with it sunshine to the valleys, and buds to the trees; it clad the straths and glens and flats around the broad, lonesome river with a profusion of wild flowers; it breathed over the lakes in warm south winds, and the ice fled, and the waters looked like inland seas. But it had brought with it danger as well, and the last fifty miles of the journey had been a weary, anxious drag.

The softening of the snow caused the first delay. Men had to wade over their knees in it; dogs floundered and fell, and their progress was no longer a cheerful trot, but a sadly unwilling walk. Then things got worse, and a general halt had to be made. The south-west wind increased to a gale, uprooting the lofty pines that clad the hills, melting the snow on their sides, and bringing down the streams in roaring spates. Rivers appeared where no rivers had been before, and lakes in flats that had been fields and moors.

Sometimes the streams came down through the glens in lofty bores, that seemed to carry everything before them. Nothing could exceed the fury and irresistible force of such a rush of water. Boulders big enough to be called rocks, logs of wood, and tree trunks came rolling and dashing and roaring, in the tumbling, tossing, foaming cataract, while the ground, for a good mile distant, was shaken as if by an earthquake.

It was not only the growing forests that suffered by these floods and spates, for trees which looked as if they had been long buried, were unearthed, and helped to swell the seething chaos. Once, during a spate, Desmond and Jack saw a sight which made them rub their eyes and stare in wonder.

It was that of a whole island moving slowly down stream. Trees and bushes and grass were growing thereon, and bewildered bears moving uneasily up and down on it. They found out afterwards that there had been a gigantic land-slip in a ravine farther up stream, and this island was but a part of it.

Well, they had reached the Yukon, and here Captain Boyd and his officers came to the conclusion that it would be better to rest for a while. Several of the natives had died by the road, from over exposure, and no less than three of the crew of the *Oonalaska* had also gone to a Land where there is no more sorrow or toil. These deaths had naturally increased the gloom that appeared for some time past to have been settling down on all hearts.

But now they were in camp again, the sick grew rapidly well, and the hale and hearty regained courage.

The place where the camp was pitched was on a piece of table-land, high over the beautiful island-studded river. Behind it was a wooded glen or gorge, and far away on the horizon towered rugged mountains, clad to their summits in snow. The picture was altogether a pretty one; the waving pine woods, now darkly green, with their summer foliage, the dazzling whiteness of the background of hills, and far above, the blue of the sky.

There was plenty of wood about, to build rude huts, and everything that could add to the comfort of the ladies was done by willing hands. Of luxury, alas! there was none now.

But fresh provisions, thanks to the guns of Godfrey and the others, were still abundant, while Bob-a-link, the Aleut, and the Innuits vied with each other in luring the fish from lake and stream. Many were the excursions thus planned. Often Jack Silk and four or five of the Innuits would seek fresh hunting-grounds. By lashing two or three of the bidarkas together, a boat was made that would accommodate the whole party, and it was seldom they returned from such an expedition without well-filled game-bags.

Adventures with bears were by no means rare. One day Jack and Godfrey came upon Bruin at play with her cubs. "Hush!" cried Godfrey, stretching out his hand to stop Jack firmly. It was a moment of breathless suspense, and then they breathed freely as Bruin and the cubs shambled away. The young men also often saw wolves in the woods; while, when the camp was all still, the melancholy yapping howls of these animals used to be heard in the thickets and glens. But they desired no closer acquaintance with Robin Hood and Little John.

How was all this to end? The summer in these regions is not a long one; autumn comes on sharp, dark, and gloomy. It would be impossible to spend the winter here, and so it was resolved that, after waiting for a month, to thoroughly recruit the health of all hands, the journey should be resumed.

The question of embarking in boats or a raft, and risking the voyage down the broad, rolling river, had been mooted and discussed, but was thought impracticable. The Innuits knew the river well, and the description they gave of the fearful rapids and the innumerable cataracts between the upper reaches of the Yukon and the ocean, was not a very cheering one. Chips, on the other hand, knew too much of the muddy flats around the ocean-mouth of the river to make him very anxious to embark on any such wild adventure.

No; the land journey appeared to offer far the greatest chance of success.

It was very pleasant now, when the weather was warm and dry, to roam away over the hills and through the woods. The ladies found it so, and it was none the less pleasant because there was a spice of danger attached to it. Bears or wolves *might* attack them. Katie felt sure—and said so—that if a bear met her, she should be frightened to death.

But Jack kept by her side, and, although he could not shoot so well as Godfrey, somehow she felt safe, although she gave him most strict injunctions always to carry his rifle with "the open end of it pointed upwards."

One day these two got lost in the forest, and a very interesting pair of "babes in the wood" they looked. The sun had been unusually bright and warm. There were birds singing in the trees. There were bees

and butterflies about, and everywhere a profusion of the most charming wild flowers.

It was gathering these wild flowers, I say, that led to their getting lost. But I must state more particularly the outs and the ins of the case. It happened, then, that Jack's eye alighted on a patch of most captivating forget-me-nots. They grew in a kind of bog, with grass-covered sods here and there, beautifully arranged for Jack to tread on. So he laid his gun carefully on the bank, "with the open end pointing upwards," and strode in for them. He only sank once, and that was only with one leg.

What did Jack care? There stood Katie on the brink of this hob-goblin bog, looking more sweetly pretty than ever he had seen any girl look in the world before. And she was filled with anxiety for his safety, too. I do not hesitate to say that this made him stop longer than he otherwise would have done. He made at last a very tiny bouquet of the best of the flowers; then, having no excuse for stopping longer in the marsh, he started to come to bank. It was just when stepping up that he missed his footing and had his little accident. Katie flushed and screamed, and held out a hand to him.

Jack took the little gloved digits in his, and—he did not let them go for some time.

Now all love-making is poetry, if it be true love, and though Jack was not a poet, love for once in a way lent him a Pegasus—and it was a winged one, too. He was as eloquent now as he had been long ago on that coral isle of the sunny south.

But it was not acting this time, and he told Katie it had not been acting then. She stood silent, with averted head, when he paused. Then Jack added,—

"Oh! Katie, you must forgive me. I've been caught aback, as it were, by my feelings—caught aback, Katie. No, no; how *could* I expect that you would care to go through life in convoy with such a rough old plank as I am?"

He had turned away, sadly and disconsolately.

"Jack!"

Jack Silk looked round. Their eyes met, and next moment Katie's sweet, suffused face was on his shoulder.

Soon after this Desmond found the "babes in the wood," wandering hand in hand over the green moss, but going in quite the wrong direction.

"Why, Miss Katie! Why, Jack; where are you going? What are you doing?"

"Why, looking for ourselves, of course," said Jack. "Fact is, Dess, we've been lost, and if you had not found us, the robins would have had to cover up the pair of us with leaves. But what ails you, Dess, my boy?"



"By lashing two or three of the bidarkas together, a boat was made that would accommodate the whole party."

"I've bad news to give you. Poor Miss Graves has been taken ill."

"What! our dear old ship's mother?" said Jack.

"Come, Jack! come quickly," cried Katie.

And back to camp they hurried; no thoughts now in their breasts save for the friend, the cousin, the mother; even love itself seemed drowned in grief.

It did seem hard on poor Jack Silk, that this grief should come *now* to cloud his happiness. They hurried back to camp. Captain Boyd met them near the door of the big log-hut. He was looking more serious and downcast than any of his shipmates had ever seen him look before.

"She has had a fainting fit of some kind," said the captain. "Yes, quite insensible. In a deep sleep, apparently. You can go to her, Baby. You will find Nat there."

All that evening, and all the next day, the ship's mother hovered 'twixt life and death, rallying just a little at times, and even attempting to talk.

It made matters much worse that none could divine the nature of her malady. What a comfort now, had Dr. McPhee lived! How every one would have hung on his words, and on his every look and movement. As it was, those who attended her could but do their best, and be prepared for the worst.

Now, sorrows seldom come singly. And here is a proof of it.

About the second day of Miss Graves's illness, and in the evening (if evening it could be called, when the sun did not set), Bob-a-link and a party of Innuits, who had been high up the river, and away to the east, on a hunting and fishing expedition, came into camp with alarming news.

A thousand Indians were on the war-path. They had met and fought with them; and though their guns and rifles had told to advantage against the bows and arrows of these savages, retreat had been deemed the best policy. They had taken to the river, and done their very wiliest to escape and leave no trail.

(*Continued—page* 472.)

ON A GOOD START.

By Edward Butler.

THREE men started from Leeds to go to York assizes. One got into the wrong train, and was bowled away to Halifax. The second got to York, but found he had left all his papers behind him. Only the third made a successful trip. Whenever we journey, it is clearly expedient that we know whither we intend to go, how we purpose to get there, and what we shall want, both by the way and on our arrival.

You, dear lad, on whom I have my eye, are just meditating a start in life. School-days are over. The bell tinkles you in no more to desk and lessons. You have already just a twinge of that sentiment about the past, of which we elders have sometimes a little more than we can bear with dry eyes. And you begin to take stock of yourself and your requirements. You "realise," as people phrase it, that your school-life has furnished you with the mental tools, implements, weapons, with the ability to use them, on which you now have to rely. The significance and use of the discipline you have gone through is dawning upon you. You may wish you had seen it all as clearly a little earlier; but, like a brave youth, you brush aside nervous fears, and "put a cheerful courage on." Now then; whither are you going? What is your goal? A successful manhood, you say. And what do you mean by success? You reply—ability to gain one's own livelihood by some honest industry; and, perhaps, pleasant but unspoken thoughts make your cheek rosier, as you hope some day to be able to undertake the sweet burden of another life beside your own. Good, so far. There are, I trust, those about you who look on you with eyes as loving as they are critical and discriminating. They will help you to the important decision as to what special form of industry you are most fit for. "God has a plan for every man." A resolute young man may achieve fair success in almost any walk of life; but it is a great waste of faculty to set one who is born with a mechanical bent to a lawyer's books, or a shrewd mathematician to the work of a backwoodsman, or one who has the instincts of a merchant to the high function of a preacher. But as soon as you have selected your work, having made that selection, let us hope, with the aid of the best earthly advice you can get, and with eyes reverently turned to Him who "knoweth the way that we take," and who "directeth our steps," then I counsel you to regard the conclusion as your "calling" or vocation. That word "calling" is a solemn word. It implies a caller, and you may recognise the voice as coming from heaven.

You have, I will now suppose, discovered your calling. How shall you proceed to make it a success? I am afraid I can say nothing very new on that head. If I speak of industry, diligent application, rectitude, veracity, faithfulness, I shall lose your attention, because you have heard of these so often. And yet it is just the old well-worn truths that are the most valuable. And, indeed, these old truths about the secret of success are like the mercies of God, "new every morning, and fresh every evening." Let me, however, essay a word or two to try if I can brighten up the superscription on these old coins, rubbed by the hands of a thousand generations.

"Diligence" is a word, the root of which is "choice," and it is closely connected with "love." To love your work is a tremendous impetus towards the vigorous doing of it. There are miserable people who have not discovered the joy of work. We will only take a pitying glance at that mournful, pale-blooded crew, and pass on. You, I am sure, love work. It is infinitely more exhilarating than "pleasure," though you must sandwich a little recreation with it, to bring out the full flavour. But it is not only work in general that you must love; you must develop affection for your own special work. You remember the tallow-candle maker who sold his business, and retired on his fortune, but who, in the agreement of sale, stipulated that he might come in on melting-days, to enjoy the odour of the tallow-fat. There's true love for you! Imitate it. Every hour you spend with devotion upon your work will make you love it more; partly because of that law of our nature which arouses emotional interest in what we grapple with persistently, and partly because practice in work brings faculty in its performance, and the exercise of faculty is the consciousness of life; so that growing power in it is growing life, and all life is joy. Struggle through the surf of drudgery to the blessed deep sea of conscious power.

On the other side of the old coin lie the symbols of the moral quality of truth and good faith. Now here I labour under a temptation to tell you what is perfectly true, and will nevertheless do you no good to know, viz., that these qualities have a market value. I think of Hiram Power's piteously beautiful statue of the Greek slave; so tenderly sweet, and for sale! Dear boy, try to hold on to nobleness of truth and good faith. No man ever yet securely held these treasures who held them for their "market value," great as it is. The hand that hotly clutches them for what they will fetch in £ s. d. will always, sooner or later, be dexterously rapped on the knuckles by the devil, and made to drop them. Hold them as the briar holds the rose-tree shoot that has been grafted into it, and united with its life and love, and you are then the safe owner.

In starting life, remember also another thing. You have heard often enough that knowledge is power; I will not enlarge on that undeniable truth; but purity is also power. Tennyson says of Sir Galahad, the purest of Arthur's knights:—

> "His strength was as the strength of ten,
> Because his heart was pure."

Stern self-control in youth is the parent of a vigorous and joyous maturity, and a green old age, bearing fruit to the last. Cleave to purity of life like a bull-dog, or an oyster, or a mussel, or a barnacle—like anything that sticks, and cannot be allured to let go. The fire of temptation will be hot; but hold on! The prize is a pearl of untold value: it is the mastery of yourself, the kingdom of your own heart, the Holy Land of your own soul, free from the Hivites, and Hittites, and Girgashites, and Jebusites; bodily strength in the bud, conserved for flower and fruit; heavenly and unperishable gems of virtue, whose home is amongst the undying things of eternity; priceless crystals, slowly but surely formed in the long patience of your manly young hearts, as diamonds in craters of long-extinct volcanoes.

Remember the well-known story in the "Arabian Nights" of the youth who determined to reach the top of the mountain where dwelt the wonderful bird and the golden water. If he looked back as he toiled up, he, like others who had gone before him, would be turned into a black stone by the wayside. What voices he heard!—terrifying voices, alluring voices; but he marched on without turning his head, and gained the prize; and on coming down the mountain, there were also given to him the lives of the poor black-stone failures. So do you strain up the mount of self-conquest! Ah! how I think of the voices you will hear, persuading you to "ungird the loins of your mind"; voices so sweet and soft, so full of dreamy promise of immediate delight. Will they prevail? Will the bird of heavenly melody, the golden water of life, never be reached, and you yourself locked in the black uselessness of a pleasure-seeking, self-centred life?

To combat the siren voices of your peril, you can carry other music within you. There is the music of a mother's prayers and loving entreaties. Memory, if worked, will always take her harp and fill the ear of your spirit with those melodies of love and faith and hope. And in them, and through them, above them, and yet all the clearer for them, shall you hear the bells of heaven, the multitudinous triumphant songs and harpings of those who have overcome; and in the sudden reverent, ecstatic silence of voices and harps, the one ineffable Voice, welcoming yet another warrior, whose fight is fought and won, —"Well done, good and faithful servant!"

THE HARBINGER OF SPRING.

By Capt. J. J. JOHNSTON.

MOST of us, if asked what we know about the natural history of the cuckoo, though we might not answer like the Board-School pupil, "Please, sir, 'e don't lay 'is own eggs 'isself, sir," would reply that the bird neither builds a nest, nor hatches its own eggs ; and so far we should be fairly correct—and only fairly ; for Barrington, in his Memoir, gives three authenticated instances of cuckoos in this country rearing their own young in nests constructed by themselves ; and Darwin, in his "Zoonomia," also cites an instance of one in Derbyshire.

But there are other peculiarities attaching to the cuckoo, that are not so generally known, and which we shall mention, after having tried to settle the question that has puzzled so many learned men from Aristotle downwards, viz., why it is that this bird, as a general rule, deputes the incubation and rearing of its young to other members of the feathered tribe—a seemingly unnatural disposition, which would justly be accounted cruel in a rational creature, but which, upon due examination, we shall find to be a consummate economy in her case, and a plain proof of the infinite wisdom of her Creator ; and also, that this odd action proceeds not from any principle of carelessness or cruelty, but that her conduct therein is founded on solid reason. Some old authors have attributed it to the peculiar formation of the bird, that, owing to its capacious stomach with thin covering, the pressure upon it prevents incubation ; but they did not consider that many birds which incubate have stomachs analogous to the cuckoo—the owl, for example. The two following extracts, from some charming observations on the "Natural History of the Cuckoo," by Dr. Jenner, published by the Royal Society in their Philosophical Transactions for 1788, give a fatal blow to this theory :—

"In the summer of the year 1786, I saw, in the nest of a hedge-sparrow, a cuckoo, which, from its size and plumage, appeared to be nearly a fortnight old. On lifting it up, I observed two hedge-sparrow's eggs under it. At first I supposed them part of the number which had been sat upon by the hedge-sparrow with the cuckoo's egg, and that they had become addled, as birds frequently suffer such eggs to remain in their nests with their young ; but on breaking one of them, I found it contained a living fœtus, so that of course these eggs must have been laid several days after the cuckoo was hatched, as the latter now completely filled up the nest, and was, by this peculiar incident, performing the part of a sitting-bird.

"Having under my inspection, in another hedge-sparrow's nest, a young cuckoo, about the same size as the former, I procured two wag-tail's eggs, which had been sat upon a few days, and had them immediately conveyed to the spot, and placed under the cuckoo. On the ninth day after the eggs had been in this situation, the person appointed to superintend the nest came to inform me that the wag-tails were hatched. On going to the place, and examining the nest, I found nothing in it but the cuckoo and the shells of the wag-tail's eggs." The young birds had without doubt been ousted by the young cuckoo,—a point on which we shall have more to say further on.

This peculiarity, then, is not attributable to the anatomy of the cuckoo, so we must look elsewhere, and the following really appears to contain the solution :—"The short residence this bird is allowed to make in the country where it is destined to propagate its species, and the call that nature has upon it, during that short residence, to produce a numerous progeny." The cuckoo's annual visit to this country lasts from the middle of April to the early part of July.

"Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear ;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

"Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest the vocal vale ;
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail."

Or, as the old doggerel runs,—

"In April
Come he will,
In July
He prepares to fly,"—

about twelve weeks in all, making the shortest stay with us of any bird of passage ; and when we take into consideration that its eggs are not laid till about the middle of May, that a fortnight is then required for hatching, that the young birds generally continue three weeks in the nest before they fly, and that the foster-parents feed them for more than five weeks after this, we find that not a single nestling would be fit to provide for itself before its parent would be instinctively directed to seek a new residence, and be thus compelled to abandon its young.

But why does the cuckoo make choice of the nests of *small* birds to drop her eggs into (it is still a moot point whether the egg is "laid," or placed in the nest, after being dropped elsewhere, with the aid of the beak or claws), that of the hedge-sparrow in particular, the water wag-tail, titlark, yellow hammer, and green linnet ?—Buffon enumerates at least twenty. The circumstance of the young cuckoo being destined by nature, from the time it is two or three days till about twelve days old, to throw out of the nest the legitimate offspring, accounts for this ; for were the old bird to deposit them in the nest of a larger bird, the young cuckoo would probably find an insurmountable difficulty in ejecting its fellow-lodgers. In this propensity of the young bird we see a wise provision of nature, for it would be impossible for the little step-parents, after a certain period, to find food enough for their own young, as well as for the cuckoo, nor would the nest be large enough to hold them all, verifying, though after an odd manner, "the life of one animal is the death of another."

It is not often that two cuckoo's eggs are deposited in the same nest ; but a couple of instances are reported by Dr. Jenner, of which one runs interestingly thus :—

"June 27, 1787. Two cuckoos and a hedge-sparrow were hatched in the same nest this morning ; one hedge-sparrow's egg remained unhatched. In a few hours after, a contest began between the cuckoos for the possession of the nest, which continued undetermined till the next afternoon, when one of them, which was somewhat superior in size, turned out the other, together with the young hedge-sparrow and the unhatched egg. This contest was very remarkable. The combatants alternately appeared to have the advantage, as each carried the other several times nearly to the top of the nest, and then sank down again, oppressed by the weight of its burden, till at length, after various efforts, the strongest prevailed, and was afterwards brought up by the hedge-sparrows."

There is little doubt, since one of the young ones must inevitably perish, that the eggs were deposited by different birds.

The next singularity we shall notice is that, unlike the generality of birds, cuckoos do not mate. It is no uncommon thing to see a female accompanied by two, or even three, males, all courting and making love to her at the same time.

There are certain uncommon points, too, about the cuckoo's egg. The smallness of it in proportion to the size of the bird is one. So great is this disproportion, that it is in general smaller than that of the house-sparrow, whereas the difference in the size of the two birds is nearly as five to one. The eggs produced by the same bird at different times vary much in size, as much as from 43 to 55 grains in weight. Their colour, too, is extremely variable ; some much resembling those of the house-sparrow, both in ground and pencilling, others, those of the yellow-hammer, while others again are covered with light brown spots.

In the stomach of cuckoos masses of hair are almost invariably found, supposed to be the undigested remains of their favourite food, the hairy caterpillar ; in those of the young, it is found curiously rolled up into a ball, from the size of a pea to that of a nutmeg, and must evidently have been extracted from the lining of the nests in which they were reared.

There are almost endless varieties of this bird scattered over the globe, the one common to the British Isles being the *Cuculus canorus*. In Jamaica, the *Cuculus vetula* is a constant resident, like our robin, and of such a gentle disposition as to suffer the negro children to catch it with their hands ; and is said to be unusually noisy before rain, whence it has obtained the sobriquet of rain-bird. Another species, the *Cuculus honoratus*, that inhabits Malabar, is a great enemy to snakes and other noxious reptiles, and is in consequence held sacred by the natives.

The *Cuculus indicator*, or Honey-cuckoo, feeds, as its name implies, principally on honey, and by its note, when in quest of this favourite food, points out to the Hottentots and Dutch settlers at the Cape the hiding-places in the trees and rocks where the wild bees deposit their stores. The male, like that of the ostrich, occasionally relieves the female during the tedious process of incubation.

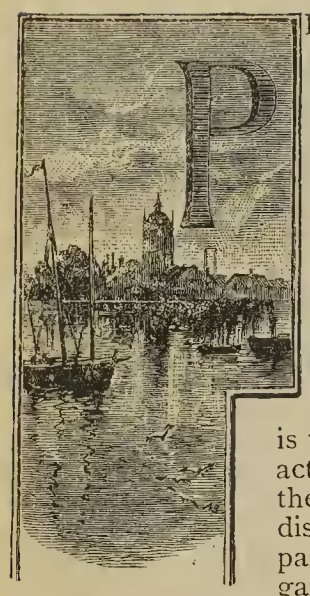
The cuckoo has given its name to many things—the cuckoo-flowers in botany (*Cardamine pratensis* and *Lychnis flos-cuculi*) ; the cuckoo-lambs in rural economy, a name applied to those that are yeaned in April, or what is termed the cuckoo-time ; and last, but not least, the cuckoo-spit, that frothy substance which we observe on plants, and which is nothing more than the exudation of an insect.

It is only the note of the male cuckoo which is so familiar to us, few being acquainted with that of the female, which nearly resembles that of the dab-chick.

Cuckoos can be brought up tame, like jackdaws. When fat, they are said to be as good eating as the land-rail. They were a favourite food of the ancient Romans, and Pliny declares that there is no bird to be at all compared with them for delicacy.

THE HEART: OR, SINCERITY IN FEELING.

By the Rev. J. Hiles Hitchens, D.D., F.S.Sc.,
Author of "*Ecce Veritas*," "The Young Men of Scripture," etc.



PROBABLY we all know that what the metropolis is to this country; what the Bank of England is to the trade and commerce of the nation; what the reservoir is to the hundreds and thousands of families needing water — that the heart is to the human body. It is the source of life. Its action is indispensable to the minutest and most distant extremity. All parts of the physical organism are dependent upon the regularity with which its functions are performed. A man may exist without limbs, without sight, without speech, without hearing, but not a moment without a heart.

This marvellously constructed organ is of a round or conical shape, with the broad part uppermost. It has two sides, the right and the left, and these contain hollow cavities, the upper denominated an *auricle*, the lower a *ventricle*. Two large veins—one from the upper part of the body, the other from the lower part—enter the right auricle and convey the blood which has just returned from the tour of the isle of man. From this right auricle it is forced by a sudden contraction of the two sides of the cavity into the right ventricle. By this right ventricle contracting, it is driven by the pulmonary arteries into the lungs; passing through the lungs it is received by the *left* auricle of the heart; thence it is sent to the adjoining ventricle, and by an energetic contraction it is forced on its vitalizing errand to every part of the body.

Paley, in his "Natural Theology," well says, "An anatomist who understands the structure of the heart, might say beforehand that it would play; but he would expect, I think, from the complexity of its mechanism, and the delicacy of many of its parts, that it should always be liable to derangement, or that it would soon work itself out. Yet shall this wonderful machine go, night and day, for eighty years together, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours, having at every stroke a great resistance to overcome; and shall continue this action for this length of time without disorder and without weariness!"

It is said that each ventricle will contain at the least one ounce of blood. If, then, we estimate that the heart contracts, at the lowest number, four thousand times in each hour, then there must pass through your heart four thousand ounces of blood every sixty minutes—that is 350 pounds each hour. And if it be true that the amount of blood in the average human body be about twenty-five pounds, then it follows that about once every four minutes the amount of blood in your body passes home to and out from this great seat of life. According to the state of the blood will be the condition of the entire frame, strong or weak, healthful or diseased, painless or full of weariness and woe. If there be derangement at the centre, it will be felt at the extreme circumference.

But the heart has been referred to in Holy Writ in a moral sense. It is used to signify the seat of understanding, affection, sorrow, and joy. It is indeed employed to denote the entire man, with all his inclinations and antipathies. Nor need we marvel at this, seeing that the heart is so indispensable to the physical organism, the very spring of our daily vitality. In both a physical and moral sense the words of Solomon are true: "Keep thy heart with all diligence: for out of it are the issues of life." When a man lacks understanding and feeling, it is not uncommon to say he is "without heart." That is a Scriptural phrase, for in Hosea we read: "Ephraim is a silly dove, without heart." When a person becomes impressed with what his companion says to him, he is said to "take it to heart." That, too, is derived from Scripture, for in Jeremiah we read: "The whole land is made desolate, because no man layeth it to heart." When an individual becomes generous and confiding, we are wont to say that he "opened his heart." Concerning Lydia, we know it is written, "whose heart the Lord opened."

Very many and diversified are the adjectival classifications of hearts in Holy Writ. There is the "honest and good heart," the "understanding heart," the "willing heart," the "new," the "true," the "liberal," the "merry," the "broken," the "tender," the "proud," the "froward," the "evil," the "double," the "perverse," the "rebellious," the "stony," the 'hard," the "impenitent," the "uncircumcised," the "despiteful" heart. We read of the heart "fainting," being "discouraged," "trembling," being "astonished," "melting," "waxing gross," "failing," and being turned from one line of action to another. All of these phrases suggest that the inspired scribes thought of the heart of man as representing the man altogether—that they believed that as a man is at heart, so is he. Hence the Divine Teacher Himself struck the same key-note when He said, "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, fornications, adulteries, thefts, false witness, blasphemies—the things which defile a man."

It becomes, then, of the first importance that we should have our hearts right, that we should have them in health—throbbing regularly with sincere affection in the heavenward direction, and producing the fruits of truth and goodness in all our members.

Naturally the heart is dead and indifferent to all goodness. "The imaginations of man's heart are evil from his youth." Coming into the world with the seeds of evil in his constitution, they very quickly produce evil fruits. Solomon says, "Foolishness," by which he means "sinfulness, is bound up in the heart of a child." We cannot have been long in the company of little children, we cannot have watched them in their nursery games, or in their home lives, without finding unmistakable proof of the natural alienation of the heart from God and goodness. Before much external influence either for good or evil has been brought to bear upon those children, we must have discovered petty jealousies, envyings, moroseness, and anger regnant in their infantile hearts. Just what we are painfully called to witness every hour in this busy world amongst the men and women of society, we discern in miniature in the little ones about our knees. Surely this is evidence that the heart itself is degenerate and depraved, that we are born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and that the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.

Then, from the infant, look out upon the world at large. Are not the Apostle's words forced upon our minds, when he says, "There is none righteous, no not one"? By a strong repetition of terms, Paul teaches the absolute universality of guilt in the heart of man. Go where you may—in all parallels of latitude, in all countries, in all circumstances, among men of all languages, and all grades, and all habits — among the scanty tribes of some distant isle, and among the cultured peoples of our civilized land, where ignorance sways its dark sceptre and where refinement conceals crime, and you shall discover sickening, saddening indications of the corruption which clings to the very core of human nature.

But the heart may be regenerated. The condition of natural death, darkness, and deformity may be removed. The understanding may receive light, the will may be controlled, the affections may be purified, and the whole man may thus be transformed into the holy image of the perfect God. Hence we have the gracious promise of the Infinite One—a promise which in our naturally degenerate condition should beget unspeakable gladness: "A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the heart of stone out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh." The late William Jay, of Bath, well illustrated the matter when he said, "Take a stone, feel it, how cold! Strike it, it resists the blow! Lay upon it a burden, it feels no pressure. Apply a seal to it, it receives no impression! Such were our hearts once; thus cold, senseless, unyielding, impenetrable, and unsusceptible." Such, possibly, is the condition of the heart of some reader of this paper. But God *can*, and, if you ask, will take away the heart of stone and give a new heart; that is, He will renew your spirit, cause old things to pass away, and all things to become new.

This is something far beyond mere reformation. The glow-worm's glimmer is not less in comparison with the mid-day sun than is reformation in comparison with regeneration of heart. It is possible to have very clean hands whilst there is within a very foul heart. There may be the most scrupulous observance of the letter of the law whilst the spirit is obnoxious to our heart. You may quiet your raging passions, and keep a firm rein upon your unruly affections, without having one spark of love for Christ. The snake is none the less a snake when he changes his skin. What is required of man is the marvellous change which is figured by the caterpillar when it dies, and from its body rises the beautiful butterfly. The renovation needed is that of the heart, not merely that of the habit. When this takes place, the understanding is illumined. The man sees as he never saw before, the extent and spirituality of the law of heaven, the intense evil and injury of sin, the character, perfections, and government of God, the simple plan of eternal salvation through Christ. His mental eye is opened to discern

beauties, solemnities, and horrors which before he never saw. His affections are purified. His stubborn will is subdued. His conscience is rendered tender and susceptible. And as a result, the heart is filled with new joys, new hopes, new prospects. The past is forgiven, the present is gilded with the serene smile of Immanuel, and the future, though hidden, has no terrors.

Manifestly this is a change too vast, too thorough, too prodigious, and too delicate for mere man to effect. God only can bring a clean thing out of an unclean. If any man dare affirm that *he* can, by any process, regenerate a fellow man's heart, he is an impostor, an antichrist. When the late Rev. Dr. Boaz was in India, a poor Hindoo youth frequently followed him with the earnest entreaty that the missionary would make him a Christian. "It is impossible, my dear boy," said Dr. Boaz. "It is possible only through the Lord Jesus Christ; pray to Him." "How well I remember," writes the missionary, "the sweet voice and sweet face of that boy, when he soon after came home and said, 'The Lord Jesus Christ has come and taken His place in my heart. I prayed and said, "O Lord Jesus Christ, if you please, make me a Christian!" and He was so kind that He came down from heaven, and has lived in my heart ever since.'" In the same simple manner may we give our hearts to the Lord. You cannot make or repeal the laws of our country, but you can petition the Queen and Parliament for the object you desire. As an invalid you cannot rise from your couch, but you can solicit aid from the strong arm of your attendant. You are unable to construct a plant like that which ornaments your conservatory, the leaves and petals of which show "some touch in freckle, streak, and stain, of God's unrivalled pencil"; but you can sow the seed, and water, and watch the tender flower. So, though—

> "The transformation of apostate man
> From fool to wise, from earthly to Divine,
> Is work for Him who made him;"

yet you can covet and eagerly call for the exercise of Divine energy. This is your work, not to rely on valueless efforts toward self-amendment, not to place a jot of confidence in adherence to Pharisaic forms, not to think of merit as the result of rigid morality, but in humility to besiege the throne of grace that God may, for Christ's sake, bestow upon you a new heart.

A celebrated master among the Jews asked his pupils what was the best thing for man to covet. One said nothing could equal a good *eye*, meaning thereby a liberal disposition; another said, a good *companion* is the best thing in the world; a third said a good *neighbour;* a fourth, a *wise man;* but at last came Eleazer, and he decided that a *good heart* was best of all. "True," said the master; "thou hast comprehended in two words all that the rest have said. For he that hath a good heart will be both contented, and moreover, a good companion, and a good neighbour; and also, he will easily see what is fit to be done by him."

So we say, in concluding this brief paper, above all things, and before all things, seek sincerity and uprightness of heart.

TO A BRIDE.

By T. H. Engall.

1.

MISTRESS of a new-born home,
Queen of a new founded state,
Standing now with heart elate,
Since thy crowning day has come;
'Midst the joys that round thee shine,
'Midst the wishes that entwine,
Spurn not this poor song of mine.

2.

Smiles and tears for mastery press
At thy coronation throne,
Smiles that God will not disown,
Tears not born of bitterness.
Honour looks from manly eyes,
Love that fears no sacrifice,
Love that never fades nor dies.

3.

God be with thee in thy life,
In thy smiles, and in thy tears,
In thy mingled hopes and fears;
God be with thee, sweet young wife.
God be with thee, God be guide
All thy future path beside,
Since He blessed thee when a bride.

4.

Fear not thou to mount thy throne;
Double is the throne that's set,
And thy king will not forget
Her whom God has made His own.
Listen! "God be in thy life,
Smile and shadow, rest and strife,
God be with thee, dearest wife."

5.

Listen! "Christ, in Galilee,
Thou didst bless the marriage feast;
Though my kingdom be earth's least,
Deign to tarry, Lord, with me;
Lord, we wait Thy face to greet."
Comes the answer, strangely sweet,
"It is I, not ye, that wait."



"CAN YOU UNDO?"

A WOUNDED soldier lay in a hospital ward, and a godly minister who waited on the sick and dying came to his bedside, to offer him any help within his power.

"Can I do anything for you, my poor friend?"

The soldier lay sternly silent, and refused to speak. At last the minister left him, but some hours afterwards returned to his bedside with the old question,—

"Can I do anything for you?"

The man was silent still.

Night's shadow drew closely in round the hospital; the dim, uncertain light of flickering oil lamps shone here and there in the wards, silent save for the sad moaning of the wounded men. It was known that the silent soldier had not long to live. Again the faithful chaplain stood beside the bed and asked:

"Is there nothing that I can do?"

At last the soldier broke silence, and in a voice of agony, asked,—

"Can you *undo?*"

"No," said the chaplain, startled. "Why do you ask?"

"Because," said the dying man, raising his voice for a last effort, "because there was a young lad who lately joined our regiment. He was honest, pure, and manly. A praying father and mother had sent him to the front with his Bible in his pocket. I took him to my tent; he was only a boy, and I could lead him where I liked. I taught him to laugh at his Bible, to hate what his father believed, to drink, to sin, to swear. He stood near me on the battle-field; he fell with a mortal wound, and the last sound he uttered was an awful oath, which he had learned from *me*. He died with that oath on his lips. Oh! can you undo? *Can you undo?*"

"Nay, my friend," said the chaplain; "but God can *forgive*."

The agony of remorse in the soldier's heart was too much for his weakened powers; he could not claim forgiveness; he could only cry, "Undo! Undo!" and with that cry his spirit passed from him, and he died.

God grant that his awful cry may not be ours in death! Young men, it has a special note of warning for you. Some of you are older, "wiser," more learned in the ways of the world, than those younger fellows who have just come into your office or warehouse; they look up to you, and are so pleased at notice from you. You take a sort of pride in "putting them up to a thing or two"; they are so simple, and so easily amazed.

Thus you lead them on, until you get tired of the whirl, and stop. Not so with them. You have set a ball rolling down hill, and you cannot stop it. Those animal desires which have been roused into eager life, those eyes which have acquired so quickly a yearning to see, those ears which strain to hear, that mouth which is parched for want of further tasting, that gambler's spirit which the lad never knew he possessed before, oh! how they rage and storm, and will not be restrained, like a pack of hungry hounds, clamouring and baying for food.

God help that lad, or the devil will have him, and God help you, friend, and save you from doing the devil's work! You can *do* it. Pause, and ask yourself, "Can I *undo?*"

Perhaps this lad who has come to your office has never heard the Bible questioned, and knows nothing of the sceptical teaching which has become so familiar to you, that its point and sting are gone. You are not an unbeliever, oh no! but it does not hurt you to hear the atheistic argument, or attempt at such, at your Debating Club. The question of Truth never really comes into the question; it is all a sort of intellectual sport: you throw at your opponent's proposition, he at yours, and the best thrower wins, without further demur. "Capital mental exercise," you call it. It is rather like a soldier who, by way of exercising his sword arm, began to slash with his unsheathed blade at the lamp-post in the barrack square. It was good for his muscles, perhaps, but it took the edge off his sword, and called down a stern reprimand from the officer in command. What you call "mental exercise," your Commanding Officer calls by the plainer name of *sin*.

Well, you take this lad with you to your Debating Club, to "open his eyes." The sceptical statements—half met, if they are met at all—strike him with tremendous force; he never knew there were these difficulties about the Bible, or the Christian faith; he is much too young and impetuous to think of waiting to hear the other side strongly put, he thinks that assault must mean conquest; and with one grasp of shuddering dismay, he *lets go* his faith in God.

"*Can you undo?*" When that young fellow, having gained confidence in a week or two, stands up in that very place, and with flushed face, utters boyishly words of awful, daring unbelief, will not you, as you listen to him, feel that you would give all the world if you could *undo?* You *played* at unbelief, God forgive you; this lad has no play look in his face.

Will you fairly and fully face your responsibility to-day? Look back, and count those whom you have *knowingly* influenced for the worse, multiply that number—and with some of you it is not a small one—a thousandfold, and you will not have exceeded the multitude whom you have influenced without any thought of yours. You cannot *undo* the past, but the present and future are yours.

Strong as your influence for evil may have been, your influence for good may be stronger far. In the one case, your influence is aided by Satan, in the other, by God. In fact, we may say that if a man wishes to have and use power amongst his fellow-men, he will find it most fully if wholly on God's side.

You saw just now, when you led that young fellow into the devil's haunts, how ready he was to pounce on his prey. If you had led that same lad into a place belonging to the Lord Jesus, do you think that *He* would have been less ready to claim and to hold His lawful captive?

I tell you, that if you will take Jesus Christ Himself as your Saviour and Captain, putting yourself wholly under His orders, and being ready and *watchful* to gather recruits for Him, your dying cry, in a new and glorious sense may be, "Can you undo?" You will see before you the souls whom you have led to Him, and whose link of allegiance no death or devil can untie. If the devil keeps his captives, so does Christ.

Young men, whilst there yet is time, will you not seek, by God's grace, to recruit for our Captain Jesus, instead of heaping up for yourselves an agony of remorse and condemnation by leading souls to join the hosts of darkness?

SMILES are the wrinkles of our youth;
Ah! gently turn the page,
And say that wrinkles are in sooth
But smiles of our old age.

BIBLE JOTTINGS.

God spake mouth to mouth . .	Num. 12. 8.
God talked face to face . . .	Deut. 5. 4.; „ 34. 10.

God our

Dwelling-place	Exod. 33. 21.; Ps. 91. 1.
Hiding-place	Ps. 32. 7.; „ 27. 5.
Resting-place	Jer. 50. 6. (Marg.); Deut. 33. 12.

His people prepare for Christ on earth.	Matt. 3. 3.; Luke 10. 1.; Mark 14. 15.
Christ prepares for His people in heaven.	John 14. 2.

1 *Kings* 20. 40.

He set *himself* to work, and so missed the King's business.

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

ANSWERS.

The number of letters received, asking for help from those who are in spiritual doubt and difficulty, leads the Editor to express the pleasure afforded to receive such communications, and thus be allowed the privilege of seeking to remove a few of the stones by which the enemy is, with some, barring their road to the kingdom, and with others, keeping them from the full enjoyment of peace and rest.

Tare.—(1) Our serial stories are not *true* in incident, but they are *true to life*. (2) The saying of the Lord Jesus, quoted in Acts 20. 35, is nowhere else recorded. We cannot tell when it was spoken; we only know that the record in the Acts is inspired. (3) We shall answer this question in a future issue. (4) The title is a matter of taste; elder unmarried ladies generally prefer to be called "Ma'am," younger ones, "Miss." (5) You cannot legally take a stamp off a post-card for other use, but (6) you may use a printed, but unposted card, by either pasting over or writing across the printing at the back. (7) The best way to dispose of your Encyclopædia will be by advertising it. (8) Advertise in the religious papers, stating your qualifications, and the sort of work you want. A young man with technical knowledge is almost sure of work. (9) If you get into an Institute where there are technical evening classes, all your time would be engaged. We could not advise you to work at home without knowing more of your acquirements. Your hearty appreciation of our Paper is very welcome.

A Follower of Christ.—You will find that only by *abiding* in Christ, and He in you, can your joy be full. Obey Him in all things, search His Word, *believe* His promise to keep you, and remember that "feelings" have nothing to do with your salvation. When you feel the shadow coming, just look up, and remember that Jesus *has* done all for you, and that your salvation rests on His faithfulness, not on your feelings about it. "Blessed are the poor in spirit"—there is a *depth* of meaning in that word of our Lord. He was "meek and lowly." If we want to be like Him, we must let Him take away from us all pride, all self-seeking, all care about the "first place," and be ready to be humble followers of a humble Master, who "made Himself of no reputation." God bless your class, and make you a true labourer in His vineyard. It is such an *honour* that He has called you to stand alone.

A Troubled One.—We feel no doubt that the joy you speak of betokened the Saviour's readiness to accept you as His child. Just tell Him now that whether you really came to Him before or not, you come to Him fully and consciously now, believing that He will never cast you out. He died to take away those sins of yours; He will not break His word. Tell Him just how you feel about it, and then believe fully that as you have *truly* yielded to Him, so He has *truly* accepted you as His blood-bought child.

E. M. L.—"Pouring oil on troubled waters" is one of those phrases which occur in different forms in different authors. References to it are to be found in Pliny, and some of the older Latin authors; and the Venerable Bede makes mention of an experiment of allaying the fury of the waves by divers pouring oil on the water. It is not a legend, but is a proverb found amongst almost all nations and at all times. Many persons consider it to be a Biblical expression; but this is a mistake; it is not in the Bible.

D. W.—(1) Designs used as signs of public-houses, etc., may be adopted by any one without infringing the rights of another. (2) It is not necessary to take out a license for a Coffee-room, or Dining-room, excepting if open after 10 p.m. and before 5 a.m., in which case a license may be obtained of any Excise officer.

QUESTION.

Tame Squirrels.—Can any one give me the title and price of any book on their management, etc., etc.?

ON BEING IN TIME.—A WORD TO TEACHERS.

By Rev. J. H. THORPE, M.A.



S having had some experience in the management of Sunday Schools, we have selected the above title because it describes a virtue which ought to be prominent in every efficient Sunday School teacher, and also because we have noticed that it is not as widely possessed as an outsider would imagine.

We have often had the work of the day considerably delayed by the fact that, although the opening service was over, some of the teachers had not yet arrived, and we hesitated to fill their places by supernumeraries, lest the laggards should come in just after the lesson had begun, and then there would ensue the confusion well known to any reader who knows anything of Sunday School work. And perhaps we have been rendered somewhat timid by the—shall we say it?—black looks, or if not black, decidedly GREY looks of the late teacher, who felt rebuked, and perhaps humiliated, by finding his or her place filled by another. And so the class was disturbed, perhaps the whole school had its attention temporarily diverted from its work, the teacher was humiliated, and the poor superintendent was fretted and somewhat put out.

We have further noticed the bad effect such occurrences have on the *morale* of the whole school.

The boys and girls don't see why they need be in so soon; the superintendent stretches the law as far as possible, not wishing to begin till as many as possible are assembled; the teachers who have arrived punctually are rather tired of waiting, and perhaps also, not a little vexed at having their time for teaching a well-prepared lesson curtailed.

But there, we need say no more; every one knows the mischief. What causes can be assigned? Passing over cases of occasional lateness from unavoidable causes, and fully appreciating the fact that there are such, we would remark that this unpunctuality arises in some instances from an ignorance or forgetfulness of the *Master Himself*. Yes, once lose sight of Jesus in your work, once fix your eye on your clergyman, superintendent, or somebody else, and we shall not be surprised if you don't mind being late; but, on the other hand, realise that in this work you serve the Lord Christ, and you will not *dare* to be so careless as to be late.

Sometimes, perhaps, the teacher is late because *his interest has begun to flag?* Either he took up the work in the first instance without a due appreciation of its importance, and only to please his mother, perhaps, or some one else, or in order to thrust himself into a prominent place—for some men will do *anything* for prominence. Of course when these motives cease to act as powerfully as at first, lateness and other faults will soon manifest themselves. The best thing for such an one is at once to resign his place in the Sunday School, and go down on his knees and cry out to God for pardon and grace to trust Christ.

Sometimes, again, this fault arises in the case of a Christian from a declension in spirituality. In a word, his religious life is there, but there is *a want of tone*. What then? Do as you would if your nervous system were in a like condition. *Go to the Physician!* Once again, teachers are sometimes late from *bad home arrangements*, or a complete absence of *any arrangements!* In one case it will be the watch or the clock. Now, this is an inexcusable cause. If you are often late from this cause, consider, we pray you, this plain question, What's the use of a clock if it will not keep good time? A watch is a poor bauble if it can't do the one and only thing a watch is expected to do—keep time! Get rid of that watch or clock, if it will not do its work; or, if the fault is not in the watch, but the owner's forgetting to wind it, or losing the key, then put a knot on your handkerchief; invent some means of refreshing your memory on Saturday night; buy a gross of watch-keys, or, better still, buy a keyless watch! Further, make it a habit always to set your watch on Saturday night.

Sometimes *the breakfast is late!* Well, well, if the obvious remedy is not adopted, put a crust in your pocket, and start off; but don't be late! If you are hard to be roused in the morning, invent some means of awaking you. It is only a question of *noise*, and surely this is easy of solution. If, however, you still slumber too long, give up the class; *but don't be late.* If, on the other hand, you rise early enough, "but somehow don't know how the morning goes," then we entreat of you but one thing, begin to write "D. D." under your name, and explain to your friends that it is because you belong to the men who "DON'T DAWDLE."

We stop here with this word—be in time, for your own, your scholars', your superintendent's sake, and remember, if it is worth while to teach a class, it is worth while to do it well, and the beginning of this well-doing is to

BE IN TIME!

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

JUNE 24TH.

REVIEW LESSON.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Rom.* 4. 25.

Passage for Temperance Lesson, 1 *Cor.* 8. 1-13. For Missionary Lesson, *Isa.* 61. 4-11.

WE have to *look back* over the closing days of Christ's life. Now is the time for getting a clear estimate of that life. "Only by receiving little by little as it comes to us, eagerly, yet patiently, and putting together what we receive as skilfully as we may, do we attain any degree of clear or true conception." It was—

A SHORT LIFE. How many years did Christ live on the earth? Life is but very short at the best. But—

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Thus reckoned, Christ's life was the longest ever lived.

A SERVING LIFE. Lived the life of a toiler. Served mankind by lip and hand. First six lessons proof of the first, and seventh lesson of last. (In review lessons it is always well to write down on board or paper a list of the quarter's lessons, scholars supplying titles from memory, and then referring to it during review.) Get scholars to prove from Christ's words that to serve is nobler than to be served. Do we think so? Do we act as if we did?

A SORROWFUL LIFE. *Eighth lesson* (Isa. 53. 3). Why was this? God intended our lives to be bright. It is sin makes shadowed lives. The mission of shadowed lives.

A SOLITARY LIFE. *Ninth lesson.* He trod the wine-press alone. Disciples forsook Him. The most boastful disciple denied Him.

A SACRIFICIAL LIFE. *Tenth lesson.* Died. How? Why? What types did He fulfil?

A SUCCESSFUL LIFE. *Eleventh and twelfth lessons.* In spite of death on the cross. Success often brought about by apparent failure. Success proved by miracles, resurrection, ascension.

A SUBLIME LIFE.

In its teaching. First three lessons.

In its knowledge of the future. Fourth, fifth, and sixth lessons.

In its humility. Seventh lesson.

In its suffering. Eighth, ninth, and tenth lessons.

In its victories. Eleventh and twelfth lessons.

THE PURPOSES OF CHRIST'S LIFE.

To give us a copy to live by (1 Pet. 2. 21).

To die for the sins of the world (1 Thess. 5. 10).

To be to us an inspiration (Phil. 4. 13).

OUR DUTY IN RELATION TO CHRIST'S LIFE.

Make it our "Peace with God," and "Pole-star."

No life successful without *The Five P's* in it—*Purpose, Preparation, Principle, Perseverance, Prayer.* Get scholars to prove that Christ's life had all these.

The *life* all-important. A minister was once speaking of a lady who was recently dead. A young lady immediately asked, "Oh, sir, how did she die?" The venerable man replied, "There is a more important question than that, my dear, which you should have asked before." "Sir," said she, "what question can be more important than, 'How did she die?'" He replied, "*How did she live?*"

Our life can be lived but once. "Shall not pass this way again."

Our life a hindrance or inspiration to others.

Our life here a testing time.

"Life is a leaf of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.

"Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime,—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

C. SKINNER.

NOTES ON THE Y.M.C.A. BIBLE CLASS LESSON.

JUNE 24TH.

UPRIGHTNESS.—*Prov.* 11. 1-11.

"UPRIGHT," vers. 3, 6, 11. The *erect* form of man is used as a figure of his *moral* state. "God hath made man upright."

Ver. 1. This text is like a spiritual inspector of weights and measures, an invisible official that unerringly detects frauds.

This text means *religion in business*, in the scales and weights. Justice in business dealings: no sharp practice, nothing tricky or mean. "The righteous Lord loveth righteousness." This text was once inscribed over a certain old market-place, but when it was rebuilt, the text was not restored. Why?

Ver. 2. Pride and shame: opposite emotions, yet clearly allied. The proud man may be exposed at any moment, and then comes *shame.*

Ver. 3. "What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?" Integrity clears the vision. The obstinacy of transgressors destroys them. On this verse take Joseph and David as examples of clause 1, and Saul of clause 2 (1 Sam. 15.).

Ver. 4. The values of Riches and Righteousness contrasted.

"Righteousness delivereth from death," in two senses.

1. The righteousness of Christ delivers us from het penalty of sin.

2. Personal, practical righteousness delivers us from the way of death.

Ver. 5. This is similar in its teaching to ver. 3.

Ver. 6. First clause asserts the final vindication of the righteous.

Wickedness may triumph for a time, but righteousness shall ultimately prevail.

Transgressors are unconsciously weaving a web around themselves.

Ver. 7. The death knell of merely human hopes. Wicked men have hopes, but they are baseless—hopes of happiness, of prosperity, hopes, too, of reform and hopes of escape from punishment. Death shall dispel all illusions.

Ver. 8. In this verse the tables are turned. It is well illustrated by Daniel and his persecutors (Dan. 6.).

Ver. 9. This seems to point out the vileness of *flattery.* "He that flattereth his neighbour spreadeth a net for his feet" (Prov. 29. 5; 2 Sam. 17. 7). Fawning, deceitful talk is the idea.

"Through knowledge," etc. Wisdom can make a man a match even for an electro-plated hypocrite. The wise man knows the difference between real silver and sham.

Ver. 10. On this verse see Esther 8. 15; 2 Kings 11. 20.

Ver. 11. Good magistrates, rulers, etc., are the pillars of society. See what Joseph was to Egypt.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation." God blesses the city, the nation for their sakes. "I will not destroy it for ten's sake."

JAMES L. STANLEY.

"THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WOLDS."



OLD John Anderson had laid aside his stone-breaking hammer, and, as the mid-day hour reminded him of his dinner, had opened a red handkerchief, in which was tied a hunch of bread and a "relish" of untempting-looking bacon, and settled himself to his repast. But "grace" must come first, and many grateful thoughts crowded into his heart and made it a very real offering of praise.

His dull ear had not caught the sound of hoofs, and he was startled, as he raised his head, to see the young Squire on horseback close beside him. Reginald Hastings frequently had a talk with old John, and a bright shilling often glistened in the horny palm after such interviews, and many a prayer went up from the grateful heart for true riches to be given to his benefactor. But this morning John had not his usual smiles of pleasant greeting, but instead, a wistful expression, and as the Squire was about to ride away, he stopped him with some agitation.

"Please, sir, I *must* tell you; I'm sorry to do it, but *I've had a dream.*"

"A dream, John? And are you a believer in dreams?"

"I don't know, sir; I'll tell you, and you can judge. I thought I was at the gate of heaven, and looking in and wishing to be amongst all the shining ones, but I couldn't get in; only, as I waited, I heard them talking, and one bright angel said to another, quite loud, as though telling him a bit of good news, '*The richest man in the Wolds will die to-night!*' and with that I woke, and I thought I must tell you, sir; for who can it be but you?"

Who, indeed! The Squire rode away with a faint joke on his lips, but with a great fear at his heart. He was not ready to die. He had everything to lose, nothing to gain by death. And yet, as the Saviour had said, this startling warning had no "persuading" influence, it produced rather a blind recklessness. "But I will go round by the doctor's and ask him to dine with me to-night; it might be useful to have him at hand, and really I do not feel very well." The doctor came, soon found out his friend's uneasiness, and reasoned, and pooh-poohed, and succeeded in keeping up the young man's determination to give no serious heed to the matter. He was not allowed to leave until midnight, and when all the clocks had chimed the assurance that his danger was passed, the Squire came with him to the hall steps to bid him good-night and breathe freely again, feeling all the time like a coward. Just then the housekeeper hurried forward. "Old John Anderson has had a fit, and they think he's dead, sir; but they want the doctor."

Ah, Squire Hastings! you need not have feared. You were not the richest man in the Wolds, after all!

"MAN OVERBOARD!"

A True Story.



"WE shall be in harbour before Christmas, Captain, if this wind holds, and then we shall have a whole family gathering, and the old folks will be so pleased. It is four years since we all met at Christmas."

Captain Austen and his first officer were standing on the moonlit deck of the good ship *Aurora*, which, after a long and perilous voyage, was making splendid progress on her homeward course. The captain looked with kindly interest into the bright young face. He was a true captain, feeling an almost fatherly interest in every man on board, and true Christian as he also was, he lost no opportunity of seeking to win those under his command to the nobler and higher service of the Great Captain of their salvation.

And just now, yielding to a strong impulse, he spoke to the young officer at his side of his earnest desire that before this voyage ended he might have the great joy of knowing that he had chosen Christ as his Master and Lord.

Edward Seaton listened gravely and respectfully to the captain's words, and then, in the quiet solemn midnight stillness, answered him with sailor-like frankness, "It is very good of you, Captain, to take such trouble with me, and every word tells, because it is backed by your Christian life; every one on board feels that, and I promise to think of all you have said; indeed, I have quite made up my mind to go for this kind of thing—*after Christmas.*" "And why not sooner; why not now, Seaton?" "Just because I don't want to cause a fuss at home, Captain. They always have a grand ball at Christmas, and no end of gaieties, and I suppose that wouldn't hold with what you say the Bible teaches; but I could not keep out of it, it would try them all so; besides, I don't want to, for it will be awfully jolly, so I must just put off till after Christmas, and then I will turn over a new leaf; see if I don't.

Captain Austen attempted no further remonstrance, but with uncovered head he sent up an earnest prayer for his young friend; and Seaton, understanding the silent action, was deeply moved and well-nigh shaken in his purpose of delay; but the tempter was at hand with his subtle assurances of safety, and gained another victory.

Ten minutes afterwards, the captain, who had gone below, heard confused noises, and then the cry, "Man overboard!" It was Seaton! Reaching over the quarter to clear an entangled log-line, he lost his foot-hold and fell overboard, and the ship went on her rapid way without him. Everything was done that brave strong men could do, but in vain. Christmas, with all its festive mirth and bright home-gatherings, came to others, but not to him; and his sad, true story points its own moral without any words of mine.

THAT HOUSE IN LONDON.

By L. T. MEADE,

Author of "Scamp and I," "A Knight of To-day," "Great St. Benedict's," "The O'Donnells of Inchfawn,"

"A Band of Three," "Water Gipsies,"

"Your Brother and Mine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

GRAHAM stole on tip-toe across the landing to his wife's room. He opened her door noiselessly and went in. There was a night-light burning, and a fire still glowed in the grate. By its light he could see her sleeping face; on her arm lay their little child. He stooped down and kissed first the mother, then the boy; then he crept as softly out of the room as he had entered it, and went downstairs.

In his study he wrote a letter—a rather short letter—which he directed to his wife,—

"My darling," he said; "sudden and most unexpected business takes me from home. I am forced to go without your even bidding me good-bye. I have kissed you and baby just now in your sleep, and I will carry those kisses in my heart of hearts. I am forced to go, and you may hear things that worry you. Don't believe one of them; wait for all explanations till we meet again. Trust me that much, Kate; let me tell you everything. I believe your love will enable you to grant me this great boon. As soon as ever you are well enough, you shall join me, so get well as fast as possible. I will send you an address in a day or two, where you can write to me. My heart will be one long ache until I see you again. Trust me all in all.

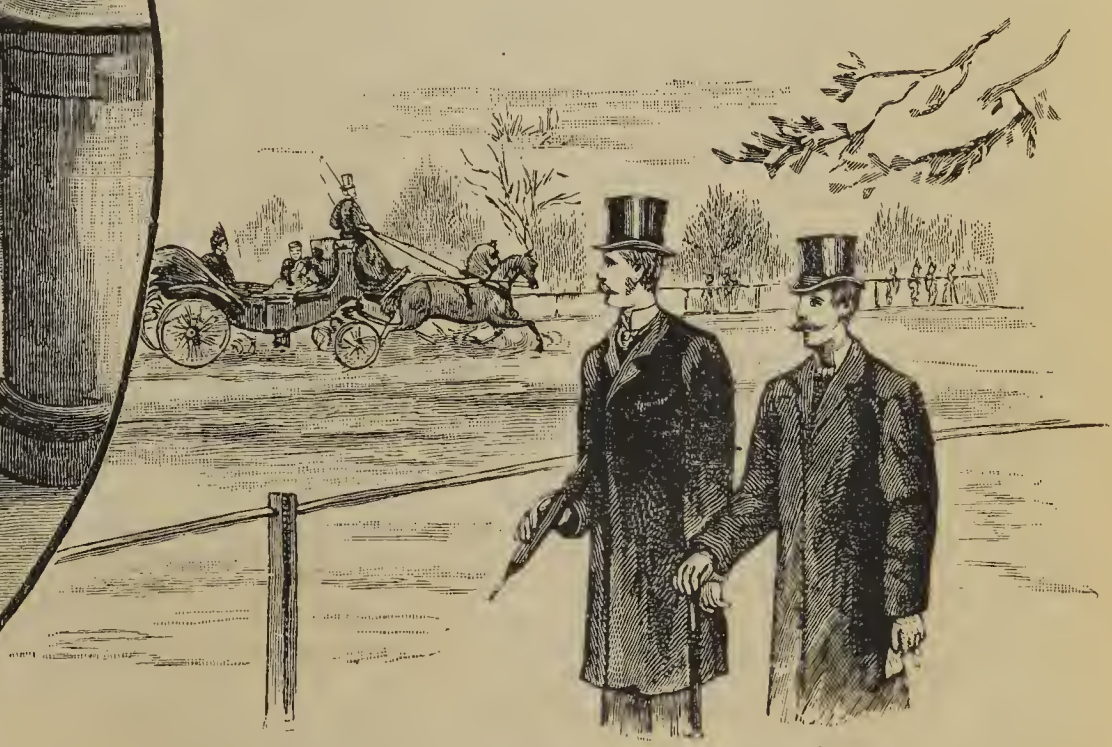
Your husband,

"KENNETH GRAHAM."

When the letter was finished, Graham sealed it; then he laid it in a prominent position on his writing-table. Then, opening a secret drawer in the back of the writing-table, he took from a recess a thick roll of bank-notes. These he stuffed into his pocket-book. A little bag which he took backwards and forwards to his office stood on a side-table; into this he put a case which contained his wife's photograph, and, running swiftly upstairs to his dressing-room, he stuffed it with some necessary articles of apparel. When all was finished, he locked his study door, and threw himself on the sofa to wait for dawn. Early in the morning he left the house, and walking to Charing Cross, took the train to Dover. His life as a fugitive and vagabond had begun. Deadly fear was driving him away from wife and child, and home and wealth. These were the wages of sin. Hard payment!

Certainly Mrs. Graham was not getting better. The doctor, who at first had made very little of her continued weakness, was now uneasy; his professional acumen was at fault; he could discover no cause in her perfectly healthy nature, in one to all





"'Mrs. Graham, if you won't lie back in your seat and rest, . . . let me ask the coachman to drive us home.'"

appearance so energetic, in the prime of youth and vigour, for the almost indifference which she manifested for everything under the sun, her husband and baby excepted.

Dr. Matchett questioned her as carefully as he dared. He was sure she must be lonely without her husband. Would she not write to him, and beg of him to return to her?

"No," Kate replied, with gentle dignity. "I miss Mr. Graham, of course, but he is away on important business, and I should be extremely sorry to summon him home."

"But you must arouse yourself, Mrs. Graham," said the doctor. "You will never get back your strength if you sit in that arm-chair by the fire all day, and have no occupation except looking at your baby. Oh, yes, I know the baby is a great source of interest to you, but you want something to stir you up. You want cheerful society. If your husband cannot leave his business, cannot your sisters come back?"

"No," said Kate, flushing slightly. "My sisters are paying a long visit to some friends in Scotland, and I will not summon them home on my account. I really do very well, Dr. Matchett," she added, with a wistful smile, which somehow smote on the kind doctor's heart.

"Well, well," he said, rising to go, "I can suggest nothing further. Only, if you won't get better, I shall write myself to your husband."

When the doctor had left her, Kate turned to the nurse who was taking care of her child.

"Mrs. Murray," she said, "Dr. Matchett is very much mistaken about me."

"How so, ma'am?"

"He thinks I do not want to get well."

Mrs. Murray hummed and hawed, and looked thoughtfully at the pale face of the young mother.

"Well, ma'am, Dr. Matchett is a very discerning gentleman, and he thinks you ought to rouse yourself, that's about it."

"Would that have a good effect, Mrs. Murray? Would it take off the feeling of being so deadly, deadly tired?"

"Oh, you poor dear," said the nurse, affectionately, "that's nothing in life but weakness. You mustn't give way to it, Mrs. Graham. You must take your beef-tea, and your oysters, and live generous—those are the doctor's orders—and go out in the carriage, and see your friends; then you'll soon lose the deadly weakness."

Kate's eyes brightened.

"Shall I?" she said. "I am glad to know it. I am most anxious to get well. I will do anything to promote my recovery. Will you order the carriage for me this afternoon, Mrs. Murray? I will go for a drive, and you and baby shall go with me."

Mrs. Murray cheerfully complied; and, at the appointed hour, Kate and nurse and baby drove solemnly through the park.

The time was still winter, the park was half empty, and the scene was scarcely enlivening. There was a strange sparkle of excitement, however, in Mrs. Graham's eyes. She seemed nerving herself up for some effort. She could not lie back in the carriage; she took no notice of baby's new cloak; baby even cried, without altering that strained expression on his mother's face.

Mrs. Murray was a placid, middle-aged woman, but she was by no means unobservant.

"Something is working in the poor thing's mind," she muttered under her breath. Aloud she said,—

"Mrs. Graham, ma'am, if you won't lie back in your seat and rest, you had much better let me ask the coachman to drive us home."

Then Kate turned, and laid her hand with sudden vehemence on the nurse's arm.

"Mrs. Murray, there is a person in whom I am interested—a poor woman who needs assistance. She has promised to write to me, and to leave her letters at the B—— Street post-office. She is in great trouble—the kind of trouble which makes her shy and miserable and distrustful. We will call at B—— Street, and you will get out and ask at the post-office if there are any letters waiting for me from her."

"Oh, yes, my dear, of course," said Mrs. Murray, in her full, cheery voice.

Kate's brow instantly cleared.

"Thank you," she said, almost rapturously; "please tell the coachman to drive to B—— Street. After that we will go home."

Mrs. Murray gave the necessary orders, and then she busied herself over baby, who was beginning to wake. When the carriage drew up at the post-office in B—— Street, the nurse laid the child on its mother's lap.

"I am so weak, I must ask you to fetch the letters," said Kate, half apologetically.

"Of course, madam; who ever heard of you troubling? Will the letters be directed to yourself, Mrs. Graham?"

"No, no—to my initials, K. G.—the poor thing is so distrustful. Ask for any letters addressed to 'K. G.,' Mrs. Murray."

Mrs. Murray's good-natured face was delightfully matter-of-fact as she stepped cheerily into the post-office. She returned in a few moments, with a single bulky letter, which she presented to her mistress. Mrs. Graham clutched it with eager, trembling fingers, and suddenly bending over her baby, kissed him, and even laid the letter against his little lips.

"We will go home now," she said in a cheerful voice. "I feel ever so much better."

"Poor dear!" muttered Mrs. Murray, under her breath. "Talk of her being able to keep a secret! Well, I'll be true to her, any way."

CHAPTER XXXI

FROM the moment the apothecary visited Alexis, he began to grow better. The simple remedies which this old-fashioned man of medicine applied had an instant and beneficial effect. His patient fell into a sleep, restless and troubled at first, but which soon grew calmer and more sound.

Hour after hour he slept, all through the night, and far into the next day.

During that sleep Graham wrote his farewell letter to his wife, packed a few necessaries together, and stole away like a thief in the night from his home.

During that sleep the train carried him from Charing Cross to Dover, and when Alexis at last awoke, very weak, but conscious, Graham had already left the shores of England behind him, and was speeding away to France.

From that moment Alexis began steadily to mend. Old Betty gave him the best of care, and night after night, after the servants had gone to bed, the apothecary, Mr. Cutts, stepped in to pay his patient a stealthy visit. Betty knew that Graham had gone, she had a shrewd suspicion why he had gone away in such a hurry; but she was just as determined as of old to keep the fact of the sick man's existence a secret from the rest of the household.

She kept his door locked, and carried up the amount of food necessary for his consumption at night. She carefully fostered the growing belief in the household that the room was haunted; the servants were only too ready to believe her; not one of them would have crossed its threshold for much.

Alexis grew steadily better; he began to sit up, his appetite came back to him, gradually his mind recovered from its delirium and weakness. His haggard face seemed to have lost some of its lines of care; lying in this room, where his mother had been, and waited on by the faithful Betty, it seemed to him that he had got back a portion of his lost youth.

One day he was well enough to be moved from the bed to the easy chair. When Betty had achieved this great feat, she stood and gazed at him with an expression of delight.

"Oh, but I love you well, my bonny lad," she said; "and well I may, for haven't I, under the good Lord, been the means of bringing you back from the gates of death?"

"Sit down, Betty; you are a dear old friend to me," said Alexis, with effusion. "Sit down on that chair opposite. Betty, I miss my mother sorely."

"And well you may, my dear, so good she was to you! Eh, but she was a saint while she was on earth, and she's a saint in glory now. But you're going to her, Master Jo, you're going to her, my bonny, gentle dear."

"I don't know, Betty; if I can only get to her by being what you call religious, I am afraid I am not. I don't feel good, Betty; I don't want to be good. I have something to live for, but it is not goodness. Betty, I had a horrible dream when I was ill."

"Oh, don't think of it, dear; the mutterings of the poor frenzied brain need not be recorded."

"Yes, but this seemed real; and I think it was more than a dream. Betty, Kenneth Graham came into this room; I saw him—I saw his hated and hateful face."

"A dream, my dear, a dream; here, sup up your broth. Is there anything I can tell you that will help to pass the time, Master Jo?"

"Yes, I want you to tell me about my mother. How was it she died rich?"

"The money was left to her, dear, through a distant cousin. There, my dear, we won't talk about anything so worriting as money to-day. Maybe I could tell you a bit of a gossiping tale instead?"

Alexis smiled.

"Money is only worrying when you haven't got it," he said; "when you have, it is wonderfully soothing. I am glad my mother died rich—that makes all comfortable. I shall want some money for what I have to do. Did she leave much money behind her, Betty?"

"Now, my dear, your cheeks are getting quite flushed; lie back on your pillow, dear. There, my word, I wonder could I read a bit aloud, just to soothe you into a little bit of a doze? There's the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' What do you say to my reading about the Slough of Despair, or the part about Vanity Fair? There's a deal said against wishing for money in the part about Vanity Fair, Master Jo."

"All right, Betty; but I won't hear it at present. How much money did my mother leave?"

"Well, Master Jo, well,—if you must hear—she passed away from the world leaving behind her a solid £30,000,—that, and this house that you're in, and all the furniture. Ah, she died rich, poor dear; yes, she died rich."

"Thirty thousand pounds!" repeated Alexis, his cheeks flushing vividly; "that's a large sum, Betty; that's good, cheering news, dear old Betty. £30,000! I shall get well soon now, for I want to enjoy it."

Betty said no more, but her old face became very lined and anxious, and she went away to the farther end of the room, to prevent any more conversation.

Alexis sat and mused, and that night he dreamt golden dreams, all about the great happiness which wealth would bring.

In a week he was so much better, that Mrs. Carew felt she could no longer conceal the truth from him. The apothecary had ordered his patient change of air; he said he should leave the sick-room and go into another. Betty wondered if she could smuggle him up to her attic, decided that she certainly could not, and finally resolved to impart to him the painful truth.

For the past week Alexis had slightly changed his manner; for a whole week, for seven delightful days and nights, he had hugged the thought of wealth to his heart. Thirty thousand pounds his, his lawfully!—his, as his rightful inheritance, left to him by his mother. He need neither beg nor starve; his past would be forgotten; if necessary, he might change his name; he had, at least, life before him now.

With a delightful sensation that wealth was his, Alexis became less humble and tractable. There came a bright morning in early Spring when he felt really well.

"Betty," he said, "I shall go downstairs to-day, and to-morrow I may probably take the air in a carriage. By the way, Betty, you poor old soul, you don't do all the work of this large, handsome house alone? Well, well, if you do, you shan't do it much longer. I'm rich, Betty, and I don't mean that you shall suffer or be put upon. I shall get in servants, plenty of them, and you shall have rest, and be a fine lady for the remainder of your days. Do you hear me, Betty? I am going downstairs to-day."

"Yes, Master Jo, I hear you fast enough."

"And you are pleased with what I say about the servants—eh, Betty?"

"There are servants full and to spare already in the house, Master Jo."

"Indeed!—left here, I suppose, by my mother? Well, that seemed a little wasteful, when I was not by to be waited on. However, never mind, you shan't be scolded, good old Betty. You tell the servants to get a sitting-room warm and comfortable for my reception, and let them know that their master is coming downstairs presently."

"Master Jo,—my poor, poor dear Master Jo!—I must tell you the truth."

Betty's face had grown ashy; she came round and stood in front of the young man. Something in her tone caused him to raise his head and examine her face attentively.

"The truth, Betty?" he said. "I suppose the truth means a blow; I'm accustomed to blows. There, get it out at once, and have done with it."

"I could shed tears about it," said Betty,—"tears, hot tears of blood. There, this is the truth—your mother thought you dead; you never wrote to her—for fifteen years there was never a line. She looked for you high and low; she put advertisements into the papers about you; she used to go to the hospitals, and walk through the men's wards; but she never came across you, and you never wrote, and then she thought you dead."

"I could not help it, Betty—don't bring it up to me—I was in trouble, and I could not write."

"Yes, master, and the missus might have broke her heart if she had known; it may have been best for her you did not write; but she thought you dead, and she left her money, and this house, and all that belonged to her, to—to——"

"Speak, Betty; she left it in trust for me, of course?"

"No, no, my poor dear; she left all she had to another."

Alexis was still very weak, but at these tidings he came up to Betty, and gripped each of her shoulders with his thin hands.

"Tell me everything, Mrs. Carew. Didn't I say I was accustomed to blows? To whom did my mother leave the money that should have been mine?"

"Oh, my poor dear, don't look at me with such terrible eyes; think of the shortness of life. Money is but vanity. My missus left her money to one she loved as a son, but one whom you hate most bitter, and whom I have no liking for myself. She left all she had to Mr. Kenneth Graham."

"It's false!" shouted Alexis, hoarsely. Then he found himself turning sick and giddy, and he tottered back to his mother's old arm-chair. "I'm weak yet for these blows," he murmured.

CHAPTER XXXII.

KATE went into her room, shut the door, excluding thereby both nurse and child, and broke the seal of that thick letter which was addressed to "K. G.," with "To be called for" on its envelope.

Her fingers shook, her face was ghastly white as she read, but gradually, as her sad and anxious eyes devoured the words on the closely-written page, colour came back to her lips, hope to her features, and life and sparkle to her whole being.

She read the letter through twice, then she folded it up, kissed it rapturously, and replaced it in its envelope. Eagerly she walked across the room to the writing-table. Taking out a sheet of paper and a pen, she wrote hastily, crookedly, badly, but oh, with such a trembling, such a fearful joy of heart.

"My Darling,—

"I am nearly well; your letter has made me quite well. I will come to you; I will come at once. To-morrow, no, not to-morrow, the next day I will start. I will bring baby, and perhaps Mrs. Murray. I will ask Mrs. Murray to come with me; she is very kind. I think she will do so, and she will take care of baby, and even if I should be a little weak, she will make things easy for me. Of course, Ken, I trust you. You have some good business reason for going away so secretly. I will wait for your explanation, and listen to no one else. No one has said aught against you, Ken. No one would dare to say anything against you before me. Now, my darling, I will post this letter myself. Oh, I am much better since I have heard from you. This is the first of March. I will start on the morning of the third, and be with you at Bordeaux some time the next day. I am well now. I am well at the thought of seeing you again.

"Your loving and devoted Wife.

"P.S.—I will bring the money from my own balance at the bank."

When this letter was written, Kate directed it, stamped it, and then once more put on her cloak and bonnet. She was very weak, but she alone must post the all-important letter; for no one, not even Mrs. Murray, must see the address.

She looked round anxiously, listening with nervousness for the sound of the nurse's tap at her chamber's door. It did not come, however; so, with faltering steps and feeble limbs, she crept downstairs. There was a pillar-box at the corner of the Square; she could surely walk as far as that. She reached the hall; no one was present. She sat for a moment on one of the chairs to rest.

A step on the kitchen stairs startled her, and she rose hastily, opened the hall door, and went out. She had always thought that pillar-box quite close; to-night it seemed a long way off. She struggled to reach it, faltering and trembling. She had told her husband she was quite well, but how very far from real health were those weak, uncertain footsteps, was the gait which from sheer exhaustion swayed as she walked.

At last—oh, thank God—she had reached the pillar-box. She slipped the letter into the slit, and leaning against the box, sent up a fervent thanksgiving to Heaven. A little errand boy came into the Square, whistling gaily. He passed close to Kate.

"I am faint," she called out to him; "let me lean on your back to No. 10."

"You lay 'old on my shoulder, lady," answered the little man cheerily.

In this way Kate got back, giving the delighted and astonished boy half a sovereign for his pains. She managed to get up to her room again, and when the nurse came to see her, she found her sitting in her chair, utterly exhausted, but with a radiant face.

She had heard from Kenneth; she was going to Kenneth; and she had written to him without any one finding out.

"My dear, you are quite fainty-like," said the nurse.

"May I have a little beef-tea, Mrs. Murray?" asked Kate. "After that I want to speak to you."

Just then the parlour-maid knocked at the door, and presented her mistress with two or three letters on a salver. Kate opened them, glanced at their contents, and raising her flushed face, looked full at the nurse.

"Mrs. Murray, I have heard from my husband. He wishes me to go to him at once."

"She's trying to pass off that one of those letters is from him," muttered the nurse under her breath; "but I know better; the letter directed 'K.G.,' with 'To be called for' on it, was his, the scoundrel. No use in trying to blind me, Mrs. Graham."

Aloud the nurse answered respectfully,—

"I'm glad to hear it, ma'am, and I hope the dear gentleman is in excellent health."

"Oh, yes; he is most anxious that I should join him."

"Well, my dear, of course in a few weeks or so; I suppose he'll come back himself and fetch you."

"No, he can't do that; he is employed on most important private business. I can't explain it to you; it's connected with gigantic mercantile enterprises. I shall go to him, Mrs. Murray, on the morning of the day after to-morrow."

"My dear! Oh, what shall I do? Is the poor young thing daft?"

Kate bent forward and took the nurse's hands in hers.

"Dear Mrs. Murray, don't oppose me. My heart was breaking without him. When I go to him I shall be well."

The anguish in the voice, the stricken look on the young face, brought tears to Mrs. Murray's eyes.

"Yes, yes, my love," she answered, taking the white little hands and kissing them; "of

course you shall go as soon as possible, but it would be throwing your life away to venture into foreign parts now, and you so weak as you are."

"But not if you and baby came with me."

"And I'd do that, fast enough, my dear, and the babe wouldn't suffer, beautiful little angel! but it's you. You must get Dr. Matchett's leave before we do anything so rash, Mrs. Graham."

"Oh, no, no, Nurse! My heart has been bleeding so terribly. Hope will keep me up on the journey, and when I see my husband, I shall be well."

So Kate pleaded, and inch by inch Mrs. Murray found the ground taken from under her feet, until finally she settled to become an arch-conspirator in one of the wildest schemes which any young woman in Kate's state of health had ever undertaken.

She would accompany Kate on the morning after next to Bordeaux, and undertake that the baby should arrive without any detriment to its health. She acquiesced in the most natural manner in the world with Kate's earnest desire that their destination should be kept a secret from the servants.

"Certainly, my dear," she said; "in these mercantile enterprises one can't be too careful. Mum's the word with me, dear. Not a soul shall find out where we are going."

Kate went to bed that night, feeling intensely happy and thankful. She was quite sure now that Kenneth was all that was good, and true, and loyal. His letter had lulled her suspicions, had satisfied her longings, had filled her heart with the rosy glow of love and hope.

Of course wives could not understand the curious complications which often came into their husbands' lives. If she did not trust him, who else could be expected to? Oh, yes, he was her own true, brave Kenneth, and she should very soon see him again.

In the morning she awoke, feeling really well and strong; but her heart beat with impatience at the thought of the few hours which must be dragged through somehow before she met her husband.

Immediately after breakfast she told the servants that she, and nurse, and the baby were going away for two or three weeks; that they were to join Mr. Graham, and would probably all return together at the end of that time.

"You will go on as usual during my absence," said Kate; "and I will write, sending our address to forward letters to."

The servants were not in the least surprised, and were glad their mistress was going to have a little change.

Rose, the parlour-maid, came up to Kate to pack her trunk; and Mrs. Murray bustled about, looking extremely important and good-natured.

It was a lovely day, sunshiny and bright, the very same day on which Betty, in the chamber of mourning, had broken the news of his disinheritance to Alexis.

Betty had left him for a few minutes, and having, as she thought, given his room so mysterious a character that no one would dare to venture in, had on this occasion neglected to lock the door.

She knew she left it unlocked; but being much agitated and upset at the breaking of her miserable tidings, she muttered to herself that it really did not matter, for no one would venture in.

Certainly none of the servants would; but Betty had not calculated on Mrs. Graham wanting to go into the room.

(*Continued—page* 481.)

WILLIAM MOMPESSON;
OR,
THE PLAGUE AT EYAM.



HARRISON AINSWORTH has, in his "Old St. Paul's," given us a vivid account of the Great Plague of London, and it requires a very small degree of imagination to realise, in some measure, the horrors of that terrible visitation. At no other time in the history of our country has there been the panic which paralysed the inhabitants of the metropolis over two hundred years ago.

The alarm that was at first manifested, the subsequent terror, and the final panic; the precipitate exodus of the inhabitants, fleeing as Lot fled from the doomed cities of the plain; the streets, a short time before filled with various sounds which are heard in a great, busy, and prosperous commercial city, grass-grown and silent; deserted by all save those who, undeterred even by death, reaped a rich harvest by robbing the dead and dying, and whose stillness was broken by an occasional shriek of some poor victim, or by the lumbering death-cart, and the ominous voice which called out, "Bring out your dead." Death and desolation reigned supreme, and those who could not leave the fated city were swept away in thousands.

Little did the inhabitants of the country towns and villages know of the magnitude and deadliness of the visitation. The mention of the plague, no doubt, blanched their cheeks; but they could not have a true conception of the pestilence. Less fortunate than these were the inhabitants of Eyam, a small village, at that time numbering about three hundred and fifty persons, situated in the Peak of Derbyshire, amongst whom the plague suddenly appeared on the 3rd of September, 1665.

Its introduction was by means of a box sent from London to a tailor in that village. Dr. Meade, who wrote in 1721, states that the box contained some materials relating to the tailor's trade; but others have maintained that the contents were clothes sent by a relative of the tailor, who was residing in London, and who had purchased them for a small sum in consequence of the plague, which was then raging in the metropolis. Whatever the contents may have been, the recipient, finding them damp, hung them before the fire to dry. He was immediately seized with the fell disease, and died after an illness of three days.

The disease soon began to spread, for we learn that twenty-six persons died between the 7th of September (the date on which the first victim was buried) and 28th of October. During the next two months, November and December, the deaths continued, the total number up to the end of the year (1665) being forty-four. The beginning of 1666 was intensely cold, and the terrified villagers hoped, from the few deaths that had occurred since the commencement of the year, that the infection would disappear; but they were doomed to see the slumbering visitant awake in the spring, and continue his devastations with greater malignity, steadily and surely laying his victims low. The surviving inhabitants resigned themselves to a fate from which there seemed to be no escape. The weather in July was warm and sultry, and the number of deaths increased daily during the two following months. October arrived, and the disease still raged; but by the 11th of that month it seemed to have exhausted itself, for we do not read of any further victims after that date.

During this dreadful visitation, two hundred and fifty-nine, out of three hundred and fifty, of the inhabitants fell victims; the survivors being ninety-one, or less than one-fourth. On the outbreak of the terrible disease, a few of the wealthier families hurriedly removed to villages, either contiguous to or distant from Eyam; but the poorer inhabitants, alarmed though they were, were constrained by the force of circumstances to remain. They witnessed, with daily increasing terror, friends stricken; but the places where the malady had shown itself were avoided, and the result was that the occupants of these infected dwellings had to endure the greatest privations. As, however, the infection spread, the privations became more extended; and the selfishness which had at first been exhibited, was forgotten in the general calamity.

During these days of suffering and death, there was one who never shrank from the duties of his high calling. The rector, the Rev. William Mompesson, with a calm courage and a devotion to his flock, which has never been surpassed, went amongst the sufferers, sustaining the failing hearts of the uninfected, breathing words of consolation to the bereaved, and whispering hopes of immortality to the dying. Days passed on, and the disease continued its devastations; the pallid cheeks and hollow eyes of the poor villagers plainly expressed the dread and despair that ate into their hearts. Still this good and noble man remained true to his charge, and never once thought of deserting his post. Up to June, 1666, he continued to hold services at the church; but at the end of this month, or in the early part of July, when the mortality increased, the church was closed; and Mrs. Mompesson, a beautiful but delicate woman, became alarmed, and, with her two young children, threw herself at her husband's feet, urging him to leave the fated place. Nobly did this true steward of God struggle with his feelings, and nobly did he resist that pleading prayer uttered by lips so dear to him; he would not desert his flock. And nobly did this fragile woman, weak but for a moment, elect to stand by her loved husband, to share his danger, to live with him or die with him.

The increasing fatality of the disease, which had terrified Mrs. Mompesson (who fell a victim to it shortly afterwards), began to operate powerfully upon the minds of the despairing inhabitants, who determined to escape from death by flight. This determination on their part roused Mompesson; he remonstrated with them on the danger of flight, pointed out the fearful consequences that would follow, impressed upon them that on them depended the safety of the surrounding country, and concluded by saying that he would remain with them and sacrifice his life, rather than be instrumental in desolating the surrounding country. So well and so forcibly did he reason with the inhabitants, that they renounced all thought of flight.

The heroism of old that guarded the fatal pass of Thermopylæ, was not greater than the heroism of the inhabitants of the little mountain village of Eyam, over two hundred years ago, when they voluntarily consented to remain in a plague-stricken spot, in momentary dread of death, rather than spread desolation in the surrounding country. Such an act in these latter days would thrill the heart of England ; it would be chronicled by many an eloquent pen, and the historian would rank the martyrs higher than the heroes of "Rorke's Drift." But two hundred years ago there were no chroniclers who regarded the martyrdom of the inhabitants of Eyam with more than calm approval; and hence it is that so little is known about an act which, in any other country, would have been commemorated in marble and brass.

As soon as it became known that the terrible Plague of London had appeared, Eyam was avoided by the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages. The inhabitants of the plague-stricken place had none of that help which sympathising neighbours, under ordinary circumstances, are ever ready to afford. Though the privations began to be felt a very short time after the outbreak, they became almost unbearable as the time passed, and brought no relief from the deadly visitant. It is not to be wondered, then, that the almost maddened villagers decided upon flight ; and had it not been for the courage and wisdom of Mompesson, it is certain that the contagion would have spread throughout the country with fearful consequences.

Mompesson took measures, not only to prevent these, but to alleviate the sufferings of the inhabitants. He at once addressed himself to the Earl of Devonshire, who was then staying at Chatsworth, stating the particulars of the calamity, and expressing himself sure of prevailing upon his diminishing flock to confine themselves within the precincts of the village, if they could be supplied with food and other necessary articles. The noble earl promptly responded to the appeal, and all kinds of necessaries were supplied.

To adhere to their heroic resolution, the inhabitants solemnly agreed that no one, infected or not, should proceed beyond the boundary fixed upon. This boundary extended half a mile around the village, and to two or three places, or points, on this boundary provisions were brought. A well, or rivulet, to the northward of Eyam, called to this day "Mompesson's well," or "Mompesson's brook," was one of the places where the articles were deposited. These were brought very early in the morning by persons from the adjoining villages, who, when they had placed them beside the well, fled with precipitation. Individuals appointed for the task fetched the articles away ; and when they took any money, it was placed in the well, or certain stone troughs, to be purified, thus preventing contagion by passing from hand to hand. These precautionary measures proved the wisdom of their originator. The country around was saved ; but the heroic villagers were the victims of the disease, which, as if in baffled rage, destroyed with unrelenting determination.

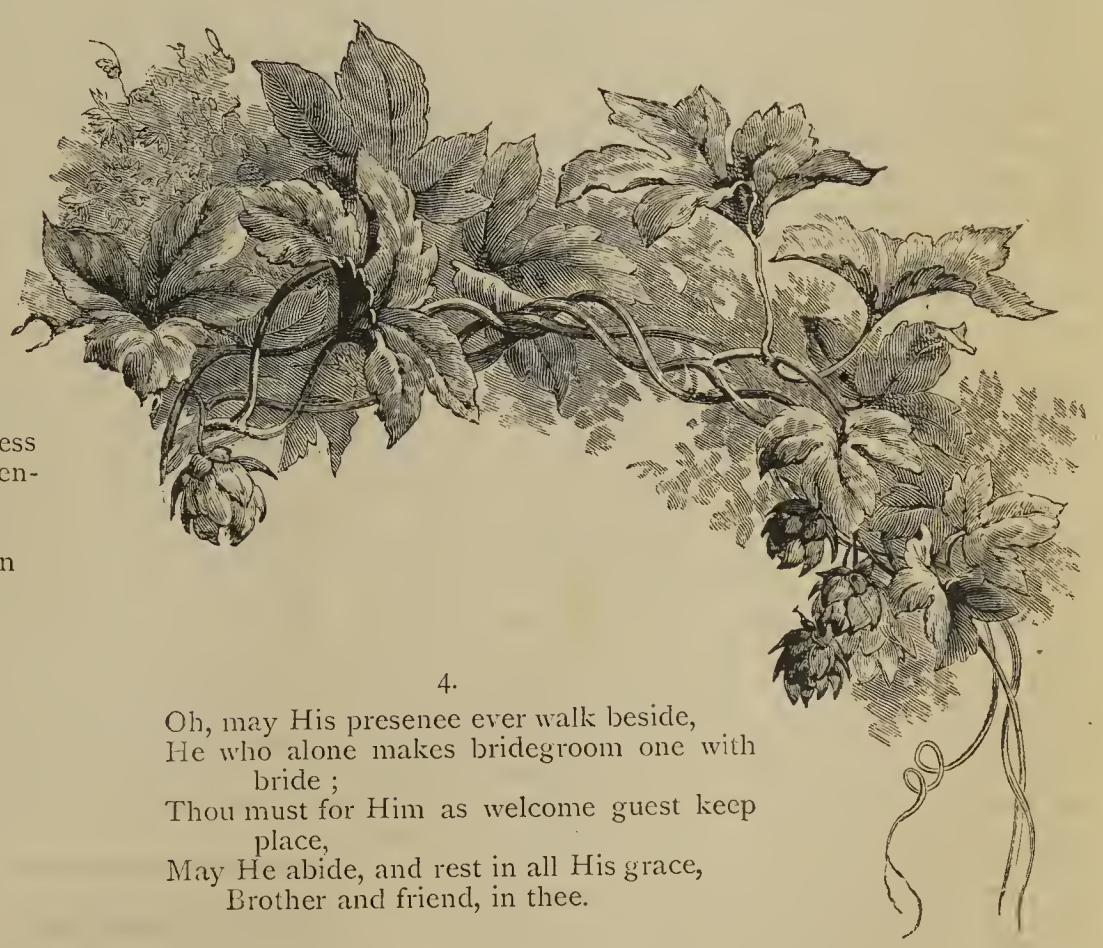
The visitor of to-day to Eyam is reminded of that fearful season of death and desolation, by having his attention directed to localities with which the memory of it is intimately connected. All are interesting ; but none impress him so much as the sight of the Delf, a secluded dingle, a little south of the village. Here it was that Mompesson met his daily diminishing flock twice a week, during the hot weather, for prayer. Between the present and that period of horror, more than two centuries intervene ; but fancy speeds into the past, and the gazer pictures to himself that earnest, sorrow-stricken minister, preaching from an ivy-mantled rock, to a congregation in whose thin and pallid faces were stamped unutterable woe, hopeless despair. He preached of the Man of Sorrows to sorrowing men ; drew their thoughts, by his earnest and pathetic eloquence, gently upwards, consoling them with the rich promise of that deathless life beyond the skies, and bidding them remember that human life, at best, is but a shadow. In days to come, the mind will unconsciously recall those meetings in the Delf, so full of an inexpressible pathos ; and foremost in the assembly stands William Mompesson, good and true shepherd to his flock, and dauntless minister of God.

TO A BRIDEGROOM.

By T. H. Engall.

1.

I WOULD not break upon thy joy, unless
My words were mingled truth and tenderness,
And all the reason of my verse were seen
In this, that love runs all the lines between
Brother and friend, to thee.



2.

May God be with thee in thy life's great gain,
Thy joys be doubled, and diminished pain ;
Autumn fulfil the promise of life's spring—
In short, I wish God's smile in everything,
Brother and friend, for thee.

3.

Purpose to ripen into perfect deed,
And golden harvest reaped from well-sown seed ;
All Life's unfoldings with rich joys to come
To her, whose love doth make thy new-born home,
Brother and friend, and thee.

4.

Oh, may His presence ever walk beside,
He who alone makes bridegroom one with bride ;
Thou must for Him as welcome guest keep place,
May He abide, and rest in all His grace,
Brother and friend, in thee.

5.

Then at day's close, when life's short psalm shall cease,
And longing hearts desire God's perfect peace,
Oh, in His presence may full welcome be
For her, whose life is now wrapped up in thee,
Brother and friend, with thee.

"1,500 MILES ON FOOT."



IT is but a few years ago that there lived in a town of Northern Germany a young man who had been brought up in the Roman Catholic religion. He believed, however, neither in that nor in any other, but had long cast off all thoughts of God, and lived in sin so open and so terrible, that he was remarkable amongst the ungodly and the depraved as one who outdid them all.

How wonderful are the ways of God! Like him who slew the giant with his own sword, so God made use of the exceeding sinfulness of this young man to awaken in him the first desire after salvation. He became alarmed at his own wickedness. "I am worse than any other," he thought. "If it is true that the wicked go to hell, and only the good to heaven, it is plain where I am going. If ever a man is lost eternally, I must be that man!" Night and day did this thought haunt the wretched sinner; his peace was gone, and he found no pleasure even in sin. "If only," he thought, "it were possible to be saved!" What could he do? He had been told of penances and prayers, of convents where monks spent their days in works that might at last atone for sin; and he felt that no labour would be too great, no torture too severe, if he only might have the faint hope of pardon at last. He resolved to become a monk, but he wished first to know in what convent in the whole world the rule was the strictest and the penances the most terrible. If it were at the other end of the earth, he would go to it, and then he would spend the rest of his days in penance and in prayer.

He was told, in answer to his inquiries, that the convent under the strictest rule was a monastery of La Trappe, distant about one thousand five hundred miles from his home. He could not afford to pay the expenses of his journey, and he therefore resolved to walk the whole way, begging as he went. This alone would be the beginning of a penance, and might gain him one step towards heaven.

It was a long, weary journey, each day beneath a hotter sun and through strange lands. He felt scarcely alive by the time he came in sight of the old building where he hoped to gain rest for his soul—for his body it mattered not. Having rung at the gate, he waited till it was slowly opened by an aged monk, so feeble and infirm that he seemed scarcely able to walk.

"What is it you want?" asked the old man.

"I want to be saved," replied the young German; "I thought that here I might find salvation."

The old monk invited him to come in, and led him into a room where they were alone together. "Tell me now what you mean," said the old man.

"I am a lost sinner," began the German. "I have lived a life more wicked than I can tell you. It seems to me impossible that I can be saved, but all that *can* be done I am ready to do. I will submit to every penance, I will complain of nothing, if only I may be received into the order. The harder the work, the worse the torture, the better will it be for me. You have only to tell me what to do, and whatever it may be, I will do it."

"If you tell me to do the most fearful penance, I am ready to do it," the German had said; and the old monk replied, "If you are ready to do what *I* tell you, you will go straight home again, for the whole work has been done for you before you came, and *there is nothing left for you to do.* Another has already done the work instead, and *it is finished.*"

"It is finished!"

"Yes, it is finished. Do you not know that God sent down His own Son to be the Saviour of the world? Did He not come? Did He not finish the work the Father gave Him to do? Did He not say on the cross, 'It is finished'?"

"What was finished?"

"He undertook to bear the full punishment of sin, and He did bear it, and God is satisfied with the work done by His Son. And do you know this—Where is Jesus now?"

"He is in heaven."

"He *is* in heaven. But why is He there? Because He has finished the work. He would not be there otherwise; He would still be here, for He undertook to do it *all*, and He would not go back to His Father till *all* was done. He is there because God is satisfied with His work. And, dear friend, why should you and I try to do that work which the Son of God *has* done? If God had left it for us to do, we could never do it; were we to perform all the penances that ever have been or could be performed, they would be utterly useless to us. In doing them, instead of gaining anything, you would be but adding the crowning sin to your life. It would be as much as to say, Christ has not done enough. It would be to cast contempt upon the perfect work of the Son of God, and to dare to attempt to add to that which He has said is finished. Yes; in here Christ is insulted and God is made a liar; and were it not that I am so old that I can scarcely walk to the gate, my escape should testify against the place. I would not remain here another day. As it is, I must wait till the Lord comes to fetch me; but you can go, and I beseech you to go, thanking God that His Son has done all for you, and that the punishment of your sins is for ever past. And remember always *that Christ is in heaven.*"

What astonishing tidings for the poor weary sinner! Did he believe them?

He did; and after a short time of rest, during which he learnt more of the blessed gospel from the lips of the old monk, he returned to his own land, there to make known amongst sinners, lost as he had been, the news of that love and grace of which he had first heard in the monastery of La Trappe. There he was employed in this blessed work but a short while since, and probably is still there. May the voice from La Trappe reach your heart here now, and may the "good news of the glory of Christ" bring peace and joy to many who, instead of walking one thousand five hundred miles to hear it, have the gracious message brought to them!

BIBLE JOTTING.

The Lord's Hands for His people.

Pierced for their sins . . .	Ps. 22. 16.
Graven with their names . .	Isa. 49. 16.
Healing their infirmities . .	Mark 1. 41.
Open for their supply . . .	Ps. 145. 16.
Uplifted for blessing . . .	Luke 24. 50.
Strong for their defence . .	Ps. 138. 7.
Sustaining their weariness .	S. of Sol. 2. 6.
Reassuring for their fears . .	Rev. 1. 17.
Hiding for their preparation .	Isa. 49. 2.

GARDEN LIFE.

FROM THE DINING-ROOM WINDOW.

By TRACEY LAYARD ROBINSON.

JUST one hundred years ago, John Mockett, the Kentish naturalist, of St. Peter's, Thanet, wrote in his "Journal" (now a somewhat celebrated work of reference): "Thanet has long been called the Garden of England," and this title still justly belongs to the little island. Just for an example take the variety of trees and shrubs which grow in luxurious perfection around the lawn upon which I am looking as I write.

First, there is a fine deodora, which "droops her pensive head" in soft feathery fronds, and bends in graceful submission to every breath of wind. Most delicate and frail this beautiful tree appears, yet it has taken a firm root-hold in the shallow soil of our Thanet garden, and increases in size and beauty with every succeeding spring. It is only about ten years old, but it already stands nearly thirty feet in height, and its lower branches stretch from the central stem to a distance of ten feet on either side.

Two fine Portugal laurels stand close together on one side of the lawn, green all the year round, and making the air full of fragrance with the delicate perfume of their innumerable white sprays.

Grown from the seed, are three walnut trees, the eldest not above twenty years, yet all bearing fruit plentifully, and being exceedingly beautiful when, as at present, they are in full spring leaf. These are capital shade trees, and have, therefore, been utilised to the extent of placing a rustic bench beneath their spreading boughs, where, in hot summer days, one may sit and enjoy the air as it passes, getting cooled on its way, through the green aromatic leaves.

At the end of the lawn, about eighty feet from this window, runs an espalier about a hundred feet in length, against which are planted pear, plum, and cherry trees, which form a protection from the east wind for certain more or less delicate shrubs and plants growing on the lawn below. These comprise a couple of oleanders in very good health, which are just preparing to bloom in great profusion; six large tubs full of giant geranium plants, already in blossom, their scarlet flowers looking very gay against their variegated foliage. These will continue to bloom all through the summer and far into the fall of the year, when, tubs and all, they will be carried into the conservatory to be protected from the blasts of winter.

Then there are nine large pots of the beautiful agapanthus lily, which do not bloom before the beginning or middle of August in this climate, but which, nevertheless, do then put forth, in the utmost plenty, very lovely and perfect flowers. In this row also is a cluster of berberis plants, which flourish to perfection, a large clump of feathery prairie grass, and a young catalpa or American bean-tree, which has been raised from a seed I myself sent home from the States nearly four years ago, and which has stood two winters in England out-of-doors already.

It is quite strong and healthy, and is just now bursting into leaf. The catalpa is a very handsome tree, with large broad leaves and a lovely white blossom, something like that of the horse-chestnut. The seed pod, which follows this flower, is a long green bean, sometimes fourteen to sixteen inches in length. They hang in large quantities from the ends of the boughs, giving the tree a quaint and curious appearance.

I must not finish this very brief description of our lawn without mentioning two trees of exceptional beauty which thrive to an uncommon extent in their present apparently very suitable aspects. The first of these is a medlar. At all seasons this tree has its own pecu liar and especial beauties.

At the time I write it is a mass of lovely dark green velvety foliage. The leaves grow in starlike clusters, the centre of every cluster being a bud, which, in a short time will be a white flower of surpassing beauty, so that when they burst into bloom the tree will be like some gigantic bouquet of white flowers, having somewhat the appearance of immense strawberry blossoms. These exquisite blossoms will be followed by the curious fruits, at first somewhat cup-shaped, which gradually fill out and swell into round globular berries, which, strange to say, must not be eaten until they are over ripe, or "sleepy," as I believe the correct term is.

Is there not a story that Queen Elizabeth, or one of our other queens, was so fond of the medlar fruit that she surfeited upon the luscious apples, and became very ill in consequence? Even when the leaves have turned brown, and the autumn winds have stripped the branches, the tree possesses a beauty all its own. The wood is soft and pliable, and the moss-like head stands full of grace all through the winter, waiting only for the spring warmth to renew its perennial loveliness.

The other tree I want to mention is a foreigner, which has taken a firm hold in our healthy Thanet soil. It rejoices in the name of the *Pyrus spectabilis*. At present it is a picture full of beauty to all eyes.

It is simply a clump of exquisite pink and white blossom, intermixed with yellowish-green leaves. The bloom is something like a small azalea, and has already been out for more than two weeks, yet it shows but little signs of dissolution.

I should like also to mention a large almond tree, which is always a beautiful sight when in bloom, and is most prolific of sweet almonds; a fine standard cherry tree now full of rapidly ripening cherries, to say nothing of a large weigelia, several hollies, bays, evergreen oaks, laurels, laurestinus and aucuba laurels.

But I have covered enough space already with proof of the truth of the quotation with which I opened this paper.

Let us now pass to some of the live stock which peoples our lawn.

First and foremost among our feathery population is "Blackie." He has a story which is quite worth telling.

Eight years ago last Spring, one night my dear mother was awakened from her slumbers by a shrill cry of pain. She lay awake a few moments and listened to it, and then said to my father, who had also waked,—

"That is one of our birds; depend upon it, some cat has caught the poor thing. Did you ever hear such a cry?"

The next day, they both looked and listened in vain for the beautiful song of a blackbird, which had long been tame enough to come quite close under this window and pick up worms, or sit on the espalier at the other end of the lawn and whistle for hours.

Two days passed by, and then, while they were at breakfast one morning, there, on the lawn, looking rather dilapidated and torn about the plumage, hopped a blackbird. On looking closely at it, they observed that it had only one leg! The footless stump of the other hung like an empty sleeve from the poor bird's body.

This bird has lived in our garden ever since. Yearly he and his mate build two nests and rear two broods of young blackbirds. He is a constant source of pleasure to the household; for whether singing on the espalier, feeding the young birds that follow him over the lawn, or hunting the worms that form his food, he is quite tame and fearless, and is withal a very handsome bird indeed.

It is great fun to watch him pull a worm from the earth. He plants himself firmly on his single foot, plunges his yellow bill with a sudden dart into the ground, and then commences a series of sharp, rapid tugs, which invariably culminate in the capture of a worm, nearly as long as he is himself.

Once, about three years ago, he had a second adventure, not quite as dangerous as the one by which he so nearly lost his life, but, nevertheless, fraught with consequences which must have proved distressingly uncomfortable to him.

He had ventured within the glass walls of the conservatory, and here my father found him. Anxious to ascertain the exact amount of damage done to his leg, my father gently approached "Blackie," intent upon his capture. Conceiving that he "had him in a corner," he put out his hand and seized the poor thing *by the tail!* Uttering a shrill cry, Blackie darted away, out at the open door, escaping capture, but *leaving his tail behind him!*

However, he must have known that no injury was really intended, for, notwithstanding this rough treatment, he still remains an honoured and welcome guest, and continues to help to people our garden with young blackbirds, who give us their songs.

Whether he always has the same wife, we have never ascertained, as the lady has no distinguishing mark; but he is always a most attentive and faithful husband to the lady of his choice, and an equally good and indulgent father to his progeny. These latter are, indeed, somewhat apt to take liberties with their aged parent.

As an example, only a few days ago, one of the first brood of this Spring was seen in the act of deliberately pulling the stump of his leg, presumably under the delusion that it was a worm!

During the hot summer months we are in the habit of placing a hose with a spray on the lawn, and allowing it to play upon our lilies, or sometimes on the grass where there is a very sun-dried spot. This cool spray of water is a source of great delight to all manner of birds, who come and bathe, evidently enjoying themselves immensely.

In the honeysuckle which covers a portion of this side of the house, we have annually a large colony of sparrows (who, by the bye, make a terrible mess of the honeysuckle!); these birds are especially fond of the water-bath the hose-spray provides for them.

Sparrows are certainly the most thoroughly Bohemian of all birds. They will build their nests anywhere, are absolutely careless of rebuff, not minding in the least being disturbed, or even having their nests torn out; they will build and build again and again, and they are, or seem to be, always happy so long as they have plenty to eat.

One thing alone is sufficient to prove their Bohemian nature. They, of all birds, will not brook confinement. Put one in a cage, and he will begin at once to pine, until at last he dies of a broken heart. I have known a few cases of caged sparrows living, but they are isolated and rare. All these wild birds will become very tame if encouraged, and can be taught a number of clever tricks.

In a clump of laurestinus, close to the walnut tree, a pair of brown linnets have built their nest, and they are constant visitors to the water spray, being "clean, bonnie birdies." Of hedge-sparrows there are two or three pairs, which hop tamely about the lawn, coming close up to the window in search of food.

The thrushes are also very tame, and seem quite to understand that they need fear nothing from their human fellow-inhabitants of this garden. So domesticated is one pair, that they have actually built a nest and reared a family in a bush so close to this window, as almost to be within reach of our hands. When the little fledglings began to feel the strength of their wings, they perched upon the shrub so close to us, that we could with ease have caught them, had we been so inclined.

We have no quadrupedal pets in this establishment, though at one time we did possess a tortoise. This strange little creature was brought from Egypt, by a brother of mine, in a wooden box of fine-cut tobacco! When we opened the box we found that he had drawn into his shell as much of the tobacco as was possible, so that he was stuffed in a quite air-tight fashion with long filaments of the soothing weed!

We allowed him the fredom of the garden, and throughout the summer he conduced very much to our amusement. But on the approach of cold weather he disappeared! Nor did we see anything more of him till once more the warm weather set in, and the outer air was agreeable to this cold-blooded creeper! Then in the autumn he again hid himself. Late in the following summer a terrible tragedy was enacted upon the lawn. The gardener was rolling it with a heavy iron roller; suddenly he felt the machine go over an obstruction of some kind which crackled beneath the weight. Looking down, he found the crushed remains of poor little Mr. Tortoise, who had come out from his winter hibernation to breath the fresh air, get one warm ray of sunshine, and meet a sudden, painful death. We have never kept a tortoise since.

DOUBLE SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

1. *THE chosen messenger* of sad tidings to a king.
2. *This name of* our Lord was the second of two names, revealed by Himself to one of His apostles.
3. *A prophetess* and sister of two famous men.
4. David's *ninth son*, born at Jerusalem.
5. *A king* who "was cut off from the House of the Lord," in consequence of presumptuous sin.
6. The *Gospel rendering* of *a patriarch's name.*
7. *This slender token* saved a family from destruction.
8. "Come, let us meet together in some one of the villages of *this plain,*" said enemies of the Jews, wishing to do mischief to one who was "doing a great work."
9. *This place* a wise and good king of Judah "repaired," when he saw that the Assyrian king "was purposed to fight against Jerusalem."
10. *This stone* was erected and named by a prophet, as a witness and memorial to the people of Israel of God's help against their enemies.

The initials, read downwards, form an invitation of the Lord Jesus, and the finals downwards, the way He has opened to enable us to accept it.

The answer to this Acrostic will appear in our issue for June 23rd.

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Thirteen Hundred Miles in My Caravan," "From Pole to Pole," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"RISEN FROM THE DEAD."

THE savages were after skins, not scalps. But, from bitter experience, the Innuits knew their ways well, and that they would far sooner steal these than procure them in a legal way, no species of cruelty being spared by them, if it enabled them to gain their ends. They were in the habit of sacking and burning the little villages on the banks of the river, carrying fire and sword with them wherever they went, and even bearing the younger Eskimos off as slaves.

All their history was given to Captain Boyd and his officers in a very few words, and though not looking upon the threatened danger in the same light that the Innuits did, he determined to be prepared.

The camp must be made into a fort, and that, too, right speedily. Of their ability to defend it against even a thousand Indians (if there were indeed so many), the white man never harboured a doubt. The danger was that they would be, or *might* be placed in a state of siege, which could only have one ending, and that a very dismal one indeed.

Luckily, they were well provisioned, and on three sides fortified by nature, for the camp was built on a promontory of rock abutting on the river. Had it been possible to cut a ditch across, their position would have been inpregnable. As it was, they had to trust to *vallum* instead of *fosse*. There was plenty of wood to build withal, willing hands were soon at work, and the rampart was made extra strong towards the land, being even carried round the river's banks.

In a very few days the fort was completed, and the men, freed from camp duties, could once more go out in parties to shoot and fish.

For a whole week, however, there were no signs of savages anywhere, and confidence became in a great measure restored. The men were divided into four parties, two of these always stopping in barracks in case of a surprise, the other two going to the woods and hills, or rivers. With one of the latter Jack Silk went daily forth, and on returning in the evening, his first question invariably was,—

"How is poor mother?"

For days and days the invariable answer was that common one, which gives so little hope, but to which we so hopefully cling when some dear one lies on a bed of sickness,—"No worse."

But Nat, senior, came one morning to breakfast, and albeit he looked careworn and haggard, there was the old merry smile on his face.

"Mary 'll live," he said.

"Hurrah!" cried Jack.

"You really think she is over the worst?" asked Captain Boyd, in glad surprise.

"I'm sure of it," said her brother. "Ah!" he added, "you don't know Mary yet."

"Hurrah!" cried Jack again. "Let the Indians come now! I feel just in fine form. Godfrey, you and I mean to scare them, don't we?"

Shortly after breakfast Katie came to Jack, and took his hand, and led him straight away to the ship's mother's room. She was sitting up in bed, looking wan and weary, but happy. She had suffered much pain, but had not been heard to make a single complaint. Verily, as Nat senior said, there *was* something remarkable about Mary.



Dresky and Bob-a-link in native costume.

She smiled now as she took Jack's rough, hard hand.

"Katie has told me, Jack, and it has made me very happy. I dreamt last night we were all home again."

"It's a dream, mother, that is going to come true, depend upon that," Jack replied.

"And I am soon to get well; indeed, I am nearly well already."

"Promise us," said Katie, "to risk nothing."

"I promise you, cousin," and Miss Graves smiled again.

The sun shone very brightly now every day, and summer had come in earnest. It was not until Miss Graves went out of doors for the first time, leaning on her brother's arm, that she knew the camp was fortified.

"We did not like to tell you before," said Nat.

"Oh!" she replied; "but I would rather have known it."

So the ship's mother got well. The very thought that they were in danger seemed to nerve her, and assist her convalescence. Another week, a very quiet and happy one for Katie and Jack, went past. Every one was pleased to see the ship's mother beginning to look herself again. She was acknowledged queen of the camp, and all hands vied with each other in paying her attentions.

But as one cloud of doubt and sorrow rolled away, another rose on the horizon, and gradually obscured the sky, for on the very day that Miss Graves resumed her old place at table, Indians were seen in the woods, and their every action was suspicious.

Accompanied by several of the Innuits, and without arms, Godfrey attempted to hold communication with the savages, but they fled at his approach, and on his following them some distance, he was greeted by howlings, threatenings, and brandishing of clubs and spears. Finally, a shower of arrows wounded some of his men, and put them to flight.

Guards were now doubled all round the fort, and constant watch and ward was kept everywhere.

For a time, the Indians contented themselves with gathering in groups at some distance from the fort, and sometimes coming near enough to throw arrows within. This seemed done more in wantonness than anything else.

Day after day went slowly by, and those groups grew larger and larger, and more menacing. It was evident to every one that an attack on the camp would not be long deferred.

Nor was it! Bad news spreads apace. Here were beleagured white people, rich beyond conception from an Indian standpoint, with wealth of rifles, and ammunition, clothes and food—everything, in fact that makes life in these regions enjoyable or bearable. Nothing more easy, the savages thought, than to rob them. It was evident they were afraid; else why hide themselves behind barricades?

One morning it was discovered that the Indians had all gone, and for the whole of the day there was no sight of them.

"Better be prepared for an attack," said Nat, senior. "Savages all over the world are the same. They will be back in force ere long."

And so it turned out.

The first wild rush was meant to carry the fort by storm, at all hazards. The savages depended on their strength of numbers, and on their individual agility and courage. Both the latter qualities were undoubtedly well displayed. But, alas for them! science carried the day, and they had at last to retreat, leaving many of their dead and wounded comrades around the ramparts.

Attack after attack of the same kind was made at intervals all that night, and all next day. But at last they carried away their wounded, fearful, no doubt, that they would meet the same terrible fate which would befall the white prisoners in their own hands.

A long and harassing time was now before the little beleagured garrison, and how it would end no one could tell. The savages made one or two more wild attacks. Then, being beaten back anew, with the loss of many of their number, they retired to the woods, and went quietly into camp.

That they were thirsting for blood and plunder there could be no doubt, but they had all the wiliness of the fox, as well as the fierceness of the wolf. They could wait, for they knew the garrison must capitulate at last. And the garrison knew this would be so, unless help came—an all but impossibility.

Yet there were no signs of fear in any



"English readers would have been pleased, could they have seen with what admiring eyes the Innuits gazed upon a white man's illustrated Magazine, as Nat Graves unfolded the pictured pages."

heart, or on any face, as the dreary time wore on. Never before, during all the voyage, had Miss Graves shown herself so truly a woman and a Christian. For her own comfort or safety she seemed never to have a thought. All her efforts were to make those around her comfortable and happy.

Jack was just Jack, a trifle over-anxious often enough, and making many an attempt when in Katie's presence to laugh at danger for her sake, but, as usual, over-doing it. Nat—both the Nats, in fact—were quiet and firm. Godfrey? Well, life had long, long since lost all charm for him, and at times now he felt he did not care how soon the end came.

* * * *

Civilisation, of the kind known by some white men in countries where I have been, spoils many of the best traits in the character of the black men we too often call savages. But it had not spoiled Dresky; and a more daring and dangerous sleigh-ride was probably never undertaken, and carried out, to save human life.

Poor Dresky himself made light enough of it, and, Innuit-like, gave most of the credit to the dogs, several of which had fallen by the long and tedious way. Yet we, who know something of the country, its wide, wild stretches of forest and hills, its wilder glens, its bleak, beast-haunted stretches of upland moor, its lakes and streams and rocks, can to some extent appreciate the magnitude of the task.

Bears, too, had been encountered, and savage wolves; but poor Dresky made light of these,—

"Goot day. No fear big beast, Blue Jack."

The honest savage had not the gift of language, but he had something better—courage.

The chances against his ever reaching Chilkat were very great indeed.

Truth is stranger than fiction; and that mystery we call "luck" often brings wonders round that man's power alone could not effect. A ship was detained here by accident,—none other than the Russian. She was ready for sea when Dresky was helped on board, weary almost to death, torn and bleeding, his skin clothes in rags.

Spencer Rae was on board himself, and the speed with which a party was armed and equipped to go on the inland rescue expedition barely equalled that with which Dresky had come.

The good Russian captain thanked Heaven now devoutly for the very accident he had previously been bemoaning. The Behring Sea would not see him that summer, nor the seals either.

Poor Spencer Rae could hardly contain himself with joy. He was no nervous young man. Nervousness is a plant that does not flourish in the breast of a Yorkshire lad. Still, for a moment, he was not sure whether he should laugh or cry. He did something infinitely better than either. He thanked God in his heart for all His goodness.

But Godfrey was not found yet, nor rescued.

* * * *

Weeks flew by since the Indians had commenced siege operations, and although there was no further fighting, the state of the beleaguered ones was getting every day more desperate.

It would not be too much to say that hope itself had sunk low in each heart. Resignation alone could take its place; and that, under such terrible circumstances, was hard indeed to retain.

But the hope that had fallen to zero went up to fever heat one morning, when a terrible commotion was noticed in the Indian camp, the shouts of men, and report of trusty rifles.

A goodly mixture of Russians and Americans was next seen rushing wildly towards the camp; and I do not know whether rescuers or rescued shouted the most.

The two Nats did their share; Jack went wild; Captain Boyd and Miss Graves stood with more dignified mien; Katie was crying.

But Bob-a-link, with the big dogs, must jump in a daft way of their own, round and round the hero Dresky.

Meanwhile, Dresky's wife ran off to fetch the piccaninny.

The meeting of Godfrey and Spencer had better be left to the imagination.

When, however, Godfrey first saw his cousin, he seemed too confused and alarmed to speak. Then he managed to get words out,—

"RISEN FROM THE DEAD!"

There was nothing dead about Spencer just then. Nor about that manly shake of the fist, nor the bold, frank look in his fearless eyes.

Spencer Rae brought quite a budget of news from England, in the shape of messages, letters, newspapers, and periodicals; and these latter proved a source of immense amusement.

English readers would have been pleased, could they have seen with what admiring eyes the Innuits gazed upon a white man's illustrated magazine, as Nat Graves unfolded the pictured pages to their wondering eyes.

(*Continued—page* 488.)

A NIGHT'S WORK.

A TRUE ADVENTURE.

IT was evening in the tropical seas, and a ship was just nearing the coast of Madagascar, bearing on board a young missionary and his wife, setting out on their life's work with humble hope and prayer that their efforts might be successful.

They were going to no regular station, but had purposed taking up their abode in some neglected town, where their endeavours might form a little Christian Church amongst the enlightened races. It was a high and holy calling, and such they felt it. As the land drew nearer and nearer, they breathed a silent prayer for strength. The harbour was reached, and they landed. They had made arrangements to travel with a young trader to his home in the hills, it being a comparatively large village, where they hoped to find work.

Arriving safely at their destination, they accepted their guide's invitation to stay at his house as long as they liked; and finding that their presence seemed a pleasure to their kind host, they settled permanently in one part of his home, which was much larger than he required.

So time passed on, and Arthur Baker and his wife Minna prospered in their work. It was a lovely spot, though unhealthy, and the villagers were friendly enough, if the surrounding natives were fierce and cruel. A few Christians gathered weekly in a barn for Divine service, and before three years had passed, their congregation amounted to twenty.

One Sunday in October, the Bakers' host came to them with a troubled face, and looking anxiously at Minna, who was playing with her two-year-old baby, said,—

"I have such a heavy storage of goods just now, that I feel hardly safe from attacks; we must be prepared, especially as I fear my own men are scarcely to be trusted."

Arthur's heart throbbed wildly as he thought of his wife and child, but outwardly he looked calm as he answered,—

"We shall be all right, doubtless; I trust so, at least," he added in a lower tone.

The same night, a soft knock was heard at Arthur's door, and a voice cried,—

"Get your wife up, and make for the river; get off in the boats if possible, there is not a moment to lose."

In a few minutes they joined their friend, and stole noiselessly to where the boat had been moored. It was gone.

The two men looked blankly into each other's faces. Then the merchant said,—

"We must hide your wife and the child, and ourselves go back to keep the wretches occupied." And he led the way into a wood near, where, close by the water's edge, was a cave.

"Stay here, dearest Minna," whispered Mr. Baker lovingly. "God keep you both! Wait till we can get back to you."

Thus they left her, with the baby lying sleeping in her arms.

As with great caution they returned to the house, Arthur's friend said quietly,—

"I have nearly a ton of gunpowder under my room; so if they fire it, they will be rather surprised. I suppose you know that all my men have turned traitors, and joined the enemy. Ah, listen! I hear them. Run to the house, Baker; we must do our best, and that is the safest place."

They got in safely, and having secured doors and windows, waited till a terrible yell told them that the foe was upon them. Sheltering themselves behind the windows, they poured a heavy fire on the natives. But at last the door was broken in, and the two friends got out at a back way just in time, and hid themselves in a wood close by. Soon the smoke and flames, rising from the house, showed them it was doomed.

Suddenly there was a wilder yell, but above the uproar they heard a cry. It sounded like "*Arthur!*" The two friends looked at each other for a moment, then without a word dashed down to the river. Entering the cave, where they had left the two loved ones, they saw only the baby lying fast asleep on the ground, while Minna was nowhere to be seen. A dreadful thought dawned on Arthur, and he turned toward the house, to reach it in time—for what? Ah, indeed! He sees his home in the distance wrapped in flames, and his wife wildly trying to enter it. The next instant there was a roar, and he was flung heavily to the ground.

For weeks he lay unconscious, and when he at last awoke to life, it was but to learn that his wife had perished in the explosion. They could only conjecture that she had been terrified at being left alone, and seeing the burning house had imagined her husband in danger, and heedless of herself had sought him, only to meet her doom. Arthur never recovered the shock, and was obliged to give up his cherished work and return to England with his little son.

To the end of his days he will bear the impress of that terrible moment, which had made him witness his wife's death, whilst he was powerless to help her. Nothing but his faith in God saved him from insanity, and even now he cannot speak of the circumstances without crying like a little child.

SLATES.

By Andrew T. Sibbald.

THOSE who now run through Wales on their way to Ireland, should, unless their time be very limited indeed, turn aside from the iron pathway, and glance at the wonderful slate quarries up Nant Francon. They will be repaid for their trouble.

And if a circuitous coach-route be adopted, instead of the rail, there are Mr. Assheton Smith's quarries in the very bosom of Snowdonia, and Mrs. Oakley's quarries near the beautiful Ffestiniog. Plenty of slate in North Wales, if we will turn a little out of the highway to look for it ; but of all the quarries in the Principality—of all in the world, perhaps—the place of honour must be given to those which have Bangor for their shipping port, and which have poured such wealth into the coffers of the Penrhyns and the Pennants.

Penrhyn Castle, one of the best of all modern castles, built at a cost of a hundred thousand pounds, may be regarded as a slate trophy; its cost was defrayed by the fortunes of the quarry-owners, and it very properly contains rooms and furniture and ornaments of slate. It is alone worth a journey to North Wales, and a walk of seven miles from Bangor, and a day's heat or cold, or rain or snow, to see the pigmies at work high up Y Bron, "the pap," a name frequently given in Wales to rounded summits.

The excavation commences at a low level in the mountain ; but as the workings have been carried on for more than a hundred years, they now extend more than half a mile into its heart, and form a vast amphitheatre. It is an amphitheatre of terraces one above another, like the seats of the ancient Coliseum, but so vastly large as to eclipse them in every sense ; while the workmen appear like mere specks, so high and so wide-spreading are the workings.

The adoption of this terrace-like mode of working is due to the peculiar structure of slate. The slate is not merely separable into beds or layers, nearly horizontal, but it has innumerable lines of cleavage nearly vertical ; and these lines facilitate the separation of the blocks from the vertical face of the mountain. A trench is first worked into the side of the slate mountain, and when this has extended to such a distance that the rise of the mountain causes the height of the trench to be about forty feet, another trench is commenced at the top of the former, and then another and another, like a huge flight of steps up the side of the mountain. Meanwhile, the gradual widening of the lowermost trenches will be effected by detaching blocks of slate.

The upper part of the mountain being, of course, narrower than the base, it necessarily follows that the lowest trenches can be expanded farther and wider than the upper ; in fact, the lowest trenches have ceased altogether to be trenches at Y Bron, and have become vast semicircular cuttings.

No less than sixteen heights or terraces, each about forty feet above the one next below it, now exist ; and all sixteen are advancing simultaneously further and further into the heart of the mountain. As the quarry-men proceed, they will probably have to make other terraces still nearer the summit of the mountain.

Two thousand men are digging, and blasting, and levelling, some of them at a height from the ground equal to double the height of Saint Paul's Cathedral, and all working open to the light of day, instead of burrowing underground like miners. The blasting is extraordinary work, requiring no little firmness of nerve.

The men are suspended by ropes from the edge of an upright crag of the rock ; they drill holes into the vertical face of the slate ; they put the blasting charges into these holes ; they are hauled up again, and, when precautions have been made for obviating danger, the charges are fired, the blast takes place, and huge masses of slate become loosened. At the upper part of the quarry the slates are loose enough to be detached by crowbars ; but at greater depths the slate is more compact, and requires the aid of gunpowder for its disruption. So many are the perils at Y Bron, that accidental deaths are painfully numerous among the quarrymen.

There are parts at which the slate is interrupted by veins of intensely-hard basalt or greenstone, the presence of which is a sore trouble both to the proprietor and the workmen.

The men, the slates, the tools, and the working tackle are raised and lowered from one terrace to another by means of inclined planes. A drum and a brake-wheel are placed at the top of each inclined plane, and by dexterous management, trucks are raised and lowered with great facility. The men not only blast the compact recesses, and split the loose blocks with wedges, but also separate these blocks again into slabs, then slates. They then square and trim them. On most of the terraces there are sheds or workshops in which these subsidiary operations are carried on. The very hard blocks are cut with saws into slabs, while the looser kinds are split into roofing-slates, by means of long, wedge-shaped pieces of iron.

But the quarries themselves are only one part of this great Penrhyn property—one end of a commercial chain. We have said that the valley on the side of which this slate mountain is situated is called Nant Francon.

The quarries are called by the Welsh name of Dolawen, or the still more Welsh name of Braich-y-Cavn ; or Penrhyn, after the name of the first worker ; or Bangor, after the name of the shipping port : but it matters little what we call them, provided we bear in mind that the mountain which yields the slate is Y Bron.

Lord Penrhyn is said to have spent nearly two hundred thousand pounds on the means of transport to the ships ; and a most wise expenditure of capital it was. The railway glides between Bangor town and Penrhyn Park, carrying its long train of little trucks down to the docks and quays at the northern end of the Menai Straits. These quays are excellently arranged ; nothing can better aid the slates in setting off on their travels all over the world. The ships draw close up to the quays ; the railway runs along the quays ; and the transfer from the trucks to the ships is made easily and rapidly.

The quays, running a thousand feet out into the sea, are laden with slates in countless number ; slates in block, and slates in slabs, and slates in slices ; slates little and slates big ; slates for builders and slates for schoolboys ; slates for home and slates for abroad.

As to the extent and value of these quarries and shipments, we are afraid to say how great are the estimates sometimes made. We have been told of three thousand men and boys employed at the works; of eleven thousand persons supported by the wages thus received; of eighty thousand pounds a year expended in working the quarries, and yearly profits much larger than this ; but unless we could tell more accurately, it will be better to keep clear of such big, high-sounding numbers as these.

Despite what we might expect to the contrary, slates are the most lady-like of all mineral substances. What other can boast of queens, and duchesses, and countesses, and ladies—to say nothing of imperials? The slaters tell us that a queen is three feet long by two feet wide ; that a duchess is two feet long by one in width ; that a countess is twenty inches long by ten wide ; and that a lady, a simple lady, is sixteen inches long by eight in width. All this is very peer-like and heraldic ; the four kinds take rank according to their dignity in the peerage.

True, a queen would be a very Queen Dollalolla, who should be half as broad as she is long, like these duchesses, countesses, and ladies ; but the slate-queen presents a still more ample ratio in width. All these ladies, however—like the clown who has been crushed under an enormous weight on the stage—are remarkably thin from front to back—regular flats, in short.

And then these ladies are subjected to square measure ; for we find that a hundred and seventy-six countesses will only cover as much square space as a hundred and twenty-seven duchesses, while it requires no less than two hundred and eighty simple ladies to cover an equal space. We thus see how it is that the dignity of peeresses varies as the square of their dimensions—a law which Mr. Debrett and Mr. Burke would never have discovered.

The greater dignity of a duchess is further shown by this fact, that a smaller number of copper nails is required to fasten down a hundred square feet of duchesses than a similar area of peeresses of lower degree—only two hundred and fifty-four ; whereas three hundred and fifty-two are needed for countesses, and two hundred and eighty for ladies. All alike, however — duchesses, countesses, and ladies—are destined to be fastened down with two nails each.

The slates used for writing do not differ in any considerable degree from roofing-slates ; but the quality is a little finer in the first instance, and the surfaces receive a careful grinding and smoothing in addition. The kind of slate used for pencils is much softer; it contains a little carbon, which lessens its stony character, and so increases its marking or tracing action. The pencils called Dutch are formed of harder slate than the others, and are fashioned into cylindrical pieces for schoolboy use.

CHAPTERS FROM NATURE'S STORY-BOOK.

By Professor Haddon.

Fig. 1.

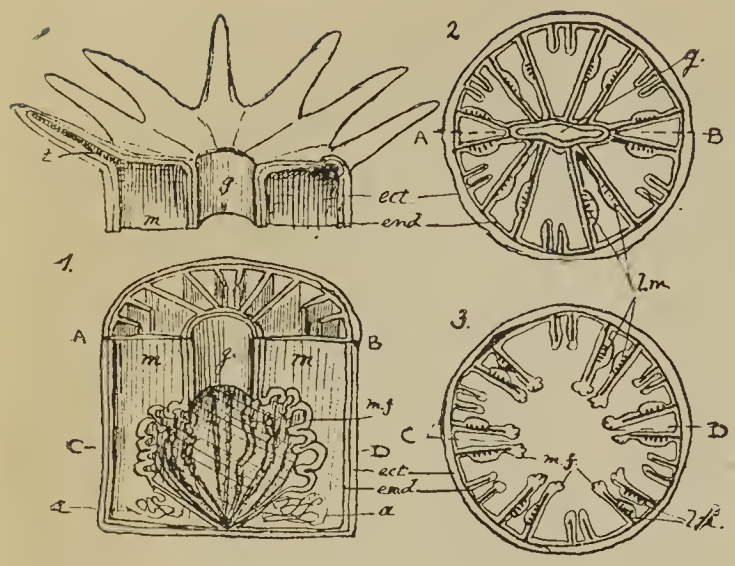


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

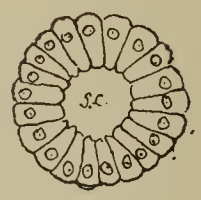


Fig. 4.

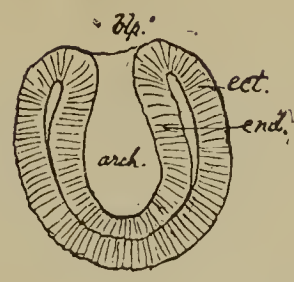


Fig. 5.

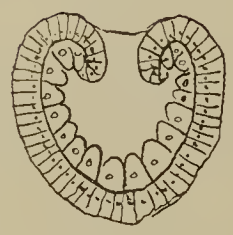


Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.

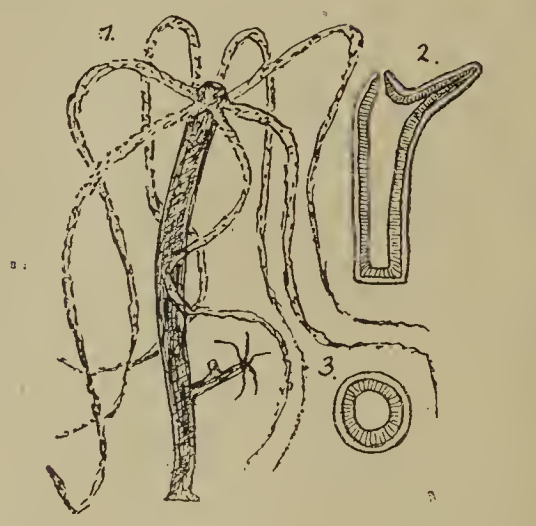


Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.

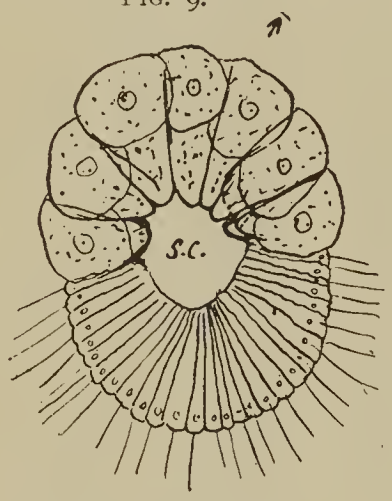


Fig. 10.

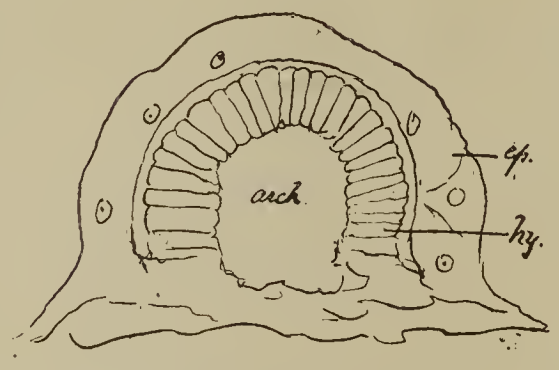


Fig. 11.

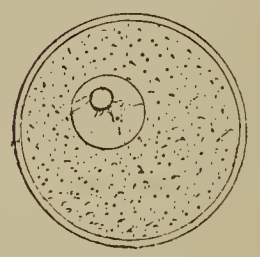


Fig. 12.



Fig. 13.

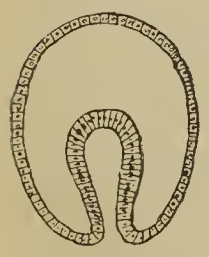


Fig. 1. *Sea-Anemone of the family Sagartidæ.* 1, *Vertical section through the axial line, i.e., through the lines A B and C D in* 2 *and* 3. 2 *and* 3, *transverse sections through A B and C D of* 1. *a., Acontia, or threads containing poison stings; ect., Ectoderm, or outer layer of skin; end., Endoderm, or inner layer of skin. The black line between the ectoderm and endoderm, and which is continued into the mesenteries in* 2 *and* 3, *is the middle layer or Mesoderm. g., Gullet; notice this is lined with ectoderm; l. m., Longitudinal muscles of the mesenteries; m., surface of radial mesenteries; m. f., mesenterial filaments* (*Craspedia*) *or thickened edges of the mesenteries. Fig.* 2. *Egg of Actinia. Fig.* 3. *Blastula of Actinia; s. c., Segmentation Cavity. Fig.* 4. *Gastrula of Actinia; arch., Primitive stomach or Archenteron; blp., Primitive mouth or blastopore; ect., Ectoderm; end., Endoderm. Fig.* 5. *Late Gastrula of Actinia, showing formation of Gullet* (*after Jourdan*). *Fig.* 6. *Transverse section through early embryo of Actinia, illustrating the development of the mesenteries. Fig.* 7. *Diagrams of Fresh-water Polyp.* (*Hydra*): 1, *Hydra enlarged to about six times its length, with a fully-formed bud bearing another bud;* 2, *diagrammatic longitudinal section;* 3, *transverse section. The ectoderm is left blank, the endoderm is shaded. Fig.* 8. *Egg of a Sponge with chalky needles* (*Grantia*). *Fig.* 9. *Blastula of Grantia; S. C., Segmentation Cavity. Fig.* 10. *Gastrula of Grantia, which has become fixed by its blastopore. arch., Archenteron: ep., Epiblast or Ectoderm; hy., Hypoblast or Endoderm. Fig.* 11. *Egg of Starfish* (*Asterias*). *Fig.* 12. *Blastula of Starfish; Fig.* 13. *Gastrula of Starfish.*

CHAPTER II.

SEA-FLOWERS.

USUALLY where rocks occur along our shores, sea-anemones will be found nestling in the crannies, lining the rock pools, and often hanging mouth downwards from some overhanging ledge. These sea-flowers are painted in many hues, the predominating colours being reds, browns, orange-ochre, green, greys, and white; as a rule, purples and blues rarely occur.

Most of those with subdued colouring are pencilled with delicate shades of browns, greys, and greens, and afford never-ending delight to those who can appreciate the more neutral colours.

At one time the sea-anemones were held to be veritable plants; but even the most sceptical observer would not hesitate to regard them as animals, after noticing their sensitiveness to light and touch, their power of rapid contraction, and the intelligent manner in which they catch food, and convey it to their mouths by means of their tentacles.

We will now endeavour to gain some idea as to what a sea-anemone really is, as it is in many respects a very interesting though lowly animal. Any common form will serve us as an example. The animal is attached by a flat base to some firm object, but very few sea-anemones are actually fixed, as many slowly creep about, seeking a more convenient spot to live in, and a few worm-like forms burrow in the sand.

The body is usually extended like a small column, this especially occurring in the dark, but, on the other hand, the body can be contracted so as to look like a button stuck on a rock. The upper end of the column is fringed with tentacles; sometimes there is only a single row of them, but usually they are ranged several rows deep, so that a very large number may be present. These tentacles are arranged so as to form the border of a round disc, in the centre of which is situated the mouth.

The mouth is usually oval or slit-like, but sometimes it is round. The tentacle opposite to each end of the mouth, and that portion of the disc between that tentacle and the corners of the mouth, are occasionally differently coloured from the neighbouring regions.

Thus, externally, a middle line can often be discovered by which the body can be divided into two equal parts. This line is called the *axial line*, and the special tentacles the *axial tentacles*. The body of the sea-anemone may be smooth, or warty, and in some instances it is perforated by distinct loop-holes.

This is about all that we can discover by an external inspection. If we wish to learn more about our sea-anemone we must dissect it. In the accompanying figure the

anatomy of a simple sea-anemone is shown in a diagrammatic manner. The animal is supposed to have been cut in two along the axial line, from the top to the bottom, and again the upper portion is cut horizontally. We then find that the mouth is merely the open end of a short tube—the gullet, which hangs down into the central cavity of the body. Between the gullet and the wall of the body are a number of pairs of fleshy plates or mesenteries, some long and reaching up to the gullet, others much shorter.

Below the gullet, the free edges of the mesenteries are thickened, to form what is known as the mesenterial filament. The figure represents a member of a family of sea-anemones which possesses a long coiled thread on each mesentery. This thread is provided with poison-stings, and can be shot out through loop-holes in the wall of the body, or through the animal's mouth.

In this family only six pairs of mesenteries reach the gullet. In an older specimen than that figured, there might be a large number of pairs of short mesenteries of various length.

Those sea-anemones which possess these long threads were named *Sagartidæ* by Mr. Gosse, for the following somewhat fanciful reason :—Herodotus says, in the army of Xerxes "there was a certain race called Sagartians, and the mode of fighting practised by these men was as follows : when they engaged an enemy, they threw out a rope with a noose at the end ; whatever anyone caught, whether horse or man, he dragged towards himself, and those that were entangled in the coils were speedily put to death." When irritated, the Sagarts, as we will call these sea-anemones, eject their threads in profusion, and by means of the stings with which these are crowded, they poison and paralyse their enemies.

In the figure of the common sea-anemone (page 452) it will be noticed that there is a row of bead-like swellings below the tentacles ; these are blue in colour, although the sea-anemone itself may be red, buff, or green. The beads are closely packed with poison stings, similar to those which are found on the threads of a Sagart. The beads are thus the weapons of the common sea-anemone.

A German naturalist once witnessed a wonderful duel between a sagart and a common sea-anemone. It happened that they accidentally met when on their travels. The beads of the latter, on the side nearest to the sagart, swelled out to a large size, and were used to attack the other almost like boxing gloves. The sagart, however, had the advantage, for it threw out thread after thread upon its foe, and as these threads were several inches in length, they coiled all over its body. It was not long before each had had enough of fighting, and they slowly separated, smarting under their injuries.

Having mastered the general structure of a sea-anemone, we will now endeavour to learn something about its development. Like all other complex animals or metazoa, the sea-anemone lays eggs. Each egg, or ovum, is a small spherical mass of protoplasm, containing a large central clear space, or nucleus. Any distinct mass of protoplasm containing a nucleus is termed a "cell." When development commences, the ovum divides in half, each half being similar to the egg as it was before division ; each new cell again divides into two, so that there are four cells, and so the process of cell division continues, until a small sphere of cells is produced, which is known as a "blastula" or "blastosphere." The central cavity of the blastula, as it results from the segmentation, or division of the ovum, is termed the "segmentation cavity."

Shortly after the completion of the blastula stage, one pole of the blastula is pushed in or invaginated, so as to obliterate the segmentation cavity. Thus a two-layered embryo is formed, which is called a "Gastrula." The outer layer, or "ectoderm," forms the protective covering or skin of the future animal, and the inner layer, or "endoderm," lines the primitive stomach, and serves to digest the food. The central cavity, or stomach of the embryo, is called the "archenteron," and its mouth is the "blastopore." It is not very difficult to learn these technical names, and when one is studying any subject precisely, it is very important to employ terms which have a definite signification, as it saves using several descriptive words, and at the same time prevents misapprehension. I therefore offer no excuse in here using the exact terms which are recognised by all scientific men. The wise John Ray said nearly two hundred years ago :—

"Much might be done would we but endeavour, and nothing is insuperable to pains and patience. I know that a new study, at first, seems very vast, intricate, and difficult ; but after a little resolution and progress — after a man becomes a little acquainted, as I may so say, with it, his understanding is wonderfully cleared up and enlarged, the difficulties vanish, and the thing grows easy and familiar."

FIG. 14. FIG. 15. FIG. 16. FIG. 17. FIG. 18. FIG. 19.

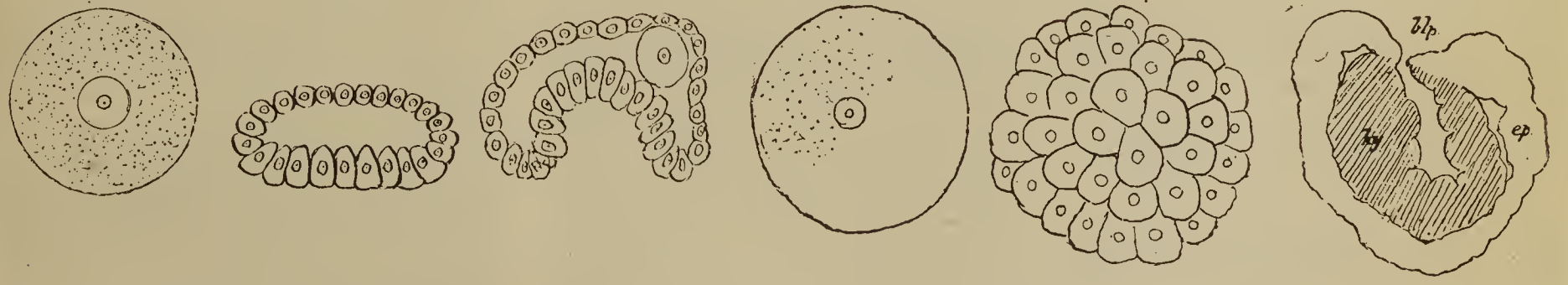


FIG. 20. FIG. 21. FIG. 22. FIG. 23.

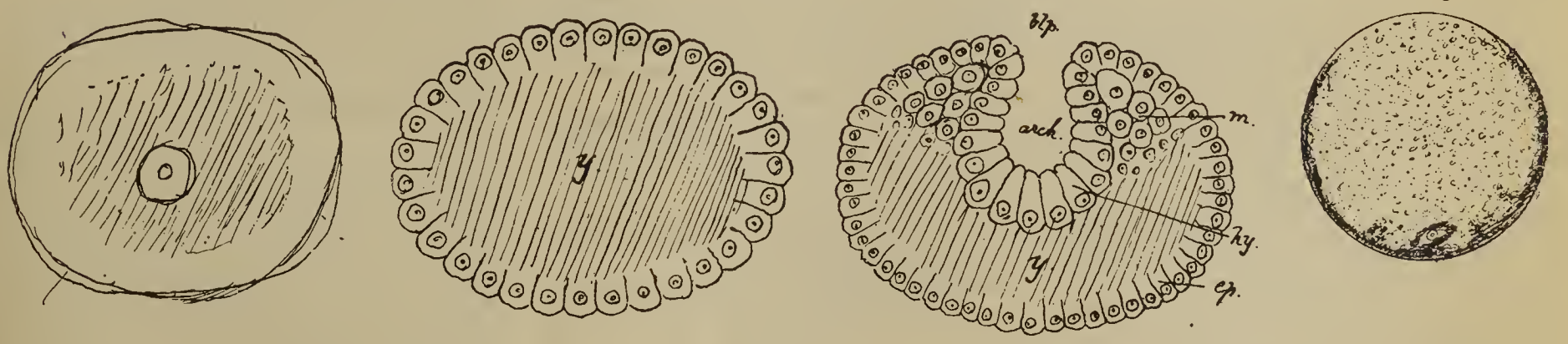
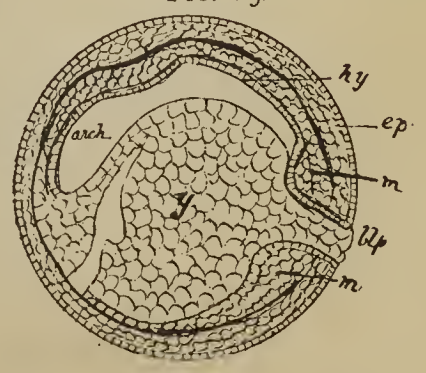


Fig. 14. *Egg of the Common Earthworm* (*Lumbricus agricola*).
Fig. 15. *Blastula of Earthworm.* *Fig.* 16. *Gastrula of Earthworm.*
Fig. 17. *Egg of Sea Slug* (*Fiona nobilis*).
Fig. 18. *Blastula of Fiona. This is an external view, not a section.*
Fig. 19. *Gastrula of Fiona ; blp., Blastopore ; ep., Epiblast ; hy., Hypoblast.*
Fig. 20. *Egg of Prawn* (*Penæus*).
Fig. 21. *Blastula of Penæus ; y., segmentation cavity filled up with yolk.*
Fig. 22. *Gastrula of Penæus ; arch., Archenteron ; blp., Blastopore ; ep., Epiblast ; hy., Hypoblast ; m., Middle layer of cells or mesoblast ; y., Yolk filling up segmentation cavity.*
Fig. 23. *Egg of Frog* (*Rana temporaria*).
Fig. 24. *Blastula of Frog ; s. c., Segmentation cavity.*
Fig. 25. *Gastrula of Frog ; arch., Archenteron ; blp., Blastopore ; ep., Epiblast, several cells thick in the frog ; hy., Hypoblast ; m., Mesoblast ; y., Yolk cells.*

FIG. 24.



FIG. 25.



To return to the embryo sea-anemone. The gastrula is clothed with very fine vibratile hairs, or cilia, by means of which it swims about. The gastrulæ of some sea-anemones swim away through the mouth of their parent, but in others they remain inside the central cavity until they are fully developed, though small sea-anemones.

The next change is for the blastopore to be pushed a little way within the central cavity ; the tube thus formed is the gullet, and its outer opening is the mouth of the sea-anemone. From this account it is quite evident that the gullet of sea-anemones is lined by the outer skin or ectoderm.

About the same time a pair of folds of the endoderm is formed, and this is the first appearance of the mesenteries. Later, other mesenteries are formed, but they always come in pairs. At the same time that the mesenteries are appearing, the tentacles sprout out from the hollow spaces between the mesenteries, so that the mesenteries separate the base of each tentacle from its fellow, as may be seen in Figs. 1, 2.

We may now take leave of the young sea-anemone, as the main difference between it and an adult chiefly consists in the greater number of mesenteries and tentacles in the latter, and in a further development of some of its organs.

Simple as the sea-anemones are in structure, the hydroids, which were mentioned in the last chapter, are still more simple. It will be remembered that they were described as being tubular animals, with a mouth at one end surrounded by a circle of tentacles.

The marine hydroids are usually compound, a number being joined together to form tree-like colonies. But there may be found in nearly every pond or ditch a fresh water hydroid, or polyp, known as the hydra. The most common form is of a bright green colour ; but a brown kind is not infrequently found. Here is a sketch of the living animal, and by its side will be seen a very diagrammatic longitudinal section through the animal, and also a transverse section.

From these you will readily be able to understand its structure ; and you will hardly require to be told that the outer layer of the body is equivalent to the ectoderm of the sea-anemone, and the inner layer to its endoderm.

I want you now to compare the gastrula of the sea-anemone with the diagram of the adult hydra. They are identical, the only difference being that the hydra has tentacles. Simple as the adult is, the sea-anemone passes through a stage which is permanently represented by the adult hydroid.

Let us go a step farther back, and note that the hydroids also pass through a blastula stage ; but there is no known animal which, in its fully grown condition, has the structure of a simple hollow ball.

The blastula in both cases arose by the segmentation of an ovum, or egg. But an egg is a simple cell ; so the hydroid and sea-anemone are developed by cell division from a single cell.

In our last chapter, we found that zoologists divide the animal kingdom into the unicellular animals, or protozoa, and into multicellular animals, or metazoa. We have just seen that some of the simple metazoa arise from a unicellular condition. We are then justified in regarding an ovum as representing the protozoon ancestor of the metazoa.

All those who have carefully studied the development of animals, have recognised that they pass through numerous stages in their development, which bear a very close resemblance, in the main, to certain animals lower in the zoological scale ; that is, to animals which are not so highly organised as themselves. And as it often happens that the stage which is passed through bears no direct relation to the adult condition, the development may thus, to a certain extent, be said to be slightly round about.

In some cases special organs may be developed which are useless to the embryo, and which disappear by the time the animal is born. For instance, the embryo of the whalebone-whale has teeth which never cut the gums, the adult having no teeth at all. An early embryo bird, or mammal, has several slits in its throat, which afterwards disappear. These are perfectly useless to the embryo.

We explain the presence of teeth in the fœtal whale, by saying that the whales were descended from ancestors which had true biting teeth ; but owing to the habits of their descendants, the teeth, not being required, were gradually lost. Thus the embryo repeats the ancestral feature of possessing teeth. A similar explanation applies to the perforations in the neck. The ancestors of birds and mammals are assumed to have had slits in their throats, which were useful to them, but which subsequently became useless, and so disappeared.

Everybody knows that fishes have gills separated by gill-slits, which perforate the throat. Although the gill-slits are alone present in the neck of the embryos of birds and mammals, we may conclude that the ancestors of birds and mammals once lived in the water, and breathed by means of gills; in fact, that they were fishes.

We shall, however, return to this subject again in a later chapter. The chief result of the study of the development—or, as it is often called, the "embryology,"—of animals, is the discovery of the fact that each animal repeats in a manner, in its own development, the history of the race ; and thus it is possible, within certain limits, to recover, so to speak, the ancestors of living forms which lived in long bygone geological ages.

The accompanying figures illustrate that such diverse animals as a sponge, sea-anemone, starfish, worm, sea-slug, prawn, and frog, were at one time simple cells, or ova, which, by segmentation, developed into a sphere bounded by a single layer of cells ; and lastly, that the blastula stage was converted into the gastrula, this being the last stage which is common to all metazoa.

We now arrive at a great generalization in zoology. The protozoa represent the permanent adults of the unicellular stage in the development of the metazoa. They remained single cells, while the ancestors of the metazoa developed into complex animals, built up of innumerable cells.

The blastula stage in the development of metazoa is not known to be represented by any adult form now living. The nearest approach to it is the remarkable organism known as *Volvox ;* for though volvox is most generally regarded as a plant, a few zoologists claim it as an animal.

The gastrula stage is passed through by all the metazoa. The hydroids and sea-anemones—or, in other words, the cœlenterates—and also the sponges, never get beyond this stage. A hydroid is nothing more than a tentaculate gastrula ; a sea-anemone is somewhat more highly organised. All the higher metazoa diverge, after the gastrula stage, along different lines of development, according to the group to which they belong.

"THIRTY NOUNS" COMPETITION.

EXAMINER'S AWARD.

WE wish our readers could share the diversion this Competition has afforded, as showing the immense and amusing variety of subjects, with which these thirty nouns can be ingeniously interwoven.

We shall be able to gratify the competitors, by announcing in our next the successful Prize and Certificate Winners.

ENERGETIC!

PLUTARCH, who has been called the prince of story-tellers, gives us this peep at the building of the Parthenon :—

"When the Athenian people built the Parthenon, they set free the mules which had done the hardest work in drawing stones up to the Acropolis, and let them graze where they pleased, unmolested. It is said that one of them came of its own accord to where the works were going on, and used to walk up to the Acropolis with the beasts which were drawing up their loads, as if to encourage them, and show them the way. This mule was, by a decree of the people of Athens, maintained at the public expense for the rest of its life."

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

Anxious—Examination for Deacon's Orders. — It is not at all likely that any Bishop would ordain without *some* examination ; indeed, he may not, for the Ordinal requires that there should be an examination of the candidate previously to his being presented. But *what* the examination should be is in the hands of each Bishop. Most Bishops would also require a college course of some kind, either at a University or at a Theological College. Further information would be readily obtained on application to the Principal of either the St. Aidan's Theological College, Birkenhead ; or the St. Bede's College ; or that of St. John's, Highbury, London, N.

Socrates.—A popular edition of Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution," has just been published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, 11, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, in three volumes, price 1s. per volume.

Two good papers in which to advertise for any educational purpose are *Le Signal*, M. Reveillaud, 8, Rue Porte-Bue, Versailles, pres Paris; *L'Eglise Libre*, M. Leon Pilatte, Nice (Alpes Maritimes), France. Both these are recommended by M. Le Pasteur du Pontet de la Harpe, French Parsonage, Bayswater.

W. W.—We are pleased to reply to your query, "What has been the average circulation of 'A. 1.' since its birth?" Of course, if we followed the usual publisher's rules, this would be a profound secret ; but as we have every reason to be proud of its rapid growth since its birthday—only last Guy Fawkes day—we are glad to tell you that it has averaged not very far short of 40,000.

Bristol "Castle Green Working Boys' Club." We regret that, inadvertently, the subscription to this Club was stated, in a recent issue, to be one penny per week. The lads are only asked to pay one penny per *month*, and, if they are out of work and in needy circumstances, only half this small amount is expected.

A Lover of "A. 1."—We would suggest that you might very readily supplement your present income by type-writing or shorthand, in which case you would probably need about three or six months of earnest work to perfect yourself in either of these branches. In the present day there are very wide openings for secretaries who can write shorthand and work a type-writer. If you could acquire the knowledge of both, so much the better ; your value would be greater in any post where you might become engaged. Or, if a sedentary life would not suit your health, could you not obtain Hospital training with a view to becoming a nurse? There is no employment more womanly, or important, or responsible ; and where God has given a decided talent for sick-nursing, we strongly recommend that this opening should be embraced. You would find all information in reference to Hospitals, time of training, expense, etc., on page 99, vol. ii. of OUR OWN GAZETTE.

Kathleen.—Accept our sincere thanks for your hearty letter. We are glad to know that your brothers are amongst our enthusiastic subscribers, and are sure they will introduce "A.1." amongst their friends. If they could use any specimen copies (gratis), the Secretary (62, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.) would be happy to supply them.

Matherlees.—A gardener or coachman, on entering a sitting-room or study to speak to their master or mistress on business, would respectfully touch his forehead.

Gertrude.—Marriage under the circumstances you relate is undoubtedly legal, presuming, of course, that your father's present wife is not your own mother.

"THE EVERLASTING HILLS."

By John Calvert.

I LIKE to look on the hills of Scotland! I feel a kind of awe in standing near the base of some of them, and gazing at their lofty summits—sometimes hidden in clouds, sometimes clearly defined against the blue sky! I love to climb their rugged sides, to reach the highest point, and from thence to gaze away down upon the valley or lake that stretches out far below! It is inspiring to stand on a summer day so high above the world; to watch the white sails that glide so smoothly along the shining surface of the placid loch; to admire the varied colouring of the landscape—its rich clothing of foliage or stretches of purple heather; to gaze far away towards the horizon, where other hills close in the view, and seem to blend their dark blue outlines with the sky, or, on the other hand, to where the distant sea reflects the azure from above.

In the winter, how grand and majestic they appear in their rugged outlines. How cold and forbidding, too, when we find the path we climbed in the by-gone genial months now rendered inaccessible, and we can only admire them from the valley below, where we get a glimpse of the now snow-crowned summit, and hear the roar of the mountain torrent, as it makes its rapid descent amongst the rocks in which it has formed a channel.

As I have seen the hills under these varied aspects, one thought has presented itself to my mind, and has caused me to look upon them with somewhat mingled feelings. I have thought of the *unchangeableness* of these hills; of the fact that during the ages past they have stood just where they stand now; and that to the people of olden time, they presented the same view—the same alternate pictures of summer beauty and snow-clad grandeur; and while summer and winter remaineth, these monuments shall still endure; they shall stand there when the generations that now behold them shall have passed away.

And then my thoughts have risen from Nature up to Nature's God—from the contemplation of the unchanging hills, to meditate on Him who hath by His mighty power formed these mountains and hills (Ps. 65. 6). The earth may change, but He remaineth "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." My mind, a little ago, was saddened in thinking of the many changes that these hills have witnessed; of the many who have looked upon them in years gone by, who no more climb their winding paths; and that those who now live amongst them shall soon likewise pass away. But I have been reminded of a fact that causes my sadness to vanish. "The word of the Lord endureth for ever," and that unchanging word of Him who abideth "from everlasting to everlasting" (Ps. 90. 2), speaks of a better country, where there will be no more change. To those who trust in the Lord, there is the prospect of a home that cannot end, of friendships that must continue for ever, of a life that is everlasting. In that coming *eternity*, which is too long, too vast, to be measured by years, there will be no changes. The delights of "the Eden above" will not be marred by thoughts of the inhabitants growing old and passing away: "there shall be no more death" (Rev. 21. 4). God Himself shall dwell among His people, and His dominion shall be an everlasting dominion.

As we look on the "everlasting hills," let us, who trust in Him, think of the unchanging future. Meanwhile His word to us is: "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth, even for ever" (Ps. 125. 1, 2).

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL S.S. LESSON.

July 1st.

God's Covenant with Israel.—*Exod.* 24. 1–12.

Golden Text.—*Heb.* 8. 10.

BEFORE entering upon this lesson, reference must be made to previous lessons from Exodus, a year ago. Question scholars as to where we "then" left the children of Israel. *In front of Mount Sinai.* What happened on that mountain?

What is a covenant? "An agreement on certain terms; a compact." "A *covenant* is a mutual compact, as we now consider it, betwixt God and man; consisting of mercies, on God's part, made over to man, and of conditions, on man's part, required by God."—*Hammond.*

Other covenants mentioned in Bible. With Noah (Gen. 9. 12); of Sabbath (Exod. 31. 16); with Abraham (Gen. 17. 7); with David (2 Chron. 21. 7). Covenants made by men only: Joshua (24. 25); Jehoiada (2 Kings 11. 4); Zedekiah (Jer. 34. 8); Judas (Matt. 26. 15). Illustrate by Scottish Covenanters.

The Covenant Makers. *God, Moses.* No covenant possible without two parties. Moses the people's representative. *Their meeting-place*—Mount Sinai. (Opinion of scholars that verses 1 and 2 should be placed, in proper order of time, immediately before the words of the Book of the Covenant, chap. 20. 21.) All the people might have shared in the work, had they not been frightened (chap. 20. 19).

The Words of the Covenant. Get scholars to read the epitome of chapters 21.–23., placed as heading of each. "The Book of the Covenant appears to have been a practical application to daily life for legal and governmental purposes of the great moral principles of the ten commandments." These "words" afterwards written in a book, and regarded with special veneration.

The Covenant-Takers. "All the people" (ver. 3).
They were *unanimous.*
They promised obedience.
They dedicated or confirmed it with blood (Heb. 9. 18).
Moses built an altar. "Twelve pillars," typical of the twelve tribes. "Young men," because priesthood not yet appointed. Moses sprinkled the blood on himself—this time a representative of God—on the book (Heb. 9. 19), and the people. The import of the act very solemn. People are supposed to have said, "As the body of this victim is cloven asunder, as the blood of this animal is poured out, so let my body be divided, and my blood shed, if I prove unfaithful." "The blood of sacrifices was regarded as a substitute for their own blood" (Heb. 9. 22). God had done all His part, the people all theirs—so far, *a perfect covenant.*

The Covenant-Keepers. To accept the covenant was *easy;* now came the more difficult part, to *keep.* "Seventy of the elders"—representatives—were to go with Moses up the mount; directions for this given in verses 1, 2, but not put into practice till covenant was ratified with blood.

Covenant-keepers see visions (Exod. 3. 2; Isa. 6. 7).

Covenant-keepers see God. "From the level of every life there is a way up to the mount of God."

Covenant-keepers are nobles. To see God is to be ennobled.

Covenant-keepers have communion with God. Eat in His presence. Sacrifice followed by sacrificial meal. Hospitality a further sign of union.

Covenant-keepers are safe. "He laid not His hand."

The Covenant-Breakers (Rom. 1. 31). A glimpse forward. Did they keep this covenant? What did they suffer in consequence? Show how present state of Jews is an undeniable proof of the truth of this day's lesson. We, as well as Jews of old, so easily led astray. Sin brings the same consequences now.

Lesson must not close without reference to—

The New Covenant.

Its Author (Rom. 11. 26; Heb. 8. 6–13; 10. 16).
Its Conditions (Rom. 12. 1, 2).
Its Power (Heb. 13. 20, 21).

C. Skinner.

NOTES ON THE Y.M.C.A. BIBLE CLASS LESSON.

By the Rev. F. E. Marsh.

July 1st.

The Lost Piece of Silver.—*Luke* 15. 8–10.

I. *Loser of the Piece of Silver.* We may take the woman as representing God. We may lose a thing in many different ways—we may lose a thing through our own carelessness, or we may have it stolen from us; it is in the latter sense that God lost us. Satan and sin robbed God from us, as well as robbing us from God.

II. *Lost Piece of Silver.* 1. It was lost, so is the sinner. Lost in Adam; lost in sin; lost in self; lost in the world; and lost to God. Lost, like a man in a wilderness: lost, like a man without a character; lost, like a man under sentence of death; lost, like a ship without a rudder, being driven toward the fatal rocks; lost, like the wandering sheep; lost, like the prodigal in the far-off land; and lost, like the piece of silver—in the dust of sin and uncleanness. 2. It was a piece of silver, therefore precious. The sinner is precious and costly to God. We read this in the love of the Father, in the work of the Son, and in the labour of the Holy Spirit. 3. It was *one* piece of silver. One soul is precious to Christ. In John's Gospel we have Him again and again saving and blessing individual souls.

1. Nicodemus,	illustrating	Self-righteous one.
2. Woman of Samaria,	,,	Prejudiced one.
3. Nobleman's son,	,,	Diseased one.
4. Impotent man,	,,	Helpless one.
5. Woman taken in adultery,	,,	Unclean one.
6. Blind man,	,,	Blinded one.
7. Lazarus,	,,	Dead one.

III. *Lighted Candle.* What does this represent? The light of man's reason? No. The light of nature? No. The light of the law? No. The light of learning? No. What then? Paul tells us in 2 Corinthians 4. 3–6, it is the gospel. The candle would lead to two things—reveal the piece of silver in the dust, and so cause the woman to recover it. Even so does the gospel. It searches (Zeph. 1. 12) and causes conviction, as in the case of Saul of Tarsus, when the light shone around him. And it brings the light of the gospel and salvation (Luke 11. 36).

IV. *Sifting the Dust, or sweeping the House.* There are two sweepers spoken of in the Bible. 1. The sinner, who sweeps his house with the broom of reformation (Luke 11. 25). 2. God, who sweeps away our refuges of lies (Isa. 28. 17), that we may flee to the only Refuge of Safety. Or He sweeps the sinner with the besom of destruction in judgment (Isa. 14. 23). Here we see the Lord working by His Holy Spirit through the gospel; and whenever He begins to work, there is sure to be a dust. We see it on the day of Pentecost. What a dust, to be sure! but three thousand pieces of silver found. What a dust, when Stephen spoke before the council! They killed him, it is true, but Saul of Tarsus was converted. What a bright piece of silver he was! What a stir there is in the conscience when the Holy Spirit works! Sin is then seen in its right light. What a stir there is in the will and understanding! There is decision for Christ and thinking of Christ when the Spirit works.

V. *Labouring to find it.* She seeks till she finds. There are three seekers spoken of in the Word. Satan, who seeks to devour (1 Pet. 5. 8); the awakened sinner, who, like Zacchæus, seeks to see Jesus (Luke 19. 3); and the Saviour, who seeks the lost (Luke 19. 10). Here the woman represents the Church seeking by the Holy Spirit, through the Gospel, lost souls.

VI. *The Likewise of Joy.* There are at least seven parties who rejoice at the repenting of a soul. 1. The Father (Zeph. 3. 17); 2. The Son (Luke 15. 6); 3. The Holy Spirit (Luke 15. 9); 4. The angels (Luke 15. 7); 5. Loved ones (Heb. 12. 23); 6. The Church (Acts 15. 3); 7. The one who repents.

What encouragement this parable gives to workers! for the one thought is, the children of God are associated with God in the salvation of souls.

WINETA; OR, THE BURIED VILLAGE.

By E. H. KNAPP.

THE vesper bell was ringing softly from the church in the little village of Wineta, which nestled peacefully on the shores of the river Rhine, under the shadow of the beautiful snow-capped mountains, calling all from far or near to worship within the ancient walls at Evensong.

The white-haired Curé stood at the door, smiling benignly on the young and old who flocked up the narrow, well-worn path; but specially kind was his greeting to a tall, handsome mountaineer, whose raven locks and bright, dark eye bespoke youth and energy, as he passed by with the prettiest girl in Wineta, Adye, the orphan grandchild of Mère Richaud. She and the girl had but lately come to live there, having left their sunny home in France on the death of Adye's father, whose early days had been passed in the quaint little village of Wineta. For his sake, Mère Richaud and her little grandchild were warmly welcomed by the people, and when handsome Carl stole away the heart of the sweet young French girl, every one wished him well with all sincerity; and on this summer evening, the whole village had gathered to the church, to witness the marriage of the happy pair.

The Curé had known Carl since he was a tiny, toddling boy, and Adye had won his heart by the touching care with which she had nursed her grandmother through a most dangerous illness, consequent on the excitement of the long journey from her native home. Now she was nearly well again, though not quite strong enough to witness the ceremony. Carl and Adye were so well known and beloved, that the little church was full of spectators.

The service began, the solemn words of marriage were said, and Adye and Carl were man and wife.

Adye looked very pale as she walked down the aisle by Carl's side; the sweet face, which but half an hour ago had smiled so brightly, was now overcast, and the tears nearly found their way into her eyes. You ask why? Ah! Adye was superstitious; and as she knelt before the flower-wreathed altar, trying to collect her thoughts and join in the words of prayer, she heard the clang of the bells, endlessly, distractingly; and they seemed to run in rhyme to words which would come to her mind, though she tried to drive them away,—

> "Ever here, hearts must sever;
> Life is only perfect there."

It was only a verse from a little song she had learnt long ago. Why should it come to her remembrance now? With Carl's loving hand clasping hers, why should—"Hearts must sever, ever here," keep on repeating in her mind?

"Adye! Adye! speak to me, my dearest. Why those tears, sweet one? Carissima!"

Carl's cheerful voice and gentle words reassured her; and it needed not much to draw out the story of her fears. It needed not much to charm them away, too, for the present, as they wandered down the mountain path towards the river, talking of the happy days to come.

Softly the sun sank to rest behind the great mountains, brightly it glimmered on the sparkling waters; and Carl and Adye, tempted by the exquisite beauty of the evening, rowed out into the sunset glow, far away, drifting down with the turn of the tide, rocked by the murmuring lullaby of the waves, forgetful of all else save themselves, and the life which was now so doubly, trebly blessed for them.

On they floated, until the freshening breeze and the deepening shadows awoke Carl to the fact that they had long since left the peaceful little village of Wineta behind them.

"Adye, we have drifted far down with the tide; we must turn homewards."

"And grandmother! Oh, how selfish I have been, Carl! Only think, grandmother will be quite anxious, watching for us."

"Hearts must sever, hearts must sever," rang again in Adye's ears.

She was sitting alone now, while Carl rowed. Hard work it was, too, for the wind and tide were dead against them; and with his loving voice silent, Adye's unwelcome thoughts returned.

She pictured to herself the pretty church, the dear, kind Curé, and the words he had that evening spoken. "For evermore, Carl and Adye; begun on earth, to be finished in heaven. Strive for the perfect love, of which yours is but a type. God's best blessing be on you now and ever, my children."

Vague yearnings were in her mind, and she thought how she would ask him, her good, kind friend, to teach her.

"Adye, art frightened?" Carl's voice sounded reproachful. "Little one, I am so sorry I have led you into mischief; we cannot get back till morning. Art frightened?"

"Not with you, Carl; never with you."

The moon rose clear and full, and shone down on the two young things, rocking alone on the rippling waters.

The motion of the boat, and the strangeness of the adventure, kept Adye awake; while Carl—every nerve strained and intent on protecting her—had no thought of sleep.

A deep, rumbling sound startled them as they were talking quietly.

"Carl, Carl, what is it?" cried the trembling girl, clinging to him.

Again the sullen reverberation, and the dull, continuous sound fell on their ears. Carl pressed her closer to him, while they listened in breathless silence. Minutes passed away, and no more was heard.

"It must have been an avalanche, Adye," said Carl at last. "Pray God, no one was killed."

Often some hapless village was swallowed up by avalanches, as they knew; but Wineta was protected from such dangers, and none of the villagers remembered one happening there. How long that night seemed! But at last the sun rose, and Carl sent the boat skimming along in the direction of home.

Merrily did he and Adye laugh over the thought of the surprise their adventure would occasion.

"The grandmother will fear to trust me again," said Carl, "if this is a proof of how I am going to watch over her sweet floweret, her Edelweiss, as she calls her."

"'Oh, Carl, Carl, naughty Carl,' the dear grandmother will say," laughed Adye; "but I am truly glad we are nearly home now."

"Hearts must sever, ever here," rang at this moment in Adye's ears.

She started. Could she have heard a voice speaking? But no; Carl was humming cheerfully to himself as he rowed, and all was bright and charming.

The point was reached; five minutes more, and then, and then,—ah, me!

"Carl! Carl!" almost shrieked Adye, "see, where is the village? Where is Wineta—the church, the houses, the people?"

But Carl was petrified; he could not speak.

There, where the pretty village had been, nestling under the lofty mountains, was space. It had entirely disappeared.

The giant, rugged rocks were there; the silent, majestic mountains were there; the waters still rippled as of yore; but Wineta had gone.

"God help us, my Adye! we are all that are left now."

But Adye heard not; unconscious she lay; the shock had been too much.

Carl rowed quickly to the next village, and told his tale. The people laughed at him; but they soon found out the truth. The village of Wineta was hidden under the depths of those calm, sinking waters. A fearful landslip? an avalanche? No one knew.

For weeks Adye lay in a trance, till one evening, when again the vesper bell was ringing. She stirred then, and said faintly, "Hark! 'Hearts must sever.'"

A warm arm encircled her, a loving voice whispered: "Adye, my own, come back to me; my heart is still waiting for you. We are spared. Oh, listen to me, my sweet one."

The pleading voice and the loving, earnest face roused her, and she smiled. The tide had turned, and Adye came back from the shores of the Unknown Land—back to life and love, to be the same Adye as of old.

The folks say, and Adye too, that sometimes when they are floating down the river, under the shadow of the mountains, where Wineta once stood, they can hear the vesper bells ringing softly under the waters, and see the spire of the little church glistening beneath the deep blue waves.

And Adye says the bells tell her a new story now of—

> "Hearts once severed
> Meeting there."

[This story is founded on an old legend of a village called Wineta, which disappeared quite suddenly in the night, no one knew how.]



"Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her e'e,
As the stillness that lay on the emeraut lee,
Or the mist that sleeps on the waveless sea."—JAMES HOGG.

"A.1."

THAT HOUSE IN LONDON.

By L. T. Meade,
Author of "Scamp and I," "A Knight of To-day," "Great St. Benedict's," "The O'Donnells of Inchfawn," "Water Gipsies," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IT so happened that Kate, when helping to put her things together for her contemplated journey, suddenly remembered a curious old vinaigrette of chased silver, which she had seen in Mrs. Alexis's chamber on one of the nights when she had occupied it. She was terribly subject to sensations of great faintness lately, and it occurred to her that she would have the little old vinaigrette filled to put into her travelling-bag.

She tripped across the landing, and opened the oak-painted door. She came in, singing a soft, sweet, happy song under her breath; she saw Alexis, and suddenly stood still, as if transfixed, pressing her hand to her heart, almost unable to move.

She had a curious prevision of coming trouble, her gaiety was spoilt, her high spirits flew away. What was the meaning of the presence of this stranger, who looked so ill, in this chamber? Who was this stranger?



"'I wouldn't tell a lie,' he said, facing round and confronting Mrs. Graham."



"'Surely you ought to know that best, Mr. Martin.'"

"I seem to know your face," she said at last, in a gentle tone. "I think that we have met before."

Alexis was lying back in his chair, with his eyes closed. He heard the door being opened, but thinking it was Betty, did not look round. Perhaps, even had he known who it was who had entered his chamber, he would scarcely, at that moment, have troubled himself to rise to receive her.

Betty's news had not rendered him unconscious—she had taken too good care of his physical health for that—but it had brought on a numbness of spirit, an apathy, which, although at any moment it could be fired to passion, at present rendered him nerveless and indifferent to every creature under the sun.

Mrs. Graham came into the room and stood before him. This sick and ghastly face was not unfamiliar to her. She had seen it before, somewhere—perhaps in a dream.

To discover who Alexis really was, was her first thought, coming before even the wonder of why a sick man, a stranger to her, should be occupying a bedroom in her house.

"I have seen you before; tell me your name," she repeated.

Then Alexis raised his dull eyes, and said two words laconically,—"Jonas Alexis."

Mrs. Graham no longer said, as she had so frequently done already,—"I have seen you before."

A queer and terrible trembling began to seize her. She put her hand on the back of the nearest chair to steady herself, and gazed hard at the man before her.

"You are Mrs. Alexis's son?" she asked, when her voice, which suddenly seemed to grow stiff, and to come to her with an effort, would allow her to speak: "You are Mrs. Alexis's son?"

"I am."

"I thought you were dead," repeated Kate. "I thought you were dead for many, many years."

Jonas raised himself slightly. He did not rise from his seat, nor offer the smallest attempt at courtesy.

"Others thought me dead, too," he said. "They were mistaken. Who are you?"

"I am Mrs. Graham, the mistress of this house."

"Ah, Mrs. Graham. Will you do me a favour?"

"If in my power."

"Then leave this room. I cannot, I will not speak to you."

Just at this moment Betty came in.

"Oh, my poor dear," she began. Then she saw Kate, and her old face went white.

"Ah," she said, "I didn't mean the blow to come so soon—not quite so soon; not till she was a bit stronger. Well, it's the will of the Almighty God."

Kate had felt no sensation of anger towards the sick man; but when she saw Betty, the idea for the first time occurred to her that some one had been taking an unwarrantable liberty. Her anger did her good, and steadied her nerves. She went up to Mrs. Carew, and laid her hand on the old woman's shoulder.

"This gentleman tells me that he is the son of Mrs. Alexis. What right had you to smuggle him into this room, and keep him in illness—for I see he has been ill—without letting me know? Why should I not have had the privilege of doing all in my power for the son of Mrs. Alexis? It looks bad, Betty, and you have done me an ill turn."

"You had better leave him alone now, ma'am," replied Betty, in quite a gentle voice. "He is weak, and you are weak, and you can't come to no explaining of matters now. Leave him, ma'am; he's very low. He has got a blow, poor dear; and he isn't, rightly speaking, fit to converse with a gentle lady like yourself. Leave him now, ma'am, and come and see him again to-morrow, if you will. You'd like to see Mrs. Graham again to-morrow, wouldn't you, Mr. Jonas?"

"I want never to see her—to-morrow or any other day," replied Jonas in a stifled voice.

"And I am going away to-morrow," said Kate. "I am not well, and I want change, so I am going to join my husband."

"Ah, where be he?" said Betty, her tone suddenly becoming cautious.

Kate answered gently, "I am not able to tell you. My husband is engaged on very important business in connection with his firm. Now if Mr. Alexis would really rather I did not stay, I will leave him, for I have much to do; but, later on, I must see you, Betty, for I must find out why this gentleman is here; in short, I must know all about him."

Betty's queer little deep-set eyes began to twinkle.

"I wouldn't," she began. "You're but weak still." Her cautious speech, however, went no farther. Alexis suddenly sprang to his feet. The passion which was smouldering within him had leapt into fire.

"I wouldn't tell a lie," he said, facing round and confronting Mrs. Graham, with his blanched and cadaverous face; "I wouldn't stand there, looking like a beautiful woman, and all the same saying words which turn you into a fiend. You know why Kenneth Graham has gone away; you know as well as I do, and better, that he has gone on no business for his firm; he has gone because he saw me here, and he was afraid."

"Come away, my dear," said Betty, going up and laying her hand on the young wife's arm. "She's but weakly yet, Mr. Jonas; it's cruel of you to deal a blow at her while she's weak."

"I am not weak," said Kate, "not in that sense. Mr. Alexis has said words which he must explain. You can go, or you can stay, Betty, but I have to hear what Mr. Alexis means. He has dared—dared—to throw doubts on my husband's honour—and to me! There is nothing left for it but to explain himself."

"I'd better bring in some beef-tea and brandy," muttered Betty, under her breath; "both one and t'other of them are sure to be off in a dead faint soon. Ah, poor young thing! I didn't know it was in me to feel so sorry for her; there's no mistake, but she's bonny and good, and I believe she's one of the Lord's chosen. Well, it's past belief why such a load should be laid upon her."

Betty left the room, and the strange pair who were together began to talk; in half an hour she came back, and peered anxiously at the face of the sick man, at the face of the listening woman. He was pouring out a long and impassioned tale, burning spots on each cheek, eyes feverishly bright.

"My word, but he's in for a relapse!" murmured Betty. Then she looked at the listener.

Not a word did Mrs. Graham speak; not a shade of colour tinged the purity of her smooth young face; but as the story went on, something else happened—lines came into the face, lines hollowing the eyes, and rendering the mouth tense and rigid.

Betty looked, and suddenly turning away, clasped her hands before her own eyes.

"Oh, merciful Lord!" she began to pray, "don't let him tell her any more, or she'll turn into an old woman before my eyes!"

The story, however, went on to its conclusion. Betty again left the room, unable to endure the sight of the wife's face, as she listened to the hideous narrative of her husband's dishonour. At last Alexis came to the final scene.

"I saw him!" he said, "I saw him! It was no dream, it was no fancy of my delirium; he came into this room when I was at my worst; he came into this room, up to my bedside. I saw him, and I cursed him, and he was frightened; I saw the coward in his eyes, and he crouched from me, and that was why he went away."

Then Alexis leant back in his chair, and taking out a handkerchief, began to wipe his brow.

"That is my story," he said; "what do you think of it? It is true,—true, as I am sitting here; you believe it, don't you?"

"No," said Kate; then—"I promised—I mean, I cannot believe it until I have it from his own lips. I am going to him, then I shall learn the truth; now I must leave you."

She felt quite strong. She rose slowly, and went, with a stately step, out of the chamber. Betty met her on the threshold.

"Mrs. Graham," she exclaimed impulsively, "I would give ten years out of my life that you had not heard this news to-day."

"It is not true, Betty," said Kate, in her gentle voice; "the poor fellow has been ill, and he imagines it all. I had to listen to him, and I feel so sorry for him; but you don't suppose I believe him?—not quite. I am going to my husband, and he will explain things to me; he partly prepared me for something of this kind. Oh no, you can't expect me to doubt my husband.

"But Betty, you must be very good to Mr. Alexis while I am away; let him want for nothing; I shall tell the servants who he is, and he must have every attention. It is strange how fully Mrs. Alexis believed he was dead."

"There was a letter that was wrote," said Betty; "nobody knows what was in it, but it was given to you, ma'am. It was mentioned in the will, and I was by when the will was read; maybe now has come the time to open that letter, Mrs. Graham."

"That is possible," said Kate; "but I was not to open it until my husband gave me permission. I will take it with me when I go away to-morrow."

She did not say any more to Betty, but walked quietly across the landing and entered her own room.

It was two hours since she had left it, and in those two hours she had grown into an old woman; she felt a stiffness, a want of elasticity about her; she dragged her limbs along as if they were devoid of spring.

"This is more than weakness," she murmured; "this must be how the very aged feel."

There was no one in her bedroom, and she went up to the looking-glass, and looked at her own face.

"I have been stunned in some way," she said to herself, "and I feel very old; but I don't believe a word of that story—not a word." Then she tried to smile, and found she couldn't, and went through her room into the dressing-room, which had been turned for the time into the baby's nursery.

The pretty room looked upset to-day; a large travelling trunk stood open upon the floor, and the baby's beautiful embroidered robes lay piled upon the bed. As the mother entered the room, the child heard her step. He was lying wide awake in his cot, and he gave a soft little coo of recognition and pleasure.

There was no one else in the room, and Kate went up to him, and took him in her arms and kissed him passionately. It seemed to her then—she always believed it afterwards—that the baby must have seen the change in her face; his wonderful deep-blue eyes looked earnestly into hers; he did not cry, nor moan, nor show the least alarm, but the eyes lost their heavenly unclouded expression, and grew wistful and sad.

"It is not true, baby," said Kate; "don't look troubled at mother's face, sweetest; you and mother both know perfectly that it simply can't be true."

When Mrs. Murray re-entered the room, Kate astonished her by saying in quite a brisk voice,—

"I believe it is quite possible, Mrs. Murray, for us to start to-night; I am most anxious to join my husband with as little delay as possible, and if we start to-night I can sleep all the way, and shall not be at all more tired than if we waited until the morning."

Mrs. Murray began to expostulate and argue, but she soon saw that Kate was not listening to her.

"How queer she looks!" muttered the nurse under her breath; "not weaker, oh no, but queer."

In the afternoon Kate went out. She had ordered the carriage, and desired the coachman to take her to the London and Westminster bank. Mrs. Murray did not accompany her on this drive; she was straining every nerve to get things in readiness for their journey that evening.

Kate reached the bank, and presented a cheque for a considerable amount to the cashier. He knew her well, and began asking her questions about herself and her husband.

"Will you have it in gold or notes, Mrs. Graham?" he asked, seeing that the cheque was for £500.

"Mostly in notes, please," said Kate. "I want a little gold, but notes will be easiest to carry. I am going to join my husband abroad; we may stay away for a little."

The cashier made no further remark, but made up some rolls of money and handed them to her. She stuffed them into her bag, and left the bank. When she reached home, Rose met her on the steps.

"If you please, ma'am," she said, "Mr. Martin is in the dining-room and would like to see you for a moment."

"I will go to him at once," answered her mistress; "bring tea to the drawing-room, Rose; Mr. Martin may like a cup before he leaves."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MR. MARTIN, a white-headed venerable-looking man, came gravely forward to meet Mrs. Graham as she entered the room. Hitherto, from the moment that Alexis had told her his story, she had felt stunned, but intensely quiet. Now a kind of excitement began to steal over her; her manner grew restless, her words came up rapidly, and as if she were not quite sure of them.

"How do you do, Mr. Martin? It is most kind of you to call and see me; but don't let me entertain you in this dull dining-room; come up to the drawing-room, and have tea with me."

"No, my dear young lady, I cannot do that. I hope you've recovered your strength, my dear; and how is your baby? A fine boy, ah, doubtless. All young mothers think their babies fine, eh, Mrs. Graham?"

Kate laughed quite merrily.

"And they are right," she said; "only my baby is the most beautiful that God ever gave to a thankful father and mother. Now, Mr. Martin, why must we stand by this dismal dining-room table, when the drawing-room is so cosy?"

"Too cosy for me, Mrs. Graham. The fact is, I cannot stay. I have just come to ask you a question—When may we expect Kenneth back at the office?"

Kate's face could scarcely grow any whiter, only her eyes grew a little dizzy, and she could not see quite clearly; still she answered boldly,—

"Surely you ought to know that best, Mr. Martin. My husband is away on your business."

Mr. Martin gazed straight at her. A torrent of eager words rose to his lips. He pressed them back, then said, slowly,—

"Graham told you he was away on our business?"

"Of course he did. He did not mention the nature of the business, he was too honourable, but he naturally spoke of the fact to me, his wife."

"Ah, he has been out of town over a fortnight, now."

"Yes, he has been away a long time."

Mr. Martin pushed his hands into his pockets, pursed up his lips, and again surveyed Mrs. Graham from head to foot very carefully.

"Graham is wanted in town," he said, then. "His special department is at a standstill. The last day he was with us he left some most important letters unsigned. His presence is immediately necessary, or I should not have troubled you. Can you oblige me with his address?"

Kate was instantly on the defensive.

"If he is away on your business, you must know his address," she said.

"I—ah—the fact is, I do *not* know, Mrs. Graham. You can draw your own conclusions."

"Then, if so, I cannot give it to you."

"My dear young lady, you scarcely know what you are saying. Not give me my own partner's address, when most vital matters connected with our firm are at issue? You surely do not quite realise what you are saying."

"He asked me not to mention it; that is sufficient."

"But he would have made an exception in my favour."

"Very likely; still, I have not his authority for disclosing it."

Mr. Martin's face became angry.

"Is that really your determination, Mrs. Graham?" he said; "think again. Is that your last and final determination?"

Kate looked back into the merchant's angry eyes, her own wide open, the pupils slightly distended, the colour very vivid.

"I can give you no other answer, Mr. Martin," she replied, gravely and sadly. "My husband told me to mention his address to no one; he made no exception, and I can make none."

"Indeed! Then it is impossible for me to spare your feelings. Your husband told you an untruth when he said he had gone away on the business of the firm. He has done no such thing. He left his business at a most awkward time, just when fresh money was urgently needed; in short, in short—but I need not trouble you with details. Sufficient for you that Graham has deceived you; he has gone away on his own private affairs, for no other reason. I, of course, can form no idea as to the motive which has induced him to court ruin, for his absence just now almost amounts to that; but you, doubtless, have the necessary clue."

"I have not."

"Mrs. Graham!"

"Pardon me, I will listen to no more; you malign my husband, and I am not bound to believe you. I will not believe you, and I won't listen to anything more you have got to say. When I see Mr. Graham, he will explain matters to me himself."

"When you see him? He is returning soon then?"

"I cannot tell you. I am going to him. I start to-night."

"You are? Thank God! Do you travel right through?"

"If necessary, I will."

"I am more than thankful. Will you take a letter from me to Graham? Bearing a letter to him divulges none of his secret."

"I will certainly take the letter. Will you write it here?"

"Thank you; I see a writing-case on that table. I will not keep you long."

"My time is at your disposal," said Kate.

She went over and stood on the hearthrug, pretending to warm herself at the fire. Her figure was held well up—her mien was haughty. Not for worlds would she let her husband's partner see that she was even distressed.

Mr. Martin, far too troubled and worried even to glance at her, bent his head over the paper, and began to write rapidly.

At that moment, however, there came an unexpected interruption. The room door was opened, and Alexis, leaning on Betty, came in.

"Ah," he said, "a handsome room. Suits the rest of the house." Then he paused, startled at finding that he was in the presence, not only of Mrs. Graham, but a stranger.

"You'll sit there, Master Jo," said Betty, pointing out the most comfortable arm-chair. "Dear heart, you're but shaky on your legs!"

Jonas sat down at once, trembling and shaking; Kate turned her eyes and looked at him.

"Would you like a screen?" she said, gently.

"No, thank you, nothing from you."

At this moment Mr. Martin, having finished his letter, folded it up and gave it to Kate.

"Pray deliver this to Graham the moment you see him. Tell him how inconvenient his absence is at the present moment, and how difficult I find it to discover a motive for his leaving home just now."

"Ah," said Jonas, suddenly raising himself, "but I can explain that."

"Don't," said Kate, suddenly holding out her hand, with a warning gesture. "I—I—Mrs. Carew, it is not good for him to speak, is it?"

At the look in Kate's eyes, Betty Carew ran forward and took her hand.

"No, my poor dear," she said. "Master Jonas, have pity."

But at that moment Jonas Alexis knew nothing of that quality.

"I have no reason to remain quiet," he said, speaking in a shrill weak voice of passion. "Graham left because he was afraid of me. I am the son of Mrs. Alexis—her only son—and he has disinherited me. Graham has gone because he feared me—gone, and his own conscience can alone tell him why."

Betty Carew held two hands of ice between her clasp. When the cruel voice ceased, Kate said quietly, "I will take care to deliver the letter, Mr. Martin. Good-night and good-bye."

"That woman is stricken to death," said the merchant, under his breath. "Why did the fellow speak out like that, and whoever is the fellow? Well, as I am here, I may as well listen to his story."

Then he drew a chair to the hearth and began to talk. For an hour, for two hours, Alexis and his unexpected auditor conversed. When at last Mr. Martin left the house he looked greyer and more bent than when he entered it.

"I pity that poor wife of Graham from my heart," he said to himself, as he called a passing hansom. "Matters look ugly, very ugly for Graham, and I fear also for our firm."

It is surprising what a woman will endure, as long as she has anything to do. Enough words had been said to Kate on that bitter day to turn her hair white, to take away her youth; but as long as her heart was not quite broken she could go on, and that brave heart of hers would not break, not quite, as long as she had any trust in her husband.

As she toiled wearily and sadly up the stairs to her bedroom, she said to herself,—

"I believe in Kenneth—they are all false; it is a horrible conspiracy; but *he* is true."

There was no logic in her reasoning, but love knows little of logic. She went into her room, and owned to no fatigue; and while Mrs. Murray packed, and flitted about hither and thither, Kate sat by the fire, holding the baby on her knee.

The child, preternaturally wise, kept gazing up at her with solemn eyes. Again that strange change came over his seraph eyes, that wistful, half-wondering look. He was looking full at his mother.

Kate saw the change, and quickly, with the magic of her mother's love, she wreathed her face with gay, careless smiles. The baby must not be disturbed; the little one must not know even the touch of trouble.

At last all the packing was done. The final directions were given, and in good time to catch the tidal train for Dover. Mrs. Graham stepped into the carriage which was to take her to Charing Cross. The luggage followed on a cab, and Mrs. Murray, seating herself beside her mistress, took her hand, and gave it an affectionate squeeze.

"Keep up your courage, ma'am; you'll be with him soon," she murmured.

"Thank God!" said Kate.

It was a misty, foggy night, and as the carriage dashed through the crowded streets, Kate wondered if she could ever bear to look at London again.

"There is not a word of it true," she muttered to herself; "but it was a horrible, cruel story to invent. Oh, yes, I must come back,—Kenneth must come back, if only to show the world how utterly innocent he is. As if my boy's father could be guilty of what that wretched man imagines!"

"Let me take the baby, ma'am," said Mrs. Murray.

"No, no, not this moment. To feel him in my arms comforts me," said Mrs. Graham.

Then they reached Charing Cross — a great deal of bustle and confusion, a great swimming in Kate's weak, tired brain, and then at last, at last they were really off.

They had a first-class carriage to themselves, and Mrs. Murray bustled about, doing everything for her mistress's comfort. Tired out, and with a certain sense of relief, of being at last fairly started, Kate dropped asleep.

The nurse took the baby, and held him tenderly in her arms. Now and then she glanced compassionately at the pale face of the sleeper. No doubt her dreams were uneasy ones, for she stirred restlessly, and murmured words under her breath. Suddenly she awoke, with a great and exceeding bitter cry.

"Oh, my dear lady—my dear, dear lady, what is it?" asked the nurse.

"Nothing, Mrs. Murray, nothing," answered Kate, drawing down her veil, and clasping her hands tightly together.

Nothing, so she said, and she looked out into the dark night, not darker at that moment than her despair, for an overwhelming rush of the great fact had come over her in that brief slumber.

The story she had listened to that day was not false—it was true.

(*Continued—page* 497.)

BEFORE we can really lift up other hands, our own must have been lifted up by His good Spirit, and our own feeble knees must have been confirmed by much bowing at His footstool.—*F. R. Havergal.*

"THIRTY NOUNS" PRIZE COMPETITION.

EXAMINER'S AWARD.

TWO PRIZES OF HALF A GUINEA EACH.

IT is most gratifying to state that upwards of 400 Competitors have entered this Competition.

Both in prose and in verse great ability has been shown in almost all these compositions. "SHAKESPEARE," but much more frequently "THE PIG," figures in the theme as the leading idea, to which all other ideas suggested by the string of nouns, are ingeniously made to sudordinate.

There seems to be a prevailing solicitude with regard to the proper "ventilation" of the "pig's" humble dwelling. In one or more instances, the "learned pig" himself gives us his views on this and other matters.

Amongst so much that is excellent, we have yet no hesitation in announcing our award of Prizes, to the authors respectively of—

I. "A LECTURE ON SANITATION," and "TRITE BUT TRUE," a poem; and

II. "AN ESSAY ON WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE," with its companion "EPIC" POEM on the same subject.

Two other competitors are deserving of the highest commendation, for the originality they have displayed. The first of these supplies us with some clever nonsensical paragraphs, in the style of "Alice in Wonderland." The second, the authoress of "My brother Joe," and "A Puzzle," whilst giving us in the last-named the required list of nouns in verse, manages also to pose us with a conundrum. M. G.'s capital lines are deserving of mention, together with her very readable prose paragraph.

The authoress of "A Visit to Brighton," and "My Downfalls," will find her name also in the list, where it well merits a place, on account of the able manner in which she has introduced her "thirty nouns."

Neither time nor space would suffice to do more than allude to the talent and very admirable work displayed in many of the disqualified Papers. One, only, of the many, we will particularise: the author of it has chosen "A. 1." for his subject, and by means of the list of nouns prescribed—heterogeneous material, we may call it—has contrived to write a most eloquent panegyric on our Magazine.

A. L.,
Examiner.

PRIZES.

FALKINER, WILLIAM, Navan.
WHITTAKER, JAMES, Glasgow.

HIGHLY COMMENDED.

RUSSELL, AGNES, Rathmore.
CROMBIE, AGNES, Busby.
GORGES, Mrs., Kingston.

COMMENDED.

BOYER, EDWARD, Caversham.
GRAYSON, JESSIE, Kendal.
HOWELL, E. J., Bourton-on-the-Water.
HUTCHINSON, J., Bedford.
JUTSON, Mrs., West Norwood.
PAGE, LENA, Wadhurst.
PLATT, J. B., Wisbeach.
SHEPPARD, P. E.

"Respectfulness, without the rules of propriety, becomes laborious bustle; carefulness, without the rules of propriety, becomes timidity; boldness, without the rules of propriety, becomes insubordination; straightforwardness, without the rules of propriety, becomes rudeness."

OUR MONTHLY TALK.

HINTS ON BIBLE MARKING.

BY THE EDITOR.

DEAR FRIENDS,—

There are several subjects on my own mind, about which I would like to write to you to-day.

Perhaps the most important for the moment is the question of the "Licensing Clauses" in the Local Government Bill, now before Parliament. As a number of those to whom I write are *men*, I specially press this upon your most earnest consideration. If these Clauses are allowed to stand, the work of Temperance Reform will be put back forty years; and the battles so many of us have been fighting, in order to deliver our beloved land from this accursed yoke of drink, will be rendered utterly fruitless; whilst Publicans and Brewers,—who, alas! have built up their magnificent fortunes upon the wreckage of human lives, and blasted characters, and blighted homes,—will pursue their horrible and soul-destroying traffic with increasing, because unhindered energy.

You noble, honest, hard-working men, who at heart hate drink and drunkenness,—you will surely not allow such a terribly blighting shadow to fall upon you and yours? But now is the crisis! And now, and now only, is the time for energetic action. You have so much in your power; do let me urge you by all that is right as in the sight of God, and by all the love and regard which you bear towards your homes and families,—let me urge you to lay aside, for the moment, all political considerations, and to vote only for those Candidates who will oppose these iniquitous Clauses.

And now, trusting I have said enough to enlist your hearty co-operation in this urgent matter, I may touch upon another topic, one dealing more directly with our own spiritual life, and that of many around us.

These are truly "perilous times" in which we live. Many of those who profess to be the Lord's, are holding and preaching *another* gospel, which is no gospel at all. They are departing from the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus; they are accepting and promulgating theories which undermine the cross of Christ, and a deep dishonour is thus done to the precious blood of the Covenant.

"Advanced views"—"the Larger Hope," "a greater liberality of religious thought,"—these are only so many phrases, by which a departure from God's truth and God's Word may be clearly detected. Therefore let us beware, lest before we are conscious thereof, the Devil shall have shunted us upon the Down-grade incline. Let us rather keep to the old paths, and stoutly oppose the wide-spreading heresies of the non-eternity of future punishment, the universal Fatherhood of God, the non-inspiration of Scripture, and all such cunningly devised fables.

We need to be more thoroughly grounded in the Word of God; not only to read it systematically, but to ponder every verse, every word; to digest it, so that it "dwells in us richly." To this end, a definite plan of marking one's Bible, and thus of treasuring in it all our stores, has been found most helpful. Some twelve years ago, I published an illustrated plan of Bible-marking, in a pamphlet entitled, "Hints on Bible-marking," which had a large circulation, being

reprinted in the United States, and about which Mr. Moody wrote to me, saying: "I believe this plan of Bible-marking will not only help young Christians, but also advanced believers engaged in Bible-teaching; for it converts one's Bible into a note-book, ready to hand at any moment." Mr. Moody asked me to mark a sample page of his own Bible with some railways, and the plan has been used by many other Bible students in all parts of the world.

I am constantly receiving letters about this book (which is now out of print) and plan of Bible-study. The Lord has blessed it as a means of stimulating interest in His own Word, and therefore I purpose reprinting occasionally in our Paper one of these facsimile marked pages from my own Bible, illustrating this system. On the present page is the Epistle of Paul to Titus, thus marked. It needs little explanation. The horizontal lines are called "underlines," and the cross or diagonal lines, "railways." Underlines should be drawn only to the words in two or more verses, which you wish to connect together by a "railway." Do not underline more words than is absolutely necessary.

Take, for example, the railway enforcing the repetition of a word, too little heeded in the present-day teaching, viz., "sound." Mark how St. Paul insists upon teachers being "sound in doctrine," (chap. 1. 9), "sound in the faith" (13), "sound in doctrine" (2. 1), "sound in faith" (2. 2), "sound in speech" (2. 8). It would perhaps have been quite sufficient to have, in this case, underlined only the word "*sound*."

You will notice that, whenever possible, the "railways" are drawn at the same angle; this gives a more attractive and symmetrical look to the page, and the print is also less interfered with. The "railway" should always join an underline at the end, not in the middle. A number of jottings can be introduced (as shown) into the margins, and also fresh marginal references may be entered. These may be jotted down in pencil upon any spare sheet of paper, kept for the purpose in one's Bible, as they occur in the course of one's daily Bible reading, and then entered neatly and carefully into one's Bible, when one has leisure for an hour of Bible marking, perhaps on a Sunday afternoon. I would suggest that every reference should be marked in both the chapters to which it refers. For instance (see illustration), Num. 23. 19 beside Tit. 1. 2, and Tit. 1. 2 beside Num. 23. 19. Many of the pithy points given in our page of weekly Bible-class Lessons might with advantage be transferred to your Bible, and thus be made available for future use. I scarcely think I need add further explanation; a careful study of the page is all that is necessary in order to follow out the plan. I do trust that many of our readers, whose daily reading of the Bible has, hitherto, been rather from a sense of duty than delight, may begin to discover what precious treasures—things new and old—lie hidden in these sacred pages.

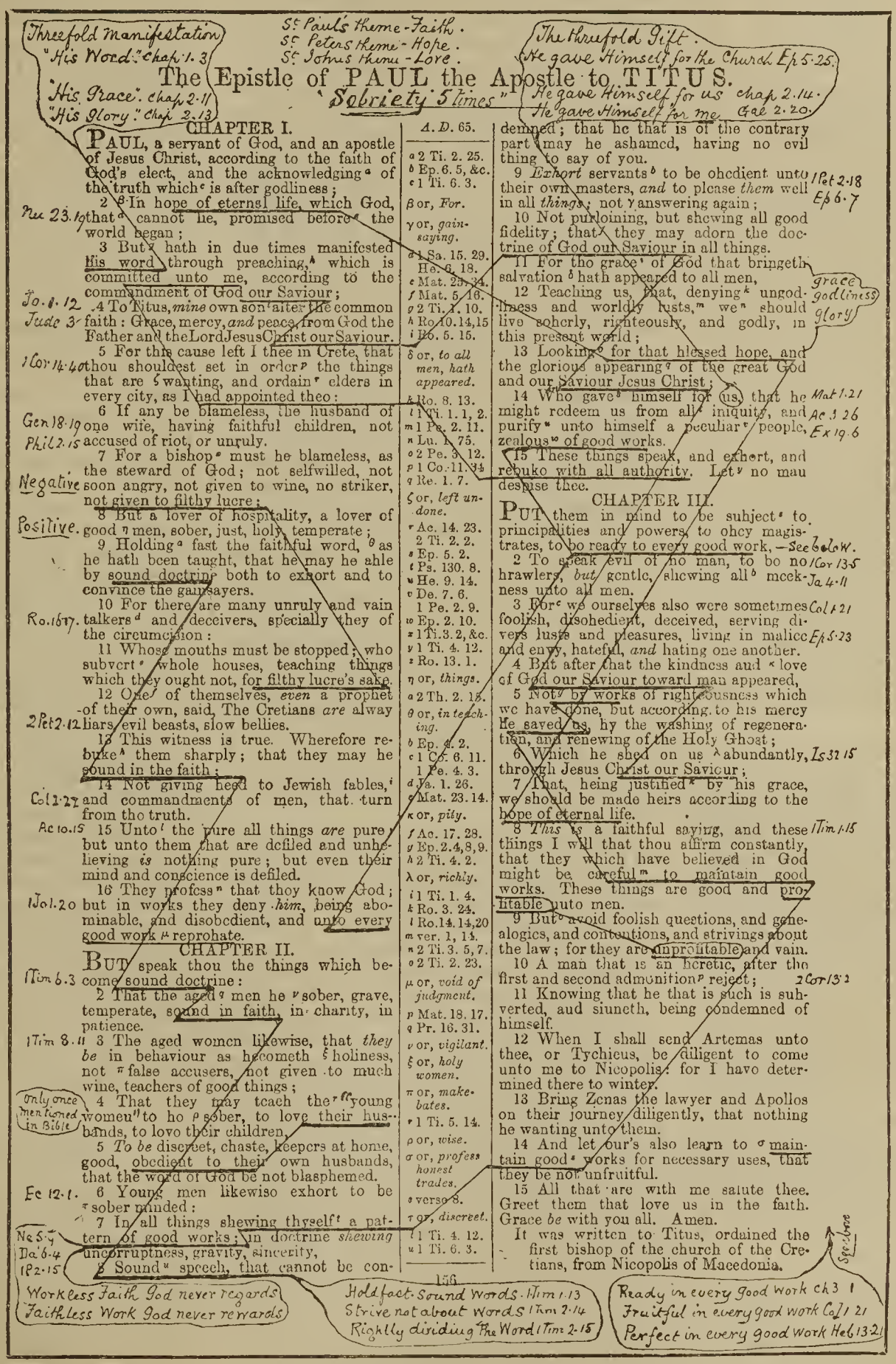
Some years ago, I published monthly sheets of Bible "Railways" and Bible Jottings, for the help of those whose busy lives left them little leisure for personal study. These "Fragments that Remain" came out for seven years; most of these sheets can still be had, and some of the yearly Volumes.*

Before closing this letter, I wish most warmly to thank those who have so kindly written words of cheer and commendation about our Paper, and have also helped forward its circulation. You will readily understand that they are far too numerous for me to acknowledge separately; but I should like to add that the letters from young men have been specially welcome, and all communications from them in reference to *spiritual* need or perplexity, it gives me great pleasure to *answer personally. I need not say that such letters are regarded as strictly confidential.*

Some of our readers may search these lines, in order to find the way to Christ. Dear friend, you shall never search in vain. The way is so clear, so simple (we speak that we *do know*). Beside you is a Saviour "mighty to save," and "able to keep." He is ready to save you this very moment, *if only* you are willing to *be* saved, willing to surrender every other ground of confidence and to trust *Him* wholly. "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5). "Therefore, being justified by faith, we *have* peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5. 1). That each of our readers may be enabled, at once, thus to trust this mighty, willing Saviour, and to enjoy settled peace is the earnest desire of your sincere friend,

M. Jane Menzies.

(*Mrs. Stephen Menzies.*)



The Epistle of PAUL the Apostle to TITUS.

CHAPTER I.

PAUL, a servant of God, and an apostle of Jesus Christ, according to the faith of God's elect, and the acknowledging[a] of the truth which[c] is after godliness;

2 In hope of eternal life, which God, that[α] cannot lie, promised before[γ] the world began;

3 But[δ] hath in due times manifested His word through preaching,[h] which is committed unto me, according to the commandment of God our Saviour;

4 To Titus, *mine* own son after the common faith: Grace, mercy, *and* peace, from God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour.

5 For this cause left I thee in Crete, that thou shouldest set in order[p] the things that are [ζ]wanting, and ordain[r] elders in every city, as I had appointed thee:

6 If any be blameless, the husband of one wife, having faithful children, not accused of riot, or unruly.

7 For a bishop[s] must be blameless, as the steward of God; not selfwilled, not soon angry, not given to wine, no striker, not given to filthy lucre;

8 But a lover of hospitality, a lover of good [η]men, sober, just, holy, temperate;

9 Holding[a] fast the faithful word, [θ]as he hath been taught, that he may be able by sound doctrine both to exhort and to convince the gainsayers.

10 For there are many unruly and vain talkers[d] and deceivers, specially they of the circumcision:

11 Whose mouths must be stopped; who subvert[t] whole houses, teaching things which they ought not, for filthy lucre's sake.

12 One[ε] of themselves, *even* a prophet of their own, said, The Cretians *are* alway liars, evil beasts, slow bellies.

13 This witness is true. Wherefore rebuke[λ] them sharply; that they may be sound in the faith;

14 Not giving heed to Jewish fables,[i] and commandments of men, that turn from the truth.

15 Unto[ι] the pure all things *are* pure: but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving *is* nothing pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled.

16 They profess[π] that they know God; but in works they deny *him*, being abominable, and disobedient, and unto every good work [μ]reprobate.

CHAPTER II.

BUT speak thou the things which become sound doctrine:

2 That the aged[q] men be [ν]sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity, in patience.

3 The aged women likewise, that *they be* in behaviour as becometh [ξ]holiness, not [π]false accusers, not given to much wine, teachers of good things;

4 That they may teach the [ρ]young women[ω] to be [ρ]sober, to love their husbands, to love their children,

5 *To be* discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good, obedient to their own husbands, that the word of God be not blasphemed.

6 Young men likewise exhort to be [τ]sober minded:

7 In all things shewing thyself[υ] a pattern of good works; in doctrine *shewing* uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity,

8 Sound[φ] speech, that cannot be condemned; that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you.

9 *Exhort* servants[b] to be obedient unto their own masters, *and* to please *them* well in all *things*; not [γ]answering again;

10 Not purloining, but shewing all good fidelity; that[χ] they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.

11 For the grace[ι] of God that bringeth salvation [δ]hath appeared to all men,

12 Teaching us, that, denying[k] ungodliness and worldly lusts,[m] we[n] should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world;

13 Looking[o] for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing[q] of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ;

14 Who gave[s] himself for us, that he might redeem us from all[ι] iniquity, and purify[u] unto himself a peculiar[r] people, zealous[w] of good works.

15 These things speak, and exhort, and rebuke with all authority. Let[ν] no man despise thee.

CHAPTER III.

PUT them in mind to be subject[ε] to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to every good work,—

2 To speak evil of no man, to be no brawlers, *but* gentle, shewing all[b] meekness unto all men.

3 For[c] we ourselves also were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful, *and* hating one another.

4 But after that the kindness and [κ]love of God our Saviour toward man appeared,

5 Not[γ] by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost;

6 Which he shed on us [λ]abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour;

7 That, being justified[κ] by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life.

8 *This* [ι]is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful[m] to maintain good works. These things are good and profitable unto men.

9 But[ν] avoid foolish questions, and genealogies, and contentions, and strivings about the law; for they are unprofitable and vain.

10 A man that is an heretic, after the first and second admonition[p] reject;

11 Knowing that he that is such is subverted, and sinneth, being condemned of himself.

12 When I shall send Artemas unto thee, or Tychicus, be diligent to come unto me to Nicopolis: for I have determined there to winter.

13 Bring Zenas the lawyer and Apollos on their journey diligently, that nothing be wanting unto them.

14 And let [σ]ours also learn to [σ]maintain good[ε] works for necessary uses, that they be not unfruitful.

15 All that are with me salute thee. Greet them that love us in the faith. Grace *be* with you all. Amen.

It was written to Titus, ordained the first bishop of the church of the Cretians, from Nicopolis of Macedonia.

156

Page from the Editor's Bible.

* 24 Assorted Sheets, 6½d. post free; or Cloth Volume, 1s. 1d. post free. S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

THE ETHICS OF GRIT.

By Josiah Forester.

NOW please, gentle reader, suspend your critical hostility to my title for a moment or two. You are not going to be treated to a dry-as-dust treatise on moral philosophy, if I can possibly help it; and I think I can, seeing my knowledge of that science is about equal to my acquaintance with the language of the scientists' pre-Adamite man. No, nor is there to be any attempt at Ruskinian thought or style, only the faintest echo in title of a noted deliverance of his.

"Grit," as of course every one knows, is a word used by our American cousins to convey in a short and forcible manner the idea of *force of character*. Are there not some people who affect you just as the jelly-fish you pick up by the margin of the sea? The shapeless, colourless, lifeless thing sends a shivering sensation through your whole system, and you are glad to throw the thing away. You soon forget all about it, for it had not a single item of interest in its composition. There are hundreds of people who pass into and out of your acquaintance, and they leave no memory behind of worth or force of any kind. Inoffensive perhaps they may be called, but so utterly devoid of backbone, individuality, character, that they leave no impression whatever behind, unless it be that of emptiness.

You came across the jelly-fish, perhaps, as you ran down the golden sands to have your morning dip in the briny, breezy sea. Presently your companions heard a scream, and in answer to their inquiries, you told them with rueful countenance and helpless flounderings, that something had annexed your foot and was threatening to drag your miserable body under, in the attempt to make off with your pedal ornament. With much ado the offensive crab is dragged to the light of day, and you bear him off in triumph, that he may "point the moral and adorn the tale" of your strange experience. That crab had grit in him, you see—force of character, individuality, and you will find it rather difficult to forget him.

But I hear you say, "Rather an unfortunate illustration for you, Mr. Josiah Forester; you surely would not recommend the readers of 'A.I.' to be offensive rather than inoffensive?" But I would, though—with a little explanation.

To be offensive in the manner I have spoken of, is to be very offensive. The person who has got no mind of his own, who has no settled opinions, which he is ready to stand by in the face of all opposition, until, at least, he sees that he is in the wrong, but who is of the same opinion as the individual who happens to speak to him, and who is fired with no noble and consuming desire in life, is, to my thinking, a very offensive individual indeed. He is like the cork whirled about by conflicting currents, and then thrown up upon the muddy banks to fester and perish.

I must plead guilty to a great liking for aggressive people. No one ever yet succeeded in any department of life without attacking difficulties which stood in the way—often in crowds—and overcoming them. Has any one attained to wealth by loafing, or by waiting dreamily and wistfully for something to turn up? Never. The young man must show his grit by buckling to the work lying ready to his hand, and by making of that a stepping-stone to something better.

One day a young clerk who was ambitious for a large fortune, determined to visit Commodore Vanderbilt, and learn from him the secret of accumulating wealth. He entered the magnificent apartments of the millionaire, with whom he was somewhat acquainted, stated his errand, and asked him on what mysterious principle he conducted business with such unexampled success. Mr. Vanderbilt eyed him a moment, to sound his motives, and then slowly replied: "By working hard and saying nothing about it."

If there be any truth in what employers of young men and women have told me, a little more, nay, a good deal more of Commodore Vanderbilt's grit in the rising generation would be a great boon to themselves and everybody else. I hope it is a libel, but I hear it is the rarest thing possible to find a young man fond of hard work and implicitly to be trusted. They say, in his determination to please himself, the average young man has reduced work-shirking and incompetence to a science. Ask him to remain behind the usual closing hour in a time of business pressure, and his face will grow as black as thunder; but let him work at his own sweet will, and above all, hold out to him the prospect of numerous and frequent "tips," and you put summer into his soul. I will not believe but that this is an exaggeration of the actual state of matters, yet I fear there is enough truth in it to call for serious reflection.

Young men and maidens, who may do me the honour to read this page, believe me, you have not begun to live, unless you have discovered the dignity and delight, the pleasure and profit that honest toil brings to those who are rightly exercised thereby. Labour is Divine, for we read in the grand old Book, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

Put, then, all strength of mind, conscience, and body into your labour, and abhor the very idea of "tips" as utterly lowering to the true dignity of manhood and womanhood.

Your true man of grit is known as much by his moral courage as by any one single quality. It is no doubt a fine sight to see a fireman plunge mid smoke and flame to rescue the endangered inmates of the doomed dwelling, but it is far and away a grander sight to see a man or a woman stand up in the midst of a godless, sneering company, and defend virtue, or mayhap the Bible, or the God of the Bible. A pretty wide experience has taught me, that in nothing is the temptation to cowardice so strong as in matters of religion. The man who can face the most horrible of deaths in the battle-field is ashamed to stand by his colours when his Saviour is assailed; the man whom no chairman, however august, no speaker, however eloquent, no audience, however large, can awe into silence when his political creed is attacked, is an abject coward, and speechless as a mute, when his Lord is dishonoured.

When a young man is ashamed of his godly mother, and is afraid to confess that he reads his Bible and goes to the House of God, through fear of a sneer from some silly, empty-headed, or depraved companion, his manliness has already nearly perished, and his feet are on the brink of a terrible precipice. Why, even rough men have been known to put to shame professing Christians in this respect. I remember hearing a story of Richard Weaver, the converted collier, which illustrates this. He was preaching once in the open air, when he was savagely attacked by some of his auditors. A big, burly Yorkshireman fought his way through the crowd, shouting out, "My muther's a Christian i' Barnsley, an' ye shanna touch him, ye shanna." It is refreshing also to know that Sir Robert Peel, when Prime Minister, if I mistake not, was not ashamed to boldly profess his Christian faith when occasion demanded. At some grand dinner-party, when the ladies had gone to the drawing-room, it is said the host began to make sport of religion, and most of the guests were not slow to follow suit. Sir R. Peel, rising to his feet, said to the host, "May I ring the bell?" "Certainly," was the reply; and when the servant appeared, Sir Robert asked permission to retire, saying in a firm voice, "I could not possibly stay any longer; I am a Christian." There was grit for you of the right kind, and in these days, when it is fashionable in some circles to be sceptical, and when even evangelical doctrines are ridiculed in some of our pulpits, there is much need for young people to display moral courage in arousing their love for, and faith in, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

There are other occasions and circumstances which try young people, and show whether or not they have got any "grit" in them. The young man carefully nurtured in a pious and sober home will be invited by fast young fellows in the house of business where he has recently found employment, to join them in drinking at the public-house, in visiting the theatre, low music-hall, or even worse places than these, and should he even hesitate, not to say positively refuse, he will be taunted as a milksop, as a baby tied to his mother's apron strings, etc., etc. Just at this precise moment is the time for the young fellow to prove that he has grit in him. Let him stand up and say, not offensively, but firmly,—

> "I dare do all becomes a man,
> Who dares do more is none."

"I cannot do this evil, and sin against God." There may be for answer a shower of raillery and abuse, but if the young hero stands firm, the tempters will depart, and he will remain in possession of the field. What is more, in their heart of hearts they will honour him for his unswerving allegiance to principle.

Young women have their mettle tried also, but perhaps in somewhat different ways. I will speak only of one. In these days, dancing is becoming a favourite pastime, even in the home of professing Christians. I cannot go into the subject now, but if our good Editor will allow me, I will do so on another occasion. Suffice it to say, that young ladies who have been reared to consider dancing as an amusement not becoming a Christian, are often sorely tried in social circles by being invited to join in "just a little dance, you

know, dear ; only our own friends." Many young ladies are weak enough to let conviction and everything else go to the winds, and they join in the dance because they have not had courage to say, "No ; my conscience will not allow me." Refusal may cause some people to arch the eyebrows, shrug the shoulders, or burst into banter and ridicule, but some will honour the young lady who has the courage of her convictions. Dr. Pentecost tells the following story in illustration of this point :—

A distinguished Christian lady, while staying at an hotel in America, was asked to attend a dance, in order that the affair might have the prestige bestowed by her presence, as she stood high in society. She declined all the importunities of her friends, and finally a Senator tried to persuade her, saying, "Miss B——, this is quite a harmless affair, and we want to have the exceptional honour of your presence." "Senator," said the lady, "I cannot do it. I am a Christian. I never do anything in my summer vacation, or wherever I go, that will injure the influence I have over the girls of my Sunday-school class." The Senator bowed, and said, "I honour you ; if there were more Christians like you, more men like myself would become Christians."

To sum up, the person of grit will never seek to get wealth, pleasure, place, or influence by a slaughter of principle, by underhanded measures, by fawning sycophancy, or by meanness of any kind. He will be poor if it must needs be ; he will be content to be unknown, to be, in the eyes of the world, a nobody ; but he must retain his manliness, and the integrity of his soul. How utterly mean, abject, contemptible is the man who has lied, or, like a cunning dog, crawled his way to place and power. Every true-spirited man despises him, and if he does not at present despise himself, most assuredly he will do so some day. There come to my memory some lines of a modern singer, which the readers of "A.I." will do well to ponder :—

"There are, who bending supple knees,
Live for no end except to please,
Rising to fame by mean degrees ;
But creep not thou with these.

They have their due reward ; they bend
Their lives to an unworthy end—
On empty aims the toil expend
Which had secured a friend.

But be not thou as these, whose mind
Is to the passing hour confined ;
Let no ignoble fetters bind
Thy soul as free as wind.

Stand upright, speak thy thought, declare
The truth thou hast, that all may share ;
Be bold, proclaim it everywhere :
THEY ONLY LIVE WHO DARE."

THE POET'S AIM.

"Some wild poets . . .
Without a conscience or an aim."
—"*In Memoriam.*"

YE souls that strike the tuneful lyre,
And to the Bardic name aspire,
Strike true and clear.
Let lofty themes and chaste, inspire
The strain that, rising in its notes,
And purity of thought and tone,
Tends to uplift, and aye promotes
The love of Truth and Right alone,
'Mid them that hear—
That chidden Wrong abashed retire,
And Justice move each heart's desire.

Strike ! strike ! with firm and certain hand !
That at your touch and loved command,
Your lyres impart
Joy to all hearts around that stand
And list their sound—pure as the Spring
That decks the mountain-side with life,
Sweet as bird-voices clear that ring
And warble forth the joys so rife,
That surge and swell with mirthful strife,
Within each heart ;
And skyward float one pæan grand
From Nature's grateful minstrel band.

Aye sing to charm not sense alone,
But better make the lives of all,
And raise the sad beyond the zone
Of wrongs and cares and sorrow's thrall,
That Woe may smile,
And flashes strange to tear-dimm'd eyes
Bespeak the lash that grief applies,
Now rests awhile.

Of Freedom sing—while she attends,
And through each heart all glowing sends,
With kindling touch,
The love that Death alone but ends—
The love of Home and Fatherland,
The love that erst did'st inly burn,
And led to lofty deeds that band
Which bled, but won, at Bannockburn,
Its courage such
That nought could e'er its charge withstand,
And Freedom joyed o'er all the land.

Of Duty—that with purpose high,
From "day to day" men still may try
Each task to do ;
Nor o'er it carp, complain, nor sigh,
Howe'er repugnant to the mind ;
Nor pliant be as twig in bower,
That swerving passage gives to wind,
That fickle blows and vaunts its power—
But strong and true,
In God right firm, and bravely ply
Their hearts and strength to duties nigh.

Of Peace—that frowning War no more,
With clashing sword and cannon's roar,
Despoil the earth,
And with wild passion swelling o'er,
As swell the billows tempest lasht,
Throw ruin and disaster round
Its path. Whilst Famine follows fast,
Down-trampling crops and fruits where found,
And social hearth,
That erst so happy was, no more
Joy's scene, for Death sits by the door.

Oh, rather, Peace !—that gentle Dove,
The smiling, sweet-voiced child of Love,
Bless all mankind ;
And 'mong the thousand nations move—
Binding all hearts and hopes as one—
Spread calm and joy throughout the earth,
That white-skinned race and Afric's son,
Or dwellers in the frozen north,
Shall kinship find
And "Brotherhood" of all, but prove
In deeds of Truth, Goodwill, and Love.

Of Love Divine—oh ! strike each lyre,
And join the glad celestial choir
In praising Him
Who died, that Love might yet acquire
Its greatest conquest—man redeemed,
Man lifted from the deepest woe,
And placed in glory yet undreamed
By him, its fulness and its glow
That nought can dim ;
And as ye sing with hearts afire,
May Christ grow all the Earth's Desire.

Sing—sing the love of God's dear Son ;
Perchance some happy note struck sweet
Shall live and ring through years to come,
And, falling with soft cadence meet,
Long after lips that sung are dumb,
Shall, balm-like, soothe the heart of some
Poor struggling one,
And hush its tumults, ease its moil,
As Eve the fevered pulse of Toil,
When day is done.

"OONALASKA:" A TALE OF A FAR NORTH LAND.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" "Thirteen Hundred Miles in My Caravan," "From Pole to Pole," etc., etc.



"To find the captain scanning a gigantic iceberg."

CHAPTER XLIV.

A CHAPTER OF MEETINGS AND PARTINGS.

GODFREY DENNIS was lying on the sofa of a cabin, lazily reading an English newspaper, in the good ship *City of B——*, bound from New York to Liverpool. It was an old paper. What of that? Old news was as good to Godfrey as new news, after having been out of the world so long.

He slapped down the paper on his knee at last, and hailed Spencer.

"I say, Spencer," he cried laughing, "I've got another good idea."

"Another? Well, out with it."

"Why, what say you to a return cricket match between Allandene and Oaksworth."

"First rate!" said Spencer Rae, rubbing his hands.

"And I say, old man, we'll beat them this time, eh?"

"Yes, for certain. Why, it will be just like old times, Godfrey."

"Just like old times; why, I'm full of it already, Spencer. But how slowly this old tub of a ship seems to move!—only 300 miles since yesterday, and we're not half-way across the Atlantic yet."

It was Spencer's turn to laugh now. "You had better not go up to the bridge and tell the captain about his old tub."

Godfrey, half in joke and half in earnest, went on the bridge to find the captain scanning a gigantic iceberg, which floated some distance from the ship, while on the hurricane deck Jack Silk was explaining the phenomenon to Katie. As they got within range, they perceived a bear, which, doubtless to his discomfort, had got cast away.

There was no doubt that Godfrey was burningly anxious to get home now. Nor can we wonder at it, nor that he often lay awake half the night, fevered with the joy of anticipation, building castles in the air, perhaps—he was only young, you know—and wondering what Rosa would say to him first, how she would look, and how express the pleasure he knew she would feel. And his mother, and his dear quiet old father, and Uncle Rae, and the old parson, and "t'ould doctor," and all his old friends in the village. Oh, there were such a lot of them!

But sometimes Giant Doubt would find his way into Godfrey's aërial Castle Beautiful, and for a time make things very dark and unpleasant indeed. Did Rosa love him, after all? All along there had only been a silent or tacit understanding between them, and even in the little letter she sent to him by Spencer's hand, she did not actually say she loved him. (The silly Godfrey! Was it likely that Rosa was going to say anything of the sort?) It was a friend's letter, no more.

Then his mother. Would she be alive, and might not even his father be dead? Oh, what if, on returning, instead of meeting his mother's smiling face, he found but a grave, with deep waving grass and flowers on it! Yet it was but three weeks since he had heard from home.

These were all terrible thoughts, but at last he generally managed to kick Giant Doubt out of the castle and over the coverlet; then he would sleep off into calm, quiet sleep and pleasant dreams, from which he did not awaken till the steward brought his hot water. He turned out then quickly, feeling all over as happy as the birds do at early morning; he was glad because another day was gone, and used to sing while dressing, and this, I take it, is an invariable sign of a light and happy heart.

* * * *

Many a long day had passed since they had left the wild lands around the upper Yukon, and set out southwards on a return journey that lasted months, ere ever they reached the anchorage of the Russian barque.

The wandering tribe of Eskimos came as far as Chilcat with them, and when farewells were said, they found themselves a very rich tribe indeed. But honest Dresky's parting from Blue Jack, our sailor boy, was quite affecting in its way. Even Dresky's wife seemed sad, and the last thing that Jack saw of her, she was waving the baby aloft and shouting, "Tabak, tabak."

Bob-a-link elected to remain at Chilcat. He would find his way home somehow, some day, he said, and if he did not, it wouldn't matter much; so they bade him, too, a long good-bye.

With few adventures, save those inseparable from ship life, the good barque reached San Francisco safely. Of course, Jack had not felt the voyage irksome, neither, if the truth must be told, had innocent Katie. But both Chips and Captain Boyd did confess to the time feeling long.

"It isn't like being at sea," they grumbled, "when you can't put your hand to a rope!"

Still it must be said, in credit to the Russian captain, that he made every one of his passengers, from Boyd himself to Boy Bates, feel as much at home as if they were in their own ship.

At San Francisco, to the joy of Godfrey and Spencer, letters had been received from old England, and—all was well. There had been sent in answer, also, a cablegram, announcing the return of the wanderers.

Straight away home, on the wings of love, Godfrey would have flown at once, had gratitude to Miss Graves not compelled him to stay to witness a ceremony as interesting as any that had ever happened at any church on the Pacific Slope, and much more interesting to honest Jack, for it was nothing less than his marriage to Katie Graves.

And this great event, to use Jack's own phraseology to the last, "passed clear off without a hitch."

Boy Bates had also ventured a remark on the marriage to his friend Chips, to the effect that the bridegroom had looked so awfully happy and jolly, that had poor old Sally been to the fore, he would have proposed, and got married himself.

Almost at the last moment, and just before good-byes were said to the two Nats, Miss Graves yielded to the entreaties of her cousin and Godfrey, ably supported by Jack, to come with them to England, and went quietly away to see after her luggage.

"She has only an hour to pack," said Nat the elder, quietly lighting a fresh cigarette, "and to throw her things together, but she'll do it. You don't know Mary yet."

And so they were all to be found, on a beautiful day in early Spring, on board this same *City of B——*, the only really impatient one among them being Godfrey.

But even a ship that only three hundred knots a day can be "knocked out of," will, if all goes well, reach her port at last. The *City of B——* did, anyhow; and the journey from there to the drowsy wee village of Allandene was all plain sailing.

Nothing was changed.

From the shoulders of Godfrey's mother a weight of years seemed suddenly to have fallen when her son walked quietly in, "not to frighten her," by his way of it.

But his father only said, in his quiet way: "So you've come back, lad."

To say that the excitement of the village of Allandene was great, on the arrival not only of Spencer Rae and Godfrey, but of all the others, would be but poorly to describe it. It was intense, for all loved the young farmer cousins.

* * * *

Hand in hand we found Godfrey and Rosa standing one day at the commencement of our story, in the old-fashioned parlour of the Neils, and hand in hand we find them sitting one evening, soon after the young man's return; for the couple are now betrothed. In his chair by the fireplace is kindly old Neil himself, asleep, and Mrs. Neil in her high-backed chair.

"Isn't it just like old times?" said the mother.

"Yes! like old times," said Godfrey; "but I want Rosa to sing."

Rosa got up and went to the piano.

Then she turned and softly asked, "What shall I play?"

"'The Wearing of the Green.'"

He was silent for a moment after she had finished, and then he told her when he had heard it last, and how it had affected him.

* * * *

The return cricket match between Oaksworth and Allandene duly took place. As before, the two young men rode off together. As before, Rose stood at the little gate, and playfully threw a flower, but the bouquet was soon discovered to be not one buttonhole, but two. And they knew what was meant.

As before, Oaksworth was all *en gala*, and the match was the talk of the place. It is needless for me to add that Allandene was victorious.

Both Allandene and Oaksworth were all *en fête* another day, not a very long time after, and the little church and even churchyard were thronged, as no one ever remembered to have seen them for many a day.

And Rosa looked a bonny bride, and Godfrey a bold and handsome bridegroom.

When they drove away, it was said they were followed by more blessings than even handfuls of rice or old shoes and slippers. A San Francisco marriage is a very gay affair, I grant you, but for genuine hearty enthusiasm give me Yorkshire, after all.

One day, when Ponto, the Newfoundland, came bounding into the parlour of the Raes, where the good old parson sat talking of old times with the farmer and his wife, Mr. Lea lifted a finger to the dog.

"Come hither, Ponto," he said; "a little spark will kindle a big fire, doggie. And it was you who were the innocent cause of al the sorrow."

And poor Ponto laid back his ears and looked quite as penitent as if he knew the meaning of the rebuke, and entirely agreed with Parson Lea.

THE END.



"Jack Silk was explaining the phenomenon to Katie. As they got within range they perceived a bear, which, doubtless to his discomfort, had got cast away."

THE EAR; OR, PRUDENCE IN HEARING.

By the Rev. J. Hiles Hitchens, D.D., F.S.Sc.,

Author of "*Ecce Veritas*," "The Young Men of Scripture," etc., etc.

THE marvellous wisdom of the Divine Creator is as conspicuous in the construction of the ear, as in the formation of other parts of the human body. The exterior portion of the ear is constructed like a trumpet, to collect and transmit the sounds. These are conveyed through winding passages till they reach a thin membrane which is stretched on four small bones. To these bones there are attached several minute and sensitive muscles, which, by their contraction or relaxation, modify the tension of the membrane, just like the cords which brace a drum-head. The membrane is termed the tympanum or drum. When sound is conveyed to it, it vibrates as does the parchment when smitten, and thus produces, through the medium of the nerves, the sensations of sound. The ear is a complete acoustic instrument for the mind.

We are accustomed to speak of the ear hearing, but in reality it no more hears than the metal trumpet employed by the deaf man. The ear is but the servant of the soul—one of the channels by which intelligence is conducted to the absolute mind.

John Bunyan, in his "Holy War," represents Diabolus and his forces holding a council of war as to the best time and place for attacking the "City of Mansoul." The council over, he says the forces were drawn up before "Ear-gate," and an ambuscade was laid for "Captain Resistance," who was expected to be brave in defending the city. The giant Diabolus then sounded his trumpet at Ear-gate, demanding an audience with the chief of the city. Thereupon Lords "Innocent" and "Will-be-will," "Mr. Recorder" and "Captain Resistance" came down to the walls to inquire into matters. Diabolus then addressed them at some length, specially speaking against their King—denying the truthfulness of His words and the kindness of His rule—and intimating how freedom and knowledge may be obtained by the inmates of "Mansoul," if they would disregard their King. Just then, whilst Diabolus was speaking, an arrow from the ambuscade mortally wounded Captain Resistance. He fell dead, and from that moment the residents had no heart to resist.

Thus, by the first and easy attack at the Ear-gate, the city was conquered. The application of the allegory is easily discerned.

It was by Satan's lying speech entering the ear of our mother—Eve, that sin and sorrow and death entered our world. Throughout all ages since, the Prince of Darkness has made free and easy use of this avenue to men's hearts. Now he has tried to gain the soul of the child by whispering in the ear some false or foul words; then he has won the emotions and faculties of the youth in his teens by the narrative of some cruel or vicious plot. Now he has besieged and carried the fortress of the heart of the man in life's prime, by plausible representations of worldly honour and fashion; then he has captured and retained the aged by utterances which have fed his personal vanity and fostered forgetfulness of the future. Now he has enslaved the poor by accustoming the ear to oaths and curses and lies; then he has enthralled the rich by the fashionable gossip of the higher circles. Now he has subjugated the ignorant by suggesting difficulties they were unable to solve; then he has vanquished the learned by specious conclusions from imperfectly understood data.

Now he comes to Ear-gate with somewhat that will arouse the passions of envy and hatred, then with a stimulus to carnal lusts. Now he feeds the flame of ambition; then he reduces to the weak cowardice of fear. Now he starts a doubt concerning things Divine; then he developes that doubt into a full-blown heresy. Now he drops an inuendo which affects a fellow man's character; then he wholly ruins by loud and long repetition of unfounded lies. Now he quotes Scripture with a view to mislead in duty; then he pours utter contempt upon the Holy Book from which he has before so greedily quoted. Thus has Beelzebub in various manners used the ear of man, and too often, alas! has succeeded in making it his willing vassal.

But God has not forsaken the ears of men. It would almost seem as if the sense of hearing was the *last* of which the Infinite would deprive man. When He visited Mephibosheth, He made him lame, but not deaf. When He would mark Zacharias with His displeasure, because he would not believe His word, He smote him dumb, but not deaf. When Saul, on the way to Damascus, was stopped by Divine interposition, God struck him blind, but not deaf.

The Almighty left these men free to hear His word, and hearing, thereby live. The one could not move in life's highway with the facility common to his race, but hearing the voice of the Lord, he might spiritually run the way of Heaven's commandments. The other, as priest, may no longer be able to officiate for the people, but with ear attentive to the utterances of the Head of the Church, he might present for himself a more acceptable offering.

Saul could no longer see where the subject of his cruelty journeyed, but, hearing of the love of Jesus, he was deprived of his hatred to the gospel, and brought to follow Him whom he persecuted. He who can neither see, nor speak, nor walk, God would have hear. He says to the entire race of man: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!" And it is within the power of the human will to frustrate the efforts of the arch-fiend, and listen to the voice of Heaven.

Carefully searching Scripture, we discover divers descriptions of human ears, but each points to the freedom of the owner of the ears. We read of "uncircumcised" ears, "heavy" or dull ears, "stopped" ears, "uncovered" ears, "opened" ears. These conditions cannot be acquired without the knowledge and consent of the individual. Hence the use or misuse of our hearing faculties rests with us. We each have the power to take in truth or error, food or poison, pleasure or pain, life or death, at these little ear-gates. Hence Jesus said, "Take heed how ye hear." It is as though He had said to His early followers, and through them to us, "Men and brethren, My kingdom of light, and the devil's kingdom of darkness, will both be extended by an appeal to your audible faculties. There will be teachers of truth and teachers of error. Hence I say unto you, take heed what and how ye hear, for with yourself reposes the solemn responsibility of determining *what* to hear and how to listen."

Very diversified are the hearers in all assemblies, whether literary, scientific, political, or religious. The diversities are so numerous, that it is difficult to classify them. Some, however, are conspicuous in most audiences.

There is the *ignorant* hearer; who knows so little about the subject upon which the speaker treats, that he mistakes the speaker's object, does not know the meaning of his words, and loses the entire force of his illustrations. There is the *fastidious* hearer; who cannot endure anything that is not complimentary and pleasant—like the patron of a church living, who, having presented an excellent minister, returned home after hearing the new rector's first sermon, and said, "Here is gratitude indeed, after my kindness to that man! The return he makes, when he gets into the pulpit, is to tell us that we are *all* great sinners, and must repent. He says our good works go for nothing. Bah! such a sermon will do very well for a penitentiary, or for Newgate, but not for a genteel and respectable audience."

Then there is the *prejudiced* hearer; who enters the presence of the speaker with his mind clad in armour. He repeats to himself, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" He has some dislike to the speaker or to his theme, and it is therefore morally impossible that he can be benefited. There is the *critical* hearer; who, forgetting, if he ever knew, that it is the eye and the ear for *excellencies* that constitute the real critic, sets himself to the malignant work of discovering faults and detecting flaws. There is the *inattentive* hearer; who sits down before a preacher or lecturer as though the speaker's object was simply to fill up a given time by the exercise of his vocal powers, and the hearer's object simply to be known as having sat out the performance. There is the *forgetful* hearer; who rises from his seat when the address is ended with the air of a man who says, "I'm glad that is done," and, with an audible sigh, dismisses for ever all further thought of what he has heard. There is the *presumptuous* hearer; who feels deeply when a faithful portrayal of sin is set before him, or the excellency of the Saviour is exalted; who will even weep, and sigh, and resolve, but will go out and, like Samson, shake himself, and return again to his cups and evil companions. There is the *dead* hearer; who sits week after week under the sound of the most solemn warnings, invitations, and promises, and is unmoved. He resembles the wall against which the child throws a ball. The message rebounds, leaving his heart as hard as the nether millstone. There is the *sleepy* hearer; who, when the text is announced, settles himself into the most comfortable attitude, and then seems to say, "Now talk me to sleep." The sermon to him is a lullaby.

But there are hearers of a very different order—the very reverse of those mentioned. There are *affectionate* hearers, who love the Author of the message, the substance of the

message, and the deliverer of the same. Love helps their memory, so that they will never be forgetful hearers. Love directs their emotions, so that they will never be fastidious, prejudiced, or hypercritical. There are *anxious* hearers; men and women who say, "I will hear what God the Lord will speak." They hunger for more knowledge of the Divine mind. They thirst for God. They appropriate to themselves the truths they hear, and, like the bees, return to their homes laden with the sweets their minds have gathered. And there are the *practical* hearers; those who no sooner discern the right than they resolve to follow it—no sooner learn their duty than they discharge it. Antony had such when he delivered his famed oration. The Roman soldiers, under the influence of that speech, hastened to avenge the death of Cæsar. A minister once preached upon the sin of using dishonest weights and measures. An old woman in the congregation listened very attentively to the discourse, and when, shortly afterwards, the pastor called upon her, she alluded to the sermon. The minister asked what she remembered of the discourse. The poor woman complained much of her memory; "but," said she, "one thing I remembered—I remembered to burn my bushel." That was a *practical* hearer.

Now, of the different kinds of hearers enumerated, you will discern that there are far more hearers open to condemnation than commendation. In comparison with the numbers who listen from year's end to year's end to the preached gospel, there are but few good hearers. Indeed, Jesus knew this when He spake the parable of the sower. He represents the same sower, with the same seed, but the seed only yielding a harvest in *one* instance out of *four*. There was but one sort of good ground. There were four kinds of hearers; of these three were naught, and one only fruitful. There is always a disposition to shift the burden from ourselves, and lay it at the door of others. Hence it is very customary to complain of the preacher. You hear men and women going up and down the world, and expressing themselves very freely about the pulpit, but not for a moment complaining of the pew. They say, "We are not fed." "We do not feel we derive any profit under the ministrations." They never look to themselves, and inquire whether any fault lies in their hearing. How can a man be "fed," when, from *prejudice*, he declines to partake of the viands of his host? How can he be "fed," when his *fastidiousness* allows him only to pick out a currant here and a raisin there? How can he be "fed," when his *critical* spirit wastes all the feeding time in a searching examination of the plates and dishes on which the viands are served? How can he be "fed," when by *inattention* the dishes are removed before he has participated? How can he be "fed" when, bringing a diseased body and a morbid appetite to the feast, he digests not what he has received?

Is it the fault of the host that such men are lean, and poor, weak, miserable professors of religion? Jesus Christ, who knew what was in man, has exonerated the pulpit from the charge so feebly brought against it. It was the very same seed, that when it fell into good ground produced a hundred-fold, that falling in three other places was useless. It was no use the wayside, and the rocks, and the thorns talking together against the sower or the seed. "Do not you think the sower is lacking in energy?" croaked the "wayside." "Don't you think he wants more spirituality?" groaned the "rock." "Yes, but after all, I think the great lack is tenderness, love, and adaptability," murmured the "thorns." "Away with you all, you hypocritical grumblers," cried the good ground; "look at me—under the same sower, and by means of the same seed, I flourish and rejoice. The fault lies with yourselves." Such is the lesson of the parable; for Jesus says, the "good ground" represents "they who in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience," and He adds immediately, "Take heed, therefore, how ye hear."

To all who attend our churches and chapels we would say: Hear with *preparation of spirit*. Remember that you ought to prepare for the sanctuary, as well as repair to it; you ought to be "in the spirit," as well as in your place, at the hour of devotions. Depend upon it, what is worth finding in the church is worth seeking in our chambers.

Hear with *personal application*. There is no difficulty in hearing for others. It is easier far to place burdens on other men's shoulders than carry them ourselves—pleasanter to convey a medicinal draft to another's lips than drink it ourselves. But it is by personal participation that we are made whole. Generosity is good; but that is generosity carried to a suicidal excess when you give one part of the homily to one person, and another part to another, and retain none of it for yourself. Hear with a *resolution to obey*.

Then let us use our ears prudently. There is much we ought not to hear, much we need not hear, and much which when heard should be allowed at once to slip out of our memories. Let the old saying be conspicuous to our minds,—"The tale-bearer and the tale-hearer should be hung up together: the one by the tongue and the other by the ear." But let our ears be ready, quick to receive all that is good, especially the tidings of Divine grace.

"NO HARPOONS."

A SAILOR who had just returned from a whaling voyage was taken by a friend to hear an eloquent preacher. When they came out of church the friend said, "Jack, wasn't that a fine sermon?"

"Yes, it was ship-shape; the water-lines were graceful; the masts raked just enough; the sails and rigging were all right; but I didn't see any harpoons. When a vessel goes on a whaling voyage, the main thing is to get whales. But they won't come to you because you have a fine ship. You must go after them, and harpoon them. Now it seems to me that a preacher is a whaleman. He is sent not to sail among the fish, but to catch them. Jesus said to His disciples, 'I will make you fishers of men.' How many such sermons as that would it take, do you think, to awaken a sinner, as the thousands under the eloquent preaching of Peter were awakened in the day of Pentecost, and to make them cry out, 'What must I do to be saved?'"

"But, Jack, people nowadays don't want to be harpooned. They want to be interested intellectually in the truth. They like to listen to such expositions and illustrations as the doctor gave us this morning. Did you not see how attentive they were? Surely it is a grand thing to attract such an audience to hear the gospel."

"To hear about the gospel, you mean. I don't object to the doctor's expositions and illustrations. As I said before, they were all ship-shape. But the trouble was, when he had sailed to the fishing-ground, and the whales were spouting around him, instead of manning his boats and trying to catch them, he made a polite bow, and said, 'I am glad to see so many whales. I hope that they admire my ship, and will come and spout around it again on its next voyage.' Do you think that the ship-owner in New Bedford would send such a captain to Behring Straits a second time? Now read the report in Acts, of Peter's first gospel sermon. He begins with an able exposition of the Old Testament prophecies in regard to the resurrection of Christ and the outpouring of the Spirit; and then, when he had gained the attention of the crowd, he charged home upon them with the words 'Jesus, whom ye have crucified.' That was hurling a harpoon. And we are told that it was effectual. 'They were pricked in their heart,' and the gospel catch that day was three thousand souls. No, no, a fishermen wants a good ship and good boats; and then he wants sharp harpoons, and the skill and courage to hurl them at just the right time. The harpoons ought to be polished, too; the more highly polished the better. But, after all, the harpooning is the main thing. If the whaleman fails in that, his whole voyage and venture are a failure, and I can't help thinking that it is so in preaching."

Jack was an old-fashioned tar. He did not appreciate the modern improvements. In some parts of the country the idea of preaching to save sinners is obsolete. The aim and effort is to attract congregations. The successful preacher is not the man who is instrumental in bringing men to Christ, but in bringing them into the congregation, and thus making it strong socially and financially.

The temptation to labour for congregations rather than for conversions is very insidious. Elders and trustees often join with Satan in presenting it to the minister. "We must fill the pews and the treasury," they cry. "We must not repel the impenitent by pricking them in their hearts." But God sends His ambassadors, not to prophecy sweet things, but to cry, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Brethren, don't go a-whaling without harpoons.

CHAPTERS FROM NATURE'S STORY-BOOK.

By Professor Haddon,

Author of "An Introduction to the Study of Embryology."

CHAPTER III.

STONE-LILIES, PAST AND PRESENT.

FAR away, at the bottom of the deep oceans, grow the lovely sea-lilies. Each consists of a feathery crown, surmounting a graceful jointed stalk. Some are of a beautiful grass-green colour, others, of a darker shade. Many are coloured dusky purple, while some have been found near New Guinea whose stems were almost white, and their crowns of a light yellow, or pale reddish orange. One would expect to find that these elegant forms, so quietly coloured, were as soft and delicate as the flowers which they irresistibly call to mind. A touch dispels this illusion. Instead of being supple and fleshy, the stem and arms are found to be strings of hard, chalky plates. The wonder now is, How is it that the stone-lilies, as they are also called, can appear so very graceful? Just as the links of a chain are stiff and hard; but the chain, as a whole, is flexible, and can be thrown into gentle curves; so the numerous plates which are found in the stem, and along each arm, of the sea-lily, are hinged together, and, as a whole, possess considerable power of movement.

The sea-lilies have no relations on land; all the animals which resemble them in any way are to be found in the sea. Nearly everybody has seen a starfish, or a sea-urchin. The former, with its round body and five long arms, is to be found on every coast; and the latter is also often cast up by the sea. Sometimes it is clothed with innumerable spines, resembling a rolled-up hedgehog; at other times the spines are all rubbed off, leaving an ivory-like casket with polished knobs.

Starfishes, sea-urchins, and sea-lilies belong to the group of prickly-skinned animals, or *Echinodermata*, as naturalists term them. The sea-cucumbers are also echinoderms, although they cannot be said to have prickly skins. They look like a sausage, covered with a thick, and usually warty, skin; but in the middle of the skin are numberless delicate, chalky plates, often full of holes, like pieces of perforated zinc. These chalky films represent the stony plates and spines which are so characteristic of the starfish, sea-urchins, and sea-lilies.

Although the different kinds of prickly-skinned animals seem so unlike one another, yet they are built upon the same general plan. In the centre of the under side of the body in a starfish is a mouth, which opens into the stomach. Closely surrounding the mouth is a tubular ring; from this five other tubes arise, one of which runs along beneath the skin on the under side of each arm. Similar tubes are found in sea-urchins and sea-cucumbers. A large number of root-like suckers are connected with the arm-tubes; and it is by means of these "tube feet," as they are called, that the animal walks. Some starfishes have more than five arms, in which case there is a radiating tube for each arm. The echinoderms are the only animals which possess this arrangement of tubes and suckers.

The sea-lilies, also, have a circular canal round their mouth, and a tube along each arm. These tubes eventually open into the circular canal. The tube-feet are simply sacs, without any suckers at their ends; they may even be absent altogether. It is quite clear that, as sea-lilies are fixed, they do not want tube-feet to walk about with. Starfishes and sea-urchins crawl about with their mouths downwards. The sea-lilies have their mouths upwards, so that a sea-lily is something like a starfish turned on its back, and stuck on the end of a jointed rod.

Thus the sea-lilies live, beautifying the silent depths of the ocean with their graceful

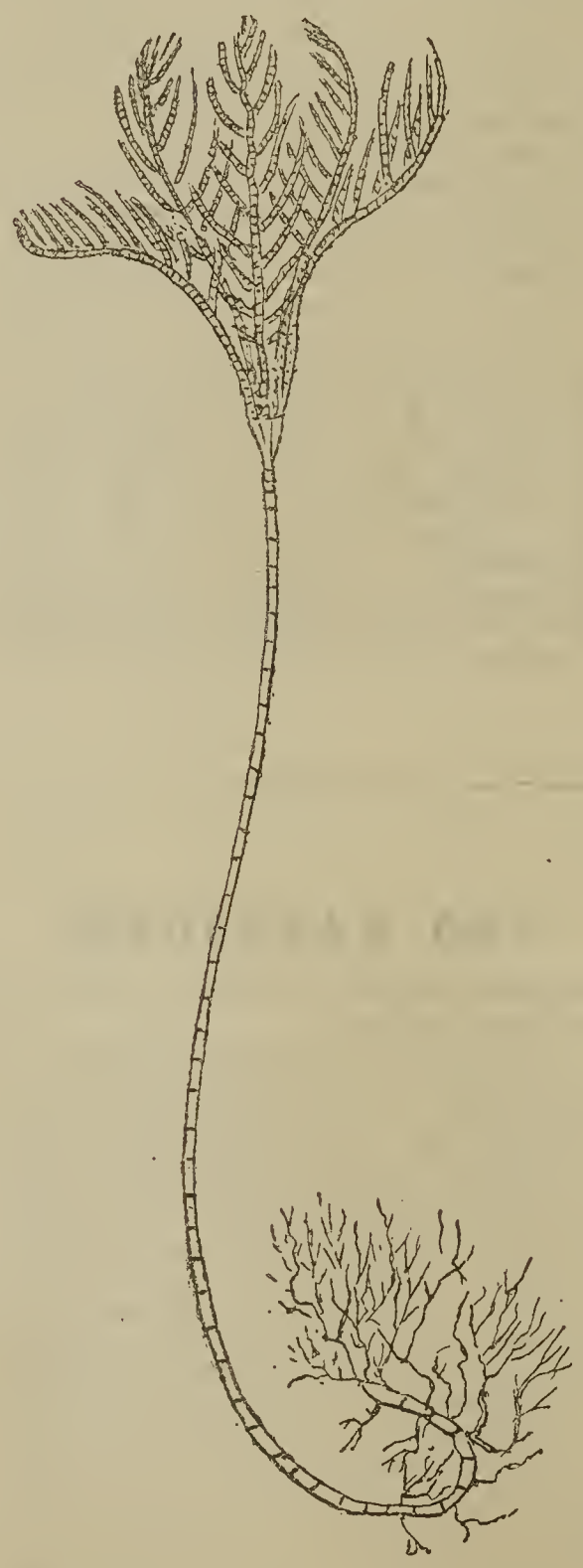


Fig. 1.
A living sea-lily (Rhizocrinus lofotensis) found off Norway and in the West Indies, at a depth of from 600 to 6,000 feet.

forms. Often clustered in myriads, they constitute veritable marine forests of miniature animated trees, among which small crabs, and other animals, climb and scramble like monkeys in a land forest, while, instead of gaily-decked birds, strange fish, with long teeth and goggle eyes, flit between the branches. When the sea-lilies die, their flesh decays away, leaving the stony plates, which form their skeleton. These remain behind, and become entombed in the chalky mud which is gradually accumulating at the bottom of the ocean. If the floor of the sea were raised so as to be dry land, and we could cut into the chalky soil thus brought to light, we should find the skeletons of the sea-lilies sometimes perfect, and looking almost as lovely in death as in life—sometimes broken, their numberless plates and joints being scattered far and wide.

This is no fancy picture. Go to the nearest museum in which there is a collection of fossils, and you will see slabs of rock containing the remains of stone-lilies, which grew at the bottom of the sea during earlier periods of the world's history. Some of these fossil remains are perfect; others are a mere heap of ruins. In many parts of the country, where limestone rocks occur, stones may be picked up, crowded with joints of the stems of stone-lilies; and they may also be seen in polished black or grey marble mantel-pieces.

The story of the rocks is a very wonderful one. We now know that time after time the floor of the sea rose above the level of the water and became dry land, while the ground we imagine to be so firm and solid sank beneath the waves. These changes probably occurred very slowly; and the inhabitants of the old sea, which was being converted into a land surface, migrated into the new ocean produced by the partial submergence of a former continent. Whilst this was taking place, the animals themselves gradually changed, but so slowly, that at any one time it would be difficult to point to much difference between them and their ancestors. As "many a mickle makes a muckle," so, after a lapse of a considerable period, it would be quite evident that a new race had appeared, preserving some of the characteristics of their fathers, but sufficiently different to be really distinct.

This is the explanation of the fact that we find each set of rocks, which together make up a large proportion of the crust of the earth, containing fossils, which are to a large extent peculiar to it, although they bear some resemblance to those found in the rocks which lie immediately above and below them. The fossils in the lower rocks are the remains of the ancestors of those which occur in the higher rocks; and these, in their turn, are the progenitors of the forms which are found in more recent geological formations. It is not so very remarkable that an individual should resemble in some respects both his grandparents and his grandchildren.

In many past periods the floor of the then existing oceans was densely covered in places with groves of stone-lilies, and in the more recent rocks, the stone-lilies, or rather their fossil remains, resemble the skeletons of those which are now living, but the resemblances are less apparent in the forms from the older rocks.

In the shallow water round our coasts—or for the matter of that, in all parts of the world—gay feather-stars may be dredged up or

they may be occasionally found in rock-pools at very low tides. They have a cup-shaped body, surrounded by ten feathery arms ; it is by means of these they swim, alternating their arms in graceful curves. When desirous of resting, they can cling to a support by the jointed claws which spring from the base of the stony cup. Like some tropical bird of gaudy plumage these feather-stars are brilliantly tinted with various shades of pink, or uniformly coloured with crimson,

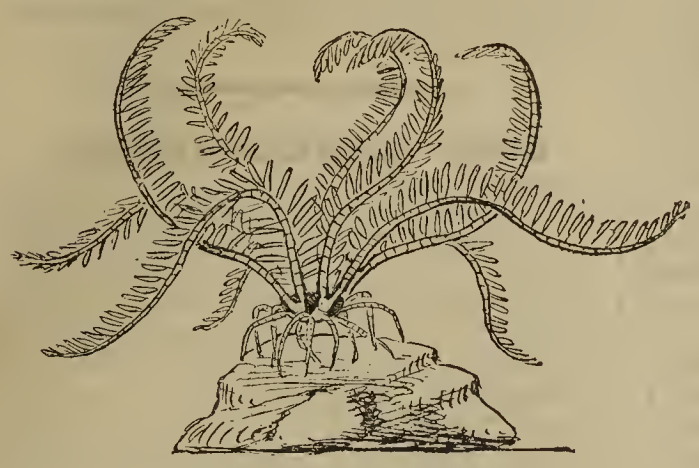


Fig. 2. *Feather Star.*

orange, or brown. One kind, like the blue macaw of South America, is said to be painted with mingled blue and yellow.

A superficial glance will suggest a resemblance between a feather-star and the crown of a sea-lily ; nor is the similarity deceptive, they are to all intents and purposes identical in structure. But this is not surprising, when we learn that the feather-star is really a stone-lily, which has swam away from its stalk.

The newly-hatched young of a feather-star is barrel-shaped. Within its ungainly body delicate plates are developed, which gradually foreshadow the form of a sea-lily. After a time the free-swimming embryo settles down on a piece of seaweed, and the skin contracts round the chalky plates. The baby feather-star now has the appearance depicted in Fig. 6. Soon the arms sprout out, and a miniature sea-lily is waving its graceful fronds, seeking for food. After living a few weeks in this stage, the cup with its arms separates from the stalk to live a free existence as a feather-star.

Feather-stars are also found as fossils in the rocks, but they were never so abundant as were the stone-lilies, and they are not found in the oldest rocks.

As the feather-star passes through a stalked stage when it is young, we are justified in assuming that the adult ancestors of feather-stars were once permanently fixed stone-lilies. Some of the descendants of the stone-lilies of bygone seas may still be found in the dark, deep, and tranquil seas far from the keen struggle for existence which occurs in shallow water. These hand down the traditions of the past ; while others, more ambitious and less conservative, departed from the customs of their ancestors, and assumed a free existence. The past, however, is always irrevocably bound up with the present, and the effects of the actions of forefathers are handed down from generation to generation. The feather-stars cannot escape from this all-reaching operation ; each in its temporary sea-lily stage recapitulates the adult condition of ancestors which became extinct ages ago.

(*Continued—page* 508.)

MY WANDERING LAD.

By Mrs. Eva Travers Poole.

THE cottage door is open, and we may look within. It is evening, and the faint sweet scent of jasmine fills the air, as the warmth of the summer winds draws forth its fragrance, and that of the golden-horned honeysuckle which clambers over the house, and droops in graceful festoons around the porch. The drowsy hum of the bees, as they settle to sleep after the busy work of the day, and the distant lowing of cattle, and the tinkling of a solitary sheep-bell are the only sounds that break the silence.

Hark ! was that a sob—a woman's weeping ? Yes ; within the cottage sits a lonely figure, that of a woman prematurely bent and old—her dark locks early silvered by the frosts of sorrow, and a haunting patience in her weary eyes, that thrills you with an untold pity as you meet their gaze.

She sits with her hands crossed be-

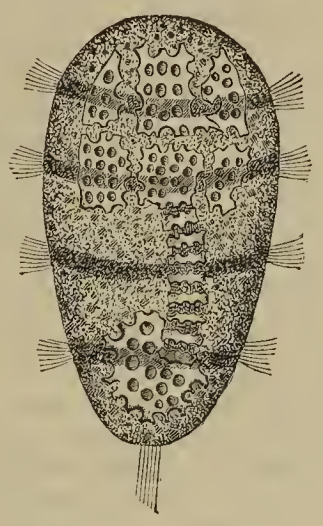


Fig. 3. *Embryo of Feather Star.*

fore her, in her old arm-chair, gazing wistfully out towards the low hills that lie beyond the silver river streak, and ever and again a mist of tears arises, passing across the faded splendour of her large, dark eyes, and blinds her—and she chokes down a sob.

Lying upon her lap is a little worn-out shoe, and a tiny crimson stocking. She does not touch them ; the listless hands lie by her side. She does not look at them, but out and away from them ; yet they have stirred her heart's sweetest, saddest memories, and the glare of dead hopes and joys has been re-opened to let spectres of the past glide forth to mock her misery.

"If I could hope," she murmurs, and her voice has the thrilling sadness of a requiem psalm in its cadences, "*if* I could hope—but how can I ?" "If I only knew the little feet that once followed mine, and pattered so prettily here and there, had tripped across the narrow severing line 'twixt death and life, and walked to-night the golden streets, I would be content—O God, content ! If I could know that little baby voice, whose prattle I loved to hear, and whose laughter filled our home with bird-like music, was even now swelling the music, far more sweet, that rings through heaven, I would be GLAD ! Oh, could I know my little lad of long ago was safe with God, 'twould ease my heart, when daylight dies, and all my cares are over, to look outward at the sinking sun, and to think to myself that *somewhere* behind the pearly gates, there dwelt my boy.

"If he were dead . I would not weep. These bitter tears should never stain the tiny shoe in which his tender feet once trod. I would bow me to the will of God, and never wish him back again ; I would be patient, knowing that each passing day brought me a life-mile nearer to my boy. But, oh ! to know he lives, and lives a *living death*,—to know those feet, once wax-like in their tenderness and purity, are black and rough with treading the path of sin, that they nightly cross vice-haunted thresholds, and walk in the ways of impurity boldly !

"Those baby hands, so dimpled and fair, that clasped my fingers and lay against my breast—that might have wrought for God, and for eternity — are stained and foul. They are red with the blood of unholy battles—they are strong in the cause of Satan. And the lips that I used to kiss and think so sweet, fresher than any garden rosebud in its dewy beauty, are defiled with oaths and imprecations, reeking with the odour of the wine-cup, burning with the insatiable thirst of the drunkard. Ah, me ! Would that he had died, as his eyes first opened on the light !"



Fig. 4.
Stalked larvæ of Feather Star. A. Quite young, before the opening of cup. B. Nearly mature, with five claws or cirri.

The evening shadows fall thick and fast ; night's deep silence enwraps all nature. The poor, broken mother-heart has wept out its sorrowful tale in the ears of God ; but *where* is her wandering boy ?

Let her cry ring out ! Let it pierce the heart like a sharp, swift sword ! Let it sound under the vaulted arches of heaven, and echo from pole to pole of earth, until *some* long-lost, sin-stained, soul-wrecked creature wakes to the consciousness of the Eternal mother-love, that follows his wandering feet as constantly as his own shadow, and by it is won back to repentance, and maybe to God.

"ALMOST."

ALMOST, — not quite; almost saved, —not quite ; almost persuaded, — not quite. Such was Felix ; he trembled under the Gospel, but was only almost saved. Such was Herod; he didmany things for John's sake, and heard him gladly, but his end, how terrible to think of. The conscience touched, but not the heart ; the feelings influenced, but the soul not born again.

There are multitudes in this condition,who have an outward respect for religion and religious teachers ; they give frequent attendance at places for worship, but are not children of God; they respect the form, but know nothing of the spirit and power.

"BETWEEN A BLESSING AND A PROMISE."

By HELEN MOORE.

THERE is something so cheering to one's heart when a bright, helpful thought comes to us in a letter! I believe I like it better than a spoken word, for the spoken word you may so soon forget, but the letter you have with you, and can go back to again and again, hearing your friend's voice in the cheering words with the glad, sweet ring about them, just as truly when twelve months have gone over your head, as on the very day the postman brought that letter to your door!

I think I am writing to-day for those who thankfully feel that they belong to Christ, but who know something also of a great, great longing that, as Christians, they may *grow*, and witness truly for Him; and a yearning that the life they live shall be spreading out and ever stretching forth towards God for more of conscious strength in and through Him, and deeper love towards His children in the world. And I think it may bring a glimmer of new joy into some "halting" lives, to hear that they have a friend who can sympathise very fully with these feelings of theirs, having gone through the same hungry longings for deeper spiritual life, as they have themselves.

A word in a friend's letter once came like a ray of beautiful sunlight to my heart! Yet the word was not my friend's, except as she quoted it for my help. I had written of the life which wanted to be quickened—of the poor, weak nature which needed to grow deeper and stronger; and then this dear Christian lady, with a loving insight into my need, and a sweet, glad reminder of just the very word of the "Master" Himself, put before me the old text,—

"Blessed are ye that hunger and thirst after righteousness; *for ye shall be filled;*" adding also this other word, which she said she had once heard in connection with the same subject,—

"Take courage, hungering ones, *for you stand between a Blessing and a Promise!*"

Will you read the words again, dear friends? They are ringing in my ears as brightly and as cheerily now as they did on the day I first read them.

"Take courage, hungering ones, *for you stand between a Blessing and a Promise!*"

What a splendid standing-ground that is! And it is our Saviour who has placed us there, so we know we are on a sure foundation. Do you ever take up some old verse, when a new thought has gathered about it, and find it come home to you in a way you never knew it do before? That is how it was with this verse on the day of which I am writing. "Blessed are ye that hunger and thirst after righteousness."

Oh, I feel so grateful to be able to put my finger upon it and say, "Here is a blessing for me; it is *mine!*" And, dear friends, the promises of Christ are not of much good to us if we only *fit them on to somebody else's need*, not our own. If we take them into our own hearts first, we prove them true, with a loving intensity which renders us more and more wishful to add the same joy to darker lives.

"You stand between a Blessing and a Promise." And it *is* a blessing; it is a glad and happy thing to hunger after righteousness. It is always good to be in such attitude as can most surely claim one of our dear Lord's precious promises! Did you ever think of that? It is just coming to Him, *with the very pledge in our hand*, of His loving fulfilment.

We want more "Christ-likeness" in our own souls—our own lives. Ah, yes! Then, if our hearts are true in the matter, we *must* come in for a share in the glad word, "Take courage, hungering ones, for you stand between a Blessing and a Promise."

It *is* true. I found it beautifully, joyfully true; for the "Master" Himself answers with the welcome cry, "*Ye shall be filled!*"

Do you say, "Is there no mistake in it?"

"Oh, no! There is no mistake, thank God! "Ye *shall* be filled." Nay, listen still! For while your silent, yearning prayer is going up on high, the very heart of Jesus speaks your own name, right into your waiting soul, as He says, "Ye *shall* be filled."

Ah, it is good indeed to find ourselves between a Blessing and a Promise. And Christ's promises always come to us linked with the power needed for their fulfilment. We must remember that.

We have not to stand idly by, and wait for the answer to our prayer. *That* is what I count as "*the heart not being true in the matter.*" If we hunger with a bodily hunger, we make great earnest effort towards the means of allaying the craving need; and if the soul hunger, must we not also be bringing ourselves, *our lives* into closer contact with *Christ's life?*

A hungry child gets as near as it can to the baker's shop, or the place where food is to be procured; and God's hungry children will do well to put *their* "waiting" lives just where Christ put His—*in the shelter of the Father's love, and in the patient, self-denying fulfilment of life's daily duties.*

Am I disappointing any one by saying this? Do I read on the trembling lip that this latter is just the *one* thing which seems most impossible. But, believe me, it is *not* impossible. You come to Jesus with your pleading cry of hunger, and while His voice is repeating, "*Ye shall be filled,*" His hand holds out to you the power and the strength in which you can straightway come into close contact with His life, so that yours (or rather, His life in you) may indeed grow.

Try it, friend! Come with your hungry cry to the Saviour—*come yet again;* and as you come, remember "you are standing between a Blessing and a Promise," a promise which *cannot* fail; and with this glad, beautiful earnest in your heart of the joy which *must* follow, *use the little life, which seems to you so poor and weak, in the patient service He has given you to do*, doing it bravely, faithfully, *for His sake*—only *that*,—just out of grateful love to Him; and you will surely find, by the peace in your own heart, how true was the Lord's own blessed promise, "*Ye shall be filled!*"

NOT A CLOUD.

A LIEUTENANT in an Iowa regiment, wounded by a ball in the shoulder, was brought into the hospital. At first, it was thought he would recover, but after a few days, he rapidly declined. Just before his death, a lady nurse said to him,—

"Lieutenant, you have but a few minutes to live. If you have any word to send to your wife and little one, you must speak it quickly."

He looked up at her, his face shining like an angel's, and said,—

"Tell my wife that there is not a cloud between me and Jesus."

SECOND SPELLING CHASE.

£1 : 1 : 0.

EXAMINERS' AWARD.

AT last! Our readers' patience and our own, well-nigh exhausted! We are prepared to announce in our next week's Number, our List of Prize and Certificate Winners. The results show great credit to a large number, who have only failed in one word each. As before, "WEBSTER" has been our Court of Appeal.

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

E.F.A.—In reply to the inquiry for publisher's name, etc. of "Scamp and I," this is published by Messrs. Shaw & Co., 48, Paternoster Row. There is a 3s. 6d. edition, also a 6d. The book can be obtained for 6d. of any bookseller.

A. W.—We are strongly of opinion that all travelling on Sunday should be avoided, unless in the case of extreme urgency, such as illness; secondly, your question as to dreams is speculative and unprofitable; thirdly, we are not able to insert the verses which you send.

Subscriber.—It is not within our sphere to reply to your inquiry; ask a doctor.

Easter.—We regret exceedingly that through a misprint you were unable to get the information desired. You will find full details about hospitals on page 99 of "OUR OWN GAZETTE" for 1885 (vol. ii.).

In reply to the inquiry where the lines—

"Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,
They ne'er forgive who do the wrong,"

may be found—they are in Dryden's "Conquest of Granada," Part II., Act I., Scene II.

Exodus.—Assisted passages to Queensland are granted to farm-labourers, gardeners, miners, navvies, and the like for £8 each. If a steady young man is not able to get this grant, the Colonial Emigration Society, 9, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C., is sometimes able to give a small loan on condition that two good securities are found for its repayment at the end of twelve months; this loan, however, is only granted under exceptional circumstances. Further information can be obtained by application to Mrs. Blanchard, as above.

Tricycling to Profit.—One of our correspondents writes: "I have a tricycle, and it is quite a pleasure to turn little journeys into the country to a useful end. We leave a specimen copy of 'A. I.' and then sell a monthly part. This would make cycling more profitable if carried out on any scale; one goes out with an additional object, and the ride is all the more enjoyable in consequence." We suggest that many of our tricycling friends should note this hint; and we should be very glad to supply them with all the ammunition they may require, in the shape of specimen copies, gratis.

A. B. S.—We have ascertained that there is no Protestant Institution into which admission can be gained for any child by a collection of a large number of postage stamps.

"He shall be called a Nazarene" (Tau).—Christ is nowhere expressly so called in the Old Testament. But He is called Nêtser, a shoot or branch (Isa. xi. 1); and Nêtser is the proper Hebrew name of Nazareth—thus showing a prophetic correspondence between the place of His residence and the meaning of His name. Just as in Matthew i. 21–23 Jesus—Jehovah, Saviour—is declared to be the fulfilment of the prophecy, "They shall call His name Emmanuel—God with us." In both cases it is the meaning of the name, and not the actual name itself, that is referred to.

Model Husband and Wife Competition.—If R. C. C. and A. Palmer will send us their addresses, we shall be glad to send their certificates.

First Spelling Chase.—If E. Mason will send us her address, she will receive her certificate.

Annie wishes to know where she can obtain a book that will teach her to read music. She is anxious to learn, but unable to join a class. Does Annie refer to instrumental or vocal music? If the piano, any good tutor, such as Hamilton's or Hemy's will afford the necessary instruction; and for singing, Hullah's "Tonic Sol-fa Primer," or the "Collegiate" singing tutors will assist to a knowledge of sight reading; but the book has not yet been published that will adequately instruct without the aid of an instructor.

Chenopodium Bonus Henricus is the mercury goosefoot, or "Good King Henry." The latter is not a different plant, but all the same thing. It was formerly used in England as a vegetable in the place of spinach, and is still to be found on old castles, walls, etc., but its use as a vegetable has nearly died out.

QUESTIONS.

Can any one suggest a means of employment for a young man suffering from curvature of the spine, and who is thus unable to leave home, or from undertaking any work of a laborious kind. He is an excellent writer and clever at figures, but living in a village five miles from any town, there seems to be no sphere for his talent. We should be very glad to receive any suggestions that might be helpful to our correspondent.

C. H. would like to have an explanation of the difference between the word lucky and fortunate, and would like to know if there is such a thing as luck.

BUYING HOUSES TO PULL DOWN.

By Charles Ford.

PASSING through a London suburb, I chanced upon a cart standing at an open gateway, where building operations were going on, bearing this notice—"Houses bought to pull down." Here, thought I, is one of those "obscure" trades of which Dickens (as in doll-making, dust-collecting, and corn-extracting) made so much, and which are so often fraught with a deep human interest, and, as in this instance especially, with a profound suggestiveness to the young.

And the first thought suggested to me was that the character every one is daily forming, the manhood each is building, or *not* building, may be fitly compared to a house or dwelling, and constituting, so to speak, our mental and moral tabernacle, the inner sanctuary of the spirit, of which the corporeal "house we live in," the body, is the outer court. Must we not all have such a "house," such a compacted fabric of ideas, sentiments, feelings, and principles for the abode of character, as really as a physical body for the manifestation of the entire man, or a material structure for existence in a physical world? Good or bad, strong or weak, lofty or low, have we not all our *character*-dwellings, planned and constructed more or less by ourselves or others, built or bought?

A second thought this singular occupation called up was, that in order that this "spiritual house" may be truly our own, without which it cannot be really stable and useful, we must build it ourselves from its very foundation, with indestructible material, and according to a Divine plan. For if, instead of building, we buy, as many do, our mental and moral houses ready-made, we shall be certain to find them insecure, and requiring before long to be "pulled down." In short, we shall be "*buying houses to pull down*," which, however lucrative in the case of material structure, is ruinous in character-building, since these insecure borrowed dwellings must be continually replaced by stabler structures, unless we are content to be morally dwarfed and imperilled by their miserable dimensions and insecurity all our lives.

A third point impressed upon me was, that we cannot begin character and manhood building too soon; that life is so short at best, we have not a moment to spare; that though "buying houses" may not be a long process, *building* them (especially building them strongly and beautifully, as all characters should be built), takes time; and that unless, in some measure, we complete this work in early life, we shall be looking for a settled spiritual dwelling when we ought to be hard at work in it, helping others.

Here we see that the great evil of "buying" worthless mental tenements, of "buying houses to pull down," is not only that they are disappointing in themselves, but they impede the building up of true character until it is almost too late to begin, or, at least, to complete the task worthily. Some people seem to be looking for a material dwelling all their lives, and, in consequence, never settle anywhere, never fulfil any course of service for God and man. So some seem to be always looking in vain for a strong, thoroughly furnished manhood, and if they attempt to build it at all, begin building too late to mature character till life has passed its zenith.

Pursuing this train of thought, four kinds of "houses" rose up before my imagination as too often "bought" by the young and inexperienced only "to be pulled down," and thereupon I felt moved to warn them against having anything to do with—houses of cards, houses of idols, houses on sand, houses all basement, or of one storey.

Regarding these four kinds of character-*less* houses, as we may call them, the point to be chiefly noted is, that they are all alike destructive of genuine character-building; that they must be completely cleared away before any healthy manhood can be reared. This, evidently, cannot be, figuratively speaking, built of *cards*—of those vain expectations and unpractical schemes of life, in which too many of the young indulge.

Castles in the air are easily built, but they are not less easily destroyed, having even less reality than those temples of pasteboard, the uprearing of which, at one time, delighted childhood, but which a chance touch or puff of air, by displacing a single support, brought suddenly to ruin. All such unsubstantial structures, expend on them what we may—and not a little time and thought is often consumed in their fabrication—inevitably disappoint us when we try to *live* in them. Nothing but hard facts, like granite or sun-dried bricks, will do to build upon in this every-day practical world. All vain imaginings collapse and vanish at the first real strain of actual experience—they are but "houses to pull down."

Nor can character be housed and developed along with *idols*—built up of those exaggerated notions of men and things which the young too frequently entertain; exaggerations not only of what is possible to them, but of what is obtainable from life—from its thought, wealth, fame, pleasure. What empty houses, what comfortless dwellings these turn out to be, tested by the real needs of life and the capacities of the human spirit! How we seek rest in them, and find none! No; these idol temples are not *character* buildings. We may make earthly things contribute to the rearing of a spiritual temple, but we can never find—as the rich fool, in the parable, promised himself—in vaunted, but unsatisfying worldly goods, the home of our souls. Houses of *idols* are only houses to pull down.

Houses, too, built *on sand* will never do to live in. This would be perilous literally. How much more dangerous for the spirit to take up its abode in those sand-resting structures of scepticism and sophistry, that are always in the market, which are to be had so cheap and look so pretty, but have no solid foundation. Perhaps there are no mental and moral houses that are so fatally deceptive as these. Houses of *cards* and *idols* can delude none but the young, but these *sandy foundation* houses cheat even the intelligent and mature. Their defects, you see, are all hidden. Above they appear most "desirable residences." What can be more attractive than the delightful freedom of unbelief, and the manliness of bowing to nobody in heaven or earth,—owning no authority or will but our own?

Then no effort or solicitude is required to secure these specious dwellings. There they are, all ready—we cannot say "furnished," but, at any rate, "swept and garnished"; and as to furniture, well, it is astonishing what we can "evolve out of our own inner consciousness"—enough, some tell us, to dispense even with the Bible and God, to say nothing of the gospel. How many are led into purchasing these trumpery "houses on sand," surrendering for them their religious instincts, and violating their conscience and moral sense by the plausible talk of men who, having shunned the labour and struggle of building up a manly faith and religious character for themselves, endeavour to persuade others there is no such thing; that their own sandy structures are built on the rock of truth, and will outlast every storm. Alas, for those who are thus deceived! Let us not listen to these "blind leaders of the blind"; let us not be deceived by appearances, but look "under the surface," and then we shall see that these "houses," built on the shifting sands of human reasoning, instead of on God's eternal truth, can be no fit home for an immortal soul. They are simply "houses to pull down."

Lastly, houses spiritually all basement, or having but one storey, are unfit habitations for the inward man. We must not only build character securely and substantially, but loftily, allowing room for growth and expansion. The mental *bungaloes* some minds are content with are not worth having at a gift. They may serve for characters like "Feeble-mind," for the spiritually halt, lame, and blind, who dread mounting above the ground floor, or think one storey a perilous ascent, but they will never do for the spiritually robust, for "strong men," who "have all their senses exercised," and want to keep them so. No, for any fit habitation of character, we must look higher even than a single storey. We must dwell where we can breathe the mountain-air of truth, which is infinite, as the ether above us; dwell where we can catch glimpses of the unseen in God and nature, and where faith may have room to rise on the wings of contemplation and prayer.

We need not fear building too loftily, if we build on the true foundation—God's eternal truth, and Jesus Christ, its greatest embodiment. Let us not, as the ancients did, measure *truth* by our puny understandings, or we may well be content with any low-pitched shed or shanty for the housing of our souls. Truth is not just what we can comprehend, but all the facts of the universe and of revelation, and we must build loftily indeed to overtop these "houses" of commonplace thought and feeling, into which too many creep and lazily remain; they are but "houses to pull down."

Four essentials, I felt, as these cogitations drew to a close, mark true character-dwellings. They must be stable, individual, spacious, and complete. Character, to be true and reliable, must be built on the *one* foundation of Christian truth and faith—"for other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ"; it must be our *own* building thereupon, not a purchased or borrowed structure of tradition or hearsay, tacked or tied on to us artificially, but, like the corporeal "house we live in," one growing with our growth and strengthening with our strength; it must be spacious, affording, as in a healthy material dwelling, "room and

verge enough" for full exercise of the entire man; and it should be complete, fitted, like the body, or a luxurious palace, for all the wants and capacities of its spiritual occupant,—"thoroughly *furnished* unto all good works."

Such is the ideal temple of human manhood. How shall we erect it? First and chief, by "building up ourselves on our most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keeping ourselves in the love of God." Secondly, by strenuous self-discipline. What examples lie before us in the character-temples of the past! We may not attract public attention to the "spiritual houses" we erect, like Howard, Wilberforce, Livingstone, Stanley the explorer, Abraham Lincoln, Garibaldi, Robert Moffat, and hundreds more in every section of the Church and every department of life, of which those above-named are but types; but if the same elements are embodied in our manhood, we shall be privileged, in some humbler sphere, to serve, as truly, God and man.

Alas! how many live long lives, and yet never rear any character God can use, or posterity revere, but seem ever to be "buying houses to pull down"! What contrasts in this respect, even among conspicuous men, history furnishes—between Luther and Burns, for instance, Byron and Sir Thomas More! Let it be rembered, we can only get out of life what we put into it; that character, like a house, is valuable according to the skill and cost expended on it; that it is only by strenuous work we can ever *build* a character that shall endure and excel; that—

> ". . . life is not as idle ore,
> But iron dug from central gloom,
> And heated hot with burning fears,
> And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
> And batter'd with the shocks of doom
> To shape and use."

THE NATURE OF GOD.

THE Nature of God is incomprehensible. Could infinite minds expect it to be otherwise? Sum up, if you can, all your ideas of infinite space, infinite duration, infinite knowledge and infinite power, and He in whom they all meet and harmoniously combine is God. The difficulty, the impossibility of comprehending the infinite is well expressed by the great Roman orator in the following incident: — Hiero, who was a king, once asked a philosopher, whose name was Simonides, "What, and like what, is God?" Simonides asked for one day to consider the question. The king inquired again next day, and was asked to allow two days for further consideration. After two days he repeated his question, and was this time asked to allow four days; and thus the plilosopher continued on each successive occasion to double the period required for thought. The king, at last, weary of delay, and curious to know the reason of it, inquired of the philosopher why he thus postponed his anwer. To whom Simonides replied, "The longer I consider it, the more obscure does the matter become." The incomprehensible nature of God is, however, no bar to our belief in His existence.—*Dr. Maguire.*

THE WORD "WIFE."

IT was Ruskin who pronounced the word "wife" one of the most beautiful and appropriate in the language. He described it as the great word with which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. "I hope," said he, "that the French will some day get a word for it instead of that *femme*." But what do you think it comes from? The great value of the Saxon words is, that they mean something. Wife means "weaver." You must either be house-wives or house-moths, remember that. In the deeper sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over his head, the glow-worm in the night's cold grass may be the fire at his feet, but home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermillion—shedding its quiet light for those who else are homeless.

WORLDLY CONFORMITY.

THE Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander wrote to a friend: "As I grow older as a parent, my views are changing fast as to the degree of conformity to the world which we should allow to our children. I am horror-struck to count up the profligate children of pious persons, and even ministers.

"The door at which those influences enter, which countervail parental instruction and example, I am persuaded, is yielding to the ways of good society. By *dress*, *books*, *and amusements*, an atmosphere is formed which is not that of Christianity. More than ever do I feel that our families must stand in a kind but determined opposition to the fashions of the world, breasting the waves like the Eddystone lighthouse. And I have found nothing yet which requires more courage and independence than to rise a little, but decidedly, above the par of the religious world around us.

"Surely, the way in which we commonly go on is not the way of self-denial, and sacrifice, and cross-bearing, which the New Testament talks of. 'Then is the offence of the cross ceased.' Our slender influence on the circle of our friends is often to be traced to our leaving so little difference between us and them."

TALENT *VERSUS* TACT.

TALENT is power; tact is skill. Talent is weight; tact is momentum. Talent knows what to do; tact knows how to do it. Talent makes a man respectable! tact will make him respected. Talent is wealth; tact is ready money. Talent is *pleased* that it ought to have succeeded; tact is delighted that it *has* succeeded. Talent toils for a posterity which will never repay it; tact throws away no pains, but catches the passions of the passing hour. Talent builds for eternity; tact for a short lease, and gets good interest.

"The lore Christ studied were the Books of God without Him in Scripture, in Nature, and in Life; and the Book of God within Him, written on the fleshy table of the heart."

"I call the Book of Job, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. . . . A noble book. All men's book. It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem, man's destiny and God's ways with him here in this earth. , . . There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit."

A negro, wishing to give his countrymen an idea of a book, said, "My dear gode broders, I hab de plezzure to inform y'all dat reading is de power of hearing wid the eyes instead of de ears."

"Multifarious reading weakens the mind more than doing nothing, for it becomes a necessity at last, like smoking, and is an excuse for the mind to lie dormant, whilst thought is poured in, and runs through, a clear stream, over unproductive ground, on which not even mosses grow. It is the idlest of all idleness, and leaves more of impotency than any other."

THAT HOUSE IN LONDON.

By L. T. MEADE,

Author of "Scamp and I," "A Knight of To-day," "Great St. Benedict's," "The O'Donnell's of Inchfawn,"

"A Band of Three," "Water Gipsies,"

"Your Brother and Mine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.

IT is an awful moment in the history of any man or woman when he or she loses hope.

That moment came to Kate Graham as the train bore her swiftly through the night to Dover. That critical moment in her history arrived, and blotted out on the instant from her horizon sun, moon, and stars. She was in complete darkness.

She was a woman who had always clung to religion and made it her anchor; now religion afforded her no consolation. She did not even cry to the God whom she dearly loved and had always tried to follow; she simply bowed her head, and let the storm pass over her.

Had this state of things lasted long, her reason might have forsaken her; but mercifully the strain was not allowed to continue. Hope, it is true, had died, but something else came back to warm and revive her stricken heart. This something was love—the great, great love she bore to her husband. Whether he was guilty or innocent, whether he was strong or weak, whether he was high up as the angels, or low almost beneath humanity, she loved him.

The knowledge of his sin, the terrible rush of conviction which showed her he was guilty, did not stay her love. She was so pure-minded, so good herself, that she could not but hate the sin; but, oh! how tenderly, how truly she loved the sinner.

This knowledge, when it swept over her soul, brought a sudden sense of strength, and almost peace. It would have been so awful if the knowledge of his sin had killed her love; but it had not done so. She loved him deeply, dearly. Her love at this moment was her salvation.

The train drew rapidly near to its destination, and Mrs. Murray, who had been holding the sleeping baby in her arms, came up to Kate, and asked her a question.

"You will have some beef-jelly now, ma'am, before we go on board the boat? My dear lady, how very tired you look!"

"I am not so tired," she said. "I



"A picturesque-looking French lad, wearing a scarlet cap, entered the shop, and handed her a letter."

don't feel very weak. I will have some of the jelly, for I must keep up my strength."

Mrs. Murray gave her some, and a few moments later they arrived at Dover.

Then ensued the usual confusion, and soon afterwards the little party found themselves established in one of the most comfortable of the deck-cabins. Kate had plenty of money; they could secure all needful luxuries for their journey. The voyage was a rough one, for the night turned stormy. Kate was not ill, but the baby suffered and cried piteously.

"I hope he has not taken a chill," said Mrs. Murray; "it is bitterly cold. We must wrap him up well when we get to Calais. I hope, ma'am," she added, "you and baby will both have a good rest in Paris."

"No," said Kate, speaking suddenly, and with energy; "we are going right through. I don't intend to rest in Paris."

"But that won't be good for the baby, ma'am. If you don't think of yourself, you ought to give a thought to him, sweet lamb. He ought to have a night's rest, and a fresh supply of proper food."

"Give me the baby," said Kate suddenly. She looked long and very earnestly into the child's little face. "I think baby will be glad to do his duty," she said then, with a very queer light in her own eyes, as she returned him to Mrs. Murray.

The journey to Paris was found very long by the good nurse, although her mistress certainly gave her no trouble. Kate sat quite quiet in her corner, not speaking at all, scarcely moving.

She had by no means got back hope, but something else occupied all her mind and filled her whole horizon. Her husband had done what they said he had done; that story was true. She looked no longer at the pros and cons; she did not vex or weary herself any longer, weighing the chain of evidence for or against.

Just as positively as she had said yesterday, all through the long chain of contrary evidence, that he was innocent, did she now believe him guilty. Her dream, her terrible and vivid dream, had torn the veil from her eyes. There was no doubt of it; her Kenneth Graham was not a hero, but a weak, erring, and most sinful man.

He had done a mean thing—he was a thief; he had betrayed the most sacred trust; he had deceived her; he had lived for years on money which was not his. Ever since their marriage he had been thus guilty—he had set his feet steadily to walk downwards, from the very, very first.

Yes; it was all as plain as daylight—everything was accounted for now. He was a man without honour, without principle; therefore to be despised.

Oh, yes; but not by her. If all the rest of the world turned against him, she would be true. What use was a wife if she was not true? Had she not taken him for better and for worse? Of course she would not forsake him in his dark hour—the hour when his sin was discovered.

"Not only will I not forsake him," said the brave woman to herself; "not only will I show him that I love him as deeply as ever, but I must save him—I must save him from his terrible false self. God will show me how; my loving Heavenly Father will tell me how."

Then she began to pray—oh! such fervent prayers, and her tears fell, and the tight, tight band around her heart was loosened, and she was conscious of a sensation of great strength.

"I will save him," she said to herself. "God will be with me, and I know I shall succeed. He has fallen, but he shall arise yet; he shall come home to his Father. Yes; I will bring him—I will do this thing; God will give him to me. Oh! my beloved, did you think your own wife would turn away from you, because you were so weak, because you yielded to so terrible a temptation? How little you knew!"

As they got near Paris, Kate came to a sudden resolution. It would be better for her husband that Mrs. Murray should not be with them. She did not know how he was placed; she did not know how far he had transgressed the law, or in what absolute danger he might be; but she felt quite sure that he would be distressed by the presence of a third party; and she also knew that whatever steps it would be necessary for them to pursue, it would be best for them to be alone at first.

There are moments when a large-hearted and noble woman can be almost selfless. Kate absolutely forgot herself at this time—she was all Graham. She lived, and moved, and thought for him.

"I will take baby," she said. "I can be most tender with baby, and I understand him now. I believe, too, he will help me with his father, but it is wiser to leave Mrs. Murray behind. I must manage it somehow. I must think what is best to be done. There is one thing, I must tell my good faithful nurse nothing. If I did, she would insist on accompanying me."

Kate thought for a little, then, seeing that the nurse was asleep in the opposite corner of the carriage, she took out a pencil and sheet of paper, scribbled a few lines hastily, and taking out three £10 notes from her money, enclosed them in the paper, and fastened the whole in an envelope. Having done this, she woke the nurse.

"Nurse, I want you to amuse me a little. Tell me exactly over again how you manage baby. You know he is my one great object of interest, and when I am obliged to part with you, and get another nurse, I shall like to know exactly what to do."

"Dear heart, ma'am, don't you trouble about the child at the present moment," answered the sleepy nurse, rubbing her eyes.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Murray, do be kind to me. I cannot sleep; do talk to me for a little about baby, and what he ought to have, and how you have managed other babies."

Mrs. Murray adored infants, and she quickly fell into the trap laid for her. She talked long, Kate plying her with leading questions.

Soon the young mother had heard again all that was necessary for her to know with regard to the management of an infant child.

"That's all, ma'am; no one ought to treat a baby any different," said the nurse in conclusion; "but my mind misgives me," she added, "that the little dear is not quite well. I fear much he has got a chill."

At another time this remark would have filled Kate's heart with the liveliest apprehensions, but now she scarcely felt even a pang of fear.

"God will help baby to do his duty," she murmured. At that instant her faith was very strong.

They got to Paris, and Kate had to put her plans into execution. Mrs. Murray did not understand a word of French, which fact was in Mrs. Graham's favour. She also remembered, to her satisfaction, that she had never told the good woman where they were going.

"Nurse," she said suddenly, when they had got rid of the custom-house officers, and were driving through the streets, "will you get down at that confectioner's, and buy different things which we may want for our journey. Here is money. Buy anything you please. Fill this basket."

"Shall I take baby, ma'am?"

"No; I will keep baby. I am going on to the nearest chemist's to get some of the medicine which you said would be good for him if his cold continued. Wait at the confectioner's until I return."

"We won't miss our train, ma'am?"

"Oh, no; I will see to that."

"Well, it's a queer, outlandish place," muttered the nurse to herself, "and no one speaking a word of English. How I can manage to buy things for my missus is more than I can tell; but I suppose I can point to them, and show the money. Dear, dear, I'd give a good deal to be at the other side of the Channel. It's awful to be in a country where one doesn't hear a single word one can understand."

"Don't keep me waiting long, ma'am," she said, as the cab drew up at a gay-looking confectioner's shop.

"Give me a kiss before you go, dear, kind, faithful friend," said Mrs. Graham, suddenly bending forward.

"There, my sweet lady, and don't you think I'm complaining of France, for I'd go the world over with you, dear."

Mrs. Murray entered the confectioner's shop, with difficulty made her purchases, and then waited impatiently for the return of her mistress and the baby.

She was becoming seriously uneasy, for nearly three-quarters of an hour had passed away, when a picturesque-looking French lad, wearing a scarlet cap, and whistling in a truly joyous manner, entered the shop, stared hard at her, volunteered a torrent of French, and finally seeing that she carried a basket, and could only nod desperately in reply, handed her a letter.

Mrs. Murray recognised the hand-writing, tore it open, and read the brief contents.

"DEAR FRIEND,—

"Baby and I must go on alone; it is best, and you will trust me enough not to ask me why. Get back to England, and forget everything about us, except that we loved you well. I enclose £30.

"Your faithful friend,

"KATE GRAHAM."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THEY say when a good man falls, he falls indeed. Perhaps it is also true that when a man constitutionally brave yields to cowardice, he is a greater coward than another.

Such a thing had happened to Graham. He had been doing wrong for years, and braving it out; he had been running risks of all sorts without any particular terror of the consequences.

Never once had his nerve failed him, never once had his clear head refused to show him the most expedient path, until the day that Alexis had scornfully refused his offers of assistance. Alexis's manner then, his words of withering scorn, had discomposed him much. When he returned home, he had to own to himself that his nerves were affected.

He began to live on thorns; he began to long for a shelter and a safety; his admirable self-control was shaken; but it did not give way, not utterly, until the night when he left home.

On that night he was a coward indeed; the bare thought of Mrs. Carew caused him to shudder; the sight of Jonas sitting up in bed, and hurling curses and reproaches at him, was too horrible to dwell upon. He could not stay in the house with this pain. He must leave them—he must go away as quickly as possible.

He was not calm enough to reason out the case, as he would have done in quieter moments; he was not calm enough to remember that, sinner as he was, he ought not to forsake his wife in her weakness and helplessness. No, he could think of no one but himself—his miserable loss; and so he went away all alone, carrying with him a coward's heart.

He was a fine-looking man; he had an easy and pleasant address. The suffering he had gone through during the last few weeks had certainly aged him; the agony he had lived under, during the night on which he fled, had brought many white hairs to his head. Still, he looked young, and also interesting.

He dressed well, and carried himself well; and as he wandered restlessly about from place to place on the Continent, the usual remarks were made about him, and he was rather admired for keeping up the character of the morose Englishman.

Deeply as Graham had sinned, he knew perfectly that even now the law could not touch him; even now he had but to return the stolen money to Alexis—he had but to give up his wife's fortune, and, shorn and bereft, it is true, but still a free man, he could face the world.

Yes—but how? The prison walls, it is true, would not pen him in, but disgrace would encircle him like a prison.

Because of this thing he had done, no man who considered himself a gentleman would speak to him again. Because of this sin of his, even occupation would be denied him.

His partner, an honourable and most upright man, would request him to withdraw from the business his name even was ruining; no one else would give him a berth; he might have to beg, and doubtless even alms would be denied to him.

But terrible as this social death and ruin must be to one so proud, yet Kenneth thought that he could not have fled from his home on this account. No, no; he was a coward, but he might have borne that.

The agony of all agonies to him lay in the certain knowledge that his wife would scorn him—she who had loved him as noble, would hate him as base. This he could not bear.

So upset was he, that for a time he would not even write home; he could not eat; his nights were broken with horrible dreams. Suddenly one night a terrible idea seized him—his wife was very ill, and the doctor said she was dying of a broken heart.

The next day he wrote to her—to the post-office already mentioned—and gave her an address at Bordeaux where he might receive her reply. His letter was full of solicitude, anxiety, affection, but he said nothing about her joining him.

He posted this epistle, and then he counted the hours until a reply could reach him. He became really ill in this interval. Suppose Kate had already heard the worst; suppose she absolutely refused to have anything more to do with him! He saw now for the first time that his flight alone must proclaim him guilty before all the world. What a fool he had been to go away! Why had he not the courage to be at least true to his wretched self, and not to have left his home?

Kate was so honourable, she would not even touch such a being as he was. She would never again allow their innocent little child to look in his eyes and call him father.

Yes, certainly Kate was sure to know, sure to condemn, sure to loathe utterly. When the time at last was over, he went to the post-office and asked for his letter; a gentleman, whose appearance did not seem quite unfamiliar to him, entered the place at the same moment, and, standing by Graham's side, made a similar request.

Both these men looked outwardly cool and indifferent, and no one to watch him could have guessed that that rather sulky-looking Englishman was simply on the rack as he waited for his reply; nor, on the other hand, that the clergyman, whose eager eyes were all aglow with the fire of sympathy and love, scarcely looked for a letter at all, and, in any case, awaited one with indifference.

The clergyman received a packet of three or four. One solitary letter was put into Graham's hand. He recognised the handwriting, and exclaimed aloud, "Thank God."

The fervour of his remark caused his companion to turn and look at him. They mutually recognised each other; they had met before at Portland, on the day when Alexis was liberated.

"I am glad to see you," said Mr. Marshall, in his hearty tones.

The two men exchanged a few words, found that they were staying at the same hotel at Bordeaux, and finally Graham walked off to read his letter alone.

The relief this letter gave him he was never able to describe. His wife trusted him. She loved him, she was coming to him; as yet, as yet she knew nothing.

How glad he was. He felt young again, and happy. He flew back to the hotel, to secure at once the most comfortable rooms for Kate; he bustled about and gave his orders, and became on the instant a cheerful and agreeable man.

Hitherto he had absented himself from *table d'hôte*, but on this evening he was present, and he found himself, rather to his annoyance, although nothing could quite damp his spirits then, seated next to Marshall, the prison chaplain.

Naturally the two men began to talk; naturally also they referred to their last meeting. Marshall asked some questions about his prison *protégé*, Alexis. Kate's letter had so far brought back the tone and fibre to Graham's heart, that he was able to answer these questions without undue discomposure.

"I regret to say," he remarked, "that I could do nothing for the fellow. I was willing to aid and assist him, but he would not avail himself of my help."

"And yet you knew him long ago?" said the clergyman, darting a quick glance at Graham's face.

"That is so."

"Can you imagine any motive for such extraordinary conduct?"

Graham laughed uneasily.

"I can imagine plenty," he said. "Alexis was always an eccentric being."

Marshall muttered something under his beard.

"So you are, my good sir," he thought inwardly. "There is a mystery here, and I cannot get to the bottom of it."

Kenneth felt some of his former misery returning to him—he wished he had lied boldly to the clergyman; but with his wife's letter lying warm against his heart, he could not add to his sins, although he was by no means courageous enough to confess them.

After dinner, the two men strolled out together, and then Marshall made an observation.

"Forgive me—you don't look quite the same man whom I saw a few months ago at Portland."

Graham laughed.

"I have been ill," he said, "and had business worries."

"I hope you had good news in your letter this afternoon."

"Thank you, the best—my wife will join me here to-morrow."

"Do you make a long stay at Bordeaux?"

"I cannot tell you. Mrs. Graham has been ill. I shall take her about to the places which will best restore her. Stay at Bordeaux?—no, no, not likely; it is a horrible hole. We shall probably go to Pau from here. How I wish we could get a little way into the Pyrenees."

"The season is too early for that," answered Marshall.

"I fear it is. Have you got a long leave of absence from your unpleasant duties?"

"My duties are not unpleasant. I have had some seasons of success, and the service can never be irksome."

"The service?" echoed Graham.

"My Master's," answered the other, again favouring his companion with a quick, intense look. "I can stay away for a little longer, and may remain here; I do not know."

"I will wish you good-night now," said Graham.

He could scarcely tell himself why, but he had an aversion for Marshall, and also a magnetic drawing towards him. The rough-looking chaplain of the prison both repelled and attracted him.

"That man would think nothing of my story," he said to himself, as he laid his head on his pillow that night. "To Marshall, such a tale as mine would seem quite an every-day occurrence. Nay, to a prison chaplain, I have no doubt I should appear rather a good fellow than otherwise. I wonder what Marshall would say to me if I did confess—if I did get this cursed load off my mind. Ah—fate—he would bid me repent and take up the ways of righteousness. No, no, I am not quite so mean as that. I have forsaken God, and taken up the other side. I am not so mean as to turn back and offer Him the dregs. I am altogether unfit to enter the service. How Marshall's eyes glowed when he spoke of it, and how his voice rang when he said, 'My Master!' Curious! almost enough to make a fellow believe in the reality of a life of religion, and all that sort of thing. Well, well, I thought I believed in it once myself, but not for me now is either the belief or the comfort."

The next day, some time before the train was due, Graham might have been seen pacing up and down one of the dreary platforms of the great railway terminus.

Again he was all impatience and agitation. Kate had written to him lovingly, but during the interval between the sending of her letter and her arrival, she might have learned the truth; at any moment the truth might confront her, and then——! Suppose she did not come by this train?—suppose she sent him a telegram instead?—suppose she neither came nor sent him a message?—suppose, in future, she treated his sin, as it deserved, by utter silence and utter contempt?

How slowly the moments dragged themselves along! Would they never fly? Again he felt trembling and sick from agitation. Ah, the signal was up! What a

relief! He would soon now know the worst. His heart beat tumultuously.

As the train approached and drew up at the platform, the singing in his ears almost deafened him. He rushed forward—he peered wildly into carriage after carriage. No, no—not there—not there. Then she did know all—she had not come—she had cast him off for ever.

Suddenly a voice sounded in his ears—a sweet voice speaking the English tongue; he ran forward and clasped his wife's hand.

"Oh, my darling," he exclaimed, "this is relief—this is heaven!"

She looked up straight into his eyes, and then again he started back, stunned and sickened. She had come, but not in ignorance; she had come, knowing all; nothing else, nothing else could have brought such a look of pity into her eyes.

She looked like one almost risen up from the dead—so pallid, so weak, so suffering; and yet she looked like one who might have been in heaven itself, so angelic was that glance of pity and love which she gave him.

"Kenneth," said the gentle voice—"Kenneth, I have come alone, and I have brought baby. He is very, very ill. We must get some one to see him at once."

(*Continued—page* 513.)

TROUBLESOME COLONISTS.

By C. F. Gordon-Cumming.

Part I.

AMONG the many remarkable changes which have been wrought in various parts of the world by Anglo-Saxon enterprise, none is more striking than the wonderful alterations in the fauna and flora of New Zealand, where a kindly soil and climate have so generously welcomed every newcomer, whether animal or vegetable, that there is now nothing to indicate which are the original children of the soil, and which are the new-comers.

This, at least, is the case with regard to vegetation. Concerning animals, there is small difficulty in recognising the "adopted children," inasmuch as till our very recent colonization of those great isles, they were literally destitute of all animal life, except birds and insects, the only indigenous quadruped being a small rat. When Captain Cook first discovered the isles, there were also small dogs, which were offered in sacrifice to the gods; but it is believed that these were introduced by the Maoris, who had found their way there about five hundred years earlier. Captain Cook and his successors brought pigs and cattle, which, being turned adrift in the forests, and carefully preserved by royal edict, proved the progenitors of wild herds of these animals; and, in later years, diligent colonists have so effectually carried on their business as farmers, that New Zealand now owns about seven hundred thousand head of cattle, one hundred and sixty thousand horses, and fourteen million sheep, besides the American llama, and poultry of every description.

The Acclimatization Societies have, at the same time, introduced all manner of game—pheasants and partridges, black game, red grouse, quail, and hares. (The rabbits, which have become so grievous a plague, were imported by private individuals for domestic use.) The aforesaid societies have also done good work in stocking the rivers with excellent fish, as, strange to say, these fine streams were inhabited only by eels, and a few insignificant indigenous fishes. Now perch, tench, carp, and trout have been satisfactorily acclimatised, the latter being large and abundant. As yet, however, all efforts to acclimatise salmon have been unsuccessful, owing, it is believed, to the presence of the kawhai and other fierce carnivorous fish, which haunt the mouths of the rivers, and devour the young fish when on their way to the sea. Up to the present time, no salmon have been captured, though multitudes of young fish have been placed in the rivers; no less than twelve thousand baby American salmon having been turned out in one river, and fifteen thousand English salmon in some other streams.



"No one foresaw that the introduction of a few rabbits would prove a matter of absolute ruin."

In these various acclimatising experiments, the colonists have, at very severe cost, acquired much practical knowledge of the dangers attendant on all such efforts, in ignorance or neglect of Nature's intricate system of balancing reproductive and destructive forces. It was naturally supposed that to introduce things which in the old country were recognised as good, must necessarily prove beneficial. The possibility of having too much of some good things never suggested itself till too late.

For instance, what could be a more innocent reminder of home than to plant water-cresses for domestic use? Yet in an incredibly short space of time these were found to have multiplied myriad-fold, in crops so dense as to choke streams and rivers in the Southern Province. Both in Otago and Canterbury destructive floods, causing serious loss of life and property, are attributed solely to their increase, and thousands of pounds are annually expended in the endeavour to keep these too luxuriant watercresses within bounds.

Another plant, dear to the colonists as a fragrant memory of home, was the common sweet-briar. Who could have foreseen that the briar hedge, fraught with so many old associations, would shortly become a plant of such sturdy growth as to form a dense scrub, destroying large tracts of the richest grassy pastures, its thick, strong roots penetrating the soil to such a depth as to render its eradication well-nigh impossible?

As to the deliberate introduction of the common thistle, one might suppose that common sense would have forbidden so rash an act; but we must remember that we are speaking in full knowledge of the disastrous consequences, whereas the too zealous Scot who imported one tall purple thistle, saw therein only the old familiar emblem of his country; and when it reached Port Philip, in Australia, every Scotchman in the colony made a pilgrimage to the capital to do it homage. A great public dinner was given in its honour, and the precious plant occupied the post of honour on the table. Afterwards it was carefully planted in its new kingdom; and the Scotchmen in New Zealand soon followed the example of their neighbours in Victoria, and imported a thistle for themselves.

Now throughout Australasia, thousands of acres of the farmer's best land are completely overrun with this very undesirable crop, and enormous sums of money have been spent in fruitless attempts to eradicate the pest ; but the hardy invader holds his ground, and blooms as "fresh and fair," and, indeed, is very much handsomer than it ever was in its native land.

Happily, there is the consolation that good things grow equally luxuriantly, so that figs and peaches, apples, pears, apricots, and oranges yield such abundant crops as fill the new-comer with amazement.

But this vigorous growth of vegetation in the New World has been as nothing compared with the marvellous fecundity of animal life, and in the satisfaction of discovering how kindly all living creatures took to the new country, no one seems to have dreamt of the possibility that some might increase so rapidly as to prove a curse instead of a blessing. Soon the silent forests became musical with the melodious warblings of birds ; and no one could regret the multiplication of skylarks ; but when it came to that of sparrows, it was a more serious matter. In like manner, when the colonists first rejoiced in seeing their countless multitudes of sheep and oxen covering the hitherto desolate plains and hills, no one foresaw that the introduction of a few innocent rabbits would prove a matter of absolute ruin to many owners of large runs, and of serious loss to all ; and that these feeble folk, mighty in their unlimited capacity for multiplication, would so effectually ruin the pastures as to involve the starvation of the flocks.

Yet so it has proved. As regards the sparrow plague, it commenced with the importation of a company of fifty sparrows, which were carefully brought to South Australia in order that they and their descendants might devour the legions of grubs and insects which had rapidly increased since the introduction of European vegetables. But what was the dismay of the colonists when these acclimatised sparrows developed totally new habits in a country where there was no struggle for existence, comparatively few human beings to disturb them, and an unlimited supply of succulent vegetables and luscious fruits ! Straightway the sparrows entirely abandoned their insectivorous habits, and became strict vegetarians.

So rapid was their increase, that soon they were as the sands of the sea for multitude ; but instead of waging war on noxious insects, they left these to multiply, while devoting their whole attention to devouring all manner of farm and garden produce. The unfortunate cultivators, who had hoped to find in them useful helpers, were driven to despair. Guns, traps, and nets are all in vain : scarecrows and poisons are futile, and whole crops of peaches and plums, nectarines, figs, cherries, grapes, olives and loquats are consumed by these ravenous birds ; of cauliflowers and cabbage, young peas, wheat, barley and lucern grass they leave scarcely a vestige, and even the newly sown fields are cleared of seed ere it has time to sprout.

Now one of the most engrossing questions in South Australia is how to get rid of the sparrows, and a multitude of sufferers have appeared before a Special Commission to bear witness of their losses. One tells how he sowed his peas three times, and each time they were eaten by the sparrows. Another tells how in ten days they cleared his vineyard of a ton and a half of grapes, and stripped his fig trees, which had been loaded with fruit. A third had fifteen acres of lucern grass destroyed, and so the evidence goes on accumulating, and the vegetarian sparrow of the antipodes is proved to be a far worse foe to the cultivator than any caterpillars or blight.

For some years a Government reward has been offered of sixpence per dozen for sparrows' heads, and 2s. 6d. per hundred for sparrows' eggs ; but seeing how very few are the inhabitants of the vast extent of land wherein the sparrows may multiply and fatten, the prospects of exterminating them are small indeed.

ABOUT THE SWEATING SYSTEM.

By M. F. Billington.

WHEN the influential Commission of the House of Lords, now inquiring into the terrible features of latter day slavery, generally known under this grim term, began their investigations, the first point that they set themselves to resolve was, "What is meant by the designation of the Sweating System?" The admission that their lordships readily made, with a refreshing candour, is one that most people must share. But beyond a few very vague generalities and hazy ideas, scarce any one has any conception of the unhealthy development of modern labour, which is sapping the growth of normal conditions of work. It was my painful privilege recently to enjoy, or speaking more accurately, *not* to enjoy, opportunities of judging what sweating really means. By official favour, I saw it actually carried on at its best and its worst phases. I have been into the rooms, talked to the victims, and seen pay-books, and work, the results of the system.

Most of the readers of —"A. 1."— have a sufficient knowledge of the laws of Economics to understand that the more direct can be the intercourse between producer and consumer, so much the more advantageous it is to both parties. That there should be no intermediate agent is natural, and whatever is shown us by a simple fact of nature is right.

Now, the Sweating System interferes with that quite reasonable adjustment of the laws of supply and demand, and instead of allowing master and man to be in immediate communication, not one, or even two, but perhaps four or five middle-men and sub-contractors step in, and demand a share in the sum—too little, as a rule, at the best of times—that the master is ready to pay for his requirements. As no more money is to be got from the ostensible employer, these men who come in between, must, of necessity, wring their profits out of the unfortunate workman. We will suppose that Messrs. Jacob & Joseph, the great wholesale clothiers, of the Minories, have had a large contract order for Volunteers' jackets from the Cape of Good Hope. But the firm does not actually employ a single tailor directly. So they send to Mr. Isaacs, and say : "We want 100 coats made, and will pay 2s. 3d. each for them. If you won't take them at that, there are plenty who will." Isaacs takes them, though he is well aware that they cannot be made at that rate without defrauding some one. He, again, cannot produce them entirely. Possibly he stitches and presses them, and sub-lets the work again to Moses, who binds them, but cannot do the button-holes on his own premises. These some wretched woman undertakes, at 3d. a dozen, or even five a 1d., finding her own silk. But at each successive stage the contractor has kept back his share of profits, at the expense of the workman. It is no uncommon thing for a garment to pass through four or five sets of hands, and, bearing in mind the low initial rates of payment, it is obvious that the margin left for the actual workman or woman must be exceedingly narrow.

I have taken a coat as an illustration, as the system of sweating is typically associated with cheap tailoring more than with any other trade. But it is rife through almost all branches of manufacturing commerce. Even in so humble and ill-paid a work as that of match-box making, it exists. The Rev. W. Adamson, Vicar of Old Ford, stated in his evidence the other day, before the Royal Commission, that the low price of 2½d. *a gross* for making these boxes, *the workers finding their own paste*, was frequently "sweated" down to 1¾d. or 2d. the gross by unscrupulous "grinders of the faces of the poor." Let us hear what Mr. Lakeman, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Factories for East London, in his Report, just made to the Board of Trade, on the subject, has to say about the production of cheap fur capes and trimmings. "In the manufacture of rabbit skins into capes, we meet with insanitation, misery, and dirt. How ever women can be found who will work in such horrid places is difficult to imagine, unless we accept what, I fear, is too true—that 'necessity knows no laws.' A workshop has a bench, whereon the cutter shapes the skins ; a large coke fire dries wet skins, which are placed upon a board before it ; the smell from the dye is disagreeable, and the fluff from the skins is irritating ; the walls and ceilings are covered with dirt, the floor is strewn with fragments of fur, and heaps of the same are piled up in available corners. The occupier is a miserable old Jew, employing five women and four men, and one of the former says : 'I have been for years at this work. I work from 8 to 8, and earn 5s. a week—sometimes less. I have nothing to do for six months in the year.' The second answers : 'I make 6s. a week, and am bound to take what work I can get. I cannot afford to lose time in seeking for better employment. I find it hard work to live, and at times am nearly starving.'" But this case illustrates a point that is frequently overlooked—viz., that the sweater himself may be as pitiable a victim of this abnormal system as his hands. The combined wages of this man's staff amounted to £4 2s. 6d. a week. His gross earnings were £7 8s. 6d., leaving him a balance of £3 6s. od., out of which to meet rent, taxes,

fuel, etc. Now, that would be a fair living, did it last through the year, but it does not. There is in this, as in most trades, a long slack season, and few of the masters ever tide over without great distress and pawning of their goods. The cost of producing these capes is interesting: 3s. a dozen is paid for the labour of lining them, the material for lining costing 6s. The dyed skins are 4s. a dozen (strange that the more expensive material should go inside!), and the total cost is 17s. 6d. a dozen complete. They are then sold retail at 2s. 11d. to 3s. 11d. each; so that some very handsome profits are made upon them. Cheap imitation bear boas are made under similar circumstances from goat-skins, and one of the largest producers of these goods has his workshop in a loathsome garret, over a foul-smelling, filthy stable. Under conditions of dirt and horrors indescribable, these articles are produced at a cost of 13s. a dozen. On one occasion, when work was very slack, this man was obliged to part with a number to a large warehouse-man for 8s. a dozen, and he learnt by chance afterwards that the said warehouse-man had immediately disposed of them for 23s. a dozen!

Hood's terrible "Song of the Shirt" is just as applicable to the conditions under which these garments are manufactured, as it was on the day when he wrote it. Ah, my reader, I could take you direct to shops in the by streets of the East End, where shirts ready made to fit lads of 9 to 12 are sold for *five pence halfpenny and sixpence halfpenny each*, and men's shirts from *eleven pence halfpenny to thirteen pence each*. Deduct from those the value of the coarse materials, think of the numerous intermediate men that have made a profit, infinitesimal though it may have been, of it, and what do you think that your poor sister—for in Christ's name she is that—has been paid to make the garments? *One shilling a dozen*, the woman providing her own needles and thread, is the recognised rate in the trade for this lowest class of "slop shop" shirt. Even with a machine (which she must hire) the maximum that a woman can make at this is 6s. a week. In boots, again, the wages are cut down to absolute starvation point. The direst poverty it was ever my lot to see was that of a poor Polish Jew boot-finisher, in a Spitalfields attic, who received 2s. a dozen pairs for what is technically known as "finishing." In his broken English he explained that he had been at work the whole day, and must go on all through the night, to make enough to pay the rent of his miserable room. He was in a state of almost bewilderment and semi-dazedness, from want of food and long blank monotony of toil; and his is not an isolated or unusually bad case.

It may be asked, "What is the cause, then, of this widespread and ghastly misery? Is it worse now than it ever has been? Is it a new development of modern trade?" I fear that excessive competition has been its primary cause; and that has been produced by a variety of circumstances. Firstly, there is the agricultural depression, which has thrown large numbers out of employ in the rural districts, and that, added to the extraordinary magnetic attraction towards a town life, which is fast becoming almost a disease, has driven large numbers of unskilled workers up to the great centres, under the delusion that they will find immediate and remunerative employment. Not only do they fail to find profitable work for themselves, but they lower the wages of others, and cause overcrowding and misery. Then there is the complex question as to what best to do regarding the enormous influx of paupers and unskilled foreign immigrants, who arrive, misled by deceptive advertisements, upon our shores. It is easy to suggest checking them by the imposition of a poll tax, as has been done in the Australian Colonies towards the Chinese. Mr. Arnold White is strongly in favour of some such preventive measure. But in a free country like our own, and one which advocates the emigration of her own superfluous population, anything like that would be fraught with great difficulties. And lastly, it is useless to shut our eyes to the fact that over population, in London at least, is a main cause. Early and improvident marriages are at the root of a far larger proportion of the misery and distress around, than many are prepared to admit. It is no use to shut our eyes to the fact. Boys and girls under twenty are rushing into marriage, in Mr. Arnold White's expressive phrase, "within half a crown of destitution." Of the selfishness—the wickedness, I say—of bringing poor little children into this world, without a prospect of fulfilling the parental obligations towards them, they do not think. And so, a crowd of undergrown little half-starved beings flood our streets, and trouble alike the ratepayers, the philanthropist, and the statesman. And so, as each year sees these causes augmenting in force, matters must become worse. Legislation cannot raise wages, nor control prices. France gives us an instructive answer on this point, where the efforts to fix the prices of bread by municipal regulations have been nothing but a sorry failure. It has reached a point now at which it cries aloud for notice. It is no new thing, but is the result of many years of changing conditions of labour, not indeed come yet to a climax, but likely to present even worse features before that comes.

Not alone are these evils wrought by grasping, avaricious masters, or by the causes so briefly indicated. WE are partly responsible for them. Yes, we, the great outside public, are our brothers' keepers, and we have forgotten this most woefully. In the eager rush for bargains—to get the value of the very last farthing, or, as Mr. Walter Besant puts it, to impose upon our fellows the inexorable law of elevenpence-halfpenny—we have assisted in forcing prices down. If Smith starts a new shop at the corner, he makes his first bid for popular favour by underselling the old-established tradesmen. It may be that they have charged too highly for their wares, but it is more likely that Smith has bought his too cheaply. Therefore, if we join in the crowd of the bargain hunters, we are directly encouraging the production of goods at a rate below fair wages, and moreover, are placing a premium upon scamped, dishonest work. There lies under my hand as I write these words the price-list of an East End furniture retailer. I find him offering whatnots and cabinets at 5s. and 5s. 6d. each. I find him selling work-tables at 7s. 6d., and if the extra labour of inlaying, and adding a chessboard top be added, at 8s. Now, I forgive the poor widow who buys a shirt for her boy at 6½d. She is almost as poor as the maker. But I do not forgive the well-to-do middle class people who furnish their drawing-rooms at the price of human starvation. Honest labour and genuine material have a common-sense value. Any man or woman who gives one thought to their purchase must know that the worth of the first, and the price of the second, cannot *possibly* have been covered in such inadequate rates of payment. Therefore, every one of us has a moral responsibility in this matter. We cannot shirk it, we cannot evade before God our duty towards our neighbour. Sooner or later the Lord will avenge, for "Behold, the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth."

BIBLE JOTTINGS.

Things that endure for ever.

His righteousness	Ps. 3. 3.
His praise	Ps. 3. 10.
His judgments	Ps. 119. 160.
His name	Ps. 135. 13.
His mercy	Ps. 118. 1.
His dominion	Ps. 145. 12.
His truth	Ps. 117. 2.
His words	1 Pet. 1. 25.
The righteousness of a good man	Ps. 112. 3–9.

"He being full of compassion."

Forgave	Ps. 78. 38.
Gave sight	Matt. 33. 34.
Cleansed	Mark 1. 41.
Healed	Matt. 14. 14.
Fed	Mark 8. 1.
Comforted	Luke 7. 13.
Taught	Mark 6. 34.
Commanded prayer	Matt. 9. 36.
Took not away His presence	2 Kings 13. 23.

Commit to God.

The keeping of our souls	1 Pet. 4. 19.
Our way	Ps. 37. 5.
Our works	Prov. 16. 3.
Our cause	Job 5. 8.
He is able to keep what is committed to Him	2 Tim. 1. 12.

"Hast thou an arm like God?" (Job 40. 9.)

Strong	Jer. 21. 5.
Mighty	Ps. 89. 13.
Holy	Ps. 98. 1.
Tender	Isa. 40. 11.
Glorious	Isa. 63. 12.
Strengthening	Ps. 89. 21.
Saving	Isa. 59. 16.
Redeeming	Ps. 77. 15.
Guiding	Isa. 63. 12.
Ruling	Isa. 40. 10.

Three kinds of people God will teach.

The man that feareth Him	Ps. 25. 12.
The meek	Ps. 25. 9.
Sinners	Ps. 25. 8.

HENCEFORTH.

What we are not to do.

There shall no more come to thee the unclean	Isa. 52. 1.
Walk not as other Gentiles	Eph. 4. 17.
Ye shall no more return that way	Deut. 17. 16.
Commit no more any such evil	Deut. 19. 20.
Not offer to other gods	2 Kings 5. 17.
Not to serve sin	Rom. 6. 6.
No more to be children tossed to and fro	Eph. 4. 14.

AN EVENING AT "THE BIRKBECK."

By A STUDENT.

I HAD been casting about for the best means of acquiring a more extended knowledge of a modern language, in which my school tuition had been of a most superficial nature, when a friend said to me one day, "Why not try the 'Birkbeck'"? Why not, thought I; and a brief perusal of the prospectus, setting forth enticingly the advantages of membership, decided me to enrol myself on the books of this well-known Institution.

On the first opportunity, therefore, I found my way to Holborn and down Fetter Lane, —a somewhat unsavoury thoroughfare—the redeeming feature of which are some old-fashioned, gable-roofed, projecting houses, which impart to the street a slight flavour of the antique. It so happened that the evening of my visit to the large and handsome edifice in Bream's Buildings, hard by the thoroughfare just named, was the opening night of a new session, and the outer swing doors of the Birkbeck Institution were having a lively time of it. I had heard that the Institution was a popular one, but I was not prepared for such a rush of knowledge-thirsty mortals as I encountered, even before proceeding farther than the large portrait medallion, inscribed, "George Birkbeck, M.D., Founder, 1823," which greets one from the farther wall of the entrance-hall.

I joined the throng, and ascended to the first floor, the large landing of which is flanked by the "Reading Room," "Magazine Room and Study," "Refreshment Room," and "Office and Library." This last apartment, which contains a circulating library of over 10,000 volumes, was besieged by an anxious crowd of would-be students, obtaining cards of membership, including admission to classes at fees which in many cases are almost nominal. After obtaining my ticket of membership, there was yet another process to be gone through, before I could be entered for the class I wished to join. A long table was placed on the landing, and here sat three officials busily occupied in dealing out class tickets to students, who "came round about" them "like bees," and in almost as great numbers.

It is some time before I can get attended to, and meanwhile I take a look round at my fellow-students. Assorted humanity they are, in truth! Youths and young men of the commercial class preponderate, but there is a sprinkling of the lank-haired, spectacled, student type. Older men are here, too, some grey and bald, yet quite as eager for instruction in their own particular subjects as the juveniles. One or two clerics swell the list, waiting, no doubt, to sit at the feet of some scientific Gamaliel. But the ladies, who should have been first mentioned, must by no means be omitted. Here are a few lasses, whose short frocks, and generally youthful appearance, proclaim them as being only fourteen or fifteen years of age. Then there are a number of damsels of the milliner class, who seem to be going in largely for drawing, singing, and languages; and a few older, more demure, and prim-looking ladies, of higher social status—governesses, no doubt—whose subjects of study are more severe, and include psychology, biology, chemistry, mathematics, and the like. A family group, consisting of a mother and two daughters, who, strangely enough, are all taking up the same branch of education, must complete our list of student-types.

At last my turn at the long table comes, and for a very modest sum (in addition to my subscription as member) I obtain a class ticket for a term's lessons.

Before me, on the wall, is a tabular statement, showing the various subjects of study, and the class-rooms, some twenty in number, in which they are taught. By its aid I find out my own particular class-room, and, arrived there, meet a crowd of some fifty students, waiting for the doors to open. Here again the sterner sex preponderates; there are not more than a dozen ladies, and these almost all young, one quite a child, whilst the men are of all ages from 15 to 50. Around the doors of the other class-rooms are similar knots of students.

The scheme of education is most comprehensive, and includes such uncommon branches of study as Arabic, Hindustani, Sanskrit, Hygiene, Histology, etc.

The class-room doors open at last, and we surge in. The room is large and well lighted. At the end is the professor's desk, and behind him a blackboard and other educational paraphernalia. We seat ourselves where we will, at the long baize-covered tables, and presently the professor, a pleasant-mannered little man, opens proceedings, in military fashion, by giving us each a number, which we repeat aloud after him. Then instruction proceeds, in the usual manner, for about an hour, during which the professor calls upon individuals to read to him in the language being studied. The pronunciation of some of our members, whose first essay it is, affords some amusement to the lighter spirits amongst us; but all passes off well, and having set us tasks for the following week, our instructor dismisses us in his genial way, and prepares to receive the members of a more advanced class, who have been waiting their turn outside, and are now eagerly taking our vacant places.

On our way down, some of us pause to study the various notices displayed on a red baize notice-board. Here are some of them. The first tells of the Birkbeck Debating Society, at whose meetings during the coming session are to be discussed such burning questions as Home Rule, Free Trade, Land Monopoly, Local Option, Perpetual Pensions, etc. The next notice is of the Literary Society, whose programme is both varied and interesting. Then there is the French Discussion Class, at which "La Question Irlandaise" is to be brought forward at an early date. Another handbill tells of the Sketching Club, which gives prizes to its most successful members. A Cycling Club is announced "for bi- and tri-cyclists," whose machines are accommodated in the lower regions of the Institution. With the Gymnastic Society, Volunteer Medical Staff Corps, and St. John's Ambulance Association, my list of notices must be concluded.

A boon to many of the poorer students is the register for the sale and purchase of second-hand text-books and scientific instruments.

But my exploration is not yet complete, and I turn in to the Reading Room, which at this time of the evening is crowded. It is a large room, and well lighted by numerous argand gas-burners. The walls are hung with maps and pictures, including a portrait of the late Duke of Albany, who was one of the Institution's best friends, and, as a tablet in the entrance-hall informs us, laid the foundation-stone of the new building on April 23rd, 1883. The list of daily and weekly papers, both English and foreign, in this room, is as comprehensive as one could wish, and the "periodical rack" includes many publications of the trade and specialist class. Light literature is not eschewed, though certain "Society" journals of the baser sort find here no place.

Adjoining is the "Magazine Room and Study," containing the reviews and monthly magazines, and in this room, where no conversation is allowed, students are diligently conning their lessons, and writing out exercises and notes. Having made a note of a few articles in the reviews for future study, I leave the studious ones, and make practical acquaintance with the Refreshment Room, where light refreshments are supplied at very moderate charges. No intoxicants are sold at the Birkbeck, nor is smoking allowed: these regulations are found to work well, and no complaints thereanent are ever heard.

Before quitting the building, let us take a peep at the Lecture Hall, where lectures, concerts, and entertainments take place weekly. This is a large, well-appointed hall, capable of seating some 1,200 persons. The seats in the auditorium are well arranged, and comprise an area and two galleries placed one over the other. The list of lecturers and reciters includes many well-known names, and at the concerts may be heard several leading artists. As members of the Institution have free admission to all these entertainments, there are a great many people who join for the sake of this advantage alone.

But it is now past ten o'clock, and though the Birkbeck keeps open its hospitable doors till 11 p.m., it is time to turn homewards. On the way my thoughts recur to the scenes of useful activity and cheerfulness just witnessed, and conclude with an aspiration, in which my readers will doubtless join:—

"STET FORTUNA DOMUS."

MY PROPERTY DOWN IN BLANKSHIRE.



BY GORDON STABLES.

M.D.-R.N. &c.

UNTIL my rich Indian uncle died and left me that plum—and a handsome one it was—very strange to say, I never had a twinge of rheumatism in my life. I had served my Queen and country faithfully and constantly for two and twenty years, during which time I had risen step by step, by slow but sure degrees, from a tiny midshipman of little over twelve, to a burly, hirsute commander, with three broad stripes on each sleeve, and a voice which could be heard—so they said—high over the howling of half a gale with a heavy sea.

"Nothing ever seems to ail you, sir," our junior surgeon used to say sometimes. "Wouldn't I like to have you on the list, just for once in a way. You haven't got such a thing as a spare tooth in your head, have you, sir?"

"Ha! young man," I would reply, "if you're getting rusty, like your old forceps, you must practise on the poor fellows aft, not on your commander."

Well, I loved the service, and was never more happy than when afloat. I did once, and only once, take a spell of six weeks' leave all in a lump. But "never no more" were the words I uttered, as I stepped on board my ship again.

On home stations an officer is entitled to six weeks a year, and I don't say I didn't take it, but it was in small doses—"little and often," as the doctor used to say.

The day I got the letter about that testamentary plum, I had to walk rapidly up and down the quarter-deck—we were lying at Portsmouth—for hours at a time, to work off my excitement. I did not fall asleep very soon that night either; I lay awake thinking. When I did doze off, it was only to dream, and the result of all this thinking and dreaming was, that next morning I found myself saying to myself, "Let me see now, was there not a grand-aunt of mine who was a martyr to rheumatism? Yes, I'm sure there was. And rheumatism runs in families. I'm sure that right knee of mine is in for it. I'll show it to the junior surgeon to-day."

Why the *junior* surgeon? it may be asked. Well, the senior was on leave. Lucky for me, perhaps!

"What do you think of it, doctor?" I asked, when Mr. S—— had made his examination.

"There doesn't seem to be very much the matter *as yet*," he replied, with emphasis on the last words, and a sly twinkle in his eyes. "I'll blister it, anyhow," he added, "and we'll see what we'll see. You don't mind me blistering it, do you, sir?"

"No, doctor; do your duty," I replied sternly.

"Good morning then, sir. Glad to have got you on the list at last."

This young medico and I were friendly, and as I used to chaff him, he never hesitated to have a sly joke at my expense.

Just three weeks after, I was in Haslar Hospital.

Now it was a time when reductions were being made in the service. Certain great men in office wanted to reduce expenditure, to lower the estimates, and make themselves correspondingly popular. Hence it came about that I was placed on half-pay. And when I thought about my plum, I was by no means sorry at the turn things had taken.

I gave a dinner to a select party of my messmates the very evening I left the hospital, and, of course, Mr. S—— was there.

"I'll keep my yacht, and have a nice house in the country," I remarked, as I lighted another cigar.

This was about one bell in the middle watch, or, to put it more poetically, it was near—

"The wee short 'oor ayont the twal."

Laugh at me if you please, but remember that I was only a plain old sea-dog, and that the sudden accession of a poor man to independence is somewhat upsetting.

"You'll be getting married now, I daresay," said Hartley of ours.

"Married! Why, I'm four and thirty. Besides, marriage isn't in my line. No! I never spent a shilling in a lottery in all my life, and I don't mean to begin now."

However, though I called myself old, it was simply because it suited me; and between you and me and the binnacle, I wasn't half such a bad-looking fellow.

I had not been three months on retired pay when the turning-point of my life took place. It was all very strange, as you must confess, when I relate the circumstances.

If I recollect rightly, it was in *The Field* one Saturday morning, while at breakfast, that I saw the following announcement:—

"Splendid old mansion, with twenty acres of delightfully timbered land, for immediate disposal. Owner going abroad. Enchanting views, fishing and shooting, etc.—Apply by letter to J.B., L——n Hotel."

"That will suit me precisely," I cried; "and if it is anything like the thing, and not an utter ruin, I'll purchase at once."

I wrote to my bankers, advising them that I might soon draw a cheque on them for many thousands, and I wrote to 'J.B.,' asking him to come and see me.

At the hour appointed a neat-looking private hansom drew up at the hall door of the house in which I had apartments, and a respectably dressed, somewhat portly middle-aged gentleman descended. He was shaved in the then prevailing service fashion, no moustache, a clean chin, and whiskers.

I liked his looks, and prevailed upon him to stop and dine.

He brought a bag from the hansom, gave his coachman some orders, and returned. He had already presented his card, which indicated him as a Mr. Morris, of the firm of Smith & Saddler.

"Very old firm," he explained; "the Smiths & Saddlers all dead and gone, years ago. But we must retain the name. That, you, as a business man, and a man of the world, will understand."

We got on very well together, Mr. Morris and I, and soon grew quite friendly.

In that bag were plans of many other

mansions for sale or to let, some belonging even to dukes. He hurried over these with only a few passing remarks.

"My head clerk," he said, smiling, "has an old eye for business. *He* stuffed those in the bag. Daresay he thought if one did not meet your views, another—— Ah! here we are, sir. This is a plan of the Marshdale estate, and Marshdale Towers. Several have already seen it, and all like the place. The price, too, is a mere bagatelle, but the owner must go abroad—indeed, between you and me, he wants the money."

I was charmed, delighted, and determined to run down with Mr. Morris next day to Blankshire, and view the property for myself.

"Before you decide to go, however," said Mr. Morris, "I must be candid, and tell you that the place has one drawback."

"Thank you, Mr. Morris. Be good enough to name it."

"The domestics all say it is haunted."

I laughed.

"An old sailor like me," I replied, "is but little likely to be frightened at ghosts."

"Well, I daresay it *is* all nonsense, but I was bound to tell you. Old Squire Silver is the soul of honour and fair play."

At Mr. Morris's chambers next morning I met an old gentleman, white as to beard, and bald as to head. He was standing with his back to the fire, and his coat-tails over his arms.

"Humph!" he said, as I was introduced, and he eyed me in a way that was anything but pleasant, through a pair of heavy gold spectacles.

"After my little place down in Blankshire, eh? Morris tell you about the haunted wing? Let us see you again if you think anything more about it? Morning to you."

I must say that I should have been considerably disappointed had the place been different from what the plans represented it, and I gave a sigh of relief when I stood in the park and beheld all the beauties around me.

It was the fall of the year; the broad avenue that led to the fine old Elizabethan mansion was bedded with brown leaves, and the leaves kept falling, falling, and the winds kept sighing and whispering through the lofty elms and limes.

A little old lady had come out of the lodge, and bobbed a curtsey to Mr. Morris.

"Which I'm glad to see ye back, sir, and will it be a chop or a steak, sir?"

"Nothing to-day, Mrs. Benson. Thank you."

Then he whispered something to her, which caused her to nod her old head and smile at me.

"Which Lizzie'll come in a minute sure-ly, sir."

Lizzie came running after us, and went on before, to open the great hall door."

"Oh! Lizzie, by-the-bye," said Mr. Morris, "here is a telegram. Do, like the nice pretty girl you are, run to the village with it, and wait for the answer. There is sixpence for yourself."

We were left alone to look at the house.

The rooms were beautifully and tastefully furnished. All would be removed soon after the house was let. So said Mr. Morris.

I took stock of carpets and curtains, and determined to have everything as similar as possible when I should be master.

The haunted rooms were even more elegantly draped and upholstered, and looked as if they had been but recently lived in. One in particular was a kind of a little old-fashioned snuggery. It looked as though the ghost was fond of its comforts, and even used to forty winks in the rocking-chair.

"Surely," I said, taking up a book, "the ghost does not read the latest novels?"

"All Squire Silver's eccentricity," said Mr. Morris, tapping his own brow,—"his extraordinary eccentricity. Had an idea, you know, that if he furnished these rooms in the modern style, that the apparition would desert them."

"I see," I said, "I see. Very strange, though!"

As we left the Hall and locked the door, up trotted Lizzie with the telegram. After a glance he handed it to me.

"General Baddenough will run down to-day."

"He is hot on it, I can see," said the bland Mr. Morris.

"Then," said I, taking a firm resolve, as I glanced back at the fine old mansion, "I'll cool him. Your hand, Mr. Morris, *I'm* the buyer."

There was a great deal of what I considered red tape to be gone through before I became the possessor of Marshdale Towers, but it was finished at last, and proud I was to bear away the parchments.

My cheque soon changed hands, and I do not like to think, even yet, what a hole it made in my little fortune.

I had determined to run down almost immediately, and go over my estate all by myself, but was summoned to the far north to see a sick brother. It was nearly a fortnight ere I got back.

"The old squire will have turned out both bag and baggage," I said to myself, as the train rattled me down to Blankshire one quiet Saturday evening.

Instead of going round by the lodge gate, I scrambled over the wire fence, and walked up through the park.

It was gloaming, neither light nor dark, and the house seemed very silent.

But, lo! as I looked towards the haunted wing, a figure appeared at one of the windows, and the blind was drawn down.

I am not easily frightened, but I own that a chilly creepy kind of feeling stole over me as I beheld the apparition.

I am a man of action, however. I let myself in with the key Morris had given me, and stole upstairs, and along the corridor on tiptoe. Yes, the ghost must be there, for a light streamed through the ventilator.

I opened the door quietly, suddenly, and certainly was not prepared for what I saw. It was the ghost—the ghost of a lovely, shapely girl, reclining, book in hand, on a couch of velvet! I am not usually of a very romantic nature, but this was an occasion calculated to animate a milestone. I stretched my arms towards the vision.

"Sweet spirit, hear my prayer."

That is what I said.

This is what the spirit did.

She sprang to the bell, and jerked, and jerked, and jerked, and at every jerk emitted a scream that might have awakened the dead.

In a moment two liveried servants and a shrieking maid rushed in.

"Seize him! seize him!" cried the spirit; "he is a dreadful madman!"

But I am six feet in my stockings, and not very easily overcome. Numbers did it at last, however. I was bound with ropes, carried downstairs, and tied to a hall chair.

A handsome old gentleman, whom the spirit called "Oh! papa, dear," appeared on the scene with a poker in his hand.

If the daughter was a ghost, there was something excessively substantial in every gesture of the ghost's papa.

I told him my story from beginning to end, for it had already dawned upon me that I had been vilely victimised.

My inquisitor was the real Squire Silver. He knew many men in the service with whom I was on terms of intimacy, and it ended in my being believed, unbound, and invited to dine.

Considering everything, I spent a very happy evening, and was back to town early next morning. Need I say that the birds had flown, and I have never heard of them since?

It was a very clever trick, and they have the credit—I the loss.

Yet not altogether, for my intimacy with Squire Silver soon ripened to real friendship, and with Ellen, his daughter, to something deeper. Ellen, my sweet spirit, has heard my prayer—she is now my wife.

The dear old squire has been gathered to his fathers, and I am master of Marshdale Towers.



"It looked as though the ghost was used to forty winks in the rocking-chair."

COMMUNION.

By the Rev. J. B. FIGGIS, M.A.

"Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thy heart? If it be, give me thine hand. And he gave him his hand; and he took him up to him into the chariot."—2 *Kings* 10. 15.

I AM asked to write some thoughts on Communion, and to tell how it may be maintained unbroken.

I do not know that I can answer that question more accurately than in the historical utterances of this verse.

A king appointed by God to avenge the blood of His saints was taking possession of his kingdom, and riding into his capital. On the way he met the chief of a band who lived in tents as perpetual strangers and sojourners. The king wanted to find how he was affected towards him. Was his heart right with him, as his with him? Was it loyal to his sovereign, as that sovereign to the subject? The Rechabite answered that it was. Then the king said, "Give me thy hand." He gave it, and his sovereign lifted him up to a seat beside him in the chariot. Even so, this day "the King Himself draws near"; His chariot, "paved with love," is drawn up in our path; His voice, "as the sound of many waters," is echoing in our ears, and His words to you and me are just these of this very different sovereign, "Is thy heart right as My heart is with thy heart?"

Communion, then, depends on right heartedness, and fellowship upon fidelity. Only if the heart be right, *i.e.*, loyal, and its loyalty, its integrity be maintained, is intercourse tolerable, or perhaps possible. Such is the doctrine of the passage as to human combination, and such is the doctrine of Scripture as to Divine communion.

The king, you observe, first states his own generous feeling, and then rightly requires a corresponding feeling towards him. "My heart is right with thy heart." That is the sovereign's declaration. "Is thine heart right with me?" That is his demand. Then follows the fellowship, the hand given, the hand grasped, the chariot mounted. Now we want these three stages too.

WE HAVE THE FIRST; GOD'S HEART IS RIGHT WITH OUR HEART. What a mercy! what a marvel that it is! That a Being so situated—high above all need—a Being so sinned against, a Being who sees what we would not for worlds show to other eyes, but what for worlds He cannot hide from His; that this Being, who knows our fickleness, our frowardness, our whole course of sin, should yet have not one recreant wish, not one cold thought, not one angry feeling towards us, is wonderful indeed. That He first loved us, so loved us "as to give His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish"; so loved us as to lay aside all His righteous wrath, and to offer to us mercy, boundless and infinite: and this not only to a bad world, but to a backsliding Church, so that, whatever we are and wherever we are, the King's heart is right towards our heart, is grace itself. He comes hither in the right spirit; do we? He has no bar to perfect communion; have we?

This is the first thing, this entrance into covenant by our King and our God. It is His solemn coronation vow, the foundation of all, the first thing for our union. But not the last. A covenant, like "a Mediator, is not of one." It takes two to make a quarrel, and it takes two to make a covenant; and the two must be right-hearted towards each other. Not only one of the two, not only the king, but the subject; not only God, but man. It is very well that God's heart is right with ours; we could do nothing if it were not. Had He not found out us, we could never have found out Him; had He not loved us, we could never have loved Him. But this, while the removal of all obstacles to communion, is not itself communion. It requires another thing before it can be that. IT REQUIRES THAT OUR HEART SHOULD BE RIGHT WITH GOD. I need not tell you that all enmity and wrath and malice toward God, all blaspheming of His love, and doubting His goodness, must be laid aside. I need not say that the apathy and indifference of hearts, hard enough in themselves, and further indurated by the world, must be laid aside. I need not remind you that to walk with God we must be agreed with God as to the great quarrel of our lives.

It is not so much that that comes to mind in this connection, I think, as what is so likely to come between Christians and Christ—sin, some little sin. That is how I apply the question, and a very searching question it is. Let it search you, I pray. Do not put it away from you. Do not refuse it attention. Christ comes *here*, as when with a scourge of small cords to the temple; Christ comes *home* to search the house, the heart, with candles; Christ comes to *the place of our occupation* to "sit as a refiner and purifier." He that has not renounced sin is still "in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity," his heart not right with God; and even after such renunciation, when he goes forth, fair as the moon, if he go back, his soul shall suffer eclipse; and let him have a care lest the eclipse should be total. Do not shuffle and decline to answer. God give you grace to reply as Jonadab did; God give you a right to do so. But let there be reality here, intense reality. Do not give his answer, if it be not true.

The question then amounts to this, Christian, Is there nothing between? Has no coldness struck in, no cloud come up? I remember many people saying, when a great defaulter was detected in my boyhood, "I never liked him; he never looked one in the face." Now, can we look God to-day full in the face, and say without a quiver, "There is nothing kept back, Lord, Thou knowest; there is nothing done, Lord (willingly and habitually, at least), other than I really believe Thou wouldest have me to do; there is nothing left undone which I think Thou wishest me to do. Is there a difficult mission? yet, if it is mine, 'here am I, send me.' Is there a disagreeable message? yet, if Thou wouldest have me for messenger, I will go. I know I am a sinner, a miserable sinner. I know that my acts (especially in the motive and the manner) get flawed; but I do honestly know of nothing in my acts, in my creed, in my relationships, in anything, which God would have me do differently from that I am doing." Oh! when the King puts this question, as He may to-day when on your knees, what answer can you give? Happy, happy Jonadab, that could look his sovereign in the face, and could say, "It is; my heart is on the king's side, my whole heart. It is little, God knows, it is little; but it is loyal." So happy, happy Christian, who can look his King and his God in the face and answer, "It is." Yes, "happy is he who condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth."

And, believe me, that happiness may be ours. Be very sure it may. Do not suppose, because I probe and press, because I search here and try there, and use all means to find whether there are cobwebs in this corner, or creeping worms under that stone; because I try to deal with your conscience, and to bring you to own your sins if you are guilty; do not suppose that I therefore imply that you *must* be guilty. It is our privilege so "to walk" and "to please God." It is our privilege to have a "heart that condemns us not." It is our privilege to "know that we know Him," and that our "ways please the Lord."

How to reach, and how to maintain, this happy state of harmony with God is the great problem of Christian experience, and a difficult problem it is. Yet, let us be found "purifying our hearts by faith," clinging fast to the anchor of hope, and kindling to a flame each spark of love to Christ, and the problem will not be insoluble. Indeed, Faith, Hope, and Love will solve almost anything. But I cannot linger on this.

Now, suppose the inquiry answered, then the invitation comes. "If it be," *i.e.*, since it is, since you are a loyal man, leal-hearted and true; since you hold fast your integrity, and have let no one and nothing come between us; since all remains clear and right, "Give Me thine hand."

Only think of it,—

> "He, the everlasting God,
> Proclaims Himself my Friend."

He, the Infinite, offers fellowship to worms beneath His feet. "Give Me thine hand." Yet I hesitate, I fear, I tremble to take it.

> "I a poor worm, and He so high,
> The Lord of heaven, and earth, and sky."

Look again, look at that hand, I say. Is it not a hand human as Divine, marked with human tenderness, with here and there signs of human grief? What, not trust Him yet? Look still once more. Why, yes; there are nail prints in it. He died for me. Ah, I can take it now, I can trust Him now. God is in Christ, reconciling the world. I can be afraid no longer, I can hesitate no more; I come, I come.

"And he gave him his hand, and took him up into the chariot." So Jehu was king, and Jonadab was next unto him. So wherever my lord the king was, in life or in death, there would the servant be. And so we may be always with Jesus, everywhere *with Jesus*. We shall be, if we are every bit *for* Jesus.

So, if the chariot rolls into the battle, the captain goes as well as the soldier. If the chariot rolls into the city, the king goes as well as the subject, to make the journey easy. Yes, blessed Jesus, anywhere, everywhere, with Thee. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Only remember, "every one that hangs about the court doth not speak with the king."

Remember, as Gotthold says, that "just as in a circle what is nearest the centre is subject to least motion, so the closer the soul is to God, the less the movement and agitation to which it is exposed. So, of two friends round the same centre at different distances, the outer will have to pant and run far to accomplish his task, while a few yards will be enough for the one nearer."

Be you that nearer one, so near, so close that you need not stir; but that just where you are, you may find God, and have His hand, be at His side, and sit in His chariot in endeared, intense communion.

CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE COMPETITION.

£5 5s. 0d.

IN our last Number we announced this Competition. We have given a great amount of consideration to the subject, and it is undoubtedly one of the most important Competitions we have as yet had.

In order to interest a wide range of Competitors, we shall have two Divisions, classified as follows :—

Advanced Division.

Competitors will study "Row's Manual of Christian Evidences" (Hodder & Stoughton, Paternoster Row, E.C., 2s. 6d., Post Free), and will be required to answer 40 questions. Prizes : First prize, £2 2s. ; second prize, £1 1s.

Elementary Division.

Competitors will study "Whately's Christian Evidences" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 4d.), and will be required to answer 30 questions. Prizes : First prize, £1 1s. ; second prize, 10s. 6d. ; third prizes (two), 5s. each.

Intending Competitors may at once begin to study the above-named books. The questions will be printed in our Numbers for June 23rd and 30th. The Competition will be open for two months. All Papers must reach our office by August 31st.

The award of prizes will be based upon answers to a final test-paper, consisting of ten or twelve questions, which will be forwarded to the most successful Competitors, as soon as possible after the preliminary examination is completed.

RULES.

1. Competitors may select their own Division, but no Competitor may answer *both* sets of Questions.

2. Competitors in the Advanced Division may refer to the Questions whilst studying the Text-book ; but no reference is permitted to any book whatever, when once Competitors have begun to write their Paper of Answers.

3. Competitors in the Elementary Division will be allowed to refer to the Text-book when answering the Questions.

4. The Questions need not be written out on the Examination Paper ; but the number of each Question must be prefixed to the Answer. The Answers must be given in the order in which the Questions are set.

5. Competitors must write their name and address very clearly at the top of the first page of Answers.

6. Answers must be written on one side only of foolscap paper, and the sheets must be attached to each other at the top left-hand corner by means of a paper fastener.

7. The answer to any question may not exceed 300 words in length ; and credit will be given for brevity and clearness of expression, as well as for general neatness.

8. Although the Questions may be fully answered from a study of the given Text-books, Competitors are not restricted to those books.

9. Any inquiry must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, and the envelope containing the inquiry must be endorsed outside, in large letters, "Query."

10. No MSS. can be returned to Competitors.

MORE THAN A FRIEND.

I WAS deeply interested in hearing of an incident that took place at a soldier's grave in one of the Southern States of America. A person was seen decking it with flowers ; and a stranger, observing him, asked, with a tone of sympathy, "If his son were buried there?" "No," was the reply. "A brother?" "No." "Some other relation?" "No." *Whose memory*, then, may I venture to ask, do you thus so sacredly and tenderly cherish?" Pausing a moment from emotion, he replied,—"When the war broke out, I was drafted for the army ; and as I was unable to procure a substitute, I prepared to go. Just as I was leaving home to report myself for duty, a young man whom I knew came to me, and said : 'You have a large family, whom your wife cannot support when you are gone. I am a single man, and have no one depending upon me—I will go for you.' He went. In the battle of Chickamauga the poor fellow was dangerously wounded, and was taken to the hospital. After a lingering illness, he died, and was buried here. Ever since his death I have wished to visit this place, and having saved sufficient funds, I arrived yesterday, and to-day have found his grave."

The touching story concluded, he planted the rest of the flowers. Then taking a rude board, he inserted it at the foot of the grave. On it were written these simple words, and no more—

"HE DIED FOR ME."

I know your heart will glow when you think of that noble fellow's generous, self-sacrificing love for his friend. Does it not glow when you think of One who died *for you?* Is *that* deed forgotten, and not one loving, grateful thought given to His dear memory? Yet, as truly as that generous soldier died to save his friend, so truly did Jesus die for you—yes, far more so. The soldier might have returned safe, but Jesus *knew* He went forth to death for you. And how have you treated Him?

He knew you did not love Him, nor care for your soul ; but He saw you would be lost, so He gave Himself up to suffer in your stead. And you have hardly thought of it ! You have shed no tears for Him, nor experienced one loving feeling.

Perhaps you think that because He was the Son of God, He could feel no pain or grief. Listen ! He says, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me : nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." He died a most suffering, agonizing death, and a mocking crowd stood round Him.

"He who knew no sin" was then "made sin for us ;" "He bare our sins in His own body on the tree" ; and the Father hid His face from His own Son, when made a curse for us. It was this that broke His heart, and wrung from Him that cry of agony, "My God, My God, why hast *Thou* forsaken Me?"

It was thus He died, and died for *thee.*

"BUT AFTER THIS—?"

"I DON'T fear death."

Perhaps not. "Everyone dies."

Yes ; the Old Book says, "It is appointed unto man once to die, but *after this*, THE JUDGMENT." What about that? When all your life lies "naked and open" before the Judge, will you still "not fear"?

Think for a moment what it means not to die, but to *face a Holy God*, with no Mediator between. You dare not do it. Death may be easy, but after——?

Hear the gospel echoing, "No condemnation *to them which are in Christ Jesus.*" Have you sheltered beneath the blood of Jesus, who bore the punishment in your stead? If so, you need not fear death, nor the great hereafter. If not—how can you escape, if you neglect so great salvation? *Now* is the time ; to-morrow may be too late.

CHAPTERS FROM NATURE'S STORY-BOOK.

By Professor Haddon,

Author of "An Introduction to the Study of Embryology."

CHAPTER IV.

SLUGS AND SNAILS.

EVERYBODY has heard of Naples and its famous bay; writers, artists, and poets have vied with each other in giving their impressions of its loveliness. Those who love beautiful and interesting scenes can enjoy them, not only in Naples, but in the adjoining Bay of Baiæ, the Sorrento peninsula, and in the enchanting islands of Capri and Ischia. The museum, the ruins of Pompeii, which stand as a moral of human life, and the solemn temples of Pæstum, gleaming golden in the sunlight like a Titian landscape, deeply move those who strive to appreciate the life and art of the past. The student of human nature finds endless interest in the various peoples there collected together, and especially in the childlike, affectionate, superstitious, impetuous Neapolitan, with his double means of expression,—speech and gesture language,—and his varied noisy street cries, which are only hushed at night.

Not only mere tourists, or those interested in art and nature, but every year numerous zoologists find their way to Naples from almost every civilised country. For the Bay of Naples has long been known to teem with rare and lovely forms of life; and it is to study the structure, habits, and life-histories of these, that well-known naturalists come from all corners of the earth to make their investigations in what is known as the Zoological Station.

The Zoological Station of Naples is a fine building, situated in the beautiful public gardens, Villa Nazionale, which separate the Chiaja from the sea. It was built by the wise munificence of Dr. Anton Dohrn, who was assisted in various ways by the Italian and German Governments. Many countries of Europe subscribe a certain amount of money every year to the Zoological Station, and in return they have the privilege of allowing a naturalist to enjoy all the advantages of the institution—that is, he has a work-table, with all requisite staining and preserving fluids set apart for his use; also a number of small tanks, in which to keep marine animals alive. All the specimens he requires are brought to him daily, and he has a first-rate library at his disposal, and the run of the splendid aquarium, which occupies the lower portion of the building. The latter is also open to the public.

From this brief sketch it is easily seen that the zoologist who is fortunate enough to be able to go to Naples, and has a "table" at his disposal, has every advantage in his work, and in addition has a lovely place to study in, with plenty to interest him in his spare time. Two English institutions, the University of Cambridge and the British Association for the Advancement of Science, subscribe to Dr. Dohrn's Zoological Station. Some years ago I was fortunate enough to be able to occupy the "table" allocated to the University of Cambridge, and now I want you to accompany me in thought to the laboratory at the Zoological Station of Naples, and to follow me in my studies there.

One usually associates Naples with a bright sun, blue sky, and calm sea; but during my visit there was a long spell of bad weather, and for weeks the sky was grey, and the sea rough, with a continuance of south-westerly winds. This was very unpleasant, and prevented much from being done that was hoped to be accomplished; but "it is an ill wind which blows nobody any good," and the prevalent winds drove into the bay many creatures which float on the surface of the high seas, and consequently I was able to study some of them. Two of these, which are also occasionally driven on the western shores of the British Islands, will now occupy our attention.

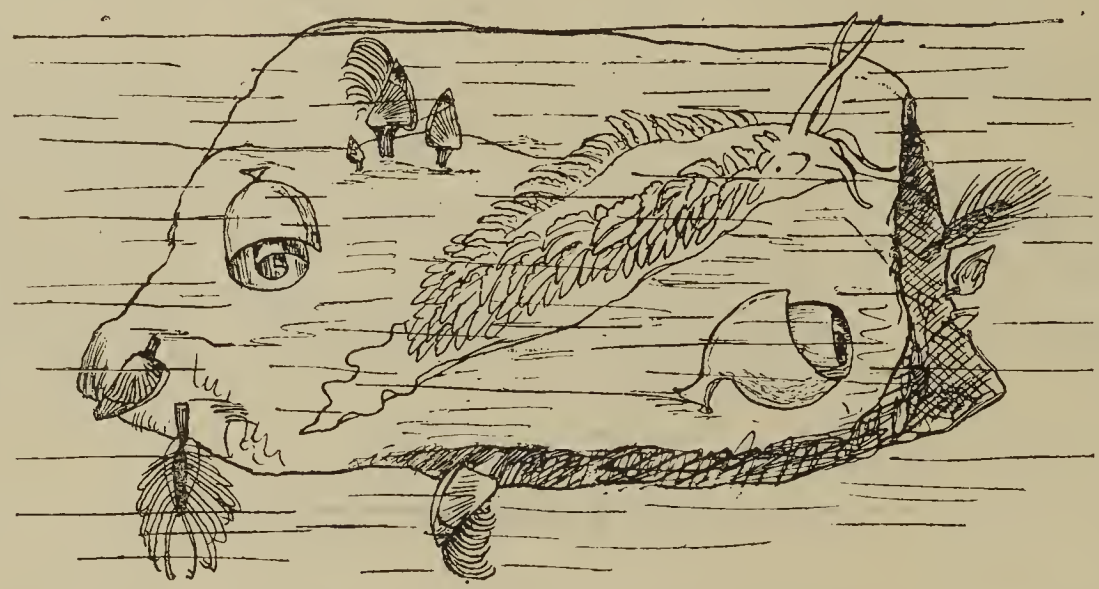


Fig. 1.

Sea-slug (Fiona nobilis), with two egg coils; and several Barnacles (Lepas pectinata).

On floating lumps of pumice, which one time had been ejected from Vesuvius, Etna, or Stromboli, we frequently find numerous specimens of a small barnacle, with delicate, rough, chalky plates, the numerous legs of the animal being rhythmically extended and withdrawn like a fairy hand. Often on the same lumps we find an elegant sea-slug, with four horns on its head and a fringe of thick brown finger-like processes down its sides, each papilla having a wavy band along its length. Most of the other sea-slugs browse upon different kinds of hydroids, but this kind evidently feeds upon the barnacles, and they in their turn on what they can catch in the sea as they float along. On the same piece of pumice are coils of jelly, of a delicate cream or pink colour, each supported on a little stalk; these are the egg coils of the slug, and each consists of a vast number of tiny eggs embedded in a coiled strap of jelly.

I will now snip off a piece of jelly from one of the coils, and put it on a small piece of glass. Placing it under the microscope, you will observe a number of oval lines. These are the contours of the delicate egg membrane, and within each is an egg. By taking pieces from numerous coils, we may examine different stages in the development of the slug. First, there is a round, simple egg; then the egg divides into two, each section again divides, and at last a flattened mass of cells is formed, not unlike a book in shape. The cells further sub-divide, and after several changes of form, a little embryo may be seen, like Fig. 2. You notice it is very lively, turning and twisting so fast that it is difficult to see it at all. At last it is still for a moment, and we make a sketch of it. Again it starts on its gyrations, and we have to wait for another pause.

By dint of patient waiting we are able to make out its structure. We find there is a somewhat shoe-shaped shell, quite colourless, and extremely thin. Above this is a heart-shaped flap, fringed with whip-like threads or cilia. It is these which cause the embryo to pirouet about; in the centre of the flap are two slowly waving cilia. In front of the flap is a rounded knob, which corresponds to the "foot" of other molluscs. It is covered with very small waving hairs, or cilia; on its under side is a flimsy plate, called the "operculum." Between the foot and the flap, or "velum," is the mouth, and through the transparent shell can be seen the digestive tube bent upon itself.

Now let us take a portion of another coil. We see a similar velum, but it is much more developed. The foot is larger, and a large eye-like spot is very visible. This is not an eye, but an ear. The "otocyst," as it is called, is a hollow sac containing a rounded ball, or "otolith," which vibrates in response to certain external movements. The shell, instead of being long, has grown in another direction, and is tall, and forms a lovely glassy case. You frighten the embryo, and it withdraws itself into its shell, and the

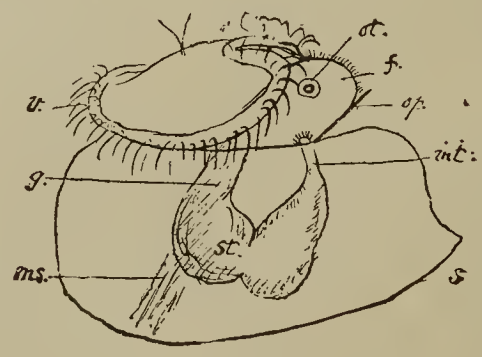


Fig. 2.

Early Veliger of Fiona: f., foot; g., gullet; int., intestine; ms., retractor muscle; op., operculum; ot, otocyst; s., shell; st., stomach; v., velum.

operculum closes the orifice like a lid. Fig. 3 B shows such an embryo nicely packed away. The fan-like lines in the first figures represent the muscle, by means of which the animal is retracted, and the operculum closed.

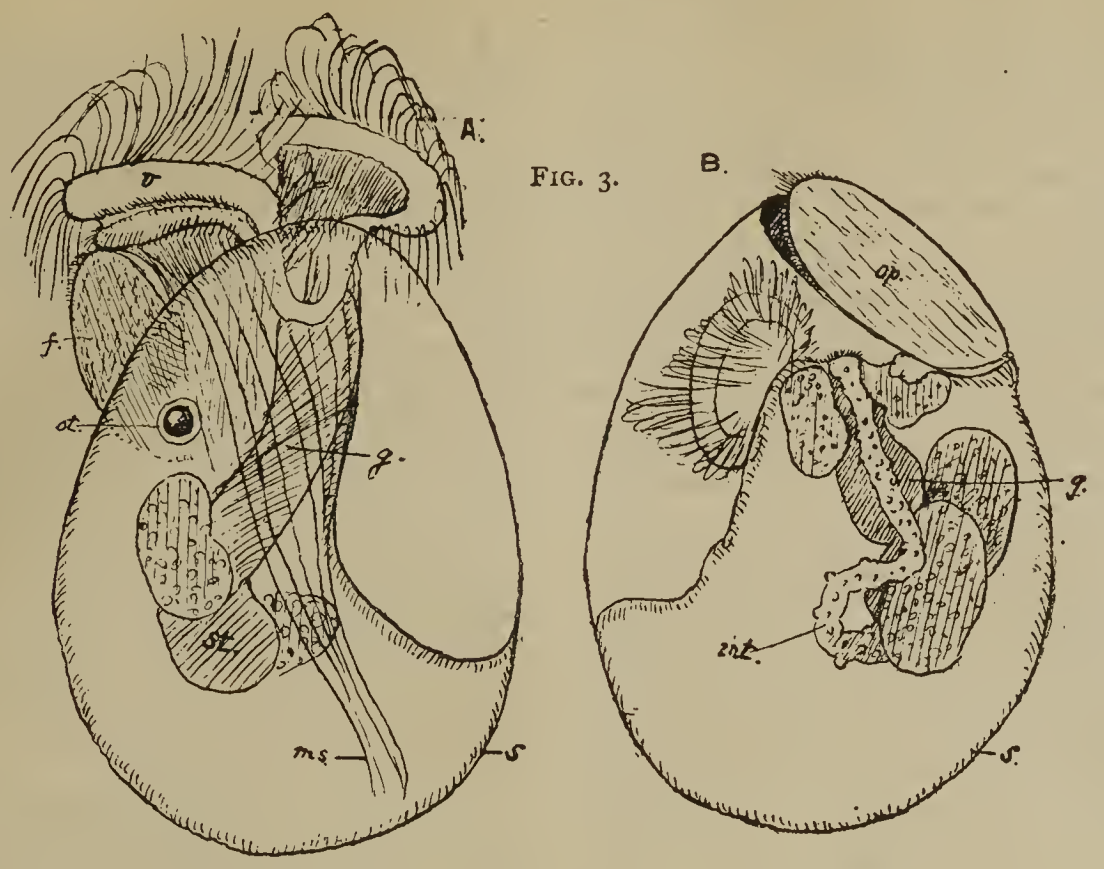


FIG. 3.

Late Veligers of Fiona. A., back view of extended embryo: f., foot; g., gullet; int., intestine; ms. retractor muscle; ot., otocyst with its otolith; s., shell; st., stomach; v., velum. B., embryo retracted within the shell.

Although I tried time after time, I was unable to keep the embryos longer than this stage; they all died, instead of transforming into a slug; but from what is known to occur in another sea-slug, we suppose that the embryo crawls out of its shell, and gradually assumes the form of the adult.

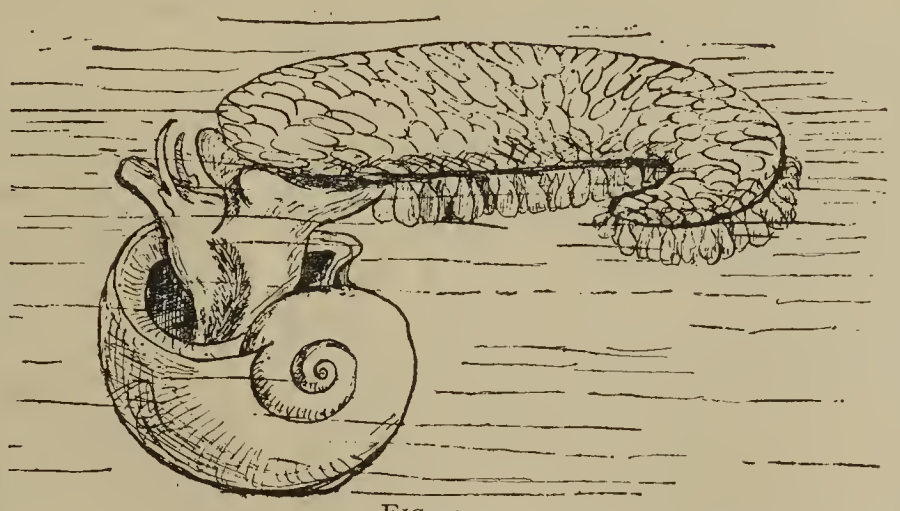


FIG. 4.

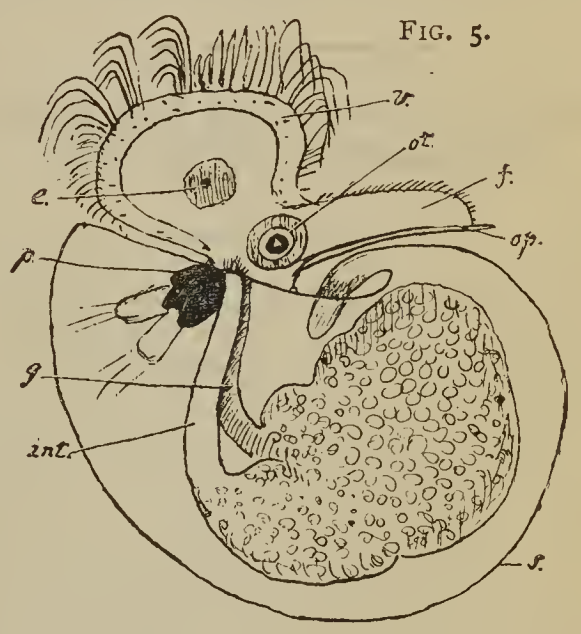
Purple Snail (Ianthina bicolor) with its raft and egg bags.

The second floating mollusc is the purple snail, or *Ianthina*. The kind we have before us is of a uniform delicate lilac. Although the shell is fragile, the animal is pretty solid, but it manages to float on the surface of the water by means of a wonderful raft which it makes for itself. The raft is usually somewhat curved, as in the figure, and is composed of a number of closely packed bladders. Let us detach a purple snail from its raft, and put it in a vessel of sea-water. It immediately sinks to the bottom, and then feebly lolls about, without the power of floating, or even of crawling up the sides of the vessel; consequently, as must often happen when the animal is torn from its raft by the lashing waves of a storm, it must inevitably sink down to the bottom of the sea, and then die. We will now pour away most of the water from the vessel, leaving barely enough to cover the shell. The snail immediately pushes the front part of its foot above the level of the water, and curves it over. As the under surface of the foot secretes a slimy fluid, which rapidly hardens, it will be evident that a little air will be enclosed by the foot, and then imprisoned in a bubble of slime. This is repeated, until a number of glassy bladders are formed, and at last there are sufficient of them to enable the shell to float. All through life the purple snail is continually adding new floats to its raft.

The mother snail has a large number of little pink bags hanging down from her raft. These are the capsules which contain the eggs. We will separate one of the capsules, and cut it open in a drop of water. Lo! a number of tiny reddish specks come tumbling out, and swim about in the miniature sea. On putting the glass slide with its drop of water under the microscope, we see a number of baby snails like that I have drawn in Fig. 5. Inhabiting a slightly coiled shell, tinted with delicate madder brown, is a little "embryo," not so very unlike that of the sea-slug we have first studied. There is the two-lobed velum, with its large waving cilia; in front of it the foot, with an operculum on its under side, although the adult has no operculum at all. At the base of the foot can be seen the otocyst, and within the velum is the brain and a developing eye. The digestive tube is bent upon itself, as in the other larvæ, but on the right side of the body is a large patch of a deep violet colour. Some other embryo sea-snails and slugs have a similar patch, often of a brilliant red colour. The significance of it is not yet known.

So far, we have learnt that the sea-slug and the purple snail both pass through a larval state, in which the animal is provided with a velum and a foot, and is protected by a shell, the mouth of which can be closed by an operculum; such an embryo is known as a "veliger." This holds good, more or less, for all the mollusca. Sometimes the velum is reduced in size, as, for example, in the embryo of the fresh-water snails, while in those of the land-snails and slugs it disappears altogether; but this is not to be wondered at, when we remember that the velum chiefly acts as a swimming organ, and enables the embryo to migrate to new localities, for the young mollusc is usually

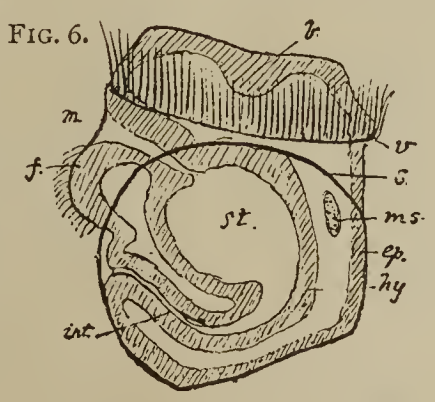
FIG. 5.



Veliger of Ianthina; e., eye spot on the brain; f., foot; g., gullet; int., intestine; p., violet pigment spot; op., operculum; ot. otocyst; s., shell; v., velum.

hatched in the veliger stage. As land-snails' eggs are laid in the ground, the velum cannot be used for swimming, and not being useful to the embryo, it has gradually disappeared altogether. The butterfly-snails, Pteropods, and the cuttle-fish group, Cephalopods, are now regarded as rather closely allied. The former are early hatched, and their veliger-larvæ have a large velum; but the embryo cuttle is burdened with a large mass of yolk, and is hatched quite late; so again we find the velum very much reduced.

FIG. 6.



Veliger of Oyster (Ostrea edulis); b., thickening of the Epiblast, which will form the brain; ep., epiblast; f., foot; hy., hypoblast; int., intestine; m., mouth; ms., muscle; s., shell; st., stomach; v., velum.

In all the molluscs I have mentioned, the foot is well developed in the embryo and in the adult. The slugs and snails crawl upon this "foot"; the purple snails use it to make a raft. The foot of the butterfly-snails forms the "wings," by means of which

the animal flits through the water like its aërial namesake. The foot of the embryo cuttle is distended with yolk, and is known as the "yolk sac"; later, part of it is prolonged to form the arms of the cuttle-fish. The foot of the bivalve molluscs is usually used for burrowing.

Whatever may be the condition of the adult, a shell is always present in the embryo; the only exception occurs in some of the cephalopods, but even here a shell sac is present, which corresponds with the place where a shell ought to be.

The shell of the bivalve mollusca is at first a single plate, like the early shell of snails, but the thick, chalky matter is only formed on the two sides of the animal, leaving a thin, flexible line down the middle of the back of the embryo; this afterwards forms the hinge area of the fully developed shell. Though an operculum may not be present in the mature state, it is usually, but not always, present in the veliger.

Although it may be very much modified in many respects, we have now come to see that the possession of a veliger larval stage is common to all mollusca, and, as a matter of fact, to no other animals.

SEPARATION FROM SIN AND SEPARATION UNTO GOD.

By WILLIAM GOURLAY.

IN order to apprehend truly our standing before God, we must recognise the double truth of justification and regeneration in Christ. God, as it were, looking upon the believer in Christ, sees on the one hand the precious blood, and on the other His own image.

As from the wounded side of the Saviour there came out blood and water, so here we have atonement and cleansing, blood and life, redemption and regeneration.

"In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace" (Eph. 1. 7). "Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light" (Col. 1. 12).

The believer in one body possesses two natures, the old man and the new, the flesh and the Spirit. These two are distinctly contrary the one to the other. "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh" (see Gal. 5. 17). The flesh is described in Scripture as hopelessly corrupt; its cure in the scheme of grace is not contemplated. It is declared to be incapable of improvement (Rom. 8.7, R.V.). God's method of dealing with it is indicated by such terms as "put off," "crucify," "mortify," etc. In the light of these expressions, we understand the force of the Master's words when He said to the most reputable Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again." Nothing short of a NEW CREATION will avail.

Notice particularly here, that the Spirit is the PROPER PERSONALITY of the Christian. Thus Paul writes in Rom. 7. 25, "I MYSELF with the mind serve the law of God." The flesh, on the other hand, is to be looked upon as an usurper and interloper, whose interference in the government of life is ILLEGAL, and which to allow would be criminal. A good king rules his country with a view to put down stealing and other crimes; and although he may have some bad subjects who delight in crime, he never identifies himself with them, but always with the lovers of right and justice. This is the rightful position the Christian should claim as regards the flesh; he should disavow it, and always rigorously repress its actings, he having received power to do so.

The question now presses, How is the power got whereby the Christian exercises dominion over the flesh? THIS IS THE KEY OF THE WHOLE POSITION.

This position once fully grasped, liberty and blessing follow. "Ye shall be free indeed." First, then, the believer is set legally free from sin by the death of Christ on the cross: our old man was crucified with Him (Rom. 6. 6). Sin in the flesh has been condemned and executed in the person of Jesus Christ. We have thus become dead to the law by the body of Christ. Our legal connection with original sin—*i.e.*, the flesh—is completely dissolved. Just as a woman whose husband is dead is quite free to put off her mourning and marry another man, so the Christian is free to reckon himself dead to sin (Rom. 6. 11; 7. 4).

Death does not, however, end the business. The Christian is made partaker of the life of Christ, and in the power of that life he may walk in triumph over all his spiritual foes. To illustrate: If a poor widow married a rich man, she would change her name first, and then live in good style on the strength of her husband's wealth. So Christians are called in the Scriptures "saints." No longer poor sinners; but, blessed with all spiritual blessings in Christ, they are rich indeed.

It is a sad fact so many Christians fail to see these truths. Many are mourning over the corruption of their nature—a most useless piece of business, seeing that God has condemned it to death, and provided us with a NEW SPIRIT; and at Christ's coming again a new creation body will be provided also (1 Cor. 15. 44). Hallelujah!

The fact is, that if a Christian is taken up crying over the sinfulness of the old man, God's plan of sanctification is frustrated. God does not propose to improve the old man, but He does propose that the Christian should have a holy walk with a holy God. Now, except the separation from the old man is clearly seen and rested on, the believer will be constantly crushed down by an overwhelming sense of the power of sin. His case will really appear hopeless to himself. Others may speak of sanctification as they please, but for his part sin and sinning will occupy the foreground. Many with such experience have told the writer, "We are always sinning."

Such an experience is clearly unscriptural, and virtually amounts to saying, "Sin has dominion over me"; whereas God has declared, "Sin shall not have dominion over you" (Rom. 6. 14). Indeed, a Christian without this deliverance is in much the same case as the Jew of old. There must be the same crushing sense of the impossibility of keeping the commandments, relieved only by a knowledge of forgiveness by looking at the sacrifice for sin.

Without this blessed truth of separation from the flesh, many texts of Scripture are simply unexplainable; notably, among others (Rom. 8, 2), "The Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." Such a text can only be applicable to the Christian considered as the NEW MAN ONLY; and this is the consideration God gives him, and the footing upon which He holds converse with him, and calls him a SON.

In our next we hope to take up the second division—"Separation unto God."

(*Continued—page* 526.)

SECOND SPELLING CHASE.

PRIZES AND AWARDS.

EXAMINERS' AWARD.

AFTER heavy labour, and much careful inspection by our skilled Examiners, the results of our Second Spelling Chase Competition are announced herewith.

The Competition has been a huge success. Entries were made from all parts of the kingdom, and by every age and every class. Many have written to us, commenting on the marked value of such an exercise, which, while light and amusing on the surface, has underneath a vein of real instruction of a most practical kind. It is almost incredible the number of otherwise well-educated people who are unable to spell correctly.

When the results of our former Chase were published, one Competitor, who had "*only* eight mistakes," (!) complained grievously of non-success! It may interest our readers to know that the two Prize Winners were the only two whose paragraphs were absolutely correct, and without erasure from beginning to end, so that there was no question as to the award. Those "Very Highly Commended" had no actual mistake, but had erasures or corrections, some of which were not liked by the examiners.

As the Test Paragraph contained no words either abstruse or specially uncommon, we do not think we have been severe. We shall hope in future to continue, from time to time, Competitions of this novel and helpful nature, as they have proved so popular with our readers. Certificates of Merit are being forwarded to the successful Competitors.

Prize.

Miss Ellen Mogford, Greenwich.
W. J. Sanders, Strand, W.C.

The Prize of One Guinea has been equally divided between the above.

Very Highly Commended.

Hewitt, Alice M., Dublin.
Hodder, G., Lowestoft.
Howard, Mrs. J., Maidstone.
Hunt. C. W., Alresford.
Miller, G. S., Lowestoft.
Mindosa, J. G., Stockwell.
Odell, Kate, Liverpool.
Redwood, F. S., London.
Styles, E., West Dulwich.
Taylor, Arthur George, Highbury Park.
Watson, Ellen M., Sandown, I.W.

Highly Commended.

Alpha (no address).
Barker, Florence, Penrith.
Barker, J. R., Chigwell.
Calder, Miss M. H., Kirkintilloch.
Campbell, Miss C. A., London.
Chalmers, Kate, Aberdeen.
Clarke, F., Aylesbury.
Clayton, B., Chatham.
Cowan, Mary, Dalry.
Davies, L. M., Clifton.
Earle, Annie L. A., New Barnet.
Forbes, K. J., Inverness.
Goodenough, Louisa, Newton-Abbot.
Haliburton, James L., Coupar Angus.
Haydon, Mrs., Bournemouth.
Heath, Maria L., London.
Hood, Miss H. M., Ilford.
Hudson, F. E., Belfast.
Irwin, Mrs., Dublin.
Lascelles, J. H., London.
Lloyd-Jones, F. W., Wallsend-on-Tyne.
Miller, Mrs. R., Lowestoft.
Miller, jun., Mr. H., Ipswich.
Molyneux, James, Radcliffe-on-Trent.
Neville, E., Newbury.
Nicol, Mary, Stirling.
O'Reilly, B.St. J., London.
Parry, Hugh, Cheadle.
Plummer, Harry, Hayward's Heath.
Pridham, Miss, Wimbledon Park.
Sharp, Mr. E. P., Reading.
Small, Alex., Edinburgh.
Townsend, Mrs. E., Queenstown.
Varley, Herbert S., London.
Vernon, Meta, Sunderland.
Wakeman, Margaret, Dublin.
Westcott, Mr. W. B., Leeds.
Wheeler, Miss L., Chertsey.
Young, Miss H. E., Bilston.

Commended.

A. L. S., Tunbridge Wells.
Barker, John S., Penrith.
Fursman, W. H., Swansea.
Golding, Mrs. J. W., London.
Goodenough, Mrs. F. M., Newton-Abbot.
Holmes, Mrs. E., Ashford.
Hood, Miss E. M., Newport Pagnell.
Hynes, Mrs. Thomas, York.
Irving, William, Lockerbie.
Leones (no address).
Lowe, Jessie C., Edinburgh.
Lubbock, Mr. P. P., Gravesend.
Lumb, Emily M., Dartford.
Lumley, B., Belfast.
Lyons, Mr. F. P., Dublin.
Male, C. A., Clapham.
McMullen, J. R., Belfast.
Nelson, A. E., Radcliffe.
Sherlock, Anna, Kildare.
Street, Miss H. A., London.

THE STORY OF JACQUES AND HIS SONG.

"MOURIR POUR LA PATRIE."

QUACK, quack, quack, went the ducks, paddling in the delicious coolness of the water, under osier shadows. Bowf, wowf, wowf, went Bruno, the old sheep-dog; and his barking came down in faint echoes to the farmhouse in the valley from the high fields where he was gathering together the frightened sheep for their shearing. A very hoarse bark had that dog Bruno, but it sounded soft when distance mellowed it, and it came down over meadow and orchard. Little Jacques heard it as he played in the farmyard. Mother Catherine heard it, as she pattered about in her sabots, washing linen out in the open air, with the sun shining on her white head-dress, and making her soapy arms flash back like silver. Father Gilles heard it, working away among the turnip furrows.

"Good!" said Père Gilles; "that goes well. Jean has arrived, then, among the *brebis*."

And, well conténted with himself and all the world, he whistled until all the valley resounded, and the blackbirds stood still and cocked their roguish heads on one side, with bright, questioning eyes. Who, then, of their number was whistling so gaily—"*Quand je pense à ma bien-aimée*"?

Little Jacques looked up from his playing; and now the blackbirds heard a shriller piping, that ran down all the keys of music. Little Jacques had taken up the song, and he fluted it forth with so many trills and quavers, and so much new melody added to it, that truly it was more like an operatic piece than a simple song of the people.

Père Gilles came down to the brookside, where his wife was washing; he had stopped his own whistling.

"*Voilà*, Catherine!" he said, "it is marvellous, that. Is it not that our boy will some day be a great musician?"

"It is necessary that our boy should work," said Mère Catherine shortly, shaking her head with an energy that made the handsome gold ear-rings tremble.

"He is our only one," said the farmer reflectively.

"The more need that he should not be an idler," said Mère Catherine. But for all that she listened too, and she said to herself, "He is a genius. Our Jacques' voice rises highest of all the choir on Sundays. But it is necessary, altogether necessary, for him to work; one must work in order to live."

"He will be a great man some day, that little one there, Mère Catherine," said the daughter of M. le Pasteur, as she passed on her way to the village. A very pleasant girl was Mlle. Marie, fresh as a rosebud, and with an air of the meadows about her.

Mère Catherine shook her head. "Bah! I would not have these notions enter his mind, mam'selle," she said.

"Listen!" exclaimed Mlle. Marie, her eyes, that were of the clearest blue, like veronicas, opening wide. "Ah, Mère Catherine, hear the boy! He sings now, and where shall one find so true a voice as that of the petit Jacques? Hark! '*Mourir pour la Patrie!*'"

Alas! *that* air, that air! Hush, little Jacques; do you hear no foreboding of discord, of sorrow ringing through its clear, passionate music?

But no; and Mlle. Marie's fresh young voice joins in, until the valley echoes to the notes of the boy and girl's voices, singing the old songs of France.

"*Ça!*" says the father blackbird. "This is extraordinary. One almost believes that one hears angels singing. That child there will astonish the world one day, I am sure of it."

The child, however, little Jacques, playing among the hayricks, was singing only from the joy of his heart in the fresh spring morning. His thoughts were not of fame, nor after-glory, but he sang as the birds. The orchard was in full blossom, the meadows were starred with flowers, and the hedges beautiful in their spring leafage. There was a sound of music everywhere—here in the tinkling water, there in the lark's glad melody far above the valley, over yonder in the plaintive bleating of the sheep and the lambs, and the happy lowing of contented cattle. So Jacques sang too. *Pourquoi non?*

"*Fi, donc, mon Jacques,*" said Mère Catherine, with a note of harshness in her voice. "See, there are the turnip fields that have not yet been weeded. Your father works there; go now, *petit*, and help him."

Jacques' happy brown eyes smiled up at his mother, his willing little hands were soon at work, and he sang still, in the gladness of his young heart. He sang now of the dear God who had made him so happy, of the loving Christ who was ever ready to listen to His little ones.

"*Voilà donc,*" said his mother, softening; "he is a good boy, Jacques. If he wishes it then—*eh bien*, why should not our boy learn to sing and play? Who knows, perhaps he may be a great *maître* one day; stranger things have happened. *We* shall lose him, Gilles and I" (here she sighed); "but one cannot have all."

So the little Jacques might go up to the church to learn the organ from Mlle. Marie. He was a happy, joyous-hearted child, and when his mother had until then said no, he had been content; but now, when *le bon Dieu* had given him the chance to learn, he rejoiced in it.

When the orchard-trees hung heavy with their ripe fruit, and the last load of golden corn was gathered in at La Roche, there was a new organist at the village church.

Listen. It was little Jacques.

The boy was a genius, said all the world. He must go up to the great Paris, in order one day to become a *maître*.

There was a moistness in the eyes of Mère Catherine, but the father said, "Do as you like, my boy; we have the means. If you will, you may be a great musician."

Jacques, however, had seen the tears in his mother's eyes. He was the only one she had; do you understand?

"Thanks, my father," he said quietly; "I will stay and study my music at home. Some day, perhaps, I will go, if the *bon Dieu* will have it so. But not yet."

The mother kissed her boy, blessing the gentle heart that would not hurt her, that he might become great.

So the years sped on, and every year made Jacques more and more clever. He was now twenty, and from far and near people came to hear the wonderful playing of the organist of La Roche, and the marvellous way in which he improvised.

It was in this year, too, that Jacques drew his number in the conscription. Père Gilles waited outside the doors of the Hotel de Ville at the neighbouring town to learn the news.

As soon as Jacques appeared, the poor father knew the worst. There was no need of Jacques to murmur "Twelve!" His face showed that he had drawn a very low number, and that he must go away from La Roche to where there was fighting and bloodshed. Ah me, there was many a broken-hearted parent in La Roche that day, from whom their brave young sons had been taken; but Jacques! to think that Jacques must go!

The blackbirds sat in the trees of the orchard, and put their heads on one side, asking the thrushes, "What is this? Our Jacques sings no longer."

And the robins hopped down, and looked in at the farmhouse windows, to learn what was the matter, but they arrived at no conclusion.

"Twit, twit," said the robins; "we saw only tears, and tears, and yet tears. But there is no singing."

Nevertheless, they heard one more song as Jacques marched away from the valley. M. le Pasteur heard it, young Madame Dupont (she who was once Mlle. Marie) heard it, and all the villagers heard the song, and wept.

"*Mourir pour la Patrie!*" sang Jacques, in a clear voice, that only trembled a little when he looked back, to see his mother kneeling with her face hidden in her hands.

That was the last time the blackbirds heard the voice of their little Jacques.

We had much fighting in those days; there was a deal of bloodshed before the end came. It was just before the affair of Sedan that he was killed. The Prussians had surprised a French division at night—you understand, and there was some confusion. Do you follow me? This is frequently the case when one is attacked at night.

There was fighting for some time. I think, on the whole, the Prussians had the advantage; they outnumbered us, you see. That was the ruin of us all along. Our soldiers were but men—heroes certainly, but only men, and they could not win against such terrible odds. Some of our regiments were mere skeletons. These men, the Prussians, they had no lack of numbers.

Our soldiers left their dead by heaps on the field that night. Ah me! La France could ill spare those sons of hers, most of whom were mere boys. They all lay there, friends and foes, with their faces turned up, cold and pale in the moonlight, and Jacques was among them. M. le Docteur Dupont found him there, lying across an Uhlan twice his own size, dead—quite dead, and with all his wounds in the front.

It was like when you see a thrush or a robin lying dead, a sweet singer with its song silenced for ever, only infinitely more sad, for Jacques was one whom God had made for

greater things than the birds. In all else it was precisely the same; he too was young, and joyous, and innocent, and he had lived and sung with his heart full of love for the great Father.

Sometimes one cannot understand these things, why God sends troubles upon troubles to those who seem least to deserve them, and why He lets men take innocent, unoffending lives, and leaves those to live who were better dead. And yet we know that His way is the best, for He is Love.

This is a very sad story. I cannot help it. If Jacques had not drawn the fatal number in the conscription, it might have been the story of a great musician, and bright with his triumphs. Yet that might not be.

The robins looked in at the farmhouse windows many times after that, but they saw no more tears, only a hard, stony grief, until M. le Pasteur came. M. le Pasteur had also lost a loved one in those wars, an only brother, and he could speak in sympathy.

After he spoke, the robins saw a woman weeping, and a trembling, white-haired man, aged before his time, who raised his hand, and reverently said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

And that was the story of Jacques.

ONE SIN, OR ONE HUNDRED SINS.

ONE sin unforgiven shuts the sinner out of heaven, just as much as one hundred sins would do; and "all have *sinned*." It matters not the quantity or the quality, "all have alike come short."

The fruit tree is not a fruit tree because it bears fruit, but it bears fruit because it is a fruit tree. If it be an apple tree, it may be a barren apple tree, or it may be loaded with good apples. The nature of the tree is not altered by the number of apples it bears.

So it is with the human race. A man who says, "I am not a sinner, because I have not done many wrong things, nor any glaringly bad deeds," only shows his ignorance of his own heart. Man is born in sin, and commits sin because he is a sinner. The question of amount or kind of sin is quite a secondary consideration.

The thing required is, not the lessening of the supply, but the changing of the source. There must be an uprooting of nature, and an introduction of *something* that is contrary to it, a new creation, a being "born again."

The bramble has to be changed into the vine, before it can bring forth grapes. Grafting will affect the grafted branch, but it will not alter the trunk; regeneration alone accomplishes this change for fallen man. The new birth alters the springs and motive powers of life, creating anew the whole spirit, affections, and desires of the heart. Condemnation on account of sin is then entirely and for ever gone, because "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from *all* sin." No matter, therefore, if the sinner has one or one thousand sins on his conscience, in either case his need is fully met by the atonement of Christ.

A SUBSTITUTE: WHAT IS IT?

A SUBSTITUTE is a person or thing that acts in the room or place of another. A man is drawn as a soldier in the conscription, but occasionally another stands in his place, and he himself is free. A person has to do a certain thing, but some one else does it for him, and in his stead. A man wants to get free from some duty or responsibility, and another takes his place and performs it for him. This is *substitution*, an occurrence daily taking place around us; one, indeed, that is recognised, acted on, and accepted by us all.

Now, God has substituted His own Son for us, in our place; has reckoned that we perform the act that His own Son has done.

Christ died for us, and instead of us. Christ bore all our sins for us, and instead of us. His word declares the whole world "guilty before God," and that "there is none righteous, no, not one." Sin brought condemnation, but "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound," and "while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." He was "bruised for our iniquities," and thus became our SUBSTITUTE. This great, wondrous fact is interwoven throughout Scripture. All the Word of God points to the one offering that for ever takes away our sin. He, therefore, that believeth "hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation." Blessed substitution!

"MILLIONS OF MONEY."

"OH! I would give millions of money if I only knew that I was saved." So said a man in a workhouse infirmary to a lady visitor.

You need not give millions of money; you can be saved now, and know it, without the expenditure of one single farthing. God does not want your gifts, but He does want your faith, your love, your trust. He has provided salvation for you. He would have you saved; and what is more, He would have you know that you are saved. Rejoice in the fact, and live every day conscious of the new life that is in you.

Millions of money could never repay Him the debt of love and gratitude that YOU owe Him; even if it would help, you have not millions to give. What will please Him better, will be the surrender of your heart, the ceasing from all doubt and fear, the laying of your whole self at the feet of Him who died to obtain salvation for you.

HAVE YOU INSURED YOUR LIFE?

IF not, why not? Life is very precarious, accidents or sudden illness carry people off at a moment's notice. None can be certain of how, when, or where they will pass into eternity.

If you have wife, children, or others dependent upon you, it is your duty to at once effect an insurance, make your will, and provide to the best of your ability for their necessities. But, above all, make sure of your own eternal welfare—insure yourself for heaven. Secure eternal life, that life which never dies, by at once accepting the offer of salvation made to every sinner who will shelter beneath the blood of Christ.

ONLY ONE SIN!

HOW many sins shut Adam out of Paradise? One, and only one; that one sin made him a sinner. We often make great mistakes in thinking that because we have done nothing outwardly wrong, been respectable, moral sort of people, therefore we are not sinners deserving the judgment of God against us.

As one murder makes a murderer, for which he is condemned to death, so it is not sins, but one sin, that makes a sinner. The apostle Paul puts it very plainly and clearly: "By one man, sin entered into the world;" "by one man's offence death reigned" (Rom. 5. 12, 17). In the Epistle of James we also read, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all." The one not kept taints the whole, for the law is broken. For the well-being of social life, morality is excellent; but before God moral and immoral, stand guilty. Adam was disobedient; so is every one who rejects God's Son.

God has "now commanded men everywhere to repent" (Acts 17. 30). "This is His commandment, That we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ, and love one another" (1 John 3. 23). Every one, therefore, that falls short of this is in exactly the same position and condition as Adam,—a transgressor of the law, with the curse of the law resting upon him.

Can any other result be expected than that God will sooner or later assert His authority, rise up, and punish the disobedient?

MY DEBT.

I OWE £50; my creditor demands his money at once; I have not five pence wherewith to pay him. What am I to do?

If I borrow, it is only transferring the debt, and postponing the obligation. I want to get free from it. My case is desperate. What *can* I do? In the midst of my distress my creditor, knowing my helplessness, comes to me and says,—

"I have cancelled that debt. I have wiped it out! I have paid it myself!"

What a merciful deliverance! What a great relief! There is no need of borrowing now; no necessity for part payment. I am entirely freed; the debt is all done with for ever!

There is a great debt of sin, which we have all incurred, and are wholly unable to pay. God gave up His Son to meet that debt; Christ Jesus has paid it for us; our full deliverance only waits until we are *willing* to accept this blood-bought freedom.

THAT HOUSE IN LONDON.

By L. T. MEADE,

Author of "Scamp and I," "A Knight of To-day," "Great St. Benedict's," "The O'Donnell's of Inchfawn," "A Band of Three," "Water Gipsies," "Your Brother and Mine," etc., etc.



CHAPTER XXXVII.

WHEN Kate had said those few words, she immediately turned her attention again to the baby; she allowed her husband to have the luggage collected; she gave no directions about it, nor said what she had brought, nor what she had left behind.

With some difficulty Kenneth secured his wife's belongings, and then put her and the baby into the most comfortable carriage he could find.

With an almost mechanical gesture she motioned him to sit by her side, but she did not offer again to take his hand, nor did she again glance at his face.

In a short time they arrived at the hotel, and a doctor was instantly summoned, to do what he could for the child. One glance was sufficient to show him that the little spirit would not long remain in its beautiful earthly tenement.

"He is dying. I know that," said Kate, looking quietly, and without any apparent emotion at the doctor.

She spoke in French, and he answered briefly in that tongue.

"The baby's hours are numbered."

"Will he suffer?" inquired the mother.

"No; he is unconscious now; his suffering is already at an end; the spirit of baby is even now at the gates of paradise."

"That is good," said Kate, with a smile, and she bent down and kissed the little waxen face. She held the baby in her arms all night, and in the morning, just when the day was breaking, his gentle breath ceased, and the beautiful angel spirit, which had so often looked at her out of his lovely eyes, during the two months of his little life, had gone back to the God who gave it.

"Kenneth, come here. I do not hear him breathe," said the mother.

Kenneth went over, bent down, and laid his ear against the little mouth, which was slightly open, and wore a seraphic smile.

"Kate, my darling, how can I tell you?" he said.



"'I did not do it,' he said; 'but I was tempted to, mightily tempted to.'"

"Are you afraid?" she answered, gently. "Baby is in the best place—on the bosom of his God."

"Don't, Kate, don't; this will break your loving mother's heart."

"No, my dear; this knowledge will give my weak heart strength. Kenneth, our baby—our little child—has gone in through the gates of paradise; we have got to follow him; we have got to follow him—you and I, beloved, both of us."

"Kate, you kill me," said the wretched man. His composure gave way; it gave way completely at the sight of her calm, and the wonderful heavenly smile on the dead baby's face.

Kenneth Graham grovelled at his wife's feet; he laid his head against her knees, and great sobs shook his frame.

For a minute or two Kate looked at him in silence; then, kissing the baby's waxen little face very tenderly, she rose softly and laid her little dead treasure on the bed.

"Heart of my heart," she murmured, "I knew you would do your duty, and through your death bring your father home."

Then she went back to her husband, and, kneeling down by his side, put her arms round his neck.

"Cry here, Ken, here, with your head against my breast. I know everything, and God knows everything, and I have a kind of feeling that baby knew everything; and just as God and baby have forgiven you, so do I forgive. Poor Ken, take the comfort of it; you have sinned, but there is full forgiveness."

"You are killing me, Kate," repeated Graham; "your goodness is killing me; the thought of the smile on the baby's face has broken my heart."

Then she answered him again — low, tender words, full of courage and hope; her strength and her calm were wonderful; her faith for the time being was so vivid, so splendid, that it carried her above the petty limitations of time and space.

The gates of heaven, which had opened wide to receive the baby, had let out some of the glory, and it still seemed to surround the mother, so that just now she scarcely appeared to feel the parting.

The agony would all come by-and-by—the reaction must set in; but for the time she so surely felt the Divine strength, that her words and her influence were all powerful.

"Kate, you make religion a grand thing, a real thing," said Graham at last. "You can give up your child without one murmuring word, and you can speak of hope and love to a fellow like me. I thank your—God that He has made you, Kate."

"Your God, too, husband—your God, who loves you; you are not the first son who has gone astray, not the first whom the Divine Father has welcomed back with rejoicing."

Thus she talked to him until his strength and courage returned, and the husband and wife sat down, hand in hand, to face the future in the room where the baby had died.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

It is one thing to feel inspired by a sudden resolution,—to feel the glow of strong impulse in the right direction, to say to oneself, "Through this grave and gate of death itself I will pass to the resurrection of better things, I will pass from the old life to the new"; but it is another thing to keep to this resolve when the rosy glow of sudden enthusiasm has faded, and when the narrow, narrow, uphill path reveals itself shorn of rosy glow, bristling with thorns, white with dust, marked with the deep ruts of difficulty, almost of despair. Then the cowardly heart looks back longingly at the easy, down-hill way on which it has travelled so long; the weakened will declines to make the necessary effort to rise; the thought of the tremendous strain of the daily and hourly endeavour overwhelms the trembling soul that has turned again towards its God.

On the night of her baby's death, Kate Graham had gone down on her knees and thanked God that He had heard her prayer—the baby was taken, and had, indeed, with those little hands, that smile on the pure young face, drawn his father back to the feet of the God he had so long forsaken.

"No baby ever before did so great a work," thought the self-forgetful mother; "no baby ever before was so honoured; any mother would give him up for the earth-life when he had done this for her." But as the days wore on, and the beautiful little face was shut away from her for all time, and she began to realise how empty her arms were, and how sore her heart really was, she also knew that Kenneth's first step in the right direction was, perhaps, his easiest one, that the fight before him was so terrible, that even yet the victory might not be his.

Graham was sorry at last—sorry not only because of the inconvenience and misery which his sin had caused, but sorry because of the sin itself. But though he had reached this stage, it took him a long, long time, it caused him hours of agony, in which he sometimes feared he might even lose his reason, to ascend to the next. "The wages of sin is death." Graham had earned these wages, but he did not want to accept the pay. The death of his good name, the death of his reputation, the death of all his wealth and importance, the death of every ambition he had ever clung to, brought him untold agony. He fought against these deaths, which must take place within him and around him; he fought against them with bated breath and anguished brow; he hated to pay the price.

God, however, said to him: "There is no getting away from this fact—as you sow, so shall you reap; there is forgiveness with Me, but it only comes through the valley of humiliation."

Graham said nothing, as these thoughts haunted him day and night; but he became once again very morose and gloomy, and forgot that God had indeed dealt mercifully with him, when He had not, as the price of sin, added to all the other deaths that of his wife's love.

The man was standing now between two roads, and he often felt as if he must break away from the detaining hand of God, as if he must plunge once more into the broad paths of sin and wickedness, and lose his last chance of peace and hope and heaven.

They had been a week at Bordeaux, and neither husband nor wife had spoken once of going away. Kate was full of intense anxiety—places mattered nothing to her now—she was tremblingly eager to know whether her husband would lose or win in this great fight. She dared not speak to him, however; she was terribly afraid of saying the wrong word.

Marshall, who had known of the baby's death, and who had, indeed, at Graham's request, read the funeral service over the little one, also remained on at Bordeaux. He did not care for the place, but had a kind of idea that he might be wanted; he had too large an experience of the dark and sorrowful side of life not to see that these two young people, this husband and wife, were bowed almost to the earth with the weight of some terrible trouble.

"Doubtless a sin," he thought; "only the trouble caused by sin could make a man look as Graham looks."

He waited on, biding his time, feeling almost certain that he could help, and meanwhile praying a great deal for Graham.

One day he came upon him down by the quays. Graham had gone to the end of a pier, and was gazing moodily into the water. The tide was coming in, and he was leaning over a low parapet, gloomily watching the waves, his face white and despairing.

"I will go somewhere near," thought Marshall. "To watch the water like this, to look hungrily into its cool bosom, is a dangerous pastime for a man in Graham's state of mind."

Marshall very much disliked the idea of Graham supposing that he watched him or took any particular interest in him. With his immense experience he understood how distasteful such a proceeding would be to a man of Graham's temperament. It was therefore with great reluctance that he went on the pier and stood about twenty feet away from the despondent figure.

On hearing his footstep Graham turned and glanced at him; he did not speak, however, but resumed his gloomy gaze over the grey expanse of water.

Marshall came a step or two nearer, took off his hat, and looked with wonderfully luminous eyes, not at the water, but towards that point where sea and sky met. After an interval of about five minutes, Graham again turned his head and glanced at his companion.

"It is all right, Marshall," he said quietly; "I am not going to do it."

Marshall put on his hat.

"I have felt assured on that point for the last two minutes," he replied.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I was sure my prayer was answered."

"Oh, indeed! you troubled yourself to pray for a most worthless piece of humanity."

"There are no worthless pieces of humanity," retorted Marshall.

Graham smiled grimly.

"I forgot," he said; "you have looked at black sheep so long and steadily that you imagine you discover spots of white on them—a *fallacy*, Marshall; they are dyed irrevocably."

To this speech the prison chaplain made no answer. Graham had now left off gazing at the water, and was standing by Marshall's side.

"I did not do it," he said; "but I was tempted to, mightily tempted to. Come for a walk with me, Marshall."

The two men sauntered slowly off the pier.

"I can understand why you did not commit suicide," said Marshall in his deep voice. "You were tempted to get out of your misery by that coward's door; but strong hands kept you back."

"Hands! What do you mean?"

"Those of your wife and the dead baby."

"What do you know about my wife?"

"Nothing, except that I have seen her. I saw the dead baby too. I went into the room, and saw it covered with lilies; the baby now beholds the face of your Father and his; and Graham, happy man, I believe from the bottom of my soul that that wife of yours has also looked straight into the face

of her God. No, my good fellow, with such influences around you, you are safe enough, if you would but believe it."

"I can't take the next step," said Graham. "I can't; it is too horrible."

Marshall pressed his arm gently.

"I can believe in the hardness of the step," he said; "but not in the impossibility of your taking it."

"Ah, you don't know my story, nor me."

"I certainly don't know your story, although I can guess it. I know something about you."

"What do you know about me?"

"You are a proud man, and you have sinned beyond the sin of most."

Graham winced.

"Go on; what next?"

"God has pulled you up short, but you are afraid to repent."

"I? afraid? You use strong language, Marshall."

"Not stronger than the occasion warrants. At this moment you have a truly craven heart."

Graham withdrew his arm from his companion's.

"I think you forget yourself," he said with anger. "You have no right to speak to me like this. Do you not hesitate to insult me?"

"I don't insult you, Graham. My credential to speak to you has been given to me by my Master. I owe no fear to any man, but I do fear God. God has desired me to bring your soul to Him."

The two men were directing their steps towards the country; they had left the ugly houses and dull roar of traffic behind them, and were surrounded by the solitude of the starry heavens and windless earth; the night was coming on.

"I will tell you my story," said Graham, suddenly; "my wife knows everything. I did not tell her, she found it out. Now, will you listen?"

"With all my heart, and with all the intellect God has given me directed to help you."

"Thanks. I am drawn to you; I will make no reservations in a horrible story."

It was hours before the two men came back to the hotel; the evening had deepened into night, and Kate was sitting motionless in the room where her baby had died.

Her arms were very empty to-night; her heart ached terribly, but this room still savoured more or less of Paradise to her, and she felt more peaceful here than anywhere else.

About midnight the door was softly opened, and her husband came in. He came directly up to her, and taking her two hands, drew her from her chair to stand by his side.

"Kate, I know you have been praying for me."

"Why, of course, Ken;" and now she ventured to raise her eyes and look into his face. The moment she looked she gave a little joyful cry, and laid her head on his shoulder.

"Oh, Ken," she said, "I have not grown weary of praying."

"Nor your God of answering, my wife. He sent His angel to me to-night to deliver me."

"Yes?"

"Marshall has been speaking—there, I won't go into it—only I've resolved to take the next step."

"Yes, Kenneth."

"I am going back to England to-morrow. I had better go alone. Will you trust me away from you for a week?"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

GRAHAM's courage was red-hot; he would not wait for it to cool. He took the first train to Paris in the morning, and travelling right through, arrived in London exactly twenty-four hours after he left Bordeaux. He walked into his own house, or rather into the house that was his no longer, just as Alexis, fretful, pale, and weak, was sitting down to breakfast in the room which Kenneth had made beautiful.

Graham came boldly in, hardly answering the astonished parlour-maid's exclamations of pleasure, and eager inquiries for her mistress, hardly seeing Betty Carew as she ran from her place on the hearth-rug, where she had been attending to Alexis's comforts, to greet him.

He pushed the old woman aside, and walked straight up to the pale and wondering man, who rose in mingled fear and hate at his approach.

"I've a word or two to say to you, Alexis. Mrs. Carew, will you leave us alone?"

But Betty suddenly went down on her knees.

"No, no, master," she half screamed; "no, no, you have no love for him, and he is but weak. You had better let Betty Carew stay to see justice done; harm may happen if you have him all to yourself, for the Lord knows you two hate each other."

"Justice will be done, Mrs. Carew, and you need fear nothing. I have come prepared to do every justice, only I must see Mr. Alexis alone."

"Leave us, Betty," said Alexis, speaking for the first time; "you don't suppose I am such a coward as that."

Betty sighed, and walked out of the room without another word.

The moment she was gone, Graham, still standing, began to speak.

"I did you about as much harm as one man could do to another," he commenced.

"Ay, and I hated you for it," said Alexis.

"Doubtless; but let me finish my story. I have come to confess to you; let me finish my confession before you heap on me your abuse. Believe me, I shall take it patiently."

Alexis, who had half risen from his seat, sat down again now in sheer amazement, with his mouth slightly open.

"I was as base as I could be," continued Graham. "Your mother made a will, leaving me £30,000 and this house. She believed you dead, but was not so unmindful of you as not to make provision for you. She gave you to me as a sacred trust. She made no mention of you in the will, because a kind of intuition came over her that if you were indeed alive, you had got into trouble. She told me that if you were alive, you were to have half her money and this house, and these directions she put into a letter which she asked me to read, and which was alluded to in the will. The letter was given to my wife to take care of, on the express stipulation that she was never to open it until I gave her permission. She opened it at Bordeaux nearly a week ago, and I have brought it to you now, Alexis. Here it is; it is your mother's voice to you from the grave."

Graham put the letter into Alexis's hand, who received it limply, turned ghastly white, and laid it by his plate.

"The money your mother gave me," continued Graham, "made me immediately a prosperous man, but it did a great deal more than give me prosperity, it also enabled me to marry the woman I loved. Her circumstances were peculiar; she was tied down by an extraordinary will. Money was hers, but if she did not marry a man who brought in an equal share to meet her fortune, she must sacrifice all she possessed. I believe now she would have done this, but at the time I doubted it. She had three young sisters dependent on her, and she was ever one to put herself and her own feelings last. The night before our marriage you appeared. I need not go into what occurred at that interview; you know what I said, and how I fell. The fact is, I was just entering an earthly paradise, and I would not allow you to shut the door in my face. I entered my paradise through a grievous fall. After that my downward descent was swift enough. You know how I treated you not long after; you know how I turned your honest affection for me into hatred. We were old chums; I was truly worthy of the name. I think I have said all now, Alexis, except that of course I come with open hands to give you back your own. Have you a single word to say to me for the sake of the old, old days?"

For a full moment Alexis did not speak; then he raised an absolutely bloodless face, and fixed his sad-looking eyes on his companion. They sparkled now, and were the only things that seemed alive in his face.

"Yes," he said at last, slowly, his lips moving as if they were parched and dried, his words coming out with difficulty; "I have this to say, You treated me worse than a dog; I was bad before you crossed my path in your character of rich and prosperous man, but I am ten times worse now—that was your doing. This tardy reparation, this late repentance, does not make up to me for the past. I won't curse you again, but I have nothing else to say."

"Is that your very last word?" asked Graham, when the other had paused, and had sunk back exhausted in his seat. "I am going away; for the sake of old times, will you say nothing further?"

"As far as you are concerned, old times have ceased to affect me. My prayer is that you and I may never meet again. If there is any hope for me—if there is any chance at all of my becoming a good man in the future, it must be away from you, and apart from your presence. There, I have nothing further to add."

"I am punished," said Graham, speaking in a husky voice. "I deserve it. Good-bye, Alexis."

Alexis never moved his head, nor turned, as the other man went out of the room, passed through the hall, and left that London house, which had been in many ways his undoing, behind him for ever.

From his interview with Alexis, Graham went straight to his place of business, where he had a long talk with his partner, and there and then resigned his own partnership, and effectually severed his own connection with the business.

He told his story all over again to old, white-headed Mr. Martin, who listened in a kindlier spirit than Alexis had done.

"My wife wishes to resign all claim to her fortune," he said, in conclusion. "She is sorry for her sisters, but they are both now well educated, and can, if necessary, support themselves."

"And will be the happier for so doing," said old Mr. Martin.

"I believe you are right."

"And what will you and your wife do, Graham? It will be a strange change to you both to turn back now to the days of privation."

"Kate is not afraid," said Graham, and the first smile which any one had seen for weeks on his worn face, lit up his sunken eyes for a moment. "Where she leads, I follow."

CHAPTER XL.

THE writer of this story of a man's fall and repentance has but a few more words to add. Alexis, always weak, would remain so to the end of time. He took up his position as a man of means in the old house where his mother had lived and died. Once again the rooms, which had been brightened up by Kate's presence, resumed their old aspect of gloom. Betty Carew might have called each room now "a chamber of mourning," for no one was heard to laugh there, and no gay voices or cheerful sounds echoed on the stairs. Alexis, a pallid, sombre-looking man, required little attendance, and cared for no festivities; Betty had only one assistant to help her in her daily work. After her own fashion, no doubt, Mrs. Carew was happy, and she was often heard to say that her dear master's solemn visage was quite to her taste.

Alexis never spoke about his feelings, and what were his real thoughts, whether he still cherished a world of bitterness against Graham, or whether gentler feelings, memories of his mother and old childhood's days, came to soften him or not, no one could ever guess. He did go once or twice to Charing Cross Hospital to see Sister Lucilla, and came away from these interviews with a softened and happier expression of face; he also gave liberally to the support of the Hospital; but nothing seemed really to lift the black veil of despondency from this smitten heart, deeply seared with sin and sorrow.

Kate's sisters both found husbands, and Polly has grown more sensible, though not less beautiful, as years go by. Nellie has long ago developed into a very affectionate little wife and mother.

Far away, in the wilds of New Zealand, a noble-looking woman, with many threads of silver in her dark hair, and many lines round her still young face, may be seen day after day, from early morning to late night, helping, healing, and blessing all those with whom she comes in contact.

She has a grave smile and an encouraging word for every one; she is much beloved, and no one speaks of her as unhappy. Graham has found a new home for his wife and himself in this distant place, where they live forgotten by the world, but by no means unblessing it. Kenneth Graham looks much older than his years; his expression is slightly morose; he is considered an upright and a stern man, and it is only now and then, when he looks at his wife, that he smiles. He has never got over the scars of the battle through which he had so nearly lost his spiritual life; never again can he get back his lost youth and lost goodliness. Memory is as a shadow to him, and keeps away the full brightness of the sun; nevertheless, Graham has really repented, and his feet are going steadily uphill. Some day he will reach the summit, and see brightly, where clouds are not.

This couple, all-in-all to each other, have no children, although they now and then speak of a child who will meet them somewhere beyond the sunsets of time.

"Our child, who is drawing us towards heaven," Kate says, with that tender smile. "Oh, Ken, no one ever did so great a work before in so short a time."

Then Kenneth kisses his wife, and adds something in a whisper—words something like these,—

"You are better to me, beloved, than ten sons. Thank God, when He took the boy away, He left me the best wife in all the world!"

THE END.

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF A GENTLEMAN GIPSY.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the Land Yacht 'Wanderer,' or Thirteen Hundred Miles in my Caravan," etc., etc.

LEAF I.

THE INTERVIEW.

"He journeyed on like errant-knight the while,
And sweetly the summer sun did smile
On mountain, moss, and moor."

SCENE.—*The "Wanderer" encamped in the corner of a cosy meadow, on the evening of a still, bright day in June. Hardly a cloud in the sky, scarcely a breath of wind, only just enough to rustle or whisper through the leaves of the giant elms that surrounded our bivouac. Glimpses of the country beyond, hills and woods, and a silver ribbon of a river meandering down the glen.*

The reader is supposed to be paying a visit to the caravan, and to interview her captain.

* * * *

"'MAY I have a look at the caravan?' did you say? With all the pleasure in the world, Madam, Miss, or Mr. My valet has just run round to the farm for the milk. He will be back presently, and will let down the steps, so that you can walk inside. Meanwhile a glance at the exterior may interest you. Glad to hear you say that you have often heard speak of the *Wanderer*.

"You will notice that she is a very long caravan, and of a good width; built of solid mahogany with gilt facings outside, and internally lined with maple. She is therefore double, with an air space of about two inches between her walls. Yes, this is an advantage; it keeps the carriage cooler in summer and warmer in winter, and it also deadens external sounds.

"Very nearly twenty feet long from coupé or verandah to the rear or stern. Well, it seems a heavy pull for two horses, but mine are powerful and willing. When they come to the foot of a hill, however high, they have sense enough to know there is a top to it somewhere up in the sky, and to that top they go. I have had the same honest, kindly horses for three years, and they have never once been sick or sorry. One thousand miles and over they dragged us last year, and thirteen hundred miles the year before, crossing the wild Grampian range of mountains, through many a dangerous pass, and over many a rugged spot.

"My rate of speed? Well, I think I do not do badly if I cover fifteen miles a day, or from that to twenty; but if I came to a quiet, delightful meadow like this, even at one twelfth mile, I should unlimber and stay for the night. As to speed, we canter or trot along good level roads, we walk down long hills, and up long hills, but steep, short pitches must be rushed at a gallop.

"You see the roller that hangs there? That is dragged behind the near wheel on long hills, so that if we have to stop to breathe the horses, the caravan rests on that; otherwise, its weight would drag the animals backwards, and a fatal accident would be inevitable.

"You see also the iron skid or shoe, and the loop of safety chain. Both are put on to lock our wheel before we commence the descent of a 'terrible hill.' Quite right, the skid alone locks the wheel, but over bumpy roads the wheel is liable to be thrown out of the skid; then, if it were not for the safety chain, the caravan would shoot forward over the horses, who would fall with broken necks.

"I consider twenty-five miles a long journey, but I've often had to do it—belated too, and in forest or moorland. When this happens, the poorest roadside inn seems a veritable palace when we reach it at last."

"In a case of this kind, would it not be well to bivouac by the roadside, hobble the horses, or turn them loose?"

"Not unless the necessity were very great indeed. The horses are our moving power, and we cannot be too good to them. If you were to go down yonder to the stables now, you would find my coachman, Bond, with his working clothes on, washing them from stem to stern. After their bath, they will be carefully fed on oats and chaff, and the bed of straw on which they will rest is at least a good foot thick."

"A merciful man is merciful to his beast."

"True enough, but no man could help liking my two horses. Polly Pea-blossom, by the way, is a mare, and I feel sure she is quite fond of Captain Cornflower, for although she will bite or kick him at every chance, in the stable, nevertheless, if he is taken away at any time—to get new shoes, for instance, Polly whines and cries, and is quite inconsolable. Just like the sex? Perhaps there is a good deal of human nature, or something akin to it, even in a horse.

"'The dog?' That is the champion Newfoundland, who is known by the name of Hurricane Bob. Pure black, you see, and straight-coated, with an immensity of bone and substance, and a wealth of raven hair. His original name was Robin, and the sobriquet 'Hurricane' got prefixed to the simple Bob, from a habit he had, when younger, of dashing in a wide circle round and round the paddock, like a hairy hurricane. Nothing

could you distinguish while Bob was making these circular tours, except a morsel of misty darkness, with two points of glancing light in it—his eyes—and a row of flashing teeth, for Bob would be laughing while he ran. He is the most faithful friend I ever had."

"Does Hurricane Bob sleep under the caravan all night?"

"Oh, no. Walk round to the front. You notice that the roof projects over the coupé, protecting the driver and all who sit or lie thereon. Well, an immense sheet of canvas is hung at night over the whole verandah. This gives me a small extra room, and forms Robert's bedroom, while I convert it into a bath-room in the morning. No, not a large, cumbersome bath—we begrudge every pound of extra weight—only a bucket of water and a huge sponge. There are several holes in the deck of the coupé, to enable any spilt water to run out.

"That is the driver's seat there, and it is also our corn-box; for we are obliged to carry oats, as we go into strange, outlandish places at times.

"There are drawers behind, you may notice, under the caravan, and also under the coupé. These are for brushes, tools, and odds and ends. Beneath, also, hang buckets, a meat-safe, an oil-can, a ladder, and a spade, without which accessories we could not take the road.

"Yes, the break is a very powerful one, and is worked from the front, after the plan of that in tramway cars.

"On the roof up there, beds and bedding are kept, and the coachman's boxes. They are out of sight, and out of the way, and out of the wet as well, being covered by Willesden canvas.

"My valet sleeps in the after-cabin of the caravan. The coachman finds his bed at the inn where the horses are put up.

"When any of my family are on board, the valet also sleeps on shore, and we have all the space to ourselves.

"We purchase farm produce by the way, and you would be astonished if you knew how little we pay. While in villages, people nearly always bring us gifts of fresh vegetables, flowers, and eggs. What a deal of genuine hospitality and kindness exists in the heart of the ordinary Briton! It has only to be tapped, and out it flows.

"Will the reader walk up? You first find yourself in the after-cabin, which opens on to the main saloon by means of folding-doors and curtains. This after-cabin is also the pantry and kitchen. Here are racks for plates, dishes, cups, saucers, glasses, etc. Above are enclosed shelves; by this is the filter. Even the dog gets filtered water. These rows of neat, white, scarlet braided pockets contain the towels, clean dusters, etc. At this side is the valet's little folding-table, his box, which forms a seat, and my marble lavatory, with pretty little oak-painted water tank and tap above it. And everything is in its place; we can find anything, even in the dark. The greatest regularity must prevail in a caravan, and cleanliness and beauty must everywhere reign supreme. Now I draw apart the folding-doors, and you are in the saloon. Sit down on the sofa—on which, by the way, my bed is made at night.

"In front of you is my table, above it the ebony book-case. The table and book-case are placed between the two large port windows. That is a harmonium. Both I and my valet are musicians, violinists, and there are times when we give real pleasure not only to ourselves, but to rustic crowds who gather round the caravan.

"There are brackets in the corners, fans, and hand-made ornamental pockets, curtains, and flowers—flowers everywhere.

"So there you have the Wanderer complete, outside and in.

"'Had pleasant weather?' Yes, all along on this tour (1887) for the last two months, during which we have covered ground to the extent of seven hundred miles. Now and then we have had a thunder-storm, with terrible downpours of rain, but this only cools the horses' hides, and makes them steam.

"'Delightful pitch this?' It is indeed! and it is level and hard, so the doors open easy, and the wheels do not sink. We dearly love to have the green grass under our feet, and will travel miles for the sake of a nice meadow. We would far sooner lie by the loneliest roadside, and often do, than bivouac in an inn yard. Besides, a pluck of greensward does not hurt the horses, and Hurricane Bob is never happy unless he has his nightly tumble on the grass, on his broad back, with his four heels pointing heavenward."

* * * *

The annual starting of the great caravan *Wanderer* from the little cosy Berkshire village from which she hails, is looked upon as one of the events of the early summer. All the long winter and spring she lies under a huge canvas-covered shed in the orchard.

When the days get fine, refitting commences; she is varnished and gilded and provisioned. Then the crimson and white valance is hung from the edge of the verandah roof, and sun curtains depend from this, making the coupé quite like the after-part of a beautiful gondola.

In autumn, all along on the telegraph wires yonder, six rows deep, and as close as they can comfortably sit, are thousands and thousands of martens. Every now and then, at some given signal, perhaps, they start on a flight round the country, almost darkening the air by reason of their numbers. They are preparing for their long journey over the ocean. These short flights are their trial trips.

It is somewhat similar with the *Wanderer*. We must take short tours, or trial trips, before starting for good, to see that we have forgotten nothing, and to prove whether everything is in good working order.

On these little voyages, two or even three of my bairnies, and sometimes mamma, accompany me, and I always think that light dresses, coloured parasols, and bright, happy, laughing faces greatly improve the verandah, to say nothing of the well-pleased coachman in his buttons and hat.

The very horses seem to know that there is a precious burden behind them, and toss their flower-bedecked heads with pleasure, while the clatter of their feet makes such merry music, that the little ones clap their hands and shout for very joy.



Burnham Church.



Middle Pond.

LEAF II.

BURNHAM BEECHES—THE VILLAGE OF BURNHAM—A QUIET, HAPPY SABBATH — TOWN AND COUNTRY COUSINS.

"Here each tree, by summer crowned,
Sheds its own rich twilight round;
And a spirit not its own,
O'er the greenwood now is thrown."

ONE of our preliminary tours led us away to Burnham Beeches, Bucks. On our road thither we stayed for a short time at the residence of an old friend of mine, who, strangely enough, but a few weeks before, seemed to me to have come back from the dead.

The story is worthy of being briefly related. Many years ago, when I was very young, there was built a huge and splendid ship of war, called the *Captain*. She was my beau-ideal of a man-of war, because, though a turret ship, and of course a steamer, she had a fine open deck above the turrets, and tall masts for sails.

I had, to my joy, then, a semi-official promise that I would be appointed to her,

and I was all the more pleased at the prospect, in that I heard my friend and shipmate, Arthur M——, was one of the engineers.

Much to my chagrin, however, I was left on shore. Well, we have all read of that terrible night, when the noble ship foundered at sea, and sank with over three hundred souls on board. Years rolled on, and I mourned for my friend as one dead. But one day last summer a card was brought to me,—

Arthur M——.

I staggered as if shot when I saw the owner. There he stood, smiling as of yore, his beard just lighted up with the tints of the autumn of life, but otherwise unchanged.

"Why," I gasped, "aren't you d—d—dead? Didn't you go down in the *Captain?*"

"Not a bit of it. It was my poor brother."

"But your name was taken out of the list."

"Yes, I left the British Navy, and got a Chinese appointment."

Right cordially did we shake hands then, and right cheerfully did we talk about the days of auld lang syne.

So narrow were the shady lanes that led towards this forest, the Burnham Beeches, that for two miles I trembled for fear of a repetition of an adventure I once had in Nottinghamshire, and which I shall relate in my next Leaf.

But the lanes got wider at last, and presently we found ourselves bivouacked on the green open sward, all among the beeches; with birds making such mad, melodious music, that every branchlet and bush seemed to conceal a songster. And whenever the blackbirds, thrushes, or bold, merry chaffinches permitted an interval of even a few seconds, it was filled up by the hum of the insects in the glad summer air.

Stretched on the shady side of the *Wanderer*, with Hurricane Bob for a pillow, I tried to read, but the book soon fell over my face, and in another moment I was in dreamland.

When I awoke, my little girl, laden with wild flowers, was kneeling beside me, and my pillow was sitting bolt upright, with his red ribbon of a tongue lolling out.

"Dinner is quite ready, sir," announced Wells.

He had been cooking by the roadside, and that fowl was done to a turn.

The beeches are very old, and hollowed and gnarled out of all shape.

The chief charms of this place are these weird-looking relics of a bye-gone age, that, whether in winter or in summer, are for ever whispering their story to the passing winds; the voices of the forest; the murmuring hum of insect life, and the bird songs. The robin trills its sweet wee "lilt" all the year round, and even when snow lies soft and thick on every tree, and covers all the upland commons, when every branch and twig seems coral and when forest glades look like fairy caves—even then the mavis may be heard singing, for well he knows that spring winds and spring sunshine will ere long banish all the snow.

Walking among the trees, over moss so soft that no footfall can be heard, one will often come across a patch of the feathers of the turtle-dove or cushat, many of them dabbled in blood, showing that the owl has been at his ghastly work while the dark mantle of night was spread over the woods. "Tu-whit, Tu-who-oo-oo!"

The nightingale comes in May, and soon the cuckoo may be seen flying low and swift, and sounding his monotonous chant. The chaffinch is a late bird, so is that little boy-persecutor mite of a creature, the yellow-hammer.

"Cheet-cheet-cheet-cheet-chee-ee-ee."

Not a long song, but a very sweet one, and he keeps it up, perched upon a thorn or stalk of wheat, till far into the autumn, while almost every other bird is dumb.

When we were in this forest the green sward was at its greenest and best, and the golden gorse was all in bloom, its delicious, indescribable perfume hanging everywhere in the air.

The village of Burnham itself is worth stopping to look at, so quaint, and queer, and old-fashioned is it.

We spent a quiet Sabbath, a day of rest and sweet calm, such as few save gentlemen-gipsies ever enjoy.

(*Continued—page* 532.)

TROUBLESOME COLONISTS.

By C. F. Gordon-Cumming.

Part II.

I HAVE already referred to some of the serious troubles entailed on the human colonists in Australia and New Zealand, by the injudicious introduction of animal and vegetable colonists, whose too exuberant vitality, under new conditions, has proved an almost unbearable nuisance. As prominent examples of these, I instanced the extraordinary increase of thistles, sweet-briar, water-cresses, and sparrows.

Next to these vexatious little feathered foes (and reserving the worst plague for the last), we come to those gentlest of furry creatures—the rabbits. It is little more than a quarter of a century since these were introduced into South Australia as table delicacies—a pleasant change from continual mutton; but so amazing has been their increase, that already many of the finest sheep-runs in Victoria have been entirely destroyed, the pastures have ceased to exist, the very roots of the grass being nibbled down by the hungry little rabbits, so that the few remaining inhabitants who, twenty years ago, could scarcely number their flocks by reason of their multitude, have actually now to import their mutton from more favoured runs.

The plague has spread northward to New South Wales, where it has already infected fully one-half of the colony; and it is estimated that the mere cost of attempting to prevent its further extension will amount to upwards of £2,000,000 a year! "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

From Tasmania and New Zealand comes this identical story, and in each case statistics prove that the great districts of which the rabbit legions have taken possession, have deteriorated to about one-quarter of their former value. As regards New Zealand, it is now about twenty years since a colonist brought seven rabbits from the old country to his new home at Invercargill in the Southern Isles, thinking what a boon it would prove to the colony could the bleak sand-hills along the coast be converted into a rabbit warren. In the first instance this answered capitally. Rabbit-shooting afforded excellent sport; and the new-comers were so welcome, that some more were imported to Otago.

Too soon, however, they were found to increase with such amazing velocity, that they not only cropped every blade of grass, but also devoured the roots which alone bound the light sand-hills, and prevented them from blowing over the richer districts inland, burying good soil beneath sand-drifts. As a matter of course, the rabbits very quickly abandoned the barren sand-hills, and sought pleasanter homes inland, where they soon overran vast tracts of the finest pastures, transforming the best sheep-runs into boundless rabbit warrens. Farmers now began to realise their danger, and commenced shooting and trapping in real earnest; but they very quickly discovered how much easier it is to start mischief than to check it.

For the human settlers are few and widely scattered, generally living eight or ten miles apart, and only requiring perhaps half a dozen men to herd flocks, ranging over fifty or sixty thousand acres; and what could such a handful of men do to check the increase of the rabbit legions, which are as the sand of the sea for multitude? They might spend their days and nights in ceaseless slaughter, but might as well try to sweep back the sea; the gentle foes still continue to multiply according to the ratio of geometrical increase, which very quickly runs up to a sum total which sounds almost incredible, but which may easily be proved by any one with a turn for arithmetical calculation.

In the first place, rabbits begin to breed when they are about six months old. In England, the wild rabbit generally breeds four times a year, producing from four to eight young at a birth. Tame rabbits breed six or seven times a year, and sometimes produce a dozen young. In the favourable climate of the South Seas, these prolific animals seem to have attained the latter average; and as all their descendants follow the example of their parents, it may easily be reckoned that any ancestral couple having attained the advanced age of four and a half years, may have the pleasure of finding themselves surrounded by a flourishing family of upwards of 1,270,000 of their direct descendants!

What could a few widely scattered shepherds do to resist the progress of this ubiquitous army of sappers and miners? In the first instance, the new demand produced

a new profession. A large body of men were organised as rabbit-catchers, and travelled all over the country with large packs of dogs, to worry, shoot, ferret, or trap as many rabbits as possible, their pay being at the rate of twopence per skin. It was found, however, that these strange dogs often worried the sheep, and, in any case, caused them serious disturbance. Moreover, the market for rabbit skins was soon so effectually glutted, that the price fell far below that paid to the trappers.

Enormous sums of money were spent on all manner of experiments, such as stopping the burrows with cotton-waste, saturated in bisulphide of carbon ; and when these failed, the farmers, in desperation, had recourse to wholesale poisoning, by means of grain saturated with phosphorus, and sprinkled broadcast over the rabbit-haunted land. How the sheep were prevented from sharing this fatal banquet I cannot understand, for it certainly seemed as though such a measure must prove the death-warrant of all grain-eating creatures, including the rare native birds. This mode of destruction proved so simple and cheap, that the sale of rabbit skins, even at a greatly reduced price, more than covered the expense incurred. Thus, in the year 1879, five million rabbit skins, valued at £46,759, were exported, and in 1880 upwards of seven million skins were sold for £66,976.

The rabbit plague has proved a good illustration of how truly "one man's poison is another man's meat," for while many sheep-farmers have been totally ruined, great companies have been formed, which make a goodly profit by preserving rabbit flesh for exportation. How these meat-preserving establishments can certainly discriminate between rabbits trapped and rabbits poisoned it is hard to tell ; but they profess to use only such animals as are brought in by their own rabbit-catchers.

In Australia, likewise, similar rabbit-preserving factories are reaping a magnificent harvest. The returns for one week showed that two establishments—one at Colac, the other at Camperdown—had received nearly 30,000 pairs of rabbits ! Pretty well for six days' trapping. Each of these factories gives remunerative employment to about four hundred men and boys ; and, indeed, so profitable has this industry proved, that there might very possibly be some temptation to stay the work of destruction so far short of extermination, that a reserve stock for breeding may survive. But in truth there is very small hope that these men's consciences will ever be put to such a test ; even if the millions can be exterminated, there will assuredly always survive at least as many as the patriarchal seven, who colonised the sandhills of Invercargill and Otago, and became the progenitors of this vast multitude.

Various experiments have been tried in order to acclimatise the natural foes of rabbits, such as cats, ferrets, stoats, and weasels, in the hope that these might, on their own account, carry on a ceaseless war, hunting their victims from hiding-places among rocks and scrub where no trapper could reach them, and which, moreover, would carry on the war all through the hot summer months, when dogs can scarcely be induced to work. The expense of these efforts has been great, and it does not appear that the result has equalled expectation. For instance, the first importation of 376 ferrets cost the country £1,777 ; but it was soon afterwards stated that neither in their rate of increase, nor in their power of destruction, could they ever hope to cope with the rabbits.

Stoats and weasels were next tried, and as Lincolnshire was found to be a favoured haunt of these little poachers, handbills were circulated offering five shillings per head for as many as could be captured alive. These were shipped off in successive vessels, and the details of their travelling expenses are interesting. In the first place, zinc-lined boxes were constructed, each to hold three animals. For one consignment of 158 stoats and weasels, it was necessary to ship 2,400 pigeons as daily food, on a voyage of forty days by a swift steamer. Then again, an enormous supply of Indian corn had to be carried for the maintenance of the pigeons ; so, by the time these various items of expense were added to the return journey of the collector, who travelled to the Antipodes and back in charge of this large family, the total cost must have been considerable.

Still greater pains were taken in order to secure the services of a large number of the Indian mongoose, which has done wonderfully good work in ridding the West Indian sugar plantations of a great plague of rats. The creature itself is about the size of a pole-cat, with sharp nose and long lean body ; his agility is something marvellous, as is also his detestation of everything of the nature of vermin. He only hunts by day, and in his wild state is so shy that there is no great danger of his becoming a serious foe to domestic poultry, which is a point of some anxiety to those who know how apt a tame mongoose is to prove troublesome in this respect. So the order was given that a multitude of mongooses should be captured in Bengal, and brought to New Zealand to wage war on the rabbits.

On some estates where rabbits have established themselves in very rocky ground, native cats, which partake somewhat of the nature of weasels, have been turned to good account, as for instance on a large estate in the Narrandera district, New South Wales, where about seven hundred healthy native cats were released. These had been collected from various districts, at a total cost of about £100, which is a smaller sum than the expenses of a single rabbit-catcher for a year. It was calculated that the outlay was repaid five times over within a twelvemonth. The place in which the cats were turned loose is one on which men cannot work satisfactorily, the ground being riddled with holes and covered with large rocks, affording perfect cover to the rabbits. Among these rocks the native cats took up their abode, but for some months they failed to make any visible reduction in the rabbit legions. They continued, however, to carry on an incessant warfare with such excellent result, that the besieged seemed to have thought it wiser to face the rabbit-catchers than the cats, for they fairly abandoned their stronghold, leaving the invaders in possession of this rocky region, whence they continue to assist the trappers by constant harassing raids on the fugitives.

Thus the warfare continues, and there is reason to hope that in some measure the rabbit plague can now be held in check. But as regards the ravages already committed, their extent might well be deemed incredible were it not for the clear statistics published by the Rabbit Nuisance Committee, which enumerates many sheep farmers who have been compelled to abandon pastures of 15,000 to 16,000 acres. Mr. R. Campbell stated that after spending £3,000 in one year in the endeavour to keep down the pest, he had been forced to abandon *two hundred and fifty thousand acres* which had previously pastured vast flocks, but which the rabbits had rendered worthless. Messrs. Cargill and Anderson told how one year they had spent large sums on the slaughter of 500,000 rabbits, and in the following spring their sheep-run was just as densely peopled as though not one had perished. Similar evidence is given by innumerable sufferers.

Sheep-runs which formerly furnished abundant pasture for 80,000 or 100,000 sheep were shown to be barely able to support 20,000 to 25,000.

So rapid was the deterioration of land, that whereas in 1878 the colony supported thirteen millions of sheep, in 1879 the total was reduced to eleven and a half millions. The loss on the export of wool and tallow was estimated at £500,000 per annum !

In 1884 the New Zealand Government estimated the direct annual loss to the colony from this cause at £1,649,000 ! As to indirect loss from depreciation in the value of property, this was stated to be beyond calculation, but the loss on public estate in the provinces of Otago and Southland alone, amounted to £3,000,000 ! Lands were put up to public auction for sale or rental, and runs which would previously have brought in a rental of £15,000 were let for terms of fifteen and twenty years at less than £400, while for vast tracts no offer could be obtained, solely on account of the ravages of the rabbits.

In short, Australasia has very good reason to regret the unhappy day when this feeble folk was brought from the far-distant British Isles to increase and multiply in those of the Southern Ocean.

These details of serious trouble arising from apparently trivial errors of judgment suggest one thought which it may be well for us each to think out for ourselves. Long years ago, in the land of Judea, King Solomon wrote of "The foxes, the little foxes that spoil the grapes"—words which have many a time been quoted in reference to what we call "little sins"—those oft-recurring small faults which we are apt to deem so trivial that we let them accumulate unheeded, till some day we realise that, like separate grains of sand in a sand-drift, they have become a definite evil which we may find it hard indeed to conquer.

"He that contemneth small things shall fall by little and little," said an old Hebrew writer. Keble reminds us that—

> "'Twas but a little sin
> We saw this morning enter in,
> And lo ! at eventide the world was drowned.

And Tennyson says,—

> "It is the little rift within the lute,
> That by-and-by will make the music mute,
> And ever widening, slowly silence all.
>
> The little rift within the lover's lute,
> Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
> That rotting inward slowly moulders all."

Therefore let us lay to heart the lesson of New Zealand's troublesome colonists, and remembering the gigantic evil that has so quickly developed from the introduction of these gentle and apparently inoffensive "little foxes," let us each look vigilantly to the Vineyard of our own selves—body, soul, and spirit—lest perchance we may be harbouring any evil habits, as yet so small that we almost allow ourselves to believe them virtues, but which ere long may prove the bane of our lives, having outgrown all our power of control.

A PIRATE OF THE AIR.



"They were given full liberty."

DURING a ten-mile drive on a breezy day in August or September, through the wooded portions of Pennsylvania, an attentive observer can scarcely fail to notice one or more companies of American sparrow-hawks (*Tinnunculus sparverius*) holding high and noisy carnival about some lightning-blasted tree in the open forest or hilly pastures. At once the smallest and handsomest of American diurnal birds of prey, the sparrow-hawk is in many respects the most interesting, and, avoiding the thick woods, courting rather than shunning the society of man, it becomes one of the most familiar and easily observed of our native hawks.

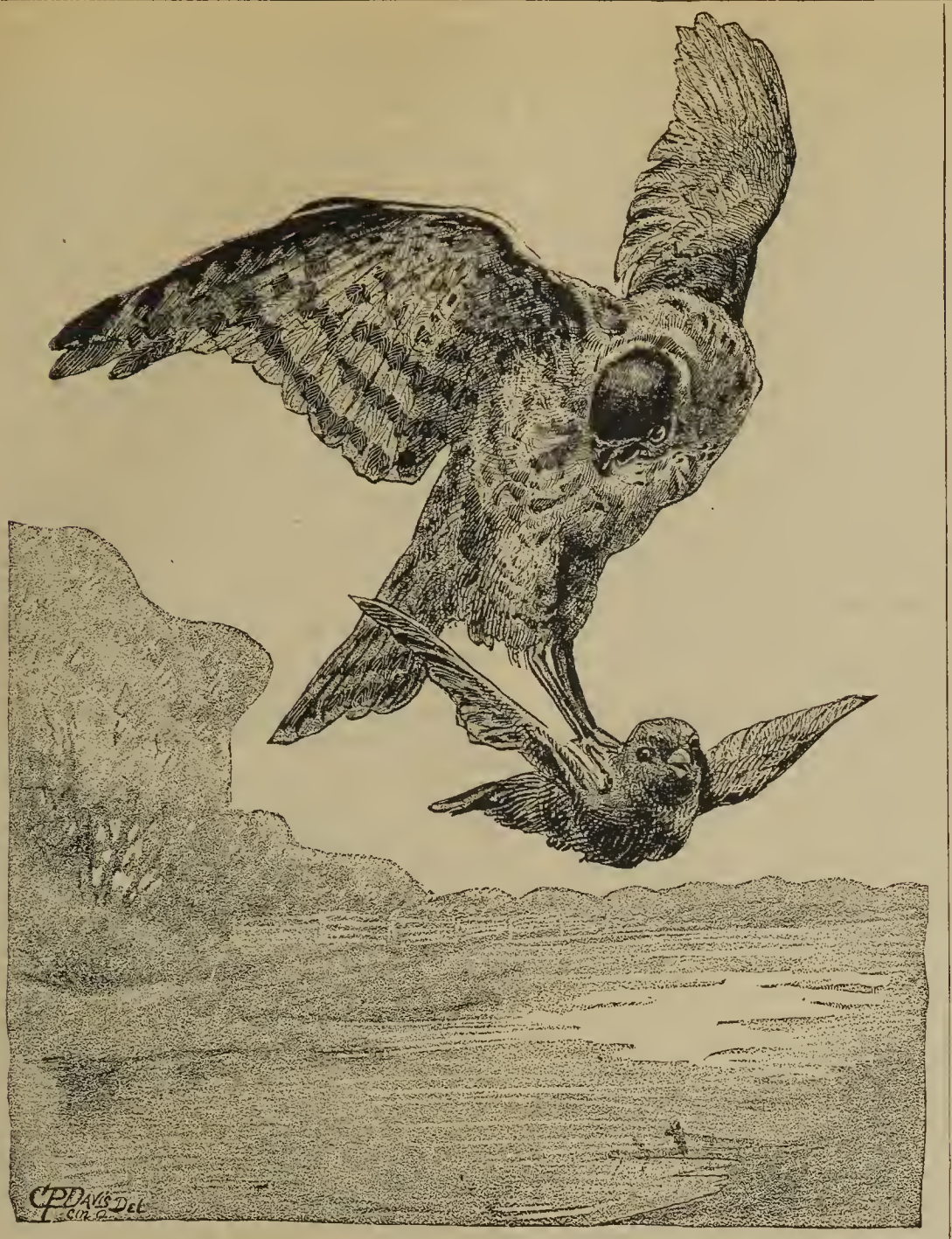
Although the proper study of mankind is man, yet it may not be an unworthy prospect to turn our attention to the varying phases that make up an existence of a year—that great cycle in the brief life of a bird. Our little winged corsair is among the earliest arrivals of the spring migrants, contemporary with the blue-bird and the song-sparrow. At most times full of a restless grace and activity, the sparrow-hawk seems subdued on his first appearance. His rattling cry, so continuous during the fall, is then seldom heard ; and as we see him some frosty morning in March, when the keen air cuts like a knife, and the light snow crackles under foot, sitting on the topmost branch of some isolated tree, with feathers fluffled and head sunk down, we might fancy him thinking regretfully of the balmy airs and plentiful food of the southern clime he has so lately left, and despairingly conning his chances of making a living in this frigid place ; but not so. If, with cautious approach, or by means of a good opera-glass, we bring him within nearer view, we see his restless head constantly on the move, his tail jerking like a sandpiper's, and anon he darts like an arrow through a neighbouring thicket, to reappear a moment later with some luckless snow-bird, followed by the dismayed cries of its mates. It is only at this season and late in the fall, that the sparrow-hawk is very destructive to birds ; at other times it is content with grasshoppers and other large insects, resembling in this respect its European congener, the kestrel.

In early spring the rambler through woods and fields often finds scattered bunches of feathers, marking the place where a plump red-breasted robin, or sweet-voiced song-sparrow, has met his death in the grasp of this little free-booter. But the parental instinct is strong within him, and he soon selects a mate—if, indeed, he has not brought one with him—from the south. The new spouse is not equal to him in appearance. She is larger, more plainly coloured, with a certain high-shouldered look, which reminds one of a plain, robust, country woman, joined to a spruce city clerk. But monsieur is a good husband, as bird husbands go. Many are the little attentions paid his inamorata during the courtship and subsequently.

In early May the sparrow-hawks select the site of their future nest, usually in a hollow tree, but often in a deserted woodpecker's hole, or even in an old crow's nest. Madame does most of the work of fitting up the nest, which consists of a bed of small sticks and twigs, covered with a few branches of fibrous roots and moss. The eggs are generally four in number, larger than a pigeon's, nearly spherical in shape, and varying in colour from a yellowish buff to a pale reddish white, with spots and confluent blotches of reddish brown and chocolate. Their shells are thick, and quite rough to the touch. In about three weeks the young appear, helpless, fluffy little balls, with closed eyes and elongated beaks, covered with a soft white down, with the faintest possible tinge of pink, and looking delicately clean and pure.



"Holding high and noisy carnival."



"Made a stoop at an English sparrow."

Monsieur assists at times in the incubation, and cheerfully takes madame's place when, as she rarely does, she issues from her hole, to stretch her cramped wings by a rapid flight over hill and meadow, and also does the handsome by bringing her innumerable tidbits of food during her long confinement. Both observe considerable caution in returning to their nest from their foraging excursions, generally descending from a great height, or approaching furtively by numerous short flights from tree to tree. Their characteristic cry is seldom heard in the immediate vicinity of the nest, although at this season they are particularly noisy when at a distance from it.

The young grow rapidly, and soon lose their inviting appearance, and become great, ragged, voracious squabs, requiring the unremitting attentions of both parents to supply them with food. The female, owing to her greater size and strength, provides the major share, though the male works with right good will. Innumerable are the grasshoppers, beetles, mice, small animals, birds, and even reptiles, the busy parents capture for their hungry young, often carrying the food to the nest in their talons, but generally hastily swallowing it in the field, to be ejected, on their return, after the manner of most carnivorous birds.

By the end of June the young are nearly fledged, and have outgrown their home, and clamber and flutter to the higher branches of the tree. They are very noisy, and keep up a continual clamour for food, which the indefatigable parents use every exertion to supply.

During their first awkward attempts at flight, they frequently fall to the ground, and being unable to rise from it, are easily caught. Though showing the colour and markings of the adult, they have a ragged down still clinging to the tips of their feathers, pale grey eyes, and the general clumsy, loose-jointed appearance common to callow young; very different from the trim elegance which accompanies maturity.

As the young hawks gain strength and experience, they follow their parents in their quest for game, and soon begin to hunt for themselves. The elder birds, relieved from the care of maintaining their young, begin the annual moult, which is accomplished slowly and with great regularity, the wing and tail feathers being shed in pairs in such a manner that it does not interfere appreciably with their flight.

By the middle of August the moult is completed, and the hawks, old and young, are in the hey-day of their existence. The meadows are shorn of their verdure by the hand of the haymaker and harvester, or gnawed by the eager grazing of cattle. The insect and animal life, hidden by the bush growth of early summer, is bared to the searching eyes of our little falcons and their companion raptores. They live right royally on various kinds of grasshoppers and locusts, varying their diet by birds and mice, only when these can be casually secured with little trouble. It is true the young hawks will often dash after a passing sparrow, and follow his zigzag flight with very great energy for a short distance; but it seems to be done out of pure bravado, and is generally unsuccessful. Old and young keep together, affording a notable contrast to other birds of prey, and selecting a dead tree in some open place—preferably a close-cropped pasture—make it their daily rendezvous, returning to it and their other hunting-grounds with the greatest regularity at some particular hour of the day.

Their daily life at this period is soon told. As the rising sun gilds the higher branches of the trees, they emerge from the thick covert in which they have spent the night, and fly about the fields and pastures, keeping generally within sight of each other, minutely watching the ground beneath, and instantly pouncing upon any unsuspecting grasshopper they may chance to see. They often visit farmhouses and poultry-yards, perching on a fence or stake near it, inspecting things in general, but



"The small but pugnacious tyrant attacks the sparrow-hawk."

do little harm, except make a commotion among the fowls. When foraging in the fields, they perch on fences, stumps, and small trees, and keep up their characteristic jerking of the tail. The flight when feeding is rather low, and as they alight they sail up to the highest pinnacle, and strike upright with startling suddenness, their wings disappearing with the rapidity of thought.

When poised in the air, watching some object beneath, they beat their wings rapidly, and the final plunge is made with great quickness and ease. They often pursue and catch *cicadæ*, and large flying insects, in the air, grasping them in their claws, and transferring them to the beak without checking for a moment their speed. About ten o'clock, having satisfied their appetites, they repair to their adopted tree, and there, sitting at their ease, view with a not unfriendly eye the passing flocks of birds, occasionally indulging in a dash at some crow, or larger hawk, which may chance to come near, badgering and forcing him to beat a hasty retreat. The sparrow-hawk himself, in common with all other birds of prey, even the great eagles, is forced to keep a respectful distance from the fierce little king-bird (*Tyrranus carolinensis*). When that small but pugnacious tyrant attacks, the sparrow-hawk illustrates to perfection the adage, "Discretion is the better part of valour," by incontinently leaving.

In the fall, when our sparrow-hawks take to the thickets, to feed on migrating birds, they are much annoyed by the ubiquitous blue jays. Those mischievous mimics take the greatest delight in mobbing the hawk and imitating his cry in every imaginable key; but the sport is not always on one side. If the hawk can catch one of his tormentors off guard for an instant, the jay pays with his life for his temerity, while his companion jokers fly shrieking away.

But to return to our happy family, which we left sociably digesting their easily earned breakfasts. Be the day never so hot they will not seek shade, but sit panting, with open beaks and drooping wings, until the sun declines, and the calls of hunger warn them to look for the evening meal. But if the day should prove windy, they are all animation, and play about each other, rising and falling on the breeze with the utmost grace. Their flight at such times is very inspiring. At times they soar until almost lost to sight; then descend with considerable velocity, emitting their sharp cries, which sound very much like the syllables, "killick-kil-lick," rapidly repeated many times, with an *accclerando* movement.

While soaring they lack the willowy grace of the gulls, the grand sweep of the large birds of prey, or the buoyancy of the swallows; but have a poise and quick control of themselves that is beautiful to witness. In the afternoon they sally forth again in search of food, generally choosing a hunting-ground different from that of the morning, and continuing the quest until approaching darkness warns them to seek shelter in some thick-leafed pine or hemlock, not far from their former nesting-ground.

Although they have but few natural enemies, as autumn advances their numbers become thinned, for no gunner ever willingly loses a chance to shoot a "bullet-hawk," as the smaller *accipitrinæ* are called, under the idea that they are very destructive to young game. Thus the family parties become decimated and scattered.

After the first frosty nights, when the easily captured grasshoppers became scarce, the young sparrow-hawks have to work harder for their living, and may be seen beating the thickets and fields for larger prey. Great numbers of the Grass-finch (*Pooecetes gramineus*) fall victims to them now, but as it is an exceedingly common bird, and nearly destitute of song, we do not miss them much. The hawks, when pressed by hunger, become very daring, and during their impetuous pursuit of feathered prey, have often dashed through the window of residences, into greenhouses, and in one instance even into a railway car in motion. A fine specimen was brought to me a few months ago, that had crashed through the window of a furniture factory, while the works were in motion. He had made a stoop at an English sparrow, which eluded him by slipping through a slightly broken pane, while his more bulky pursuer was brought down by the shock. The hawk, though not at first appearing much injured, soon died, and forms the subject for the third illustration to this article.

At most times a wary bird, and quite diffident as to the near approach of the human biped, in autumn the hawks often slyly accompany the sportsman, and astonish him by a sudden onslaught on some of the finches and sparrows started by dog and man. At such times it requires no little quickness and skill to bring the marauder down.

The close family ties—that charming and unique feature of the halcyon days of summer—being now broken, the sparrow-hawks follow singly the great wave of bird migration southward, although many, in the latitude of Pennsylvania, linger through quite severe weather, and during mild winters the bird is far from uncommon. A curious modification of their habits is caused by the abundance of the imported English sparrows in our large cities. While in Philadelphia a few years ago I lodged at Sixteenth and Cherry Streets, opposite the Friend's Burial-Ground. A pair of sparrow-hawks visited almost daily the three or four elm trees that adorn that rather gloomy enclosure; they appeared with almost clock-like regularity about one p.m., high in the air above the Race Street houses, and descended to their perches with a rush, remaining an hour or two. They seldom failed to take toll from the plentiful and quarrelsome sparrows. At times they visited the dome of the Catholic Cathedral for the same purpose. This was kept up from the middle of December until the last of January, after which I suppose the pair left for more northern quarters.

Several species of the smaller owls are becoming common about large towns, since the introduction of the English sparrow. In the south the sparrow-hawks again become insectivorous, and remain so until the returning spring brings them back to their former haunts, which they apparently return to year after year.

The sparrow-hawk is easily tamed when taken young, and makes a beautiful and interesting pet if allowed his liberty. When caged they lose all activity, except for eating. Audubon, in his "Birds of North America," has a delightful account of the pranks of one which lived with him many months, enjoying the liberty of his yard, and affording much entertainment.

Eight years ago the writer placed a complement of four eggs of this bird in the nest of a domestic pigeon, which in due time hatched out her incongruous brood. One fell a victim to "science," in the form of a dissection; the others, two males and a female, were "raised by hand," being fed on finely chopped meat at first, and then grasshoppers. As they grew they were given full liberty, and became exceedingly tame, familiarly entering the house at any time. They were very voracious, accompanying the hay-wagons to the field, and devouring incredible numbers of grasshoppers as they were exposed under the newly-turned hay.

Although much of the time keeping the nesting robins and cat-birds in an uproar by the feints and mimic attacks, they were never known to injure anything but beetles and such "vermin." They were at times rather boisterous in their play, and on breezy days would ascend to an astonishing height, and sail about, executing many aërial manœuvres; but on holding up a grasshopper, accompanied by a loud whistle, a headlong race would ensue for possession of the dainty. As the season advanced, they were somewhat neglected, and made long excursions in the surrounding country in search of food. They returned at intervals, but finally disappeared one by one, victims, probably, to gunners, whom their unsuspecting ways did not lead them to fear.

The American sparrow-hawk, the subject of the foregoing sketch, occurs abundantly throughout temperate North America, and also Central America, to the Isthmus of Panama. In South America and the Antilles, it is replaced by the Isabelline and Cinnamon falcons, birds which have seemed to me in their native haunts to be much more sluggish in temperament. In Europe it very closely resembles the kestrel, though the merlin and hobby are nearly allied species. It is a great pity familiar American birds have not such euphonious names, instead of the poverty-stricken appellations by which they are designated. The adult male sparrow-hawk is about eleven inches in length, and has a spread of eighteen inches. The top of the head, with the exception of a patch the size of a quarter dollar, and the upper surface of the wings, is of a rich slaty blue. The wings are marked with many spots of black, and the primaries, or long quill feathers of the wing, are black, with white markings on their inner webs. The spot on the head, the back, and tail, are a beautiful, bright cinnamon colour, with black markings. The outer feathers of the tail are barred with black and white. At the end of the tail is a broad black band, terminated by a narrow white tip. The under surface is light rufous, with spots and dashes of black. The legs and cere, or waxy skin about the nostrils, are bright orange yellow. The tip is black, shading into slaty blue. The eyes are brilliant hazel, and the claws are black.

The female is larger, with a proportionately smaller head. Her entire upper surface is cinnamon-red, barred very regularly with black, except the wing-tips, which are black, as in the male, but barred with rufous instead of white. The patch on the head is less defined than in the male. The under surface is quite similar to the male, but more streaked and mottled. The bill, legs, and eyes, are the same as the male's. The fledged young come at once to the colours of the adult, which is rarely the case with birds of prey.

The days of falconry have long passed, but the hawk is still with birds as the leopard among beasts. To those who talk of the innocence of the lesser birds that contribute to their sustenance, I would say that the song-birds themselves are constantly engaged in the destruction of the myriad forms of insect life, and that life for life is but poetic justice, and a universal rule throughout all animated nature.

GLIMPSES FROM A GARDEN SEAT.

By TRACEY LAYARD ROBINSON, Author of "American Social Sketches."

IN the garden are several seats, some in most unusual and unexpected places.

There is one under the walnut tree on the lawn; another, just off the lawn, behind the big cherry tree; a third is quite hidden in a little nook under a laburnam tree by the long walk; still another is placed at the end of the long walk, and here, in early springtime, I sit sometimes. The air around me is filled with the scent of the violets, of which a great patch grow and blossom freely alongside. But these are not the only seats in the garden by any means. My favourite is in a somewhat curious place, close to the beehives—facing them, in fact—and the music of the busy honey-gatherers resounds from daybreak till sundown all round the spot.

I chose the position for several reasons. It is just hidden from the big front gates and approach to the house by a little hedge of laurels and bays, which, while they completely screen the seat from the view of visitors, are still sufficiently thin to allow of my seeing all who come to the house. The result is, that I am able to remain concealed or to come forward and receive the visitor, should he prove a welcome friend.

The surroundings of this seat are most truly delightful. Above my head wave the scented branches of some feathery larch firs, whose resinous odour is always most refreshing and sweet; while the long trailing tendrils of the honeysuckle, which grows in an almost wild state over the adjacent shrubs, are covered from spring till autumn with their perfumed blossoms, and fill the air with fragrance. Besides, although the aspect is directly south, and the sun shines all day upon my seat, the long weeping branches of the larches form a delicious shade, and their constant to-and-fro waving always makes a grateful and cooling breeze, from a sort of natural punkah.

With the perfume of the honeysuckle, and the resin odour of the firs, is mingled the scent of wallflowers, which grow in wild luxuriance on the bank below the shrubs, which themselves dispense a perfume very refreshing to the senses.

In front of me, separating my seat from the beehives, are four great beds of asparagus, amidst whose feathery fronds the bees do a tremendous lot of business, and seem to find a great deal of something they are fond of. To the right of the asparagus are several rows of raspberry canes, from whose green flowers the bees also appear to derive considerable satisfaction, if one may judge by the attention they pay to them.

This corner of the garden seems to have been specially designed for the bees—and for me. For the bees, because hereabouts are crowded all the flowers from which the little honey-makers sip the largest quantity of sweetstuff. There is a row of gigantic sunflowers, whose great blossoms seem inclined to break the stem, which bends beneath their weight. These sunflowers take no small part in the pleasure I derive from my rustic seat. They are the rendezvous of so many interesting little creatures, that I think one could easily sit ensconced behind the leafy screens of my shrubs for a whole day without tiring of watching the antics of some of the sunflowers' visitors.

A chapter might easily be devoted to them. Let me mention some. There comes along a funny little greyish-blue bird with a black poll, who swings from twig to twig of the overhanging larches with marvellous dexterity, and jumps from plant to plant without any apparent use of his wings; suddenly he makes a dart at a big sunflower, and, clinging to its centre with his claws, begins to tap at something invisible to me with his sharp, black beak. The bird is a tomtit, and, though I cannot see it, I know he has found some insect, probably an earwig, whose horny shell he is piercing and cracking, previous to making a dainty meal of its succulent interior.

A pretty butterfly comes gadding showily by, and thinks to sip just one drop of the honey that stands in great limpid globules on the flowers. She flits about from petal to petal, as though she would intensify her thirst, and thus increase the delight of slaking it, by gazing for a while upon the pellucid drops. She rises and falls almost as though wind-driven, she is so easy and full of grace. Alas! she is not destined to taste of the liquid mellifluence, for, see, a small brown bird, which for some time has been sitting quiet and watchful upon a bough of the cherry-plum tree, has darted forward with hawk-like speed, and, with one snap of his cruel beak, poor Miss Butterfly is cut in two parts, her tender body remaining in the beak of the fly-catcher, while her pretty wings flutter helplessly to the ground.

Then there are the big "bumble" bees, who seem to think sunflowers are their especial property, if one may judge by the noise they make, and the hurried, clumsy pushing and shoving they indulge in, to get their share of the luscious sweet. But the sunflowers are not only frequented by honey-loving insects and insect-loving birds; there comes a time when the seeds begin to form and ripen, and then arrive other birds—the chaffinch, the goldfinch, and the impudent sparrow.

So fond are these three species of the sunflower seeds, that one of either may be seen pecking at the fat grains at almost any time of the day; and very amusing is it to watch the conduct of the birds when one has succeeded in abstracting a grain. He will take his booty to the top of the wall, or down to the path, choosing a flat stone for his next operation, which consists of breaking the thick skin of the seed with his strong, sharp bill; and then what immense enjoyment there is in the fleshy pulp within!

On each side of the beehive-stand grow a clump of Canterbury bells; and these, too, are greatly in favour with the bees. It is quite funny to watch the little brown insects crawl up into the long blue tubes, remaining hidden for sometimes a minute or more at a time, and returning eventually with their legs heavily laden with the yellow fluid they have gathered for their winter store. What busy little fellows the bees are!

There is a large plum tree trained against the wall near the bees, on one of the branches of which a thrush this spring built its nest. So confident of protection was the bird, that he made no effort to hide his nest from his human friends, but left it quite exposed to all eyes. We watched the nest grow, so to speak, from a few dry pieces of grass to a complete bird's house; then four blue eggs appeared one after the other; lastly, the hen bird sat upon them, never offering to move, though we stood so close to look at her that we might easily have touched her with our hands.

Meanwhile her mate sat on the topmost twig of one of the larches and sang to her, to make the weary sitting time pass quickly. Then four little naked birdlings made their appearance; and how the two old parents did work to provide the great hungry yellow beaks with food! Alas! though their human neighbours loved them so well, and would not molest them, there was a deadly enemy near by, whose cruel nature only taught him to kill and to destroy.

One morning, as I passed the plum-tree, I missed the thrush's nest. Looking down, I saw it lying, torn and broken, at the foot of the tree, and beside it were four little half-fledged birds, all dead! A cat, in sheer wanton cruelty, had in one night undone the work of many weeks, and given bitter pain to the pretty, innocent creatures. If it had been done for the sake of food, I would have forgiven her; but no, there were my two thrushes, father and mother, on the wall beside the ruin of their work, and the little ones were lying dead below!

In the shrubbery by my side there is a curious bush, the like of which I have never seen elsewhere. It is a rose-bush whose blossoms are green! The original plant was given to my mother several years ago as a rarity, and truly it is the oddest of the rose species. I cannot veraciously call it pretty as a flower, and the bush itself is such a straggling thing as hardly to merit the title of beautiful; yet the scent of the green blossoms is sweet, and resembles, in a faint degree, that of the ordinary tea-rose variety. It is a very free bloomer, too; and I sometimes regret that it should be hidden away as it is amid the thickly growing shrubs.

Right alongside of my seat is a huge Scotch thistle, growing to a height of nearly six feet, and bearing a beautiful bluish-grey flower, the seeds of which are so much beloved by certain birds—notably the goldfinch—that they persistently dare to approach it, notwithstanding my presence, in order to obtain the food to which they are so partial. Indeed, I am often astonished at the fearless fashion in which the birds have come to regard my familiar fellowship. They seem to know perfectly well that they have nothing to be alarmed at in me, and that I love their frank, courageous intimacy.

And so, amid my bees and birds and flowers and shrubs, I often take my book or my writing-pad, and, seated on my pleasant, well-shaded, rustic seat, find food for reflection, and pass many happy hours in quiet solitude, which is no loneliness, after all; for every creature around me is my friend, and everything my eye falls upon tells me a story, or sings me a song of praise to the Maker who made all things well, and by whom nothing was made in vain.

CHAPTERS FROM NATURE'S STORY-BOOK

By Professor Haddon,
Author of "An Introduction to the Study of Embryology."

CHAPTER V.

A CRAB'S POOR RELATIONS.

THERE it scuttles! apparently like a good many other people, busy with an aimless activity. Mind how you catch him, for the crab has sharp nippers, and has courage enough to show fight against fearful odds. We have, however, no designs against the crab to-day; we merely want to examine the under side of its body. We are fortunate, for on our very first crab we find a yellowish bag packed away between its body and tail.

Skilful anatomists have found a bunch of root-like suckers, which arise from the stem

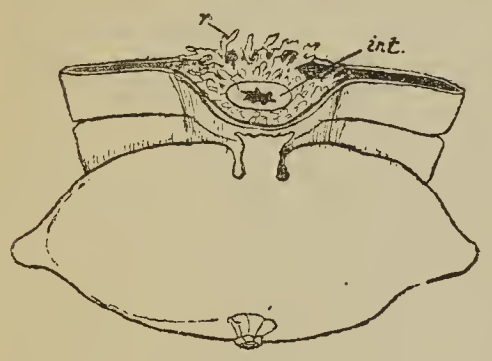


Fig. 1.
Adult Sacculina in position upon a detached tail of a Crab: int., intestine of the Crab; r., some of the roots of the Sacculina.

of the sac and enter into the body of the crab. These suckers branch again and again, and penetrate all over the crab, even into the feelers and eye-stalks. Here is a remarkable creature, a simple smooth sac with but a single orifice connected with a branching root, which penetrates the cavities of a crab's body, and surrounds all the organs of its unwilling host—no mouth, jaws, limbs, eyes, nor any other visible organ. To this anomalous animal, naturalists have given the appropriate name of *Sacculina*.

It is hardly too much to say that it would be impossible to determine the relationships of the sacculina by an examination of the adult animal. All the characters which distinguish molluscs, arthropods, vertebrates, and other groups, are here absent. Though the adult structure fails us, we have a clue left in its development; this we will now follow.

The young is hatched as a lively little oval embryo, with three pairs of limbs; shortly it changes its skin, and then it appears like the accompanying figure (2). The body is triangular, each corner of the triangle being prolonged into a couple of spines. There are three pairs of jointed limbs; the second and the third pair are divided, so that each limb has two swimming oars. Between the first pair of limbs is the large black eye, and below this is the brain. This nauplius larva, as it is termed, has no mouth and no digestive canal; it feeds upon the yolk which was stored up in the egg, and is still retained in its body.

On the morning of the fifth day after it is hatched, the nauplius casts its skin for the fourth and last time, and then it swims about, very different in appearance from its earlier condition. Its shape recalls that of a ham; the body is protected by a shell, which is continuous above, and which extends down the sides of the body in two flaps. The limbs project between the two valves of the shell; of these there are seven pairs; in front there is a pair of feelers, or antennæ, and at the posterior end of the body there are six pairs of swimming legs, each of which has two oars. There is also a little forked tail. As in the nauplius stage, there is a single median eye, but no mouth or digestive canal is present.

Swarming in myriads in our ponds and ditches, and also very abundant in the sea, are minute crustacea, which have a hinged bivalved shell, swimming feet, and a median eye. These

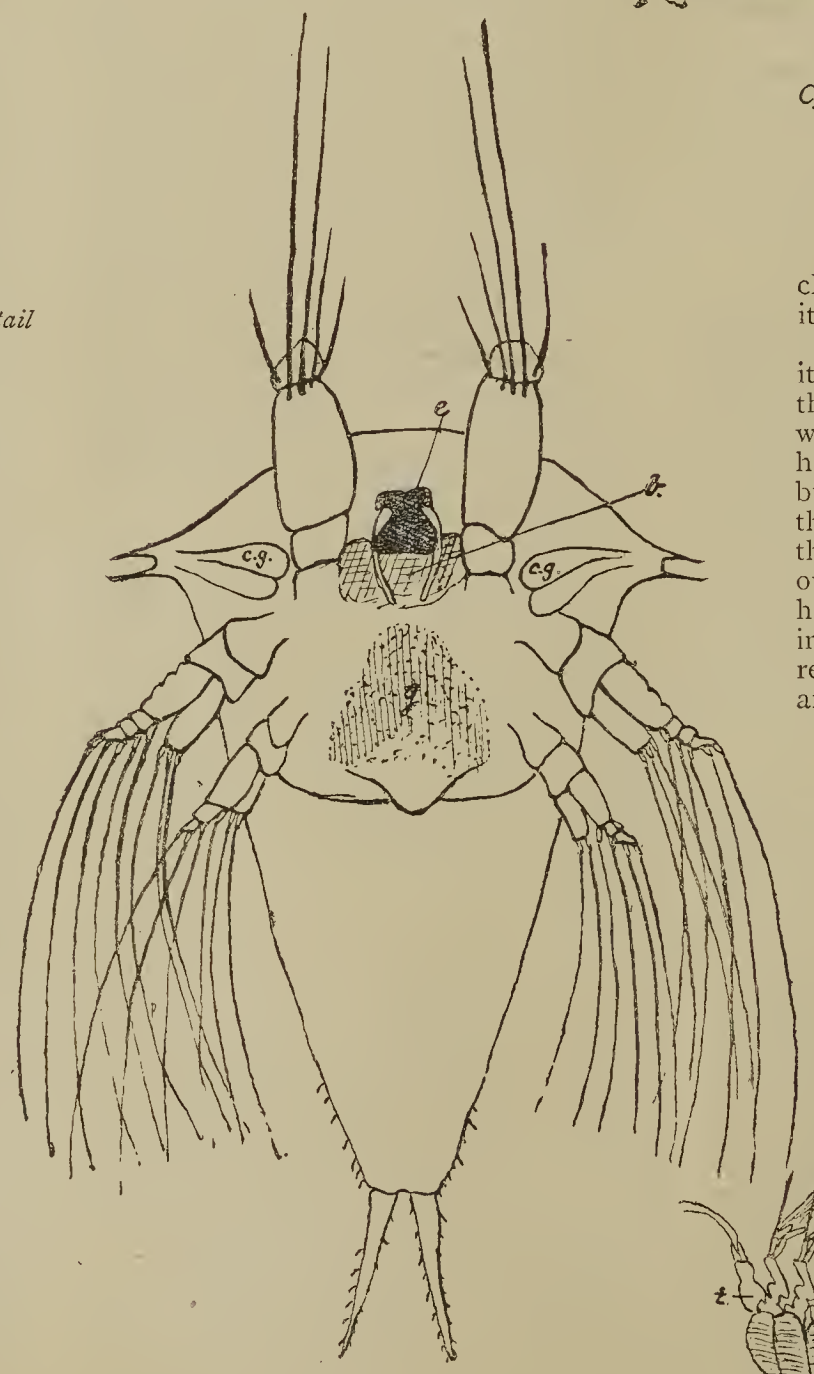


Fig. 2.
Nauplius larva of Sacculina, after the first moult, ventral view: b., brain; e., eye; c.g., germ-cells of future Sacculina.

are known as *Ostracoda;* Cypris is the name of the common fresh-water ostracod. From its superficial similarity to the latter, the larval sacculina at this stage is not inaptly called the "cypris larva."

After swimming about for at least three days, the cypris larva fixes itself by one of its antennæ, during the night, to small crabs $\frac{2}{16}$ to $\frac{15}{16}$ of an inch in length. The place of attachment is always at the soft skin round the base of a hair, either on the back or on the claws, it being especially partial to the hairs which grow on the flexible skin at the joints of the

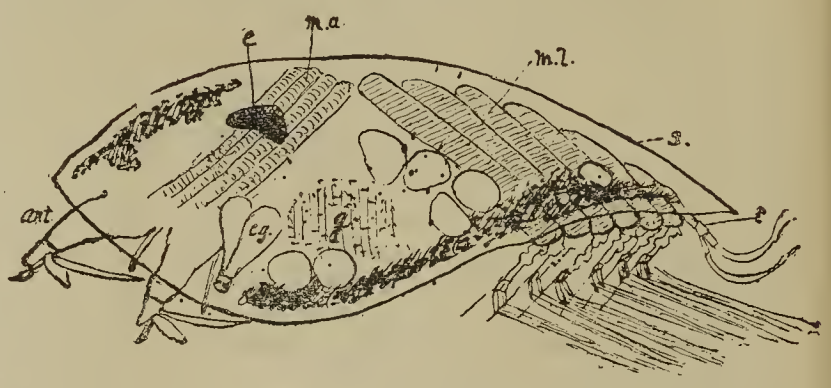


Fig. 3.
Cypris larva of Sacculina: ant., feelers or antennæ; c.g., glands; e., eye; g., germ-cells; m.a., muscles of antennæ; m.l., muscles of legs; s., shell; t., tail.

claws. The cypris larva never fixes itself on the under side of a crab.

The attached larva very soon casts its skin, and kicks off all its legs and the little tail; before the raw place, where the body joined the head, is healed up, some pigment, oil globules, and the eye (and brain, if there is one), are also rejected, so that eventually there is only a little oval sac fixed to the crab. A sharp hollow tube or dart is next formed in the sac; this passes down the remnant of the antenna by which the animal is attached, and by its growth

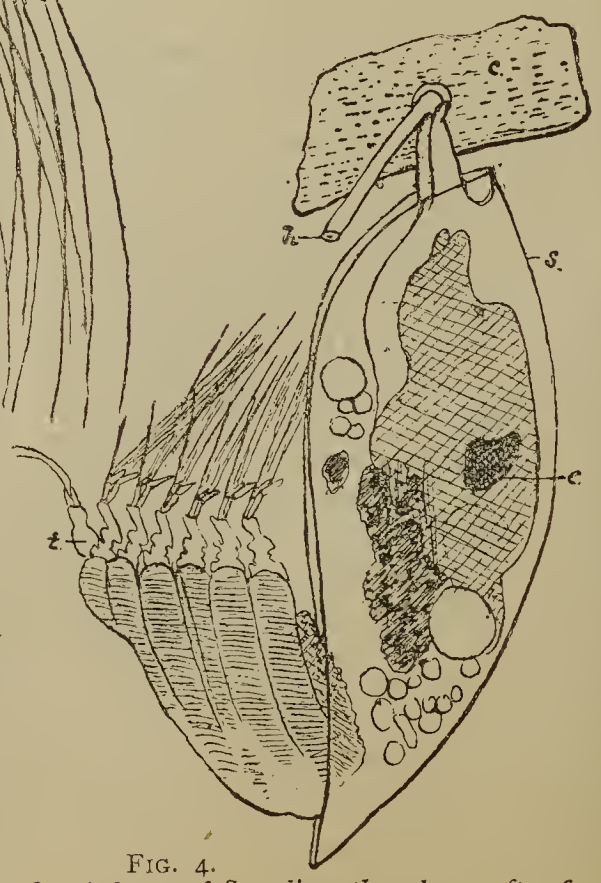


Fig. 4.
Cypris larva of Sacculina, three hours after fixation: c., shell of back of Crab; e., eye; h., hair of Crab; s., shell; t., tail.

perforates the thin skin of the crab. As soon as this is accomplished, all the soft matter inside the sac flows down the hollow dart into the body of the crab. Without going into further detail, it would suffice to say that this mass develops into a central rounded portion, from which numerous finely branched tubes



FIG. 5.

Final stage of fixed larva of Sacculina, on the third or fourth day after fixation: c., shell of Crab; d., hollow dart of larva of Sacculina, through which particles have just commenced to pass; e., cast-off eye; g., germ-cells; h., hairs of Crab; s., cast-off shell.

radiate. The former finds its way in time to the lower portion of the crab's body. As the rounded portion grows larger, it presses first upon the muscles on the under surface of the tail, and the pressure causes them to disappear; next the skin is attacked, and it succumbs; at last the flexible external crust yields, and the pouch-like portion of the sacculina projects upon the surface of the crab. One point is of great interest, and that is, that a new brain is developed from the outside skin of the sacculina. This is the only known instance of an animal losing its brain during its development, and then getting a new one. There is very good reason for believing that the external portion of the sacculina corresponds to the head only of the cypris larva; in other words, the adult animal consists only of a head.

Such is the marvellous history of the sacculina, as made known to us by the patience and skill of the French zoologist, M. Yves Delage.

Let me briefly recapitulate the life-history of the sacculina. The egg develops into a nauplius larva, the nauplius, by four successive changes of skin, is metamorphosed into a cypris larva. The cypris larva attaches itself to the upper surface of a crab, and degenerates into a bottle-shaped sac, after having deprived itself of its body, legs, eye, and other structures; in fact, only the head is left. A hollow dart is next developed, which perforates the skin of the crab, and what remains of the larva flows through this into the body-cavity of the crab. This forms a central capsule provided with branched roots; the latter surround all the tissues of the host, while the former migrates to the under-surface of the crab, and eventually makes its appearance externally.

However simple may be the structure of the adult sacculina, it has two larval stages, in which there is a shell, a brain, an eye, and jointed limbs. The latter alone proclaim it to belong to the jointed-footed animals or *arthropoda;* but we require more precise information than that.

The sacculina commences life as a nauplius. Here are the portraits of other nauplius larvæ, and the adult into which one of them will be metamorphosed.

A phyllopod, a cyclops, a barnacle, and a prawn. These are representatives of nearly all the great sub-divisions of the *Crustacea*, and it looks very much as if the nauplius was a recapitulation of an early ancestor of the group. At all events, from the fact of its having a nauplius larva, we are justified in placing sacculina amongst the *Crustacea*.

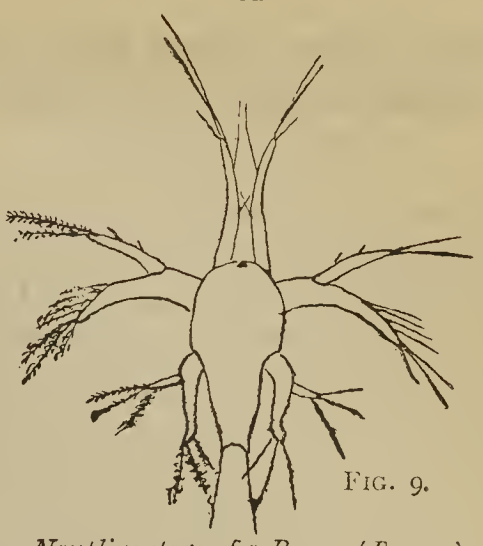


FIG. 9.

Nauplius stage of a Prawn (Penæus).

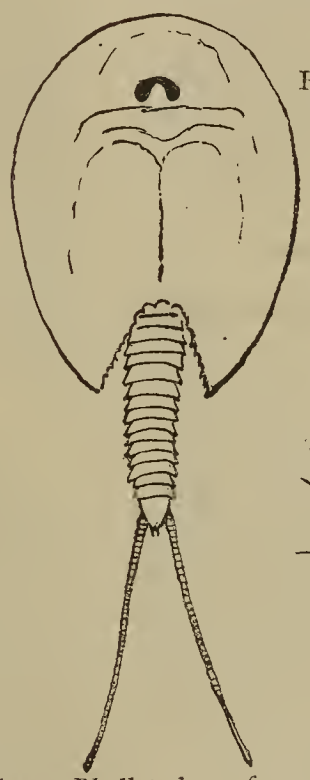


FIG. 7.

Apus, a Phyllopod, seen from above.

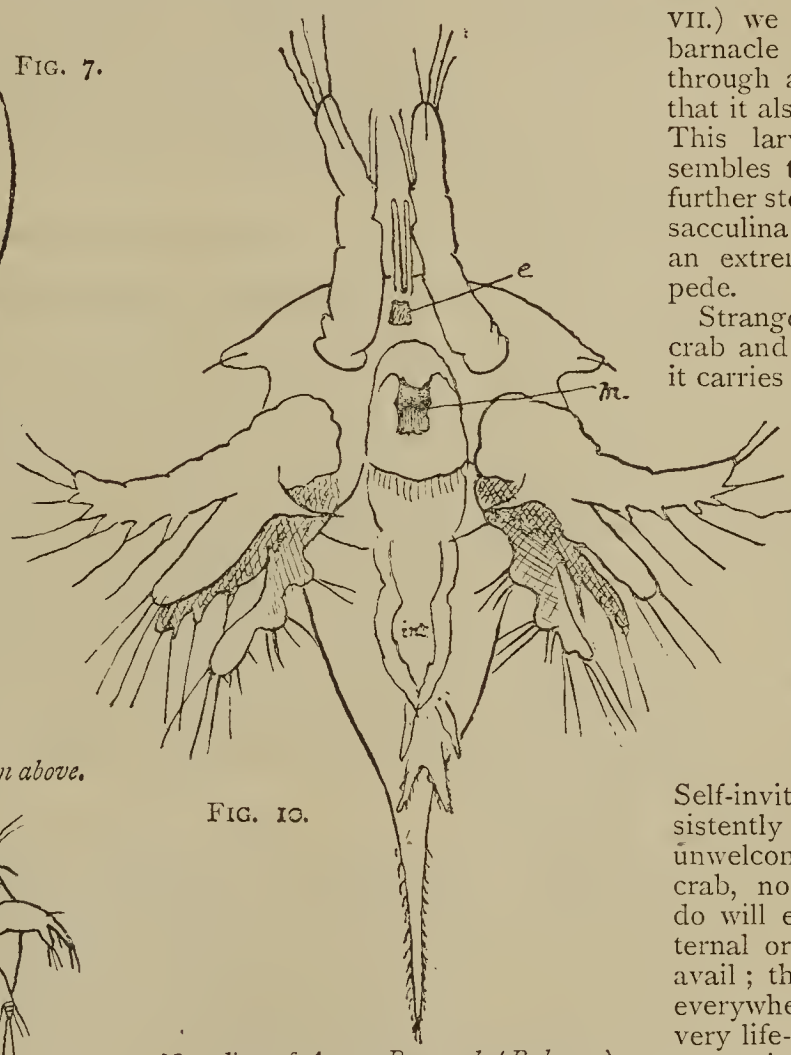


FIG. 10.

Nauplius of Acorn Barnacle (Balanus): e., eye; m., mouth; int., intestine.

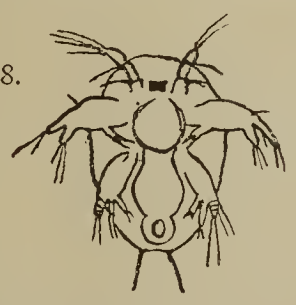


FIG. 8.

Nauplius larva of Cyclops, a Copepod.

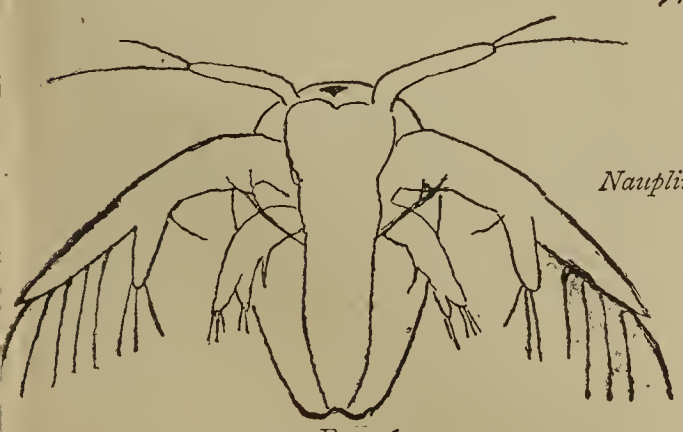


FIG. 6.

Nauplius stage of Apus. The tail end of the body is not shown.

In a later chapter (Chapter VII.) we shall see that the barnacle not only passes through a nauplius stage, but that it also has a cypris larva. This larva very closely resembles that of sacculina. A further step may be taken, and sacculina may be regarded as an extremely degraded cirripede.

Strange as it may seem, the crab and the sac-like parasite it carries about both belong to the same group of the animal kingdom. It not unfrequently happens that the poor relations of human kind are dependent upon their more well-to-do relatives, and often come to dine with them. The crab's poor relations dine in, not with their host. Self-invited guests, they persistently remain, although so unwelcome. Once within the crab, nothing the latter can do will extirpate them, no internal or external remedy can avail; the intruder permeates everywhere, subsisting on the very life-blood of its unwilling entertainer. But the sacculina pays dearly for its board and lodging—the price being the loss of all activity and chance of progression; furthermore, it becomes degraded below the level of its rank in life, and dies an ignoble, insensate pauper's death.

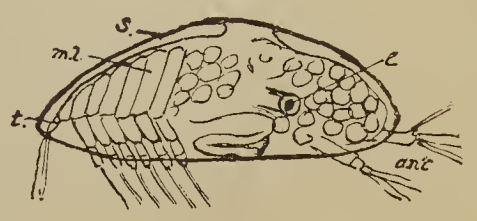


FIG. 11.

Cypris Larva of Balanus: ant., antennæ; e., eye; m. l., muscles of legs; s., shell; t., tail.

SEPARATION FROM SIN AND SEPARATION UNTO GOD.

By WILLIAM GOURLAY.

(*Continued.*)

IN our last, we considered the believer's separation from sin; now, we turn to his separation unto Christ.

In order to enter upon this way of holiness, the flesh must be crucified, and (by faith) left on the cross; and all that is necessary for growth in grace is simply to walk in this way; because, walking in Christ, we are certain to grow in grace. This way is bounded by walls of salvation,—the precious blood which cleanseth from all sin. A believer spiritually in this way is enjoying the land typified by Canaan; and just as the Jews enjoyed therein all temporal blessings, so here the believer enjoys the spiritual blessings Christ came to give (see Eph. 1. 3). In Canaan the houses were built, the fields planted, etc., all was ready to hand; so in Christ, our spiritual fortune is made, and the believer has nothing to do to provide himself with holiness, but simply to take possession of that which is already provided, to live on the fat of the land—*i.e.*, the sap of the True Vine.

TO BEGIN this walk, is to cross the spiritual Jordan (see Eph. 3. 17). TO CONTINUE in this way, is to fight the good fight of the faith. Against this walk, the world will cry out, the flesh will lust, the devil will roar; and if we look at our enemies, our hearts will certainly faint, like Peter's when he looked at the wind and the waves, or as the hearts of the Israelites did, when they looked on the sons of Anak.

The God-Man is alone fit to be our leader here; and, praise His name! like the man with the drawn sword (Josh. 5. 13), He has GONE BEFORE, and, following Him, we will encounter only BEATEN FOES.

Christ conquered all on the cross, Jericho and all the rest, great and small (see Col. 2. 15).

TO KEEP in the way of holiness, attention has to be given to all the exhortations in God's Word. These are most fully delivered in the Epistles; and, in conclusion, I will just allude to three things, viz.—The Study of the Word, Confession of Sin, and Prayer.

No Christian will ever be strong, except the holy secret is discovered, of feeding on God's Word, and so getting messages direct from Him. The best sermons, etc., will never make up for this. "Let the word of CHRIST dwell in you richly" (Col. 3. 16).

Confession of sin is a subject not well understood by many; so we often hear in prayer wearisome confessions of the utter sinfulness of our old nature. The confession of original sin was done, once and for all, when we came to Christ, and saw ourselves substitutionally dead in Him (2 Cor. 5. 14). No further confession is required from a criminal WHO HAS PLED GUILTY AND BEEN EXECUTED. The confession required from a Christian, is that of wrong acts committed, or known omissions of duty. To confess such, is a very different matter, and we will not be willing to do so, except we keep our hearts steeped in the humility of Jesus.

The result of the former style of confession about original sin, so far as holiness is concerned, is absolutely *nil*. People will drive away at that, and remain just exactly the same as they were before. On the contrary, confession of sin, allowed or committed, is always followed by the blessed result of cleansing (see 1 John 1. 9).

WE MUST NOT EXPECT TO SIN, just as Peter had no right to expect to sink when he walked on the sea. "These things write I unto you that ye sin not" (1 John 2. 1). Unconscious sin will no more deprive the soul of communion with God, than the fact of our Queen having criminals in her country will deprive her of the sympathy of respectable people. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7). "It is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me" (Rom. 7. 20).

Our communion with God, however, will only grow in proportion as we increase in actual likeness to Jesus Christ. This means with us all, the getting rid of a great deal, not only known failures, but unknown.

Lastly, Prayer. If our walk in the way of holiness is to be a shining one, we must be men of prayer, otherwise our whole course will be shallow and powerless. True prayer includes much more than the mere asking of favours. It is the seeking of God's face, and rejoicing in the sweet presence of the Master FOR THE SAKE OF THE COMPANY.

"Now unto Him that is able to guard you from stumbling, and to set you before the presence of His glory without blemish in exceeding joy, to the only God our Saviour, through Jesus Christ our Lord, be glory, majesty, dominion and power, before all time, and now, and for evermore. Amen."

OF INTEREST TO YOUNG MEN.

PRINCE BISMARCK maintains that the acquirement of languages does not imply talent. He thinks the ear rather than the mind is cultivated by the linguist. A Consul recently appointed to Berlin pestered his minister to present him to Bismarck. At length an interview was granted, and, throwing etiquette aside, the Consul brought his son with him. Bismarck looked annoyed, but the Consul boldly presented his heir, with the remark, "A most remarkable young man, your Highness; he speaks several languages." Bismarck turned to the minister at his side, and said coldly, "What a fine waiter the young fellow would make."

A very wealthy and somewhat eccentric old gentleman, residing in Massachusetts, journeyed to Dakota recently to look up a grandson, to whom he designed to leave his fortune, if he found the young man worthy. On reaching the town where the youth lived, the old gentleman made a quiet investigation, and the young man was pointed out to him, lounging in the door of a saloon, smoking a cigarette. He did not make himself known, but took the first train for home, and changed his will in favour of a public Institution, which he was sure would put his money to good use.

The Annual Conference of the Free Church of Scotland Young Men's Guild was held recently in Perth. The report submitted by the Secretary showed that there were now affiliated with the General Guild ninety-two Congregational Guilds. The financial statement showed a balance on hand of fourteen guineas. This Guild was practically organized in 1884, when the idea was suggested at the General Assembly of the Free Church, that the Welfare-of-Youth Committee might somewhat enlarge its operations. The object of the Guild is, in the first place, to get at the young men, and then to give them a definite place in the Church organization.

CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE COMPETITION.

AS announced in our last, we are holding over the Questions in connection with the two Divisions of this Competition until the end of the month, in order that they may come into the hands of our monthly and weekly subscribers as nearly as possible at the same time.

We shall therefore give, next week (June 23rd), Questions in our Elementary Division, in which the text-book is Whately's "Christian Evidences." In our number for June 30th, we shall give the forty Questions in our Advanced Division on Row's "Manual of Christian Evidence."

Although this Competition may not be quite so attractive to some of our readers as one or two of our former Competitions, we are satisfied that it will be heartily taken up by a large number. These are days in which the prevailing currents of thought and popular opinion are running strongly, alas! in the direction of agnosticism and scepticism, and even open infidelity and contempt of God's Word. Let us, therefore, seek to strengthen our own convictions, and those of all around us, in the grand fundamental and vital truths which God's saints in past ages have held with such heroic tenacity, and for which we feel bound, also, earnestly to contend.

We reckon on our young men readers finding this Competition specially adapted to engage their intelligent and prayerful study. We hope many will take it up *con amore*.

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

THE words to be supplied *occur but once* each in the Bible. The initial letters of these missing words in each paragraph give the name alluded to. These names also *occur but once*, and *their* initials give the name of a man but *once mentioned*, who had the honourable distinction of having "willingly offered himself unto the Lord."

1. The name of one who did not hesitate to make a full —— of his own frailty and inability to keep himself from falling. He was willing to forego the —— luxuries which wealth would have placed within his reach, lest in the hour of temptation sin should —— its hateful dominion over him. Nor did he —— desire the privations accompanying extreme poverty; for in them, too, he clearly saw might lurk hidden dangers.

2. A name which a desolate woman —— desired should be applied to her, as a sign of her altered circumstances, and when —— her life would in future be a sad one, full of —— of a happy past. However —— cared for by kind relations, who welcomed her to their home, her closing days must have been happier than her sad heart could have expected.

3. The name of one whose —— plainly marked her as a faithful waiter upon God. While the world around was —— Him, she gladly heard, believed, and spoke of the glorious —— of an event which she joyfully hailed as the —— of her dearest wishes.

4. The name of one who is mentioned as —— on one occasion with St. Paul. Probably he was an —— of a striking miracle worked by the Apostle, and of the —— with which he sought to attain the —— of a fixed purpose; although as he —— it was revealed to him that at his destination he would be —— by persecution from those who —— against his God.

5. The name of a man who belonged to —— people, one of those —— which often made —— of God's ancient people. With —— purpose he —— to destroy the king of Israel. His followers began to —— themselves when they saw the narrow —— of their leader, and they decided that they would be —— their duty if they did not —— in future to the king risking his life in battle. Their —— in the necessity for this precaution was manifested by an oath to abide by this determination.

6. The name of one concerning whose life and —— we are told very little. He is by no means a man of —— in the Bible. No special qualities are —— to him; but it is interesting to notice that in the account given of the discovery it was his —— to make, there is a greatd ifference in the wording of the Authorised and Revised Version.

7. The name of one in whose family death made sad ——, because, either in wilfulness or —— ignorance, he engaged in an —— concerning which God had said that a curse should come upon whosoever undertook it. Two members of his family —— and died as the consequence of his rash folly.

The Answer to this Acrostic will be given in our Number for July 7.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF LEISURE.

By a London Graduate.

IS every one who gives a few moments' consideration to the subject will admit, the importance of leisure, in its bearing upon the whole of a man's future, can hardly be over-estimated. We only need to recollect that a man's associates, his tastes, his habits, and in a great degree his motives, are formed in the time of relaxation from business, to realise this, and to feel, perhaps for the first time, that leisure carries with it an immense responsibility.

Some, of course, argue that a young man in business needs all his spare time for physical recreation; but others affirm, and, I think, rightly, that he may advantageously combine physical recreation with mental improvement.

Few, I think, are engaged for more than 12 hours a day in business, including the time occupied in the various meals of the day. What is to be done with the remaining 12? First comes sleep, and for this 7 hours are ample, and often more than ample. But taking 7, and allowing another hour for the failure of even the best-laid schemes, 4 hours per day, or the startling total of 100 working days per year remain.

With this fact before us, few, surely, will venture to maintain that all this time should be spent in bodily recreation and amusement. But even supposing the time were much less, were only half of this, I should certainly join issue with those who might say that it should be thus spent.

A man's chief aim in this life is not to live as *long* as he can, but as *worthily* as he can; and who can say that any one is doing this, whose sole object is to make for himself a fortune; or who, beyond business, thinks of nothing but food, sleep, and amusement? I grant, of course, that one must have some exercise, but he whose spare time is limited to a few hours a day should not give more than one-third of this to it.

Taking for granted, then, that young men are not called upon, that they cannot afford, to spend all their leisure in recreation, in the usual acceptation of the term, how shall they best spend it?

Literature, Science, and Art—each has its advocates; but to me the best course seems to be to obtain a general knowledge of each. By so doing, the sources of pleasure and interest will be indefinitely multiplied, the mental horizon widened, and consequently the ability to comprehend, and to take part in, many questions of the day, vastly increased.

The first step towards the attainment of this object is to cultivate a taste for reading; and on the principle that what is worth reading is worth buying, to spend a proportion of one's spare money in laying the nucleus of a good library. One who has been accustomed to read little else but novels may at first feel at a loss to know with what to begin. Such a one would do well to familiarise himself with the structure of his own language, and if he wants an interesting, in fact, a fascinating book to start with, let him take one of Archbishop Trench's—"The Study of Words," for example.

What an added interest is given to our every-day reading by a knowledge, such as this little book supplies, of the real meaning of many words; that, *e.g.*, when we use the word "dilapidation" we are denoting, either literally or figuratively, the falling asunder of the stones of a building; or that the Latin word "trivium" (from which comes our word "trivial") originally meaning a place where three ways (*tres viæ*) meet, was after a time applied to the conversation of persons meeting at such a place; then, such conversation being generally mere gossip, to all frivolous talk, and then to everything of little importance.

At the same time let him read, not only for their intrinsic interest, but also for the style and the pure English, the Essays of Addison, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," etc.; while it should be remembered, to use the words of Dr. Angus in his "Handbook to the English Tongue," "that the book which excels all others in spiritual and moral worth, the Bible, is the richest specimen we have of the beauty and force of the old Saxon speech."

Such a beginning may lead to a desire to know something of the languages from which many of our English words are taken—of Latin, Greek, French, or German. And let not a young man with three or four hours a day at his disposal shrink from attacking one or more of those, if, first of all, he has a good knowledge of his own mother tongue.

With such books as are now issued, he may learn a great deal himself; and, although Latin or Greek verse composition may be beyond him, he may educate himself to take a pleasure in the beauties of Homer or Virgil in the original, whilst the ability to study the Septuagint, or the New Testament, in the language in which they were written, is most valuable. The mental training which the study of a language involves should also of course be remembered in any enumeration of the advantages arising from such a course of study.

Some, however, have not the aptitude for the study of languages; but because of this they are not, by any means, to think that the domain of literature is closed to them. Let them learn something of the ancient writers; capital translations of the classics with interesting biographies of the authors are now to be had; and every one ought surely to know something of the standard writers of his own country—of Chaucer, of Spencer, of Milton, of Shakspeare, of Wordsworth, of Tennyson, of Browning, of Addison, Goldsmith, Lamb, Bacon, Kingsley, Ruskin, and many others.

But, supposing a young man determines to give his spare time to the acquisition of a knowledge of the writers I have mentioned, he should go about it in some degree seriously.

Coming to a decision of this kind is practically determining to study English literature; and he would do well, either first of all, or early in his course, to read some such work on the subject as Professor Craik's, or the simpler one by Miss Buckland. He will then have a view of the land that is to be possessed, and of the treasures that are in store for him.

History and Geography too, claim attention, especially from those who have political aspirations. Every one ought to have a fair knowledge, such as he may gain from the pages, *e.g.*, of the late John Richard Green, of the history of his own country. Probably the most interesting method is to take a central figure, like Cromwell, or, say, a period, like the Puritan Revolution, and master the facts relating to that figure or period, tracing events step by step to their ultimate causes.

Then, as to the study of Science. It will be admitted that every one ought to know something of the physical constitution of the earth on which he lives, and of the various influences to which it is subject.

If we would only ask ourselves some very simple questions, questions which, when once they are suggested to us, we wonder we have not asked long ago, we shall be astonished at our ignorance. You look, for instance, at a brick wall some years old. What is the cause of the numerous holes to be observed, and what does the answer suggest?

We read of volcanoes. What is their origin? and if the answer is, "the heat inside the earth," why is there any special heat there? How has the earth come into existence? What is the origin of its motion round the sun, and what laws govern that motion?

We frequently see barometers. On what principle do they work? who invented them? and what led to their invention? And if we know that air has weight, how is it that we are not crushed by it, that, in fact, we do not perceive its weight at all? These are all questions suggested by our every-day life, and yet an investigation of them would open up the way to a knowledge of some of the most interesting and important of the laws of Nature.

Such books as Huxley's "Physiography," Geikie's "Physical Geography," or Ball's "Story of the Heavens," would not only furnish answers to many such questions, but would prove as interesting as, and vastly more profitable than, very many of the novels which are now so eagerly read.

A young man, moreover, may well bear in mind that a systematic study of some branch of mathematics is exceedingly valuable in developing the reasoning powers, and in inculcating concentration of thought.

How important, also, it is that every young man should have a thorough knowledge of his Bible! Clearly it is the duty of every Christian to have an accurate knowledge of that on which he builds all his hopes for the future; and if any one prides himself on his free-thought or materialism, is it fair on his part to pass over without careful study the Book which he professes in the exercise of his reason to reject?

With respect to the pursuit of Art or Music I shall say little, merely registering my opinion that, as a rule, it is scarcely wise for a young man to give the *whole* of his leisure to either. Music and Art alone, though most valuable in their place, do not fit a man for the actual battle of life, and for the duties which may devolve upon him as a citizen, as do Science and Literature.

To a possible objection that much reading or study necessitates confinement; and that this, after close application to business, might prove in the case of those who are not strong, a source of many evils, it may be replied that whatever a man's health, he

generally reads *something;* and the less one reads the greater the necessity that it should be profitable. Besides, botany and geology, for instance, may be studied to much greater advantage in country rambles than within the four walls of a study.

Generally speaking, in the use of leisure, as in everything else, "where there's a will there's a way," and he who desires to improve himself intellectually, will not shrink from a few difficulties which may meet him in an attempt to carry out any such plan as that proposed.

And surely it is worth an effort to lift oneself above the dead level of mere drudges and machines, and to become in a real sense an "heir of all the ages."

"Have you," says Ruskin, "measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know if you read this that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings? or flatter yourself that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entrée* here and audience there; when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be an outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them by the place you desire to take in this company of the dead.

"'The place you desire' and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this—it is open to labour and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the Guardian of these Elysian Gates. In the deep sense no vile or vulgar person ever enters there.

"At the *portières* of that silent Faubourg St. Germain there is but brief question: 'Do you deserve to enter?' 'Pass!' 'Do you ask to be the companion of nobles?' 'Make yourself noble and you shall be.' 'Do you long for the conversation of the wise?' 'Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it.' But on other terms? No. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you, with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret. You must rise to the level of our thoughts, if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings if you would recognise our presence."

"HOLDING ON."

A TRUE STORY.

By C. A. P.

SOME years ago I was sent for by a friend, to speak to her husband, who was seriously ill, upon the subject of salvation. I found him very ill, and mentally very dark. Although I knew the wife to be a sincere Christian woman, I had not hitherto seen the husband. She told me that he was outwardly moral, but not a Christian. He listened attentively to precious promises which I quoted from the word of God, and by the earnest responses he frequently made to the prayers on his behalf, I felt that the Holy Spirit was working upon his heart, moving him to penitence and contrition. Pressing my hand heartily, he asked me to come again, which I did.

I found him looking for me, or rather, I trust, for the message. He appeared to drink in the glad news of God's pardoning love, through the sacrifice and mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ; he found—as all *must* find—that the foundation of his own good works failed him just when he needed a rock upon which to stand. Oh! what joy to have a Christ, to whom one may always point the poor trembling, despairing sinner.

But the dying man had so long neglected and despised the offers of love and mercy, that he feared it was now *too late* to trust Him, or expect to be forgiven. Reminding him of the hope-inspiring words, "He is able also to save to the *uttermost all* who come unto God by Him," and "him that cometh I will in no wise cast out," I prepared to leave; but fearing lest I had not made the way of salvation quite clear to him, I turned and quoted our Lord's own words, "He that believeth on Me shall *never* perish," saying as I left him,—

"If you forget all else that I have said, hold on to this promise."

"I will! I will!" he replied.

A day or two after I was hurriedly sent for. Upon arriving at his house, I was met at the door by his weeping wife, who said,—

"Oh! come in. I fear he is dying. He is looking so eagerly round for some one; I think it is for you."

As I approached the bed, I was struck with the changed expression of the dying man's countenance. Although struggling with the last enemy, the sweet peace and calm which overspread his face told that he was proving the presence of death's triumphant Victor, who has (for all who trust Him) for ever taken away the sting of death.

Again looking round, he saw me standing by, and moving feebly his hand for me to hold, with his last remaining strength he clasped my hand, and bending low I caught the eager whisper, while joy beamed in his face,—

"Hold—ing on! hold—ing on!"

Only two short words (I think his last), but to me they spoke volumes.

Oh, the long-suffering of our Heavenly Father, who even at the eleventh hour will hearken to the cry of the truly penitent, when they seek Him in spirit and truth.

But what of the agonising remorse of that one who, looking back upon numberless opportunities for getting good and doing good, which were strewn all along life's pathway, now, alas! bitterly realises that they are gone *for ever*, and that he must appear before his Lord, "saved—yet as by fire," bringing nothing but leaves?

May those who read the above true story seek *at once* to make Christ Jesus their personal Friend, that life may not be *wasted*, but filled with acts of loving service for the Master.

Oh! when all earth's joys and pleasures, its friendships and ties, its best and brightest hopes are slipping away, to be found *holding on* to Christ! Surely here is perfect rest, perfect peace, perfect safety — its ultimate issue complete sanctification and fulness of glory.



MAD JOHN BURLEIGH:

A STORY OF HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT

Author of "Her Two Sons," "Eric Olsson's Minde Ring," "Drifted,"

"Little Rainbow," "Corbiestanes,"

"Our Navvies," etc., etc.



"'It is folly, pure stupid madness, John, to persist in this idea of yours, —madness which I should not be doing my duty, were I not to try and set it aside.'"

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH JOHN BURLEIGH MAKES HIS CHOICE, AND IS THOUGHT MAD FOR HIS PAINS.

THERE was nothing ordinary about the old drawing-room of Burleigh Hall. The cabinets were richly inlaid, the furniture carved with the elaborate care of an age whose workmen loved their handicrafts, and had the leisure to do their best.

The thick satin curtains fell in straight, soft folds. They and the Indian carpet were somewhat faded. All was a little old; nothing was shabby. The marble chimney-piece, inlaid with jasper, stood yellowed by time; but then it matched the full-length family portraits of the Cavaliers with plumed hats, and lovely ladies in white satin and point lace, immortalised by the pencils of Vandyke and Sir Peter Lely, who looked down from the walls with critical gaze on their descendants, mellowed by time into complete harmony with their surroundings.

Yes, this room was typical—long, broad, and low, built centuries since. The only things of to-day were masses of roses grouped in heavy china bowls and Chelsea vases. The flowers filled the surrounding air with a faint perfume. Such a room can be found nowhere in the world save in England—"this fair realm of England," across which the simoon of civil war has swept but twice, and where, from father to son, through many generations of culture and wealth, the same home has been occupied, and handed down as a loved and treasured inheritance of a race. Through the windows of this room could be seen a parterre of brilliant bloom, and then miles of nobly timbered park, sweeping away to the feet of the green grey hills, which rose against the blue sky.

The occupants of this drawing-room were as distinct in their individuality of race and breeding as their environments.

A lady of middle age, handsome still, and becomingly dressed in mouse-coloured silk and velvet, a rich lace cap resting lightly on her iron grey hair, was seated in a low chair. By her side was a work-basket filled with silks and crewel wool. Her work had fallen neglected to the floor, and the tips of the fingers of both hands were pressed together, emphasising her words.

Half leaning against the wall by her side stood a young man, listening thoughtfully. He was tall, and might by-and-by become a stalwart figure. At present he was so thin that only an inherited grace and ease saved his form from angularity. He was by no means handsome; the forehead was overhanging, the nose long and sharp, and the jaw square and thin. Yet his was a noticeable face. Nervous twitching lines now and again showed themselves round the mouth; and when he raised his grey eyes, and looked away into space, their expression touched the beholder with sympathy—they were so eager, so resolute, and yet so questioning.

"It is folly, pure stupid madness, John, to persist in this idea of yours—madness which I should not be doing my duty, as your mother, were I not, by every means in my power, to try and set aside. Do consider what you propose doing. Here am I, with your poor father gone, and inadequate means, with three girls whom I must introduce into society, and do my utmost to place well during the next few years. I assure you my hands are full; and here are you and Arthur. Consider, without your uncle's assistance, what could I have done with you? He sent you to Cambridge, and bought Arthur his commission, and he has never grudged you your allowances. I must own he has been much gratified by the degree you took, and by your gaining your fellowship. Poor dear fellow, he never did anything of the kind himself; in fact, quite the reverse. However, let that pass. You return home with quite sufficient honour; and all your uncle asks, is that you shall henceforward appear before the world as his heir should do. Take your proper position in the county; perhaps, in time, stand for it. At all events, lead the life of a country gentleman; show a natural interest in shooting and hunting; look after the estates a little; and make this place, in fact, your own."

"But, mother, it would not be my own. After all, what could I do here? That is just what I object to; there is not enough to occupy one's thoughts, there is nothing large enough to throw one's energies into."

"John, what nonsense! Not one young man in a thousand, but yourself, would ever say such things! Here is a life of importance, ease, and pleasure put into your hands, and you would throw it aside! Who ever heard of such infatuation?

"Don't speak," cried Mrs. Burleigh; "listen. If you want occupation, and an outlet for your energies, why cannot you rebuild the village, and drain the Mere marshes? Surely, those would be good works?"

"Yes; and they sorely need doing, too. But Arthur could see to these better than I; and he would be fully satisfied to live as you wish me to do. He would make a better landowner than I; he is never happier than when following the hounds, or out on the moors. Uncle would find him a congenial companion—more so, in truth, than he has ever found me. And, don't you see, mother, where Arthur would possess a complete existence, I should starve? One of two things must happen, were I to accept my uncle's offer, and follow your wishes; either I should be constantly longing and chafing after a clergyman's life, with all its wide possibilities of regeneration for others; or—which God forbid—I should grow content and find my portion here."

The young man spoke solemnly and tenderly, but a flush of anger rose in his mother's cheeks.

"This is Christian humility, indeed," she said, speaking low and bitterly. "So you alone of all of us are to lead a worthy life; so your brother will sin if he lives as a God-fearing, honourable gentleman should. Console yourself, John; the Burleighs do not generally disgrace their name."

"Mother! mother! why won't you understand? It is not that I am better than Arthur; nay, I've far more capacity for evil in me than he has. It is only that we differ. He would lead a worthy life where I never could. And, mother, surely each man must answer for his own soul to God. If I take up this easy existence, and put it on, and wear it, I shall verily, in one sense—perhaps in all—lose my soul."

"I cannot understand you, and I do not pretend to do so," answered Mrs. Burleigh, coldly. "But this I do comprehend, that if you refuse to comply with your uncle's wishes, you need never suppose you will have the opportunity of doing so later on. Whatever course you decide on now, you elect for always. Your uncle, if he once disowns you, will not change. If you resign, against his wish, your position as the eldest son, and take yourself off to an occupation he disapproves, he has told you he shall place Arthur in it; and to the fullest degree, now and afterwards, you must take the consequences. Do not suppose, if you repent this folly, as doubtless you will, in two or three years, you will find a welcome here. What you give up to-day, you resign for ever."

"I know it, mother," said John Burleigh.

"Do not speak, John; go away, and once more think it all over. I ask this as a favour, my son."

The young man bowed, and silently quitted the room.

Mrs. Burleigh was not left its sole occupant long. She was soon joined by her brother-in-law, a handsome, hale man of sixty, dressed with exquisite neatness in a suit of light grey.

"Well, Olivia, what do you make of the boy? Have you convinced him all these high-flown notions of his are rubbish?"

"Hardly, I fear; but at all events he has gone away to think it over again. I cannot imagine what possesses him."

"Nor I. He was always a queer fellow, full of enthusiasm and crotchets. He reminds me more than any of your children, of my brother and of our mother. Poor thing, how early she died," continued Mr. Burleigh softly. He stood opposite a picture, more modern than any of the rest, which represented a lady seated on a garden chair with two little boys—twins evidently—one on her lap, the other standing beside her. Her right hand rested on this one's shoulder, her left arm encircled the cherub on her knee, but she looked at neither of them. Her eyes, eager, questioning grey ones, seemed to gaze from the canvas directly into Mr. Burleigh's own.

"Their eyes are the very same; I've often noticed it," continued the squire gently. "Have I ever told you, Olivia, of the last time I saw her. No? Well, perhaps not. It was a summer morning; I was in bed; the nurse—old Bryant, you know—carried me in my little night-gown into my mother's room. I suppose she was wanted for something, for she put me down on the floor, and I, feeling very full of fun, began jumping about. Johnny's cot stood at the foot of my mother's bed. She would never let him sleep out of her room, because I think he was subject to attacks of croup. At all events, the cot was there, but Johnny was not in it. I saw him afterwards, standing crying behind the bed curtain. Well, I jumped up to see where he was, and hit my chin on the brass bar which ran round the cot. I bit my tongue very severely, it bled badly, and between pain and fright I screamed. Bryant caught me up, and putting her hand over my bleeding mouth, was hurrying away with me, when I heard my mother's voice saying—the only words of hers I can remember—'Bring him here, bring him to me, poor little boy.' Bryant carried me to the bed. My mother was lying supported by pillows. I know now she must have been dying; then I only thought how pale she looked, and how sweet she was. She feebly gathered me to her side, and comforted me till I fell asleep. 'My little one, my little one,' she said over and over again. When I awoke I was back in the nursery, and Johnny was crying bitterly, and said we should never see our mamma again."

Over the beautiful face of the pictured lady a smile lingered, and the squire gazed long and earnestly up into those eyes.

"We were very small orphans, only three years old!" repeated Mr. Burleigh in the pitying tone of a tender spectator.

At length he forced himself away from the picture, and took a seat near his sister-in-law.

"You know, Olivia, my brother's children are very dear to me, and for the sake of his likeness to your husband and to his grandmother, I have always put up with Jack's whims; but you are also aware I mean what I say, and if the lad persists in becoming a parson, he will never stand in my place. My name-sake Arthur must sell out. The boy will be only too glad to do so, to live at Burleigh, and we shall get on capitally together. The estates are not entailed, and I intend to keep my word. I shall leave Jack something in my will, but not a shilling—not even as an allowance—will he receive during my life. He shall pay for his fancies the full pound of flesh."

"I have told him how foolish he is, and how certainly he will regret it."

"Regret it! I should think so, indeed. What a fine lad—a gentleman—a clever fellow, too, like John can see desirable in running in and out of old women's cottages, preaching long sermons, and living the life of a rabbit—no go, no excitement in it, and not much use either—I can't imagine. Just think, he'll be a curate in a long sleek coat, playing croquet with girls! Pshaw! and finish by settling down in a living — a starving, more properly speaking, having a wife and about twenty children dragging after him, and not enough cash to keep one decent horse, even! And all for what? Why, to set himself up as a pattern man, and find fault with his neighbours. The Church is a respectable institution, and I admit a most necessary one—I'm the last man to say anything against it; but to have one of my nephews a parson! I never thought I should come *to that*." And the squire rose and walked impatiently up and down the length of the room.

Mrs. Burleigh wisely kept silence. She

was as vexed and angry as was her brother-in-law; still, her heart clung to her eldest boy, and she did not wish by any word of hers to increase his uncle's indignation. Half an hour of uncomfortable silence passed, and then Mr. Burleigh spoke again.

"I might say hard things, and tell the boy how *ungrateful* I thought him. Please, Olivia, don't interrupt me," he continued, holding up his hand, as he saw Mrs. Burleigh about to speak.

"I have no wish to do that. There can be no thought of obligation between the boys and myself; still I *am* hard set, and might possibly show it in a way I should regret afterwards. So we must let it stand thus: If he remains, the subject is from henceforth dropped entirely; if he goes, he goes at once, and does not pain me by a farewell. Will you arrange this? Thanks." And once more Mrs. Burleigh was alone.

The anxious silence remained unbroken all the afternoon. The setting sun was casting long shadows from the trees over the grass; some farm labourers plodded homewards across a corner of the park; crows came lazily flapping to their nests in the elms, cawing to their comrades, when Mrs. Burleigh heard the well-known footstep of her son on the flagged terrace, and she swiftly rose from her seat, and advanced down the room. John entered by the long window at the eastern end. The sunset was behind him. His face was strangely pale, for during all those summer hours the fight had been refought. Again and again he had been beaten down. He was exhausted now, but the victory was gained. His hands did not tremble, though they were very cold as he took his mother's in his own.

"Well, John?"

"Mother, I must follow my conscience."

"Others can do a clergyman's work better than you."

"Yes, mother, but I must do my part."

"It is too great a sacrifice."

John Burleigh now looked away from his mother's face, which he had been regarding with such tenderness, and gazed forward. Was he looking as his Master looked when He hasted to go up to the scene of His death, to the cross? If so, a like peace was his. Mrs. Burleigh's words were stilled. She could only look up tearfully into his face, the face of her firstborn son, who, she was convinced, was ruining himself; and yet, through that conviction an uneasy thought would obtrude itself. Was he indeed, after all, choosing well? He spoke, and it seemed that he was echoing and shaping definitely her idea when he said,—

"Mother, Christ said, 'I in you.' He gave His life a ransom for many. Not only on Calvary, though there He was able to say, 'It is finished'; but all through. If He is 'in us,' we are bound to give our lives also for those others He gave His to win and save."

"Then you *are* going, John?"

"Yes, mother, I am going, at a very humble distance, and very weakly, to follow my Master."

He stooped to kiss her, and his mother flung her arms about his neck, and as she bid him farewell, blessed him.

Then John Burleigh turned and left the lovely old home of his forefathers without a backward look, but with a bent head and straining hands clasped behind his back. His feet were also pressing the road to Calvary unhesitatingly and firmly; but he felt every jagged stone which cut them, and though he did not shrink, John Burleigh marked the upward path with his blood.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH IS ROUTINE.

A YEAR had passed, and the surroundings of John Burleigh's life were different indeed.

The wide-sweeping park-land, the cool greenness of deep woods, the tinkling song of little streams, and the thousand sweet scents and musical sounds of God-created country scenes, were exchanged for the hot square, the close atmosphere, the crash and roar of streets crowded by traffic, over-voiced by the rattle of machinery and the clanging clash of hammers in the iron-works. Even to breathe was pain to those who passed the wire-drawing factories, for you must needs inhale sharp, acid points of steel dust. And it was not thistle-down, but particles of cotton fluff, which trembled in the air, and fell softly on the thick dust of the pavement.

Not a pleasant neighbourhood to abide in. The dreary Square, with its iron boundary of railings, did not boast a single green thing. Its two or three miserable trees, and scant array of dwarfed shrubs, were smoke-dried, and that which ought to have been a lawn of turf, was, in truth, a patch of bare, baked soil.

Yet it was in one of the houses of St. Andrew's Square that John Burleigh and his two fellow-curates lodged. To the melancholy, reduced widow who let the rooms, they seemed what she always called them, "very desirable apartments"; but used ever to the refinements and exquisite purity of a gentleman's house, John Burleigh's very heart sometimes sickened at his vulgar and scarcely clean environment. He was hardly conscious that he was giving his daily life a sacrifice, but certainly one part of his nature was dying within him.

He had calculated on giving up all the great enjoyments of life, but he had never understood till he lodged in St. Andrew's Square, how very important the little ones are, how dependent human nature is for comfort on minutiæ.

John Burleigh was ashamed of himself for noticing the hundred trifles which daily annoyed him, and certainly no one save himself suspected their existence. His thanks were always so ready and so cheerful, that his landlady was accustomed to tell her friends—"Mr. Burleigh is the highest born of my gentlemen, but he is the easiest pleased, he never says anything is wrong."

His fellow-curates were good, hard-working men. His senior had been for several years with the Vicar of Saint Andrew's, Canon Feedman, and looked up to him as the most perfect of men, and a pattern to be minutely copied. Mr. Smithies, the third of the trio, was a good-tempered, blundering boy, full of kindness, and perpetually surprised at his own position; "awfully glad he got through" the Bishop's examination "without any nonsense—he always expected he should be sent down"; and then he would tell Burleigh what "awfully stiff" papers he had been given.

John Burleigh had been offered several curacies, and had chosen St. Andrew's, tempted thither by the prospect of much work, and also by the reputation of Canon Feedman as a Parish Priest. He came to the great manufacturing city full of enthusiasm. He told himself that if his Lord was here in England, it was to just such a centre of humanity His heart would have drawn Him. He came praying that he might tell the old, glorious story of salvation in suchwise, that hearts might be touched by the redeeming love and power of which he himself felt the force. He hardly knew how this was to be done; and he came, with true humility, to Canon Feedman to learn. And he learnt a great deal, but not as he had expected.

Canon Feedman did everything by system,—a very admirable and complete system, arranged by himself. He took a fair share of the work, and saw that his curates did their three-fourths punctually and thoroughly. Sunday and week-day services, mission services, district visitors' meetings, mothers' meetings, teachers' meetings, communicants' classes, choir boys' classes, practisings, fathers' classes, young men's classes, and gatherings of a score other kinds, followed each other like clockwork, and were going on in the two other districts of the parish, besides the central one, all at the same exact moment. Not one of the three curates ever could calculate where or when the Vicar would appear, and Mr. Smithies, with a groan, frequently remarked, "One thing I *do* know—when I expect him least, the Vicar is sure to be there; indeed, he seems *always* there."

The merchants and manufacturers "believed in Canon Feedman," and he never undertook any scheme which he did not successfully carry through. He could fight in a good cause—his causes were always good—never feel a rebuff, or stagger under an attack. And here was the secret of all his success—he never gave in, but held on with dogged persistency to his purpose. So the Canon was looked up to, respected, even feared. But no man can have everything—and *he* had no love. He was constantly doing kindnesses, but he took care never to be imposed upon.

He always got what he wanted, and, perhaps, he did not need love,—certainly, none was offered him.

John Burleigh, with his highly-strung nervous system, with his keen, quick sympathies, shrank into himself whenever he met the Vicar.

Canon Feedman knew him as an earnest, diligent worker, failing here and again in system, sometimes unpunctual, and with a habit of preaching sermons which had an unusual ring in them. "Very true, quite true," the Vicar would say in the vestry; "but so strangely put. Could you not say the same things in language one could recognise?"

"I say what I have to say—as it comes to me," John would humbly remark.

"Just so," the Canon would reply; "but could you not say it like other men? Now, I should advise you to read a course of sermons, and notice the style. I will lend you a few."

John Burleigh read half through several so recommended, but would throw the volume weariedly down, and take up his worn Greek Testament instead; and there was he the following Sunday preaching "as strangely as ever." But the poor loved to listen.

They crowded the Mission Room of which he had the special charge, and even the little children would leave their play in the hot courts to run forward and seize hold of his coat or make their little curtsies right in front of "Mr. Bur'ey" as he passed their mother's doors. And sick folks sent for him, and listened to the long-neglected message of eternal love with glistening eyes; and many a one passed more bravely into death's cold waters, because to the very brink they clasped his hand.

(*Continued—page* 545.)

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF A GENTLEMAN GIPSY.

By Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Land Yacht 'Wanderer'; or, Thirteen Hundred Miles in my Caravan," etc., etc.

LEAF II. (*continued*).

THE meadow in which we lay was rich in wild flowers, for the summer drought had not yet come to scorch them up. So my little daughter and I spent a quiet and happy Sunday. Now and then, during the day, well-dressed children crowded round to gaze and wonder at the caravan. While on the road, the children one meets are a never-failing source of amusement and interest.

On this particular day we made the acquaintance of little Maggie May, who never before Saturday had seen aught save bricks and mortar, and the soot-begrimed stumps that grow in squares, and are called by courtesy, trees. Place children like Maggie down anywhere in the green country, when June leaves are on the trees, and the wild roses are beginning to blossom and go trailing over the hedges, when the sky-blue speedwell, the bright orange bird's-foot trefoil, and the scarlet pimpernel, adorn the sward, and daisies and buttercups are growing in the meadow-lands—and a new world is spread out before them.

Nothing delights country children more than to chaperon their wee town cousins, and to show them the wonders and the sights, feeling all the while just a little proud of their own superior knowledge, and a little pity for the ignorance of the city-bred bairnie.

Little Willie Wyatt and his sister had been taking Maggie for a ramble—I could tell this much from their talk as they were squatting beside the *Wanderer*—showing her woods and fields and the river, the great trees and splendid hedges, and birds' nests with blue eggs, and red spotted eggs, and eggs of darkest grey, and the great railway embankment, where the wild strawberries grew in abundance, and crowds upon crowds of starry ox-eyed daisies; to say nothing of horses and cows, the old mill-wheel and the smithy.

As she sat on the grass, there was a faint flush on Maggie's pale face, and a glad light in her eye; and she was laughing like a little daft thing, as Willie read her fortune with stalks of the seedling rye-grass.

"Now, Maggie," said Willie, "I'll tell you whom you'll marry."

And he began pulling seed after seed off, till he came to the last, giving a name to each: "Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich man, poor man, gentleman, plough-boy, 'pothecary, thief. Tinker, tailor." It was the last seed, and Willie roared, "Ha! ha! ha! you'll marry a tailor!"

And Maggie had to roll on the grass, to laugh at the very absurdity of the thing.

But Willie pulled another seedling grass.

"Let me see now," he said, "how you'll go to church," and he commenced pulling off the seeds as before. "A carriage and pair, a coach and four, a dog-cart, a barrow, a donkey's back." And so on over again, till the very last seed ended at "barrow."

"Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! Marry a tailor, and go to church in a barrow!"

Maggie did not laugh this time. It was getting serious, and tears stood in her blue eyes; so her cousin Willie hastened to tell her a story, and we who had been listening in the coupé retired to dine.

If the above proves anything, reader, it proves how easily one can be amused while on the road; and it proves also how light-hearted, how happy and healthy one must be, to *be* so easily amused.



"I came across a quaint village like my sketch—the name I forget."

LEAF III.

TO KNOWL HILL, MARLOW, BEACONSFIELD AND AMERSHAM—AN ADVENTURE IN A LANE—LOST IN THE WOODS.

". . . Lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking the way and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air."

IT was very early in June, 1886, when, after many short tours here, there, and everywhere about the country, I started on my usual long, summer gipsy-holiday.

My two horses, Captain Cornflower and Polly Pea-blossom, were champing their bits, impatient to paw the road, and looking as fresh as the daisies that starred the lawn. The coachman stood by their heads, reins in hand, ready to mount. Hurricane Bob, my Newfoundland, and faithful companion in all my journeyings, was already on board, and my valet was on ahead with the tricycle.

It only remained to bid my family adieu, for we would be gone as many months as it would take us to steam to Australia and back.

The coachman and myself have at last mounted the coupé, the village children give a farewell cheer, and away we rattle at seven knots an hour, heading up the Bath road, Maidenhead way.

There is a dull, leaden sky overhead, with "water-dogs" drifting about in it, and the breeze is so strong, that when we stop some time after to say good-bye to a friend we have met, the *Wanderer* rocks like a veritable yacht in a sea-way.

At Knowl Hill a real gipsy fair is on, and caravans, with tents, are spread all about the grass, the owners of which smile as we pass, and wave us good-bye kisses.

The road to Marlow is a rolling one, with some very steep places, but we do it in grand style, and find this charming Thames-side town is all *en gala*.

We are visited by many, stared at by hundreds, bait our horses at the Greyhound—a pleasant inn and kindly landlord—and trot on.

We do not know yet where we are going, and we do not care. That is the best of gipsying. We are as free as the wind that rocks us to sleep of a night. Care belongs to people who live in the world. We—my servants and I—are out of the world. So in this journey I shall do as I please, zig-zag about, or go straight on, as the whim takes me.

Oh, but troubles may come! Yes; but as long as horses and men are well, I can laugh at these.

Well, it is not long before we do get something to laugh at. We are near a village by the river-side, and want to rise away up over the hill, to the table-land above. We have been warned against Woburn Hill.

Here it commences to rain hard, and the trees become green-leaved shower-baths. A flicker of lightning now and then, and some determined rolls of thunder, do not tend to raise our spirits, nor improve the roads.

* * * *

Just at this moment a country lad came in sight, as he turned a sharp corner.

"I say, my boy, which is the way to Beaconsfield?"

"Through the village and straight up."

"But we want to avoid Woburn Hill. Isn't there another road?"

"I don't know no ways but up the lane."

"Can we do it easily, boy, think you?"

"Why, ye—es; t' old baker's pony does it easily."

So on we went. But once into that hilly lane, we were in a fix. It was too narrow to turn in. It was cruelly rutty, as rough as a river-bed, and closely over-hung by trees. It was, moreover, a good mile and a half long.

By the time we reached the top, after many stoppages, we were all dead tired, and the branches had smashed one carriage lamp to smithereens. We ought to have unshipped them, and took a memo of this fact.

We would gladly have stayed the night at the next inn, but the stabling was bad, so we got on to Beaconsfield, finding a civil landlord, and a good meadow in which to bivouac.

Both myself and valet, who sleeps in the after-cabin, were awakened by the cantrips of a Welsh pony about five o'clock, and as the morning was fine, we did not go to sleep again.

One's meadow-mates do disturb one's sleep at times.

We all felt thankful we had not come to grief in that awful lane, and determined to avoid such places in future, if possible. Suppose on that hill we had met a carriage coming down! There was no room to pass. Here is an experience of mine of the year before.

AN ADVENTURE IN A LANE.

During all our caravan rambles we have met with such kindness and hospitality, that it would be beyond my power, if I wished it ever so much, to recall even half a dozen instances of a reverse nature. I will let these, with one exception, slumber in the background of oblivion. Even this should rest with the others, but there was something quite comical in the adventure, and, moreover, it taught me a lesson which I am not going to forget.

I have located the lane in which the adventure took place in Nottinghamshire. But it is as well to say at once it was in quite a different part of the country, which, for fear of even seeming to hold any one up to ridicule, I must not name.

The day was very fine, a delightful, warm, dreamy wind was blowing, the sky above cloudy, with rifts of blue, from which the sun shone brightly down whenever a chance occurred. The lane was a long one, and a very narrow one, with somewhat high banks at each side, all ablaze with wild flowers.

"I must have some of those flowers," I said to my coachman, "but I trust no conveyance will enter the lane till we get clear of it."

"That is unlikely, sir, I should think," was the reply; "you see it is just one o'clock; farmer folks will be all at dinner, and the gentry having lunch."

"Well, pull up."

I soon had gathered a bouquet of wild flowers that, with artistic sorting, would make the *Wanderer* gay for a week or more.

On we went again, and were soon considerably more than half-way through the lane. There was still, however, a good half-mile to traverse.

"We'll soon get clear away," I said.

For once I had reckoned without my host, for the words were scarcely out of my mouth ere a four-wheeled dog-cart and pair appeared round the corner.

Here was a fix. And a very disagreeable one it seemed.

Both the caravan and dog-cart were pulled sharp up within forty yards of each other, and from the back part of the latter suddenly bobbed up a red and wrathful face, flanked by a clenched fist. The words, I daresay, were meant to be appalling, but they did not have that effect. In fact, from the very commencement, I was impressed by the humour of the incident more than anything else.

"What is the meaning of this obstruction?" roared the owner of the red face. "Back you go; clear the lane immediately with that show. D'ye hear me, you gipsy people?"

I got quietly, leisurely down, and advanced to the dog-cart.

"This is my card, sir," I said. "You will observe that you have made a slight mistake; I am neither a showman nor a gipsy, but a naval officer touring for health and pleasure."

He almost spat the words of his reply at me,—

"I don't care a farthing who you are. I am a magistrate of the county, sir; I order you back—back—back—back, sir; and if you refuse to go, I'll have the law on you, as sure as wheels are wheels."

"Now," I said, "let me speak. Your manner is extremely offensive, but I take no heed of it. I am a medical man, and I observe you are of an excitable, not to say apoplectic diathesis. If you will permit me, I shall return to the caravan, and bring you a dose of *bromide;* you may then be able to talk more calmly and rationally."

"I am a magistrate of the county, and going to a public meeting; and I order you back—back, sir, back."

He was getting purple in the face, and shook his fist in a most threatening manner.

"First and foremost," I replied, "I am a Scot, and Scotchmen never go back; secondly, it is impossible for me to back my carriage; thirdly, after the way you have talked, I would not do so if I could. I'm sorry for the public meeting, but beg to call your attention to this rule of the road,—when two traps, such as yours and mine, meet in a lane like this, it is the duty of the light one to back, and give place to the heavy."

"*You*, sir, for aught I know a strolling mountebank, order *me* to go back—*me*, a magistrate of the county?"

"Pardon me," I said, "Mr. Magistrate-of-the-County. I have not ordered you back; I have but suggested the propriety of your going back. You may go when it suits you. Time, sir, is no object with me; yonder is my house, or hotel-on-wheels. I'm going to economise the delay by having a comfortable dinner. If you do not choose to clear the lane, we will lie here for the night, or for a week if need be."

I bowed to the magnate, and retired.

The nose-bags were put on, and I settled myself quietly on the coupé, among the rugs, with "yesterday's newspaper." We were in a state of siege, it is true, but one that I felt sure must soon be raised.

Nor was I wrong. I daresay the magistrate of the county cooled down a little, for in less than twenty minutes the driver of the dog-cart, a quiet, inoffensive-looking man, and certainly more of a gentleman than his master, came up and touched his hat.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said; "you mustn't mind master; he does be a bit wrathy at times—touchy, you know."

"Has he sent an apology?" I inquired.

"Not he, sir; he'd sooner die than do that; but he sees the sense of going back. And if you'd let your servants help a bit, we'll take out the horses, and then lock round the trap. I think we can manage it."

"Delighted, I'm sure."

In ten minutes more the dog-cart was turned, and the siege was raised. Off came our nose-bags, and away we went next.

But on the wide road at the end of the lane we found the irascible magistrate standing up in his trap, and, with closed fist and purple face, declaiming at us with terrible vehemence. With the rattling of the caravan, however, I heard not a word he said; and it was probably just as well. Only, ever since then, when I come to a narrow lane that I must get up, I send on my valet and tricycle to the other end, to prevent any conveyance entering till we are fairly clear.

We were soon on the road, and passing through a delightfully well-wooded and fertile country. Five miles *would have* taken us to Amersham, but twice as many hardly did. Our evil star seemed still in the ascendant. We came to cross roads, which were not in my guide-book nor maps, and no intelligent individual was anywhere near to direct us.

I walked half a mile, or nearly so, to inquire of a man hoeing turnips; I had to walk back as wise as I went. The man was as deaf as a door-nail. Even deaf men can hoe turnips, but they cannot tell you the road.

So we bore away to the left, and got lost in the woods. But what bewitching woods they were—waving cloudlands of green, flooded with the melody of birds.

What cared we for being lost? Nothing. We reached Amersham in the afternoon.

Amersham is quaint and quiet, with queer old casement-windowed houses, many of them much out of the plumb, and a queer old court-house. There is no railway here to deafen one, and we could not get a daily paper. But Amersham is delightful nevertheless, nestling in a verdant hollow, among hills and woods.

We passed on through quite an enchanting country, a drowsy one evidently; and perhaps I fell asleep on the coupé, among my rugs, with Bob for a pillow, for the last entry in my log talks of "hedges houses high," of "rows of spruce trees and silken-leaved beeches, and showers of May blossoms, borne along on a breeze, and falling around us like snow-flakes."

If I did sleep, surely my dreams must have been happy ones, amidst such pleasant surroundings.

(*Continued—page* 549.)

THE MAN: OR HOLINESS IN LIVING.

By the Rev. J. Hiles Hitchens, D.D., F.S.Sc.,

Author of "*Ecce Veritas*," "The Young Men of Scripture," etc., etc.

WHEN the heathen physician, Galen, had finished his study of the anatomy of the human frame, it is said that he fell upon his knees and cried aloud: "Oh, the surpassing wisdom of the Creator! For this is the consummation of art, when a piece of mechanism is so exquisitely contrived, that, once set in motion, its functions shall be regular, constant, orderly, voluntary; that no conceivable power shall be wanted, and yet none wasted; that no link be missing, and yet not a thread in excess; that every joint be supplied of the fittest matter, made of the most proper strength and texture, and shaped in completest form; that the whole minister unceasingly to the necessities of the least, be self-nourishing, self-repairing, self-preserving, in subordination to the law of its building and the will of its Maker!"

Shakespeare was possessed of similar thoughts when he wrote, "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason; how infinite in faculties; in form and moving, how express and admirable!"

Another eminent writer has said: "*We* are the miracle of miracles—the great inscrutable mystery of God."

And Lord Herbert wrote: "Whoever considers the study of anatomy, I believe, will never be an atheist; the frame of man's body, and coherence of his parts being so strange and paradoxical, that I hold it to be the greatest miracle of nature."

In such a line we have, doubtless, found our thoughts working, when we have considered, for a moment, the wonderful structure of the human body. We cannot think of the circulation of the blood, the complicated network of nerves, conveying sensation and transmitting volition, the labyrinth of arteries, veins, and minute ducts, all ingeniously hidden "under a moulded structure of grace and beauty and proportion," and all expressing themselves "in the flexibility of the sculptured face, in the play of every eloquent feature, in the moving language of contracted brow, curling lip, and flashing eye," without feeling that man is a mysterious yet invaluable piece of Divine workmanship. We understand, then, and appreciate the answer of M. Boudon, an eminent French surgeon to Cardinal du Bois, then Prime Minister of France, when he was called to perform a serious operation upon the Cardinal.

Du Bois said, "You must not expect to treat me in the same rough manner you treat the poor wretches at your hospital." "My lord," replied the surgeon with great dignity, "every one of those miserable wretches, as your Eminence is pleased to call them, is a Prime Minister in my eyes."

But man is more than a marvellous piece of mechanism. He is a *rational being*. We each possess a mind capable of receiving impressions from external objects. These ideas, received by the senses, though innumerable and diversified, can exist in the mind without occasioning uneasiness by their multitude, or confusion by their variety. We can retain these many and multiform ideas for fifty or sixty years; we can compare them one with another; we can arrange and classify them; we can form new ideas and construct new theories from them. Full of eyes, our minds are endowed with the power to look before and behind, on things external and internal, and even so to introvert the gaze as to determine on the propriety of those very thoughts and desires. The mind has sovereign dominion over the body, can make the strong frame falter and fall, or convert the delicate flesh and nerve into an impregnable fortress.

Man is also a *responsible being*. The brute is guided by the teachings of instinct, but man has a conscience, a power God-given, and given to represent God and plead in God's stead. Man has a will able to choose that which the conscience commends, and shun that which it denounces. As a rational being, the Infinite One speaks to man in His Word, by His dealings, and through His Spirit; places before him invitations of fervent affection, and promises unparalleled; plies him with reasons why the overtures should be accepted and the promises trusted; and incessantly reminds him that, for all these things, God will call him to account, that there will come a solemn hour when the cherished secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, and He will judge the world.

Add to this, further, that man is an immortal being, that, "unlike the brute," when he dies he shall live again. The Divine Artificer has breathed into man a "living soul," an immortal guest which is not dependent for its life and power of action on its connection with the body—a soul with capacities of marvellous development and growth—a soul that, in a disembodied state, can live supremely young and happy. The wise man tells us that "the spirit of man goeth upward," and every man has within him the consciousness of a nature which requires immortality and yearns for a larger sphere and a grander scope.

We must also remember that man is a *redeemed* creature. The Almighty so fondly loved humanity, that when we had in Adam forsaken and forgotten Him, He sent His Son to tell us of His love to us, and His readiness to receive us once again; sent His Son to reveal His true character, to remove all hindrances to the sinner's return, and to impart all required assistance in our efforts to discharge our duty. To accomplish this great work, Divinity tabernacled in the flesh. Much as some men may depreciate flesh and blood, Christ robed Himself in it, lived thirty-three years in it, suffered in it, and then took it up to heaven itself, and, in a body like our own, sits this very moment at the right hand of the Father.

It is sad that a creature possessed of reason, a responsible, immortal, and redeemed being, should sink so low as man has done. There are men, alas! who knowingly fly counter to the direct intentions of the Creator, men who stoop to the vilest acts, and indulge in habits of the most revolting kind, men who go beneath the level of "the venomous snake, the poisonous toad, the fœtid vulture, or the prowling hyæna." Such creatures, hateful as they may be to us, *do* remain in their own natures, but licentious men, drunkards and libertines, go out of their natures, and surpass the very brute in villainy.

Hugh Miller has well put this point in his "Cruise of the *Betsy*." He says: "Some creatures are unquestionably used as scourges, but, perhaps, the less we mortals say about such animated pests, the better. They act up to their own organisation, but never beyond, whilst it is far otherwise with mankind. The serpent employs its poisoned fangs to procure food or avert peril, real or fancied; the jaguar uses its terrible incisors in the destruction of its prey; and the shark avails itself of its dental apparatus to assuage its appetite. But man must surely have become an immensely worse animal than his teeth show him to have been designed for; his teeth give no evidence regarding his real character. Of our racks and thumbscrews, our inquisitions and oubliettes, our noyades at Nantes, and our mitraillades at Lyons and Toulon, there is no prophetic intimation in our dentology." Yes, truly, man has become more vicious, more cruel, more blood-thirsty than he was ever intended to be. The records of our daily journals only serve to show how low man can sink—man who was made but a little lower than the angels.

But let us not forget, on the other hand, how high it is possible for man to rise. In *this life* the rebel creature may be renewed, and by the grace of God, and through the power of the Holy Ghost, become so transformed in feeling, aim, and affection, that he may sing with perfect truth and confidence:

"So nigh, so very nigh to God,
I cannot nearer be;
For in the person of His Son,
I am as near as He.

So dear, so very dear to God,
More dear I cannot be;
The love wherewith He loves His Son,
Such is His love to me."

And in the *other* life he may become the possessor of a perfect nature, the partaker of a perfect joy, the occupant of a perfect world, and the companion of a perfect God. In the other world the emancipated spirit will cast off all relics of sin, will imbibe felicity at the very fountain-head, and dwell in the house of the Lord for ever, receiving Heaven's choicest benedictions, and serving with untiring delight. All this blessedness and perfection is within the reach of every man. The guiltiest of Adam's sons may, through faith in the complete atonement of the Lord Jesus, enjoy this rich heritage, and eventually be possesor of all the perfection I have alluded to.

It is not enough that the head should be right if the heart be wrong, nor the heart right if the head be wrong. It is not enough that we be discreet in our choice of what we will see, if we are not cautious in what we say. It is not enough that we be temperate in what we eat and drink, if we are not equally vigilant in what we hear, think, and feel. Our walk before men may be admirable, whilst our actions in secret may be detestable. Wherefore "I beseech you, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto the Lord, which is your reasonable service."

SAVED.

Poem suitable for Recitation.

IT is only Tim the drunkard,—the rest are safe to-night,
Safe in the heart of home, safe in the warmth and light.
Only Tim the drunkard,—the boy that is old in shame,—
Who broke a father's heart, when he stained a righteous name.
Tim, the village curse — Tim, the neighbours' woe,
Out in the mountain-storm, out in the blinding snow!
Will *no one* go to find him? is there not one to care
That the lad must perish alone in the bleak, unpitying air?
Perhaps in their secret thoughts, some by the fireside cry,
"It is only Tim the drunkard! it were better that he should die.
What hath he ever wrought, save a world of untold fears,
What hath he ever brought, save an agony of tears?
Better he perished now, where the pure white snowdrifts roll,
Than add to his boyhood's crimes, and the guilt on his young lost soul!"
Why should they go to seek him, roaming far and wide?
Perhaps he is dead *already*, away on the mountain side;
Turned out to the tempest when his last poor coin was spent—
Wandering to the darkness! they know not *where* he went.
Children are fast asleep, birds hide deep in their nest;
Red lights one by one tell of home and rest.
Homesteads drop to slumber, every warm light dies,
Only the snow comes down, and the bitter wind outcries.

A woman with thin grey hair, and agèd feet unshod,
Is treading the stormy hills in the strength of the pitying God:
Only Tim the drunkard, only the widow's son,
The babe that lay at her breast, her poor, lost, wandering one,
Helpless, save but for *her!* her arms are weak and chill,
But the mighty mother-heart must seek, must save him still.
Oh, weary, naked feet, that many a mile have gone!
Cry they not out against him, as they faint and quiver on?
He stole her shoes for drink, he dragged her to disgrace,
But nothing smote his heart, save the love-light on her face.
Trembling she calls his name. As the winds go sweeping by,
Hears she not, as in childhood, a sobbing, slumberous sigh?
"Oh, wake my darling, wake; it is *death* to slumber here;
Thou canst not, shalt not perish whilst thy mother's lips are near."
He moves, he feels her hand, he reads the truth at last,
That his old, sick, trembling mother across the hills hath passed.
"I have brought thee food, beloved! look, here is bread for thee;
Rise up, my boy, my darling! come home, for love of *me*."

That was the *last* he heard; he started up to know
That the agèd face was sinking quietly to the snow,
He felt the cold limbs stiffen, he chafed her hands in vain,
But in the yearning task his own grew warm again.
Daylight found them there—*he* with tortured tread
Moving to and fro beside her still white bed—
She, at rest for ever, and the weary feet
Tended by the angels within the golden street!
And he seemed to hear her voice, across the hills she trod—
"More than a mother's love is the love of the Son of God!
A mother may forsake, a mother may forget,
But, oh! *remember*, child, the Saviour loves thee yet.
All other friends may tire, all other patience die,
But to thy load of sin Jesus the Lord draws nigh;
He opens tender arms, He shows the light above,
He is whispering, '*Come home!*' unto the Father's love."

Tim lifts up his face, up to the morning sky—
Only God can hear the young heart's anguished cry,
Only God can answer; He alone can see
The glorious work of grace in the blessed years to be.
He alone can tell, whose mercy rules the whole,
The use that He shall make of this one rescued soul;
For Tim, the *saved*, shall rise, and the grand good news begin—
That the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,
And at the last great day, 'mid songs of deathless joy,
The mother in fair heaven shall see her long-lost boy,
Shall see him passing in with a shining, star-set crown,
And leading *many*, *many*, at the Master's feet bow down.

MARGARET SCOTT HAYCRAFT.

ALMOST sweet is unsavoury; almost hot is lukewarm. Almost a Christian is like Micah, who thought himself a Christian because he had gotten a priest into his house. Almost a Christian is like the Ephraimites, who could not pronounce Shibboleth, but Sibboleth. Almost a Christian is like Ananias, who brought a part, but left a part behind. Almost a Christian is like Eli's sons, who polluted the sacrifices; like the barren fig-tree which Christ rebuked; like the virgins, who carried lamps without oil; like the willing-unwilling son, who said he would and then would not.

WE should carry up our affections to the mansions prepared for us above, where eternity is the measure, felicity the state, angels the company, the Lamb the light, and God the inheritance and portion of His people for ever.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

I THINK people can never have enough of religion, if they are to have any.

THOUGHTS should be suffered to come into our minds only as men are permitted to go into a garrison, who are first strictly examined, who they are, whence they came, and what is their business.

THERE is, I know not how, in the minds of men a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence, and this takes the deepest root and is most discoverable in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.

IF there's a Power above us
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
In all her works), He must delight in Virtue;
And that which He delights in must be happy.—*Addison.*

MEASURE not men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after. —*Fuller.*

IF I have seen further, it is by standing on the shoulders of giants.—*Sir Isaac Newton.*

IN the course of a long life I have observed that when people are getting religion they are full of self-abasement, and are ever ready to condemn themselves; but when they are losing it, or have lost it, they are often full of self-confidence, and find their pleasure in censuring and condemning other persons.—*Dr. Newton.*

MICROSCOPIC holiness is the perfection of excellence. If a life will bear examination in every hour of it, it is pure indeed. To live by the day and watch each step is the true pilgrimage method.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

RELIGION consists not in the doing of extraordinary things, but in the doing of common things extraordinarily well.

THE missionary contributions of Fiji last year were more than 20,000 dollars, and yet James Calver, who surprised them at their cannibal feast with the story of the Cross, is still living, hale and hearty.

AN AFTERNOON UP THE NILE.

By H. Major, B.A., B.Sc.,

Author of "Our Army," "Up the Nile," "In the Depths," etc., etc.



"We were now stretching the legs of our beasts in an afternoon trip across the desert. It was hot, very."

THERE is not much room for adventures in proceeding up the Nile in the earlier part of the journey from Cairo. The means of progression chosen by our party, however, made matters rather more interesting in our Nile boat than if we had partly performed the journey by rail, as is sometimes done by those short of time. But Egypt, of all countries, is not to be "*done*" at a jog-trot. It is the land of stately movement; of silent, slow progression; of the measured tread of the march of centuries—rather than of the go-ahead express rate of the "Flying Dutchman."

We had landed at Assouan, from the dahabieh, or river-boat, that had brought our party from Cairo; and we were now stretching the legs of our beasts in an afternoon trip across the desert between Assouan and the First Cataract. It was hot, very.

Cousin Elsie had been ordered to Egypt to recruit her health; and she was now as glowing and radiant as open air, exercise, and an omnivorous appetite could make her. Your humble servant, in the Scotch cap, had accompanied the party to prosecute Egyptian studies on behalf of the authorities of the British Museum. In the rear of us two skirmishers in front were my uncle, who had made the Nile tour before, and my aunt, who vowed she would never do so again.

We had felt that the latter part of our voyage up the Nile to Assouan had been flat, stale, and unprofitable. The banks on both sides of the great river were low and muddy; and even the islands, by which we slowly passed, seemed quite flat and uninteresting. But as soon as we had, this afternoon, mounted the backs of our steeds—by which, of course, I mean our asses—the exercise, and the freedom from the restraint of the boat, became exhilarating.

"I had half made up my mind in Alexandria and Cairo"—it was Elsie that was speaking—"that I would never ride on a donkey in Egypt again."

"Don't say donkey," I remonstrated; "the creature deserves a more significant title. 'Donkey!'—it would do for the sorry beast in England, but our Egyptian mounts are of a superior order."

"The creature is all right," resumed my cousin; "it is the accompaniment, in the shape of the *driver*, that is so objectionable in Egypt. He is all stick."

"The fellahs of Egypt have been so long ruled by the stick, as beasts of burden themselves, that I suppose a fellow-feeling makes them wondrous unkind," I remarked.

As we were proceeding on our way, we came across a small encampment of Egyptians. Egypt proper terminates at Assouan, which is the southern limit of the country; but the people themselves are still found in the neighbouring province of Nubia.

"What a contrast to Parisian styles!" I quietly remarked to Cousin Elsie, as we drew near a couple of types of modern Egyptians.

"More useful than ornamental," replied Elsie, criticizing their headgear. "But, you see, they feel no need of your abomination—the ubiquitous umbrella. Their headgear suffices to keep out the almost tropical rays of the sun. That is the correct expression, is it not?" she inquired, with an evident relish of the phrase, "tropical rays of the sun."

The women of Egypt have no very enviable lot. They are given away in marriage at so young an age that they can know nothing of household matters, or how to rear a young family. Moreover, the young bride rarely sees her intended husband before marriage, so that there is little opportunity of cultivating affections. Their secluded lot does not open up their minds; and it is very rarely indeed that an Egyptian woman is met with who can either read or write.

In all our experience in Egypt, we had universally found the women interesting and open to our approaches. They were by no means deficient in hospitality; and this afternoon's experience proved no exception to the rule. Though we were unaccompanied by our interpreter, whom we had left behind in the dahabieh, we soon fraternized—and *sisterized*, if I may coin a necessary word—with the Egyptian women before us. They presented us with water from the river, kept cool and refreshing in their porous earthenware vessels, and, in addition, offered us milk and cakes.

Aunt would not touch one of the latter, declaring she did not "like other folks' pastry," and "she liked to know what she was eating." But uncle was less squeamish, and gladdened the hearts of his hospitable entertainers by washing down cake after cake, by copious draughts of milk, out of shallow earthenware platters.

One great comfort the Egyptian women possess, which is not always enjoyed by their more refined sisters in England—their children are almost universally obedient, and subject to parental control.

Another blessing, quite as great, is the absence of drunkenness in their husbands. Coffee, water, and milk are the natural beverages; and the absence of intoxicating liquors shuts the wives clear off from fearful miseries felt in our own country.

We were invited into one of the better houses of the stray hamlet we had stumbled upon; and uncle gave us a brief description of the mode of life of our entertainers.

"These folks practise all their lives," he informed us, "the virtues of the proverb, 'Early to bed and early to rise'; though not many of them have a bed to do so with.

"The early breakfast," he continued, "consists of coffee, boiled beans, and a flat cake, such as that which your aunt so persistently refuses from our well-meaning hostess. The dinner at midday consists generally of rice, with a little butter, and occasionally meat. Supper is as frugal as dinner and breakfast; and a little sherbet is all the 'nightcap' they feel necessary to enable them to sleep soundly."

"These children of the desert appear at once primitive in their simplicity, oriental, and even Biblical, in their modes of life, and uncontaminated by some of the vices of our streets."

Whilst I was saying this, Cousin Elsie was dandling one of the half-clad progeny of the woman of the mud house we had entered. The child was brown as a berry, the glow of the Egyptian skies burnt into his bare legs, arms, and face.

Whilst the infant was being fondled, his august male parent—a perfect specimen of the Bedouin—was standing at the door of the mud tenement, glancing inside with a gravity that was as imposing as his presence.

We learned from uncle at a subsequent date that there are Bedouins and Bedouins.

There are more than half a million of them between the river Nile and the Red Sea alone. Most of them are as keen traders as the proverbial Jew, who was known even in ancient Rome by the pedlar's basket on his arm.

The Bedouins rarely cultivate the soil to any great extent. The people who do so are the Fellahs, or Fellaheen, constituting the native Egyptian *peasantry*. These spend long, laborious days raising water from the Nile by very primitive water-wheels, or by means of still more primitive buckets, swung from the end of long poles. These movable poles are balanced at the top of a vertical pillar, so that the bucket can dip into the river, and be raised at will.

But the Bedouins mostly depend on the produce of their flocks and date-palms. Nevertheless, some trade is carried on in exchange for western articles, such as calicoes, beads, etc.

But the tenants of our mud hovel had not spent much on Birmingham wares. They had perhaps adopted the saying, that nature when unadorned is adorned the best. They had not even the *yashmak*, or native veil, generally worn in lower Egypt in the presence of members of the opposite sex.

I must confess that I was most struck myself by the male head of the family; and so was Elsie, as she subsequently showed.

On taking our departure, uncle aired the little Egyptian that he could offer—and he did so with as much hesitation as a Cockney in *parlez vous* with a stray Frenchman. He merely wanted to say something agreeable, as he presented the woman who had entertained us with a few loose coins.

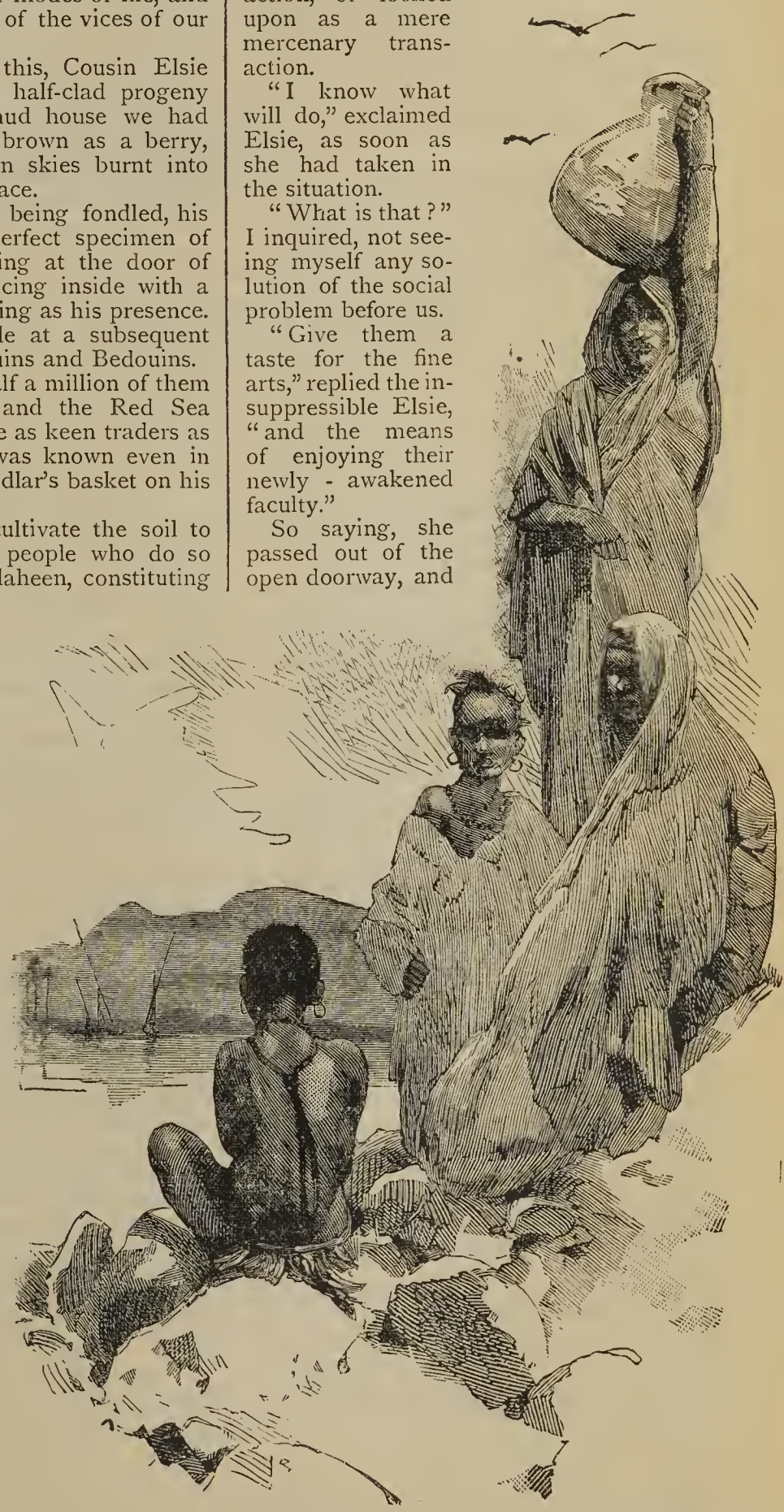
But these were refused with a good deal of native dignity. That intolerable nuisance of Lower Egypt, in the shape of *backsheesh*, or *gifts* from foreigners, had not yet penetrated this hospitable but remote region. The people before us still regarded hospitality as a sacred rite, not to be made an instrument of exaction, or looked upon as a mere mercenary transaction.

"I know what will do," exclaimed Elsie, as soon as she had taken in the situation.

"What is that?" I inquired, not seeing myself any solution of the social problem before us.

"Give them a taste for the fine arts," replied the insuppressible Elsie, "and the means of enjoying their newly-awakened faculty."

So saying, she passed out of the open doorway, and



"The group consisted of villagers coming down to the river for water for their household."

fetching her "artists' materials" from the pannier on the ass which had brought us hither, she proceeded to arrange herself, her instruments, and subject.

I thought uncle would have killed himself with laughing, as Elsie went up to the stately chief, and, to his amazement, "posed" him for a three-quarter's-face portrait. Aunt looked as if she were afraid that the Bedouin was a cannibal, all "savages," in her opinion, having a taste for man's flesh—and this being an unmistakable savage.

But the son of the desert was as imperturbable as a Red Indian, as soon as uncle, in a few words of the Bedouin's own language, explained to him that his daughter was about to draw a likeness.

While she was doing this, the women came out of the tent, and stood behind Elsie at her work. As her swift fingers sketched the outline of the splendid fellow before her, and they recognised the growing features, they clapped their hands, danced up and down on the sand, and in a hundred different ways expressed their admiration and delight.

He was a noble subject to sketch, and this is Elsie's presentation of him: Imagine that there stands before you, with left foot advanced, and right hand and arm majestically leaning upon a spear, a figure of five feet ten inches in height, and as sinewy and wiry as an athlete—not a superfluous ounce of fat about him! the sun and daily exercise have made the man all bone and muscle. His haughty, well-poised head was set erect on his shoulders, and was protected from the vertical rays of the sun by a turban, gracefully wrapped round it in several folds, passing under the chin, and falling at last from the left side of the head to the shoulder. His dark and fiery eyes lit up like coals of fire beneath his dark brow.

When Elsie's sketch was finished, she presented it, in a very pretty, artless manner, to the woman her instinct told her was the possessor of this splendid fellow before us.

I could not help smiling to myself as I watched the Bedouin, as he took the first glance at the picture of himself, thus sketched by a stranger. Nature prompted him to break out in expressions of wonder, as his wife had done. But art and training were stronger than nature, and he suppressed himself; making a dignified salaam to uncle, he found safety in retreat, and stalked off as if he had nothing to do with the portrait, or the portrait with him.

In making our way back to our asses, we took note of the native village through which we had to pass in doing so, and found it like nearly all Egyptian villages; in fact, the Land of the Pharaohs is eminently conservative in every respect. The houses, dress, pursuits, agricultural methods, food, native laws and customs, have changed but little since the time that the Jewish "fathers went down into Egypt."

The rude tenements before us were constructed out of Nile-mud, excellently adapted for the purpose of keeping out the heat and glare of the sun.

There appeared to be more dust, dirt, flies, and rags than other possessions in this village community. In addition, however, were to be seen a few stray goats, used for milking, some wretched-looking fowls, and a "wilderness" of children, apparently less tended than the fowls or goats.

Several of the houses were square, but most of them were rounded in shape, thatched with reeds brought from the neighbouring Nile and shaded by isolated palm-trees; the latter added a very graceful and redeeming feature to the scene.

The tenements were not arranged in any order, but there seemed everywhere to be the most admired confusion. The land was nationalized here, and every one seized just the spot he preferred. Between the detached houses were two plentiful heaps of rubbish, formed from the melting of native mud huts in the last year's flooding of the Nile. These were grand "play-grounds" for our infant school of young Egyptians. Here, with yelping curs, donkeys, fowls, and goats for play-mates, they were having a fine time, with no School Board officer keeping them in his eye.

Just outside of one of the mud hovels, but within the enclosure that marked it off as a special possession, two women were grinding at the mill, as in patriarchal times. Quickly from hand to hand, by means of the upright wooden projection in the upper mill-stone, they ground their corn, singing a native ditty as they did so.

After quitting the stray Egyptian hamlet, we retraced our way to the river. Our dahabieh, together with another river-boat that had accompanied us to Assouan all the way from Cairo, was tied to the bank in a reach made by a bend of the river. We could see both boats, though they were in the shade of the heights on the river bank, by their tall, sloping yards, as well as by three palm trees near which they had tied up for the night. These will be seen in the distance in our illustration. In the foreground was a group across which we stumbled, on turning a sharp corner of a defile leading to the water-side.

The group consisted of villagers coming down to the river for water for their household. One of these carried on her head the broad-based water vessel, so prevalent in the whole or fragmentary condition all over Egypt. Wherever the wandering encampment has been fixed and abandoned, broken potsherds are left as relics of the temporary resting-place. Our readers will find that the references to potsherds, or fragments of broken earthenware, are most frequent in the Bible; and they are so likewise as actual things in modern Egypt.

Indeed, nothing is so necessary in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is, except in the "river of Egypt," as this veritable blessing of a cup of cold water. The Egyptians have an exquisite name for the natural beverage of man: they call it the "gift of God"; and Scripture references to it, as the type of spiritual blessings, are never so well appreciated as by those who have travelled in the East. The land of Egypt depends absolutely upon the Nile for fertility. This is one-half of the meaning of the remarkable saying of Herodotus, the "father of history," who wrote largely on this country from his own observation, as well as from tradition. He calls Egypt the "gift of the Nile." As a rule, rain only falls for three or four days in the year, and there are no reservoirs or waterworks, as with us. The Nile is the natural drinking water, and the means of irrigation; wherever it can be applied to the land, there the date-palm and cultivated crops grow. Hence it was worshipped as a god.

"I was thinking," Elsie remarked to uncle, after a sufficient pause had elapsed for the quiet solemnity of the river scene to impress us, as it impressed her,—"I was thinking what would these poor native women have thought if our dear Saviour had conversed with them by the brink of the river, as He once did with the woman by the well. These have offered us, though perfect strangers, the water of the river freely; He would have as freely offered them the water of life; would they as readily have accepted it?"

I could see the tears rise in uncle's eyes as he gazed fondly for a moment on the thoughtful, placid face of his daughter; and I felt myself, that the touch of nature makes the whole world kin. These darkened faces, and perhaps darkened hearts, before us were brothers and sisters unconsciously revealing the needs they perhaps hardly felt, and certainly could not express.

On our way we were much surprised to come across symbols showing that a form of Christianity at one time prevailed in this district. We had, of course, seen abundant evidence on the way of the darkened superstitions and idolatry of ancient Egypt, in representations of idols and of idol worship.

But the symbols of a form of Christianity to which we refer, were long subsequent to these. Among them was the figure of the cross, palm-branches representing victory, and many other inscriptions less easy to interpret. These were carved out, or inscribed on the rocks and on the ruins of the ancient temples devoted to idolatry, and are due to colonies of monks, who retired to this secluded region soon after the Christian era. These monks have not left behind them a very good reputation for purity of faith; but appear to have been largely given up to superstition.

In our journey we met with one of the most striking evidences of the conservatism of the manners and customs of this stationary country.

Near the bank of the river, and in the midst of a small allotment of cultivated land, we saw a very rude erection, surmounted by an Egyptian lad of the fellah class. The latter was nearly naked, and was quite bronzed by the rays of the sun. The primitive platform upon which he was standing, consisted of four palm-tree stems as a support, fixed in the ground. These were tied together, and supported a rude platform of palm-stems, covered with branches or fronds of the same tree.

From this height above the level of the cultivated ground, as from a watch-tower, the lad was keeping off the birds that came down to prey upon the growing crops, by means of sling and stones.

The references to bird-life in ancient Egypt, found in the Bible, and still more in the pictures on their tombs and monuments, are very abundant. Our readers will remember the reference: "I had three white baskets on my head: and in the uppermost basket there was of all manner of bakemeats for Pharaoh; and *the birds did eat* them out of the basket upon my head" (Gen. 40. 16, 17).

In the British Museum the Egyptian monuments portray bird-fowling, waterfowl, decoy ducks, geese, etc. In addition, we find in modern Egypt, near or on the Nile, storks, cranes, pelicans, hawks, pigeons, herons, etc.

Lower down the river, in the neighbourhood of the "cities of the dead," we had also seen the mummies of the sacred Ibis of ancient Egypt.

We have already pointed out how dependent Egypt is for fertility upon the waters of the Nile. This was rendered strikingly evident on our way this afternoon, as we came across a fertile little patch of ground surrounded with arid sand. It was an artificial oasis in a dreary desert. There was not more than an acre of ground thus re-

deemed, and it lay close to the river. Evidently it belonged, except in its bare "prairie value," to a fellah, for it surrounded one of the usual mud-huts of the fellaheen.

The land was divided into small squares, each compartment being divided from its neighbouring squares by little ridges of sandy soil. The whole was supplied with water from the Nile, by means of a sluice, fed by the usual primitive water-wheel.

The water travelled along little courses, or water channels; and as we passed by, we perceived in what manner the irrigation was distributed. The fellah broke down one of the ridges with his foot, by pressing a toe against it. The water from the channel at once entered the small compartment and irrigated it.

This was the meaning of the Scriptural phrase, "watered with the foot"; and by this means we could readily understand how Egypt in the past and present could be made into a garden of herbs, for the cultivation of the leek, onion, garlic, cucumber, melon, etc.

It is in this way, too, as we had already perceived, that seed is distributed evenly on the soil. The husbandman "casts his bread upon the waters, and finds it after many days," by throwing his seed on the irrigated land, leaving the waters to settle, and carry with them the already sprouting seeds.

"For the land, whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, *where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs:* but the land, whither ye go to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven" (Deut. 11. 10, 11).

At almost every step of our progress in Egypt—not only this afternoon, but ever since we had landed at Alexandria—our thoughts were continually carried back from the present to the past by some striking persistence of the past into the present.

Meantime we were pursuing our devious path, with anticipation of a long, quiet evening in the dahabieh, as a recompense for our many labours this afternoon. I could perceive that Elsie flagged a little, and would decidedly have given up all hope of reaching the boat, had not uncle beguiled the way of its difficulties to her by holding in prospect an early arrival at the haven by the Nile where we would be.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE COMPETITION.

ELEMENTARY DIVISION.—£2 : 2 : 0 IN PRIZES.

Text-Book, "*Christian Evidences*,"

By the Most Reverend RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin.

QUESTIONS FOR COMPETITORS.

1. What answer would a merely professing Christian give for becoming so?
2. What reply would our Pagan forefathers probably have given to a similar question?
3. Discuss the question whether "it is the duty of each man to keep to the religion of his fathers, without seeking any proofs of its being true."
4. Show the importance and advantage of being able to give a REASON for our religious belief.
5. Show how the Christian religion differs, in the grounds on which it appeals for acceptance, from the religions of the Pagans.
6. Why is the conversion of those Pagans who first embraced Christianity to be regarded as a presumption of its truth?
7. What is the difference between FAITH and CREDULITY?
8. Show that we have abundant warrant for believing that the Old and New Testament Scriptures are trustworthy documents.
9. Why are the Old Testament Scriptures, in some respects, more instructive to us even than the persons who lived in the apostles' time?
10. What consideration must be taken into account, in forming a just estimate of the effect produced by the rise and progress of Christianity?
11. Say, briefly, what is the witness of prophecy to Christ.
12. Show, by a simple illustration, the strength of the argument from prophecy.
13. What led the early Christians, after a candid examination of the miracles which they saw, to conclude that they were not the work of evil spirits, but of God.
14. Show that "those who are unwilling to believe anything that is strange, cannot escape doing so by disbelieving the gospel."
15. What do you understand by a "miracle"?
16. What is in general meant by "supernatural"?
17. "There is a distinction" (with respect to miracles) "between our religion and all others, which is often overlooked." What is it?
18. What is the distinction betweeen INTERNAL and EXTERNAL evidences?
19. Name (only) some of the INTERNAL evidences of Christianity.
20. How does Archbishop Whately comment on the text, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine"?
21. Jesus and His disciples not only proclaimed no temporal kingdom, but even warned their followers to expect persecution. Why is this to be regarded as all the more remarkable?
22. How would mere men, seeking to propagate a new religion in whatever way they think best, view any departure from a strict moral life in the zealous among their followers?
23. What was the nature of the WANT felt by the Jews at the time when Christ appeared?
24. Why did the greater part of them reject Him?
25. Explain the distinction between the way in which Christ and Mohammed, respectively, gathered followers.
26. Do you consider it preferable to study first the objections that may be raised against Christianity, or the positive evidences in its favour?
27. Supposing you meet with objections to Christianity which you are unable to answer, show that your inability is not a sufficient reason for giving up your faith in Christianity.
28. How is the present position of the Jewish nation an evidence in favour of Christianity?
29. What is the right way of viewing objections against any statement or system?
30. What is the weightiest argument against unbelievers?

The above Questions have been supplied by the Christian Evidence Society, by whom the Examination of this Division has kindly been undertaken.

Full particulars, with Rules, will be found in our Number for June 9th.

CHAPTERS FROM NATURE'S STORY-BOOK.

By Professor Haddon,
Author of "An Introduction to the Study of Embryology."

CHAPTER VI.

THE TALE OF A TADPOLE.

TO pass from salt to fresh water does not seem a very great step, and save for the absence of a tide, there is not much visible difference between the sea and a large lake or inland sea, especially if we compare the latter with a practically tideless sea like the Mediterranean. There is, however, the greatest possible difference between the inhabitants of the sea and those of fresh



Fig. 1. *Common Frog* (*Rana temporaria*).

water ; not only is there less variety in fresh water, but the proportionate number of animals is vastly inferior. When animals belonging to the same group occur in fresh and salt water, they usually belong to different divisions of that group ; for example, the fresh water worms and snails are more nearly allied to the land forms than to their respective marine neighbours. Certain groups of animals only occur in either the sea or inland waters, but not in both ; thus the prickly-skinned animals, or *Echinodermata*, are purely marine, whereas the frog group (*Amphibia*) are equally confined to the land or fresh water. It is concerning the latter group that I wish now to speak.

We will suppose we have a frog in front of us, and we first examine it externally. The body is short and tailless, provided with two pairs of limbs and a large flat head, which is not set upon a neck. The skin is soft, damp, cold, and is quite naked, that is, it is not provided with a covering of scales, feathers, or hair. Supposing we were to give this brief and simple decription to a naturalist, he would at once inform us that it could only apply to frogs and toads.

The very wide, gaping mouth and the prominent eyes are features which every one has noticed ; less conspicuous are the nostrils near the end of the snout, and a patch of thin skin behind each eye. The front limbs are much shorter than the hind, and have four toes ; the hind limbs have five toes, and these only are webbed.

Having administered some chloroform to our frog, we shall be able to make out some more details. On opening the mouth, we see that the large tongue is not fastened behind, like ours, but it is attached in front and free behind. Thus the frog is able to throw its tongue forward for some distance in front of its head, and thereby to lick flies and other insects into its mouth. If you pass a bristle into one of the nostrils, it comes out through a hole in the front part of the roof of the mouth : the corresponding opening in us is at the back of the mouth. At the far end of the mouth is the large gullet, and in front of it, on the floor of the mouth, is the slit-like opening of the wind-pipe. On each side, at the back of the mouth, is a short, wide tube. By passing a bristle along it, you will find that it opens into a cavity lying beneath the round patch of skin behind the eye which we have just seen ; the latter is the drum of the frog's ear, and the tube is the internal ear passage, similar to that which is found in reptiles, birds, and mammals.

If we want to learn more about the frog, we must now dissect it. This is not difficult to accomplish. I do not intend to describe the anatomy of the frog, but merely to point out to you a few organs which you can readily find for yourselves, and about which I shall soon have something further to say. Suppose the dead frog is lying on its back ; by carefully cutting it open along the middle line of the under side, we shall experience no difficulty till we reach the breast-bone. This will have to be cut through with a strong pair of scissors. We thus practically discover that a frog has bones ; next carry the incision as far forward as the mouth, and turn back the skin on each side. If this has been successfully accomplished, you will have displayed most of the organs of a frog's body, and the larger viscera only require a little further dissection to enable you to make them out satisfactorily. Only one or two points at present interest us. The slit-like orifice at the back of the floor of the mouth opens into a short ringed tube, the wind-pipe, which divides posteriorly into the lungs. In a dead frog the lungs are dark and greatly contracted, but if you blow them out by means of a fine tube, you will see that when distended, they form large spongy sacs, covered with a fine network of blood-vessels.

Below the breast-bone is the heart ; from it arise, and into it enter, all the large blood-vessels of the body. The heart itself is composed of three chambers, two of which are known as auricles, and the third is the ventricle. The aërated blood from the lungs, and the impure blood from the body pass through the left and right auricles respectively into the single ventricle. There is a beautiful arrangement connected with the heart, which would take too long to describe, which, so to speak, sorts the blood, for, as we have just seen, the pure blood from the left auricle, and the impure blood from the right auricle both pass at the same time into the ventricle. The contrivance acts in such a manner that the pure blood is sent to the head, so that the delicate brain of sense organs are supplied with the best blood in the body. Mixed blood is distributed over the rest of the body, while the lungs only have impure blood, which they purify and return to the heart by the left auricle.

So much for the adult frog ; we must now seek to learn something about its larval history. Early in the spring, frogs deposit their spawn in fresh-water pools and ditches. The spawn has the appearance of lumps of colourless jelly full of beads, which are black above and white below. Each little bead is an egg. The egg segments and develops first into a blastula and later into a gastrula.

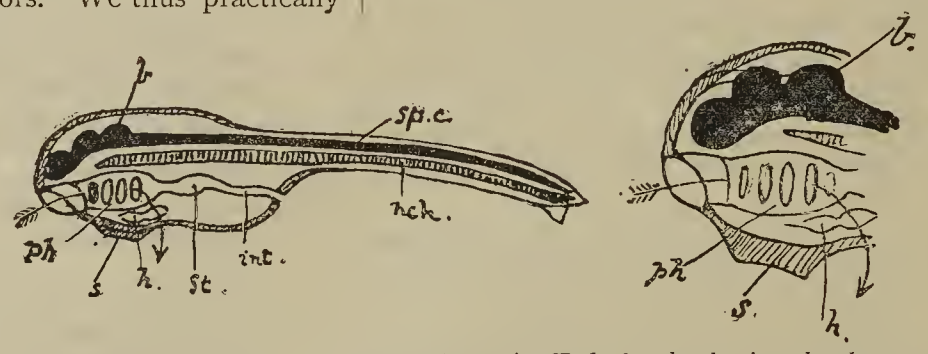


Fig. 2. *Diagram of Anatomy of Frog's Tadpole : b., brain ; h., heart ; int., intestine ; nch., notochord ; ph., pharynx with three complete gill slits on each side, and two incomplete gill slits, or rather pouches, the first of which will persist as the internal ear tube ; s., sucker ; sp. c., spinal cord ; st., stomach. The arrow indicates the direction of the current of water during breathing.*

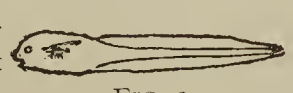


Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

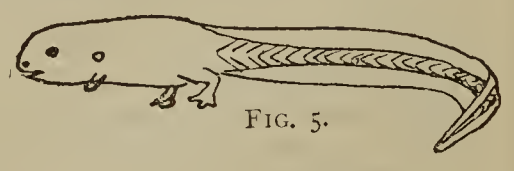


Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



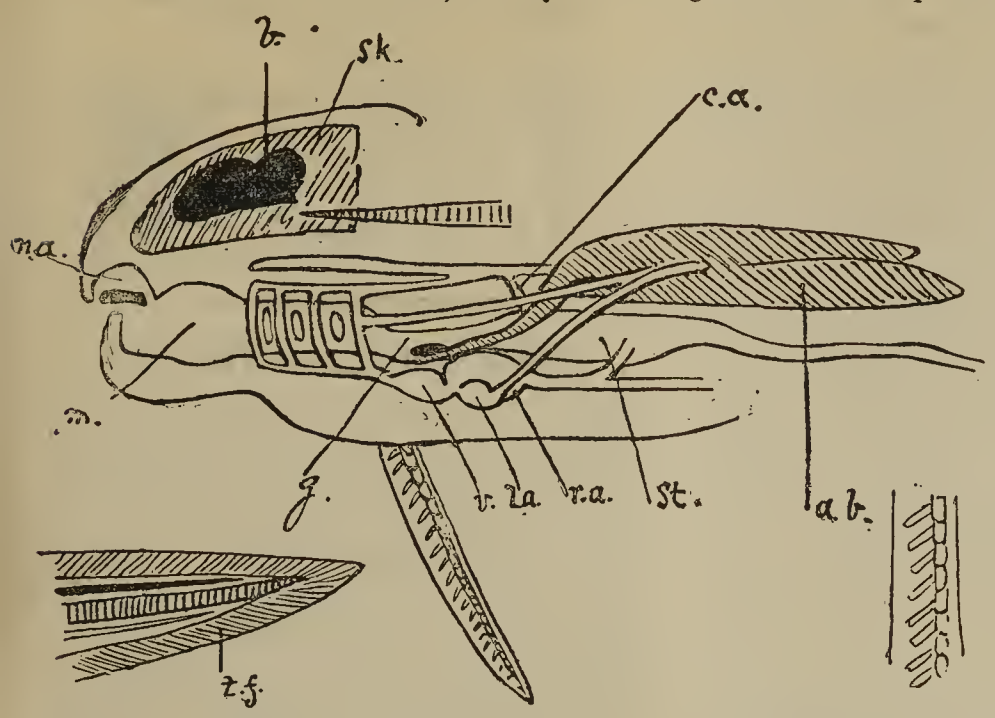
Fig. 8.



Fig. 3. *Newly hatched Frog's Tadpole. Fig.* 4. *Later Tadpole of Frog, with bud-like limbs. Fig.* 5. *Later stage, with better-developed limbs. Fig.* 6. *Later stage, with well-developed limbs and tail. Fig.* 7. *Larval frog, with tail in process of absorption. Fig.* 8. *Young Frog.*

We cannot here follow and describe the subsequent stages of development which immediately follow, but will pass on to the time when the little tadpole is just hatched.

By looking at the figure you will see that the tadpole is an elongated animal with a swimming tail. No limbs are present, the skin is naked and scaleless, the eyes are small, and there is a round sucking mouth, for at this time the tadpole feeds upon the jelly-like substance of the spawn. The throat is perforated by three gill-slits, and the animal breathes by means of gills. If you studied its internal structure, you would find that the heart has only two chambers, *i.e.*, a single auricle and a ventricle; the lungs have not yet appeared, the digestive canal is a straight tube, and the central skeleton of the body consists of a gelatinous rod, the notochord, which lies above the digestive canal and below the nervous system.



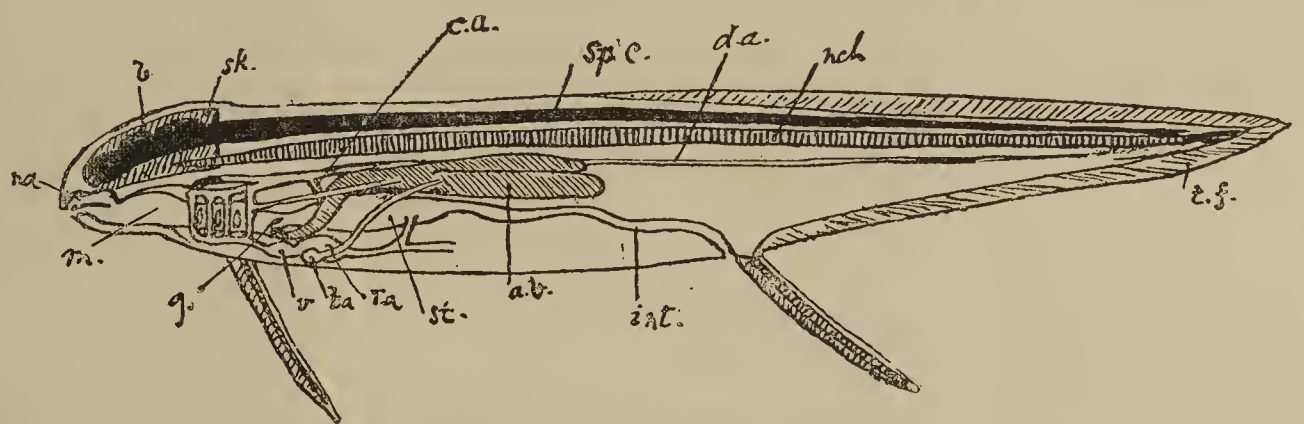


Fig. 9. *Diagram of anatomy of African Mud-fish* (*Protopterus annectens*): *a. b.*, *air bladder*; *b.*, *brain*; *c. a.*, *artery going to the stomach*; *d. a.*, *dorsal artery of body*; *g.*, *gullet*; *int.*, *intestine*; *l. a.*, *left auricle*; *m.*, *mouth*; *na.*, *nasal chamber*; *nch.*, *notochord*; *r. a.*, *right auricle*; *sp. c.*, *spinal cord*; *sk.*, *skull*; *st.*, *stomach*; *t. f.*, *tail fin*; *v.*, *ventricle*. (*The three upper figures give details of the respiratory apparatus, tail and limb respectively.*)

The tadpole grows bigger, and alters somewhat in form: the body being more rounded and the tail more marked, it is easy to see the notochord in the latter, the tail fin passing symmetrically round its end. As the animal assumes a vegetable diet, certain changes occur, which have reference to this alteration in its food. The jaws become more marked, and the gape of the mouth gradually extends further backward. Just as grass-eating animals have a very much longer digestive canal than flesh-eaters, so the intestine of the tadpole grows very long, and is coiled like a watch-spring. Soon the limbs sprout out as simple rod-like buds, and are not yet divided at their ends into toes. Although they all arise at the same time, the hind limbs appear to be the first developed, owing to the fact that the fore limbs are hidden by a fold of the skin. This fold of the skin arises in front of the gill-slits, and corresponds with the gill-cover, or operculum, of fishes. In the frog's tadpole, this fold grows right round the front part of the body, behind the mouth, enclosing it in a kind of sac, which has a single opening on the left side. The water which the tadpole breathes is taken in by the mouth, passes through the gill-slits into this pouch (the branchial cavity), and out through the single orifice. Small lungs are now being developed.

The limbs of the tadpole increase in size, especially the hinder pair, and toes are developed; the gills dwindle away, and the lungs are larger, and are beginning to be used for breathing. The tail is still very long.

A further development takes place along the lines just indicated; but the tail is now round, instead of flattened, and is much shorter. The eyes are becoming larger, and the gape of the mouth is much wider.

Lastly, the tail is absorbed, and a young frog hops about—the counterpart in all but size of its parent.

Having gained a knowledge of some facts respecting the development and metamorphosis of a frog's tadpole, and the structure of the adult, we must now seek to learn what is the significance of it all; and, in endeavouring to do this, we must have recourse to several different animals.

Let us commence with our first stage; that is, with a newly hatched tadpole. If you were to enumerate all the characters I have here mentioned, and to ask a zoologist to what adult animal they would apply, he would unhesitatingly reply that you were describing a lamprey! Of course there are many details in which a lamprey differs from a frog's tadpole; but the similarities are sufficiently strong to be almost startling.

A very curious fish, the mud-fish, is found in the fresh waters of tropical Africa, some branches of the Amazon, and in Southern Australia. The African and South American mud-fishes resemble one another far more closely than either does the Australian form. In order to appreciate the remarkable peculiarities of the mud-fish, it will be necessary to allude to some of the points in which they differ from all other fishes.

The mud-fish has a scaly skin, like other fishes, but its limbs are not true fins. They are long and narrow in the African, but paddle-shaped in the Australian forms; the fins are supported by gristly rods. The mud-fishes alone, amongst fishes, have external and internal nostrils. Gill-slits are present; but the animal can not only breathe water like a fish, but also air like a frog. Many fishes have an air-bladder, which serves to make their bodies more buoyant in the water. In the mud-fishes the air-bladder is spongy, and richly supplied with blood-vessels; and it communicates with the mouth by what is virtually a wind-pipe, the opening into the mouth being in the same position as the orifice of the wind-pipe in land animals.



Fig. 10. *Diagram of Newt* (*Triton cristatus*).

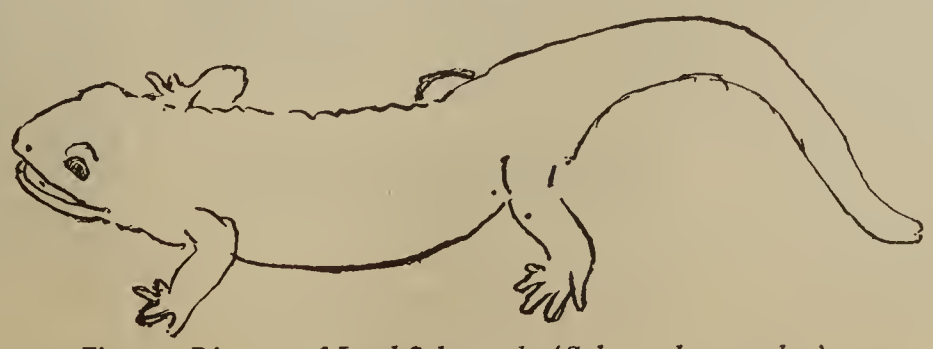


Fig. 11. *Diagram of Land Salamander* (*Salamandra maculosa*).

During the dry season, the water evaporates from many of the pools and streams, and the African mud-fish lives in a burrow in the dried mud till the rains come again. Consequently, this remarkable fish breathes as a fish during the wet season of the year, and as a land animal during the dry. In all other fishes, the blood-vessels of the air-bladder belong to the same system as those of the stomach; and, like the blood of the other viscera, the venous blood from the air-bladder passes through the liver on its way to the heart; but in the mud-fishes the air-bladder has its own system

of blood-vessels, and the blood which flows away from it is conveyed directly to the heart; and there is actually a small third chamber, or left auricle, to receive the blood. In this respect, the circulation of the mud-fish resembles that in the frog. In the mud-fishes, there is a gristly notochord, which extends right down to the tip of the tail. If you carefully compare all these characters with the description given of the frog's tad-pole in one stage, you will see that the latter passes through a stage which is perfectly comparable with the adult condition of the mud-fishes; the scaly skin is, however, one important difference. This stage removes us out of the group of fishes, and hereafter the larval frog is a true amphibian.

The common newts of our ponds are less highly developed amphibia than the frogs. They are air-breathers, for none of the English newts have gills when they are fully grown, although some of the North American forms retain theirs through life. The fore and hind limbs are nearly of an equal size, and a long, flat tail is always present. They thus represent a permanent condition of the frog's third stage.

In Europe, but not in Britain, a land newt, the spotted salamander, is found. In all essential points it resembles the water newts; but it is purely terrestrial in habit, and as it does not require its tail for swimming, that appendage, instead of being flat, has become round, a condition which the frog's tail assumes before it entirely disappears.

This is a very brief sketch of one of the most wonderful facts of natural history. Without referring at all to the earlier changes, we find that after it is hatched, the frog's tad-pole passes successively through stages, which can only be compared to the adult condition of a lamprey, mud-fish, newt, and salamander, before it eventually hops about as a frog. Every spring this story of development is croaked into ears that rarely stoop to listen to the wonderful tale.

THE PRIZE-FIGHTER'S CONVERSION.

A FACT.

DOES any one think that he is too bad to be saved? Know, then, that Jesus is "able to save to the uttermost those who come to God by Him" (Heb. 7. 25). To know your own need of a Saviour is *the only qualification* in God's sight, for "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

As an instance of this, let me tell you of one who took God at His word, and found it to be true.

There are those amongst the lowest classes of our land who find fighting more profitable than working. Of these prize-fighters, one of the cleverest and most eagerly sought for was a small but well-built man of extraordinary elasticity and strength, named G——. So popular was he in his "profession," that he was sent for all over the neighbourhood, and his profits during a successful fight frequently amounted to a considerable sum.

Upon the day on which a fight was advertised to take place, a large crowd of all classes would assemble, and, forming a ring round the combatants, would cheer and encourage their favourité, and endeavour to urge him on by large promises of rewards.

Such was G——, utterly godless; but his wife, who had been saved while attending the services held at a Medical Mission in the town where they resided, was continually praying for him. For some time, however, there was no change. One morning, early, as she was lying ill in bed, she heard him go out. The neighbours came in and told her that he was gone for two days. She felt sure that he had gone to a fight. The day was spent in prayer for him, asking the Lord particularly that He would be pleased to change him, and bring him back that night.

Nor was she disappointed, for in the middle of the night the door opened, and he suddenly appeared. She evinced no surprise, so great was her faith, but only quietly remarked, "I knew the Lord would bring you home to-night." He was in great distress of soul. Whilst engaged in the fight, conviction of sin had come upon him, and he suddenly realised that Satan had got hold of him, and held him firmly in his grasp. He could not continue fighting, and yet he could not rest. He had thrown up his earnings, and come home in the midst of the fight. For two days and nights he paced the room incessantly, without eating or drinking, in the greatest agony of soul. His sins were brought to his remembrance, and it seemed as if they were too black for forgiveness, and that there could never be any salvation for him. At the request of his wife he visited a godly man who lived in the next court, and who prayed earnestly with him, and pointed him to the Saviour of sinners. G—— was able at length to trust his Saviour, and returned home rejoicing in His love; and from that moment his whole life was changed.

He at once gave up all his old habits, companions, and occupations, and devoted himself to the service of the Lord, who "so loved him." His great wish, after his conversion, was to be able to read the Bible. To this end he attended a night school, and might be heard, when at home, diligently spelling words of two or more letters to his wife as he sat by her bedside. He made such rapid progress that he was soon able to read portions of the Testament, which were a great comfort to her. It was not long before he had to pass through the sorrow of losing his wife. She sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, leaving him to the care of his Heavenly Father.

He still continues steadfast in the faith, and a living monument of the saving grace of God, and of the keeping power of God's Holy Spirit.

And now, dear reader, what is it that has wrought the great change in this man? No earthly power could do it. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil." You cannot make yourself good: do not attempt it. No; but God can do it, as He did for G——. He invites you to come to Him. Jesus says: "Come unto Me, *all* ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
With welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come."

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC

IN OUR ISSUE FOR MAY 26TH.

INITIALS.—"Come unto Me."—Matt. 11. 28.
FINALS.—"I am the Door."—John 10. 9.

1. C USH I.—2 Sam. 18. 21.
2. O MEG A.—Rev. 1. 11.
3. M IRIA M.—Exod. 15. 20; Num. 26. 59.
4. E LIPHELE T.—1 Chron. 3. 5, 8.
5. U ZZIA H.—2 Chron. 26. 18, 19, 21.
6. N O E.—Matt. 24. 37.
7. T HREA D.—Josh. 2. 18, 19, 21; 6. 23, 25.
8. O N O.—Neh. 6. 1, 2, 3.
9. M ILL O.—2 Chron. 32. 1, 2, 5.
10. EBENEZE R.—1 Sam. 7. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

A. E.—Is it right to go to a church where the truth is not plainly preached, in compliance with the wish of an unconverted mother? Children are commanded to obey their parents in the Lord, and the circumstances must be very exceptional indeed which can free them from that command. Moreover, it is undesirable, as a rule, that young people should pronounce judgment on the spiritual condition of others, especially their parents. At the same time, there may be cases in which a judgment cannot help being formed, in all meekness and love, and this may be one of them. If so, I should say, Deal very tenderly with your mother. Try to win her to the full apprehension of the truth by the patient dutifulness of your life and conversation. Show Christ to her in deed as well as in word; and above all, pray earnestly for her, that the Holy Spirit may enlighten and guide her, and lead her in the way everlasting. As to going with her to a church "where the truth is not plainly preached," that is a serious question; but who is to decide? If downright error be taught there on matters necessary to salvation, then Prov. 19. 27 prescribes the remedy. But if it be merely an obscure or imperfect setting forth of the truth itself, then stay where you are, in obedience to your mother's wish; and pray for your minister, that God, by His Spirit, may teach him more and more, so that he might be better able to teach you.

Is it right for a total abstainer to take food containing alcohol? It is well for a total abstainer to avoid alcohol in every form. But if, as sometimes happens, an article of food contains a small quantity as one of its ingredients, it is better, I think, to ask no questions for conscience sake.

Is it possible for any one who has been converted to be lost? Christ's own words are emphatic on this point: "My sheep shall never perish," etc. But this, instead of being an excuse for carelessness or self-security, should be regarded as an incentive to faith and holiness of life.

Is it wrong for a Christian to be afraid to die? No, not wrong, but needless; for our times are in His hand, and He has promised to be with us in that solemn hour, should it come. Besides, the Lord may come first, and then "we shall not all sleep," etc.

Is it right, when at home with worldly people, to laugh and talk with them? Be as happy and cheerful at home as ever you can, for true piety is one of the brightest things in all the world, and the happy Christian is the one more likely to win souls and recommend the gospel.

Is it wrong to place a brass cross on the Communion Table? 1. It seems a plain violation of the spirit, if not of the letter of the second commandment, which expressly forbids the use of material representatives in the worship of God, or as aids thereto. 2. It also seems contrary to the spirit of our Lord's teaching in John 4. 24. A cross in such a position as supposed, must be the object of observation, and therefore tend to distract the mind of the worshipper by drawing it towards the emblem, rather than the one and only supreme object of all spiritual worship. 3. The experience of Christendom has proved, beyond all reasonable doubt, that the emblematic use of the cross in such a position in our churches leads on to the crucifix, as evidenced in St. Paul's, London; and that its use as an aid to worship has ever been followed by its adoration, *i.e.*, by idolatry. 4. The use of a plain brass cross on the Communion Table, or in connection therewith, has been declared illegal in the Church of England by the Final Court of Appeal (July 11th, 1876).

"Heartfelt."—Your suggestion has been noted; we are sorry we cannot put it into execution, at any rate not just yet. "—'A. 1.'— increases in interest each week"—what a pleasant ending to your letter!

W. G. Ellis.—Palm Sunday, or the Sunday before Easter, is so called from the branches of palm trees which the multitudes strewed in the way on the occasion of our Lord's triumphal entry into Jerusalem the first day of the week on which He suffered. Low Sunday, or the Sunday after Easter, derives its name from the fact that among the ancients some of the Easter solemnities were repeated on that day, whence it came to be regarded as a Festival, although of a *low* degree as compared with Easter itself. The Rogation days are the three days preceding the commemoration of our Lord's ascension, and are so named from the special prayers, called in Latin Rogations, which were then offered up with a view, originally, to avert impending dangers.

S. M. H.—The list of prize winners and of those commended in our *first* Spelling Chase, was published in our Number for March 10th. The prize list in connection with our *second* Spelling Chase will be found in our Number for June 9th.

INQUIRY.

E. F. A.—Can any one kindly inform me what will clean ivory?

GEORGE'S PLEDGE.

By B. M. Wemyss-Whittaker.

Part I.

"DO you think I am in the habit of taking too much, little Joey?"

"I don't think you're a drunkard, and perhaps you never will be one," replied Joey dubiously.

"Still you think there is a faint chance. Come, Joey, I don't call that kind; does my glass of sherry or port at dinner distress you?"

Joey recognised the bantering tone, and it made the little fellow all the more earnest; he leant one knee on his cousin's long outstretched legs, and knit his brows anxiously.

"Why are you a teetotaler, Joey?" George went on, leaning backward, watching him.

"Because, first of all, mother wished it; and then I notice among the poor people in the village, those who drink beer aren't the happiest, they don't seem able to stop in time, and you know Scripture says 'no drunkard shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.' So I made up my mind that it would be a good thing never to take beer nor wine, and when Mr. Russell started the Band of Hope, he said it would be a good example to the village children if I joined. So I did."

"That's all very well, and it was plucky of you doing it. But you are such a little fellow, Joey, no one thinks twice about you taking wine or not; small boys are not supposed to drink champagne and claret, and all the rest of it, and I daresay it encourages the poor children to stick to their pledge if they know the squire's son does. But—well, you see, I am different. I am not the squire's son, and I am not likely to be in the way of Band of Hope children. I should look out of it if I did not take a little, and I flatter myself I am not likely ever to take too much."

"Oh! but, George, you can't tell that for certain. Think of Louis Grange"—George winced a little—"and lots of other fellows. Even if *you* never did, your example might make some one else; and if it did not do that, you would be hindering drunkards in finding the way to heaven."

"But, my dear little man, suppose the doctor ordered it?"

"Has he?" asked the child. "You look very strong, George; I don't believe you would like me to tell every one you were weak, and took wine as a medicine. But I will tell Charles that now," he added thoughtfully."

"Tell Charles! tell the footman, Joey! Whatever are you dreaming of? I meant it in fun, of course; I am as well as you are. But why, above all, should Charles be told?"

"Well," said Joey, slipping right down on his cousin's knee, "I asked Charles to sign the pledge the other day, and he laughed for a long time and refused, but would not tell 'why'; then suddenly he remembered you, and said, 'If a gentleman like Mr. Murray were to see fit to turn a teetotaler, he might; but as he did not, he (Charles) thought he was quite as well able to take care of himself as you, George," said Joey, winding up his story in a hurry.

"What next?" asked George.

"Just think," said Joey, "you might get him out of temptation altogether; for father says he is much too fond of it, and he can't keep him if he goes on as he is doing."

Before George could answer, the child was flying to welcome his father and mother in the hall, on their return from a drive.

The young man knocked the end of his cigar off thoughtfully, and wondered why every one was so particularly anxious to make him join the Temperance cause.

"Bother it all!" he said to himself; "it's all very well for them down here in this little country place, where I've no doubt there is lots of drinking, and where the people are always ready to follow the squire's example. But in town, among my friends, in my club—" and he gave his shoulders an impatient shrug. "After all, what good can I do? It will not make any one else drink less, though I've no doubt some would be better if they did. What a goose I am to worry myself about it! and as to turning teetotaler because somebody's footman is a tippler, it's the greatest nonsense I ever heard. Joey's a charming little lad, but he will grow a perfect nuisance about the whole concern if they don't look out. No, no, my boy; don't go signing the pledge, it would not suit you at all." And so thinking, George shook his head with a smile, and taking up a book, began to read.

He was soon interrupted by Sir Robert coming in.

"What is the matter, Uncle Robert?" asked George, as the old gentleman walked to the fireplace with a very unusual frown on his brow.

"Matter! what is always the matter now-a-days — the servants," said he irritably. "Johnstone has just come to me with an everlasting long whine about Charles, who it seems has been drinking again, and has been impertinent in consequence. I would turn him out to-night bag and baggage, only I hate doing that sort of thing; it's only another way of sending 'em to the bad at once. No. I'll keep him this month; such a nice, civil young fellow as he is, too, when he can keep from drink, and his family, one or another of them, have been in our service for years; it's a thousand pities. I'd really like to toss the whole of the wine and spirits out of the house to-night, if it were not for the sake of being inhospitable. There, there, George; I did not mean it personally, I am not so bigoted as that, and I am afraid the fellow goes down to the public, and would do so on the sly, any way. Well, well; it is time to dress for dinner," he added, looking at his watch.

"Hang it all!" said George to himself as he was tying his tie, "I begin to feel a regular culprit. I wish that little chattering Joey had not gone talking about me to the footman and the footman to me; it's——"

But the gong sounded, and George ran down to dinner.

"It's a great pity this, Charles," said George to him, when he brought the whisky and soda-water into the smoking-room that evening, looking sullen and heavy-eyed. "A great pity you are not man enough to knock off this habit; and to lose a good master and place like this. Why don't you sign the pledge as Mr. Garnier wants you to, and turn over a new leaf?"

Charles smiled rather sneeringly, and with a meaning glance at the glasses, answered, that "what his betters couldn't do without, he saw no reason to deprive himself of; it hurt no one but himself."

"Impudent fellow!" muttered George angrily, when he had gone. "I've done my best for you, Joey. That comes of trying to reform your neighbour's footman—you get cheeked. Serves me right for interfering. No, my fine friend; you will not see me signing the pledge on your account."

Part II.

"George," shouted Joey, racing after his cousin over the lawn, which was thickly sprinkled with falling yellow leaves, "what a splendid day for shooting! I am coming, you know, and mean to have a shot, if you will let me. I can manage the little rook rifle all right, only the trigger is a trifle loose."

"You had better take care what you are about, Joey, my boy," said George teasingly. "It would be safer for you, I fancy, to stay at home and convert Charles (you've only a week more of his company, remember) than to shoot some of us, not to say yourself too. Little boys and ladies are a nuisance in coverts. I think Bands of Hope are more in their line."

George's voice had more of a sneer in it than Joey had ever experienced before. The little fellow coloured, and looking at his cousin rather sorrowfully, said, "All right; I won't be a bore," and ran off.

"How ill-tempered I am growing!" thought George. "Oh, well, I will take him under my care, and let him have a shot or two to make up this afternoon. Uncle Robert can let him come at luncheon time with the ladies."

* * * *

"Why don't they come with the luncheon"? said Sir Robert impatiently, as after a hard morning's sport they arrived at the place of rendezvous, and found no one there. The tired men waited rather wearily. "Why," he added, "there is the dog-cart with the luncheon baskets and Johnstone, none of the ladies. Nothing wrong, I hope?" he asked, as Johnstone, white as a letter he held in his hand, drew Sir Robert apart.

"Read that," he said huskily to George; then turning to his friends, he said,—

"My dear fellows, you must please forgive me hurrying off; but—I—I have had news which calls me home at once. Johnstone has the lunch here; make a good one, and don't think me inhospitable." And before any of them could make a remark, he and George were in the dog-cart driving home.

The two men never exchanged a word, though that short drive seemed miles. George read and re-read the note with burning eyes.

"Dear Robert,—Come home *at once*. Joey has had an accident.—Mary Garnier."

Not another word; it might mean anything, the worst or nothing. "Women are always alarmists," he thought; but he shuddered as he looked at his uncle's drawn, ashen face, and another face with wistful, dark eyes rose up before him and haunted him. "What a brute I was! poor little chap!" thought George with a stifled sob.

At the hall door they were met by the doctor.

"Is he——?" began Sir Robert.

"Alive, and wants you," answered Dr. Lawes, and he pointed to the library door. Sir Robert went in.

"And I, can't I see him?" asked George.

"You shall presently, but not too many at once," said the doctor. "A sad case, a very sad case, and all carelessness; poor Sir Robert and Lady Garnier to lose their last child."

George started. "Lose him? Is he dying? really dying, little Joey? How did it happen? what did it?"

"It seems," said Dr. Lawes, "that Joey was very anxious to go at lunch time to join the sport, and got Charles to go into the gun-room with him for a certain little rook rifle. It also seems that Charles was not over and above sober at the time, and that on Joey's asking him to load it for him, 'not to bother any one afterwards,' he said"—George groaned—"he, Charles, had not the sense to refuse, did so, and handed it to the child with the barrel pointed at him. Johnstone, who happened to be passing the door at the moment, rushed in; but before he could interfere, somehow it went off, and your poor little cousin received the charge in his side. There is no hope for him; he can only last a short time."

George covered his face with his hands. "My fault, all my abominable, selfish fault," he moaned; "and Charles, where is he?"

"Sober enough now, poor wretch!" said the doctor. "He is dazed, I think; any way he won't leave the other door to the library, and I have told James to keep near him."

"George."

It was his uncle calling him, so he went into the library, Dr. Lawes following.

Joey lay on a sofa, his head on his father's shoulder, and holding his mother's hand; his curly hair damp with coming death, making his large, dark eyes and small, white face darker and more delicate than ever. A light rug was thrown over his little form.

"I'm not a bit afraid of dying," said he faintly, "and it doesn't pain much now. Please kiss me, George, for I'll never bore you any more—and—don't be angry, George, dear, but you'll sign the pledge, won't you?" he continued, as his cousin knelt down and kissed his forehead.

George nodded, for he could not trust himself to speak.

"Thank you *so* much, for I know Charles won't unless you do; he said so. Father dear, promise me you won't be angry with Charles; it was that horrid drink made him careless; he'll be so—sorry—to have hurt me. It was the rifle's fault—too—the trigger is so loose; and," added the child more faintly, "do, George—please sign in my book—Charles knows where it is—ask him for it—*now*—please."

The tears were rolling down George's cheeks.

"Joey, my dear, dear little fellow, indeed I will; forgive me for not doing it before—and—little man, try and get well."

Outside the door George found Charles; he was too sad to speak sternly, and when he saw the white, horror-stricken man, he spoke kindly.

"My poor fellow," he said, "*he* wants you to fetch his pledge-book, for us both to sign in it. It has been partly my fault that this has ever happened; please God, we will both be better men in future."

"Bless you, sir, for those words," said Charles hoarsely, as he went for the book.

Joey was, if possible, still weaker and whiter when they came in again. He was feebly trying to stop his mother's tears, and was kissing her hands; outside the servants were sobbing audibly, but his father never moved or changed a feature.

A bright smile spread over the boy's face as his cousin showed him the pledge-book.

"There are lots of—names—in my—book," he whispered; "but—I shall—love—the page—with—you—two—on it—best. Please write—quickly—and say—the promise — out — loud."

It was with trembling fingers and broken voices the young men did as he desired.

"Now, Charles—you—kiss—me—too; we all—quite forgive you; you will—be a—good man—and—help others."

Charles, white as the little face before him, kissed the child's hands, and, bursting into tears, left the room.

"My dear little man," said George, "I promise you to look after Charles, and never, if I can help it, put temptation in any one's way again."

Joey smiled. There was silence in the room while the little life ebbed quickly away. Outside the bright autumn sun flooded the hills and garden, where the child would never shout and play again; flooded the room, where the angel of death already waited.

"It's getting very dark—and I'm sleepy," said Joey. Then with sudden strength: "Heaven is bright and lovely—you'll all come—all meet me there—don't be long—good-bye." And the child's spirit passed away—one more innocent life gathered to God.

One more victim to intemperance.

"Charles," said George later, "I am going abroad; I want you to be my servant. You must not be hurt at Sir Robert not bearing to see you; it is but natural. We have both much to learn, much to regret; we must live and work for God and others, as that child would have lived, and wished us to do."

And Charles, with tear-dimmed eyes and pale cheeks, answered, "Ay, sir; and with God's help so I will."

There is a tract which lies in its unpopulated seclusion remote from the region of civilisation—a mere village, or straggling collection of houses, called by courtesy a Frontier Town.

It was here that George found a home, farming a large tract of land, and trying by industry to live down the bitter memories of the past which would arise.

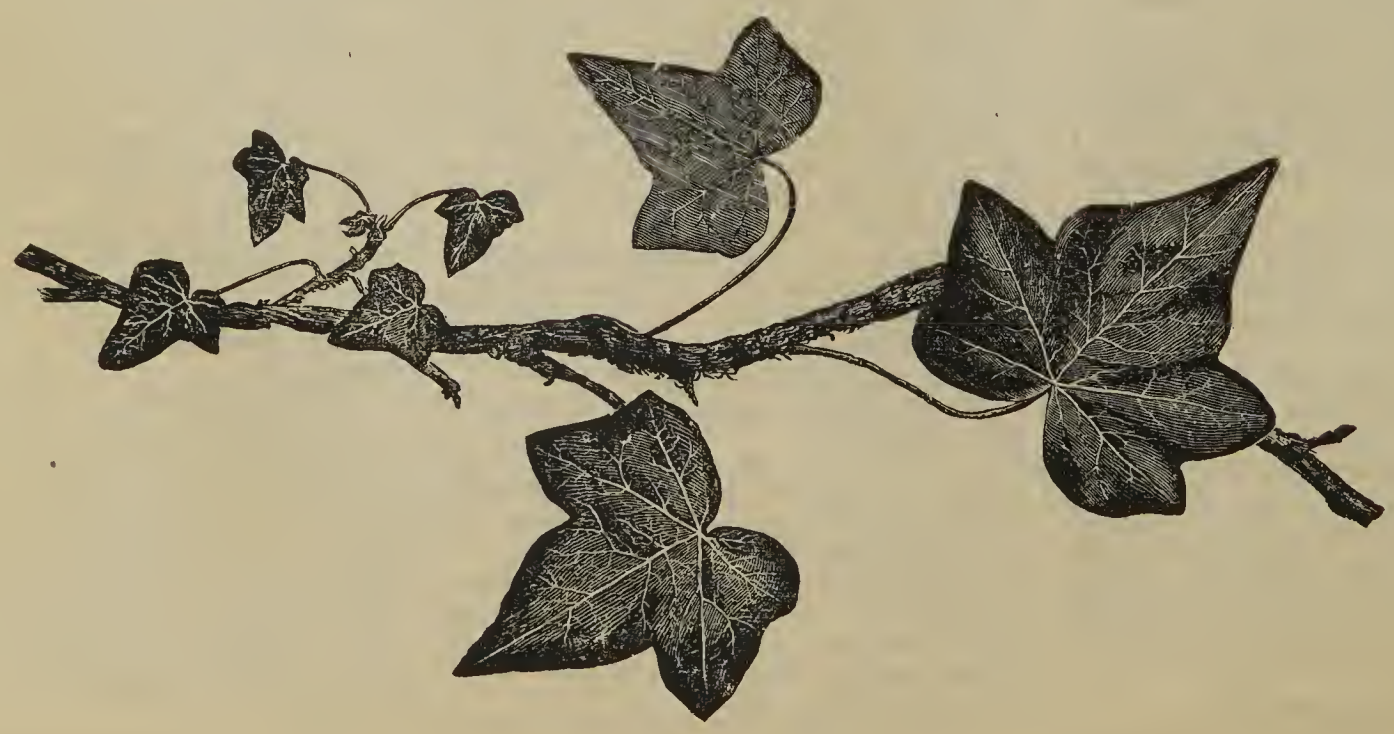
A year later the news of the discovery of gold in the immediate vicinity became noised abroad, and as if by magic, saloons, houses, and shops sprang up. Thither flocked the waifs and strays of humanity.

It is night, and in the serene beauty of the cloudless moonlight, George thinks over all the past, and wonders dimly if he ought not to return and strive to do some more active good in the world. As he ponders, faint on the night breeze comes the coarse merriment of the carousers with which the town abounds. And then, as in a flash, the knowledge came to him that here, close at hand, was a work that might not be deemed inglorious.

Years have passed: the straggling frontier town is now a thriving centre of industry, but its chief boast is its immunity from drinking and gambling saloons.

Therefore Joey's short life was not without fruits, and George's pledge was one of them.

A mist rises before his eyes, even now, whenever he reads or hears the words—"A little child shall lead them."



MAD JOHN BURLEIGH:

A STORY OF HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT,

Author of "Her Two Sons," "Eric Olsson's Minde Ring," "Drifted,"

"Little Rainbow," "Corbiestanes,"

"Our Navvies," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

PASSING THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

HE would have been very happy in his work, but one thing was a constant source of pain and apprehension to John Burleigh. The streets of his district were crowded together, and the free current of air obstructed by high factories. Houses were built facing both ways, so that, say, neither back Canal Street, nor front Canal Street, had any back doors. A draught through was thus an impossibility. Those were not the days of sanitary arrangements. The drainage was bad, the water impure.

"Few years pass without epidemics, and periodically fever or small-pox break out, and hundreds die."

Mr. Tozer early confided this information to Mr. Burleigh, and as he made the remark in the Canon's style, it was evidently a quotation.

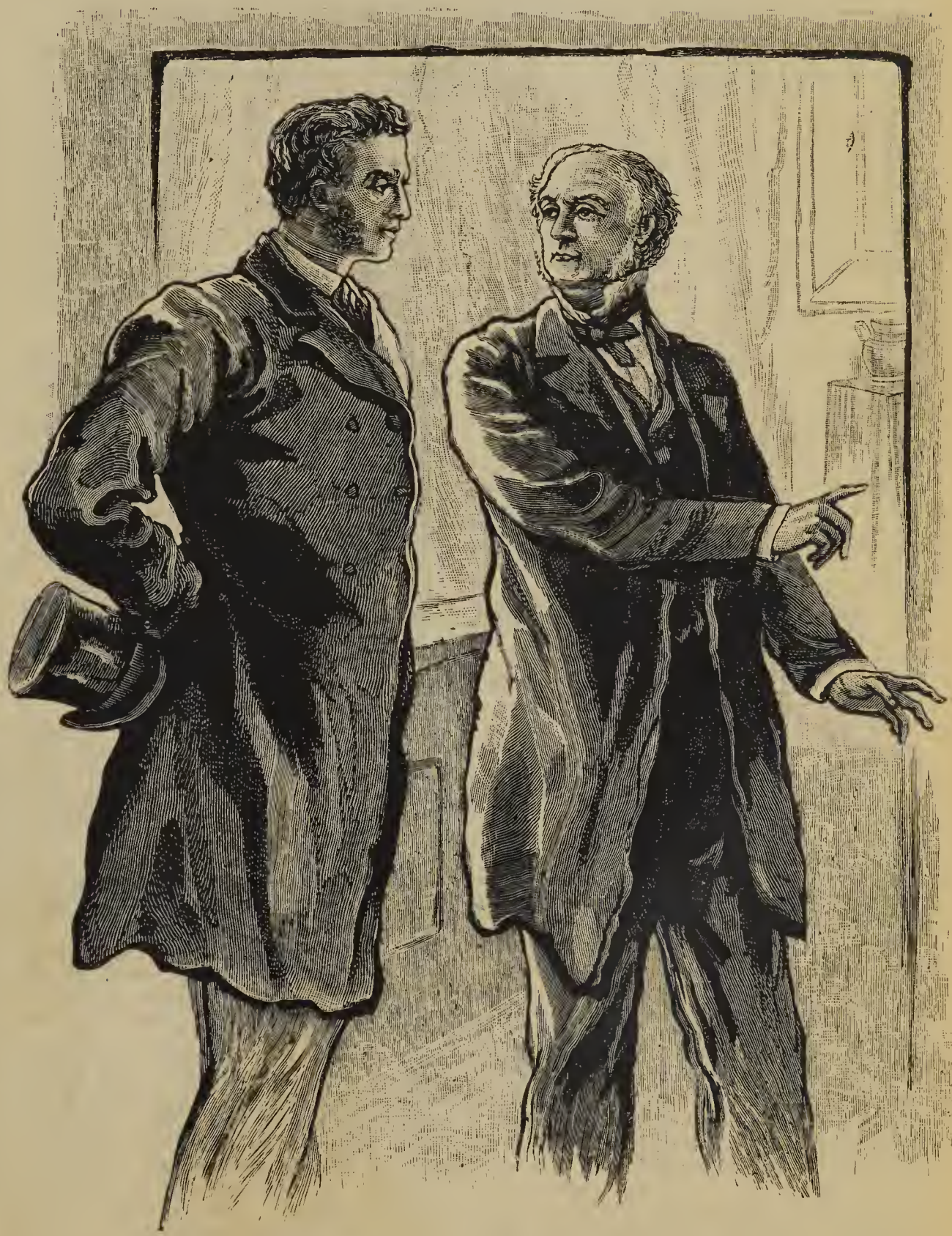
"And is nothing done?"

"Well, what *can* be done? As the Vicar says, the people could easily take preventive measures, but then they won't. The Vicar has had health lectures; ladies and people from the good streets and squares came, but not a dozen poor people.

John could not forget the warning. He went about, almost unconsciously noting every dirty heap of cabbage leaves and decaying bones the hens were scratching up. He saw the ash-pits crushed against the dwellings, and though mostly the interiors of the houses were clean, yet the utter want of ventilation and the foul smells everywhere, spoke to him constantly in threatening tones. He did what he could. As he sat by the cottage fires, he spoke of open windows, and showed the men how to make filters. He lent about simple books on sanitary measures. Here and there an intelligent workman was won to his way of thinking. But circumstances, and the long-formed habits of their class—their dread of ventilation and ignorance of baths, were against them. And Mr. Burleigh they thought fanciful—"A real gentleman, but some very high notions; he's *there* and we're *here*," said the mother of a dozen children to a neighbour.

"You're right there," returned her friend. 'I should like to see what he would do with four rooms one atop of another, and none of 'em big enough to swing a cat in. I'm sure, when all our eight are in, I don't know how to turn."

"Nor me either," said the first speaker.



"'*Well,*' *said his senior,* '*my strongest argument is lying upstairs, and you have just faced it. Good-bye.*'"

And then the women gossiped on other subjects, and thought no more of Mr. Burleigh's warnings.

But the more his parishioners turned an unheeding ear to his prophecies, the more the subject weighed on the Curate's heart.

At last this shadow of coming evil became a morbid, haunting dread to the young clergyman. He started at night awake, and the first thought which rushed into his mind was the question, "How would it come?" There were so many forms of illness—scarlet fever, small pox, typhus fever, and last, that dreaded scourge, diphtheria. Any one of these would work wild havoc in those crowded streets on the bank of the indigo-coloured canal.

It might be prevented; it must! John Burleigh spoke to his Vicar and to some of the richer parishioners of St. Andrew's. He was listened to, and for a time he was comforted, hoping that something effective would be done. But he soon learned that the pressure of more immediate wants, caused his words to be forgotten. He interviewed the Mayor from time to time, and a single evil would be remedied, but as a whole, things were allowed to remain *in statu quo*.

So John Burleigh, feeling he bored people, ceased to speak. If he had been more thick-skinned, he might have continued to push and worry, but this was not possible to so purely strong a nature. The dread of the coming pestilence was ever with him, and oppressed his spirits and made his heart ache. The secret fire was consuming his energies.

John had entered on his curacy at Christmas. The following summer was singularly cold and wet, the hay and corn harvests were ruined; a bleak winter was succeeded by another cold, miserable summer, and the Curate of St. Andrew's at Benford almost rejoiced as, day after day, he noticed the steady downpour. Mr. Smithies, who loved sunshine, complained pitiably; but as John Burleigh marched about under his streaming umbrella, he felt happy, for the gutters were full of rain-water, and as he strode across them, he said cheerfully to his companion, "but think how the drains are being cleansed."

"I never knew such a fellow. You dream, I believe, of drains. If something did come, we could only do our best and ask God to help us."

"Ah!" said John, with an impatient sigh, "that is not doing the will of the Father; we are *not* doing our utmost with His talents."

"What a strange man you are," was all Mr. Smithies had power to utter, and John henceforth kept silence even to him; but the constant dread of the coming evil was wearing his strength out.

The third summer came. It succeeded a hard winter, in which, as trade was "slack," there had been much privation and suffering. The Canon's soup kitchens were crowded, and many others who never came there, pawned their warm clothes and the blankets off their beds, and sold every article of furniture which "did not show," and "demured" at home unmurmuringly. Somehow John Burleigh knew more of such cases than all the other three clergymen together. He never mentioned them, but all his public subscriptions were withdrawn without any reason being assigned, and for the first time in his life he had not a spare half-crown. The winter was succeeded by a spring and summer at which the farmers rejoiced. Mr. Smithies, too, revelled in the perpetual sunshine. The clerical holidays were arranged on system, as everything else. The Canon chose his month, and then notified to his curates which three weeks each they might have. Of course Mr. Tozer had his first. He returned at the end of June.

"Burleigh will have July, and I must wait till August," said Mr. Smithies ruefully.

He was delighted when his fellow-curate said that evening,—

"Suppose, Smithies, we change holidays, and you go now."

He eagerly accepted the offer, and never even thought of asking why it had been made, and John Burleigh gave no explanation. His secret terror had been growing stronger during the last six baking hot weeks. He had felt the awful shadow of death stealing over the city. He could hear the flutter of its dark wings hovering above the crowded courts and dense alleys of his district. He read in the papers that the city reservoirs, unequal to the supply in ordinary seasons, were nearly dry. Then the water supply was reduced. For two hours a day, water might be drawn at the street taps, but inside the cottages, it was cut off entirely. The Town Council blamed the incapacity of its engineer, who had planned, at enormous cost, a series of reservoirs fed by no constant stream. The engineer dare not retaliate, or he would have lost a lucrative place; but he spoke smooth things, and brought forward the idea of another enormous reservoir, to be completed in six years' time, which would be fed properly. His friends backed his scheme up, and so there raged an exciting war of words in the Council chamber, and in the newspapers. And in the meantime nothing practical was done. Dirt increased, and foul smells abounded.

One day John Burleigh was hastening down front Canal Street to a Mothers' Meeting in his Mission Room. A woman ran out of one of the houses; he recognised her as the mother of the dozen children.

She cried, "Do come in, sir. I can't think what's up wi' my Sammy—him in your choir, sir; he was badly all yesterday, so I kept him at home from t' Mill, but he's worse today; his throat's ever so bad, and now he's off his head."

Into the chamber, stuffed up with two large beds, the curate went. He turned pale as he looked down on the little factory boy.

"So it has come at last," he said under his breath, and aloud—"I will go for the doctor. Sammy has diphtheria."

So the battle began with a twelve-year-old Mill boy. The fell disease spread with awful rapidity. It passed along the banks of the canal, and then spread on every side. The infection seemed incredible. Day and night the curate passed from one sick bed to another. By May this Christ-like man, in single hand-to-hand conflict, struggled with the foe, and praying all the time to the Master, Who was watching the battle, held the demon at bay. At first John Burleigh was alone, but presently the people overcame the first fear of this unknown plague, and a knot of working-men gathered round him, and each day the band increased.

They passed from house to house, from street to court, whitewashing the dwellings, clearing away the impurities, flooding the drains, and nursing the sick as best they could. John Burleigh knew that the segregation of the sick, was the only true method of cutting off contagion, and of that there seemed no hope. All he could do was to stick to his post, and keep up the courage of his assistants.

Canon Feedman was busy, forcing the Corporation to pump up into one of their reservoirs, at a great expense, an abundance of comparatively pure water from a distant country river, and to open a large temporary hospital. The Council grumbled, and fought stoutly against the increase to the rates. He succeeded, as usual; but weeks had gone past before the hospital was ready, and in the meantime John Burleigh, in the worst district of the city, was teaching people to help themselves, and showing them that Christ Himself lives in the hearts of His servants.

Passing by the prosperous well-to-do citizens in their houses in the high situated squares and open suburbs of the town, the demon of diphtheria chose for his victims the privation-pinched inhabitants of the low-lying districts. He prowled hungrily around their poor homes, and, entering unbidden, struck one and another down, careless whether his prey was the bread-winner or the toiling mother, the baby in arms or the young man, the hope and prop of the house; but careful not to approach the old, the feeble, or the useless. In every street and alley was an exceeding bitter cry rising from desolated hearths. In each saddened home was the curate seen, and wherever he appeared, he brought with him comfort and help.

With a pale face and quivering mouth, but with those resolute eyes of his ablaze with sleeplessness and determination, he could be seen at all hours of the day and night at his work, encouraging his helpers, cheering the desponding, comforting the desolated, and drafting off the children and convalescents to a country hospital, or rather home, which Canon Feedman had hastily arranged. The bell of his Mission-room was heard clanging at the stated times of service, but he was no more seen at the parish church. And in the Mission-room, his people, self-occupied by anxiety and sorrow as they were, noticed daily how wan and tired the parson looked.

"He's wearing out," said Mark Thompson, one of his working-men helpers, to the parish doctor.

"Yes, he's killing himself; but he won't die so long as he's wanted," returned that practical person.

And he did not.

For nearly a month John Burleigh fought the fever with no outside assistance. All his helpers were from his own poor district. A frightful month it was. The heat was unbearable, and turned the dye-stained canal and polluted river into streams of poison, filling the atmosphere with disease germs. At last, Canon Feedman got the corporation to move. He quickened their tardy action by pointing out that the diphtheria, which had first spread through all the poor districts in the city, had now stealthily crept uphill and invaded the better squares and streets; the foe was at the Councillors' own thresholds. So action was taken. Water and disinfectants became plentiful, a great fever hospital was opened, and the sick were at last segregated. Infected clothes and bedding were destroyed. Another three weeks passed, during which much was done to stop the progress of the plague. And then the earnest prayer for rain, put daily up in the parish church and the Mission-rooms, was answered. One thunder-storm followed another in rapid succession. The air was cleared, the rain descended in floods. The turbid waters of the canal were stirred to swift motion, and brought with their muddy waves the scent of the moorland peat.

God had said to the destroying angel, "Stay now thy hand."

They held a thanksgiving service in the

Canal District Mission Room. It was crowded to overflowing, but many faces wore tears as well as smiles; and though they carried nosegays of flowers, most of the worshippers were clothed in mourning.

The service was very simple—some hymns and the sacramental service. Few stayed away that day from the blessed feast. Mothers weeping for their children, husbands whose motherless boys and girls were about them, widows bent with grief unutterable, mingled with others whose hearts were brim full of gratitude, as they looked around on the members of an unbroken family band. They thronged to the railings, on the other side of which John Burleigh stood, with the memorials of that unutterable dying love in his hands, and the words, "Given for you," "Shed for you," upon his lips. And as they knelt there, John Burleigh's heart was as full as theirs, of the memory of beloved missed faces. They had heard that remembrance in his voice as he had said, "With all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious name." And now they saw it in his face, as, after returning from that communion with Christ—with their absent ones and with each other—they saw him stand before them on the step where they had just knelt. His face was almost as pallid as his white surplice.

"My people," he said, "I want to speak to you upon these words, 'The fellowship of His sufferings.' Brothers, we have been learning that lesson. We are *members* of Christ. He became man—true man—that we might share His life, as well as that we might be saved by His death. We are one with Him."

Then they heard his voice fail, and the next words, even those nearest to him could not catch. He swayed backwards. A man sprang forward, and Luke Sugden, the warden, caught him, as he fell a limp mass of whiteness, fainting on the chancel floor; and that was the last time that John Burleigh was seen as a clergyman by his people. He had not taken diphtheria. He was simply sinking from exhaustion, and a kind of low fever. His physician declared his would have been an easier task, had there been a definite disease to encounter. As it was, there was nothing to take hold of, nothing to grapple with; only this terrible weakness, which no medicine touched—this sinking down.

"We have no leverage. There is no resisting power left in him."

Another physician had been called in to a consultation, and his own grey-haired physician made the remark sadly, as he looked into the younger and keen face of his colleague,—

"No, all the vital force he possessed, Mr. Burleigh has been using up lavishly for those poor people down by Canal Road. No mortal could stand such a strain, and not suffer,—least of all, a man of such a nervous temperament."

"Great folly! Perfect madness!"

"Ah!" replied the older man, "it strikes me that, though we may think such expenditure 'great folly,' there are eyes before which it looks a different matter. Mr. Burleigh said in one of his sermons, I remember, God had a right to the principal, as well as the interest, of our possessions; only we, as stewards, were left free to determine where and when the one or the other was to be spent. I suppose he thought—if, that is, he thought at all about it—that he would seldom have the chance of being so extravagant again."

"Well! I still say it was folly."

"Maybe. But come, now! Confess, such faith is in itself a noble thing. Christianity is not of *here*, or of *to-day*, if it makes a man act as Burleigh has done this last six weeks. There must be more than abstract truth. There must be life—vital force—in it. Eh?"

The younger physician shook his head and smiled. He was an Agnostic.

"I see, P——, you want to entrap me into an argument again. I really have not time for one to-day."

"Well," said his senior, "my strongest argument is lying upstairs, and you have just faced it. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said his friend, and signalled for his carriage; but as he drove away, he could not forget John Burleigh or his folly, and the thought haunted him for some time.

It was quite a relief to hear the young clergyman had rallied sufficiently to be taken away by his mother to the sea-side. Then Dr. —— shook off his disagreeable recollection of John Burleigh's self-sacrifice, and put the remembrance of him entirely on one side.

In the neighbourhood where he had seen so much stupidity succeeded by so much misery, and where, through the apprehension of coming ill, and then the strain on every energy when the pestilence made its appearance, John Burleigh had, like his Master, laid down his life for his flock.

For three long months he could gain no strength. The very pattern of the paper on the wall reminded him of sorrow.

His was not a nature to be inwardly calm, however patient and long-suffering he might seem outwardly. Mr. Tozer said "he was a beautiful example of resignation under chastisement." Mr. Smithies "was awfully sorry he was so ill, but it was a good thing he was so quiet and happy." And all the time John Burleigh was loathing the very sight of their faces, the creaking of their boots; and the slamming (and they both slammed) of their doors brought the perspiration in beads on his forehead. He loathed the beef-tea his mother brought him, though he drank it and gently thanked her; he never smelt it without thinking of one and another dying bed where he himself had administered it.

He counted the diamonds of the cheap carpet, and viewed a hole in the seat of one of the horse-hair covered chairs, until he verily hated them.

It was all he could do, his hands clasped in prayer beneath the bed-clothes, not to groan aloud, when the Canon came, and in his sensible, ponderous way "sat a little" with him. Pleasure, too, was almost as wearisome as pain.

When Mark Thompson, or one of the district people called to inquire after him—and they were perpetually hanging about to hear how he was faring—Mrs. Burleigh dare not tell him, his face would flush so quickly, and his loving message be given in such a tremulous whisper.

So Mrs. Burleigh would see the group of toil-stained men waiting at the corner of the square at the dinner hour, and send Mr. Smithies out to speak. But she carefully carried up to his bedside the fresh egg, brought every other day by a cripple boy, and the flowers—country poseys—which the mechanics and shipwrights walked long miles, when their day's work was over, to gather, late as they brought them; and on Saturday, when they received their wages, many a hard-working man had gone with his wife to the market, "to look round for something our parson could fancy."

And John Burleigh smiled with a smile strangely akin to tears, as chickens, oranges, sour grapes, and rich cake were displayed to view. His mother thought it cheered him, as it did herself, to see how well beloved he was, until one day; and after that day's experience, he saw no more of the poor presents for which, with her gracious manner, she so thanked the givers.

A woman, dressed in her Sunday best, and leading a little girl, also clothed in mourning, came one afternoon.

"I'm Eliza Benson, ma'am. It were my Sammy that were the first one to die of the diphtheria, and I lost four after. We've only seven left now, and this is our eldest girl. She's only eight, and nobbut a mesh child always; and she's never right got over the diphtheria. It went inward, and the doctor says she's in a *con*sumption or a *de*cline. She's got so weak she couldn't walk; but nothing would suit but she must see Mr. Burleigh again, so I trailed her up in t' perambulator. *Do* let her see him, mum."

Mrs. Burleigh looked down on the little face, which seemed all eyes, and which was turned so eagerly up to her own.

"Why do you wish to see my son?"

"I've summut for him."

"Cannot you trust me with it?"

The little girl grasped a small basket tightly, and burst into tears.

"Don't cry, little one. There—there—you shall see him; come with me."

The thin little hand was quickly placed in that of the lady; but the child panted so painfully when they came to the stairs, that Mrs. Burleigh lifted the light burden in her arms, and carried her to her son's room.

The child went in very demurely and stood by the bed. Mr. Burleigh stretched out her hand and drew her near.

"Little Sally, so you have come to see me," he whispered.

"Yes, sir; I'm in a *con*sumption. I'm going to give you summut—see." She opened her basket and drew out a white geranium. Her great eyes sparkled as she put it into John's hand. "Won't it make you better, Mr. Bur'ey? Isn't it bonny? It's off Sammy's tree; it's all the flower it has. Don't you mind, Mr. Bur'ey, when Sammy was dying, and you and me was there, he said, 'Sally is to have my geranum'?"

John nodded; he could not speak.

"Well, Mr. Bur'ey, it's only got this one posey, and I'll be dead afore it has another; but I'll see Sammy, and tell him you got it. Don't you *like* it, Mr. Bur'ey?" she asked, fearfully, for John's face was working strangely.

"*Yes! yes!*" he muttered. "Kiss me, Sally, and give my love to Sammy."

The child put her arms round his neck, and kissed her friend again and again. And then Mrs. Burleigh carried her to her mother, who wrapped her carefully up, and took her home, a happy little girl indeed.

His mother went back to John Burleigh's room. Her hand was on the handle of the door, but she did not enter; she heard a sound which made her start, and then sent her softly away. John was crying like a child.

Half an hour later, when all was still, she found him sleeping peacefully, his cheeks wet with tears, the white geranium lying on the counterpane, clasped tenderly in his shadowy, long fingers.

She sat and watched him; now and again, with a little shiver, a sob broke from his lips. Then the slumber became profound; he still grasped the flower, but he slept all night.

(*Continued—page* 561.)

THE INFLUENCE OF ELDER BROTHERS.

By Major Seton Churchill.

"TOM, mother says the world is round. Is that true?" Such were the words a mother told me that one of her servants heard a little chap ask his elder brother, as she entered the room. The two were not so many years apart; but such is the implicit trust that youngsters have in the opinion of those just a few years older than they are, that even mother's word is not always accepted, unless it is corroborated by a more infallible witness.

As a rule, among boys, especially when they are manly little fellows, physical force, as displayed in one being able to defeat another in the art of self-defence, or skill at games, goes a long way in turning a big brother into a hero. The self-recorded tales of how nobly he conducted himself in a fight or two at school, all help to bring the younger adoring brothers to worship at his shrine.

Now, as a matter of fact, Master Tom may be the veriest dunce, or the biggest coward in the school which has the honour of his patronage, and among his own fellows he may be much looked down upon. The man with one eye is, however, a king among blind men, and he must be a poor specimen of humanity, who, having a few years' start of his brothers, cannot make them, at all events, look up to him as the beau ideal of what a boy should be.

This position, however acquired, is one of tremendous responsibility, as the influence of an elder son over his younger brothers, for good or for evil, may be enormous.

It is a little humiliating for the parents to hear the truth, and to know that their firstborn so often usurps the place of authority, and that even their teaching has to filter down to the younger ones through Master Tom's intellect, who often discounts very considerably what father and mother say. If mother says that the world is round, and Master Tom agrees, the question is no longer open to discussion. But if this young urchin, whoever he may be, does not approve of the statements made by the parental authorities, need we wonder that there is in the minds of some of the younger ones an element of doubt in respect of whatever topic he may differ from his parents upon?

So far, only the case of very young boys has been considered; but the principle is very much the same as the boys grow in years. If the eldest son is on the side of law, order, and parental authority, the task of the parents is very much simplified in conveying their principles to the little ones. As a matter of fact, that which is conveyed to the younger members of a family through the eldest son, is much easier for them to understand. He uses language and ideas more suited to their minds, than is possible in the case of the older parents, not even excepting the mother, whose influence with small children is generally greater than the father's. Boys understand each other better than older ones comprehend the younger ones; and consequently, an elder brother finds it very much easier to make his juniors grasp his meaning, than either of the parents would do. Added to which, there is implanted in all young children the instinct of imitation; and as the elder ones are generally more with their young brothers than either of their parents, the little ones not unnaturally fall into the habit of imitating the sayings and doings of an elder brother, rather than of any one else.

Perhaps it was in recognition of this truth that the elder son has such an enormous influence over the younger ones, that, previous to the selection of the Levites as a tribe of priests, it was the firstborn son of each family who officiated in that capacity for the others. When the Levites were selected, we are distinctly told whom they supplanted. "I, behold, I have taken the Levites from among the children of Israel, *instead of all the firstborn*" (Num. 3. 12; see also Exod. 13. 2).

The Levitical priesthood was an abnormal state of affairs, and was swept away with the dispensation to which it belonged. Although the actual priesthood of the eldest son has never been revived, there being now no sacrifices but spiritual ones, yet, nevertheless, there rests a very solemn responsibility on the eldest son of a family to exercise that priesthood to which we are all called, and to show by the living sacrifice of a life dedicated to his Master, whose he is and whom he serves. Too many re-act that terrible scene of Cain and Abel, and ask with that murderer of old, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Cain slew his brother by depriving him of physical life, and he is consequently called "a murderer." But how many elder brothers do far worse than merely to deprive their younger brothers of physical life! The temporary existence through which each one of us passes, must, under any circumstances, sooner or later come to an end. Well might the Apostle say, in reference to our present existence, "For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away."

But there is another life referred to by our Saviour, when He said, "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" How many an elder brother might be branded as a murderer, in a far worse sense than was true in the case of Cain, for having been the first to lead astray the footsteps of those for whom he was morally responsible! Perhaps the words may never be actually used, "Tom, mother says the world is round. Is that true?" But, figuratively speaking, the question is continually being asked. Are not the wise counsels of the father, and the tender entreaties of the mother, often ridiculed by the elder son, with the consequence that the younger ones think there is not so much harm as there really is, in the evils against which they have been warned?

As the position of the elder son is very influential for good, so may it often be made a terrible curse for evil, and bring on the holder of that solemn office, that penalty to which the Prophet referred when he said, "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter!" As the elder son has the privilege of being able to direct the thoughts of his young brothers to all that is noble, pure, and of good report, so has he also the power of being able to infuse into the young, innocent brains, impure thoughts, which, like the germs of all that is evil, will multiply a thousandfold, and possibly hasten to destruction later on in years, that life which might have been so different, had a nobler mind but been the tutor, and had a better example been set.

It matters not if later on the elder son sees the folly of his life, as then, too often, alas! it is too late. His influence for good or for evil has run its course. That period of time can never return to him again. He can but say of it, as Pilate said of the inscription he had placed over the head of Jesus, "What I have written, I have written." For good or for evil, he has inscribed truth or falsehood on the young minds of those with whom he has associated, in those years when their minds were peculiarly receptive to the influences around them.

The elder brother may write what he likes, but there is no eraser which he has the power to use, which can remove the inscription he has set up. Evil habits cultivated in youth are not so easily set aside as manhood advances. Like the weed in the garden that has been allowed to remain some time, evil takes a firm hold, and sends its roots deep down into the soil. It may be cut down, but it will certainly spring up again, and thus it will go on acquiring a firmer grasp of the individual.

How many a younger brother might have been saved for eternity, had the elder ones but rightly used their opportunities of setting a good example, and by the life bearing witness to that which is true, ever remembering the fact that there can be no true life apart from Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

A SON'S PETITION.

[*Extracted from a letter from China.*]

BY-THE-BYE, there is such a nice old boat-woman at the Hospital now. She comes to learn hymns, and spends a long time repeating them line by line, till she can say them by heart. She has attended church for some time.

Her son lately went to the pastor privately, and said something to this effect: "My mother has lately become a Christian. I do not object to this, as she is the head of the family, and may do as she pleases. She also talks to us, and tries to persuade us to worship God. This, too, I can endure. But lately she has begun to speak to the people in the boats near us, telling them it is wrong to worship idols, and this is really more than I can bear. The boat-people laugh and mock us, but she will not stop. Now, can it not be arranged that my mother should be made *one of the kind of Christians who do not speak of their religion to others?* I do not mind her believing in God if she would keep it to herself, but she will try to induce others to believe too, and of this I do not approve. Can you not manage to make her a Christian who will not speak of her religion?" Now, is not that a testimony that some of us might envy? We fear that son must have met many an *English* Christian, by whose standard he judged the fearless testimony of the convert!

Many consult God about their safety who would never consult Him about their duty.

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF A GENTLEMAN GIPSY.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the Land Yacht 'Wanderer;' or, Thirteen Hundred Miles in My Caravan," etc., etc.



Dr. Johnson's Birthplace.

LEAF IV.

TO WENDOVER, WINSLOW, AND WHITCHURCH—MAID'S MORETON AND BUCKINGHAM — TOWCESTER — LAZARUS AT THE GATE—DUNCHURCH, THE WROTHSTONE—PLEASURES OF THE ROAD.

"My whole life now I live in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood."

I'M not only almost sure that I fell asleep on the coupé while driving to Wendover, but I am not at all certain that I was awake all the time I stopped there. It is such an enchanting, drowsy, dreamy little spot. If I took any notes of it, I have lost them, yet have I still retained visions of its beauty in my mind, and sunny memories of pleasant people who visited me; of a big old-fashioned inn; of a pretty court-house; of a walk along a meandering stream; of a fine church and churchyard; of great swaying trees and cawing rooks; of cosy hamlets by the river-side, and tall green hills rising all around. That is Wendover, I *think*. Yes, it must be, and did I not climb a high hill before breakfast, and find on the top of it a lark's nest, with three bonnie grey eggs?

Never mind. I awoke about half-way between Wendover and Winslow, at a straggling old village called Whitchurch. I know I was awake now, because here lie my notes. "The view from this elevation is splendid, an open expanse of hill, and dale, and wood, and water." These are the very words of my Log. Then it goes on to speak of two young ladies who met Bob on the street, and knew him from his portrait which they saw in the *Leisure Hour*, and brought their albums for me to write in, and asked me to come and see their mother, and a strange old mitred stone, with an arrow and the three stars that had been covered with plaster for ages, and a great many other items too numerous to detail here.

Then on to Winslow, bivouacking in a nice field behind the inn.

I was white and sick with pain when I entered the inn, for I had been thrown from my cycle, and sprained my wrist rather badly, falling on a heap of flints.

Winslow is a town in miniature, an odd, old-world sort of a place, with plenty of quaintness of roofs, and streets that an artist could make pictures of.

The road to Padbury is uninteresting, but then from the hill-top we had a peep at one of the finest views in Bucks, all rolling hills and dells, grandly tree'd, and to-day bathed in sunshine.

Made the mid-day halt at Maid's Moreton, a mile beyond Buckingham. The girls at Maid's Moreton, who served us with ginger ale and eggs, were apparently sisters, thorough types of English beauty, fresh and sweet, and seventeen, perhaps, wreathed in smiles, and straw bonnets of the newest pattern. The road was now very hilly. We had to stop almost every ten minutes to get on the skid and safety chain, or let down the safety roller.

Akeley, where we halted to buy bread, is a study in thatch, in gables, and in winking, blinking windows.

Whitlebury, near Wittlewood Forest, is worthy of special mention. The drive through the forest itself is pretty and romantic, though by no means wild; but when you bid good-bye to the deer, and enter the village, you will at once be charmed. It is one of the beauty-nooks of England. It is a village of cottages, but each cottage is more pretty and quaint than another, rich in quaintness of gable, and roof, and verandah, with roses and climbing things of all sorts wreathing garlands and tangles of beauty around them, and bonnie wee well-kept gardens in front, that it rests and refreshes the eye to look upon.

About three and a half miles from Towcester, where we bivouacked at night, the scenery becomes very beautiful, as seen from that breezy, bracing hill-top. Tree-clad hills and valleys, and green or yellow-flowered meadows all around us. Behind us, and to the right, lay a rustic wee village, with a church-tower peeping up through a cloudland of trees. I did not even know its name, but everything about sang of peace.

Here—two miles from Weedon—lying in a hollow, is a charming cottage-mansion, with terrace and lawn, spreading yews and feathery larch trees. Surely happiness dwells there. Perhaps, but not at the gate yonder, where, squatting on the grass, is the family of a tradesman tramp. The husband and wife, and two gaunt and hungry-looking children, of six to eight years old, besides the baby in a dirty, dingy perambulator, which also contains the tool-bag. They are all breakfasting off dry crusts, and baby has the biggest. This, methinks, is a true English picture, Lazarus and family at the rich man's gate.

We lay that night on the tree-shaded village-green at Dunchurch, stabling our horses at the Dun Cow. Several of the villagers came to see us, including the doctor and his wife, who kindly sent us flowers next day. The caravan is always gay with flowers, and in all my journeyings I never yet had to purchase a single bouquet.

Not very far from Dunchurch is a curious stone, large, square, and hollow, situated behind a tall hedge, with a weird-looking Scotch pine-tree growing at each corner. It is called the Wrothstone, and here, once a year, the Duke's agent meets the tenants, and they pay to him certain monies, in all amounting to about nine shillings and fourpence. This tithe must be paid before breakfast, or the tenantry would have to give the Duke a white bull with red ears—a wild Chillingham one, I should suppose. A friendly old antiquary, who boarded me at the Dun Cow, gave me this information, and a deal besides.

One of the longest and most beautiful avenues of trees in England was soon entered. It stretches west for many miles. Pines they are at the commencement, but soon elms take the place of these. A whirlwind had uprooted about a score of them shortly before our arrival, within a distance of some seventy to a hundred yards.

The trees in this splendid avenue do not hug the road, neither do they crowd each other. They are very regular, and leave plenty of green sward on which the wild flowers grow wanton from early spring to late in autumn.

* * * *

"What a deal you must see on the road," said a gentleman visitor to me one day; "and how many places of historical interest you must come across!"

"Yes," I replied, somewhat to his surprise, "but if I went out of my way—off the road, in fact—to visit places of interest such as you name, my life, instead of being a pleasure to me, would be a weary burden I should long to lay down. There is nothing palls upon a traveller sooner than the seeing of hackneyed sights. And just think for a moment of the number of objects of interest there are in every English parish—houses and halls; cathedrals, churches, abbeys,

and priories; waterfalls, woods, lakes, rivers, ruins, and Roman remains; castles, camps, and commons; parks and palaces. And, sir, 'the trail of the serpent is over them all.'"

"What serpent?" he asked.

"Oliver Cromwell. He's been everywhere, and had a shot at everything, from Land's End to John o' Groats. I'm sick of him now, and whenever I hear the name mentioned, I stick my fingers in my ears and fly. No, sir, a gentleman gipsy never needs to leave the road to seek for excitement, or subjects for thought and study. Life is everywhere before him, little incidents constantly occurring, hardly worth describing in print, perhaps, but very real and human, nevertheless. Then there is the book of Nature itself, constantly open before him, the ever-changing sky, the streams and babbling brooks, the billowy fields, the wind-tossed woods, the laughing wild flowers, the birds and the insects—all, everything talks to him, and tells him tales he never gets weary listening to, and that never worry him."

* * * *

But after the week is done, and Saturday has come round once more, how delightful to get the caravan anchored in some cosy meadow in which to spend the Sabbath. How doubly a day of rest it feels, after the dangers and toils of the road.

"How still the morning of that hallow'd day,
Hushed is the voice of rural labour,
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song."

While the horses are quietly resting in the stable of a Sunday, a walk along the country lanes to church is very enjoyable, or across the daisied meadows, where butterflies flit about in the sunshine; or bees make drowsy music as they flit from blossom to blossom of red and white clover, or over the rustic stile and up the footpath that winds through the green corn, crimsoned o'er with poppies, with perhaps a lark singing high in air, or through the copse, or into the woods, where birds are revelling in song; or into the quiet graveyard itself, to read little stories off the stones. Does not the following simple bit of verse tell a story?—

"Dear mother sleeps in Jesus, Life's battle is o'er,
Sin, sorrow, nor death can afflict her no more;
The valley is passed, the battle is done,
And all that is weary is past and gone."

It may be seen, then, that a gentleman gipsy has many pleasures in life, but they are very, very simple ones.

LEAF V.

AN OLD-FASHIONED HOSTELRY—TYBURN, COLESHILL, SUTTON-COLDFIELD, BIRMINGHAM, LICHFIELD—PILLORY AND STOCKS—BURTON-ON-TRENT.

"The negligence of Nature wide and wild,
Here, undisguised by mimic art she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye."

SATURDAY evening found the *Wanderer* at anchor in a cosy meadow across the road from a charming roadside inn, and here we lay till Monday.

There are thousands of such inns in England—hostelries is, perhaps, a more poetic name for them—but as I seldom have a whole day to look at any of them, I do not venture to describe them; but there was something so thoroughly English about this particular hostelry, that it deserves a word. I transcribe from my Log-book.

AN OLD-FASHIONED HOSTELRY.

An old-fashioned inn, indeed. Well, call it hotel or hostelry, if so minded; but there it stands, looking ever so quiet and cosy on this June morning. Its very appearance must suggest to the weary traveller from town, delicious ham and milky eggs, curds and cream, sweetest of butter, whitest of bread, and brown, fragrant tea, served up by some fair, dainty-capped Phyllis, or, mayhap, by the hostess herself.

Well back from the road stands the inn, leaving plenty of causeway for the carriages of travellers, or traps of farmers returning from the fair, and affording room also for a long seat and rustic paling right under the shadow of two giant elm trees. Not a high house by any means—two stories, with a rough pine-wood porch, spreading from either side of which is a verandah, also of pine branches, with the bark left on; and all over this verandah are clustering, blue-flowered clematis, and a wealth of wondrous roses. The walls and curious gables are nearly buried in ivy and virginia creeper; beautiful is the latter now, but more charming still will it be when autumn changes its pretty-shaped leaves to glorious crimson.

The blue smoke is rising very lazily from the chimneys, and losing itself among the sycamore branches that tower high above the house behind. To the right is a garden and orchard; to the left are stables, surmounted by an old clock tower, but so hidden in a cloudland of foliage, that did not an ostler, in sleeved waistcoat, emerge every now and then, you would hardly guess they were there at all.

Still farther to the left, the trees that border the road are a sight to see—spruces and lilacs, lofty elms and dark pines, all piled and draped together; while at one corner, among copper beeches, there peeps forth a cluster of the quaintest old ivy-covered cottages poet or artist could wish to see.

Add cattle and dogs and farmers' wagons to the road or foreground of your picture, and mass grey clouds with rifts of blue all over the sky, and then you have it complete—a cosy English roadside inn.

"Isn't it pretty?" I said to a sailor friend of mine, as we sat together at sunset on the *Wanderer's* coupé.

"Pretty?" he replied, "why, it is idyllic! I wouldn't mind having a little place like that. But, mind you, I should have everything in keeping. My milkmaid should dress the nattiest; she should carry the milk upon her head, and sing as she milked, all among the daisies. The very cows should be chosen for their colours and shape, and my children should hang garlands of buttercups and daisies around their willing necks. Even my pigs should be white as the driven snow, and sleep among fragrant straw, with nothing out but their noses. And I myself should enjoy my tea in the morning, my long pipe at night, and go dreamily fishing by day, or plodding over the fields after the partridges. I tell you what it is, my friend, we old sailors do know how to enjoy life on shore."

"That we do," I acquiesced.

* * * *

"Hullo there, Wells! Monday morning, lad, and a long day before us."

"All right, sir. I've been up for over an hour, and breakfast is all ready. Here is your shaving water."

In a quarter of an hour more, I am shaved, bathed, dressed, and sitting down to breakfast—fragrant tea, home-made bread, rashers done to a turn, eggs milky in their freshness, cream and butter from yonder red and white cow, who placidly chews her cud while she contemplates the caravan.

Meanwhile, Wells is busy doing up the beds, and stowing them away on the roof; presently Bob and I will go out for our morning walk, and when we return, we shall find the saloon as beautiful as a lady's boudoir, the flowers re-arranged in the vases, and everything ready for the start.

Now the coachman brings the horses, and, with their jingling harness making music like sheep-bells, they have their matutinal "pluck" of clover, while I do the agreeable to some morning visitors.

But all is ready at last, and off we start once more.

Though the road is but indifferent, the scenery and the weather are charming. We trot away through woods, cross many a little stream, and along by the side of a canal, and make the mid-day halt at a cosy little inn, in a quiet, sequestered village, two miles from Tyburn.

On a large, rush-grown common in front there is a flock of geese, strings of ducks, and mobs of little red pigs and black pigs, all in their glory. Near the road are two gipsy caravans. Romany Ryes, male and female, are lolling about smoking, one old fellow mending baskets. I gaze at the scene dreamily from the coupé; so does Bob, with only one eye. There are pretty gipsy children there, whom I beckon to, and fill their laps with fruit and sweets. They smile and curtsey, and retire. The horses are watered, the servants and myself have ginger ale, Bob has milk, then away we jog.

We are soon away out into the main road, which now for miles is lined on each side by beautiful villas, each one more pretty and more picturesque than its neighbour, and evidently desirous of being considered so. And their gardens and shaded lawns look charming. Trees and flowering shrubs of every kind all in their summer dresses, from dark, fantastic Scotch pine-trees, or gloomy, spreading yews, to the crimson-flowered chestnut, the yellow-tasselled broom, and the pink May.

During the next three or four days and nights, we find ourselves in and about Coleshill, Sutton-Coldfield, Birmingham, and Lichfield.

I am not likely ever to forget the kind hospitality I enjoyed at each of these.

Coleshill is a most interesting wee town, situated on a hill-top, as the name indicates—breezy, wholesome, romantic. I called the attention of a new-made friend to the fact that the upper part of the tall steeple was considerably out of plumb. He squinted at it, and observed,—

"Humpty-dumpty, sir, so it is."

"It may fall upon the people some Sunday," I added.

"So it may," he said, rather unconcernedly.

"I'm sorry I can't put it straight for you," I continued; "I would, like a shot, if I could."

"Oh!" he replied, "we'll take the will for the deed. It don't matter a deal either way. Have you seen the pillory and the stocks and whipping-post? Them's interestin' sights, if you like."

I went to see the pillory, the first ever I'd clapped eyes on. I could not help thinking I would not like to stand up there, high above the street, with my head and

hands fixed in holes, and the little boys down below flinging stale eggs at my massive brow.

Men used to be put into these neat, social arrangements for getting drunk, or for wife-beating. What a pity they have become obsolete! Candidates for the dignity of elevation in the pillory are always about.

But one of the last men put into the stocks at Coleshill met, I am told, with an untimely end. Soon after being released from his punishment, in a spirit of defiance and bravado, he got intoxicated, and in returning home across country, was caught in a flood and drowned.

From the top of the church tower—not the steeple—I had a charming view of the surrounding country. Away to the east I could descry the bare walls and steeple of a church that had been struck by lightning and burned a few weeks before. To the north-east, a lake-like reservoir of some hundred acres in extent, from which Birmingham is supplied with water, and, conspicuous amongst the woods, Blythe Hall, where Sir W. Dugdale, the historian, lived and died.

To the north, the town clusters beneath, with woods and mansions and distant hills stretching away to the horizon.

To the west, in fine weather, Birmingham itself can be seen, but to-day it is cloudy and cold. The seat of Captain J. W. Digby is a feature in the north-west landscape, and between the town and this gentleman's park, the Cole goes winding in and out like a silver ribbon.

In all my wanderings I make it a rule always to get up into the tower of the biggest church, and look around; I am always well rewarded.

It was at this place that Edmund Waller, the poet, was born, in 1605, and here, after his long and eventful, somewhat sad, somewhat sinful life, he fain would have died. But it was otherwise ordered, and he succumbed to age at Beaconsfield.

At Lichfield I sojourned about half a day. The cathedral is *the* lion of the place. Dr. Johnson's monument is another.

It was late when we got into Burton-upon-Trent, after a glorious drive from Lichfield. We did not know where to go, and the civilization of the place was harassing to my gipsy soul. However, Providence led us right. We found a man, or rather, a man found us, who had been once upon a time with Wombwell, though now little more than a beggar or tramp. He politely conducted us to the market-place, and soon we were snug for the night, as snug at all events as one could be in such a pitch, with houses all around, and stones or asphalt underneath.

Next day I visited the church and beautiful grave-yard close by the winding river.

There is nothing of very great interest that I know of about Burton. Though its inhabitants look a quiet, earnest, and industrious people, Burton itself is a beery place.

If you want views, look at the breweries, or gaze upon the empty barrels yonder, acres and acres of them piled high, tier upon tier, as we pile shot and shell in our Navy dockyards.

Burton's lions are its big brewers, and everything in and about the place smells of malt and hops.

We cross the Trent again by a fine old Gothic bridge, and the scenery suddenly becomes interesting.

(*Continued—page* 565.)



"LIFE'S VOYAGE."

"He will aid me, and not suffer me again to put down anchors to this world."—(*Extract from a letter of General Gordon, Khartoum,* 1877.)

1.

THE sun shone bright on the summer sea,
The white-tipped wavelets curled,
When a tiny skiff came gliding by,
With snowy sails unfurled;
And a gladsome voice rang strong and clear
As the little craft drew swiftly near:
"My barque shall never at anchor ride,
Till I moor it safe on the other side."

2.

I saw him pass by a sunny isle,
Where the children were at play,
They prayed him to join their sport awhile,
They cried, "Oh, come away,
And leave the boat by the willow trees."
But the answer rang out on the gentle breeze:
"My barque shall never at anchor ride,
Till I moor it safe on the other side."

3.

The burning heat of the noontide sun
Beat fierce on the shadeless sea;
The wind had dropped to a heavy calm,
'Twas still as still could be;
He could see the land with its shady bowers,
Yet still he cried thro' the scorching hours:
"My barque shall never at anchor ride,
Till I moor it safe on the other side."

4.

The storm-clouds gathered thick and fast
Across the peaceful sky,
The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed,
The angry waves beat high;
The boat was well-nigh washed away,
Yet still he faintly strove to say:
"My barque shall never at anchor ride,
Till I moor it safe on the other side."

5.

At length the storm has spent its strength,
The fierce winds sink to rest,
The earth is bathed in crimson light
From out the radiant west.
The pilgrim hath reached the longed-for shore,
He is tossed on the heaving sea no more,
His barque may for ever at anchor ride,
It is moored at length on the other side.

S. F. FORREST.

AN AFTERNOON UP THE NILE.

By H. Major, B.A., B.Sc.,

Author of "Our Army," "Up the Nile," "In the Depths," etc., etc.

(*Continued from p.* 536.)



"Huge masses of rock, reminding us of Scotch Highland scenery."

WE still had a long stretch to go, before arriving at the place where our boat was tied up, and the ground was very difficult and broken.

As a rule, Egypt proper consists of a narrow, flat, and sandy plain, on each side of the river Nile, covered with vegetation wherever irrigation can be made use of, but bounded by low hills in the distance where the desert and the cultivated region meet together.

But in Nubia, the threshold of which we were now crossing, the character of the landscape entirely changes. The flat, sandy waste, and cultivated garden, watered with the foot as a garden of herbs, by sluices fed by water-wheels and Nile water, give place to quite mountainous scenery.

Here are huge masses of rock, piled up in strange bold forms, reminding us of Scotch Highland scenery, rather than what one naturally associates with the land of the Pharaohs. We found it difficult to pursue our path at times, and the sure-footed asses upon which our party was mounted, were far more serviceable than the flat and spongy-footed camels, or ships of the desert, would have been.

In the ravines and clefts of the rocks, and among the small valleys, scattered or clustered palms, mimosa trees, and castor-oil plants grew.

The former are specially graceful and beautiful, and characteristic of Egypt. They are to be found wherever water is met with, either from the river direct, or by underground communication. The long, broad, pennon-like fronds, springing direct from the trunk, without any intermediate branches, are beautiful to look at, and afford a pleasant shelter from the noon-tide heat.

How often this day, and every day we had spent in Egypt, did the Bible references to shade and shelter against the hot sun cross our memories! How often, as now on this very afternoon, did we check our course and pant in the coolness of the "rock," and "refuge," and natural "fortress," shutting out the fierce glare of the sun above us.

As we approached nearer our resting-place for the night, in the quiet haven where our boat lay, we also drew nearer to the neighbouring town of Assouan. We had had evidence of this in crossing the track of persons returning thither. Assouan is a great trading centre with the interior of the country. Hither, from up the river, come boats and caravans, loaded with native products; and from Assouan down the river, these are transported by similar means to Cairo and Alexandria.



"They were closely muffled up in loose-fitting native garments."

The dhow or native trading-boat, passing us up stream, as we pursued our way to our boat station, was doubtless loaded with Manchester prints of gaudy gorgeous patterns, prepared specially for the Soudan market, with beads for the not-fair sex, or with guns and ammunition to be used in the accursed slave trade. And yonder "nuggar," or water-boat, going down stream, would be laden with elephants' tusks, ostrich feathers, gum, ivory, etc., etc., for western markets.

Of course, the greater part of this trade and traffic has been dried up at its sources since the lamentable death of Gordon. But the choked-up fountains of trade only require clearing, to flow again as copiously as ever.

On our way we came across an encampment of traders preparing to bivouac for the night in the desert. Truly this country is a land of surprises. This unexpected sight was as incongruous to us as the sight of a flat-footed ship of the desert to the shopkeepers of Regent Street.

"What a motley group!" exclaimed Elsie, as we drew near. "If I could only sketch these in all their various colours, different dresses, and changing features and gestures, as they are, I should make my fortune."

The group was indeed a motley one. There were Arabs, Turks, Jews, Copts, Egyptians, negroes from the Soudan, wily Greeks, keen Armenians, Moors, and Abyssinians, all assembled together. They each unloaded their camels, and the bales of merchandise now lay piled up round a hollow square, to serve as a rampart in case of night attack from the prowling Bedouins of the desert.

But we could not stop to admire; we were yet a long way from our dahabieh, and the afternoon was advancing apace.



"We must let her portrait, however, speak for herself."

Already the sun, sloping towards the Libyan desert in the west, was gorgeously illuminating the mountain masses on the opposite side of the river. We soon became entangled among rocks and ravines on our own side; for the Nile near Assouan and the First Cataract flows through very bold scenery, as seen in our illustration.

We were obliged to quit the river bank, having lost the difficult path that keeps the traveller within sight of the Nile. The rocks here rise almost sheer out of the water, which pours down in rapid current, as through a gorge or cleft in the mountains. We did not know which to admire more, the splendid panorama of cloudland above, or the magnificent landscape below and around us.

All travellers in Egypt speak in glowing terms of the atmospheric effects of the sun in this country, especially at early morning and at sunset. We realised this beauty this afternoon to the full. The higher peaks and summits of the mountains were bathed in a fiery glow, as if they were made of burnished gold. A little lower down the native colour of the rocks shone resplendent in their own tints, as if lighted from within instead of from without; while still lower down, where we were stumbling over the huge boulders and rocks, masses of dark shade intensified by contrast the higher tones above.

On our left, we saw beneath us a lower plain of small extent, sloping down to the river; but we did not descend to it, as our dahabieh, as we imagined, lay higher up, and we should have been cut off from a view of it by an intervening clump of trees. These consisted of small clusters of the ordinary palms, and a larger one of the branching Doum-palm of Nubia. The latter continuously divides into two; that is, the root stem first separates into two branches, or subsidiary stems, and each of these into two smaller branches, and so on, until the fronds or leaves are reached.

Beneath the cluster of palms we could see, in the distance, a trio of native shepherds on the bank of the river. Around them were masses of rocks, the relics of ancient buildings, apparently.

As we proceeded on our way, we perceived that these fragments of ruins increased in quantity and frequency. Evidently we were traversing a region once thickly inhabited by people of a high state of civilization. Indeed, as uncle told us, this region was the source of the building materials out of which the ancient Egyptians erected their obelisks, pillars, and other massive architecture, as well as the sarcophagi or stone coffins for their dead.

In a word, here was the quarry out of which the "cities of the dead" were built; and all this region once resounded with the noise of the workman's chisel and hammer.

The wildness and grandeur of the scenery had banished from our minds something of the littleness of self, that is so incongruous in such scenes as this. This sobering influence was strengthened by the reflection that under our feet, and all around us, were the monuments of a race that had perished, and left nothing but these ruins to testify of their existence in days gone by.

"Is it not strange," said Elsie, "that a people so advanced in civilization as this must have been—if we may judge of what is before us—should have perished from the face of the earth as if they had never been?"

"It is not a riddle without a solution," quietly replied her father. "The history of man is written with God's finger—the history of the future as well as of the past."

"You mean in prophecy, do you not?" inquired Elsie.

"Just so. The place which Egypt occupies in the sacred Word is second only to that of the "Holy Land" itself. Here was the wrestling school and training ground of the patriarchs, and of the Jews before they became a nation. 'Out of Egypt have I called My son' had a primary and typical, as well as a secondary and higher, meaning and fulfilment."

"I have been much struck," I remarked, "with the forcible references which are made to Egypt by the prophets."

"That is what I referred to," continued uncle, "when I said that God's finger wrote the future history of Egypt, which we now read as a record of the past."

It was not often that uncle revealed the deep impressions he felt, and we were a silent group for a few moments after this.

"Does not the purpose of God stand clearly expressed," continued he, "in these words? And have we not here its literal fulfilment, as well as in the 'Cities of the Dead,' at Memphis, at Karnak, and at Luxor?—

"'Egypt shall be a desolation, and Edom shall be a desolate wilderness, for the violence against the children of Judah, because they have shed innocent blood in the land' (Joel 3. 19)."

"Did this produce no effect?" inquired Elsie.

"None," continued her father. "But God did not leave them without further witness. A hundred years later, Isaiah wrote:

"'The Egyptians will I give over into the hand of a cruel lord; and a fierce king shall rule over them' (Isa. 19. 4).

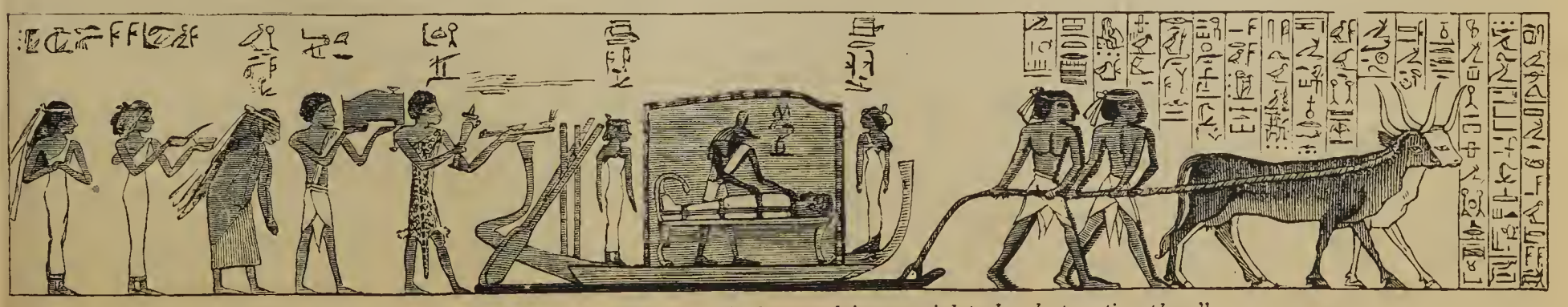
"And again, still later, Ezekiel declared:

"'I am against thee, Pharaoh, king of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers. . . . Because the inhabitants of Egypt have been a staff of reed to the house of Israel. . . . Her foundations shall be broken down. . . . I will also destroy the idols, and I will cause their images to cease. . . . And these cities shall go into captivity. . . . Thus will I execute judgments in Egypt: and they shall know that I am the Lord'" (Ezek. 29).

"I wonder," inquired Elsie, "whether the



"Preparing to bivouac for the night."



"A funeral papyrus of a dead queen being carried to her last resting-place."

Egyptians had light enough to make them responsible for the deeds which brought down on them such severe judgments."

"I think their own words are a testimony on this point," I remarked. "They were not left without witness. And we know that they believed in the immortality of the soul, in a judgment after death, and in the resurrection."

"What is there to make us think that they believed in the immortality of the soul?" inquired Elsie.

"The practice of embalming the dead takes its whole significance from this belief. You remember the mummies and mummy cases we met with so frequently in Lower Egypt? Moreover, we learn the same thing from their tomb and temple inscriptions, and from the rolls of papyrus found inside the mummy cases. These are called the "Books of the Dead." In one of these we find represented, above the drawing of the embalmed body, a spirit hovering with human head, and hands holding the symbols of life and transmigration."

"I do not remember to have seen that," replied Elsie; "but is there not a funeral papyrus of a dead queen being carried to her last resting-place? What is the meaning of that?"

"The ancient Egyptians," I replied, "thought that the happy immortality of the soul was dependent on the preservation of the body. If the latter were allowed to decay, it was believed that for three thousand years it would migrate from living creature to creature, before again it entered a human figure. Hence their solemn rites of embalming.

"And before burial, judgment was held over the dead. The judges met, and took their seats in solemn conclave on the farther side of a lake. The body of the dead was placed in a boat, in its mummy case, and any one that could bring an accusation against the deceased might do so; and if justly, burial was refused. Otherwise the boat was rowed or drawn by oxen, across the lake, and the dead tried by the judges in the judgment hall." The consecrated boat carrying the deceased queen to the hall of Osiris, is seen in our illustration.

"If pronounced innocent, the decree went forth, 'Take your sickle, reap your grain, carry it into your dwellings, be glad therewith and present it a pure offering to the God. Ye have found favour in the eyes of the great God: *Ye shall inhabit the mansions of glory, and enjoy the life of heaven:* the bodies which ye have abandoned shall repose in their tombs, while ye *rejoice in the presence of the supreme God.*'"

"How thankful ought we to be," said Elsie, that our light is so much clearer than theirs."

"Yes," I replied, "a Christian knows that he has no merit to plead, but that of his Saviour. But these are the declarations of self-righteousness, made and left on record by those who have now crumbled into dust:

"'I have defrauded no man; I have not prevaricated at the seat of justice; I have not made slaves of the Egyptians; I have not used violence, famished my household, made to weep, committed forgery, falsified weights or measures, been gluttonous or drunken.'"

Whilst we had been conversing thus gravely concerning the dead, we had been still making some progress towards our destination. But the sun had meanwhile visibly declined, and no opening on our left to the river had yet revealed itself.

After proceeding with difficulty through the broken ground, we again came in sight of the river, but not of the boat. We subsequently learned that in losing our way, and endeavouring to recover it, we had pushed on too far in front, and passed by our boat. We were accordingly higher up the river than our dahabieh, and, indeed, close to the First Cataract, as we found on inquiry from some natives.

"Why do they call this the *first* one?" inquired Elsie. "They cannot mean that it is the first one in the world in importance, or the first discovered by man?"

"Neither," I replied, "but it is the first in order reached by a traveller proceeding up the Nile from Alexandria and Cairo."

"I don't think it *is* a cataract at all, first, second, or third," answered Elsie, looking across at the rapids with some contempt.

"It may be that in days gone by, when it was described by Cicero and others, in language too lofty for what we at present see before us, that the river was at a higher level, and that there was a real waterfall here, which there certainly is not now. But half a loaf is better than none, and no amount of grumbling will make the thing any bigger. We may as well make as much of it as there is in it."

Whilst we were thus conversing, and going forwards to the object in question, we saw three things quite worthy of our notice.

The first was an ascent of the rapids. This is the proper name, for there is no actual break of continuity in the water, or fall from a height. The river only rushes down a steep grade, and between islands narrowing in its width, and so, for a double reason, causing whirling eddies and swirling rushes of water, which are doubtless more ugly to get through than to look at from the shore.

A dahabieh had just reached the foot of the first rapid as we drew nigh. The width of the river was broken by ledges of projecting rock, and there was a choice of several channels through which to make the attempt at an ascent.

The means of progression were various. First, there was a wind blowing aft or up stream, and filling the lateen sail of the dahabieh. This was the principal means of locomotion to depend on. Next, there were the stout arms of the Arab boatmen, used both in rowing and in poling. Lastly, the Arabs made use of warping, or hauling on ropes thrown to the projecting ledges of rocks, and fastened to the boat. The movements as a whole were controlled by a skilful use of the rudder.

We had not stood any long time on the banks, watching proceedings, before we caught the infection in the air, and became as excited as the actual workers. The captain perhaps never lost his head or his temper, but he certainly did not act as a cool and collected English captain does. He shouted and gesticulated as if going, if not gone mad, and his crew re-echoed his cries and repeated his gesticulations. Their eyes started out of their sockets; they leaped ashore on the rocky ledges, to throw a rope round some projecting point to ease off the dahabieh; they tugged at the oars like galley slaves; they used the long poles from both dahabieh and the rocks to keep the former off from the latter; they trimmed the lateen sail to make most use of the wind;—and did all this with such loud cries and fierce excitement, that they looked like Bedlamites. But there was a method in their madness, after all, as was proved by the successful passage through the first and second rapid, and the battling of the boat in the comparatively quieter waters above.

The second sight that greatly interested us was the opposite procedure, *descent* of the same rapids by a dahabieh. This was much less exciting than the preceding, as the current of the river was with the boat. But it required, if possible, still greater caution than the ascent. Little rowing was used, but a great deal of poling and warping, before the dahabieh floated at ease from her anchor below the rapids.

The third sight that greeted our eyes was one that was even more exciting to look at than the ascent of the rapids by the dahabieh. Looking across the river, we perceived numerous black figures in all attitudes, plunging and attitudinizing in the midst of the rushing torrent.

These were the natives of the district, enjoying themselves in the water, and earning *backsheesh* from the spectators at the same time. Looking more closely at these apparently amphibious creatures, we perceived that each man had a log of wood. This he was using as a float, keeping his head above the swirl and rush of the river, in its maddest plunge, by means of the log. The native held on to this like grim death; and it soon carried him through the channels to the quieter waters below, after many a somersault and turn over in the Nile.

Whenever their heads appeared for a moment above the stream, they made the most of their opportunities by shouting out to some rival swimmer near, as if they thoroughly enjoyed their gymnastics.

Notwithstanding the apparent danger in these aquatic sports, we were assured by those that stood by with us, watching them, that few accidents happened, as the natives are nearly as much at home in the water as on the land. This we could readily believe, when we saw, a little later, that they actually crossed the river by sitting astride of similar logs, using their feet as paddles, and at the same time balancing their dry clothes, tied up in a bundle and supported on their heads, while crossing the current.

But the sun was now approaching near the horizon in the Libyan desert; and we knew that there is but little twilight in Egypt. We were a long way off from our boat; and long before we could get back to it by retracing our path, the night would have set in.

We called a council of war to decide what was best to be done. That venturesome Elsie, who never appears to think of danger, suggested that we should "camp out" for the night. Our materials for "camping out" were a couple of umbrellas as tents; provisions we had none, and no means of defence against prowling Bedouins. Elsie said there would be no fear of burglars, where there was no house to break into. Uncle was more practical, and suggested that as the land passage was barred, we should try the river route. The dahabieh which had already descended the rapids, and was lying near, would perhaps take us. If so, we should be relieved of all muscular efforts, and for me, I was about "dead beat" with our "Afternoon up the Nile."

The versatile Elsie seconded the amendment to the original proposition, and we proceeded to the bank where the dahabieh was "tied up" for the night.

On descending the slope towards the river, we crossed the path of two native Egyptian ladies, probably making their way homewards towards some residence near, but which we could not make out. They were mounted, as usual, upon a couple of

asses; and Elsie watched them, I could perceive, with a good deal of curiosity. As members of the male sex, uncle and I kept our eyes mostly to ourselves. But for all that, I could not help seeing that they were closely muffled up in loose-fitting native garments, even their faces being covered up, except the forehead and eyes.

"They have very nice eyes," I remarked to Elsie, when they were out of earshot.

"What do *you* know about it?" she replied.

"I have noticed that most of the Egyptian ladies have beautiful dark eyes," I replied, not wishing to be snubbed. "And they are oval like their faces; only they are weak enough, like some others of their sex, to gild refined gold and paint the lily. They would be quite as beautiful if they didn't stain their eyebrows with their horrid cosmetics."

At the mention of the last word, Elsie broke out into a wild burst of laughter, at my knowing, or pretending to know, the use and meaning of such a term.

On arriving at the station where the dahabieh was lying, the *reis* or captain, in obedience to uncle's shouts and gesticulations from the shore, put off from his dahabieh in a small row-boat to the shore.

It did not take a long time to gain his consent to weigh anchor and sail down the river, with us for a new batch of passengers on board. Strict look-out was to be kept in the growing darkness for our own boat as we glided down.

Whilst we were descending the river, we made the acquaintance of a charming fellow-passenger—a lady of Cairo, returning thither from a trip up the river. We must let her portrait, however, speak for herself.

In about an hour we caught the first glimpse of our boat riding quietly at anchor in the reach of the river where we had left her at noon. In response to our shouting, our reis put off his boat, and took us again on board, with many cordial salutations and good wishes from the captain of the dahabieh which had brought us from the First Cataract, and nods and smiles from the Cairene lady left aboard.

So came to a conclusion our long, and, on the whole, enjoyable "Afternoon up the Nile." Elsie declared she had never enjoyed herself so much before in her life, only she yawned capaciously in doing so. But I think the dear girl was really as tired as the proverbial dog at a fair.

Aunt declared that she did not want any more "outings" like that, to which uncle jocularly remarked that she had had a good "innings," and should not now complain of it.

For myself, I soon went to bed, and, lulled by the gurglings and plashings of the river against the side of the boat, went to sleep and dreamed of Cairene ladies, Nubian swimmers, rapids, Bedouins, *yashmaks*, *backsheesh*, and Elsie. Somehow, the presiding genius of my dreams "mixed" things up a good deal, for I saw Elsie's sweet face surmounting a bas relief of an ancient monument, purporting to belong to the *nineteenth dynasty*, and I could not make out how Elsie could be so old as that! But even in my dream I determined to ask her whether she was about four thousand years old? and had she enjoyed her *"Afternoon up the Nile"?*

CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE COMPETITION.

ADVANCED DIVISION.

Text-Book, "*Manual of Christian Evidences*,"

By the Rev. C. A. Row, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's.

QUESTIONS FOR COMPETITORS.

(By the Rev. Canon Dobbin.)

1. What are the two great branches of Christian evidences treated of in this book?
2. What is the key of the entire Christian position in regard to this matter?
3. In what remarkable particular, as to the person of its founder, does the religion of Christ differ from all others?
4. What mistake is frequently made in reasoning on the laws of nature?
5. Define a miracle.
6. Distinguish moral miracles from physical, and specify some advantages of the former over the latter, as proofs of Christianity.
7. What claims of Christ, apparently preposterous when made, have now become the strongest evidences of His Divine mission?
8. Show the moral greatness of Christ by the enumeration of some facts (*a*) historical, (*b*) political, (*c*) social.
9. Whence do modern sceptics derive all that is good in their teaching? But wherein do they fail?
10. What remarkable testimony did Mr. Darwin bear to the spiritual power of Christianity?
11. What is it that constitutes the chief attractiveness of the gospel? and how is this a proof of its supernatural character?
12. Give Mr. Lecky's statement on the subject, with brief illustrations of its truth.
13. What is meant by the cumulative force of Christian evidences?
14. To what threefold choice of opinion are we shut up with regard to the person of Christ?
15. Show that He is not the production of the ordinary moral and spiritual forces of the world.
16. Nor of any process of evolution.
17. Nor of any mere ideal in the human mind.
18. Illustrate this latter point by a contrast drawn from the real and the mythical Gospels.
19. What feature in the delineation of our Lord's character may be looked on as one of the strongest proofs of its reality?
20. To what practical test may the truth of the evangelical history be brought by an honest inquirer?
21. How do sceptics try to account for the superiority of our Lord's moral teaching?
22. Show the futility of all such attempts.
23. What is the great end and aim of Christianity with regard to ethical truth?
24. Define the bases of the Christian laws of duty, and show what they involve.
25. What were the errors of the ancient moralists in this matter, and how does Christianity avoid them?
26. What is the grand distinction between the religion of Christ as a regenerative force, and every other system of religion and philosophy in the world?
27. What circumstance attending the formation of the Christian Church may be used as an argument in favour of its Divine origin?
28. On what grounds may miracles be regarded as (*a*) possible, (*b*) probable, (*c*) certain?
29. How did infidels, in the last century, try to evade the force of the argument from miracles? How do they try to meet it now?
30. What year, A.D., may be taken as the limit of necessary inquiry into the accepted facts of Christianity? and why?
31. Give a summary of the argument to prove that before that date, and back to the crucifixion, these facts were the same as we have now?
32. Show that the character and constitution of the Christian Church afford an ample guarantee as to their faithful transmission.
33. What is the nature, value, and extent of the evidence borne by the Epistles of St. Paul to the same effect.
34. On what miraculous fact in the history of our Lord, thus attested, was the Church professedly founded?
35. What three alternative opinions are there as to the explanation of this fact?
36. Mention and refute some of the infidel methods of accounting for it.
37. What undeniable evidence of its truth exists before our eyes at the present day?
    State the argument in favour of our Lord's Divine mission from His fulfilment of the Old Testament in regard to—
38. Its legal and ceremonial observances.
39. Its prophetical predictions.
40. Its moral teachings.

CHAPTERS FROM NATURE'S STORY-BOOK.

By Professor Haddon,
Author of "An Introduction to the Study of Embryology."

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE BAD EFFECTS OF SITTING DOWN.

AS it is low water we will go down to the sea-shore to look for "beasts." Fortunately it is a spring tide—that is, a tide which rises very high and goes out a long distance. This is due to the action of the sun and moon, as you will find explained in books on physical geography. The seaside naturalist is especially partial to the full moon, not only on account of her beauty and the soft light she casts upon land and water, but also because she causes the spring tides; and by following the far-receding waters he is able to see and capture many rare and beautiful forms of life which are otherwise seldom met with. All hail! then, to the full moon.

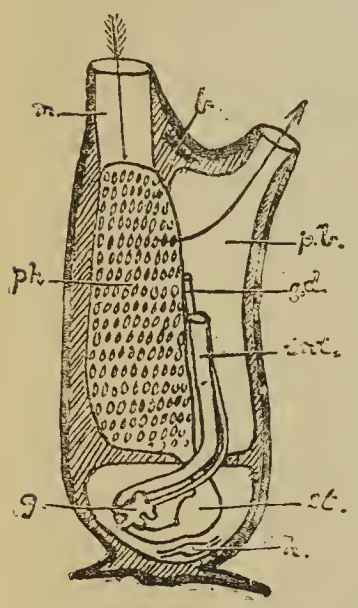


Fig. 1. Diagram of anatomy of a Sea-Squirt: b., brain; g., generative gland; g.d., duct of same; h., heart; int., intestine; m., mouth; p.b., peri-branchial sac or atrium; ph., pharynx or branchial sac; st., stomach. (The arrow indicates the direction of the current of water.)

Amongst the treasures of the shore, some of the most interesting are not the most beautiful. Attached to rocks, or more frequently nestling among the roots of the wrack, great oar weed, and other coarse sea-weeds, are strange bottle-shaped creatures. They are also to be found in myriads in the fine black mud of sheltered creeks. These are coarse in texture, and brown in colour; those attached to the seaweed are usually translucent, with soft bodies, or opaque white, with a firm and often warty skin, sometimes mottled with red.



Fig. 2. External view of larva of a Tunicate Tadpole.

There is one beautiful kind, which grows in all situations; you may find it growing in tufts, on the under side of overhanging ledges of rock, or nestling at the roots of seaweed; or by wading at dead low water, on the mud plats, where the long green eel-grass grows. The glassy case encloses the soft animal, which is streaked with opaque white or creamy yellow above, while below it is tinted with brown and orange.

If you squeeze these bottle-shaped animals, you will find that water is squirted out of holes; hence their popular name of "sea-squirts." Owing to their body being protected by a mantle, or tunic, they are termed *Tunicata* by naturalists. When they are alive in the sea, you will find that both orifices are open, and by carefully watching, you will see that the water goes in at the opening which is placed opposite to the point of attachment, and passes out by the other hole. The causing of a current of water, and the opening and closing of the two orifices, are the only visible signs of vitality in the sea-squirt.

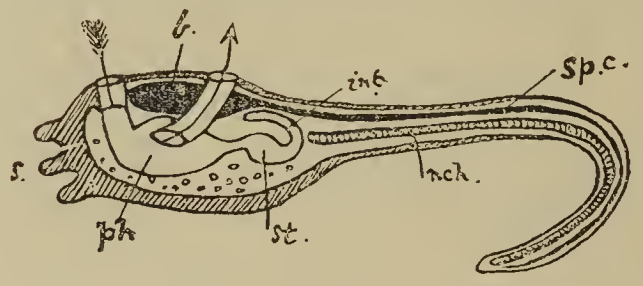


Fig. 3. Diagram of anatomy of a Tunicate Tadpole: b., brain; int., intestine; nch., notochord; ph., pharynx, with a pair of gill slits; sp. c., spinal cord; st., stomach. (The arrow indicates the direction of the current of water during breathing.)

With a sharp pocket-knife we can dissect a sea-squirt sufficiently well to distinguish its general structure. First of all it will be noticed that the tunic is only slightly attached to the body. The mouth, or that opening through which the water enters, is situated at the end of a large sac; the wall of this sac is perforated by an immense number of minute slits; the water passes through these slits into another sac, the "atrium," which opens to the exterior by the second orifice, the "atrial pore." As the blood circulates through the walls of the perforated sac, it is clear that this is the respiratory organ of the animal. The gullet arises at the lower end of the branchial sac, and opens into the slightly enlarged stomach. From this the intestine bends round, and passing back again, opens into the second sac. There is a simple tube-like heart, and, unlike any other animal, the heart beats a certain number of times, and drives the blood in one direction; then it stops for a moment, and beats a certain number of times, driving the blood in the opposite direction. The only other organ we need notice is a small spot between the two orifices. This is the rudimentary brain; a few nerves radiate from it in various directions.

If you open the atrium of one of the glassy tunicates in summer time, you will find that it contains a number of small round yellow bodies. By putting these under a microscope, you will at once see that they are the embryos of the sea-squirt in several stages of development. Here is a picture of one that I drew at Torquay, many years ago (Fig. 2).

By dragging a net through the sea in summer you will often catch the free swimming larval forms of other tunicates, usually yellow or orange in colour, and looking like miniature tadpoles—and little tadpoles they are, too. In the accompanying figures I have drawn a diagram of the structure of a frog's tadpole, and of a tunicate's tadpole. It is perfectly wonderful how closely they resemble one another. There is the short body and long tail. The throat is perforated for the gill slits. Above the alimentary canal is the gelatinous rod, or notochord; this extends right down to the end of the tail. Above this, again, is the nervous system; in front is the large brain, and behind is the spinal cord. Of course there are many differences between the two tadpoles, but their general "make up" is similar. The suckers on the chin are relatively much larger in the tunicate tadpole.

After swimming about freely for some time, the tadpole of the sea-squirt rests itself on the suckers of its chin, and then it sits down never to rise again. We have now to see what are the penalties of being lazy. It no longer requires a powerful swimming tail, so this organ gradually disappears; for in the living world it is an almost universal rule that that which is not wanted, must, sooner or later, go. Nothing useless is tolerated, because it entails unnecessary expense for its support. Nature is, so to speak, too economical to waste good material on superfluous structures, so that they always disappear, or are reduced to the merest traces,

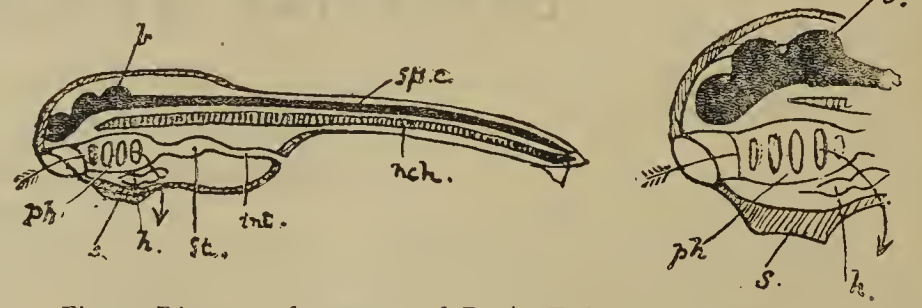


Fig. 4. Diagram of anatomy of Frog's Tadpole: b., brain; h., heart; int., intestine; nch., notochord; ph., pharynx, with three pairs of complete gill slits and two pairs of incomplete gill slits, or rather pouches, the former of which will persist, as the internal ear tubes; s., sucker; sp. c., spinal cord; st., stomach. (The arrow indicates the direction of the current of water during breathing. The diagram by the side gives certain details more clearly.)

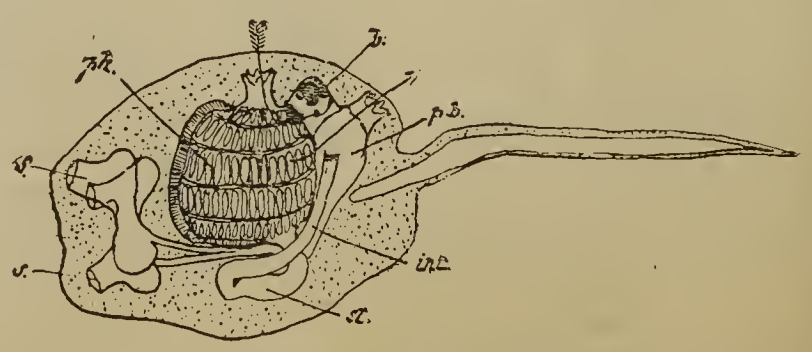


Fig. 5. Intermediate stage in the development of Sea-Squirt (Botryllus aurolineatus) between the Tadpole larva and the adult: b., brain, with large eye; int., intestine; p.b., peribranchial sac or atrium; ph., pharynx; s., suckers; st., stomach.

which may be of interest historically, but are of no economic importance.

As the adult is fixed, and cannot escape from enemies, it has no special need of eyes; consequently, the organ of sight of the swimming larva disappears. The general activity being so much reduced, there is less need for a large nervous system; thus the brain is relatively very much smaller in the adult than in the larva. The skin forms the protecting tunic, which supports the soft body, and at the same time fixes the animal. Fig. 5 is a picture of one kind of tunicate, drawn from a specimen from Naples, which shows very beautifully the transformation of a tunicate's tadpole into an adult.

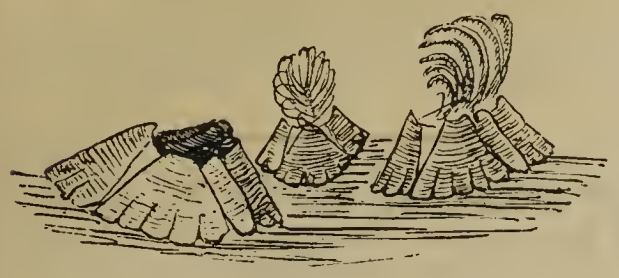


Fig. 6. *Common Acorn Barnacle* (*Balanus balanoides*).

Let us again return to the tadpole of the sea-squirt. We find a brain and spinal cord above; below is the alimentary canal, with its pair of gill-slits, and between the nervous and digestive systems is the notochord. This is an axial skeleton, which grows with the growth of the larva. We find exactly the same structures in the early embryonic condition of a fish, frog, lizard, bird, and mammal: all these animals belong to the group of the vertebrata, as they possess a backbone. None of the sponges, cœlenterates, echinoderms, worms, molluscs, or arthropods have a larval form like this, therefore we are justified in saying that the larva of the tunicate is a vertebrate; and if ever you study it more minutely, you will find there are many points of resemblance that I have not been able to dwell upon.

The adult has no brain, spinal cord, notochord, swimming muscles. It has an external, instead of an internal, support for its body. We can scarcely class it as a vertebrate. Starting fair, with all the possibilities of an active and progressive vertebrate career before it, the tadpole settled down early in life, and, giving up its prospects, degenerated into a practically invertebrate condition.

Let us now go back to the invertebrates,



Fig. 8. *Cypris larva of Acorn Barnacle; ant., antennæ; e., eye; m. l., muscles of legs; s., shell; t., tail.*

and learn what an acorn-shell has to teach us. In our first chapter it was alluded to as occurring on the sea coasts, indeed, in most places the rocks are simply covered with them. The shell is conical, and is composed of several closely connected furrowed plates; four little plates on the top form a sort of lid, which keeps all snug when the animal is retracted. When fishing for food, the lids open, and a number of long, jointed, curved filaments are extended, which move something like a beckoning hand. This is all that can be seen of the living animal. On account of its possessing a shell, the older naturalists classed the acorn shell as a mollusc; but, apart from all other characters, the mere fact of the animal having jointed appendages would at once proclaim it to be an arthropod, or jointed-footed animal; and on account of their appendages, the acorn shell and barnacles are termed *Cirripedia*, or animals with curl-like feet.

When it is hatched, the larval cirripede is a "nauplius." This, as we have already seen, is a form with an oval or triangular body, protected by a shell or carapace, with three pairs of jointed appendages and a single eye.

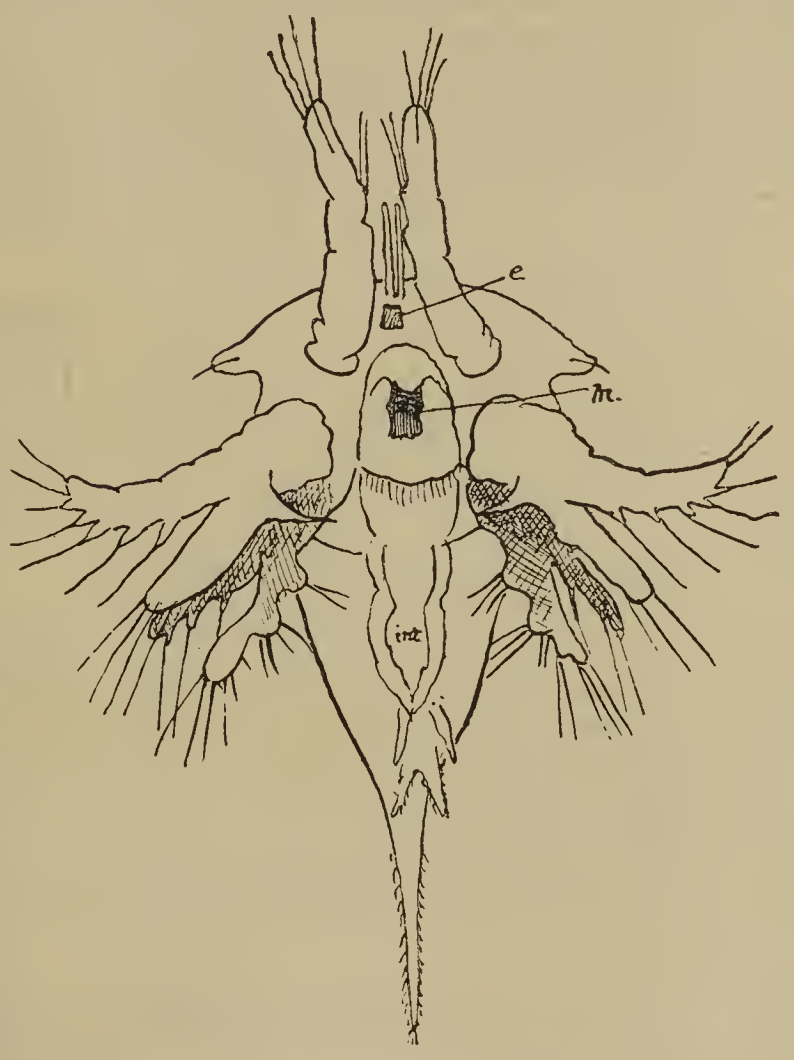


Fig. 7. *Nauplius larva of Acorn Barnacle: e., eye; m., mouth; int., intestine.*

Here is a picture of the nauplius of the acorn shell, and similar ones may be caught any summer all round our coasts.

After changing its skin several times, and slightly altering its form, the nauplius metamorphoses into a larval stage with a bivalved shell, somewhat resembling in form that of a mussel, but, of course, very much smaller. In front you will see the feelers or antennæ, and at their base is a sac or gland, which secretes chalky matter. We have already (chap. v.) been introduced to this "cypris" larva of the cirripedes.

Lastly, the larva attaches itself to a rock, or some other substance, by its antennæ, and the gland at their base secretes a chalky fluid, which firmly cements the animal to its support. Certain changes occur, and the shelly plates are developed which surround and protect the animal. The prominent eye in the larva is absent in the adult.

To recapitulate, the acorn shell starts life as an active, free-swimming nauplius, resembling the similar stage of so many other crustacea. Next it passes through what is known as the "cypris stage," that is, a stage in which it resembles the adult of another group of crustacea—namely, the ostracoda. As a "cypris larva," the cirripede is free-swimming, active, and also possesses a prominent eye. Lastly, by acquiring a sedentary habit, the swimming legs degenerate into jointed filaments, the eye is lost, and the animal can only feed upon that food which happens to come near it. What a contrast to the powerful, active, intelligent crab!

DON'T BET!

By Dr. THAIN DAVIDSON.

YOUNG men, *don't bet!* Perhaps no evil of our time is working more mischief than this. The extent to which it has reached is alarming. The land is filled with the curse of gambling from one end of it to the other. In quiet country hamlets, in pleasant watering-places, in the gloomy coal and iron districts, and in the fashionable resorts of great cities—everywhere this horrible vice exists. There is the gambling of commerce, the gambling of the Stock Exchange, the gambling of the race-course and casino, the gambling of games of hazard, and the gambling of the unwashed urchins who toss coppers on the street. If possible, thief gambles with thief in jail; ay, perhaps the judge who tried them, the lawyers who prosecuted and defended, all gamble too. Strange infatuation! Prolific source of iniquity and misery!

I defy any man to look me in the face, and say that he could kneel down and thank God for a shilling or a hundred pounds which he had acquired by a bet. The gain is due to no merit nor industry of his own, and means loss to some other person. Therefore, there is a curse upon it, and you cannot do better than fling it into the sea.

This evil is spreading; and it is time to speak out plainly on the subject. There is not a Christian merchant in London, there is not an astute business man, be he a Christian or not, who would not at once dismiss from his office a clerk who was addicted to this practice. I recollect reading a speech of the late Mr. Fawcett, the excellent Postmaster-General, in which he stated that nearly all young men in the Post Office who went wrong did so through betting. Even the *Times* newspaper, to whose columns we would not turn for instruction of a religious character, used these words in an article upon the subject:—"Horse-racing is an amusement to which is directly traceable more misery, more ruin, more demoralisation, than to any other lawful pastime."

I once went as a *visitor* to see that strange place—a material paradise and a moral hell in one—Monte Carlo. I peeped into the gambling saloon. What a picture! What agony on those faces gathered round the green table! Hollow eyes, haggard looks, pale complexions, quivering nerves: may I never see the like again! The passion once roused becomes desperate, and everything must yield before it. I never knew a gambler who did not come to a wretched end. Young men, whatever you do, *don't bet!*

"NOT FOR ME."

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"WITHOUT money, and without price!" Such are the terms on which God offers to all the gift of eternal life. Wonderful message of love! yet more wonderful how few will take it on these terms.

An incident which happened a short time ago, will illustrate my meaning.

A friend of the poor was often known to order a quarter of a ton of coals to be taken to persons whom he knew to be in distress. The weather was very severe one winter, the snow lying thick on the ground, and the kind donor rejoiced to think what warmth and comfort his gift would bring to many hearts and homes.

The coal-cart drew up opposite a poor, desolate-looking cottage, and the coalman knocked at the door, and told the old man within that he had brought him some coals.

"Who from?"

"Don't know," says the man, "but I was told to bring 'em here, and here they are."

"It's a mistake; they're not for me," answered the old man. "No such luck for me—I've no friend to send me coals for nothing."

"Nay, but they're for the man as lives at the dyke. Ain't that you?"

"That's me, sure enough; but there's a mistake. It's some other dyke, maybe."

"Nonsense, man; take 'em, and be thankful. I can't stay here all day talking!"

"Take 'em away then: they're not for me, and I won't have anything to do with 'em." And he shut the door with a bang, and returned to his desolate hearth. The cart rolled away, taking in it the gift that was intended for the old man.

The next day the same cart was seen drawn up opposite a low court in the town, and the same man, with a quarter of a ton of coals, knocking at one of the doors. "I've brought you some coals," he says cheerfully; "where shall I put 'em?"

"They're not for me," answered the man who opened the door; "you've made a mistake."

"It's no mistake," says the coalman. "See, here's the order:—No. 24, quarter of a ton of coals. Now, that's clear, ain't it?"

"That's my number, certainly," replied the other; "but these coals ain't mine, and I can't take 'em in. They must be for some one else!"

"Well," says the man with the coals, scratching his head with a puzzled look, "these coals beat me; they're more trouble than enough. One would think I was bringing yer poison. Here comes a nice present of coals, and yer clean refuse to take 'em. But leave 'em I shall; for yesterday I took 'em away from a house, and got into trouble for it. So, if yer don't open yer cellar door, I shall chuck 'em down here by yer doorstep."

Thus pressed, the man at last opened his cellar door, saying, "You'll soon be back to fetch 'em, I guess, so I won't set too much store by 'em. But if they're for me, I'm sure I'm much obliged."

One more house in that court the coalman visits with his load, and knocking at the door, tells the woman he has brought her some coals.

"For me?" she says; "oh, it can't be true, they must be for some one else."

"No, mum, here's your number, plain enough:—No. 8, quarter of a ton of coals."

"So it is! Well, then, I suppose God has sent 'em to me, for no one else knows that the last bit of coal is on the fire now, and that I didn't know where to get any more. Bring them in. It must be God who has sent 'em, and I must thank Him."

"Perhaps you'd better," is the man's short answer; but to himself he adds, "She's the only sensible one of the lot; the rest are fools for their pains."

"Fools for their pains!" How many such fools there are in the world!" God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16), "*the gift* of God" (Rom. 4. 23). Yet, though God offers to each one the *free gift* of eternal life, we too often act like these poor cottagers with the coals. Some, like the old man, refuse it altogether. "It's not for me, take it elsewhere"; and they send away the messenger who brings the good news. Others, like the man at No. 24, are *afraid* to take the gift; and they need much persuasion, and many invitations, to induce them to believe that the glad tidings are for them. "Come, for all things are now ready" (Luke 14. 17); "Take the water of life freely" (Rev. 22. 17). These loving words have to be repeated again and again.

But again, some, like the woman who had come to the end of her coals, having found out their need, just accept the gift of life eternal with a "thank you" to the giver of it. At first it seemed too good to be true, but when she saw the *order* with her *own number*, she believed and rejoiced. So, when first the good news of a free pardon through Christ reaches the heart of such an one, it seems too good to be true, but when he reads the words, "*Whosoever* will," and again, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save *sinners*," he hesitates no longer. That word *sinner* includes him; and so, feeling his poverty and need, he takes God at His word, accepts Jesus Christ as the free gift of God, and thanks Him for His great love in giving him such a Saviour.

The coals were paid for by the kind donor: so our salvation has been bought with a price, even with the precious blood of the Son of God, "who gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. 2. 6).

Reader, have *you* accepted this free gift, and if so, are you showing your gratitude by a life spent for the One who died in your stead?

Y.M.C.A. ITEMS.

Ireland.—We are glad to note from the Third Annual Report of the Irish Section of the English and Irish Union that, during 1887, the membership has increased over 20 per cent. That this is no mere "spurt," but is the result of steady, plodding work, is evident from the fact that during the past four years, the membership has increased from 3,000 to 6,281. Missions, both Home and Foreign, occupy an important place in the work of the year, and it is gratifying to note that not only are young men trained for Mission work, but that many volunteer to go forth to the Foreign Mission field. The Travelling Secretary, Mr. R. McCann, was actively employed during the year, evidently with excellent results.

Hammersmith.—On Tuesday, the 8th of May, the fifth Anniversary of the Hammersmith Association was celebrated by a day of Thanksgiving. At the evening meeting, which was largely attended, stirring addresses were delivered by the chairman (J. H. Tritton, Esq.), Dr. J. H. Gladstone, Mr. Hind-Smith, and others, and no doubt the Association will profit greatly by the gathering. The collection (including promises for £7 17s. 6d.) amounted to £23 10s. 10d. The Secretaries, Messrs. E. Ellis and E. Franklin, have received many testimonies from young men to the value of the work carried on.

OF INTEREST TO YOUNG MEN.

DURING the winter months, the Wakefield Y.M.C.A. carry on very successful public Evangelistic Meetings every Sunday at 8 p.m., in the Music Saloon of that town. At the last of these Meetings for the season, Gospel Addresses were given by six young men.

The next Scottish National Conference of Y.M.C.A.s will be held at Paisley in September. The place is most suitable, being only a few miles from Glasgow, where the International Exhibition is now being held. There should be a large and interesting gathering of Y.M.C.A. workers from all parts, at this Conference.

PUNCTUATION COMPETITION.

IT is with much regret that we find it impossible to announce until next week the result of the examination in this Competition. Up to the moment of going to press we quite expected to have the final award from the Examiners, but they inform us that they must have a day or two longer.

ACROSTIC.

IF in this contest victor you now prove,
That will be your reward. Come, try and win.

1. A pattern this of industry well known;
   Consider now its ways; make them thine own.
2. Call it the first or seventh, as you will,
   One out of every seven is binding still.
3. Part of one upright here is shown, you'll see,
   Each fain would hope that it his own will be.
4. This tiny, fragile case holds strength and beauty,
   From it they emerge when it has done its duty.
5. Open or shut, according to pleasure,
   With room and comfort in very good measure.
6. A father's curse alighted on this son,
   For angry, cruel deeds which he had done.
7. When roads were long, when coaches ran of old,
   Thine host here welco med all fatigued and cold.
8. All shapes and sizes, all kinds one can name,
   Each has one, yet there are no two the same.
9. Guess this—another upright comes to view;
   Guess this—good fortune comes to you.
10. Good or bad, according to season;
    Early or late, for the self-same reason.
11. A refuge this from wild and angry waves,
    Its quiet shelter from such dangers saves.
12. Let but a letter for a figure stand;
    See, then, the new best "Weekly" in the land.
13. So, daily from all countries, far and near,
    Outward and homeward bound, they all meet here.
14. The shadow fell, and daylight fades, when this
    Resumes its sway, "the poet's hour" it is.

A. A. B.

The Answer to this Acrostic will appear in our number for July 21st.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

JULY 1ST.

GOD'S COVENANT WITH ISRAEL.—*Exod.* 24. 1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Heb.* 8. 10.

By Rev. J. H. THORPE, M.A.

THE title of the lesson is "God's Covenant," but it may with profit be made a lesson under two heads. I. Communion with God; and II. Covenant with God.

I. COMMUNION WITH GOD.

Note two sorts of Communion—public, "thou and Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, and seventy of the elders"; private, "Moses alone." We are not to neglect the first of these, but the second is that in which we draw nearest.

Note the *ground* of the Communion—the blood shed (see vers. 5 and 8; compare Heb. 10. 19).

Note the *object* of the Communion—to see God, to learn about Him, to contemplate His glory (see ver. 10).

Note the *result* of Communion—ver. 11, "Did eat and drink." "To strengthen and refresh."

II. COVENANT WITH GOD.

Note here the ground of the covenant is the blood. Ver. 8, "The blood of the covenant," as before. But, also,

Note the people must be sprinkled with the blood (ver. 8). God has no covenant with sinners otherwise than through "the blood of Jesus Christ."

Note it was to be entered on *knowingly* (ver. 7). Note the point in the words, "told, wrote, read." God wants none to serve Him without counting the cost.

Note a fuller knowledge of God's commands will produce a fuller acquiescence in them. (Compare vers. 3 and 7, and the added words, "and be obedient."

JULY 8TH.

THE GOLDEN CALF.—*Exod.* 32. 15-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.—1 *John* 5. 21.

THIS lesson, though an historical fact, might be used with advantage as a picture, showing the *origin*, *growth*, and *effects of sin*.

PLACE, camp of Israel; time, summer. Get scholars to take part in drawing a word-picture of the scene. All so quiet. What were they doing? They had to—

WAIT. Who for? How long? What was Moses doing? To wait was a trial for them. Trials are often tests. God often keeps His people waiting. A training-time. Illustration: Paul in Arabia. While waiting they began to—

WISH. What for? This contrary to God's law—no "graven image." The danger of vain wishes. An oriental fable tells of a shepherd who wished for water; the Ganges was then turned into his ground, and his flock and cottage destroyed. Wishing soon set their—

WILL to work. If you particularly wish for anything, you soon are determined to have it. Show the necessity for will-power; also necessity for that will to be in subjection to God's. "Thy will, not mine, be done." Thus the *wish* and *will* were put into shape, and there came—

WORDS (ver. 23). All had been quiet in the camp previously; the calm before a storm. Sin never shows itself all at once. Note the *disrespect*, the *unthankfulness*, and *forgetfulness of* their words. The power of words. The need to think twice before speaking once. Then came—

WORK. Fresh stir in the camp. Running hither and thither. What are they fetching? Where did they get them from? What were they for? Familiar figure to them in Egyptian religion. No work to be undertaken that God's blessing cannot be asked upon. Note the cowardly way in which Aaron tried to excuse himself from his share of responsibility. We shall have to give an account of *all* our work (Eccles. 12. 14). Draw attention to the *Eye* that was watching them from the cloud on the mountain peak.

There is a noise in the camp. The people were at—

WORSHIP—singing and dancing; the latter a common religious practice in those days. Sometimes a solemn dance, like David's, or an indecent dance, as amongst Egyptians. No doubt it was an Egyptian dance they were indulging in; hence a double cause for Moses' anger. Strange things men worship. Enumerate some of the idols we make in these days. Then came—

WARFARE. Two sides in the camp—the Lord's and idolaters'. Note Moses' power. "One with God is a majority." Which side won? What did their sin cost them? *Broken tables*, 3,000 *lives*, *a clear conscience*, *an entrance to Canaan*. What did they gain by it? No answer—*nothing*.

Show that sin still, in the same way—

STARTS, SPREADS, and SMARTS.

Ask scholars Moses' question. Get them to answer "I." Add to their "I" these three resolves. Then—

"I" will be whole-hearted.
"I" will be courageous.
"I" will be obedient.

The three "wills" will then be followed by three "shalls."

"I" shall be safe.
"I" shall be happy.
"I" shall be honoured.

Get scholars to find Scripture proofs for "the three shalls." C. SKINNER.

JULY 15TH.

GOD'S PRESENCE PROMISED.—*Exod.* 33. 12-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Matt.* 28. 20.

MUCH help would be given to this lesson by giving brief Bible-reading on "God's Presence" as introduction.

Man's avoidance of God's presence (Gen. 3. 8). *Show it was not God who first avoided man.*

Sent from God's presence—a punishment (Lev. 22. 3). *Illustrate by child sent up to bed.*

Joy in God's presence (1 Chron. 16. 27; Ps. 16. 11).

Nature owning God's presence (1 Chron. 16. 23; Ps. 68. 8; Isa. 64. 3).

How to come into God's presence (Ps. 95. 2; 110. 2).

Effect of God's presence on offenders (Isa. 64. 2; Jonah 1. 3; Num. 3. 4).

LESSON-LINKS. *Moses' intercession. The Lord's refusal to go with the people. Abandonment of ornaments. Removal of tabernacle.* (Proper tabernacle not yet erected; this doubtless his own tent, to which he gave the name, "Tent of Meeting." *Moses' entrance into the tent. The cloud as doorkeeper. Effect upon the people* (ver. 10).

The whole of the lesson is an account of *a Conversation in the tent.* Some have thought it took place on Sinai, but there is no mention in verse 11 of Moses going thither; and in verse 2 of following chapter are the words, "Come up in the morning to Mount Sinai," which would hardly have been used, had Moses been there at the time. No doubt this is the conversation referred to in verse 11, where the Lord spoke "face to face." How many joined in the conversation? How many times did each speak?

THREE REQUESTS and THREE ANSWERS.

Requests.	*Answers.*
1. Show me Thy way.	1. I will give thee rest.
2. Go with us.	2. I will do this thing.
3. Show me Thy glory.	3. I will put thee in a cleft of the rock.

In the *1st request and answer* notice: Moses wanted *three things*—to know how the people were to be led, God's purpose concerning them, and if God still considered them *His* people. A threefold prayer: earnest, unselfish, bold, persevering. Show how in God's answer He promises two *personal* blessings—guidance, rest. Show how these two were greatly needed by Moses. God's blessing always appropriate to our needs.

In the *2nd request and answer* is seen Moses' importunity—wanted a blessing for the *people*, not for himself; wanted God to be people's guide, not an angel. Answer, both *clear* and *definite*.

In *3rd request and answer* Moses wanted to see God. It was a daring prayer offered by Augustine when he said, "Lord, hast Thou declared that no man shall see Thy face 'and live'? Then let me die, that I may see Thee!" A desire of many eminent saints, hence the great number who have tried to sketch the face of Christ. Our bodily eyes only made to look upon material things; even to look at the sun impossible. For God's glory see Exod. 40. 35; 1 Chron. 7. 1, 2. God's answer shows His *Divine care*, "I will 'cover' thee," and *gracious willingness*. What was it Moses saw? Perhaps a resplendent human form. Turn to Numbers 12. 8. Refer to transfiguration scene, and John's vision. When shall we see His face?

Sentences for scholars to repeat:—

God's presence our guide.
God's presence our guard.
God's presence *felt*, not seen.
God's presence our inspiration.
God's revealed presence our hope.

JULY 22ND.

FREE GIFTS FOR THE TABERNACLE.—*Exod.* 35. 20-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.—2 *Cor.* 9. 7.

(VERSE 20 needs the explanation that the people had been attending a great public meeting to hear a message from God, and were now going to their tents to do what had been asked.) This is a lesson on—

HOW TO GIVE AND HOW TO WORK.

Show that these two constitute life, are our "constant" concern, and on them depends the character of the future.

What were the gifts and work for? What was the tabernacle for? Who was the designer? Who saw the pattern of it, and where? God could have made it Himself, but He loves to co-operate with men. He could evangelise the world Himself, asks men to share the work.

Tabernacle, when complete, cost £250,000 (*Kitto*). Large supplies wanted. Read over the list in verses 4-9.

HOW THE PEOPLE GAVE.

CHEERFULLY (ver. 21). Everything was a voluntary gift, except the half-shekel of atonement money (Exod. 30. 12).

ACCORDING TO THEIR ABILITY. Whatever they had they brought (ver. 23). Little stores of oil, pieces of wood, tacks, pins, and precious stones. Some people keep from giving, because they cannot give much. Show how the widow gave more than the rich man.

ABUNDANTLY (chap. 36. 5). They had to be restrained from giving; all gave, men and women, rich and poor.

AS TO GOD (vers. 22, 24). They put into practice Paul's words in Col. 3. 17.

HOW THE PEOPLE WORKED.

WILLINGLY (ver. 25; also chap. 36. 12). Some people willing to give, but not to work; *both* needed. A willing worker makes a clever worker.

WISELY (vers. 25, 35). Much work spoilt for want of wisdom. Illustrate from daily life.

EACH IN HIS OR HER OWN SPHERE. "The man who made the pins as great in God's sight as Bezaleel who made the plans." No hint that they quarrelled who should do the showy work. All through the Bible great prominence given to little deeds.

IMMEDIATELY. In one verse we read (ver. 20), "They departed," and in the next, "They came." In chap. 36. 1, there is the word "then." No delay, no waiting for second thoughts. God's work needs wise haste. "He gives twice who gives quickly." Same with work.

UNCONDITIONALLY. No bargaining as to wages. Did not say with Peter, "What shall we have?"

ENTHUSIASTICALLY. Proved by their offerings and readiness. What is enthusiasm? "Better two men burning with enthusiasm than a house full of men whose souls are destitute of it." Pray, "Lord, baptize me with fire!" Dr. Arnot was once at a station where he grew weary of waiting for the train to move. He inquired of the men what the trouble was, and asked if it was want of water. "Plenty of water," was the quick reply, "but it's no bilin'." There is no lack of religious societies. "The engines are on the track, men in their places, but there is little or no progress. May it not be because 'the water is no bilin''?" Press home the two questions, "Am I giving like the children of Israel? Am I working like them?" Still the same need for gifts and labour. C. SKINNER.

JULY 29TH.

THE TABERNACLE.—*Exod.* 40. 1-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Rev.* 21. 3.

THE STORY OF A WONDERFUL TENT. Teachers should obtain, if possible, small sketch of Tabernacle to take into class. Draw scholars' attention, as verses are read, to—

The day the Tent was erected (see Exod. 12. 2).
The amount of work done in one day.
The order in which the work was done. The most important done first. The work commenced from within, and grew outwardly.

ITS ARCHITECT—*God*. Every building needs an architect. God the architect of our bodies—the tabernacle of the soul—of the world—of heaven.

ITS BUILDER—Moses. (Some other Bible builders might be mentioned.) Show that we cannot all be architects, but may all be builders—of character.

ITS DESIGN. Where first shown? In three parts: *Court*, *Holy Place*, and *Holy of Holies*.

The Court. Its length, 100 cubits (Exod. 27. 11). (A cubit supposed to be 18 inches.) Get scholars to give the length in our measurements. Open to the sky. Composed of a framework of sixty pillars hung with curtains.

Holy Place, and Holy of Holies. These formed the tabernacle proper. Built of wood within the Court; wood overlaid with gold; roofed in by red ram-skins and seal-skins (Exod. 26. 14). Length, 30 cubits; breadth, 10. Divided into the two compartments by a "vail of blue," hanging from four pillars (Exod. 26. 31, 32).

ITS FURNITURE. *In the Court.* Altar of burnt-offering (ver. 6). The Laver (ver. 7). *In the Holy Place.* A Candlestick (Exod. 25. 31) made of pure gold, worth in our money £5,475. Table of Shewbread. Altar of Incense. *In the Holy of Holies.* The Ark, lid of which called Mercy-seat. Scholars should state what ark contained. Over Mercy-seat two golden representations of cherubim.

ITS USE. Worship. Sacrifice. Meetings.

ITS SERVANTS. Every house needs some one to attend to it. Priests and Levites. For description of priests and their dues, Lev. 21. 16-21; Exod. 28. 40-42. Head Servant—High Priest, Exod. 28. 30-39.

ITS DEDICATION (vers. 9-11). Anointed with oil (Exod. 20. 23). Set apart for God's use only.

ITS HISTORY. Was used as a place of worship till the time of David. When last heard of was kept as a relic in Temple (1 Chron. 5. 5).

ITS SYMBOLS. Everything in it had a meaning—*a great object-lesson to teach Christ.*

It symbolised God's presence: Christ with us.
It taught whereby we may have access to God.
It symbolised the holiness of God by the difficulty of access to the Holy of Holies. Altar of Incense spoke of prayer, Shewbread of good works, Candlestick of the Holy Spirit, and the Altar of Burnt-offering of Christ.

Every heart should be a tabernacle for God, and every soul a priest. We all need to learn

THE LESSONS THE TABERNACLE TEACHES.

1. The Altar of Sacrifice leads to the Presence of God.
2. Before entering the Holy Place, we must wash in the Laver.
3. God's Spirit gives us light, and Christ becomes the Bread of Life.
4. Thus we have access through the rent veil into God's presence.
5. Christ is MY High Priest. C. SKINNER.

NOTES ON THE Y.M.C.A. BIBLE CLASS LESSONS.

JULY 1ST.

THE LOST PIECE OF SILVER.—*Luke* 15. 8-10.

I. LOSER OF THE PIECE OF SILVER. We may take the woman as representing God. We may lose a thing in many different ways—we may lose a thing through our own carelessness, or we may have it stolen from us; it is in the latter sense that God lost us. Satan and sin robbed God from us, as well as robbing us from God.

II. LOST PIECE OF SILVER. 1. It was lost, so is the sinner. Lost in Adam; lost in sin; lost in self; lost in the world; and lost to God. Lost, like a man in a wilderness: lost, like a man without a character; lost, like a man under sentence of death; lost, like a ship without a rudder, being driven toward the fatal rocks; lost, like the wandering sheep; lost, like the prodigal in the far-off land; and lost, like the piece of silver—in the dust of sin and uncleanness. 2. It was a piece of silver, therefore precious. The sinner is precious and costly to God. We read this in the love of the Father, in the work of the Son, and in the labour of the Holy Spirit. 3. It was *one* piece of silver. One soul is precious to Christ. In John's Gospel we have Him again and again, saving and blessing individual souls.

1. Nicodemus,	illustrating	Self-righteous one.
2. Woman of Samaria,	,,	Prejudiced one.
3. Nobleman's son,	,,	Diseased one.
4. Impotent man,	,,	Helpless one.
5. Woman taken in adultery,	,,	Unclean one.
6. Blind man,	,,	Blinded one.
7. Lazarus,	,,	Dead one.

III. LIGHTED CANDLE. What does this represent? The light of man's reason? No. The light of nature? No. The light of the law? No. The light of learning? No. What then? Paul tells us in 2 Corinthians 4. 3-6, it is the gospel. The candle would lead to two things—reveal the piece of silver in the dust, and so cause the woman to recover it. Even so does the gospel. It searches (Zeph. 1. 12) and causes conviction, as in the case of Saul of Tarsus, when the light shone around him. And it brings the light of the gospel and salvation (Luke 11. 36).

IV. SIFTING THE DUST, OR SWEEPING THE HOUSE. There are two sweepers spoken of in the Bible. 1. The sinner, who sweeps his house with the broom of reformation (Luke 11. 25). 2. God, who sweeps away our refuges of lies (Isa. 28. 17), that we may flee to the only Refuge of Safety. Or He sweeps the sinner with the besom of destruction in judgment (Isa. 14. 23). Here we see the Lord working by His Holy Spirit through the gospel; and whenever He begins to work, there is sure to be a dust. We see it on the day of Pentecost. What a dust, to be sure! but three thousand pieces of silver found. What a dust, when Stephen spoke before the council! They killed him, it is true, but Saul of Tarsus was converted. What a bright piece of silver he was! What a stir there is in the conscience when the Holy Spirit works! Sin is then seen in its right light. What a stir there is in the will and understanding! There is decision for Christ and thinking of Christ when the Spirit works.

V. LABOURING TO FIND IT. She seeks till she finds. There are three seekers spoken of in the Word. Satan, who seeks to devour (1 Pet. 5. 8); the awakened sinner, who, like Zacchæus, seeks to see Jesus (Luke 19. 3); and the Saviour, who seeks the lost (Luke 19. 10). Here the woman represents the Church seeking by the Holy Spirit, through the gospel, lost souls.

VI. THE LIKEWISE OF JOY. There are at least seven parties who rejoice at the repenting of a soul. 1. The Father (Zeph. 3. 17); 2. The Son (Luke 15. 6); 3. The Holy Spirit (Luke 15. 9); 4. The angels (Luke 15. 7); 5. Loved ones (Heb. 12. 23); 6. The Church (Acts 15. 3); 7. The one who repents.

What encouragement this parable gives to workers! for the one thought is, the children of God are associated with God, in the salvation of souls.

F. E. MARSH.

JULY 8TH.

ZACCHÆUS.—*Luke* 19. 1-10.

I. THE MAN. Zacchæus. Three facts stated, and each tells against him.

1. Publican. 2. Chief among publicans. 3. Rich. (Rich with unjust gain.)

The office was hateful to the Jews (publican being a tax-gatherer), and the fact that he was eminent among the class, would, in their eyes, only add to his disgrace. The publicans were not merely collectors of taxes, but *assessors*.

II. HIS CURIOSITY.

"He sought to see Jesus who He was," apparently from no other motive than curiosity. Yet God overrules for good. A bad motive may bring a man under the sound of the gospel, under the influence of Christ, where he shall obtain lasting good.

III. HIS DIFFICULTY.

He could not see Jesus, because he was little of stature. There are *natural* difficulties lying in the way of the approach of some to Christ, which do not lie in the way of others. The *mental characteristics* of some are a hindrance; they are naturally light and frivolous, while others are disposed to seriousness. Or they are naturally philosophic and sceptical, while others are confiding. Then the *moral* bias is stronger in some than in others, inclining them powerfully to evil.

IV. HIS DEVICE. The sycamore tree.

God takes care that there shall always be a tree at hand for spiritual dwarfs.

Those who *really want* to see Jesus, *will find* a way of getting at Him. It is worth some effort to get such a sight.

Perhaps Zacchæus also thought the foliage would hide him, and that, being unpopular, the tree was the safest place.

"*He was to pass that way.*" Jesus often passes our way—be on the look-out.

V. THE UNEXPECTED CALL.

How surprised Zacchæus must have been to find he was discovered! "Can any hide himself in secret that I shall not see him?"

How still more surprised to hear his *name* mentioned! What a revelation this must have been to him! "Here is One who knows all about me!"

Compare "Woman of Samaria" (John 4. 29) and "Nathaniel" (John 1. 47, 48).

"*Make haste.*" "To-day." The King's business requireth haste. "*Now* is the accepted time." "Escape for thy life. Look not behind thee, neither tarry."

"*I must abide at thy house.*"

Thus Jesus invites Himself. What made the necessity? "The grace of our God, which is exceeding abundant." Necessary, for Christ to show His grace; necessary, for Zacchæus to receive His mercy and love.

Christ called Zacchæus to come *down* to Him, that he might afterwards come *up* with Him.

VI. THE GLAD RECEPTION.

Notice the promptitude of his obedience. Notice also its gladness. A golden opportunity seized and improved.

VII. WHAT THE GRUMBLERS SAID.

In their opinion Christ was degrading Himself by going to the house of the publican. But Christ went where He was most needed. "I came not to call the righteous," etc. The dignity of caste offended, but moral dignity raised.

VIII. THE EVIDENCES OF CONVERSION (ver. 8).

Read in the light of ver. 9, it is clear that these words are not a Pharisaic boast, but a penitent confession.

Query—After Zacchæus had given half his goods to the poor, and restored fourfold to those he had injured, how much would he have left?

Two good evidences are here—justice and generosity.

IX. THE BENEDICTION.

Salvation was there because Christ was there. The publican was a son of Abraham in the truest sense (Gal. 3. 9; Rom. 2. 28, 29).

JAMES L. STANLEY.

JULY 15TH.

THE LOWLY KING.—*Ps.* 8; *Matt.* 21. 15, 16.

I. THE EXCELLENT NAME. "Jehovah our Adōnahy." Jehovah is the name of God in covenant relationship; its meaning is, He who always is, always was, and always will be. Adōnahy, this means Lord or Master. These names are excellent, because of what they speak of.

"IN ALL THE EARTH." As Adam Clark says: "How illustrious is the name of Jesus throughout the world! His incarnation, birth, humble and obscure life, preaching, miracles, passion, death, resurrection, and ascension, are celebrated through the whole world. His religion, the gifts and graces of His Spirit, His people, and His gospel. No name is so universal, no power and influence so generally felt, as those of the Saviour of mankind." His name—

1. Separated to His name (Acts 15. 14).
2. Sonship in His name (John 1. 12).
3. Salvation by His name (Matt. 1. 21).
4. Suffering for His name (Acts 5. 21).
5. Severance from all iniquity through His name (2 Tim. 1. 9).
6. Submission to His name (2 Thess. 1. 12).
7. Service in His name (Rev. 2. 3).

II. ENCOURAGEMENT. "Out of the mouths of babes," etc. (ver. 2). Christ refers to and quotes this twice (Matt. 11. 25; 21. 16). And Paul seems to refer to this when speaking of the five weak classes of workers that God uses (1 Cor. 1. 27, 28). What encouragement this is, when we remember that God uses weak things. Joseph in Egypt to be the provider; stuttering Moses to be deliverer to Israel; Gideon and his 300 men to defeat the Midianites; David to overthrow Goliath; and the fishermen to be the apostles.

III. EXHIBITION. "When I consider," etc. (ver. 3). God's works cause us to wonder and worship. To wonder at His greatness, and to worship Him for His goodness.

IV. INQUIRY. "What is man?" etc. "Man," that is Enōsh, frail, mortal man, from Ahnash, incurable, mortal. "*Son of man.*" Adam, the son of a rebel.

V. ENDOWMENT (vers. 5-9). Man lost the power he had over the works spoken of by sin (Gen. 1. 26-28). It is regained by Christ (1 Cor. 15. 27). And will yet be enjoyed by man (Heb. 2. 6-9).

VI. ENVY (Matt. 21. 15). "They were sore displeased." The Pharisees, priests, and scribes were famous at this.

VII. EXULTATION (Matt. 21. 15, 16). The children sang His praises, and prayed Him to "save now," but the nation rejected Him; hence their house is desolate (Matt. 23. 38, 39).

F. E. MARSH.

JULY 22ND.

GENEROSITY.—*Prov.* 11. 24-27.

VER. 24. "*There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth.*" See this illustrated in *agricultural* life—seed-time and harvest. Also in *commercial* life—a man scatters his money in trade, in investments, and by interest and profits increaseth. The same principle holds good in things moral and spiritual. It applies to—

I. THE USE OF MONEY, etc. (see Prov. 3. 9, 10). Partly by the operation of a spiritual law, partly by direct Divine interposition, the liberal soul is made fat.

"There was a man, and some did think him mad,
The more he gave away, the more he had."

II. THE USE OF NATURAL TALENTS; *i.e.*, intellectual powers. The more used, the more they increase in power.

III. THE USE OF KNOWLEDGE. "Knowledge shared, is made more definite and certain." Knowledge imparted, is not lost to the one who imparts it. The very use of it often leads directly to an increase.

"*There is that withholdeth,*" *etc.* Imagine a farmer refusing to sow his seed for fear of losing it. By hoarding it he would lose it. "Cornered grain rots in the elevator." By withholding aught from God we only impoverish ourselves. The vapours which the earth sends up to heaven, return in fertilizing showers. The gifts we render to God come back to us again in blessings. The selfish soul, which shuts all its pleasures *in* to itself, shuts *out* the pleasures that would flow in.

Ver. 25. Men think that by generous gifts they rob themselves, but God views the case otherwise.

"*He that watereth,*" *etc.* You refresh others, and God will refresh you. You pour out the treasures of His truth and love upon others; He will make the rivers of His love to flow to you. Remember the widow's cruse of oil. The little lad gave up his barley loaves and fishes: see what the result was! Peter lent Christ his ship—what a draught of fishes he obtained!

Ver. 26. This is, of course, to be taken literally; but if true of the natural corn, how much more so of the heavenly supplies in the Word of God?

Ver. 27. "*He that diligently seeketh good procureth favour.*" This is illustrated in the centurion (Luke 7. 3). He sought the good of Israel, and he gained their favour. Note, it is he that seeketh *good*—the good of others—not his own *honour* and *gain*.

"*But he that seeketh mischief,*" *etc.*; that is, seeketh the mischief and injury of *others* (for no man seeks mischief to himself). See here the the law of retribution, and note its illustration in David's persecutors.

JAMES L. STANLEY.

JULY 29TH.

THE PRODIGAL SON.—*Luke* 15. 11-32.

SIDE-LIGHTS:— 1. The prodigal under law (Deut. 21. 18-21); and the prodigal under grace (Luke 15.).

2. Two "spent alls" (Luke 8. 43 and 15. 14).

3. Two "wants," or plenty and penury (Ps. 23. 1 and Luke 15. 14).

I. SEVEN DOWNWARD STEPS OF THE PRODIGAL.

1. *Discontent.* "Give me the portion of goods, etc." Discontentment was the seed that the devil planted in our first parents; it marred the life of Lot; it was the curse of Israel, and the death of Achan.

2. *Distance.* "Took his journey into a far country." Sin puts man at a distance from God, and outside of all blessing.

3. *Dissipation.* "Wasted his substance in riotous living." Dissipation means waste of powers, want of character, and woe to come.

4. *Destitution.* "Spent all . . . mighty famine." Without God, without Christ, without hope, without life, without peace, without joy, and without a home is the sinner. Destitute indeed!

5. *Distress.* "Began to be in want." The word "want" is a significant one. It is translated "come-short" in Rom. 2. 23; "suffer need" in Phil. 4. 12; and in Heb. 11. 37, "Destitute." To come short of God's glory, to be suffering need because of His grace, and to be destitute of the blessings of God's grace, is enough to cause distress.

6. *Disgrace.* "Feeding swine." What a come down! From the Father's house to the pig-trough. Thomas Fuller says, "He was brought from the keeping of harlots to the keeping of hogs."

7. *Dismay.* "I perish." The word "perish" occurs seven times in Luke 15. It is translated "lost" or "lose." From the connections in which the word occurs we see its meaning.

II. SEVEN RETURNING STEPS OF THE PRODIGAL.

1. *Discovery.* "He came to himself." Ambrose says, "He who returns to the Lord, comes back again to himself; he who departs from Christ forsakes himself."

2. *Desire.* "How many hired servants," etc. He seems to say, "My father treats his hired servants better than this citizen treats me."

3. *Decision.* "I will arise." The Levites decided for the Lord in answer to the question, "Who is on the Lord's side?" The prodigal decided, because forced to, by his need.

4. *Departure.* "He arose and came." An illustration of true repentance. What is repentance? A change of mind wrought by the Holy Spirit, and shown in the action.

5. *Determination.* "I will say unto him, I have sinned," etc. He was ready with his wail of confession, but the Father was readier with his welcome and kiss.

6. *Destination.* "Go to my *Father.*" He would have received a cold reception from his brother, but he knew where to go.

7. *Demerit.* "I am not worthy." The only thing that we are worthy of is death, as David said to Abner (1 Sam. 26. 16). But Christ is worthy, and we are blest for His sake, as Mephibosheth was blest for Jonathan's sake (2 Sam. 9. 1).

III. SEVENFOLD ACTION OF THE FATHER TOWARDS THE PRODIGAL.

1. His *discernment* of him. "He saw him."

2. His *devotion* to him. "He ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

3. His *direction* concerning him. "Bring forth the best robe."

4. His *dress* upon him. "Put it on him."

5. His *design* for him. Ring for his hand, shoes for his feet, feast for him to partake, and his lost position restored.

6. His *delight* in him. "This my son was dead," etc.

7. His *demonstration* about him. "Let us eat and be merry."

F. E. MARSH.

THE DIFFICULT LOVE LETTER.



Say the words and I will write them." "Lieber Freund," she began. Then Lena could get no farther; the thoughts which came to her mind, the words which rose from her heart to her lips, she could not tell to the schoolmaster. She looked at him, and—she could not say them. *See page 621.*

"A.1."

MAD JOHN BURLEIGH.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT,
Author of "Her Two Sons," "Eric Olsson's Minde Ring," "Drifted," "Little Rainbow," "Our Navvies," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH MR. BURLEIGH MAKES NEW FRIENDS.

THE following day there was a visible improvement in the curate. A week passed, and he was strong enough to be removed. The most careful arrangements were therefore made. Sammy's father and Mark Thompson came to carry him to the cab, and many others were waiting at the station, to place him in the invalid railway carriage, each pleased if he might only lift a portmanteau, or hand in a shawl.

John thanked them with that familiar smile of his, and shook hands feebly as they said good-bye. As the train left the station, men who, till he came to Canal Road, used to attend socialistic meetings in the Free Thought Hall, and curse "parsons," stood with their caps in their hands, waving a farewell. And there was not one amongst them who had not learnt more of the religion of Jesus from John Burleigh than all the infidel arguments they might afterwards hear in their workshops and dockyards would ever make them forget.



"It was a hearty good-bye."

"A month from that day."

"It's his *life*, see, yer lads, that was his most logical argument," said Mark Thompson, once himself a well-known advocate of free thought, as they turned away.

A month from that day John Burleigh had discarded a bath-chair, and was to be met slowly walking on the spa with his sisters, resting in the woods, or with his brother, driving about in a pony carriage. Life had returned to the young clergyman, and with it all the old loves. His women-kind half worshipped him, and Arthur gave up the partridge shooting—no small sacrifice—to constitute himself first head nurse, and then his constant companion. Even his uncle came over, and was very friendly—almost tender—in trying to convey an unspoken forgiveness.

It pleased John to see how admirably his uncle and brother suited each other. What comrades they had naturally become! How eagerly they discussed the same subjects, and chose the same interests and occupations!

He said nothing, for fear of rousing old pain, but he felt, and he knew, down in their hearts, both his mother and uncle understood that he had acted well for all parties, when he resigned an earthly inheritance, which stood—for him—in the way of his pursuit of an heavenly one.

One day, Mr. Burleigh the elder came in with a letter in his hand.

"This, John, is from Lord Azerley. It is the offer to you of the living of Houghrigg. It is not worth much, but it is pretty country, and near their own place. Our families have always been close friends, and you would find the earl a pleasant squire; and you see what a favour he makes of your accepting it. I hope you will feel it right to do so."

John Burleigh was a man of a very humble spirit. Perhaps no prayer was more frequently on his lips than—"Show Thou me the way I should walk in." When he once saw that way clear and distinct before him, no matter where it led, he would pursue it; but he was willing only to go where God pointed. So he hesitated, and days passed before he could make up his mind as to the right thing to do. He prayed much about it, and then he wrote and laid all the case before Canon Feedman. He hoped the Canon would say, "Come back," for his heart drew him to Canal Road Mission Room, and to all the people he loved, and he waited with much anxiety for his vicar's reply.

It came,—a sensible, kind letter, but not warm; it ran:—

"Mind it is a *sine qua non* that my curates should be men of not only the right way of thinking, but also of good health and robust constitutions. Now, this outbreak of diphtheria has severely strained you, and I most decidedly advise you to let your decision as to your return here, or your acceptance of Houghrigg, rest on a first-rate medical opinion, such as that, for instance, of Sir James Paget. It may be that after some years in the country, you will return to a city parish, able to bear its work."

John Burleigh had asked—"Show me Thy way, O God," and he considered the Canon's letter to be an answer to his prayer. If this was the will of God, he dare not cast it aside, because it was distasteful to himself.

The following day he went to town, and consulted Sir James. He did so certainly with reluctance, for his heart drew him back to Benford, but he went. The great authority forbade his return to town work, and prescribed country air and rest, and wished him a polite "good-morning."

It was not pleasant to travel back, conjuring up all the familiar scenes and honest faces he knew so well, to which he was mentally bidding adieu.

Still, he sat down immediately upon his return, and wrote to the Earl of Azerley, accepting the offer of the Vicarage of Houghrigg. He posted his letter with a sigh, but the wrench once over, there settled down upon his soul peace—full peace, even more—satisfaction. Here was the will of the Father, then. "Thy will be done," he said, and rested there.

So John Burleigh became a vicar.

Two mornings passed. The third brought a kind, warm note from the earl, thanking John for accepting the living, and inviting him to come at once to Azerley, and remain until the Vicarage was ready for his reception. "I have directed my agent to see it is put in thorough order at once. Your predecessor was a singular old man—quite a recluse—and the repairs will certainly take some weeks, during which time it will give Lady Azerley and my daughters much pleasure to welcome the son of my old friend to our home."

Nothing could be more kind and considerate. The elder Mr. Burleigh was particularly gratified, and secretly repented his angry vow of three years before. But his nature was far too obstinate to permit him to retract an inch. He had intended that the discontinuance of his allowance should act as a punishment to his rebellious nephew, and he would not have cared if only the mortification of his nephew's life had but proclaimed itself in a sad visage. John was, without doubt, under the lash, and his uncle would have liked to see scars made first, and then to heal them. Instead of which John had evidently never felt the thong at all, and asked no sympathy. And now had come this living of Houghrigg, and the boy had taken it, his uncle believed, at all events in some degree, at his desire, and the income was very little larger than that of that wretched town curacy!

His nephew would now be a still poorer man, for there was a Vicarage—though fortunately not, as it is so shamefully often the case, a large one—to keep up on the tiny stipend.

A Vicarage, Mr. Burleigh knew, was unlike an ordinary house in one respect at least; it was not, if worthily occupied, the dwelling of one man or one family, but the home of the whole parish—the centre to which all who were in sickness or penury looked as their natural and rightful source of comfortable supplies of ready relief.

The centre, too, where others, not the poor, should be secure of ever finding a cheerful welcome, a plentiful hospitality; and if a Vicarage could not be, or was not so maintained, Mr. Burleigh was well aware the parson's prestige was gone, his influence crippled, perhaps lost altogether. All these reflections made Mr. Burleigh very uncomfortable, all the more so that none such appeared ever to have suggested themselves to his singular nephew. He longed that John should come to him and ask for help, and he assured himself he would joyfully give such assistance, and with no grudging or calculating measure; but then John must come, and if not in words, at least by manner, show a sign of hearty contrition—be it ever so slight; he would then accept the apology. Mr. Burleigh still believed that John had been in the wrong when he gave up home and position, broad acres and ease, consideration, refinement, and leisure, and became nothing—"nothing at all."

He waited and he hoped, at first confidently, that John would own his mistake; then the expectation languished, and at length died down into a hard certainty that his wish would never be gratified. Then a secret anger stole into the old man's heart, accompanied by the conviction that it was not pride or obstinacy which locked John's lips, but that he had not dreamt such words were necessary; that he did not ask for money, for the simple reason he did not need it; and that he was quite content to be poor, since so he could more closely follow the Divine Master, with whom, though invisible, he walked, whose mysterious Presence filled his life with content, and whose words came to him, not muffled by the distance of eighteen centuries, but as plain words from a plain, unerring Teacher—ethics of practical daily life to be learnt and lived to-day by an English gentleman, as fully as by an ignorant Galilean fisherman in the long past æon, in that Eastern land.

Mr. Burleigh lingered as long as he could, even till the seaside party—a week after John's accepting Houghrigg—broke up, and with more vexation than he would have liked to acknowledge even to himself, he saw Mrs. Burleigh and the girls depart on a visit to a cousin's country place, and returned himself, with Arthur, to receive a shooting party at the old Hall. John stood on the platform waving a cheerful farewell, and looking very bright.

"To think," said the squire bitterly, "that fellow is going with a couple of portmanteaux and a box of books to begin life again."

"Ah!" said Arthur, thoughtfully stroking his moustache, "it hardly seems so to me."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, you said, 'begin life again'; that's hardly to me a correct definition. This is only a continuation of Jack's life. There is a consistency about him one does not often meet with, a method of action—not one that I should enjoy, certainly, but still a method."

"Yes, the method of madness. Thank Heaven I have one sane nephew;" and so the waters of Marah, which sorrow had sweetened for a time, welled up again in the squire's heart, and he persistently tried to forget his eldest nephew, "that fool of a parson," and he pretty thoroughly succeeded. One can easily form the habit of shutting one's eyes to the disagreeable.

In the old coaching days one of the passengers was engaged in a dispute with an acquaintance on the pavement, and the coachman lingered that the one "should hear the rights of it" from the other. An old and placid gentleman on the box seat suddenly, without any warning of irritation, flashed up passionately, "Drive on, John, drive on." Under the stimulus of his "drive on," unconsciously John touched the off leader with his whip, and to this day the argument was never finished.

"Drive on," said Mr. Burleigh mentally, "and leave behind the unconcluded argument; forget it if you can in motion—anyhow, leave it behind." So we escape our difficulties.

The next train which rolled out of the seaside station bore John Burleigh in one of its third class compartments to his destination.

His was a journey of several hours northwards. It was two o'clock in the afternoon when they drew near the scene of his former labours.

Though a beautiful autumn afternoon, the great city was obscured by a yellow pall of smoke. The spires of the churches, the

towers of the municipal buildings, the great dome of the town hall rose above and through a misty medium, a weary succession of wavering lines shadowed out the whereabouts of the distant streets, and those the passengers saw more closely looked hot and unclean with the encumbering dust of weeks.

But as the train slowly passed above the polluted river and all but stagnant canal, John Burleigh rose quickly, and leaning from the window, gazed down into his old district, noted eagerly this street and that yard, gazed lovingly on to Canal Road, and with misty eyes sought out the soot-darkened Mission-room. The place looked *strange* to him, just because it was so familiar. It had been the scene of intense emotion to him, and now he stood outside, looking on it as one who had no part therein. It was as though, for one brief moment, life had passed, and he awoke to find himself one of those sad spirits who watch outside the existence in which they have no longer any share, and wring their unavailing hands, and sob out their soundless grief at the bitter separation from all they love. The experience came and went in a breath, and left John Burleigh shuddering.

There was an hour to wait before the north train would leave. Should he run down to Canal Road, and get a hearty greeting or two, see a few faces light up in recognition, and so, with warmer heart, go to his new work? The thought was delightful, and he was just about to act on the impulse of the moment, when another consideration stopped him. What if his people begged him to return? He well knew, from the precious ill-written letters he had received, that this would be the case.

Another curate had been appointed; if he went into his old district just now, he should leave behind him a spirit of discontent. He knew his people well enough to be sure the very sight of himself would rouse feelings of ill-will, however undeserved, against his successor. He turned sadly back from the entrance to the station, and walked to the far end of the platform, from which he could see his very uninviting Canaan.

He was sadly looking towards it, when he heard his name called in loud and glad surprise, and turning round, his hand was seized and nearly wrung off by a stout man in a soiled grey suit and grey wide-awake hat. He had a jolly round face, brown moustache and imperial, but no whiskers, and quick, dark eyes. This was Luke Sugden, John Burleigh's late warden. He was cracking nuts with his teeth to fill up the time, and the moment he ceased shaking John Burleigh's hand, he dived under the left breast of his coat, and by an until then invisible silver chain dragged up a handsome gold watch, and glanced at it sharply.

"I've half an hour, sir. I'm glad to see you, sir; and you'll be shifting to your new situation, I take it?"

"Yes," said John, smiling, "and I was looking at my old one," pointing to Canal Road, "and wishing it was a return to that."

"Ah! and we wish it, too, sir, you may be sure. I heard it was your health you couldn't come back for, and you only look but a poor mesh yet! But we reckon naught of this new chap. He's nobbut a lad, and isn't up to his business yet. Means well, I think, but wants a bit of eddicating; he wants leading himself, and so of course he can't lead other folks. But he's obstinate. All weak men are that. I'm sure a lot on us has given him good advice; but then, you know, advice is only good to them that'll take it."

"Perhaps, Mr. Sugden, he does not like advice-giving, and you should remember he is a clergyman, and is placed over the district."

"Ah, sir!" said Sugden, cracking another nut, and putting his hands deep into his coat pockets, "that's just where it is. Do you think I'd put a chap on as *overlooker* yonder," pointing to a large Mill a short distance off, "if he weren't competent? I reckon not! I can tell you I should soon myself get sided by our master. If religion's of any importance at all, or of any good, it will bear the application of sound commercial experience. An ignorant chap's allus conceited, allus above advice. And then what does our new parson do? There's naught extra in himself to command respect, so he backs up his poor head-piece with his *office*, and talks no end about t' Church. As I said to him,—

"What do you preach about t' Church for, when we've only yet gotten a Mission Room?

"I knew what he meant well enough," said Mr. Sugden, with a wink, "but he thought I didn't, and says very meek and very superior,—

"'You don't understand! I am not talking of stones and mortar, but of the great Church invisible.'

"Then," I said, "we'll believe in *it* when you make it visible, sir, by living it, as Mr. Burleigh did. That took him down a bit, I reckon;" and Mr. Sugden laughed jovially.

John Burleigh blushed with pain. He could not say anything, but was thankful, doubly thankful, he had not gone into his old district.

"Depend on it, sir," said Mr. Sugden, "cream will rise. It's nobbut poor respect any man 'll get from an office. It's t' office that will get respected for t' man. Let t' coin ring true, and be full weight, and who cares whether it has George or Victoria's head on it; it will pass for royal gold anywhere, and fetch its worth."

"And you yourself, Mr. Sugden, have you taken the King's stamp on you, that all men may see whose you are and whom you serve?"

"I thought you'd be working it round to that, sir," said Mr. Sudgen uneasily. "It is always with you like yon old Nathan, 'Thou art the man.' I've been a respectable man all my life, or I should not be manager at Canal Mills."

"That is not enough. Respectability won't get you an entrance into the golden city."

"I know it, sir." Mr. Sugden cracked several nuts in succession uneasily, and then suddenly looked up.

"Did I ever tell you about our family, sir?"

"No, I shall be glad to hear."

"There were four of us, sir,—brothers. There's me, and Tom at Addingham, and Joseph at Wood Head, and Robert. He's dead now. He always was a singular man. He got religion early, and they put him on the Plan as a travelling preacher."

"You mean, I suppose, a local preacher amongst the Methodists?"

"Yes, sir, just that. Well, Bob never had much; *he* was allus giving; he gave the wife's frock away once, and her shoes when she could hardly spare 'em. I took him to task about it, and all I could get him to own was, 'I've faith in God.' Now, Tom and Joseph and me has been hard-working men all our lives, and wi' characters without a flaw. I've been saving and trying to gather brass, and so have my brothers, and we've none of t' three done much yet; but Bob, he did nought of t' sort. He used to say, 'My faith's in God,' and he gave all he could get. Now, I've been looking at my own children, and at my other brothers', and I've been looking at this brother's. We used to say to him, 'Thy children will be in poverty; thou never looks after them in ought but in getting them a first-rate eddication;' but we never could move him. Now I've been looking at the lot, and I've found his faith in God beats us all, even in money matters.

"See! his eldest son's in a Government situation worth £600 a year, and his other is getting over £400 a year, and a daughter married to very good high life. Now, for us—we are all in *this way*—all hard-working folks."

"Then, if you are convinced serving God pays best in this world, what do you think it will do in the next?" asked John Burleigh.

"There you are, sir,—at it again. There's your train. Let me help your things in," and they shook hands once more; as Mr. Burleigh took his seat, Sugden leaned forward and said in a low voice, before he shut the door,—

"You are right, sir. I'll write to you when I honestly can; but it will be a stiff job, without you to back me."

"Have faith in God."

"Ay, ay, sir."

So John Burleigh left the golden smokiness of the city, and as the train emerged into the open country, the brilliant afternoon sunshine flooded the landscape with light and promise—a hopeful omen.

CHAPTER V.

A CHANGED SCENE.

"Ring out the old,
Ring in the new."

THE autumn mists were blearing with shadowy fingers the sharp outlines of the landscape; still sheets of lakes lay like silver shields unresponsive beneath the colourless heavens; lazy files of home-returning rooks trailed slowly across the luminous greyness of the sky; the most solid objects, even the distant stone farm-houses, became etherialised and dimmed; near objects contrasted strikingly, decked in the autumn wealth of colour, with the weird silvery greyness of the uncertain distance. The roadside hedges were brilliantly mantled by the rich purple leaf of the nightshade, whose bunches of scarlet berries burnt and twinkled amidst the golden and russet setting of the changing foliage. The sunflowers, scarlet geraniums, and the humble but brilliant nasturtium glowed in the cottage gardens, and John Burleigh heaved a sigh of full content as, the road turning, he was brought in sight of the village of Houghrigg. To his right the landscape swept away in far rich meads, with innumerable folds of indistinct billowy distance. Far away to the left hand, behind the houses, rose a dome-like hill, the sides timbered with wide, low-spreading oak trees, and on its crest rested the crown-like battlements of an ancient castle, whose ruins by-and-by became his out-of-doors study.

On this first evening he only saw the sombre bushy slopes, and the bare crest towering on high, crowned with massy broken battlements.

The fortress was in ruins, but amidst all the changes, one object remained the same—a link through the ages from the shadowy past to the quick-coming future.

The grey church was still there; and beyond the old churchyard wall lay the

vicarage garden. In it stood the parson's house, covered with climbing plants —literally wrapped up in glistening ivy, burning Virginian creepers and jessamine, whose star-like flowers were hardly seen, being hidden by the graceful festoons of the hop plants, which hung in great garlands in the still evening air, and gave out a pungent odour to the passer-by.

John Burleigh, as he was driven slowly on, gave small regard to his house. No home thoughts gave it an interest in his eyes, but his heart was very full of the beauty of the dimly-stretching landscape about him, his church, and the homes of his people. It was a thought which sent a throb of wonder to his heart, that here was he, until this moment, a stranger, coming into this village life, becoming part of its unknown existence, touching other souls, and having his innermost consciousness touched in return by persons whom as yet he did not know, even by sight; that from this evening, when he came to them out of another life, and other environments, the past would die out, fade away into indistinctness like the shadowy distance beyond him, and the dwellers in these cottages and farm-houses would be knit to him, and he, an unknown stranger to them, in close human ties.

He was roused from his dreamy reverie by the shout of his driver to the lodge-keeper to open the great gates into the Chase.

From his boyhood he had loved the "merry woodland," and it was with renewed colour in his cheeks and light in his eyes, that John Burleigh now looked about him.

For two miles real forest this; timbered ravines, down which hurried brawling streams; open glades where startled fawns nervously sprang to their feet, and stood with heads turned over their shoulders, and long, questioning eyes towards the intruders, pausing to gaze one minute, before they slowly trotted off after the stag, who, with antlers thrown back and swollen throat, summoned them with a hoarse cry to the greater security of the all-embracing shadows of the green gloom beyond. And then the solemnity of a pine wood, whose dark crests stood black against the pallid sky or the silver bowls of groups of mighty beech trees, with wide-reaching branches and bronzing leaves. Now and again a nut-shell burst, and the sharp triangular fruit fell with a soft thud on the waves of feathery ferns beneath. Presently a weasel slipped across the road and lost itself in the undergrowth, or a hare with listening ears came leaping along, or a pheasant, alarmed by the rattling wheels, with a discordant cry and a wild whirr of wings, dashed upwards.

Beautiful, most beautiful, was the Chase at all times, but this evening even the ordinary objects were etherealised by a filmy mist veil of autumn haze. All too soon was the remnant of the old forest crossed, and the second gates reached, which led into the Home Park. Here, in all its wide extent, it was most carefully kept. Not an encroaching blade of grass was to be found now on the drive, not a disorderly stick or blown leaf was to be seen on the well-tended lawns. The noble trees were hidden in no bosky entanglement of the forest, but stood out singly, or in grand clusters about the park.

(*Continued—page 577.*)

OUR MONTHLY TALK.

BY THE EDITOR.

"NOT FEELINGS, BUT CHRIST."

DEAR FRIENDS,—

First, let me thank many of our readers, and especially the young men, for their communications. I am always glad to receive letters on any subject on which I can give any help, but particularly in relation to spiritual interests. These I endeavour to answer *personally*, and you will kindly therefore understand the reason why a reply does not sometimes reach you as quickly as you may expect, and I would wish.

What cause is there for unspeakable thankfulness when the Holy Spirit of God rouses a soul from its unconcern, and perhaps open rebellion against God, to desire the priceless gift of pardon and peace. If this is your condition, dear friend—even though you are not yet enjoying the assurance of salvation—still praise God and take courage. An anxious soul is a quickened soul; and He who has thus begun His work, is ready to flood your soul with gladness and sunshine, through the knowledge of sin atoned for, and removed as far as east from west, by the blood of His cross. And that knowledge you may have at this moment. There is no need to wait a single hour. NOW you may trust the finished work of Christ on your behalf. NOW you may hear and believe His Divine assurance: "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not *remember* thy sins."

Beloved friend, these words will be as cold water to your thirsty soul. And you may, believing them, at once claim Christ as your Saviour, and rejoicingly exclaim, "*My* Lord and my God."

Do not let the enemy cheat you of such unspeakable blessing, by whispering any of his wily suggestions. Be assured that *nothing* should hinder your present claiming and enjoying salvation, if you are true to God in earnestly desiring to be His, and to part with all that is contrary to Him. "*Then* shall ye find Me, when ye shall seek Me with all your heart." This moment may be that blessed "THEN" with you. Eternal issues attend your decision.

And when this great transaction is done, when we have yielded the citadel, when, "believing . . . we have life through His name," what then? Continual, onward progress; daily strength for daily conquest; manful championship on the Lord's side; firm, unflinching testimony; the sacrifice laid upon the altar, and bound, yea, to the very horns of the altar.

There are two special temptations with which the enemy seeks to assail. One is, —"the absence of joyous feelings." Feelings are extremely variable; they must never be counted upon as the ground of our joy; that springs solely from what we *know*, and not from what we *feel*. What we *feel* is of very small account; what Jesus has *done* is everything. Therefore, if you have no very joyous experiences, be not distressed, rest on Jesus, and it will be impossible for gloom long to enshroud your soul.

The second is "the recurrence of old temptations, and the force of old habits." Remember, that whilst you are now a living soul,—in Christ, the old nature within is *not* dead. It is a conquered foe; it is to be reckoned as dead (Rom. 6.); and we need to claim by faith, the promised power, in order to keep it under. Therefore, if some evil habit seeks, as of old, to get the dominion, take the shield of faith, and in the strength of the Lord, you will be victorious.

There has closed, but a fortnight ago, one of the most—perhaps we might truly say, *the most*—marvellous Conference ever yet held. A hundred Missionary Societies represented at the Universal Missionary Conference—whose sittings lasted for nearly fourteen days—was a spectacle never before witnessed. What a mighty inspiration may we expect to have been given to work for Christ in the Foreign Mission field! How many of our finest and noblest young men, will have been fired with burning zeal to offer themselves for this blessed, glorious work!

Once upon a time, the Church gave to the heathen that which cost her nothing —men and women scarcely able or satisfactory enough for Home work. But, happily, that day has passed for ever, and now she is sending forth her best—men and women filled with the love of Christ, and who count it their highest honour to give splendid abilities, eloquence, scholarly culture, wealth,—all, to this Divine and Christlike mission.

The infant Church at Antioch, from which the first pastor and the ablest preacher, it might be supposed, could ill be spared, gave to Foreign Mission work her Barnabas and Saul. Nor did she lose; for when, on their return, the Church at Jerusalem was found embroiled in a narrow-minded discussion, it was the missionary from Asia Minor, who had been rejoicing over multitudes of Gentiles pressing into the kingdom, under his preaching of the gospel, who convinced the assembled apostles of the breadth of apostolic truth, and sundered the bonds by which they would fain have trammelled those young believers.

And may there not be some reading these lines, to whom shall come the Divine voice: "Separate *Me* —— for the work to which I have called him"? Brother, sister, —rise up,—He calleth thee. Ask not why you *should* go, but rather see if there is any potent cause why you should *not* go and preach among the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ. Oh! for the mantle of Henry Martyn and William Burns and of Hudson Taylor to fall upon many of our noblest, most promising young men,—

> "Till each remotest nation
> Hath learned Emmanuel's Name."

If any of our readers should feel constrained to offer themselves for Foreign Mission work, I would suggest their communicating either with the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, China Inland Mission, 4, Pyrland Road, London; or with the Secretary, C.M.S., Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London.

And now, dear friends, again assuring you how glad I am to reply to letters, which are always welcome, and asking your hearty co-operation in increasing the usefulness of our Paper,

Believe me,

Your sincere friend,

H. Jane Menzies.

(*Mrs. Stephen Menzies.*)

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF A GENTLEMAN GIPSY.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the Land Yacht 'Wanderer'; or Thirteen Hundred Miles in my Caravan," etc., etc.

LEAF VI.

DERBY, DUFFIELD, AND MILFORD — ON THE WINDING DERWENT — BELPER CEMETERY — THE TREE-CLAD GLEN OF AMBERGATE — CROMFORD — MATLOCK AND ITS BEAUTIES.

"These groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wanderer in their shades."

THE drive from Burton to Derby is about twelve miles long, and we hardly drew rein, even to gather wild flowers, till we were on the hill a mile from the town, and right above it. The view from this spot is charming—not only of the place itself, but the green wooded hills that stretch far beyond.

We found Derby all astir. It was market day, and though we fain would have stopped to see the sights, there was no rest for the soles of our feet.

From the little I saw of it, however, I consider Derby a delightful town, and hope to go back there some day, when the good folks are not so busy.

We put on the nose-bags at an inn, however, had lunch in our own hotel on wheels, and by-and-by jogged on towards Duffield, with hedgerows and woods on every side of us, and the summer sunshine glittering from every quivering leaf.

We reach Duffield early, although for sixteen miles and over the horses have not been taken out. They seem to know it is Saturday, and that they will have all day to-morrow to enjoy a good rest.

Duffield is a quiet, unsophisticated bit of a place, with lovely walks around it, and situated in the midst of a rolling woodland country. The little field in which we bivouac, looks as though it were made for the *Wanderer*.

On Monday morning we are up betimes, and away for Matlock. The day is a glorious one, the thermometer on the coupé standing at 70°, with no dust nor wind to try our temper, nor sunshine to try our eyes.

No more beautiful drive could be conceived, than that we enjoy this forenoon. It would be a shame not to glory in such scenery, not to revel in it; it would be a shame to drive quickly. Why, lying on the coupé here, the great Newfoundland looks happier than he has looked since we left.

We have many a pretty peep, many a pretty picture spread out before us, as we go slowly cantering on. Let me sketch one or two, but, oh! how poorly the best of pens could do this in words. Never mind, an artist, too, would fail.

Peep I. We have this from the railway bridge, and beautiful it is. There are fertile fields in the foreground, then hills like the giant waves of the Atlantic, green-wooded to the top, the ashes, elms, and beeches being a sight to see.

Peep II. We are crossing the river Derwent. The river here is clear and broad. Yonder it goes tumbling and roaring over a weir. Yonder, too, is an old stone-built mill. And yonder a quaint wee ivy-clad inn, cuddling beneath rocky cliffs, which are also ivy-clad and wooded on the top.

This little village goes straggling along the glen by the river's side, and the river sings to it as it flows onwards. The houses are nearly all stone-built. Perhaps that bonnie wee church is also built of stone, but it is so buried in ivy that no one can tell.



"Haddon Hall—quite a charming spot for a picnic."

Peep III. This is Milford here, I suppose. We thought the last place was. So much beauty is confusing. Here we again cross the Derwent. We cross the Derwent many times to-day; it *will* get among our feet somehow, and it *won't* get out of the way.

Milford is a beauty nook, and would make a charming health-resort. I wonder if it is one. The houses are of stone, and the eye is refreshed by the cool green of creeping ivy, wherever we look—ivy that that half buries houses, that canopies even cart-sheds, that surrounds the trees and crawls along the fences, toning and beautifying everything as moonlight does. Beyond are more hills and woods, and fields divided by stone fences.

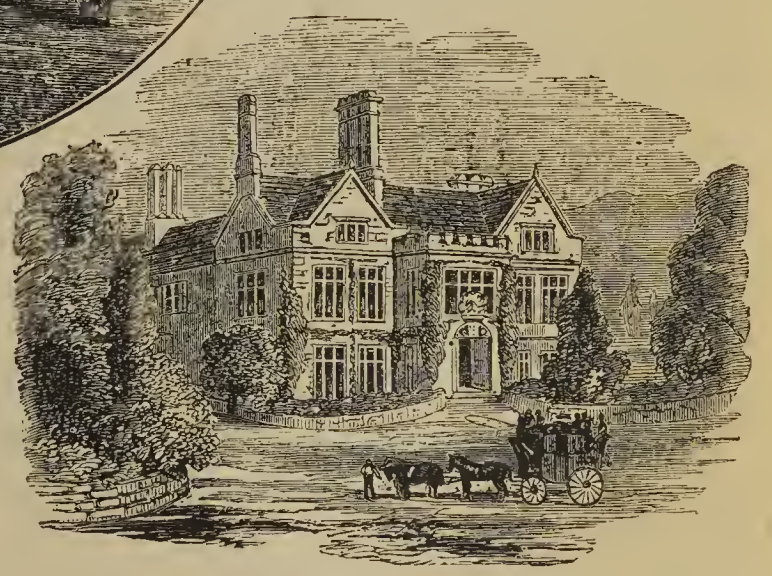
Peep IV. We cross another railway bridge, and rattle along until we reach the lovely village of Belper.

The river is close aboard of us here. Placid and clear, it makes a charming sweep. The trees seem to love it; they bend towards it, they kiss it, they lave their arms in it, and look at their faces in it. But even the hills use the river as a mirror. We see a monument on the distant horizon. We don't care whose it is. We notice a church spire peeping through the greenery of the trees. We graciously permit it to be part and parcel of the peep.

Look yonder! half a dozen chubby children, the girls with yellow curly locks. They yell with delight, and toss their bare, shapely arms aloft, as we go trotting past, and the dust that grimes their faces fails to hide their quaint homely English beauty.

Peep V. Belper cemetery. A most enchanting spot is this. It adjoins the road, and lies along the hill, fifteen acres in extent—fifteen God's acres of surpassing loveliness. A beautiful garden, wide and wild—no, not wild, but fantastic. How green and neat the grassy lawns and graves; how sweet the blooming flowers; how dark the yews and *arbores vitæ;* how bright the flowering rhododendrons! And how peaceful and entirely in keeping were all the surroundings! We were indeed loth to leave this delightful place, but time would not permit us to linger, so we pursued our onward course.

Peep VI. A mile beyond the village of Ambergate—a tree-clad glen. The hills



"The Peacock Inn—a pretty study."

around are banks and clouds of foliage of every hue and shade, from the lightsome green of the silver-stemmed birches, to the needled darkness of waving Scottish pines. I stop to cull wild flowers, a glorious bouquet of nodding fox-gloves—every bell of which tells me that summer is in its prime—and tall, deep-crimson silenes.

Peep VII. And positively the last, for in sketching these word-pictures, I have been fighting at fearful odds; on one side

scenery unrivalled probably in the whole of Merrie England; on the other, poor me with my steel pen and my drop of purple ink. It was easy to see from the first, how it would end. I am vanquished, the scenery is triumphant. I have hardly another shot left in my locker, not another adjective of admiration to hurl at the beauties of Nature all around me!

Well, we halted at Cromford, to bait our horses before going on to Matlock, a village amongst rocks and woods; or, rather, I ought to call it a little town, and a pretty one it is.

But about this *Peep VII?* Well, it comes in immediately after we leave Cromford, where we find ourselves in oh, such a charmingly romantic glen, dingle, or dell,—indeed, it partakes of the characteristics of all three. Down beneath us there is the Derwent; on our right, the wondrous foliage of those waving trees, striving, as it were, to hide it. And the sly, coaxing old river dallies with the trees, and forms a great, deep, dark pool, and tries to make them believe it is in no hurry to get away; but presently it breaks from their embrace, and goes foaming and tumbling over a weir, and away and away.

Aloft on all sides, the rocks like towers and ruined castles and battlements, raise their heads above the cloudland of trees, while the ivy and the wild flowers go creeping round them and trailing over them, and even form caps of green for their hoary heads.

I believe Willersley Castle, the gardens, and dale are here or here-about. But I did not look for them; the river scenery was enough for me. Besides, I do not want to be told the names of places, nor anything about them. I am always afraid, when enjoying any scene like this, that some wretch, with a soul unattuned to sylvan beauty, may dash in with a bit of information about manufacturing industry, or something equally awful. Mind, I do not object being told that yonder lovely villa—Lee Hurst—is the home of Florence Nightingale, or that yonder castle is the ancestral hall of some bold fighting family, or that down in that pool a maniac lover drowned himself for the love of Jeannie Lee. That is all natural and romantic, but do not dare to drag in your cotton mills or your great railway stations or factories, and expect to win a smile from me; I will none of them.

We got safely into Matlock Bath, and after provisioning the ship, and taking the mails on board, we went on towards Matlock Bridge, and finally found delightful camping ground at Belle Vue.

There was a deal to be seen all round here, and I determined to see it. Not to "do" it, as the professional tourist says, but really to enjoy all I saw in a quiet and easy way.

I gave my servants plenty of leave of absence, and I myself, with Hurricane Bob, took plenty. Together we wandered about the streets of Matlock Bath, looking at the bonnie things in the windows and the pretty people on the parade. We embarked at the ferry, and went floating away on the calm bosom of the Derwent. We rambled through the lover's walks, we climbed the highest tors, and duly marvelled at all the wild beauty spread out before us and beneath us.

Not a point of interest was omitted, and we returned pleased with our exertions, and it need scarcely be said that we enjoyed the undisturbed sleep which follows fatigue.

LEAF VII.

TO BAKEWELL—ESCAPE AN ACCIDENT—A GHOSTLY HOUSE—CHATSWORTH AND EDENSOR—PEACOCK INN AT ROWSLEY—HADDON HALL—THE WYE—A GLOOMY DEFILE.

"How fraught with wondrous change for thee hath rolled
The stream of ages.—Each noble heart
And mind, whose life was thine, still speaks through thee
To kindred spirits of all time to be."

I LEFT old Matlock at last, left it reluctantly, if the truth must be told, and steered for Bakewell *en route* for Buxton and Lancashire. My intention had been to head for Sheffield, and so on north into Yorkshire from that direction, but I was told the roads were too frightful to attempt without four horses.

From what I saw of the commencement of some of them, they certainly were bad enough.

One of the chief delights of caravan life rests in the fact that you never know, as you start in the morning, what is before you in the shape of adventure, incident, scenery, or weather, nor have you—if traversing a country that is new to you—the slightest notion where you will bivouac, where your horses will be stabled, your coachman sleep, or the caravan be stationed.

Once away from Matlock, we found the valley of the Derwent widen considerably. It was still bounded, however, on all sides by beautifully wooded hills, and the scenery on the whole was charming.

We come across some strange-looking houses at times in our travels. Here is one in which a ghost might dwell or walk or stalk, or whatever is the correct thing for a ghost to do.

It is a tall house, though not large, three stories high, with three rows of long, slitty windows, a roof of triangular form, with one chimney in the centre. The walls are mostly ivy-clad, and it stands back from the road in a lonely place, with a wooded hill rising up behind, and the most dismal-looking dark shrubbery and lawn all around it. There is smoke coming from the chimney, however, so I suppose the ghost is not dead yet.

But not a hundred miles away from this queer domain, stands the charming house of Sir J. Whitworth or his agent. Stancliffe I think it is called. The cottage mansion is like our ghost's house, covered with the greenest of ivy—how beautiful ivy is when properly trimmed and trained—and is embowered among trees and shrubs. In front is a park or fields, where to-day picturesque-looking cattle are quietly browsing, or taking shelter from the sun, under the spreading branches of giant elms and chestnuts. Behind is a miniature mountain, very steep, and crowned with fir trees. Up this bonnie hill the lawn itself is carried to nearly the top, and is everywhere studded with clumps of trees and rock-work, and adorned at each side with masses of rhododendron, furze, and broom.

The road to-day is limestone, white and somewhat dusty. Nothing is more heating for horses' feet. How refreshing those long square stone wells look, that we pass every now and then. They are brimming over with pure clear water, and we cannot help letting the horses have more of it than is perhaps good for them.

Now no one in full possession of his seven senses would be anywhere near here without paying a visit to Chatsworth, and the charming wee village of Edensor. The whole place is too well known to need description. If I had been able to spend a week here, I believe new beauties worthy of description would have demanded my admiration every day. The gardens and grounds, the camelia houses and orangeries, the cascade, the fountains, all are visions of beauty that to see but once is to dream of for ever.

After rattling through a big railway station, where were rows of cabs with their drivers half-asleep, apparently, we crossed the Derwent for the last time, and found ourselves in the old-fashioned but delightful village of Rowsley. We pulled up near the Peacock Inn—a pretty study, and might be called the Artist's Own, or the Angler's Own, for all round about here the scenery is a magnet that draws the brothers of the brush from far and near, while the rivers lure the disciples of Walton.

But it should lure others as well—hard-working city men, for instance.

The air was balmy and delicious, the scenery everything a poet or artist could desire, the summer was in its prime, all around us was sylvan beauty, the music of birds, the glamour of wild flowers.

It was this indolent feeling, perhaps, that prompted me to drive off the road soon after leaving Rowsley, over the bridge, and right up to the gates of Haddon Hall itself. It belongs to the Duke of Rutland, though it is little else save a grand and imposing ruin. Yes, it might still be inhabited, though it would doubtless be rather damp and mouldy at first.

There is a guide to show the stranger through the castle. They are admitted in batches, and follow the man like a flock of herons, listening to all he says, in true English tourist style, forgetting it all next minute, buying a photo or two, and going away happy—because they have "done it."

Odi profanum vulgus et Arceo—including guides. I walked about by myself, and thought of the past.

Like most show places of the sort, it is disfigured here and there by shocking, though perhaps necessary, printed placards—"*No smoking allowed*," "*Do not write on the walls*," etc.

After seeing everything, I held a little *levée* in my own home, then drove away from Haddon Hall. There are some grand old ruined elms about the grounds, and, on the whole, it is quite a charming spot for a picnic.

We are back on the road again. That small, sluggish stream down there to the right, which meanders through the green meadows, its banks all golden with buttercups, and starred here and there with tall white silenes, is the Wye.

At Bakewell we anchored for an hour to bait and shop. It is a compact and pretty little stone-built town, and is much frequented by both the tourist and angler. There is a grand old church here, with monuments of antiquity, and an ancient bridge.

Just outside Bakewell, we came at once into a densely-wooded dell, with rocks overhanging the road, and many quaint and pretty cottages.

Through the village of Ashford, and Ashford Vale, the scenery is exceedingly picturesque.

Twice we cross the river Wye.

We then enter a defile, with hills and rocks on every side; the former green with

larch trees, or dark with waving Scottish pines.

We know now we are near the long and dangerous ascent to Taddington, and as the afternoon has closed over dark and threatening, the prospect before us is not particularly cheering.

The hill leads upwards, winding through the woody defile or glen, and so good is the road, that we are a long way up, before we think of resting on the roller. The horses begin to give out at last, however, and we stop to let them breathe.

On again, the air close and sultry, the tree-clad cliffs frowning over us, the dark clouds near enough almost to be touched, the gloom increasing every minute.

On and on, on and up. When does the real tug-of-war begin? When do we reach the terrible hill about which, for the last two days, every one we met has been doing his best to frighten us out of our wits?

Ah, here it comes! No, that was not it. We breasted that pinch, and now we descend again into one of the fairest and fairyest of fairy glens. Hills on every side, and the woods all one wild tangle of ferns and flowers. Just one green, *bare* hill up there to the right, dotted over with merely a few low, dark bushes, which take the shapes and forms of all sorts of beasts and bogies. The river is wimpling beneath us, singing a soft, dreamy kind of a lullaby. If fairies dwell anywhere in Merrie England, it must be in places just like this.

But a sharp peal of thunder rouses me from my reverie, and a golden gleam of lightning goes flashing through the green of the trees. We must hurry on and up ere the rain turns the road into a river.

It was, indeed, a long, stiff pull, and miles of it. In the old coaching days, they tell me, never fewer than three pairs of horses attempted this climb. But here we are at Taddington, though not even yet at the head of the hill. The very first house is an inn, and we bivouac before the door, for it stands off the road, facing the country we have just come from.

We are here almost beyond the pale of all civilisation, but we are safe. The landlord, an old soldier, is civil and obliging, and the stables fairly good.

Dinner now will be a comfort to us. We are tired and hungry. Why, one breath of the pure air of this mountain top would be enough to make a sick man jump up and find his way to the pantry. I do not think I need put it much stronger than that.

(*Continued—page* 581.)

ORIGIN AND TALISMANIC VIRTUE OF RINGS.

By Andrew T. Sibbald.

PROMETHEUS, being fastened to Mount Caucasus, made himself a ring out of one of his chains, in remembrance of the favours he had received from Jupiter. He set in this ring a small piece of the rock, and wore it on his finger; and this was supposed to be the first ring with a stone which was ever worn.

The Egyptians affirm that they were the first inventors of rings; and certainly Joseph, after interpreting Pharaoh's dream, received with his golden collar, a ring also, as a reward. And we find the Israelitish women giving their rings to Aaron, to assist him in making the golden calf; and four hundred years before the Trojan war, the Jewish priests wore gold rings, enriched with precious stones.

Queen Jezebel made use of the ring of Ahab to seal the counterfeit letters which she issued in his name. The Lacedemonians wore iron rings, either despising those of gold, or their monarchs, always desirous of checking every species of luxury, set the example of wearing iron themselves, and the people dare not wear what was more costly than those adopted by the sovereign. The ring was looked upon by most nations as the symbol of liberality, esteem, and friendship, particularly with the Persians, amongst whom none were permitted to wear them, unless they were a present from the king himself; and they relate that a certain prince of their Indian priests was possessed of a ring whereby he learnt every day the greatest secrets in nature.

But the most wonderful ring on record was that found by Gyges, and supposed to have belonged formerly to the chief of the Brahmins. Gyges was a shepherd belonging to the King of Lydia; and, after a great flood of water, which nearly overwhelmed the country, he passed into a very deep cavity of the earth, where, having found in a brazen horse, a human body of enormous size, he pulled from off one of the fingers this surprising ring, the stone of which rendered its wearer invisible if turned towards the palm of the hand. Gyges made trial of its efficacy by introducing himself at court, and at length gained over the queen to facilitate his ascent to the throne of his master, whom, with the queen's assistance, he killed.

Alexander the Great, after the defeat and death of Darius, made use of that monarch's ring to seal the letters he sent into Asia, and only used his own to those he sent to Europe. It was the custom at Rome, to send to the bride, before marriage, a present from the bridegroom of an iron ring, without any stone, to prove how lasting, durable, and firm their union ought to be, and the frugality requisite to be observed in the marriage state, in order to provide for a family. But luxury before long gained ground, and the old custom was abolished, the iron rings giving place to those of more expense. The Roman knights were distinguished from the senators by their gold rings; and it was customary, as a mark of honour, to present ambassadors with them when they received orders from the senate to depart for foreign states. After the regal power was put aside in Rome, gold rings were worn as a sign of liberty; and Hannibal, when he had gained a signal victory, sent to Carthage a bushel of gold rings, taken from off the fingers of the Roman nobles and knights, who were slain in battle.

Though the first inhabitants of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and the ancient Gauls, were accustomed to wear the wedding ring on the forefinger, the use, at last, prevailed amongst all nations to place it on that finger next to the little one on the left hand, called the annulary finger; because, according to the opinion of the Egyptians, a small nerve runs from this finger to the heart. In Germany, married men wear a gold ring on the little finger of the right hand, which is put on at their marriage, with the date of the day of the month and year in which their union took place. It was formerly a received and general opinion, and there are yet remaining those where the idea is not quite eradicated, that the precious stones in rings ought to be set in a collet pierced through, in order that the jewel may touch the finger; for many jewels are supposed to possess inestimable virtues. Thus, the diamond is said to be a preservative against poison and the plague. Against this latter dreadful malady, one would really imagine it might have some power, for in Turkey it attacks, at first, only the poorer sort, and the Sultan and princes about his court, who generally wear a profusion of diamonds, are scarce ever known to be afflicted with this rueful disease.

The diamond is also said to expel anger, and is therefore called the stone of reconciliation; and the ancients believed that whoever wore it when he was going to battle, it ensured him victory. Such a pernicious quality, however, is attached to diamond powder, that it cannot be corrected; and the great physician and chemist, Theophrastus Paracelsus, was poisoned by it.

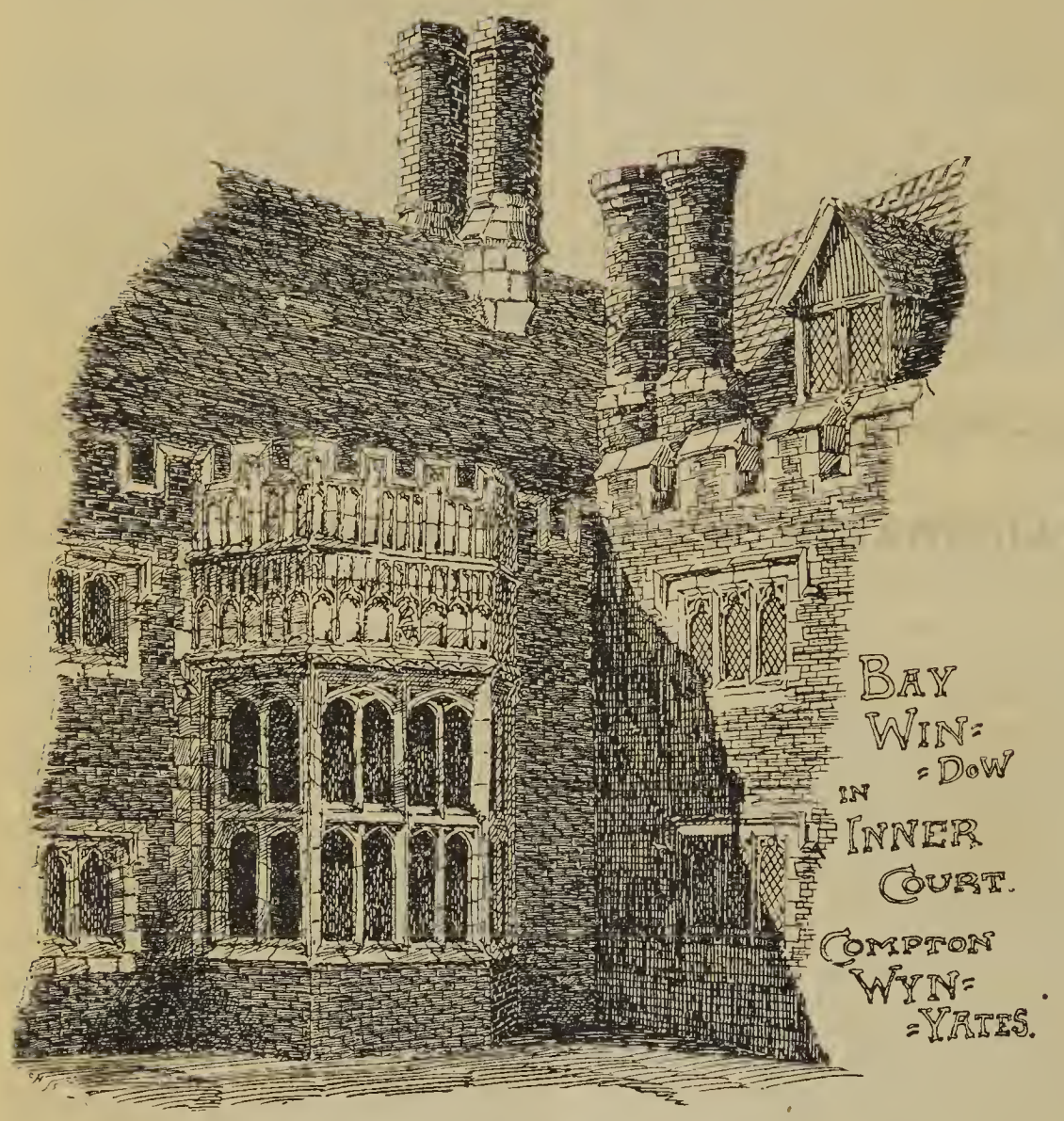
The ruby, they say, banishes sorrow, and averts ill thoughts. (Who, then, ought to be without a ruby?) The amethyst's beautiful purple, it is said, will gain the wearer the favour of princes! (Alas! we fear that stands on a yet more brittle and uncertain foundation!) The jacinth fortifies the heart, and preserves the wearer against the dangers of thunder and lightning. Of the emerald, wondrous things are related: that it is almost a certain cure for epileptic fits; but if the disorder proves too strong, and the person should die with it, the stone instantly breaks in pieces. However, many people of unquestionable veracity have declared that the powder of it, being drank, is an excellent remedy against the bite of any venomous animal. The opal is reckoned a preservative against infectious air and fainting fits.

All these reputed virtues, whether real or imaginary, serve to show that the first wearing of rings had in it something holy, honourable, and talismanic. The small golden fetter, which binds the wife to the husband, is now reckoned the most sacred of all. The mourning ring, for a departed and dearly valued friend or relative, claims the next place; and though valuable rings are often given as pledges of love, respect, and amity, yet only two—the wedding and the mourning ring—still possess the symbolic solemnity of their first institution.

PLACES WORTH SEEING.

BANBURY—COMPTON WYNYATES—WARWICK.

By William Alford.



"'There's th' old house, gents,'—a relic of the Middle Ages."

PROBABLY very few of the readers of this Article have ever heard of an old Tudor mansion, situate in the north of Warwickshire, and rejoicing in the name of Compton Wynyates, but such an one exists to this day, and I propose to give an account of my method of getting there and back, together with some of the places of interest I passed on my journey.

First, then, the traveller must find his way to Banbury, and here he may well stay a day, for the old place is full of interest, and he will have to arrange for a drive of thirteen miles to Compton Wynyates, or rather to Brailes, a village about a mile and a half distant, where he will spend the night. Or perhaps he will prefer to do the double journey in the day; but this, together with a visit to the old place, would probably make a toil of pleasure, and spoil the excursion.

Arrived at Banbury, I am greeted on the platform with the inevitable "cakes" for which the place is famous, but I resist temptation, and walk up the High Street to the Red Lion Hotel, where I have arranged to meet the friend who usually accompanies me on these rambles. Nearly opposite the hotel stand some picturesque old houses, the ground floor, alas! disfigured by the introduction of modern shop fronts; and there are many other picturesque houses of the 16th and 17th centuries in the streets. The old church was destroyed, for no particular reason, in 1793, and an ugly modern classic edifice has been erected in its place. The town once possessed a large castle, of which no trace now remains. It is related that this stronghold stood two sieges; one in 1644, of three months' duration, when the garrison was relieved after eating all the horses but two; and again in 1646, when the building was pulled down by the Parliamentarians. "The inhabitants," says Murray, "were noted for their Puritanic tendencies."

The cross at Banbury, the only one remaining of some four or five, still stands; and is the identical one referred to in the Nursery Rhyme, "Ride a cock-horse," etc.; but the history of the original "fine lady" who rode on the "white horse" I am unable to discover.

As we saunter through one of the smaller streets of the town, we catch a glimpse, through the open stable door of the Reindeer Inn, of a mullioned window, which most assuredly is not the work of the modern mason. Curiosity prompts us to enter, in spite of the fear of unknown dogs, and we are rewarded by finding a fine old oak-panelled room, with a wonderful carved mantel and rich plaster ceiling. And this is the bar parlour of the Reindeer Inn.

The next day, having hired a conveyance somewhat resembling a fire-engine painted green, we start on our long drive; and a very pleasant drive it is. On our right, soon after we leave Banbury, we catch a glimpse of Broughton Castle, half hidden amongst foliage; and after that, I have a confused recollection of the fine undulating country characteristic of the Midlands; of sharp ascents and sharper descents; of tiny villages, each with its old church, where the small inhabitants turned out opened-mouthed to see our strange conveyance, and the older ones touched their hats in respectful astonishment; of several miles of road without a habitation visible; and then our driver, pointing with his whip, remarks: "There's th' old house, gents," and pulls up. And there, deep down in the hollow, with its twisted chimneys on a level with our feet, lies the mansion of the Comptons.

We dismiss the driver, with orders to leave our goods and chattels at the inn at Brailes, and to bring the fire-engine for us the next day; and wend our way down the footpath towards the house, each step revealing new beauties of form and colour, and in a few moments we stand in front of the old place. It is wonderfully beautiful. The brickwork, a lovely red and covered with a sort of "bloom," the exquisitely carved timber, the crumbling stone battlements, and the gnarled chimneys combine to make up a charming whole. Towards the right, a mass of building rises high above the rest with splendid effect, and culminates in the secret priest's chamber in the roof. The right hand portion was formerly occupied by the garrison, for Compton Wynyates was a fortified house, and traces of the moat which surrounded it still remain.

As I have said, the mansion is situated in a hollow far from any other habitation, and it is impossible to convey in words the intense silence and loneliness that brood over the place. It has a strong influence upon us, and we imagine ourselves back in the middle ages; and, as we cross the well-kept lawn, once occupied by the stables of the house, and stand in the porch, we almost expect to see a Tudor retainer in doubtlet and hose, appear in answer to the clanging bell we have set ringing. Of course the modern servant is a highly respectable person of the "butler" type, who receives us graciously. The family is away, so we are conducted over the house with great solemnity.

The house is built, as most of these Tudor mansions were, with an inner courtyard or quadrangle, round which most of the principal rooms are ranged, and which is entered immediately from the oak-seated porch. This inner court, to my mind, is the most beautiful part of the house. On the right, as you enter, is the room in which King Henry VIII. was entertained; and on the left a bedroom where Charles I. slept the night before Edgehill. In the right hand corner, almost facing you, is an exquisite bay window, lighting the great



INNER COURT: LORD LEICESTER'S HOSPITAL: WARWICK.

hall. A magnificent room this, looking out into the quiet courtyard, its walls hung with armour and tapestry, its windows with the painted arms and crests still remaining, and its benches and table as they existed in the reign of King Hal.

Before leaving the hall, we sign our names in a large book kept for the purpose, and betake ourselves up the staircase on to the first floor. Here the passage, in the form of a gallery, runs across one angle of the great hall, and thence round the inner court. It would take more space than I have at my command, to give a detailed account of the rooms upstairs. Suffice it to say that the visitor is utterly bewildered before he has gone far. There are steps up here and steps down there ; in one part of the corridor a panel slides away, and you look into the family chapel ; in another, you find a narrow staircase leading to a secret chapel high up in the roof, where the priests held services during the Puritan *regime*.

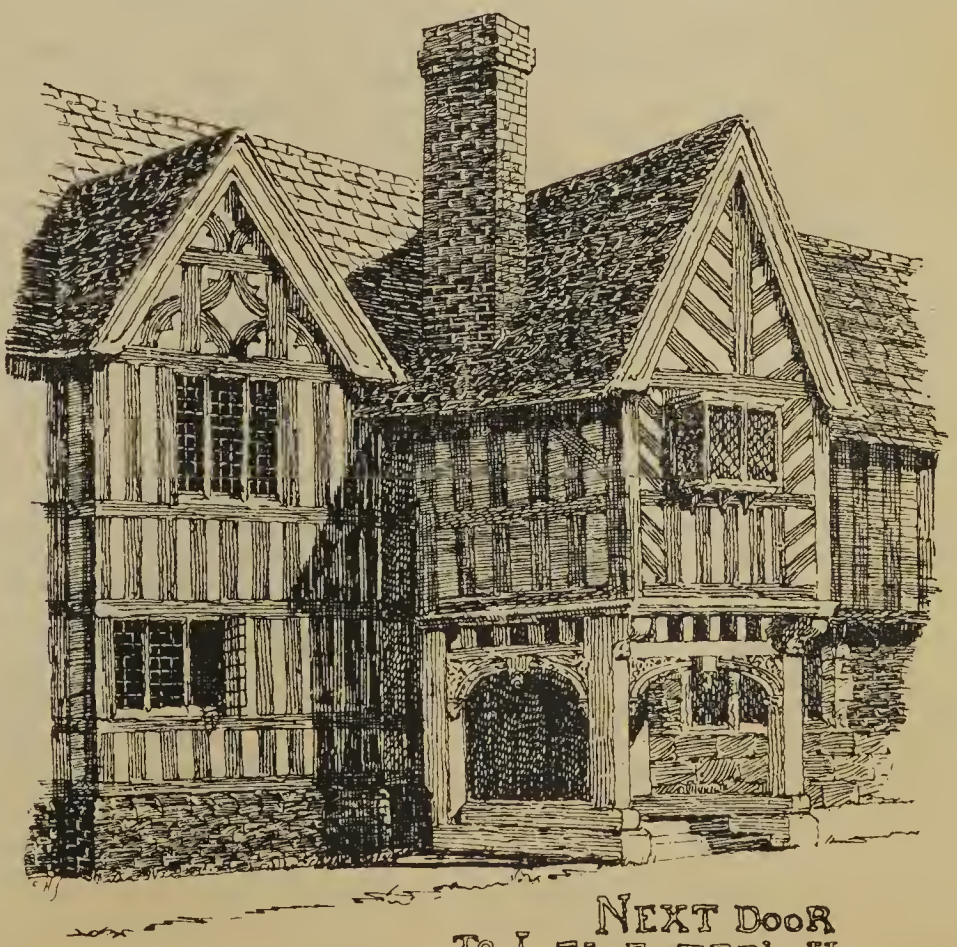
There is a haunted room, of course ; and an entirely secret chamber, which is approached through a sliding panel ; and I have had an uncomfortable idea that if I lean hard against the wainscot, I may suddenly disappear into an unknown dungeon, of which no living man knows the situation, or possesses the key. The whole place is delightful, and abounds in quaint wood and stone carvings, the Tudor rose and crown figuring prominently.

When we leave it we are both tired and dusty, but charmed with our visit ; and take a path across the fields to Brailes, a most charming place, where we find a very comfortable inn and a good dinner.

A word or two as to the history of the house would not be amiss here. First of all, then, as to the name. Comp-ton means a collection of dwellings or a town, in a *cwm* or valley ; hence, Compton Wynyates or Wyniates, signifies a dwelling in the valley of the vineyard, though why vineyard, I have been unable to discover. The natives still call the place Compton-in-the-Hole, which, considering what the word Compton means, savours somewhat of redundancy. The family is a very old one, the name appearing as early as the twelfth century ; but it was not until the reign of Henry VIII. that the Comptons were raised above mediocrity. A certain William Compton was page to the Duke of York, second son of Henry VII., and afterwards Henry VIII. When his master became king, William was knighted, and made Chancellor of Ireland, and allowed to build a "goodlie mansion," the present Compton Wynyates, on his estate. His great grandson was created Earl of Northampton in 1618 ; and the house remains in the family to this day.

Compton Wynyates is one of the few fortified houses remaining in England, and one of the last buildings erected before the pernicious influence of the Renaissance made itself felt. It narrowly escaped destruction during the civil war. In 1646 it was garrisoned by the Parliamentarians, who, for reasons best known to themselves, reduced the neighbouring church to a complete mass of ruins.

The only two villages near Compton rejoice in the most extraordinary names, Brailes and Tysoe : at the former we were very comfortably lodged. Next morning we pay a farewell visit to the old house, make some



NEXT DOOR TO LEICESTER'S HOSPITAL.

sketches, and then retire to the top of the hill to wait for the fire-engine, which appears in due course, and conveys us straight back to Banbury station, where we take train for Warwick. Here, as we have another day to spare, we intend spending a short time, and returning straight to London.

I said, I think, that Banbury was an interesting town. What, then, is Warwick, and what would it have been but for the awful fire which destroyed nearly the whole of the town some two hundred years ago? The place, as it is, teems with picturesque buildings, but we have time only to visit the Castle, which is delightful, and Lord Leicester's Hospital, at the west end of the town. On our way back from the castle, we pass an old stone, many-gabled house, a good example of domestic work, but of whose history I could learn nothing.

Leicester's Hospital was founded by Queen Elizabeth's favourite in the 28th year of her reign; but the buildings facing the roadway and the hall are of earlier date, and belonged to a very ancient association, known as the Guild of St. George. The Hospital or Almshouse is charming, an ideal place to spend the evening of one's life, and I almost envied the twelve brethren, each with his room and piece of garden, and seat in the common kitchen. Here the brethren sit in the winter evenings, and "fight their battles o'er again," for preference is given to those who have been maimed in the service of their country, and the brethren are almost invariably old soldiers. In the summer, the old fellows sit out in the front and smoke their pipes, and take weekly turns in showing visitors over their home. They are very independent, and not afraid of saying what they think, as becomes gentlemen of independent means. I remember, when I was sitting outside, sketching the house next door, which with its porch is very picturesque, one of the brethren came up and looked over me.

"Your mate," he said, "is a-drawing the kitchen beautiful."

"Yes," I replied modestly, "he sketches well. I haven't been very long at it, myself."

"No; I can see that," said the old pensioner, and left me.

This same veteran, when we were sketching in the inner court, used to bring parties round, and invariably at the same spot he would say, "Artists, you see, come here to paint," indicating us with a comprehensive wave of his hand; and then proceed to point out to the visitors that the entrance "was all hoak, pegged together wi' hoak pegs; if they'd bin nails, it would all ha' rusted to pieces long ago," and so on.

This inner court is very delightful. On the left, a covered gallery runs round, leading to the bedrooms of the brethren. Under these is the common kitchen. Behind you is the residence of the master, and on your right, the great hall where James I. was entertained in 1617. A piece of embroidery from the hands of the ill-fated Amy Robsart is preserved here. In various places the Bear and Ragged Staff, the badge of the Leicesters, meets the eye, together with the Porcupine, the emblem of the Sidneys.

Of course this place is much more in the beaten track of tourists than Compton Wynyates, and has been described again and again by far abler pens than mine. One more reference to the old Tudor mansion, and I have done. I have heard that since we were there—three years ago—the place has been closed to visitors. I hope this is not so, but if it is, it is only another instance of how the careless behaviour of the few may interfere with the enjoyment of the many. The same thing has happened at many of our old mansions, where 'Arry and his friends have amused themselves by carving their initials on the old oak panelling, scratching their names on the lattices, and so on. In such a case the owner can hardly be blamed; but the harm is done, and lovers of art are thus prevented from feasting their eyes on lovely examples of domestic architecture; an art which is, to all intents and purposes, dead, in this practical nineteenth century of competition jerry-building.

ARTIFICIAL ICE.

By Captain James T. Johnston, R.E.

ICE is one of our *cheap* luxuries, not so much in England, perhaps, as in sunnier climes, where the want of it requires to be felt, before it can be estimated at its true value; but even here, during the summer months, its use is so pleasant, that we can quite understand the old duchess's feelings that, "were the drinking of iced water but a sin, it would be so much more delicious." We fear there is a great deal of nonsense about some of our so-called luxuries, their sole claim to the title being their prohibitive cost. They would cease to be so considered, should they at any time come within easy reach of all.

One of the greatest blessings that science has conferred upon mankind is the manufacture of artificial ice, which can now be turned out from the machine at the cost of a very few shillings per ton. It is not our intention here to describe the several methods of producing it, by radiation, evaporation, expansion, etc., nor to dwell upon its manifold benefits; but it is worthy of remark that artificial ice is purer, more transparent, harder and denser than that formed by nature. A brief outline of how ice is obtained in certain parts of Northern India during the cold weather, and stored for use against the next hot season, may interest those who have not seen or heard of it before. A large open space, proportionate to the size of the cantonment, is selected on its outskirts, covered over with the dried stems of the last season's maize, and laid out in rows with myriads of small, shallow earthenware saucers, having paths just wide enough for a man to walk between. In one corner are the storehouses, deep pits, some 40 to 50 feet in diameter, surrounded at ground level by a thick mud wall, about 6 feet high, the whole covered in with a conical roof of deep thatch.

Each evening at sunset, during the cold weather, the *bihistis* (water carriers) from every house are summoned to the ice-field by the beating of *tom-toms* (native drums beaten with the fingers), where they proceed to fill their *mashaks* (the skins in which they carry the water) from wells sunk for the purpose, and from which they fill the little saucers. Next morning, before the sun is up, a small army of coolies is assembled, by the same means as were the bihistis the evening before, to collect, in rough baskets, the ice that has formed in the saucers during the night, and to empty it into the pits, where it is rammed by others into a solid mass.

These operations continue daily, so long as the frosts last, by which time each storehouse contains one huge block of ice, several feet thick, which is then covered over with a layer of straw, and several feet of earth, there to remain until required for use. The average yield is 1½ seers (3 lbs.) per head per day, for 4 or perhaps 4½ months; but the introduction of ice-machines is fast supplanting this crude method of manufacture, which, in its day, has proved an inestimable boon to thousands of our fellow-countrymen, whose lot has been cast in the shiny East.

We all know that water, in freezing, after reaching a certain degree of cold, viz., 40° Fahrenheit, violates the general law of contraction-by-cold, by expanding, 174 volumes of water producing 184 volumes of ice; but few, perhaps, are aware of the enormous force exerted by it, when confined, in passing from the liquid to the solid state. In order to test the greatness of this force, Huyghens filled a cannon made of iron one inch thick, with water, and having securely closed its mouth and touch-hole, exposed it to a strong freezing draught. The water froze in about 12 hours, and expanded with such terrific force as to burst the piece. The force exerted upon this occasion was calculated to be sufficient to raise 27,720 lbs. This calls to mind a dangerous piece of construction that we have observed, particularly in barrack buildings, where the verandah of an upper storey is supported by cast iron pillars, which are made to do duty also as rain-water pipes. In course of time one or more of these down-pipes gets choked, a frost sets in, the confined water freezes, the pillar bursts, down comes the verandah with a crash, and the authorities are astonished; but what else could they expect after blindly inviting such a catastrophe?

The fact of ice taking much longer to melt, than it does to form, as well as that of its hardness being proportionate to the degree of cold by which it is congealed, facilitates the construction of the fairy-like ice-palaces of northern regions. "During the hard frost of 1740, a palace of ice was built at St. Petersburg after the most elegant model, and the justest proportions of Augustine architecture. It was 52 feet long, and 20 feet high. The materials were quarried from the surface of the river Neva, and the whole stood glistening against the sun with a brilliancy almost equal to its own. To increase the wonder, six cannons of ice, two bombs and mortars, all of the same material, were planted before this extraordinary edifice. The cannons were three-pounders; they were charged with gunpowder and fired off. The ball of one of them pierced an oak plank at 60 paces distant and two inches thick, nor did the piece burst with the explosion."*

There is always a certain charm about paradoxes, and ice furnishes some that appear particularly absurd. It seems, at first sight, ridiculous to be able to set fire to anything by means of a piece of ice, but this has been done, and can be done again by any child. One very clear day, a gentleman near Wentworth procured a circular piece of ice, 2 ft. 9 in. in diameter, and 5 in. thick, which he reduced to the form of a lens; and having, about noon, exposed it

* M. de Mairon, "Dissert. sur la Glace," Part II., sect. 3, chap. 3.

to the sun, the rays transmitted through it converged to a focus at seven feet distance, and fired gunpowder, paper, linen, and other combustibles.

Quite as impossible does the converse read, viz., to make ice with the aid of fire; yet this is equally true and equally easy of accomplishment. We have only to fill a pewter pot with water, and place a plate of similar alloy filled with snow on the top of it, then to bring this simple apparatus near the fire, and stir the snow with a piece of stick or other instrument. As the snow dissolves, ice will form upon the under side of the plate. Mixing a little salt with the snow will render the result more apparent, which reminds us of still another paradox, namely, that we can melt ice by increasing the degree of its coldness. To prove this, mix sal-ammoniac with snow or pounded ice, which will at once convert them into water; and if we now place a thermometer in the mixture we shall find that their cold has been increased to a surprising degree. Any salt-alum, nitre, or common salt will do the same, but in their case the cold produced will not be so intense.

A pretty experiment is to melt the interior of a lump of ice without in any way affecting its exterior, by bringing the rays of the sun, through a burning glass, to a focus in its centre. In melting, the centre will contract, and become a drop of water in an envelope of air, and will puzzle many, like the fly in the amber, or the milk in the cocoa-nut.

The following account of a *natural ice-house* discovered in Burgundy about the middle of the last century, from the History of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, is interesting :—"It is a great cavern hollowed in a mountain, which is covered with oak and other large trees; the entrance resembles the gate of a city; the arch is raised very high; one can see clearly in all parts of it, and the interior is a spacious saloon, covered with a kind of vaulted roof upwards of sixty feet high, the flooring of crystal. There is often ice in it to the depth of four feet, and some great pieces besides, which hang from the vault in the form of festoons. The people are busy all day long carrying away the ice in wagons and on mules to all parts of the province, and yet the store is never exhausted; for one day in the midst of summer produces more than can be carried off in eight days. This prodigious quantity of ice is formed out of a rivulet that flows in a part of the grotto, which runs in winter, but is frozen in summer, and all the winter through, the cave is filled with thick vapours."

A LEGEND.

THERE is a legend of a monk to whom in his chamber, the Lord appeared in a vision, bringing great peace and joy to his heart. Scarcely had he been thus favoured for a few moments, when the bell summoned him to the duty of distributing bread to the poor. For a moment he hesitated; but he went to his work. "Oh, what a sacrifice to leave this glorious vision for the dull routine of duty!" Returning to his cell, what was his joy to find the vision of the Lord as before, and to be met with the greeting, "Hadst thou tarried, I had departed."

Thus we are taught, that it is *sin*, not *work*, which separates us from Christ.

ROSES.

By MARGARET HAYCRAFT.

THE gladdest season heart can know
Is girlhood's sunny June,
When rosy buds begin to blow,
And life is all in tune;
And linnets chant adown the way,
And skies are sapphire blue;
Ah, "gather roses while ye may,"
Sweet roses, bright with dew.

Rise up and cull Life's richest store,
It shall not drift away;
The fragrance that the roses bore
Immortal breathes for aye.
Unfading flowerets ye may meet
Each opening valley down;
Oh, "gather roses," maidens sweet!
For woman's holy crown.

The garden of Saint Charity,
With roses are aglow,
And buds of balm abide for ye
Where rills of pity flow;
Oh, bear ye, where the shadows stay,
The light of love again;
So shall ye gather flowers alway,
Baptized in heavenly rain.

GARDEN GLIMPSES

FROM MY BEDROOM WINDOW.

By TRACEY LAYARD ROBINSON.

AT about half-past four every morning I am awakened by such a chorus of twitters and shrill cries as constrain me to jump out of bed, rush to my window, and look out to see what is the matter. For you must know that, being more accustomed to the dull booming roar of London, I am still somewhat startled at the suddenness of these country sounds and noises.

Thus, when my window-sill is converted into a breakfast-room for half a dozen young sparrows, who have only learnt to fly from their nest in the honeysuckle to this comfortable and convenient landing-stage; when in the shrubbery just below my window, a speckled hen persists in laying her egg every morning amid a series of cackles of ear-piercing power and gatling-gun regularity and precision; when the starlings in the chimney begin their peculiar cries, which sound so like water dropping, that I feel certain when I hear them in my half-waking, half-sleeping condition, that some water-pipe has burst in near proximity to my room, and I spring from my bed in terror of some later flood; it is not to be wondered at that my Cockney nerves are startled and I can sleep no more.

Perhaps this enforced early rising will account for the enormous appetite I find myself possessed of when, at half-past seven, I seat myself to a breakfast of fresh eggs (for aught I know to the contrary laid by that speckled hen which helped to wake me), country sausages, fish, fresh green lettuces, and butter, oh, such bútter! home-made bread, too! and then the preserves! Shades of John Moir and Edward Pink, where are you?

Perhaps it is the deliciously fresh air which fills my room when I open the window that makes me so ready for br eakfast.

Right opposite to my window is a rustic arbour or archway, beside which is a fernery and rockery, literally covered with lovely ferns and most beautiful blue periwinkles. Perched on the very top of this archway a pair of blackbirds have for some mornings past been busily engaged in building a nest. Most interesting the operations have been. The old gentleman sits on a bough close at hand and whistles while the lady does all the building. This doesn't seem quite a fair division of labour, but then Mrs. Blackbird can't sing at all, and she is evidently very fond of listening to her husband. I don't know whether he sings the same song as all blackbirds, but his is a curious composition and bodes no good for the fruit which is now undergoing the ripening process. It is "Chip-chaw-cherry-chop-cherry-cherry-come-straw-berry-good-cherry-straw berry-chip-chip-chaw!!" And so I suppose the lady is not only delighted with the song, but sustained by the promise of future feasts, and works with much good-will in consequence. She brings first a few twigs and lays them straight, and then sits upon them, working them into shape. Then come some mouthfuls of mud, which is worked in in the same effectual manner. This is followed alternately by moss, dried grass and leaves, mud, small twigs, and all is made to lay straight and work in. I am looking forward with a great deal of anxiety to seeing the youthful progeny of this happy and industrious pair.

Nearly opposite to my window is a Kentish cherry tree. I must plead guilty to an experiment in connection with this tree. It has borne no fruit as yet (the experiment, the tree is loaded), but I live in hope. Every morning a pair of little blue tomtits come to that cherry tree and play about it for hours. I suppose they find worms of a minute species, ants, and small flies and beetles, for they can't enjoy the green, hard, barely-formed cherries. Well, I have heard that these little birds choose the oddest places for building their nests in—an old watering-can, a letter-box, a water-spout, a pump; in fact, anywhere unexpected, so I have laid a trap for them. I found a quaint old Moorish water-bottle, round like a gourd, with one opening. This I have fixed surreptitiously in the tree, and I hope the tomtits may take a fancy to it and build their nest in it. If they do I will believe all those other stories; if not, well, I hold over my judgment.

I like those tomtits. They are such quaint little impudent fellows. The sparrows are jealous, envious, and pugnacious, but the tomtits don't care a fig for them. They make very little noise, only a small rasping twitter, but they are so lively and so spry. It is fun to see them do all sorts of acrobatic feats that would put any horizontal bar performer to the blush. It is a matter of perfect indifference to these little tumblers whether they hang downwards or stand upright. One minute they are running with lightning rapidity up the trunk of the tree, the next they are hanging by their claws from some tiny twig which bends and shakes even beneath their feather-weight. If my experiment proves a success, what fun it will be to have a whole family of ten or twelve young black-headed, blue-bodied acrobats performing for my especial benefit every morning, and charging no fee for admission to the show!

I flatter myself it is not every one who has such a pretty look-out from his bedroom window as I have. Nor is it every Londoner who has such a temptation as I have, to draw him from his bed at such an early hour.

There is a big field just beyond the wall and the cherry tree, where the farmer is growing a crop of wheat or barley, I am not yet sure which. This is the morning meeting-place of a large colony of rooks, who live in a fine old rookery about a quarter of a mile away. Each morning the big, dignified old fellows come in crowds to this field and waddle, with all the pomposity and self-content of a lot of aldermanic beadles, finding, I suppose, any amount of grubs and worms about the roots of the young corn. I cannot hear what they say; but I have no doubt they tell each other that the farmer is a very good fellow to provide so well for their sustenance, and speak in high praise of the quality of the grain which is about to appear in due season.

On this same field, too, and mixing with charming impunity and effect among the black rooks, come six very pretty white fantail pigeons, which belong to the house. They are usually very busy carrying to and from the pigeon-cote on the house wall, the particles of food they judge most appetising and nutritious to the young "squeakers," as their little ones are called, and of which there are at least two pairs growing up.

Besides these birds, I have lately noticed a pair of flycatchers, whose sudden darting swoops are most fascinating to observe. They sit on the top of the wall which separates the garden from the field, but they never rest many seconds at a time. With amazing quickness they shoot into the air a few feet, their wings fluttering, and their beaks wide open. At each swoop they evidently catch some flying insect, which is invisible to my eyes from the distance, and then return to momentary and motionless rest on the wall, at exactly the spot they had at first chosen. I am told they usually build their nest in a peach-tree which is trained against the wall of the house beneath my window. I hope they will do so this year, for they add very much to my morning entertainment, and will be a great deal more interesting when they have young.

There is a stern decree against interfering in any way with birds' nests in this garden. We think that we have fruit enough and in plenty for ourselves and all the birds which, trusting to our hospitality, venture to construct their tiny homes in our trees and shrubs. Consequently we have no sympathy for cats.

The gardener wages a constant war against members of the feline persuasion. They spoil his pinks and carnations by rolling upon them, and they spare no opportunity of killing our young birds and chickens. So we do not let any opportunity slip of heartily aiding and abetting him in his warfare.

I could tell a great deal about our fowls, for I overlook their yard from my bedroom, but I shall, on this occasion, only speak of certain wilful wandering hens, who persist in being dissatisfied with the arrangements made for their comfort, and prefer to seek more agreeable nesting quarters in various parts of the garden. We have considerable trouble in hunting up the eggs, but are occasionally rewarded for our patience and long-suffering, as we were a few mornings ago, by the appearance of an old hen (who had disappeared for three or four weeks), at the door of the yard with ten little chickens walking along and cheeping cheerily at her heels. We are under the fond impression that at least two hens are shortly going to similarly surprise us, for they also have vanished in exactly the same mysterious manner, and search where we will, we cannot discover their whereabouts.

CHAPTERS FROM NATURE'S STORY-BOOK.

By Professor Haddon,

Author of "An Introduction to the Study of Embryology."

CHAPTER VIII.

SUMMING UP.



N the previous chapters we have studied certain types of animals, and watched some phases of their growth and development. It may conduce to definiteness in our views if we give a brief survey of what we have already learnt, and, at the same time, to touch as lightly as may be, upon some more general questions.

It is a very noticeable fact, that the newly-hatched young of the great majority of marine animals are free-swimming; sometimes they resemble their parents in most features, but more frequently they are very distinct, in which case, with few exceptions, they are in every respect simpler in organisation than the adults.

Let us take a few cases in point. Some sea-anemones swim away through the mouths of their mothers in the gastrula stage, as we saw in our second chapter. These start early in life, and have to go through all their changes or metamorphoses at the same time that they are feeding or fleeing; for there are hosts of animals which feed solely or partly upon free-swimming larvæ. There is, consequently, considerable risk to be run, and to make up for the certainty of great quantities being devoured before they arrive at maturity, a very large number of young must be produced. Most of the echinoderms, or prickly-skinned animals, lay their eggs in the water, and these have to run the gauntlet of their enemies all through life.

But in some sea-anemones, and in a few echinoderms, the young are born as small editions of their parents; in the former case, larvæ of all ages may be found swimming about in the central cavity or stomach of their mothers; in the case of certain echinoderms, the eggs are deposited in peculiar pouches, or lie hidden, being protected beneath plates or groups of spines, and there they securely hurry through their development, and only come out into the world as young echinoderms. They "can't be bothered" with going through a whole series of complicated changes as free-swimming larvæ. This is what is termed a secluded development. Such forms have a considerable advantage over the others; instead of having to take care of themselves in the "struggle for existence," they are taken care of by their mothers, and so have a better start in life.

One cannot help recalling the miserable chance in life that the young of our poor have. Turned out of doors very early, they too often have to forage and feed entirely on their own account. They are naturally much more subject to disease and early death than are their more favoured brethren. Their energies are too early taxed, and, consequently, they are unable to arrive at that higher physical, mental, and moral development, which would result from careful nurture during their early years. At the present moment, I am referring solely to such questions as exposure, "knocking about" in life, and being constantly on the look-out. The lack of a place of possible retirement or home, the continually being "moved on," the sense of being an Ishmaelite, with every man's hand against them, all tend, possibly, to precociously develop certain qualities, but, at the same time, to dwarf and retard, or nip in the bud, those qualities which, after all, alone raise men above the level of the beasts which perish. This struggle for existence is too keen for the young, and they must succumb.

It is interesting to find that "Nature" has found this out too. In all groups of animals in which the young are born very early, we find some members who provide for their young, and retain them in safety for a considerable time.

Another provision is usually made for the babies, and that is food. Most eggs are often of considerable size, the bulk of the egg being composed of yolk, or, as it is often called, "food yolk." As the little embryo grows, it feeds upon this reserve of food. It is easy to understand that embryos provided with food in this manner are better circumstanced than those which

have to provide for themselves. All their energy goes towards growth, none of it is dissipated in swimming about seeking food, or in nervous activity, looking out for danger and escaping therefrom. The eggs of some animals have only a little food yolk, and they are hatched a little later than those with none ; the yolk carries them on a certain distance, and then they have to look out for themselves. Others, again, have a considerable quantity, and they remain in the egg for a long time.

The sea-slug and the purple snail we studied in chapter iv., and the sacculina of chapter v. possess a small amount of yolk. So also is it the case of the frog (chapter vi.). All these animals leave the egg as larvæ, very different in appearance from their respective adults, and, as we have seen, they undergo a more or less extended and varied metamorphosis.

The elucidation of the significance of these transient forms constitutes one of the most interesting studies conceivable, and one in which the interest is none the less, in spite of the fact that difference of opinion is sometimes held as to the exact interpretation of some of the phenomena. But in all the broad questions there is unanimity amongst those competent to decide.

We have now to consider some of the effects of the increase of the store of food upon the embryo. Not only are the young born at a relatively advanced stage, but the changes of form undergone by the earlier hatched larvæ of other members of the same group are passed over with great rapidity. There is no use, so to speak, in building up larvæ with organs suitable for locomotion, digestion, and sensation, if the individual does not require them for these purposes. According to the theory held by naturalists, their ancestors long ago did actually require them, and the habit of making these structures is of too long standing to be readily dropped. So they are still developed, but in an increasingly perfunctory manner, as if there was rebellion against doing apparently superfluous work. This abbreviation of the metamorphosis is a direct result of the increase of food yolk.

The development of the frog, as we have already seen, illustrates an ascending series of metamorphosis in the most beautiful manner. The lizard and the bird have a very much greater amount of food-yolk than the frog, and instead of being born as tadpole-like animals, they step forth into the world as miniature lizards or birds. Amongst animals without a backbone the same occurs, as, for instance, in the cuttle-fish, the young is not born as a veliger larva, but as a cuttle-fish proper.

What an advantage these young ones possess ! They start life with a fund of energy which enables them to live more vigorously than their less nourished cousins. The cephalopoda, or group to which the cuttle-fish and squid belong, are more active, wide-awake, and possibly more intelligent than most other mollusca ; and it can well be believed that a lizard, or a bird, is superior to a frog. How important, too, is good nourishment for babies and children. The question of free dinners, or 1d. dinners for destitute school-board children, is based upon the fact that brains cannot be exercised or improved unless they are nourished. Food for the body comes first, food for the mind follows.

As has just been stated, the successive metamorphoses are in an ascending scale. This holds good in the vast majority of cases. The exceptions are but few, and like other exceptions, they prove or test the rule. These exceptions are most interesting and instructive, and in all cases we can supply a reason for the apparent vagary. In fact, we have already studied a few typical cases ; these are quite sufficient for our purpose.

In our last chapter we saw that the nauplius and cypris larvæ of the acorn barnacle, if not higher in the zoological scale, are at all events more active than the adult. The agile, free-swimming tadpole larva of the sea-squirt, with its internal skeletal axis, and large brain and eye, is certainly metamorphosed in a retrograde manner into an immovable, eyeless, practically brainless adult. The reason is not far to seek. The degeneration is simply due to sitting down, or, as the naturalist would term it, to sessile habits.

The animals which merely become fixed, usually are only slightly degenerated. Those which acquire parasitic habits may become greatly so, just in proportion to the nature and amount of their parasitism. We have studied an "awful example" in sacculina, and this is only one out of numerous others which might be cited. It will be remembered that in sacculina the young passed through an actively swimming existence, and underwent several moults and changes of form. It possessed jointed limbs, muscles to move them, a brain, and an eye. The adult has none of these structures, except a brain, and that is a new one it had to get for itself. The lively arthropod metamorphosed into a limbless sac.

The moral of all this is obvious. How many a young man is full of promise ; he is enthusiastic, chivalrous to women, and possesses high aims. Then he "settles in life," and endeavours to accumulate money ; he becomes overweighted and swamped by his possessions, and first ceasing to take an active part in endeavouring to ameliorate the condition of the more unfortunate, next his interest diminishes in such matters, and lastly he ends by losing all power or will to do other than live for himself. This is the case of a man who "sits down." There may be nothing evil or vicious in his nature, he merely takes a negative position in life ; it is not doing wrong, but doing nothing, which has thus brought about his degeneration.

In large numbers of cases, however, a man permits one side of his nature to acquire sessile habits. He fails to cultivate either his physical, mental, or moral being, wholly or in part, and gradually the power or talent goes ; the functionless, degenerate rudiment remains, the tombstone of a possibility.

There is still a worse evil to the State than this, and what the result may be no one can yet foretell. I refer to the parasitic classes—those who live on the products of the forced activity and labour of others. So long have they imbibed unearned nourishment that they have ceased to see the evil and danger, have ceased to feel that no one has a right to live in idleness upon the "working classes," have ceased to exhibit any activity for the welfare of others. Nemesis has already overtaken some sides of their nature ; possibly their much-cherished physical comfort may one day be rudely disturbed.

So one could go on almost indefinitely. The operations of "Nature" are so far-reaching, embracing alike the minute and the large, the young and the old, the apparently insignificant and those which we are pleased to consider as more important.



"ALL THY WANTS . . . UPON ME."

Judges 19. 20.

THY wants are all on Him, there let them stay,
Move not thy hand to take the load away;
The shoulders of *His* strength can well sustain
The burden thou would'st seek to bear in vain.
On Him *thy sins* were laid, He bore the whole,
Canst thou not trust Him with *thy wants*, my soul?
Oh calm thy fears, bid anxious thoughts subside,—
The piercèd hand of Jesus will provide.

(*Ps.* 34. 9.)

J. L. STANLEY.

CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE COMPETITION.

£5 5s. in Prizes.

THE great importance of this Competition must be our reason for again referring to it. Some of our readers have complained of what they have considered the simplicity of several of our former Competitions. To them, and particularly to Sunday School Teachers and senior scholars, this Examination into the Evidences for the truth of Christianity may be strongly commended.

The Rules and full information as to text-books, etc., were given in our Number for June 9th, and the Questions in the Numbers for June 23rd and 30th.

The Competition remains open until August 31st.

BIBLE JOTTINGS.

The Trinity "for us."

Rom. 8. 26. . . . The Spirit.....for us.
„ 8. 31. . . . God.....for us.
„ 8. 34. . . . Christ.....for us.

Abram was called to leave his people—
Heb. 11. 8.
Moses was called to join his people—
Heb. 11. 24, 25.

Redeemed from destruction .	Ps. 103. 4.
„ „ among men.	Rev. 14. 4.
„ by the blood . .	1 Pet. 1. 19.
„ in Christ . . .	Eph. 1. 7.
„ to God	Rev. 5. 9.
„ for ever	Heb. 9. 12.
„ when Jesus comes	Rom. 8. 23.

The Joy of Jesus.

1. In anticipation	Prov. 8. 31.
2. In obeying the Father .	Ps. 40. 8.
3. In resurrection	Ps. 16. 11.
4. In revealing Himself . .	Luke 10. 21.
5. In His Church	Ps. 16. 3.
6. In His people's obedience	John 15. 11.
7. In presenting them to His Father in the day of His glory	Jude 24.

Ephesians 5. 8.

Past . . .	Ye were darkness.
Present. . . .	Ye are light.
Future.	Walk as children, etc.

PUNCTUATION COMPETITION.

FIVE PRIZES.

AT last we are able to give the result of this most popular Competition. We, no less than our Competitors, have regretted that the time occupied in examination has been so long; but, as our readers will have gathered from the announcements we have made from time to time, the number of Competitors was extraordinary, and justified the remark that whilst most people think they can spell, very few acknowledge any difficulty in punctuating.

It is to be regretted that out of nearly three thousand papers sent in, not one agreed with the original (the opening paragraphs of the chapter on "Character" in Smiles' "Self Help"), and that 40 or 50 mistakes were by no means uncommon. A profusion of capital letters, superfluous stops—one aspirant favoured the end of one clause with three,—insufficient stops, and a misplacement of stops, caused by the writer's meaning not having been grasped, accounted for the majority of the errors; though stops placed at the *beginning* of a line were met with!

Some excellent Papers, comparatively, were sent in by boys and girls of from 12 to 14 years of age.

We congratulate the successful Competitors, and to the unsuccessful promise that, if we can get our examiners to face a similar array of Papers, we will give them another opportunity of distinguishing themselves.

The following extract from a Report of a recent meeting of the House of Convocation will interest our Competitors, and especially console the unsuccessful ones, for "who shall decide when *bishops* disagree?"

"Their lordships then passed to the consideration of other business, *some discussion arising upon the substitution of a semicolon for a comma in a document.*"

£1 1s. for the best-punctuated Paragraph.

ARTHUR KEMP, Newport.

Four Prizes of 5s. each.

REID, J., Sandling.
SHROEDER, ROSIE.
SPARKS, E., Hoxton.

* Two Prizes of 2s. 6d. each.

DAVIS, D., Lampeter.
McDONALD, B., Wimbledon.

** The Papers sent in by B. McDonald and D. Davis being of equal merit, we were obliged to divide the 5s. Prize.*

HIGHLY COMMENDED.

BARKER, A., Walthamstow.
CAMPBELL, M., Edinburgh.
EALES, M., London.
ELY, F. A., London.
GILMORE, S. A., Weston-Super-Mare.
HARRIS, R. W., Weston-Super-Mare.
HEMMANN, E. K., Southend.
KNOWLES, E. D., Plymouth.
LACY, H., Torquay.
LLOYD, J., Oxton.
PRICE, M. H., Liverpool.
SELBY, E., Ipswich.
WILLIAMS, Rev., Dorking.
WOODHEAD, F., Barton-on-Humber.

COMMENDED.

BIGNOLD, M. A., Lowestoft.
CARTHWAITE, L., Harrogate.
DALE, M., Shepherd's Bush.
DANVERS, AGNES.
DICKINSON, H. F., London.
FIELD, M. L., London.
GIBBS, J. T., Dalkey.
JELLIE, J. E., Oldcastle.
McMORRIS, I. E., Manorcunningham.
PALMER, T. E., Willesden.
TAVERNER, T., Bolton.
WYLIE, N., Edinburgh.
"ZAIRE," Dublin.

The Competition Paper sent in by E. W. Moore, Nottingham, deserves honourable mention, though we cannot include it in our list above.

STICK LIKE A LIMPET TO A ROCK.

A YOUNG lad was asked, "What is faith?" He replied, "Clinging to Christ like a limpet to a rock." Not a bad answer—one that can easily be understood by those who have to do with the sea-shore.

How does a limpet cling? So fast, so close, so tight, that no force can separate it; the rock holds the limpet, the limpet holds on to the rock.

The storm may rage, the wind may blow, the waves may dash, men may pull; but it clings all the closer, firmer, tighter to the rock. While life is in it, there it clings.

So the Christian holds on to Christ, the Rock of Ages; Christ the Rock holds him; adversity and trial only make him lay more hold on the One he loves, and Christ holds him with a firm, never-failing grip.

The Apostle Paul may well ask, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? tribulation? distress? persecution? famine? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors" (Rom. 8. 37).

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

(*See page* 526.)

AGUR.—Prov. 31. 1.
1. A cknowledgment.
G orgeous.
U surp.
R ashly.

MARA.—Ruth 1. 20.
2. M ournfully.
A pparently.
R emembrances.
A ffectionately.

ANNA.—Luke 2. 36.
3. A ctions.
N eglecting.
N ews.
A ccomplishment.

SOPATER.—Acts 20. 4.
4. S ailing.
O bserver.
P erseverance.
A ccomplishment.
T raveiled.
E ncountered.
R aged.

ISHBI-BENOB.—2 Sam. 21. 16.
5. I dolatrous.
S courges.
H avock.
B loodthirsty.
I ntended.
B ister.
E scapes (noun).
N eglecting.
O bject (verb).
B elief.

ANAH.—Gen. 36. 24.
6. A ctions.
N ote.
A ttributed (see marg.).
H ap.

HIEL.—1 Kings 16. 34.
7. H avock.
I nexcusable.
E nterprise.
L anguished.

A GUR.
M ARAH.
A NNA.
S OPATER.
I SHBI-BENOB.
A NAH.
H IEL.

AMASIAH.—2 Chron. 17. 16.

RECIPES.

RASPBERRY PUDDING.—The weight of three eggs in flour. The weight of two eggs in sugar and butter. Two eggs well beaten, half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Two good tablespoonfuls of raspberry jam. When well mixed, put in buttered basin or mould. Tie over with cloth, and boil two hours. Serve with white sauce.

GOOD ECONOMICAL PUDDING.—Half a pound of flour, 2 ounces ground rice, half a pound of beef suet, chopped fine, ¼lb. moist sugar, ¼lb. raisins, the juice and rind of one lemon, one or two eggs, well beaten, a quarter of a pint of milk. Mix well, and beat with a spoon five minutes. Tie down in a mould, and boil quickly for three hours.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Take 6 sweet oranges (St. Michael's preferred), 2 Seville, 2 lemons. Cut them in quarters, and slice very thin. To every pound of fruit, add 2 pints of water; let this stand 24 hours, then boil till the chips are tender. Let it stand 24 hours again, then boil with 1 lb. of sugar to 1 lb. of fruit, till quite clear.

THE TWO SEALS.

Soul—"Ah me! how blest my soul would be, if God would grant me feelings."
Answer—"Wait not for that. Believe thy God, Faith leads to all revealings."

TWO friends sat talking together one evening. One, with eager face and persuasive voice, had been turning hither and thither among the leaves of his Bible, reading all the verses he could to help the other to understand God's forgiveness and love for mankind; but it seemed more and more difficult every moment, and at last his friend had dropped his head in his hands, with a groan, saying, "Thank you, Ned; it's no use telling me any more. I suspect I know as much about it as any one does, but I am no better for that; oh! if God would but just make me *feel* that I had the eternal life! I don't feel; I can't feel; and it makes me miserable."

"The fact is, that it is too easy for you to believe," said Ned. "If God had said that you were to do some great thing to earn it, Ben, I believe you would get up and do it with a will."

"That is just it," said Ben; "I would do it at once, and there would be no mistake about my having done it. I should know it for certain."

"You remind me of Naaman the Syrian," said Ned; "he would not be content at first to wash in the river Jordan, but wanted the prophet to command some great thing to be done; he would rather have gone to the great rivers of Damascus; he despised the Jordan, and that is like you. Christ is not enough for you to trust to, but you must needs do something towards your salvation."

Ben made no reply, and there was silence in the room for a little space. At last Ned leant forward. "Look here, Ben," said he, "would you do anything to get it? Are you in earnest?"

"I would do anything for it," said he, "but it is no use. I can't feel sure that I have it."

"Look here, then," said Ned, pointing to the twenty-fourth verse of the fifth chapter of St. John: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth Him that sent Me, *hath* eternal life, and cometh not into judgment, but hath passed out of death into life." "You believe *about* this, don't you, that God sent His Son?"

"Yes, I do."

"And further, that those who believe on Him have eternal life?"

"Yes," said Ben slowly.

"*All* do who believe; it is not enough to hear, it must be hearing, and believing, both."

"Well, yes, if you believe, I suppose you have it."

"Look then," said Ned, "the witness is this; 'that God gave unto us eternal life, and this life is in His Son' (1 John 5. 11)."

"Yes, I believe that," said Ben.

"Very well; now look here, Ben, at the thirty-third verse of the third chapter of the Gospel of St. John: '.He that hath received His witness, hath set his seal to it, that God is true.'* Three verses further down it says, 'He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life.' I am going to put a circle by the side of that verse, and you may put the initials of your name inside it, to show it is your seal. You know they often put a mark at the end of business documents, to show where the seals or names are to be placed. Now suppose it was a paper, making some land over to a man, it would be none of his till he made it so by setting his seal to it, or else signing his name. Just so, you must put your seal to God's witness, or record; then the inheritance is yours. I want you to believe Him without asking any questions."

Ben took the book, and after a little hesitancy wrote his initials in the circle by the thirty-sixth verse.

"You wanted it, you heard you might have it, and you took it?" said Ned, looking inquiringly at Ben.

"Yes," said the other, "I have put my seal to what God has said."

"Now then, if you begin to think again about feelings, just look at your own seal in this book, and at another seal which is God's (2 Tim. 2. 19): 'The firm foundation of God standeth, having this seal, *The Lord knoweth them that are His.* I will mark it for you—that is a mighty firm foundation, and you will *feel* it too, more and more every day. 'The rock of my strength and my refuge is in God!'"

* * * *

Two or three days later the friends met again. "Well, Ben," said Ned, "what do you feel like?"

"Why," said he, smiling, "those two seals are enough for me; time after time I have turned to look at them. God gave, I took; and He knows all the rest—I trust it to Him. I feel my joy growing deeper every day I live. I could not have dreamt that there was such happiness in the world as I now enjoy. Jesus Christ does satisfy me."

* See the Revised Version. The words "witness" and "record" have the same meaning.

EXTRACTS

I AM not so lost in lexicography as to forget that words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven.

A man should no more read than eat without an appetite; for if he do, the book will be nearly as much amused and edified by the man, as the man by the book.

What I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. Never to put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been my golden rules.

A dwarf on giant's shoulders, sees further of the two.

Courage that grows from constitution often forsakes the man when he has occasion for it; courage which arises from a sense of duty acts in a uniform manner.

"Light come, light go," is the history of a day.

The greatest bankruptcy is not of fortune, but of faith.

Dirty work sometimes makes clean money, and no man has a right to be ashamed of faithfully following an honest calling.

Fifty years ago it was a capital offence for a Chinese to be a Christian; now you can preach the Gospel in China with more liberty than in many places in Europe.

It is computed that the death-rate of the world is 67 a minute, and the birth-rate 70 a minute.

It is computed that there are 2,000,000 Sunday School teachers in the world, and 16,000,000 scholars.

At the census of 1881 there were in India 669,100 widows who are under nineteen years of age.

Nearly all the finest diamonds in the world were cut and polished at Amsterdam.

If some men had to eat their own words, their health would be ruined for ever.

Never lose to-day in thinking about to-morrow.

Only seventeen out of the forty-three Freshmen at Amherst, U.S.A., smoke tobacco. Who says there is not hope for the young men of to-day?

The "Frances E. Willard" Hotel, in Fall Brook, California, does honour to the Temperance cause. Fall Brook is definitely teetotal; all land let in lots for building has a clause in the deed, prohibiting for ever the sale of liquor upon it. The Hotel is as teetotal as the rest.

A sensible law has been passed in Waldeck, Germany, forbidding the granting of a marriage license to any person addicted to drink.

Money Orders at Christmas Time.—15,271 money orders were sent from New York to Great Britain and Ireland last Christmas. They amounted to $163,279.

The Public Schools in Pennsylvania number 20,683, and the average daily attendance 665,300.

MY PASSPORT TO GLORY.

WHEN, in the darkness of the midnight train, the conductor's lamp is seen glimmering from carriage to carriage, does he hold it to your face to learn who you are, in order to be satisfied of your right to proceed? No! he lets its light fall on the ticket which you hold out to him, and if that is right, you are right, no matter who you are—rich or poor, rude or noble. So Christ, and Christ alone, is *our passport* to glory. Never can we say, Lord, look upon me, for I am holy—never; but upon Christ, who is my passport. Unworthy? Most assuredly you are. And if you live to be the veriest saint, you will be unworthy still. God has chosen to save you. It is not a question of what you deserve, but what Christ deserves. It makes all the difference when, instead of putting our own value upon the work of Christ, and accepting it merely as meeting our need, we learn God's estimate of that work.

"Be not afraid, only believe."

"I CANNOT LOVE GOD."

A GENTLEMAN who, in company with others, had lived many years a life of sinful pleasures, heard that the ringleader of the party had been converted, and wondered much that he should be such a fool as to give up his jovial, free, merry life, to become, as he thought, serious and melancholy. It led the gentleman to look into the Bible and read for himself; and he began to realise the unsatisfying nature of the pleasures of sin, and the hollowness there was in the life he had been leading.

Shortly after this he met his old friend, who said to him, "Do you ever read your Bible?"

"Yes," he replied, "but I can get no comfort out of it. However much I try, I cannot love God."

"No," said his friend, "nor could I; but the truth is 'that God loves me!'" and then he wished him good-morning.

"'God loves me!' 'God loves me!' What can that mean? Then came the thought of God having shown His love by giving His only begotten Son to die on the cross to save sinners. The reason of it flashed on his soul with Divine power and light. 'Now I see it! I see it! God loves me as a sinner. Yes! God loves and longs to save me. It is not that I must love God before I can be saved, but God loves me, a lost sinner!'"

The question for the unsaved one is not, Do I love God? but the acceptance of the fact that "He loved me." "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us" (1 John 3. 16). Then after that follows, "We love Him because He first loved us" (1 John 4. 19).

THE LAST LETTER.

A SOLDIER, the night before the battle of Bull Run, in the American War, received a letter from his mother, which he opened and began to read. He had proceeded but a few lines, when scalding tears bedewed it, and prevented his reading further. He handed it to a comrade, and requested him to read it for him, which he did, and had his own heart melted by the tender appeals of that mother to her boy—to come to Christ. The last words of the letter were, "O my son! my son! will you not take your mother's Saviour for your Saviour?"

He went into the battle and was killed. In the morning, as they gathered the dead, he was found with one hand firmly grasping that letter, baptized now in his own heart's blood, as well as his tears.

WAITING.

A YOUNG man was once awakened to cry, "What must I do to be saved?" He went to a friend who was a professing Christian, and unburdening his mind, eagerly and earnestly besought him to tell how salvation was to be obtained. His adviser declared that all his efforts were unavailing; that salvation was not to be had by works; and that if he patiently *waited*, in "God's own time" he would get what he was in quest of. "But *how long* am I to wait?" asked the seeking soul. "I cannot answer that question," was the reply. Months and months passed on. He "waited," and "waited" "God's time." His agony of soul increased and grew more intense.

At last he resolved to call on another friend, and seek his advice. This person told him that instead of "waiting," he ought to *pray* earnestly to God for pardon, and he would obtain it. "*How long* am I to pray?" asked the anxious inquirer. "You must just continue praying, and in due time you will receive it," was the reply. He prayed earnestly, and *besought* God to give him salvation. For years he continued "striving" and "agonizing in prayer" to God, entreating Him to be reconciled, and imploring Him to "have mercy" on his soul.

At the end of about three years he began to think that his friends had given him wrong advice, and resolved to seek counsel from an earnest Christian whom he had come in contact with, and see how he had received the forgiveness of his sins. Having told what his friends had said, and how he had been "waiting" and "praying," this Christian pointed him to God's simple plan of salvation. He showed that all the time God had been *waiting*, and had been beseeching *him* to be reconciled. The mistake discovered, he immediately "took God at His word," and rejoiced in the liberty which the *truth* alone can give.

ROTTEN SHIPS.

MUCH has been said and written about rotten ships, and what a sad piece of iniquity it is for any, just for the sake of present gain, to attempt to trifle with human life, in sending men in ships that ought to have been broken up long years ago. Old unseaworthy hulks patched up and painted, then freighted with precious life, all sacrificed for the cupidity and covetousness of the owners, how the world reprobates such conduct, and cries out against it!

Would that all equally condemned the attempts to sail to heaven in the rotten hulks of man's providing.

When we try to gain everlasting life by anything that we do, say, or promise, ignoring the new and living way, what is it but sailing in a rotten ship that must founder? When we boast ourselves of our morality, sincerity, good deeds and intentions, ignoring the work and person of Jesus the Saviour, what is it but a fair coat of bright paint that covers a worm-eaten, rotten ship, that will not stand one breath of God's judgment? When we weary ourselves with the performance of outward forms and ceremonies of religion, and try to satisfy the conscience with acts of devotion and contrition, rejecting the work of Christ, who hath "by Himself purged our sins," what is it but building again what God has destroyed, and embarking in that which will never reach the shore?

God condemned all these ways four thousand years ago, providing an "ark," even Christ Jesus, for the saving of the soul—the sinner's refuge and way of escape. And what He said unto Noah, He says to you, "Come thou, and all thy house, into the ark."

MAD JOHN BURLEIGH:

A STORY OF HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT,

Author of "Her Two Sons," "Eric Olsson's Minde Ring," "Drifted"

"Little Rainbow," "Corbiestanes,"

"Our Navvies," etc., etc.



"Then John wrung the hand stretched out in greeting."

CHAPTER VI.

HOUGHRIGG.

THE house, built of stone, which had bleached, not darkened, in the sunshine and rain storms, was a noble building, and rose on a terrace guarded by balustrades of the same white stone. Many lights shone from the not yet curtained windows. A group of sportsmen, with keepers carrying game-bags, and dogs crouching around them, had just arrived at the principal entrance. A sense of movement was everywhere. As John Burleigh drove up, he felt he did not come as an interruption, but as a natural accession to the life of the place. The earl, in a pair of new tan gaiters, detached himself from the group about the door, and came forward with a warm greeting, and no sooner had John stepped upon the terrace than his hand was grasped by one of the shooting-party.

"Why, Jack Burleigh, what an age it is since Eton! Don't you remember Russel, your fag? It brings the Reach, and the stones, and holly, and all the concern back to see your face again."

"I cannot say, Russel, the same for you. Why, you rise six feet, and you were such a fat little chap then. Tubby Russel indeed!"

"He's not particularly shadowy now," struck in another voice.

John Burleigh started, and turned quickly, his face glowing with pleasure.

"Surely not the Spinmer?"

"At your honour's sarvice—as much as at old Trinity. We were new there together, Jack, before Russel was in the fifth."

Then John wrung and wrung the hand—a broad, brown hand—stretched out in greeting; and a flush came into his face as he looked at the thin, sunburnt officer who wore a sabre scar across his forehead, just under his close-clipped hair.

"And since then, Grahame, how nobly you've won your spurs!"

"And you too, Jack, I'm certain."

"No," said Burleigh sadly; "no. I have not begun to yet. I always fall short, as in the old days."

"Of that let others judge, old man."

"You will find this a pleasant country, Burleigh; there are two good packs within a reasonable distance, and the Marquis's covers are capital. The neighbourhood, too, is good; some really nice people; I quite envy you the coolness and leisure of your profession."

"Thanks, Grahame, I suppose coolness is one of the pleasantest conditions you can think of after Abyssinia."

"Just so—I saw your little place; it is a mass of creepers. I looked in at one of the windows, a broad low room just made for a gun-room—it quite delighted me."

"Now, honestly, Grahame, would you prefer what you are pleased to call coolness and leisure, to the hurry and excitement of an army man's life?"

"Well! I don't know; 'honestly,' as you put it, one gets very tired sometimes of it all."

"Don't you think that is the case all the world over, and that every one at times grows tired 'of it all,' no matter what the all consists in?"

Major Grahame looked at John Burleigh for a moment, and then laughed.

"What a queer fellow you are, Jack, perpetually offering suggestions. If I had not known you of old, I should think that you did so in deference to your cloth; but it's delightful to hear you at it still. I seem to see you back a dreamy lad, lying on the Thames bank. All the same, how you could flash up! Do you remember little Hardman?"

"Yes," replied John, uneasily, and turned away.

"What is that?" said Lord Azerley, coming up, and laying a detaining hand on the new Vicar's coat-sleeve.

"Oh, only a lad who was with us at Eton, and Burleigh saved his life; he was dreaming on the bank, and saw Hardman go down, and dived for him just as he was; he saved him, but not a minute too soon."

"Hardman! was he that young fellow who has been so hard hit on the Derby?"

"Yes, the same. Perhaps, after all, Burleigh did him no kindness. He was a nice innocent little chap in those days—a widowed mother, used to come often, I remember, to see him, and always left him with such magnificent tips that Hardman's house was demoralised with sweet-stuffs for a week afterwards."

"Ah! I am afraid he is going all the wrong way, now."

Then the conversation drifted into other channels; but before they went to bed that night, John Burleigh obtained Hardman's address. He hardly knew why he asked for it, but some day he thought it might be useful; his heart went out to the merry boy who once was his little friend.

As he stood winding up his watch, he thoughtfully said to himself,—

"God has so many ways of leading a soul to Himself—and yet—poor Hardman!"

(At that moment the subject of his prayer was in a box at a theatre, with four companions, male and female, and he had yet sufficient virtue left to feel ashamed, when a lady whom he knew, raised her eyes and recognised him.)

"Where can Mr. Burleigh be? He did not even come in to luncheon," asked Mrs. Grahame.

The ladies were seated in the early twilight, taking five o'clock tea.

"He went to the village; no doubt he wishes, before Sunday, to get some idea of his parish," returned Lady Azerley.

"I'm awfully glad that dreadful Mr. Rice has taken his departure," cried Lady Susan, the countess's eldest daughter—there were two other grown-up sisters, but Lady Susan took the lead, not only in conversation, but in all else. "Do you know, Mrs. Grahame, we always called him 'the railway guard,' because in the pulpit he kept holding up one arm as if starting a train, and he preached *such* sermons. In one he told us how anxious he had been to see a house on fire; his opportunity arrived; he immediately put on his boots, and *emptied his pockets*—prudent man! not even his longed-for excitement could make him forget his money—and sallied forth to the fire, 'the view of which gave him every satisfaction.'"

"Well, but, Susie," said Lady Charlotte, gently, "Mr. Rice was a good, kind man, and I am sure he worked hard."

"Yes," said her sister, "so he did, but——"

Her next words remained unspoken, for Mr. Burleigh entered the room. She looked curiously at him. He did not seem so cheerful as in the morning, and her kind heart felt a pang of pity; his face was so pale, and he sat down with an air of suppressed weariness. She noticed what an effort it was to him to answer the innumerable trivial questions her mother asked, and skilfully drew first the conversation into another channel, and then strolled to the piano and illustrated a remark she had made on some new music, by striking a few bars. Lady Susan was well known to be an exquisite pianist, and at once was entreated "to play something." She began with some passages of Chopin's, but gradually wandered off into Weber's weird strains. The room was dim, a hush came on the group, a pause in life's haste and turmoil fell about them. Lady Susan looked up, John Burleigh was standing by her side, his eyes seemed luminous in the half light, and her fingers instinctively fell on the grand opening bars of Beethoven's Sonata in D. As it ended, the servants came in with the lamps, and the shooting-party, entered, all ready for a warm cup of tea and a bright gossip.

* * * *

Two days afterwards, Mrs. Bradley took her basket on her arm, and, it being Saturday, proceeded to the village of Houghrigg, distant from the brick fields a mile and a half, to do her shopping. She was a stout, red-haired woman, the wife of a thin, red-haired brick-maker, and was blessed with ten children, two of them being twins, Martha and Mary; but she considered them rather a drawback. All the other children, as she was fond of asserting, were "wick as scorprills." Martha was a large, heavy child, but an idiot. Mary was "nobbut weakly" and "no size" for her nine years; but she was a patient little thing, with large blue eyes, and was generally left in charge of the baby. Mrs. Bradley was a managing woman. She drove her husband in the way he should go with hard words and a loud voice, and her children were kept in order by smacks unsparingly administered. She kept her house spotlessly clean inside—it was not her fault that there was no drainage, or that the drinking water was drawn from a polluted well. Into the tenderest corner in her heart little weakly Mary had crept. In fact, she was a motherly woman, with the righteous, hard, undemonstrative manner of her northern nature. Her mother had never, in all her life, given her a caress, and she never bestowed one. Her caresses were soft soap and friction, clean, well-patched clothes, plenty of milk-porridge, and on Sunday a pudding. So she "did her duty by them." And to buy raisins—"they went further than currants"—for the Sunday pudding was her present errand. There were several villagers in the little shop, and two or three iron-stone getters from the mines in the hill beyond the Castle. These men—some called them miners, others navvies—lodged in the village, and added considerably to the population. They were a rough, kindly set of men, who worked hard, and occasionally drank hard, "who feared not God, nor regarded man," but were always ready to do a brave or generous action.

"And have you seen the new Vicar, Mrs. Bradley? or hasn't he got out so far as your way yet?" asked little Mrs. Pattison, the shopkeeper. She was a brisk, wiry old maid, who had married Pattison—a fat, slow man—late in life, and she was decidedly the better half of the business, as well as of the proprietor. She was ubiquitous this Saturday afternoon.

"No, he's not been up yet. I expect he'll take us at t' back end."

"Happen," said one of the customers, "I watched him; he goes regular to every house, and skips none; he's a gait of going through t' parish, I expect."

"What do you reckon of him, Mrs. Pattison?"

"Well, I'd like to hear him give his experience before I say ought," said the shopkeeper mysteriously.

"T' oud cat!" muttered one of the miners to his mate; "she's for ever on wi' her Methody talk."

"How can she help it? They say her father were a minister. Let's be off. Here, missis, how much do yer want of us?"

"Tea 1s., butter 1s. 2d., sugar 6d., ham 3s., onions 8d., wool 2s. 3d.—8s. 7d. in all."

"Trade must be slack; you clap it on middling," and out the men lounged.

Now the women had it all their own way. Some of them, it appeared, had approved of the new Vicar. Others liked Mr. Rice "a sight better," but one woman remarked,—

"He talks so strange, not like a parson ought. It's their business to talk to you about yer soul, and if they do right by you, they'll mention t' subject. You ken what the've come to speak on, and yer know, if you've been respectably brought up, what to say back. But in he comes to my place, and I'd just put out our men's teas. I axed him to have a cup, and I buttered a hot shortcake—it weren't like t' children's,

short of fat, but a real good un. Well, he were very friendly, though he nobbut made a poor tea, and then he axes about my lodgers, and I told him I kept eight; and he axed where they slept, and I showed him t' room, for I'se flayed of nobody seeing my beds; t' sheets are beautiful white. I bleaches 'em regular."

Then the narrator stopped.

"What did he say? Go on," urged her friends.

"Well, he looked at the beds, and he said they were nice, but he were capped wi' t' size of t' room. I said, 'Yes, if it were a little bit bigger, we could get five bedsteads in instead of four, and take ten lodgers. He stared at me as if he'd seen a boggard, and began stepping down t' middle between t' bed feet, for two stand on either side of t' room close together, and he liked gasped, 'Twelve feet!' But he said it in a way that made me feel ever so queer, I don't know why, and he went to t' winder and tried to open it, but I told him it were painted down; and then we went back to t' house, and he began some long talk about ventilation. I told him there were in general a bit of frost in t' air, and we liked to keep warm."

"Was that all?" asked Mrs. Pattison, shaking her head. "I fear he's not fully saved. Didn't he expound or offer a prayer?"

"Yes, he prayed; but it were queer. He said nought about 'bending our feeble knees,' or not 'being like an unthinking horse rushing into t' battle,' like Jonathan Binks does."

"Eh! Jonathan's a powerful pleader."

"Well, this man talked as if he were a child. I could tell every word he said; but if he didn't pray God to forgive me for having them beds so close together! Anyhow, it meant that, and I've been that oneasy since, that I can't forget it, and I'm thinking of noticing two of my chaps."

"Never you mell on 'em, Mrs. Jowett; they're all right," said Mrs. Bradley. "I can't a bear to waste. What's the use of losing the brass they pay?"

"Maybe"—returned the woman, "but I mean to go to church to-morrow and hear him—I'm going home now to fettle up my best bonnet, for it's three year since I were there."

Mrs. Pattison shook her head and sighed, as she placed the pound of candles in Mrs. Bradley's basket. That respectable woman thought of many things as she went home. All the children were off next morning to school, early as usual, and as was not usual, even Bradley was driven to church; but his wife went not. She soothed her conscience with vicarious devotion, and gave the oak chest of drawers, her pride and glory, an extra polish that Sunday afternoon.

On Monday the Vicar arrived. Mrs. Bradley was hanging out the clothes, for since four o'clock she had been washing, and always boasted her "washing was sided" in one day. She pushed Martha into the back kitchen and shut the door, and told Mary to sit behind the clothes' horse with the baby, who was not a presentable figure; then she wiped down a chair, and was ready to welcome her visitor.

"Glad to see you, sir, though I'd as lieve you'd come another day."

"Don't apologise, Mrs. Bradley; a good manager, they say, begins to wash on Monday always."

"I say more, sir, I say they finish too."

"But how can you manage? There were no less than seven children of the name of Bradley at school yesterday, and I understood they were all yours."

"Yes, and three more beside. One's not herself, and the other twin is nobbut a mesh child; but I'm not ashamed on her, though I am of this dirty boy."

So saying, Mrs. Bradley dived behind the clothes horse, reappearing with a bouncing baby in her arms, and a little, shy girl holding by her skirt—a child with a plaintive face and big, blue eyes. John Burleigh stretched out his hand. Little Mary looked at him a moment, and then put her small one in his grasp, and nestled to his side.

Mrs. Bradley's heart was won as she saw the Vicar put his arm round her little child.

"Yes, sir, it's hard work, especially in winter, to make both ends meet; but what I say is, 'frame' Bradley's a steady man, and every one of t' children has to help. My girls allurs knits their own stockings after they're three years old; and our lads addle—if it's nobbut a little—after they're four. I'll have nought said about it, and they know that. I can't do with rebellious children. T' hymn says it's like a serpent's tooth, is an ongrateful child; and t' Bible says, 'Spare the rod, and spoil the child.' Me and father tewes for them, and if they won't do right by us and theirselves, I takes t' strap to them."

"And do you take the strap to this little girl?" asked John Burleigh, smiling.

"No, no, not to her," said Mrs. Bradley hastily; "not but what she will get it if she doesn't behave herself," added her mother on second thoughts, as a warning.

Little Mary smiled to herself, and played with the Vicar's watch chain. She was not afraid.

"You see, sir, I must rule 'em; it's not as if I had their grandmother to send them to now."

"Is your mother dead?"

"Yes, sir; both she and father died in the typhus fever four winters back."

"What?" said the Vicar, his face flushing, and sitting up quickly. The thought flashed through his mind, was he to meet his old enemy in another form even here—here, in this lovely place; or had the foe come and gone for ever? Then he thought of Mrs. Jowett's over-crowded lodging-room, and said to himself, "Surely that is the only one in the village."

"Yes, sir, four years ago it was what they call a green winter. All the back end were warm and murky, and it went on the same gate all winter, never a bit of frost all t' time. Well, first one died and then another; it seemed to take mostly old people, t'others all pulled through, only one of t'iron getters died. Well, mother went first, and then father took it, and he went too; he seemed to have no heart to struggle with it by his sen."

"And did it end there?"

"Well, the worst on it did; but t' summer after was as cold and nasty as t' winter had been warm; and all of a sudden in August it turned hot, and t' fever broke out again. Doctor said it was on account of some right good blankets Betty Dunn took home to wash, but I reckon nought of such silliness. I say Farmer Boothroyd did right to lock 'em up."

"You don't mean to say they were fever clothes—that they had been near any one who had typhus fever?"

"Yes, but they were right good things; they belonged to his daughter what died."

"Has he them still?"

"Yes, for aught I know; neither Boothroyd nor his missis would give a candle end away."

"Did any one die that second time?"

"Yes, four or five children, and Jack Robinson—he left a widow and four little ones—and two iron getters, and Mrs. Pattison's sister, a very tidy lass. It seemed to miss all t' old folk. They'd no call *that* time to be flaid."

"And how long is this since?"

"Four years."

"And you are always well out here?"

"Yes, all but David Robinson, my master's man; he only enjoys bad health. By times I make him a cup of herb tea to strengthen his inside."

The Vicar walked thoughtfully towards the Chase. Presently he heard "Parson! Parson!" called.

He stopped. Little Mary Bradley, her cheeks flushed, and a light of delight in her starry eyes, ran up to him holding out two or three nasturtiums tied in a bunch with some mint and southernwood.

"They're for your own self; I got 'em out of our garden. Don't you like posies, Parson?"

"Very much. Do you, Mary?"

"Yes, ever so. The others made game of me because I used to go and talk to t' flowers, and they as still as aught, and can say nought back. I know better now; I'm a big girl now, you ken, but I wish many a time they could talk back. They'd say pretty things, wouldn't they, Parson?"

"Yes, that they would."

"Happen they'd tell one tales."

"What about?"

"Oh, all mak of things. Squirrels, and trees, and birds. I *seed* crows once having a parliament on t' trees."

"What did they do?"

"Oh, a middling lot flew out of t' trees into t' ground, and all the rest in t' trees held their chatter, and they all sat and watched, and I peeped through t' hedge behind a big fox-glove. And then them on t' ground chattered and flew round so, and so, and made a big din; and then they flew back into the trees, and there were four poor crows laid dead on the ground! The others had killed them! I *was* sorry. Now I must go back to baby. Good-bye, Parson, come again soon."

And away little Mary ran, and John Burleigh walked onwards to the grreat house to mix in all the refinement and beauty which existed there, and forget, if he could, the crowded cottages and the stupid ignorance he had left behind him.

(*Continued—page* 593.)

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

Matthew 19. 14.

By Richard J. Minns.

An angel stooped earthward to gather a flower,
For an offering meet at the footstool on high.
O'erpassing the blossoms that cluster the bower,
Chose the tiniest bud, that had never the power
To straighten its stem and peep up at the sky.
'Tis plucked in a moment, speeds heavenward now,
The dew of life's morning still fresh on its brow.

IMAGINARY DIFFICULTIES.

By Edward Butler.



EVERY ONE has heard it said — I will not vouch for the truth of it —that a goose will bob its head to walk under a rainbow. And yet, when one comes to think of it, there is really room for the goose to walk upright, without undue deference to that "triumphal arch that spans the sky."

The dictates of fashionable society, on eating, drinking, playing, fighting, dressing, talking, and behaviour in general, form a code which "spans the sky" of many a goose, also many a gander. But there is room for independence and uprightness in the most superfine society. In fact (this is strictly confidential) society will cheerfully make room for a vitally vigorous nature, charged with individual convictions ; just as if he were a red-hot poker, which always makes room for itself.

Many of the difficulties that men, especially young men, feel, in adopting a course of life that does not run parallel with that of the society which forms their environment, are wholly fantastic : they evaporate like dreams at the first stride of the will towards them. The dread of hostile criticism, the fear of what people will say, may be barriers to an infirm purpose, but fly, like ghosts at cockcrowing, before real conviction. I do not deny that those fantastic terrors cause real suffering to an unsound mind. I remember a man who was the subject of an insane delusion that he was too big to get through a doorway. His attendants thought to convince him, on the principle of *solvitur ambulando*, by forcibly taking him through. They did so, but the poor fellow died in the process—squeezed to death by his fancy. Bearing this poor fellow in mind, I would deal tenderly and soothingly with souls in trepidation before imaginary difficulties, remembering that imaginary difficulties may become real ones if they paralyse the will. The mesmerist, having established a control over the mind of his patient, says decisively, "You *cannot* get up from that chair," "*cannot* extend your arm," and so forth ; and the patient finds he cannot. The imagination lies behind all our voluntary actions, and if the patient is absolutely convinced of his inability, he is unable. Blessed, therefore, is the deliverer, who is himself free from fastastic chains, and who comes with cheerful, resonant voice unto a society toiling under unreal chains, imaginary obstructions, fantastic perils, crying, "You are free!" "So we are!"

Why do women cramp and mutilate their feet in China, and their waists and viscera in England? Why do men, who cannot afford it, give dinner-parties with expensive viands, unseasonable fruits—such as strawberries—that ought to be abed and asleep, costly wines, and all manner of elegancies? Why do sorrowing mourners, who want every shilling for life's necessities, waste a prodigal expenditure on funerals? These are but random specimens of the numerous class of men and women who are bound by imaginary chains, and are bobbing their heads to walk under a rainbow.

Have you, gentle reader, ever seen the leader of a flock of sheep jump over an imaginary obstacle, and every following sheep make a jump when it comes to the same place, though there be nothing to jump over? And have you moralised thereon?

It used to be said—I have not made the experiment—that if you set a cock upon a table, put his beak down to it, and then with a piece of chalk draw a bold, visible line from the point of his beak across the table, the bird will be stuck fast, under the conclusion that he is held down by the chalk line. We are held down to many undesirable customs by that chalk line.

The way to get rid of imaginary difficulties is to cherish the conviction that we *can* do what we *ought* to do. It is, generally speaking, not difficult to find out what we ought to do (for the moment I put aside the consideration of certain moral puzzles) ; and we must cultivate the habit of heading straight for what we *ought* to do, with small regard for what lies in the way, as Ezekiel's wheels and living creatures followed the spirit that led them—prompt, sharp, without hesitancy, and without turning. There are three officials or functionaries in our internal life: "I can," "I ought," "I will"; and a good deal depends on a right setting of the question of precedence. Let "I ought" give the word. "I can" will then not be nearly so often troubled with rheumatism, nor "I will" with sleepiness.

THE INVENTOR'S WIFE.



IT'S easy to talk of the patience of Job. Humph ! Job had nothin' to try him ;
If he'd been married to 'Bijah Brown, folks wouldn't have dared come nigh him.
Trials indeed ! Now I'll tell you what—if you want to be sick of your life,
Jest come and change places with me a spell—for I'm an inventor's wife.

And sech inventions ! I'm never sure, when I take up my coffee pot,
That 'Bijah hain't been "improvin'" it, and it mayn't go off like a shot.
Why, didn't he make me a cradle once, that would keep itself a-rockin ?
And didn't it pitch the baby out, and wasn't his head bruised shockin' ?
And there was his "patent peeler," too—a wonderful thing, I'll say ;
But it had one fault—it never stopped till the apple was peeled away.
As for locks, and clocks, and mowin' machines, and reapers, and all such trash,
Why 'Bijah's invented heaps of 'em, but they don't bring in no cash.

Law ! that don't worry him—not at all ; he's the aggravatinest man—
He'll set in his little workshop there, and whistle and think and plan,
Inventin' a Jew's harp to go by steam, or a new-fangled powder-horn,
While the children's goin' barefoot to school, and the weeds is chokin' our corn.

When 'Bijah and me kep' company, he warn't like this, you know ;
Our folks all thought he was dreadful smart ; but that was years ago.
He was handsome as any pictur' then, and he had such a glib, bright way—
I never thought that a time would come, when I'd rue my weddin' day ;
But when I've been forced to chop the wood, and tend to the farm besides,
And look at 'Bijah a-settin' there, I've jest dropped down and cried.
We lost the hull of our turnip crop while he was inventin' a gun ;
But I counted it one of my marcies when it bu'st before it was done.
So he turned it into a "burglar alarm." It ought to give thieves a fright ;
'Twould scare an honest man out of his wits, ef he sot it off at night.

Sometimes I wonder ef 'Bijah's crazy, he does sech cur'ous things ;
Hev I told you about his bedstead yet ? T'was full of wheels and springs ;
It hed a key to wind it up, and a clock face at the head,
All you did was to turn them hands, and at any hour you said,
That bed got up and shook itself, and bounced you on the floor,
And then shet up, just like a box, so you couldn't sleep any more.
Wa'al, 'Bijah he fixed it all complete, and he sot it at half-past five,
But he hadn't more'n got into it, when—dear me ! sakes alive !
Them wheels began to whiz and whir ! I heard a fearful snap,
And there was that bedstead, with 'Bijah inside, shet up, jest like a trap !
I screamed, of course ; but 'twan't no use. Then I worked thet hull long night,
A-tryin' to open the pesky thing. At last I got in a fright ;
I couldn't hear his voice inside, and I thought he might be dyin'.
So I took a crowbar and smashed it in. There was 'Bijah peacefully lyin',
Inventin' a way to git out agin. That was all very well to say,
But I don't believe he'd have found it out if I'd left him in all day.

Now, sence I've told you my story, do you wonder I'm tired of my life ?
Or think it strange I often wish I warn't an inventor's wife ?

E. T. Corbett.

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF A GENTLEMAN GIPSY.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "A Cruise of the Land Yacht 'Wanderer'; or, Thirteen Hundred Miles in my Caravan," etc., etc.



Our first peep at Buxton, and sketch of an old house on the road. Blackberries were abundant.

LEAF VIII.

IN A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE—UPS AND DOWNS OF GIPSY LIFE—IN A LIVING CLOUD—PEEP AT BUXTON—A ROLLING COUNTRY—NEW TOWN AND DISLEY.

WE have turned over a new leaf, it appears. So accustomed have we been to sylvan glens and wooded hills, that the naked mountain top is quite pleasant.

We are early astir and off—Bob and I—for a summer morning's ramble. Not before breakfast, though; not before one of the most substantial breakfasts ever I sat down to. To have ventured out without eating would have been rash in the extreme, so keenly appetising is the air that blows across these bleak heights.

"Good morning," I said to the landlord; "what a pleasant, breezy, healthy place to live in!"

The landlord smiled and shook his head.

"You ought to be here in winter sometimes," he said. "The wind is enough to cut one's nose off."

It is a dull grey morning, without a blink of sunshine, and a bluish haze lies over all the wide-extended landscape. Not enough to hide it, however; so we go along a lane between rough stone walls, enter a meadow, and sit down in the lee of another stone fence. Here the rich grass and flowers are tall enough almost to bury the dog. Down to our left yonder lies the village. All around is a country of rolling hills, dotted sparsely over with trees. Each hill is green to the top, and divided into fields of every size and shape, by the everlasting stone wall. Very easily built those fences must be, for the material lies everywhere close to the hand; and just as easily knocked over. I experienced the truth of this remark in a by no means agreeable way, for as I sat sketching, a cow of an inquisitive turn of mind put her head over the wall, and tried to see who was there.

"It's all right, old girl," I said complacently.

But that cow took quite a different view of the matter; so she inserted one of her stubby horns in the fence, and the whole pile came hurtling down. I sprang nimbly up, to save myself from utter annihilation, and then it occurred to me rather suddenly that the view from the adjoining field was equally good, and Bob bravely defended the deadly breach till I was safe, and then he came rushing after, followed by a whole herd of the humoursome short-horns.

It was very silent and still up here to-day—the twittering of a linnet, the cuckoo's notes, the lowing of cattle or distant song of chanticleer, nothing more.

Verily life on the road has its ups and downs. Yesterday chatting pleasantly with ladies at Haddon Hall; to-day, after my walk, talking freely and frankly with a gang of real gipsy folk, squatting on the grass. But in this way we get information about the roads, and find out the truth about "the terrible hill" that day after day is ever on ahead of us.

Socially speaking there is not much "up" about Taddington; but it lies about 600 feet above the sea-level for all that. And we have to climb higher still before we get clear of the place; but the view from the hill is everywhere wild and beautiful. For three miles the scenery would be difficult to match, bluff and bare though it be. We shall not forget the descent into this gorge, however. Some idea of the steepness of the hills around us may be gathered from the fact that stone fences, built as marches between property, have slid bodily down the hill.

Once fairly down into the bottom of this glen, the road runs close alongside the winding Wye. It is here brown and boisterous—quite a mutinous sort of a stream; but there is many a pool nevertheless, and from this coupé here we can see many a lusty, lively speckled trout.

"Look there, John," I say to my worthy coachman; "do you see them? Are they not beautiful?"

"I sees them," says John; "but lor! sir, they'd look far more beautiful in a frying-pan."

I'm afraid John is no poet.

And now we enter one of the sweetest, stillest woodland glens imaginable. Around us are great banks of every kind, and of every shade of green, with the soft summer sunshine shimmering on their wind-moved leaves.

About a mile and a half from Buxton we had a somewhat novel, and by no means pleasant experience. The day had become unusually sultry, the sunshine had fled, and dark, ominous-looking clouds were heaped and banked all over the sky, when we made the entrance of a deep glen, where the rocks, half-hidden in trees, rose up like battlements above the riotous, roaring river. And just here we came upon a wondrous cloud of gnats, or midges, a good mile long, and entirely filling the gap between the trees. They completely obscured our view of everything for the time being, more effectually than a dense fog could have done. They blinded men and horses, and I was glad to hurriedly shut up windows, doors, and skylights.

When we groped our way clear of the cloud at last, the state of the horses was pitiable; they were still snorting and sneezing, and their nostrils were covered with mucus, froth, and blood.

Buxton is altogether a beautiful place, well built, clean-looking, and healthy. We halted in the square to bait, to shop, and get the mails, and were, as usual, surrounded by a crowd, and visited by many good people.

Our day's work was not over, however; so, after seeing all that was possible in so brief a time, the order for the start was given, and away up the long hill we trotted, *en route* for Whelley Bridge.

The road is a very winding one, and snow-white and limey.

No corn, no wheat, no crops of any kind, all pasturage, and whenever we stop to breathe the horses after rushing a pinch, the bleating of sheep and scream of the pee-wit fall on our ears.

It is a country of green, rolling hills, and over them all is a thin, uncertain haze, though the sky itself is dark as ink. But with every turn of the road—and, indeed, the road seems all turns—the profile of this mountain land is changed.

* * * *

What with the hills and dust, and glare of the roads, we are all well tired before we reach Disley, and determine to encamp as soon as we can find a place. Ah, there is the rub. It is all too evident that we are getting into a very populous district; indeed, far too much so to be anything like pleasant.

At Whelley Bridge we might have had a comfortable bivouac, but we passed it, thinking we might come to a better, and now behold us obliged to lie in the street all the night, close beside a row of workmen's cottages.

The place itself is Newtown, near Disley. I call it place for want of a better name; long, straggling towns or villages such as this are very common in districts like this. The houses are built to meet the exigences and conditions of life, so no plan is aimed at, space and convenience are considered first. No, I did not like my bivouac to-night, though I have been in many worse. The people, my neighbours, are as civil as any heart could wish, but one old fellow came home in the gloaming, just a leetle wee bit tipsy, perhaps. He at once jumped to the conclusion that I was a Cheap Jack, and because one of my wheels lay on his causeway, he began to rate my valet soundly. Had it been the Giant's Causeway, and this neighbour of mine the Giant himself, he could not have made more noise about it. Meanwhile, the villagers took up cudgels for me, and the Giant had to retreat into his den growling. But he apologised manfully next morning, so he must have been a gentleman at heart, after all.

The Swan is a pleasant, old-fashioned hotel, and those who keep it pleasant, old-fashioned people, of a type one so seldom meets with now-a-days. The stabling was good, and I certainly did not expect to see such hot-houses and beautiful gardens as those in the rear of the Swan. This is the landlord's hobby, and a very delightful one it is.

We rise early, and while my valet is getting everything ship-shape for a start, I get away up behind the houses and climb a green hill, on which the sunshine strikes bright and clear, for it is, indeed, a lovely morning. All around me are patches of wild flowers, reddest clover, crimson-bloomed trefoil, and speedwell. Like the speedwell, the sky itself is blue. Never a cloud, even as big as a man's hand, has yet risen to meet the sun; only on the grass under the shadow of the hawthorn tree yonder, where the dog has laid himself down to cool, the dew still hangs white.

Far beneath us lies the town—we can see to-day it *is* a town—stretching along a beautiful valley, and straggling half up the round, bluff hills, in a way that quite reminds me of Scotland.

There are hills, hills everywhere, and the milky haze that hangs over them, with the incessant buzz and hum of insect life, betoken a day of unusual heat.

So, in an hour's time we are ready. Little Nellie, the maid of the inn, presents us with a bouquet of flowers, good-byes are said, and away we rattle.

On now through dusty Disley. But the road is good.

As we pass the Ram's Inn, we notice it has a nice open space in front, and a row of trees, near which we could have encamped, had we come on last night. But we did not regret it.

We are bearing up now for Stockport. The day continues delightful, and the road continues dusty, and the country around picturesque and beautiful.

About a mile from Stockport one catches a very nice view of this cottonopolis. There it lies, spread out in the hollow beneath us, a study in red and grey, with many a spire and many a lofty stalk uplifted in the summer air. Strange to say, only a few of these tall chimneys are pouring out smoke. Trees and fields make a very pretty foreground to this picture.

We are in Lancashire now without a doubt, and to speak the truth, we do not half like it. I determine not to go on to Stockport, but to branch off here to the right, and bear up in a bee line, if that be possible, for Rochdale.

Something tells me that for a time I have left the lands of romance behind me, and that the prospect opening out ahead is one of stern reality. For some time to come there will be no green waving woods, no clear rippling streams, no song of birds in sylvan nooks, no rural beauty or living poetry. We must rough it now. Even a gentleman gipsy's life is not smooth and sunny, if he makes up his mind to see a little of all that is to be seen, and mingle in life of every class.

"Shall we go back, John?"

"I don't think so, sir. 'Scuse me, sir, but I don't think you're one o' that sort."

LEAF IX.

A CHANGE COMES O'ER THE SPIRIT OF MY DREAM—DENTON AND STALEYBRIDGE—AN UNSAVOURY ENCAMPMENT—LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM—AN OASIS IN THE DESERT.

We bore away to the right, then, without entering Stockport, and shortly after this, everything was changed for the worse. We were struggling onwards through side lanes paved—if paving one could call it—with holes here and there big enough to bury sheep, through long, uninteresting villages, over and under bridges, and past many a busy factory and mill, that we cared less than nothing about.

The country, where it was country, with its streams, and hills, and woods, was all picturesque enough, only slightly grimy. But woe is me for the roads to-day, and woe is me for the horses!

Though happily there is no wind, the dust, which is inches deep, rises in black and stifling clouds, choking our good steeds, and, combined with the stifling heat, making us all feel drowsy and wretched.

Our pace is the pace of the tortoise, only not quite so fast and free. The jolting is fearful, as wheel after wheel goes banging down into a hole. This is roughing it with a vengeance. We get mixed up too with—and have to follow in a procession of—tradesmen's carts and great wagons laden with dusty coal.

We get to Denton at last, and put the nose-bags on, but the horses for a time are too jaded to eat, and we have to remove them to let the poor beasts breathe.

* * * *

I was about to give some new experiences in gipsy life, which, if not altogether very pleasant, possessed for me the charm of originality. We were coming into a densely populated district, though I did not know it. Not, perhaps, a black country, but at all events a somewhat grey one, where smoking chimneys took the place of trees, and the rattle and roar of mills were more often heard than song of birds.

Had I been a Cheap Jack now, I daresay I could have done a roaring trade. I should have drawn up in some publican's yard, or semi-green field, and as soon as the honest working folk had washed their faces and eaten their suppers, sold knives, cork-screws, flat irons, and cheap articles as fast as my man could have handed them out. Had I been a showman of any kind, I might have made an excellent harvest. Had I even been an itinerant photographer, I should have done well. But alas! I was only a gipsy naturalist, and quite out of place in roads like these.

The horses were fagged, but I said cheerfully to my coachman,—

"This long village is bound to come to an end soon, and then we shall find ourselves in some cool delightful meadow again, under the trees."

"I hope so, sir," said coachee.

We passed a strange old-fashioned black and white-chequered church, but I failed to get a peep at the interior.

Did the village end? Did we come to that sylvan nook our souls were longing for? Well, if the village did end, it ended by anastamosing with another and another, perhaps. There was no break for five miles, till we found ourselves at Staleybridge. It was one long gloomy, far-from-cleanly street of bricks and mortar, with shops and stores and people who—well, looked like their work.

Rough enough both men and women looked as a rule, but civil, all civil.

I want to say one thing, and I may as well say it at once. All through the densely populated towns, villages, and districts of Cheshire, Lancashire, and West Yorks, wherever I went, I met with nothing but kindness and civility from the people. And although, after leaving the pillars of cloud that hang over Leeds, far behind me, I was not sorry to be out of smoke and dust, and to see once more the sweet wee wild roses climbing over the green hedges, I bore away with me *two* impressions paramount to all others; first, that the population of our mill and mining regions are thoroughly hospitable and good at heart, and thoroughly English; secondly, that our country is a very great and very wealthy one. It had never so struck me before, but now my mind was opened to its richness and vastness, and my heart was laid bare to the kindliness and honest worth of its people.

* * * *

Near the entrance to Staleybridge, while resting for a few minutes by the roadside, I was boarded by an English clergyman, who had "read about me." Mr. D—— is an Irishman, and one of the good old sort. We enjoyed a twa-handed *crack*, and I had the great pleasure of meeting him and some of his children the next day.

He directed us to the George Hotel, and away we toiled again, over the roughly paved street or road, and over the tramway, through dust and glaring sunshine.

The George is *the* hotel. But alas for our luck, there was to-night no room for our horses, and no decent place anywhere near to bivouac.

For nearly an hour I rode about on my tricycle, hunting for a stable, and succeeded at last, so we crossed the bridge, bore round to the right, and laid the *Wanderer* in the market-place without asking leave of any one.

Out came the horses, and my valet began to cook our well-earned dinner.

But we were not to be allowed to rest quite in peace even yet, for presently our little knocker was plied, and a man in uniform asked to see me. He was the market surveyor, and as soon as he noted who we were, was extremely polite, but for form sake we had to pay for our stand—three pence for just such a ticket as any ordinary gipsy or showman would have got.

Now by all the unsavoury and disreputable bivouacs it is possible to imagine, I think ours of to-night was the worst. I felt sorry for the beautiful caravan being seen in such a spot.

Perhaps the least said about it the better, but one side we are flanked by heaps of rubbish and paving stones, with a background of houses; on the other is the river Tame. No silvery stream, I assure you, but black and ugly—a sewage river apparently, and smelling aloud. The broad canal in our rear is no whit better. The view from my coupé is one which might have interested Dickens. There is an inn over yonder, which, for aught I can tell, may be a highly respectable one of the sort. My immediate surroundings, alive and dead, are as follows: three or four intemperate-looking young viragos, black, and grimy, and bare around to the shoulders; a group of sparsely clothed, dirty, unkempt urchins, looking on and learning the language and actions of said viragos; a large and elegant heap of manure, with Spanish hens making the most of it; a ragged beggar on crutches, heaps of wood, iron, cinders and rubbish, broken carts, hen-coops and old ladders, and one weird old tree, an elm, on which leaf nor bark itself remained, though I suppose at one time it had flourished green and bonnie. The sun, however, is shining as brightly as it can shine through the smoke-filled atmosphere, and away on the right yonder, high over grey old mills, workshops, and telegraph poles, there looms through the haze a suspicion of hills and mountains.

One needs to be a philosopher to be quite at home in such surroundings. I fear I am not a philosopher. But there was something worth listening to even to-night—a chime of beautiful bells.

Dinner discussed, Hurricane Bob and I went for a little stroll. We wanted to find something rustic, if possible, so, immediately after crossing the bridge, we left the main road or street, and found a footpath that went winding up along this questionable river's brink—I will not say bank.

The river is shallow and broad, and black as ink. Across yonder it goes sweeping along by the foot of tall stone walls, through pipes in which, every now and then, great jets and streams of dark polluted water are poured from mills and drains. By the footpath here is a strip of half-starved grass, higher up a precipice of earth and rubble, and over that a wall that frowns like a battlement. Look where you will, everything is unsightly, everything unsavoury. Unsightly houses, mills, bridges, round tower-like furnaces, and heaps of broken sewage pipes, with featherless, unsightly fowls, scratching on equally unsightly heaps of rubbish.

And yet here to-night, on this very footpath, among these unsightly surroundings, I meet a youthful, loving couple, sauntering hand in hand. And he is telling her the old, old story—

> "Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
> As love's young dream."

No, certainly there is nothing in this world to equal it; but—love *here*, love by the brink of *this* murmuring stream! Never mind; perhaps by the time this is published those young folks will be married, and will settle down and live happy ever after. So may it be.

As I came slowly back over the bridge, I heard two young men arranging to fight. They had quarrelled about something, and I could not help smiling as I heard a portion of the conversation. Perhaps I cannot give it in the true vernacular ring, but it was something like this:—

"Noo, Jack, I'll just tell thee what I'm gan to do to thee, lad," said one of the intending combatants; "I'm gan to *paralyse* thee."

"Ned, that's nothin'," was the reply. "Paralyse me, wilt thou? Ned, I'm gan to *pulverise* thee, and mother 'll think thou's been through a bone mill."

It is satisfactory to be able to relate that neither of these dreadful operations took place, for next minute they shook hands, and went off arm in arm.

But another ray of romance came to brighten up these dingy surroundings of mine next morning, for, lo! as I sat writing and waiting for breakfast, I lifted up my eyes and beheld quite a pretty picture—quite an oasis in this desert of dirt. It was a farmer's milk-cart that had stopped, with clean brass-hooped cans in it, and holding the reins the farmer's milk-lassie herself. What a bright young face she had! What a clear complexion, and how pleasant her smile as she serves her customers! "Bob! come along with me, old dog; a glass of good milk will do neither of us any harm."

(*Continued—page* 596.)

NIGHT MISTS.

> "Until the day breaks, and the shadows flee away."—*Cant.* ii. 17.

NIGHT mists are creeping low,
The stars of heaven are bright;
On the darkened scene shines heaven's queen,
With a beauteous silvery light.
And the gentle breezes blow,
With a murmur soft and low.

Night shadows higher rise,
Like phantoms of the night;
But the moon glides by in the starry sky,
With her soft and lonely light.
The wind now moans and sighs,
And the mighty deep replies.

Thick clouds, as night rides on,
The earth o'ercast with gloom,
As moon and stars, the storm clouds bar,
With darkness of the tomb.
And their kindly light is gone,
And the night is bleak and lone.

The morning star appears
Above the eastern hills,
Piercing the shroud of the midnight cloud,
And the heart of the watcher thrills;
For the joy of morning wears,
And past is the night of tears.

The sun illumes the sky,
And casts his cheery glow
On mount and moor, and on rich and poor,
On the ocean's mighty flow;
On the worm, and on the fly,
And the eagle soaring high.

Thus we are called to shine
Like the moon, for our absent Sun;
To reflect His light in the darkest night,
Though the hours but slowly run.
Yet the mists of night confine,
And the weary watchers pine.

But soon the dawn will break,
And the shadows flee away,
Then the darkest night, with its silvery light,
Shall be transformed to day.
And the slumbering shall awake,
And of lasting joys partake.

WILLIAM H. ROSS.

A TRAVELLER'S EXPERIENCES IN FLORIDA.

By ARTHUR MONTEFIORE, F.R.G.S., Author of "Letters from Florida."



"The undergrowth of bush lies in tangled profusion."

OF course there are exceptions, but for the vast majority of Englishmen, life in Florida means growing oranges and other fruits, and engaging in the various diversions which shooting, fishing, and yachting afford. Florida possesses what is called a sub-tropical climate, but the conditions of life in that peninsula are in many respects different from those which exist in countries belonging to the same climatic belt. In the first place, Florida may be regarded as a vast swampy plain, possessing fairly extensive patches of dry country, and a few isolated regions of elevated land. While the fruit-grower selects the dry pine-land for his grove and his home, the sportsman pitches his tent—and he generally prefers to do this on a wide flat-bottomed boat, in the region of marsh and lake—along those great waterways, the St. John's and Indian Rivers, or in that vast labyrinth of swamps, over a million acres in extent, known as the "Everglades."

Again, the position of Florida is geographically unique. It has been called the Italy of America. Like Italy, indeed, it is a long, narrow peninsula, a land of grapes, oranges, and limes; washed, like Italy, on either side by a sea, and subject to the welcome breezes of both. But Italy has no Gulf of Mexico on its western shores, and none of the highly fructifying winds that daily sweep from that fountain of fertility across the pine-covered plain of Florida. The heat of the climate is tempered, and the scorched vegetation refreshed, by the breezes from the Atlantic or the Gulf; their humidity is arrested by the pine forests, the palm groves, and the colder air of the higher lands, and daily throughout the long thirsty summer, there occurs a fall of rain.

But there is a demon abroad, whose hand is never stayed. From north to south, from east to west, the country is malarial. From millions of acres of swamp there is continually rising the deadly breath of miasma. Fever steals through the land, and silently, but none the less surely, clutches its victims. In such a country as this, it is not surprising that the constitutions of Englishmen, who go in for sport, are severely tried. It may be regarded as an axiom that the better the sport, the greater the risk. Quail are still to be found in respectable numbers on the higher pine-land, but as there is an entire absence of game-laws, ruthless destruction is going on, and in the vicinity of settlements, it is impossible to find any sport. The gunner must go further afield. For anything like sport, or for larger game,



"Sailing along the low shores and 'keys.'"

whether it be for deer or bear, wild cat or rattlesnake, heron or duck, or for that veritable *pièce de résistance*, the alligator, the sportsman must follow along the edges of the great swamps, or the marshy fringes of the lakes. He must make his way through the undergrowth of bush that lies in tangled profusion at the feet of the pines and the scrub-oaks, the magnolias, and the cabbage-palms ; or, again, he must embark in some "mud-turtle" of a boat, wide and roomy, but of sufficiently light draught to float almost in a puddle. From this coign of vantage he will be able to penetrate those vast tracts of reed and weed that everywhere appear upon the waters.

Plenty of sport, and first-rate sport too, can be had in Florida, if you like to go and look for it. But while doing this, it is quite possible, and, if precautions are not observed, probable, that you will get an attack of chills and fevers, or downright undiluted malaria, that will upset all plans for the future, and necessitate a return to places more frequented of men. The air is thick with miasma. In early morning and evening it lies on the land and water in a white layer, twenty feet deep. As night falls, the scent of decaying vegetation and stagnant swamp becomes overpoweringly strong. Any exposure to this night-air is sure to be fatal. Warmly but lightly clad in flannels, the Englishman lies down under his tent, or within his cabin, blind to the wondrous beauty of moonlight in this climate, and deaf to the strange cries and weird movements that resound through the surrounding forest, and over the black, sluggish swamp.

Not till the day is well born, not till the rapidly rising sun has dispelled the white veil of death that covers the land, is it safe to "come forth into the light of things," and enter on another day's sport. I have met men who did not observe these precautions—men who would spend their nights in the woods, treeing 'coon or trailing skunk ; but they were examples of neither health nor wisdom. Yellow faces, "liverish eyes," shaking hands, and an inordinate desire to "tipple" proved this ; my knowledge of their habits added proof. They were not sportsmen in the true sense of the word, but men who had no respect for the conditions of Nature in their pursuit of game—men who were ignorant of Nature, and who consequently violated her laws at every turn.

With regard to fishing, much better sport can be had along the coasts of Florida than in its rivers and lakes. The king of fish is the tarpon ; the palace in which he delights is the Gulf of Mexico. As an article of food this fish has no value, but I know of no fish, unless it be the mahseer, that gives one such an exciting time from the moment of hooking to that of landing. An enormous amount of line is required, which it is absolutely necessary to keep clear, as he will rush off at a tremendous pace, and think nothing of the fact that he may have in tow a good-sized boat, with perhaps half a dozen men in it. I remember once, off Tampa Bay, hooking a tarpon some ninety pounds in weight, that took to his heels, or his fins, in such good earnest, that before we could pay out sufficient line the boat was nose under, and taking in such quantities of water that we ran some risk of sinking. There are numerous other varieties of fish, of course, but I would recommend the tarpon above them all to my fellow-countrymen : playing it will be a new sensation to them, and one well worth experiencing.

It is pleasant to sail along the low shores and in and out the "keys" of Florida in one of the handy sailing-boats the natives have for hire, here and there noting the landmarks in the shape of a lighthouse. A suitable boat may readily be procured at Tampa, or Tarpon Springs, or St. Augustine. The price charged is, wonderful to relate, not exorbitant, and a man will accompany you, who will be of great assistance as pilot and cook. The boats are not often more than seven tons in measurement—of course they look larger than that, owing to their light draught—and it is not advisable to have more than one man with the boat. Room is an object, and most men who find themselves on such a trip are good enough sailors to be able to bear a useful hand. Not the least pleasant feature on these trips is the occasional stopping at some one of the multitudinous "oyster-bars" at the mouths of rivers, and the taking on board a thousand or two of these delicious bivalves. But it is well to wear boots when wading about on the "bars," for the shells are very sharp, and will cut the feet terribly unless some such precaution is taken. These yachting trips need not be expensive. For a party of three, the individual share for boat, man, and provisions should not exceed fifty dollars a month. When one remembers how much may be seen and done in a month's yachting along the creeks and bays, and the low, but not altogether unlovely, shores of Florida, this sum, indeed, seems remarkably small. In fact, I hardly know another spot in the Eastern or Southern States where one may get so much with so small an outlay.



"A mother and her piccaninny."

I have dealt with the diversions—the sport of Englishmen in Florida. Now for a few words on their work. A great deal has been written about orange-growing and the like, but unfortunately the writers seem to have been either interested parties or disgusted failures. The statements of both are necessarily valueless. Orange-growing, and the culture of fruit generally, undoubtedly pays if sufficient capital and sufficient enterprise and knowledge are employed. Young capitalists—more or less—fresh to Florida and its industries, and ignorant of any sort of agriculture, arrive in that country, and within a month have become landed proprietors, and fruit-growers to boot ! How they can expect to succeed surpasses the expectation of any one of experience. There is, however, nothing to be said against the style of emigrant that comes from England. He is a fine young fellow, as a rule ; an Army failure, or the younger son of one of "the classes," a man who is too fond of his horse and his gun to do much at his books, but withal a perfect gentleman. I spent more than a month at one time in an English colony of over eighty men, and I never met a single member of that colony who was not a "good fellow" ; nay, more, I have never met pleasanter fellows in any quarter of the globe. Consequently, society in Florida may be regarded as exceptionally good ; it is no social ostracism to find one's self in an English colony. At the same time, Englishmen as orange-growers have not been generally successful. Many have succeeded, but more have failed. The reason is not far to find : they have not understood the work they have taken up ; they have miscalculated its conditions, and underrated its difficulties ; they have reckoned without their host.

Soil is the great enemy to success in Florida. The soil of the pine-land, the only healthy land, is sand, fine white sand, as porous as a sieve and as sterile, almost, as a board. The hammock-land is fertile enough, and it contains phosphorus and potash in large quantities. But then it lies on the margins of swamps, or is reclaimed swamp itself, rich in vegetable mould, but also highly productive of malaria. No European can work for long, or live for a week on such a soil ; his health would be wrecked. Moreover, the price is almost prohibitive. £20 an acre for purchase, and £20 more an acre for cleaning it of its dense growth, are sums that seem rather high to the average Englishman. As a consequence, nine-tenths of our countrymen are to be found making their homes and their groves on the more healthy but less fertile pine-land. On this land the expense of fertilising is a very heavy item.

There is no pasturage in Central Florida ; no cattle can be herded ; all manure, therefore, is artificial. Bought in a distant market at a high price, and conveyed by a railway company which charges exorbitant rates to within a mile or so of the purchaser, by the time the manure is put on the land a good deal has been paid for it. Then come the heavy rains, and in a month or so every trace of this expensive "fertiliser" has filtered bodily through the sieve-like soil, and left behind scant profit from its presence. This surface-soiling with commercial manure is costly and unsatisfactory work, but it is essential to success. Beyond this item there is no very heavy expense ; and with a capital of, say £2,000, and the continual employment of his common sense, the average Englishman does and will do very well in Florida for some time to come.

The climate and seasons have been much misunderstood ; and, before closing this

article, it will be well to give some account of Florida weather. The year may be divided into three seasons: summer, by far the longest; autumn; and winter.

The summer of Florida is intensely hot. This heat, however, is rendered more bearable by cooling thunderstorms that are of almost daily occurrence. The hottest part of a summer day is between the hours of eight and ten in the morning. At the latter hour a light breeze springs up, and gradually increases in strength till about four o'clock in the afternoon, by which time it has brought up a thunderstorm. The storm breaks suddenly, and, among the terrific crashes of thunder and the livid flashes of lightning that rush from horizon to horizon across the blackened sky, there falls a perfect deluge of rain. Not rain as we understand it in these temperate climes, but tropical rain, that will drench you to the skin in less than a minute, the drops of which are as large as peas, and the force with which they fall as great as that of hail. But within an hour of the bursting of the storm all trace of cloud has passed away, and the great quantity of moisture been absorbed by the thirsty sand. The air is perfectly cool and still. One by one, in the rapidly darkening sky, the stars appear; and, as the gloom of night draws down, they hang as lamps of fire in the deep, dark blue of the heavens, and cast shadows across the white sandy ground and under the branches of the pines. The atmosphere is fragrant with the scent of the orange blossoms in the grove and the pine-apples in the garden. For the first time one can move about with enjoyment, and at last the most delightful hour of the summer's day has come.

The autumn of Florida, though short, is very trying to the European constitution. It begins about the first week in October, and lasts till the middle of December. Throughout this period heavy rains are continually falling. Ague, chills, and fevers, and all forms of malaria are rife. "Dengue" fever is rampant in every town, and, although it seldom ends fatally, it leaves its mark in sickly complexions and enfeebled constitutions. Happily, this state of things is not of long duration. Winter, with its drier climate, soon succeeds.

Floridians claim for their winter an equable climate, but this is far from being the truth. As an example of its variableness, I may mention that on one day last winter my thermometer registered 88° of muggy heat, and next morning the water in my bedroom-jug was frozen! As a rule, January is the coldest month, and February and March the most delightful. The sky is clear, the sun hot, and the air balmy and invigorating.

There is much to interest in Florida, and it is at least well worth seeing. The preponderance of negroes over whites is very striking, and along the interminable sandy tracks you will constantly pass a mother and her "piccaninny" standing at the door of her log hut. To the intending settler or traveller I would therefore say: Take plenty of light flannels and stout English clothing; take your own gun and your own sporting paraphernalia; live sparely, but well; travel "flying light"; expect to find a new country; and go when you can!

SCIENCE AS APPLIED TO SEA-MARKS.



IF the bottoms of all seas and navigable rivers were like the smooth interiors of wash-hand basins, there would be little need to mark them; but since "the great waters" are full of submerged hills and valleys, it is desirable, for the convenience of those that go down to the sea in ships, to indicate the hills, for avoidance, and the valleys, as channels. The simplest way would be by floating spars moored over the dangers by chains and sinkers; but science soon intervenes to make the floats of the best form for being seen, and yet not to be in the way of passing ships, nor liable to be driven from position by tide or wave.

Then comes, to increase visibility, the question of colour. Moreover, the sailor will want to know on which side of the sea-mark he should pass. Some authorities for his guidance put red on his right hand, black on his left, or *vice versa;* others say red and black get too much alike by exposure, the red getting dark and the black rusty, and use, therefore, red or black on one side, parti-coloured on the other. White, pure white, is not the alternative, because broken water, foam, or spray are white; and from confusion of eye the buoys would be, as one has actually been named—"the seldom seen" buoys; but white chequering red or black, or in alternate stripes, is very distinctive, and thus—reserving green to indicate temporary danger (wreck)—the system becomes tolerably complete. But here science gives another touch. With the knowledge that defined spaces of white have more emphasis on the eye than spaces of the same size in any other colour—even as white letters on a coloured ground can be read farther off than coloured letters on a white ground—therefore in parti-coloured buoys the white patches are actually much smaller, in order that the chequers may seem to be of the same size.

But buoys are but a partial help to navigation; they cannot, or could not until recently, be seen at night. Again science steps in; she makes a gas from oil refuse and compresses it, she makes her buoy of iron, a floating gasometer, lights it, and it burns for a month untended. But buoys with a "u," like boys without one, will be buoys, they break away or get run down; and then we look for shore marks, beacons. Many things will do. If by keeping a church spire in line with a tall tree or chimney the sailor learns that he is in the deep channel, he keeps the spire and the tree or chimney in line, and being in safe water can disregard the buoys; but then he may want to see these leading marks on shore at night, so they too must be lighted.

The first lighted sea-mark would probably be the candle in the fisher-wife's window, when "the harbour-bar was moaning"; but immediately thereon comes a call upon science, of a primitive sort, for distinction. If fisherman Dick's cottage be half a mile away from fisherman Tom's, and both want to beach their boats in front of their own doors, how are they to know one light from another, when they are at sea? If both be shown together, the right hand one may be Dick's, the left hand Tom's, but if the showing of both be not co-incident, let it be agreed beforehand that Mrs. Dick always shows only one light, Mrs. Tom always two, one above the other.

But then if lights can lead they can also mislead, and on coasts where the people profited by wrecks, science, in devilish hands, used to arrange a lantern, hung on the tail of a horse, made to move along the cliff; the undulatory character given to it by the motion of his hindquarters making it appear to be a light at sea, whereupon persons actually at sea made boldly for it, and were wrecked and plundered.

From the fisher-wife's candle the light soon got to be a coal fire. Coal fires in the headlands have existed almost within the memory of man. When the wind blew from sea they would burn clear to the eye of the mariner, when it blew from off shore, not so; and they were wasteful and fatiguing to tend; so candles were harked back to, but candles of a large size, and in a chamber of their own. The present writer has seen candles made for use at a light-house. The next step was oil, whale oil, very costly stuff, and only capable of being burnt effectually in lamps of peculiar construction; then followed the vegetable oil, colza, cheaper and more manageable; paraffin; the electric light; and—with a cry back to the coal fire, but a cry of science—gigantic burners of distilled coal in the shape of gas.

In all these developments science has been full busy. We all know something of the Argand burner; know that a lump of wick saturated with oil (such lamps as may still be seen, perhaps, at country fairs or roadside stalls), burns smokily, only half burns, in fact, but M. Argand made his wick into a circle, and let the oxygen in the air get well at it from the inside, whilst he also condensed it on to the flame, with a glass chimney on the outside, and science rejoiced at him; and since then, and on the principle that "to him that hath shall be given," the intensity of heat accompanying the development of the light has exalted the combustion to such an extent, that in the six-wick concentric burners of a first-class lighthouse—of which the three outer wicks only burn in clear weather—when the three inner ones (although much smaller in area and bringing therefore much less oil to the bonfire) are raised up and ignited, the intensity of the flame is *doubled*, and again science smiles.

Having taken such pains to generate the light, it behoves us not to waste it. If the lighthouse be on shore the light will not be wanted on the land side; therefore science

puts reflectors behind the lamps, and bends back (reflects) those rays to seaward.

Again, light is not wanted in the roof of the lantern, nor on its floor ; science afresh puts on its considering cap, and noting that light passing through any other transparent medium than that in which it had been generated, gets bent, or deflected, or refracted (of which law the broken look of a stick or oar partly in the water is a familiar illustration), so arranges a series of glass lenses and prisms (they look like gigantic glass beehives), that rays of light entering into them on a given line on one side, come out of them on a different and on a desired line on the other ; so that in the dioptric or refracting system of light apparatus the lamp is in the centre, surrounded by belts of glass most cunningly arranged (mathematical science being here the chief inspirator), which intercept the rays at a few feet from the lamp, and bend them obediently seaward, where all of them fall upon the sailor's path to guide him "into that haven where he would be."

With the multiplication of such guides, the need for distinctive character increased. The fact of one light in Mrs. Dick Fisherman's window, and of two (shown vertically) in Mrs. Tom's, is not enough. There are other lights about : ship's, riding lights, street gas lamps, etc., and the sailor's light must be unmistakable. Perhaps it had better flash—once or twice every minute a flash, although not always before the eye, appeals to it more strongly when seen than a fixed light ; moreover, that same witch, science, who bent the rays from shore and sky, and lantern-floor to seaward, can concentrate them, and make them stronger, far stronger, in a flash than in a fixed light. Imagine a lady's fan with the light at the hinge or pivot, and the rays dispersed from it round half a circle when the fan is fully open ; and then think of the same light concentrated into a powerful bar or beam when the fan is shut, and it will be understood how, by intercepting the rays from a central lamp they can not only be directed, but *packed* into an intenser beam.

But even this is not all we ask of science. Having got one keen strong flash, it may yet be not distinctive enough ; we may require one, two, or three flashes in quick succession to distinguish a sea-mark from its neighbours. And again science, in the guise of a senior wrangler or F.R.S., rubs its lantern glasses with the cheerfulness of an Aladdin, and produces the wealth of variety which we desire. Nay more (and we are very exacting of these slaves of the lamp), we may wish our flashes to be alternate red and white, and then, remembering that red light is weaker than white light, and yet that it is necessary to the sailor that both red and white should be seen at equal distances, science resorts to the communism of Robin Hood, and robbing the rich to feed the poor, so arranges its lenses as to steal from the white in order to reinforce the red ; and again the sailor is guided and informed of his whereabouts, and every night and all the night, at the very entrance of the English Channel, science has joined humanity at the Wolf Rock Lighthouse to flash upon the homeward-bound a rosy and a sunny "welcome home."

Once more ; the *place* of the light is often an important question ; sometimes it seems well to mark a solitary rock of evil renown in the deep waters, such as the Bishop off Scilly, the Wolf off Penzance, the Skerryvore off western Scotland, or the Eddystone of world-wide reputation. Then science of a different type, but fraternal spirit, comes into use ; the science of construction, tenacious construction ; cunning jogglings and morticing of stones to build up mighty, deep-sea lamp-posts, to build them as in Smeaton's imagination, with the homogeneity of a tree ; and led by men who do not say "Go and do this dangerous thing," but "Come and hold *me* whilst *I* do it," the thing gets done. Or it may be that lights should gleam around a dangerous quicksand, and then they have to be placed on light-vessels, as round the Goodwin, marked at this time by four ; and finally, we have special necessities along these northern coasts of ours from fog ; conditions of weather when light in all form fails us, when the sun himself is beaten—and one has but to watch a jet of steam thrown up from a locomotive between us and the sun, to see how easily. It is not then the poet's contest "betwixt nose and eyes," but the transfer of duty from eyes to ears ; times of driving mist and snow, when, as respects any value to navigation, "by daylight or candlelight eyes may be shut."

And here we are met by many difficulties. In the use of eyes it has only recently been noted how many persons cannot distinguish colour truly, do not know green from red, are, in fact, colour-blind ; and few people seem to know how many there are whose two ears do not hear alike ; and yet if only one ear be doing work, say the left, all sounds, whenever generated, even in the right, would appear to come from the left ; and whatever the scientific aurist may be able to do for such persons, until he has done it, and until they possess trumpets of that special pattern with one of which, when purchased by a woman known to the late Thomas Hood, "the very next day she heard from her husband in Botany Bay,"—they should not be sailors.

But to the sailor with all his senses "on deck," as he would say, sound, as a guide in navigation, has often, on the English coasts, to be resorted to ; and the task taxes science severely, because not only do the light-houses and light-vessels use sound signals, but all vessels afloat do so, to avoid collision with each other. As respects the sea-marks themselves, to be theoretically symmetrical, their sounds should resemble their sights ; the fixed light, always visible in clear weather, in fog should make continuous moan ; the half-minute flashing light should give a blast every half-minute, and so on, but practically there are intricacies. The atmosphere, too, with its varying condition is, in some of them, as difficult for sound as it is for sight. In a scientific report by Dr. Tyndall on the matter there is a most graphic account of a day afloat off Dover, with fog signals on the shore ; when the sea was halycon and the air (apparently) propitious, so that, for the observers, all promised to go (for determining niceties of power) as "merry as a marriage bell" ; but no, the sun was drawing up invisible vapour, and in irregular columns, from the sea, the atmosphere that looked so sunny clear was really flocculent and streaky, and neither sound of gun, nor of fog-horn, nor of whistle could travel deftly through it. Then, again, a fierce wind will carry sound sharply away before it, and when "the raging seas do roar," no other sound can hold its own against them.

Fortunately, however, in times of thick fog the winds and seas are often quiet, and one of the happiest thoughts in respect of fog-signalling from light-houses has been the use of loud explosive rockets, which, with their carrying power, can be fired in any direction, and will travel some way *against* a moderate wind, and burst with loud report at sufficient distance from the danger from which they emanate (the light-house rock), to keep the listening sailor free. And who shall say, in these days of telephones and of especial development of our vibratory and auditory knowledge, what triumphs may yet be in store for science in this and in other beneficent directions connected with the guidance of our sailors at sea?—science, so patient and yet so august when, humbly, she makes herself, as she needs must, interpreter of that "Eternal Father, strong to save, whose arm hath bound the restless wave," but who yet has made it the condition of our material existence that we should *understand* the laws of His universe, in order that we may find our safety in the piety of obedience to them.



FIVE IN ARRAN.

A HOLIDAY PAPER, SHOWING HOW GIRLS CAN BE HAPPY ALONE.

WE had determined to spend our holiday near at hand.

Why, we asked, should we go abroad to seek the picturesque, with mountains, flood and forest, so to speak, at the door? Why follow the multitude to Norway or Switzerland, and leave the beauties of our own Western Highlands unexplored behind us? No, we would be patriotic, and would revel in those good things upon which Providence had given us a closer claim.

So we threw aside our Baedekers, and drew forth a map of Scotland and an A B C time-table, and finally fixed upon Arran as the scene of our exploits.

There were other considerations which led to this decision; considerations financial, and those still vaster ones of time and space. We wished to be economical, and we had but a fortnight during which to devote ourselves to making holiday.

There were five of us, and we had all been hard at work during the winter in study, studio, and hospital; and were wearying now for change, fresh air, and some amusement. It was the first week in June, too—spring time we might almost call it up in the tardy north; and with this late spring there had stolen upon us the mysterious "*wandern-lust*," that delicious longing to be up and away, one cares not whither, that comes with the first soft winds and the bursting of the buds.

So we did not linger long over our plans, but as soon as our decision was fixed, packed up our things and made away. We took with us only the sternest requirements; for we meant to rusticate thoroughly, or even to "rough it" a bit, if necessary. Indeed, the greater part of our baggage consisted of ready-cooked provisions; for rumours had reached our ears of primitive ways in some parts of the island, and we thought it wise to put ourselves in a position of independence towards the culinary powers, or impotence, of our prospective landlady. Of course we took no servant with us. We were in search, no doubt, of the picturesque, but no less were we in quest of freedom, change, and complete rusticity; indeed, it is our success in this latter quest that we are most anxious to record here.

We started on a glorious sunshiny morning, and after an hour and a half's journey found ourselves transported to the little village of Craigen-doran, that lies smiling on the northern bank of the Clyde, opposite Greenock. At the pier lay the *Ivanhoe* in waiting, and we in a few moments were off, steaming into the golden morning haze that still hung over the river.

It would be impossible to give any one unfamiliar with the Clyde a true idea of the thousand beauties and charms of the scenery through which we passed. What words hold magic sufficient to call up before us the broad placid waters of the noble estuary; the wooded hilly shores with their groups of gay villas; the smiling islands; the glimpses through the opening lochs up into the gloomy mountainous regions of Dumbarton and Argyle? Who could depict the golden net-work that seemed to hang suspended from the heavens; the shifting mists on the mountains, the shadows chasing each other over wood and cornfield and meadow?

To us the long four or five hours' sail passed away like one deep-drawn breath of delight. In next to no time it seemed to us we had left Greenock behind, had passed the "tail of the bank," had taken on passengers at Dunoon and Wemyss Bay, and were steaming round the Toward Point into the pleasant waters of Rothesay Bay. From thence we passed into the narrow, hill-bound strait that divides the island of Bute from Argyleshire, the "Kyles," as it is called. Here steaming warily, for yachts and rocks abound alike in this tortuous, watery passage, Tighna-bruaich, the capital of this little region of pleasure—Tig-na-brick, as you may hear the summer tourist call it,—was soon lost to view behind the receding hills; we were out again into the open waters of the Firth, and in two minutes more Arran arose before us, a huge rugged pile of mountains, rearing itself up out of the sea, and glistening and glittering now in the strong beams of the June sun. Half an hour later we were drawing up at the pier in Brodick Bay.

Our first thoughts on landing, after one enchanted look around, turned naturally to lodgings. Two of our party accordingly encamped with our various goods and chattels amongst the ferns and primroses beneath the shady bank that skirts the shore, near the landing-place, while the remaining three formed a reconnoitring party, and went in search of a spot in which to pitch our tent for the following fortnight.

Brodick itself, with its sands and the sea before it, and the blue slopes of Glencloy behind, looked tempting; but here and there amongst the houses of the village we caught sight of a suspiciously fresh print dress, a deer-stalking hat, or a mountain staff. The owners of these were the first wave of the tide of pleasure-seekers that infest the shores of Arran during the later summer, and we fled from them as though they had been a pestilence.

Turning our footsteps, according to advice given at the friendly post-office, in the direction of Glen Shirrag, we pursued the road inland for about two miles, by which time we had reached a point high up on the hilly side of the glen, from which, looking down, we could see Whin Farm, our proposed destination, standing in the midst of a gigantic bouquet of blossoming hawthorn trees. The house was unsurrounded by wall or paling; the field in which it stood sloped down to a dancing burn; beyond that rose a high bank, bright with whin bloom and wild roses; and above that again, high on the other side of the glen, a great fir wood. The scene was deliciously fresh and peaceful.

"This is the correct thing," said number three of our party, who embodied its decision; and we struck down the little footpath leading to the house door. There were, in fact, four houses, two built together in front, and two behind, all belonging to one family, who had added them one to another, year by year, as their own wants increased, and the demand for summer quarters grew. We addressed ourselves to the smaller of those that stood behind, and soon found ourselves in the presence of the patriarchess of the clan, who rejoiced in the time-honoured name, redolent of so many unsavoury associations, of Mrs. McClarty.

"Could we have rooms?" we asked.

"Ou, ay."

"Which rooms?"

"Ou, ony o' them."

"And light, and attendance, and everything, and no bother?"

"Ou, ay; ou, ay."

So we closed with this delightfully assentive landlady at once, and chose the smaller house in which we stood, as being most suited in size to the depth of our purses.

The rooms, we may record, proved all that we could wish for, small, but comfortably furnished after a simple fashion. The light, we lived to discover, was limited after sundown to one guttering candle; and as to the attendance and "everything"—well, thereby hangs a tale.

It was now our duty to retrace our steps to the beach, acquaint the rest of the party with our success, and escort them, and also our baggage, back to the haven of rest which we had discovered.

This done, our cravings naturally took the direction of tea; and now it was that that rustic simplicity, for which we had been sighing so long, began to unfold itself.

We acquainted Mrs. McClarty with our desires. Two minutes later the good lady appeared in the little parlour.

"Here's the cloth," she said, laying that article on the table. "Ye'll find the cups in the press, and the knives and spoons ben the house, in the kitchen, like."

We saw what was expected of us, and did accordingly; Mrs. McClarty watching us with a smile of eminent satisfaction from her arm-chair in the kitchen, as we bustled out in search of the various requirements for the meal. Everything was in spick and span order of a peculiar kind. The spoons lay on the top shelf of the kitchen cupboard, behind the table; the knives reposed in a mellow newspaper, bearing the date, September, 1881, on the window sill; and the salt had to be fished up in a little

parcel from the depths of a gigantic water-jug. But the old lady was able to tell us without hesitation where to lay hands on everything; and we were soon seated round the parlour table in the full enjoyment of a sumptuous country tea.

The windows stood open meanwhile, and the balmy air that floated through them drew us out as soon as we had finished, to enjoy the peaceful evening before the cottage door. But scarcely had we established ourselves on the rickety bench that graced the front of our residence, when the quaint accents of our landlady were heard through the open doorway.

"Ye haven't *sided* the dishes yet."

"I beg your pardon?" said Number One, scarcely comprehending.

But Mrs. McClarty was gifted with a convenient, intermittent deafness, and toddled on without replying.

This was more than we had bargained for; but we adapted ourselves to the circumstances of the case, and set to work immediately, each one carrying her share of crockery back into the kitchen, where we were glad to discover that our hostess had made preparations to do the washing-up herself.

This was but our preliminary initiation into the duties that lay before us. We had said to Mrs. McClarty, while making arrangements with her, that we did not object to roughing it a bit; we had now to discover that our idea of roughing it, and Mrs. McClarty's idea of the same were widely different. As surely as we flattered ourselves that now had come the moment when we might freely indulge in the enjoyment of sweet do-nothingness, so surely did the good lady's accents steel upon our ears in some such admonitory terms as the following:—

"It'll be about time ye had the potatoes on," or "I'm thinking there's no water up for the tea."

On the morrow of our arrival we were making beds, the next day paring potatoes, on the third fetching water from the well. By the fourth day we had the sweeping and dusting in hand, and had we stayed a week longer than we did, it is highly probable we should have been brushing the boots, and lighting the kitchen fire.

But for all that, we had found what we wanted. The glen was a perfect paradise of peace and prettiness, with its ferns and wild flowers, its noisy burn and pleasant grassy slopes, where few came to disturb the soothing solitude. We were outside revelling in these good things, I cannot say "from morn," for that portion of the day was devoted to the sordid cares of housekeeping, but at all events till "dewy eve." Every day we drew our table out to the front of the cottage and dined there, with the cocks and hens chuckling around us, and a bewildered, knock-kneed calf or two by way of lookers-on. And every evening we carried our eatables to the burnside, and had a long, leisurely, anecdotic tea amongst the whins and rose bushes there.

Our good, primitive landlady, too, and our landlady's good, primitive relations gave us infinite amusement.

The former, Highland fashion, was untiring in her efforts to make us think little of ourselves.

"'Deed, if ye saw some folks working, ye would nae think sae much o' your bit turn," she would say, when we appealed to her for encouragement in our labours.

To the national susceptibilities of Number Four of our company, who was a foreigner, she proved a perpetual irritant.

"It'll be Gaelic ye'll be speaking in your country," she would remark with condescension, in one of the intermediate calms betwixt the crises of tea-making.

"Oh, yes, it's Gaelic," we others would reply, in chorus, humouring her.

"But it'll noo be like oor Gaelic. Oor Gaelic's different frae the North Country Gaelic. It's poor speaking in these northern parts—very poor."

To any remark unfavourable to the weather on which we ventured—say when a great, grey mist came rolling down the glen, or when the wind blew sharply, she invariably made the following reply,—

"Ou, ay, ye ken, it canna be aye fine." And then turning to Number Four would proceed, "But *ye'll* be used to it. It'll be far waur where ye come frae; cold and comfortless, nae doubt. It's a poor country, I'm thinking, a poor country."

And then, as if to vindicate her right to criticize Europe, she would add,—

"Ou, I've travelled a good bit mysel' in my day. I've been to Glasgow, and Kilmarnock, and to Stranraer. Ou, I hav'na just bided here a' my days."

Her delight and our discomfiture reached their height on the sixth day, when the stock of provisions we had brought with us came to an unlooked-for end. With the improvidence of inexperience we never gave this contingency a thought, until on opening the cupboard door on the above-mentioned morning, our gaze was met by an uncompromising row of empty shelves.

"Ye'll be busy the day, I'm thinking," said Mrs. McClarty, when she had spied out the barrenness of the land.

And we were busy. As good luck had it, the clouds had fallen over night upon our glen, and the rain was now descending in torrents. There was no temptation, therefore, to wander out of doors; so we speedily converted our little sitting-room into a kitchen, possessed ourselves, after much rummaging, of a baking board, rolling pin, and other requirements, and set ourselves to what was the unfailing resource of the well-known "Three in Norway" in similar circumstances, namely the construction of two "boss" pies. The one of these was composed of rhubarb from the cottage garden, the other of meat; and on eyeing their proportions when finished, even Mrs. McClarty was forced to allow that starvation had been again staved off to a pretty indefinite period.

From that day our labours in the kitchen were doubled, and the amount of chuckling that Mrs. McClarty got through, as she eyed us over her volume of Gaelic Psalms, must have confounded the very trees in the neighbourhood. Only once did she put out a hand to help us, and from what motives far be it from us now to determine.

A batch of scones, on which we had rashly ventured, had turned out a dead failure. Our good landlady had watched the process of mixing and "firing," and had said never a word; but on the completion of the scones, when on prodding them with a fork we found them in consistency resembling brickbats, she had indulged in such a succession of chuckles as positively to alarm us.

"Hoots!" she said, "run awa tae yere bit paintin's, and I'll turn ye out twa, three scones. It's as simple as look at it, if ye've just the knack o' it."

And when tea-time arrived, sure enough she arrived with it, bearing in, with many evident signs of pride, two heaped-up plates of girdle scones and crumpets; to both of which we did prompt and ample justice.

Seductive though the glen was, with its primitive ways and rustic prettiness, we were not content to spend all our time within its confines, but pursued our search for the picturesque farther afield. There is no place of similar extent richer than is Arran in scenery of every charm and variety; and our retreat was so situated as to place these riches within our easy command. In whatever direction we struck out, the path was sure to lead to some one of the chief beauties of the island.

Turning to the left as we reached the foot of the glen, ten minutes' walk round the shoulder of the hill brought us to the entrance of Glen Rosa. We paid our first visit to this wild, picturesque spot in the evening time, when the sun had sunk behind the hill, and when the white mist was rising in woolly circling masses from the bottom of the valley, a startled deer here and there breaking through the shifting wreaths, only to vanish in a moment again, like some disturbed, strangely fashioned dream. The air was biting and chill; but we could not resist the temptation to wander up the side of the valley to the head of the glen, which lay bleak and solitary beneath its encircling boundary of bare, precipitous mountains. The tops of these were rugged, and serrated, and grim, like miniature Alps, and from their sides came no sound but the bleating of a stray sheep or the shriek of the curlew. We could have found no place in all Europe more quiet and still, more fit to banish the memory of every vexing small thing.

Then there was the road to Glen Sannox, and the beautiful glen itself. We went there on a brilliant, sunshiny day, when, as we traced our way along the sea-shore, past the nut woods, and past the little string of white-washed cottages called Corrie, we could see the Ayrshire coast, and the islands and mountains far up the Clyde, all hazy and golden and tender-coloured in the distance. And when we came to the glen itself, with its little river and birch copses, and steep ragged hill-sides, we found it all breathless, and bristling under the hot sun; rocks, trees and water glancing and shining and shimmering, as they only can do in June, when the summer is still young.

And last, but not least, there was Goat-fell, the mountain of winds, to climb, for which arduous undertaking we were capitally placed at Whin Farm. The mountain—for it is none of your hills, but a bona-fide mountain, 2,945 feet high—presented its easiest and most inviting ascent to our glen, and we waited, and chose what we considered a perfect day for this our foremost expedition.

To those lucky ones who know Arran, the course we had to take will be familiar. There was the green, smiling valley, with its herds of feeding deer, to cross first, a beautiful valley with the horn of the bay tipped by the Duke's castle to the right, and to the left the blue depths of the Glen Rosa. Then we reached rising ground, and had to trace our way up through the pine wood, through the undergrowth of rhododendron and flowering broom, out on to the bare hill-side, where the real work began. I wonder if we shall ever forget that long, stiff pull under the hot sun, slipping as we did on the scorched grass, stumbling over heather tufts, and often coming to a

dead stop before some huge boulder that lay in the path, and that had to be scrambled over before we could come farther on. And then the terribly tough climb up the almost perpendicular peak, with its tumbled mass of stones and rocks. By the time we reached the top we had not breath left to say, "How wonderful!" and yet it was wonderful.

In the last ten minutes one of those quick changes that form the charm, and at times the disadvantage, of our Western Highlands had come over the weather. Instead of lying bathed in sunshine, the base of the mountain and the valley were enveloped in grey mist, thunderous black clouds were rising behind Caim-na-Calliach to the north-west, and amongst the sharp, desolate-looking summits of the other hills, and down in the dark crater-like abysses betwixt them, the wind was shrieking dismally, scourging and tearing the mist, and whirling it into a thousand weird, fantastic forms. It was soon so dark that we could not see farther than six feet before us, and we ate our luncheon crouching beneath a sheltering rock, our fingers and faces blue with cold, our hair streaming round us in wet, dishevelled masses, and our dresses clinging limp and dripping to our shivering limbs. In another half-hour it was all bright and glowing again, and we had a glorious prospect over hill, dale, and sea, away to Rathlin Island and Ailsa Craig and the mountains of Argyle.

Another delightful resource was the boating; and what could be sweeter than to paddle about Brodick Bay, or, resting on our oars, to watch the shadows playing hide-and-seek across Glen Cloy, or the clouds sweeping down and rising again over Goatfell, or circling round the summit of the dark Ben Noosh?

We might have fished, too, if we had liked, in the sea, or in the mountain burns. But fishing did not come within our province; and indeed, after one experience, when we walked two miles and a half to Brodick pier to buy "Loch Fynes" for tea, walked back with them to Mrs. McClarty's, and beneath the depreciating gaze of that good dame cleaned, cooked, and ate them without an intermediate pause, we felt that nothing could ever induce us so much as to look at a finned creature again.

And so we cooked, and walked, and boated, and paddled, and made sketches of various parts of the glen, with the Swiss mountains beyond (the village shoemaker assured us the formation was Alpine), and dozed on our bank of roses, and were happy; and our fortnight's rustic holiday-making came all too speedily to an end.

When the day of our departure came, we wrung a few words of regret even from Mrs. McClarty, who remarked in a casual fashion that the place would be "dull like" without us. We felt dull ourselves, for we were more than sorry to leave. However, our venture had prospered perfectly. We had proved it possible to find a spot in our own over-crowded island, within a few hours' journey of a populous city, where we could enjoy what was beautiful; and rest, and ruralise, and make merry in primitive fashion, as successfully as we could do the same on the Fjelds of Norway, or in the secluded vales of Switzerland.

The moral of all which is, that all the hard-worked young women in the four kingdoms might and could do the same if they only would.

"Was it a success?" our friends asked, when we arrived home after our return journey. "Was it a success?"

"Completely so," we replied in triumph, and proceeded at once to combat their evident scepticism by a favourably coloured and graphic sketch of our experiences.

But tell it not in Gath; for we hid it well from them, when supper was announced, and when we had partaken of it, and had fingered the dainty china, and basked, as it were, in the light of the shining table-cloth—when we had done all these things with a relish never experienced before, and leaned back in our chairs to discuss our adventures at ease—what put the finest point upon our enjoyment was undoubtedly the thought that there was no voice likely to steal upon our ears, at the climax of our comfort, with an admonitory reminder of "dishes to side."

"THANK YOU, CAPTAIN!"

A REVIEW of his army by the first Napoleon was no ordinary scene. He was a conqueror, and he looked with pride on the human instruments of his victories. His soldiers believed in him with unquestioning faith, and followed him with enthusiastic devotion.

But it happened on one such occasion of imperial display, that, while occupied in giving an order, the emperor incautiously let the rein fall upon the neck of his horse, which, taking fright, darted off at a gallop, placing the rider in imminent danger of being thrown.

While all stood gazing in consternation, a private soldier, from his place in the ranks, sprang before the horse, seized the bridle, and respectfully placed the reins in the hand of the emperor.

"Thank you, *captain*," said the rescued emperor, as quick to reward as to apprehend a service.

"*Of what regiment, sire?*" asked the soldier, saluting him.

"Of my own guards," replied the emperor, charmed with such a manifestation of faith in his sincerity; and he then galloped away.

Instantly acting on the declaration, the soldier laid down his gun, intimated his new rank to his companions, and passed over to the group of staff officers.

"What does the fellow want?" haughtily asked one.

"The fellow," said the soldier, "is a captain of the emperor's guards."

"A captain!" cried another. "Who said so?"

"*He* said so," replied the soldier, pointing to the emperor; on which the officers immediately greeted him as one of themselves.

Would it not have been more discreet, more modest, to wait and see if the emperor took any further steps in the matter, for such a piece of good fortune seemed really too good to be true? No! the truest discretion was to *believe* that the emperor meant what he said, the truest modesty was to receive unquestioningly the grace bestowed, and obediently accept its conditions.

Enfolded, parable-wise, in this incident lies a great spiritual lesson.

A wonderful word has been spoken, and wonderful results are to follow for all who *believe* it.

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever believeth* in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

It is a familiar sentence, to be heard in every place where the gospel is proclaimed.

On the simple fact of belief or unbelief hangs the power and consequence of the whole declaration.

Shall a little earthly dignity be instantly accepted on the word of an earthly sovereign, a despot, a tyrant, because he is understood to mean what he says, and has power to fulfil it? And shall the word of the King of kings, the Lord of the whole earth, who died to purchase the right so to bestow, be doubted and rejected? Is not such rejection presumptuous and absurd?

But once appropriating individually the blessed "whosoever," once over the rubicon of "believeth in Him," there is no limit to the sinner's welcome, the saint's inheritance. "All things are" then "yours, for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

"STORM AND WIND FULFILLING HIS WORD."

I WAS walking in the direction of a village near to my lodging, when the dark clouds gathered on the sky, and threatened a storm. I paused and prayed to be guided whether I should proceed. I was then midway. I had no umbrella, and there was not any shelter on the road; therefore I prayed earnestly that I might return if the storm were about to break, as I had no protection from it. The clouds seemed drifting before the wind, and I felt assured that, as I still felt led to go on, I should gain my lodgings again before the storm would break.

I reached the village, transacted the business for which I came, and was passing the last of the houses, when the storm burst fiercely, and I rushed for shelter to the first open door, wondering in my heart why I had not been directed to return to my lodgings, where at that time I should have been in safe harbour. More uneasy at these unbelieving thoughts than in the outward circumstance, I looked into the pitiless storm with a troubled heart, when a low, subdued voice from within entreated me to enter, and not stand in the draught of the door. It was a boot and shoe warehouse, with an inner room, wherein was seated a widow at her books, making up her accounts. Her mourning was fresh and new, and the distress of her countenance at once drew forth my pity. She invited me into her little parlour, and placed a chair for me; she then took her place again at the table, and resumed her occupation.

I said, "'Let their widows trust in *Me*.' Are YOU trusting in the widow's God?"

She started, and with sudden vivacity replied,—"I do, I do; but *my* trouble is so great. Mine is such a peculiar trial"; and as she looked into my face, thankful for the sympathy, I saw her eyes were red and swollen with weeping.

Surely it was the Lord who opened her heart to spread her woes before me. I showed her it was Satan's plan to harass and bewilder her in her sorrowful circumstances, more severely felt from her loneliness and grief.

When I had said this, she exclaimed, as if new light had broken on her darkness, "Ah, if I thought this was not *my* doing, but Satan's temptation, I could pray more than ever." We went over the affair quietly together, and she was cheered and comforted. I hardly think that the widow rejoiced more in her deliverance than I in tracing the hand of my God in giving me something better than I could have asked or expected. The storm ceased, and I turned from the house of shelter, blessing the Lord for a rejected prayer.

A week or two went by, and I paid a visit to the widow. The trial had passed, and left a harvest of blessing. She told me that she dated a new era in spiritual life from that darkest day of her affliction; and not only that, but in temporal things also she had found the widow's God!

ANNA SHIPTON.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES.

By Henry H. Bourn.

WORKING IN A COAL MINE.

COAL seams are generally believed to be the fossilised remains of forests, bogs, and moors. This theory is supported by the discoveries of huge trees of strange forms, thick hedges of tall reeds, and plants and leaves of numerous kinds in the different coal measures; and further, by their microscopic structure, combustible properties, chemical composition, and certain phenomena, which may be observed in reference to their position in the strata.

From certain remarks made by Whittaker, in his "History of Manchester," and by Pennant, respecting the finding of a flint axe in some old workings in Monmouthshire, we feel justified in inferring that coal was known and used by the ancient Britons. It is quite certain that the Romans used it. From the twelfth century we possess reliable information respecting the getting of coal, and its being used for different purposes. For centuries only small quantities were procured from seams which were exposed on the surface. In our time, however, the quantity raised, from a few feet to that of nearly two thousand feet below the surface, during each succeeding year amounts to the almost incredible total of about a hundred and fifty million tons, giving employment to about five hundred thousand men and boys.

Knowing what we do of the different colliery districts of the United Kingdom, and of the people residing therein, we have no hesitation in saying that if, for the most part, colliers are rough and uncouth, they are extremely simple as a class. Beneath an unpromising exterior, they are found to be strong in their affections, and to have hearts which are both warm and true. Many illustrations could be given in proof of these statements, if space permitted. Sufficient allowance is not made for the unfavourable surroundings of the men, or the peculiar temptations by which they are beset. Although the hours of labour have been considerably reduced during the last thirty years, it may still be truthfully said, that of human life they see as little as the train of black ants we watch emerging from their holes in the ground. A life so cheerless, and yet so useful, should at least receive at the hands of the Government every protection that can be thrown around it; and we are glad to know that the last three Acts for the better regulation of collieries have been framed with a due regard for the safety and comfort of the miners; but, after all preventive measures have been taken by both the Legislature and colliery proprietors, the risks will still be great, even with careful men, as the following description will show.

When once the shaft has been sunk, and the "inset" has been made secure, it is usual for two men to descend for the purpose of "driving" "gate roads," or "levels"; other roads are then "driven" at various angles, more or less approaching right angles with the "gate road," till at length everything is in readiness for "opening the work." As soon as it has been decided to "get the coal," several "pikemen," or "hewers," "bandsmen," "dirt-carriers," "horse-drivers," and a "hanger on," are set to work.

The two principal methods pursued in removing coal from its bed are the "stoop-and-room," or "pillar-and-stall" system, which is followed in all thick seams; and the "long-wall" system, which is generally adopted in seams of eight or nine feet in thickness. In the first, or "square-work," the coal is taken out in parallel spaces of about fifteen feet in width, intersected by a similar series of passages at right angles. Between these large masses of coal are left, which in some districts are called "stoops," but in other localities they are spoken of as "pillars." When the roof no longer requires support, these are removed.

The "long wall" system consists in excavating the entire seam of coal at the first working, the overlying strata being supported by the waste rock from the roof, workings, and roadways, the sides of the latter, leading to the different parts of the mine, being built up with stone, or what are termed "packed walls," so as to keep them in proper order for traffic and ventilation.

To make this more clear, we will ask the reader to accompany us in a visit to a coal mine. Having dressed ourselves in true collier fashion, we, in company with the manager, take our place in the skip, or cage. At a signal given by the "banksman," the engine driver commences to let us down the shaft. Although the manager encourages us by saying, "Do not be afraid," we cannot help our thoughts running in a direction somewhat like this:—

"Supposing the hooks should become unfastened?" or, "If the bottom of the skip or cage should give way, where should I be?" "If the chain should break?" "If the cage should catch in the brickwork of the shaft?" or "If I should lose my hold of the chain, what would be the result?"

These questions are, however, soon interrupted by the "banksman" calling to the "hanger-on" at the bottom of the shaft, saying, "Some gentleman and the 'gaffer' are coming down." We are not long in making our descent. Although it is a difficult task to make darkness visible, it is possible to understand much, if accompanied in our subterranean journey by an intelligent person. In passing along the main road, our companion tells us not a little respecting the different methods of working; and almost bewilders us with his information about "holeing," "blowing," "brushing," "tree-setting," "working in the band," "gate-roads," "air-heads," and the "face of the work." At length we come to a door, which is opened for us by a boy. These doors are necessary for directing the current of air. Most serious consequences have followed their not being properly closed.

Proceeding on our journey, it may be three or four hundred yards, we arrive at the "work," or the place where coal is being excavated. We find one man working with his pick-axe in an opening not more than two feet high, but eight or ten feet from the "face." He is in a trying attitude for work, as there is not sufficient room for him either to stand, kneel, or sit. Poor fellow! he has to rest himself on one hip, while he swings his "pick." Another man is cutting up the side of a piece of work, which has already been cut under, so that it may more easily be brought down by wedges being driven in, or some explosive substance being used. Another man is dressing the sides of a pillar, which is being left to support the roof, while others are busily employed filling the skips, or tubs, and boys are engaged in carrying away the dirt, or fine coal, so that a free space may be kept for the workers. It is all heavy and exhausting labour.

If any of our adult readers will condescend to take a position under a table, in an attitude similar to that of the miner, they will be able to picture to themselves the inconvenience of picking with an axe the underside of the table for eight hours; they will obtain some slight idea of the knot into which the poor collier has to tie himself for the whole term of his working life.

If we look at a collier, we see instantly that his back is curved, his legs bowed, and the extensor muscles of his calves withered through long disuse. He has knotted himself so long that the erect position of his race becomes a punishment to him.

Few persons are aware of the fact that one-third of the value of the miner's life is cut off by the hand of death; or that, during one-fifteenth of his working life, he is dependent upon the parish, the sick club, or the friendly contributions of his fellow-workmen.

Although explosions in collieries call public attention to our miners occasionally, it is not generally known that more persons are injured and killed in coal mines from other causes. Stated thus, it may be said that about 17·80 per cent. of deaths, in and connected with coal mines, result from explosions; 41·00 per cent. from the falls of roof; 14·90 per cent. in shafts; 19·20 per cent. miscellaneous underground, and 8·00 per cent. on the surface.

If more regard were paid to ventilation, and a limit set to the working area of mines, greater care taken in timbering, and time cartridges used instead of powder in fiery mines, we should not hear of such harrowing details as twelve hundred, more or less, meeting with violent deaths, and at least fifty thousand receiving injuries, five thousand of which prove to be permanent; or of five hundred poor women and two thousand children being left destitute by catastrophes in coal pits alone, during each year, with almost unvarying regularity.

While writing this, we are pleased to notice that special efforts are being put forth in the Northern coal field for the avowed purpose of benefitting the colliery population. We sincerely hope that the movement originated in an earnest desire to secure the spiritual and social welfare of the people, and not to make proselytes to any Church. If such were the case, we can, from our own experience and knowledge of miners, promise the ladies who have undertaken the work a hearty welcome; and will pray that their mission may be greatly blessed of God.

"WARRANTED TO REMOVE ALL STAINS."

AS I opened my door one morning, I found on the step a hand-bill advertising a wondrous preparation for the removal of *all* stains in cloth—"sure to do it, never known to fail." I read it, and thought of other stains more foul—stains that had struck into the textures of life, and left a sorry mark upon soul and character—guilty stains. Who is without some of these marks?

Oh, what effort is made to keep them out of sight—cover them up—washing "with nitre!" But the spots stick; they will not out. Much management may keep them out of others' sight, so that the garment of life is made to look tolerably respectable; but alas! they glare out, and bring discomfort and terror. One's very effort to conceal them often makes them the more prominent—directs attention to them.

Now what a sale might be made of some mixture that would "take out the stains of sin." What a market it would find!

Is there anything that will do it?

Yes, a fountain, and "sinners plunged beneath that flood, lose all their guilty stains."

Near?

Yes, close at hand; always accessible.

Costly?

"Without money and without price." None so poor but may wash here and be clean.

Where is it? What is it?

"The blood of Jesus Christ, that cleanseth from all sin." Soul-stained, sin-defiled, will you try it? If you try it, you will find to your joyful satisfaction that it will just meet your need—the very thing you want.

The voice saith, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." This is what God says.

Won't you come to that fountain? Come now, and you will sing, "Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away!"

BUILT INTO A BLOCK OF CONCRETE.

THREE hundred years ago, in the lovely town of Algiers, situated in the sheltered vale closed in on the south and west by the snowy Atlas mountains, and washed on the north by the blue waves of the Great Sea, some builders were at work on a new tower. They paused as a Christian captive was dragged by his Mahommedan persecutors to the spot.

"We give you twenty-four hours to consider. Either renounce your Christianity, or be built into this wall for ever."

He firmly replied, "I have faith in the Lord, who by His grace will give me strength to die for His holy name. I am a Christian, and a Christian I shall die."

Remaining steadfast, he was thrown alive into a mould in which a block of concrete was being made, his feet and hands being bound with cords; and the block containing his body was built into an angle of the wall.

In 1853, when the Tower of the Twenty-four Hours was pulled down, the workmen found the space in which the Christian martyr had been laid. It exactly corresponded to his form, which had been laid on its face with the hands tied behind. He had been short in stature and of spare form, his face thin and brown. He had been built a living block into that dead tower. His body perished, but in thus giving it for his Master's glory, he nobly finished the spiritual temple he had in his life been making for his Lord. Even that cruelly defaced body of his still helps the Master's building to grow. In the Museum at Algiers, the mould of that body, taken in its mould in the wall, is now preserved, and no one can look upon it unmoved.

The sacrifice of Geronimo the martyr is this day a help in the work of the Lord.

"I WISH I WAS SOMEBODY ELSE."

"AH," says the cooper, "Mine is a hard lot, for ever trotting round like a dog, driving away at this hoop."

"Heigho," sighs the blacksmith, "this is life with a vengeance, melting and frying one's self over the fire."

"Oh that I were a carpenter," ejaculates the shoemaker. "Here I am, day after day, working my soul away in making soles for others, cooped up in this little seven-by-nine room."

"I am sick of this out-door work," exclaims the carpenter, "broiling and sweating under the sun, or exposed to the inclemency of the weather. If I were only a tailor."

"This is too bad," cries the tailor, "to be compelled to sit perched up here plying my needle; "would that mine was a more active life."

"Were ever such a life as mine?" says the housemaid, "ever on the run to carry out the whims of missus."

"The days are too long," says the mistress; "how one is plagued with these servants."

"Trade is shocking," says the shopkeeper; "people won't buy, and I can't get my money in. I wish I was in a situation."

"Happy fellow," says the assistant; "here am I kept hard at it from morning to night, while master can go out whenever he pleases."

"I wish I had a pile of money," says the fast one; "gold, gold, what would I not do if I had plenty of it, instead of crawling along in this fashion."

"Was anything so perplexing?" says the merchant; "that bill due to-morrow, and not a penny in the bank to meet it; I wish I was out of this concern."

"Oh!" groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over some perplexing case, "I would rather be stone-breaking than at this."

"What! another ring at the bell," says the doctor, as he turns out of his warm bed. "I wish I was sound asleep some twenty miles from here."

And so it is, all through life; none content, nothing will satisfy but Christ. A real Christian never wished to be something else.

FROZEN TO DEATH.

IN the École des Beaux Arts at Paris, there is a bronze Mercury drawing a thorn out of his heel—the last work of the sculptor Briantes. Although a man of genius, he was very poor, and a garret had to serve him for studio as well as home. During the severe winter he was working at this statue, and had to save his small allowance of fuel for the hours during which his model was sitting to him. One night the cold was so intense that he heaped upon his own bed all the clothing he possessed. Suddenly he remembered his masterpiece; and dreading lest the damp clay should be frozen, he stripped himself, and put all his clothing and bed covering round the figure. When his friend Cavalié entered next day, the sculptor lay on his bed, frozen to death. Was not his a passion for work? He was gone, but his work remained. In memory of him, his friends had the Mercury cast in bronze.

This is the picture which is now exhibited for the study and inspiration of young French sculptors in the École des Beaux Arts.

A GOOD ANSWER.

A POOR negro woman was lying ill in an American city. A student of theology, who was visiting her, wishing to test her faith, said to her, "Do you mean to tell me that God cares anything about you? He has the President and all the great people to care for." "Yes," she said, "He is my Father, and He cares for me." "But you know that soon they will be laying you in a deal coffin, and will bury you in an unknown grave." "Yes," she replied victoriously, "I know all that; but just then a glorified spirit will be going through the streets of the New Jerusalem, and all the angels will gather round, and they will say to one another, 'See what the grace of God can make of a poor old coloured woman.'"

MAD JOHN BURLEIGH:

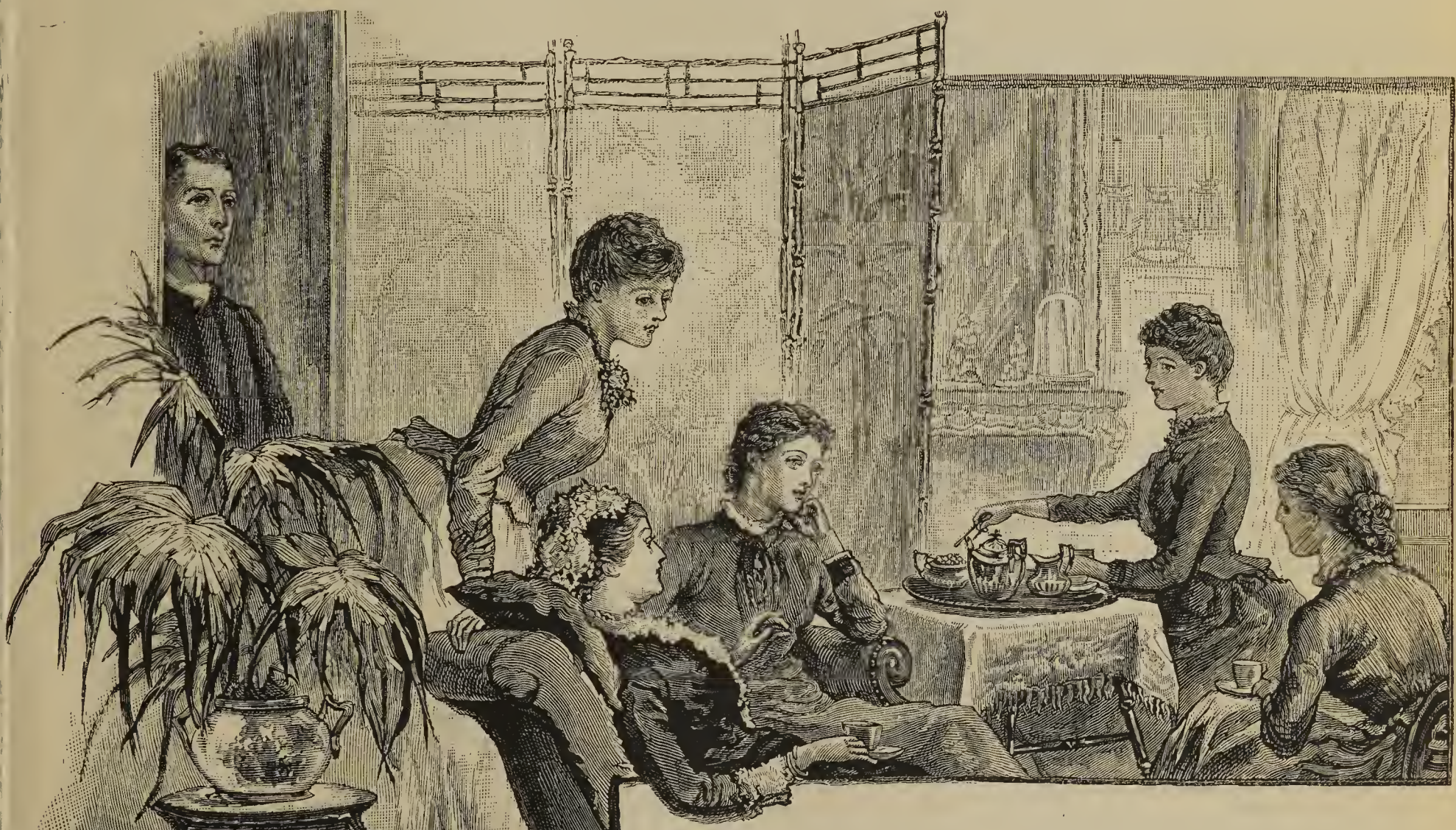
A STORY OF HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT,

Author of "Her Two Sons," "Eric Olsson's Minde Ring," "Drifted,"

"Little Rainbow," "Corbiestanes,"

"Our Navvies," etc., etc.



"A minute later John Burleigh entered the room."

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH JOHN BURLEIGH EXPOUNDS SOME OF HIS MAD NOTIONS.

"HE certainly has a most peculiar way of viewing things. He is a very good fellow, without doubt, but more than *rather* mad."

So spoke the earl.

The shooting party had long disappeared, other visitors taken their places and also departed, and now early Spring had arrived, and the family were alone, and gathered themselves round the drawing-room fire after dinner.

"What do you say, Susie? You are more in the village than any of us."

"I agree with you, father, about the peculiarity, but not the insanity, or if so, then Mr. Burleigh is mad in the same way as Saint Paul, and Luther, and Francis of Assisi, and a host of others. The men behind all great movements have ever been considered insane, you know; and," added the young lady with a laugh, "Mr. Burleigh is rather a big reformer for our small village."

"Indeed, yes. Revolutionist you should say—not reformer. Why, if I were to carry out one-half of his suggestions, I should be ruined!"

"Perhaps, then, you would listen to a quarter of them?"

"No, that would be fatal. Just open the sluice-gate ever so little, and the pressure behind forces it; the flood rushes through and sweeps everything before it. Even so with enthusiasts like Burleigh; yield one point, and you are lost."

"But what does he ask?" The countess spoke largely; she was leaning back in her chair, content and comfortable.

"My dear, rather tell me what he does

not ask, or rather, by implication, demand. Let me see. The church to be heated and lighted for every service, cleaned also, open pews all free, organ repaired, a new carpet, and so on, say £400; the village to be drained, say another £400; an abundant supply of water brought five miles from Azerley town, say £200; all the cottage bedrooms to be enlarged, or more rooms built, say £1,000; gardens, in allotments, say a yearly loss of £5; a village club, say £50 outlay; and then £20 a year, and all the manorial forest rights to be given up to the forest dwellers, which means free pasturage for twenty cows, rights of gathering sticks and cutting turf, which would interfere with some of my best shooting. And the restoration, finally, of Barton's Free School, which means a rent charge, not paid in the old marks, on Barton's grave stone, but the marks of his day translated into their corresponding value in this, about £200 a year, instead of ten. In money, £2,000 down, and a yearly payment or loss of some £300. To say nothing of enough work to leave no room for the slightest rest for a couple of years to come for me."

"I never heard anything so abominable," cried Lady Azerley. "And do you really mean to say Mr. Burleigh has dared to propose all this outlay to you, Oliver?"

"Not exactly propose; but somehow he has a most uncomfortable way, as I remarked, of suggesting all these things; and more still, he, as it were, plants the idea, and leaves it to develop."

"The people have been perfectly happy and content as they are. Why should he stir them up to discontent?" observed Lady Diana quietly.

"Ah!" said Lady Susan, "papa will tell you that Mr. Burleigh also implies more shame for those who have left them in ignorance. I must say I agree with him."

"Then," observed Lady Charlotte, "if Mr. Burleigh wants to be so extensive a reformer, why not give him permission, father, to do as he pleases, and just let him carry out his fads himself?"

"Ah! if I only could," sighed the earl. "But then comes in the duty property bears—in fact, *noblesse oblige*—and plainly I cannot afford all this outlay. People may think as they please, but I am a poor man."

"Markham is horribly extravagant," sighed the countess.

"Yes," remarked her husband dryly; "and Edward is not specially careful."

This reference to her favourite son made his mother glance up quickly.

"Poor boy! What can he do? The Guards is such an expensive regiment."

"Just so. Therefore I cannot drain villages and re-build cottages."

"But," said Lady Charlotte, "cannot you give Mr. Burleigh *carte blanche* to do what he pleases? He is a rich man, and a bachelor. Two or three thousand pounds are nothing to him, and he will enjoy using them."

Lady Susan crimsoned, but said nothing.

"There, again, I can't understand Burleigh. He keeps but one woman servant, no man, no horse, nor groom. His clothes are well worn; and I went in at dinner-time last night, and he was dining from a piece of cold boiled beef and some potatoes. There was not even a glass of wine on the table. If one did not know Burleigh of Burleigh was such a rich man, one would fancy his nephew absolutely poor; but that cannot be. Burleigh, I know, has but two nephews. He has always brought them up as his own sons, and this one is the elder."

Lady Susan rose and left the room. She knew the Vicar's position better than her father did. He had said to her quite simply one day, and as a well-known fact, "Arthur is my uncle's heir; he will make a capital squire of Burleigh some day." They had grown to be great friends, John Burleigh did not suspect how great, though Lady Susan did; and this inner consciousness made her silent, and prevented her being the Vicar's champion. Moreover, as Lord Azerley disappeared, the quick ear of Lady Susan caught his hurried words of greeting, and a minute later John Burleigh entered the room.

Perhaps there was no one in the parish whom, since his arrival, John Burleigh had more influenced than this young lady. He spent most of his thoughts, and almost the whole of his time, on the villagers and farm folk. He went to the Chase at least once every week, and spent hours talking to the gardeners and grooms. He even held a Bible Class for an hour one afternoon a fortnight, in the housekeeper's room, for the maid-servants; and then he would make his way to the drawing-rooms, and spend an hour more with the countess and her daughters. Now and again, too, he would dine with the earl; but Lady Diana, who was great at croquet and bowls, and Lady Charlotte, who was a famous horsewoman, soon found the Vicar was always too much occupied to join them in their recreations.

The day had been when he loved even violent bodily exercise, but since his long attack of low fever, he had never felt up to it. He worked untiringly so long as the duty in hand demanded exertion, but the moment that was satisfied, he suddenly felt weary and weak.

Sometimes, too, a pain as of a steel cord compressing his chest, brought him to a sudden standstill when he was walking rapidly. He had to battle with this pain, and the strange feeling of suffocation which attacked him, and then, after a few minutes, he would more slowly resume his walk, with his aching arm hanging by his side. The parishioners were phlegmatic, and the Vicar's fiery enthusiasm beat itself against their stolid natures, and fell back often exhausted. He suffered for them far more than they were capable of doing for themselves, and wore himself out, mentally and physically, with the strain of a passionate sympathy, which they neither understood nor required.

John Burleigh could not comprehend this; he knew the command—"Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep," and, with his quick imagination, it was easy for him to understand, as he imagined, his people's joys and griefs, and to enter into them. But he was mistaken; he, in truth, exaggerated their capacity of enjoyment and pain, and bore for them a far heavier burden than they carried themselves.

Some amongst them thought the new parson fanciful, some thought him queer,—none understood him. Lady Susan first learnt to do so one warm Spring afternoon, such as surprises us with a visit now and again towards the end of April.

She was a good walker, and taking her sketching block and box, set off immediately after luncheon to the old Norman castle, which frowned down on the village of Houghrigg. She wanted to get a sketch of one of the oriel windows while the ivy, which crept about it, was yet of a tender green.

She was in the midst of her work, when she heard a step, and the Vicar entered the ruined court-yard; he saw her, hesitated a moment, and then came over the soft green turf towards her. Lady Susan felt that he had come here to be entirely alone, and that for a moment he had been surprised, and perhaps disappointed, at seeing her. She felt awkward, almost as though she had walked into the Vicarage and established herself in his library! She blushed under the thought, and was angry with herself for doing so. "The place is ours, and it is he who is intruding, not I," she told herself, as the Vicar came to her side.

Being confused, and vexed with herself for it, Lady Susan's greeting was of the stiffest; but either the Vicar did not see her constraint, or did not heed it. He threw himself down by her side, and discussed her sketch with her, then the old castle.

"You know it better even than I do, Mr. Burleigh. Do you often visit it?"

"Yes; it is a kind of out-of-doors study to me. I found it out last Autumn, when I first came. It is so utterly still, it rests me to be here. Sometimes I bring my books or my writing with me; sometimes I come just simply to rest, as to-day."

"And to be alone—in which, for once, you are disappointed."

"I am glad it has been so," replied John Burleigh simply; "it has done me good already seeing you. I needed some one to consult. Have you ever felt, since you were grown up, the old need to confess you have been naughty, and the longing for absolution and counsel, which as a child drove you crying to your mother's side?"

The Vicar spoke musingly, and did not look at his companion, but at a sprig of ivy which he held between his fingers.

"I have felt it," replied Lady Susan; "but I crushed the hunger down, and I thought that you were too good a Protestant to have such proclivities."

"Ah! there is the mistake. Why should not we Protestants—the Lord's free men—dare to think on this, as on all other religious subjects? Believe me, Lady Susan, many a young person is drawn Romewards by the longing for confession and absolution from one they consider a priest, only because they have not faced the truth. Are ye not all the Lord's priests?" he asked, with a bright smile.

"What is *your* idea of priesthood, then, Mr. Burleigh?"

"Well, a wide one. Is not every believer a priest? Not only those who proclaim God's mysteries—the mysteries of life and death—and who preach the gospel of redemption; but every one who knows experimentally that Christ died for him, and into the very fibre of whose being it enters to unfold the same grace to others. But we are drifting away from confession. I cannot understand any one longing to go to a man, simply because he holds a certain office, and lay bare his wounded heart for his inspection. The highest and deepest confession is the cry of the broken and contrite heart to God Himself, the deepest absolution His peace; but though I feel no office can entitle a man to hear confession, and in God's name to give absolution, yet on the other hand I know it is an absolute necessity to some minds to unburden them-

selves, and to consciously hear God say, through human lips, 'Go in peace'; and as God knows the weakness of our human hearts He provides for their unburdening."

"But how?"

"Well, thus. I have many a time, all unconsciously to my confessor, made true confession, and gone away with the felt blessing of God's absolution from the cottage of a feeble old woman, who could not read even her Bible, but who had a wise head, and who so lived in the light of God's countenance that she had caught so much brightness she had ever a ray to lend to some neighbour toiling onward in darkness."

"Ah, yes! I have done something like that; but then I never felt the absolution."

"Because you did not recognise that the water of life is from God, and that He can quench our thirst with it out of the humblest vessel."

"But the Bible says, 'Confess your faults one to another.'"

"True! 'And pray for one another.' Just so, if you have caused pain or offence, go and beg pardon. That is God's penance, and so like Him! One full of reasonableness and meaning, not a senseless repetition of prayers or a gift—a corban, but an actual fighting of the devil, of pride, and anger, and self-assertion—one that brings the soul to the feet of the Christ, and leaves it there. But I am speaking of the secondary confession, which implies human counsel asked, and of the absolution which is the confidence and peace which comes of having heard the words, 'This is the path, walk ye in it, with the blessing of God guarding you'—comfort, in fact."

"But surely *you* never need such help," said Lady Susan.

"Yes, and often, too, though I but seldom ask it." He paused a moment, and then added, "I am going to make my confession to you. May God, through you, send the grace of His absolution and the direction I need."

John Burleigh spoke with a quiet seriousness which was solemn, and his companion was startled.

"Oh, don't!" she cried; "I am not worthy."

"No; but as I came up the hill, I asked God to show me His light. And why should either you or I trouble as to who holds His candle?"

They remained silent, and the girl knew that the clergyman was praying. She looked beyond the ruined walls to the blue sky above, and God felt very near.

When he next spoke, it was in a very quiet voice.

"It seems a little thing, yet I feel the jar of it. I was in the school this morning, as usual, taking the Scripture Class, and noticed that Dick Bradley, from the brickfields, was absent. You know him?"

"That sharp boy with red hair?"

"Yes, the same; and, on inquiry, the master told me he had been absent on another day this week. So, this afternoon I walked out to the brickfields to see what had become of him. I found Mrs. Bradley evidently in a bad humour. She continued cleaning the fire-irons after my entrance, and would hardly speak; and then, when she did open her lips, she poured forth a torrent of reproach against one of the men who works in the brickfield, and whose special offence, though she talked for a quarter of an hour, I could not make out. Finding her in this unreasonable temper, I determined to say nothing about Dick, who now, I began to suspect, was playing truant. Unfortunately, at that moment he came in. He suspected I had come to see after him, and instead of greeting me as he ought to have done, he put on a sullen air, and immediately turned to go out. His mother saw him, and absolutely flew upon him. 'I'll teach you manners!' she cried; and before I could prevent her, she seized a strap which was hanging on the wall, and beat the boy furiously. I tried to stop her, but Mary, a delicate little girl, clung to my hand, and cried piteously that I should be hurt, that mother would kill me, too. I lifted the child on to the drawers, out of harm's way, and then stopped the woman. But the boy made matters worse, for he cried out that he would never do it again, and that he would go to school regularly in future. No sooner did his mother hear this confession, than she cried out, 'Then that's why t' parson comed, is it? I'll give thee such a hiding to-night as thou won't forget as long as thou lives!' Then, when I saw that child cowering down, already so savagely beaten, and that furious woman, I lost my temper, too. I, Lady Susan, the minister of Christ in this parish, I turned the children into the back kitchen, and I really hardly know *what* I said to their mother. I know that I did not speak loudly, but she stormed! Then, still in a white heat of anger, I fished the boy out of the scullery, and brought him away to the Vicarage, and there he is at the present moment, fast asleep in the kitchen. Now, what do you say? How am I to put right this wrong that I have done?"

"I fail to see where the wrong is."

"I have probably taught that child to despise his mother's authority, and I have sinned in temper myself. I declare," said John Burleigh, with a sad smile, "I feel it tingling in my veins yet. He is such a *little* boy."

"About the effect upon yourself, you are the best judge," said his companion thoughtfully; "but, so far as I can see, the rest is all good. Mrs. Bradley will be by this time ashamed of her passion, and as she is a kind-hearted woman, she will be really grateful to you for saving her from cruelty to her child. As for the boy, you must make him beg his mother's pardon, not sullenly, but freely and truly."

The Vicar thought deeply a few minutes. When Lady Susan glanced towards him, she could not see his face, for his head was bent.

"I remember, 'God often uses our blunders to His glory,' some one said," the Vicar repeated slowly, "and to go deeper still, the pardoned sins of His children may bring forth His praise. But oh, the shame, the bitter shame! God forgive me!"

He rose unconsciously, and then the girl saw his face, and through its intense pallor peace shone deep and steadfast.

"God has sent His absolution through you; now pray for me that I fall not again;" and without even a hand-shake, John Burleigh went away.

Lady Susan knew he had gone home to devote himself to Dick Bradley, to give the lad the happiest evening he had ever spent in his life, and to take him home that night a truly penitent child.

She noticed the following Sunday how earnestly the usually restless boy watched the Vicar all through the service, and saw him linger in the porch till the clergyman came out, and then she envied the boy as his shoulder was kindly patted, and the two walked to the Vicarage together. Lady Susan made an errand out to the brickfields the following week, but she heard nothing of the affair, and found Mrs. Bradley as masterful and managing as ever; but she noticed the strap no longer hung on the nail by the door. If possible, Mrs. Bradley's remarks on her village acquaintances were more stinging than ever, and she emphatically informed Lady Susan that "she'd like to fettle some on 'em up, specially Mrs. Parkinson, who were a real bad un, and t' school maister had better look out and not mell on any of her bairns, or she'd let him know, and she would say for herself, when she got agait talking, she mostly let folks know her mind."

"Yes," Lady Susan answered her, "indeed she did;" whereupon Mrs. Bradley smiled, and they parted the best of friends, helped thereto by the bunch of grapes bestowed in a tiny basket upon little Mary.

From this time forward, the Vicar dropped unconsciously into the habit of telling his worries to Lady Susan. It was a comfort to him even to tell them to so sympathetic a listener; and to the girl, these quiet half-hours under the great trees in the Chase, or by the fire in the morning-room, were very precious. They opened a new and ideal life out before her. One not only high above the self-life she had always been surrounded by, higher in its aims and objects, but one, rather, which was entirely different, a life which at first seemed impossible and unreal, but which answered to all the aspirations and cravings of her nature, and satisfied its longings. A life which she shrank from contemplating as possible for herself to live, and which yet she admired intensely, and every week desired more, that she was capable of sharing. To one half of her mind a life of self-renunciation was painful in the extreme, to the other it was noble and ennobling. The present and the future, the best and the ordinary, time and eternity, were ever weighing their possibilities before her. And the very fact that John Burleigh always unconsciously credited her with the same grand motives, the same entire and Christ-pleasing devotion which governed all his own conduct, drove her constantly out of her worldly into her higher self. On his part he found comfort in her cultivated companionship, and help in her good strong common sense, and without reasoning on the subject, he went to her when he was weary or anxious, or happy from some encouragement which met him in his work, and felt the week incomplete which did not end in a long talk with Lady Susan. He did not notice that each one was somewhat more lengthy than the preceding one, but so they became.

Mrs. Pattison was standing at her shop door, looking up and down the street, which was the title whereby the villagers dignified the road which ran through the village. For a wonder she had nothing to do, and therefore was eager for some neighbour to gossip with. But if she was at leisure, every one else was busily employed indoors; and the only living creature in sight was the Vicar, walking towards her with his head bent. She did not love the Vicar. Her "forbears" had been Methodists from the time of John Wesley, and, unfortunately for herself and every one else, she inherited their phraseology, but had no idea of their burning zeal and

absorbed devotion. The volcano which had altered the features of the country was only in her case attested to by a hard bed of dead scoria. Poor Mrs. Pattison! She clung to a lifeless Shibboleth for salvation. The shell was there, but the kernel was gone. The Vicar never used the passwords which she fancied were the "open sesame" to heaven, so she shook her head and sighed as she saw him approach; but she did not go into her little shop,—even he was better than no one to speak to. John Burleigh might have passed, had not her voice roused him from his reverie.

"A fine day, sir!"

"Very—a visible resurrection."

"Resurrection! Well, sir, *I* don't see it. We shall have to wait for that, and there'll be a resurrection of *two* sorts, you know."

"Yes."

"Why do you sigh, sir? The Bible says so; leastwise *I've* always considered it does."

"It does, and it is an awful thought. Have you ever really *faced* the subject, Mrs. Pattison? I was try ng to do so just now as I came away from the school."

"Well, sir," said the shopkeeper indulgently, "I was well brought up; all my elders were of the best sort. My father was a class-leader for fifty years, and my mother attained perfection ten years and a quarter before she departed. I was converted at a revival when I was twelve years old, and I've never gone back. I've been a joined Member and attended my class very different from most. I've an inward witness, and I'm not ashamed any time to bear my testimony."

The Vicar looked at his parishioner with a pained surprise. "And is *this* all, Mrs. Pattison?"

"And enough too, sir, I should say."

"Christ thought otherwise. He said, 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom.'"

"I *am* converted," said Mrs. Pattison sharply.

"Pray about it, and read the Gospel of St. John," said the Vicar, as he turned away.

But Mrs. Pattison could not bear the conversation to end so uncomfortably. She wanted to drown the remembrance of the Vicar's words in a torrent of others, so she hastened to say,—

"Shall I tell you, sir, what I was thinking this morning?"

"If you please."

"Well, I was wondering at the great folks from the Chase—the earl and the countess and the ladies. It does seem strange that *they* cannot be content. They are like as the Psalm says, 'the waves of the sea.'" Mrs. Pattison did not dare to finish the quotation, but she looked the rest. Seeing the quiet glance the Vicar gave her, she grew confused, and hastened to add: "Well, I'm sure it is so. See what a grand place the Chase is, and yet they're all off next week to London, and there they'll stay, a-going to have tea with the Queen, and to theatres, and balls, and all sorts of worldliness, and then they'll go to Inverben Castle, which is just a heathen place, I hear tell, amongst all those foreign Highlandmen that wears petticoats, and talks an outlandish language, I suppose. And we shall never see one of them till October. And I do say, when people have a good house they should bide in it. Well, sir, I see you want to be going, so I'll wish you 'Good-day.'"

"And I you, Mrs. Pattison, and do not forget my advice. Pray to be converted, and read the Gospel of St. John—not in texts, but straight through, as you would a newspaper or any other book."

"Well! I never heard a minister, thank goodness, talk like that! Read it like a newspaper. He's in thick darkness, that's certain."

"Poor woman! Lord, open her understanding, and warm her with Thy Life," prayed the Vicar, as he walked on.

Suddenly he stood still. "Never see one of them again till October." The recalled words struck him as a blow might have done. Then he turned aside and climbed the hill to the old castle.

(*Continued—page* 609.)

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF A GENTLEMAN GIPSY.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Land Yacht 'Wanderer'; or, Thirteen Hundred Miles in my Caravan," etc., etc.

LEAF X.

AT MOSSLEY—AN EXCITING SCENE—THE TERRIBLE HILL—ON MOUNT AND MOORLAND — HOLMFIRTH — A STUDY IN DUST.

YOU'LL go through Mossley, work round by the Clarence at Greenfield, and on till you come to a hill with Marsden lying at the foot of it. Then keep to the left.

These were my instructions before I started, as far as I can remember, but we got mixed somehow, I think, and it ended in our finding ourselves struggling up the most terrible hill ever the *Wanderer* has been dragged to the summit of. But stay; we are not quite there yet. We had a long hill to climb out of Staleybridge, and from the summit thereof the view was an extensive one, high rolling mountains, a Londoner might call them, on every side, but sadly obscured by smoke and haze; for mill-stalks are vomiting dark rolling clouds, and the railway engines are doing all they can to add to the murkiness and gloom.

The line of moorland hills, however, although indistinct, is rugged and grand,—quite a small sierra.

"Did you notice that, sir?" said my coachman, as a huge black cat crossed our bows at the gallop.

"Yes, I saw her; but you're not superstitious, are you?"

"I dunno about that, sir; I hope we won't come to grief to-day, among them ugly hills. Did ever you see anything else but bad luck follow a black cat?"

"Yes, I saw a bull-terrier follow one the other day, and the black cat had the best of it."

Mossley is not much of a place. It is a long Lancashire street, with plenty of mills in it, plenty of coal dust, plenty of grime, and a fair share of poverty.

Here we pulled up half a minute to witness an exciting scene, for very little serves to interest one on the road. What we saw was doubtless an every-day occurrence.

The view of over-the-way to the row of houses opposite is a long series of black arches, over which coal-laden trains frequently rattle. One of these went over as we were passing, and for the benefit of society beneath, dropped a lot of coals. Instantly there was an exciting rush of women from the other side of the street, to scramble for the black diamonds. Bareheaded, or with tartan shawls instead of caps, short in garment, somewhat grim in visage, but laughing, shouting, joyful, even hilarious. It was fine fun for them and fine fun to see them. But really, when one comes to think of it, this is as good a way of getting coals as any other. You have not got to give orders, you have not got to study the circulars of rival diamond-merchants. You have only to wait for the wagon, and there you are. You try to gather your share, and I try to gather mine and yours too; and football itself is nothing to the fun of it. Besides—there is nothing to pay.

But here we are at the Royal George, not far from the foot of the terrible hill. Oh, it *was* going to be a terrible hill this time in earnest, for the mountain we had to get up over is seventeen or eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, and the road that leads to the summit is several miles long, with never a morsel of level or resting ground all the way up, not even as big as a billiard table.

We rested at the Royal George, and gave each horse a little water mixed with oatmeal. They knew from that there was danger ahead.

"We've got an awful hill to get up," I said, fondling Polly Peablossom's bonnie ears.

"But there is a top to it, isn't there?" said Peablossom.

"Oh yes, Polly, there is a top to it."

"Well, that's all right; we'll go there."

"That's about what we does mean to do, measter," put in Cornflower, who is not so aristocratic in his way of talking as Peablossom.

As we stood there, a waggoner came to the corner; he had been up with four horses.

"Yoo'll never do it," he remarked comfortingly. "Six horses wouldn't take you

over. Besides," he added, "the road's worse nor a sea-beach."

We started, nevertheless, without six horses; and the fact that, though pausing often to rest our steeds, we did the climb in five minutes within the two hours, speaks well for the pluck and strength of our noble nags.

A mile or so farther on, through a bleak, bare, heath-covered moor, and we reached the breezy inn called Isle of Skye. It is Friday evening, but so delightful is the situation, so wild, and lone, and grand



"Business or busy-ness seems to be the great feature of Leeds."

the scenery, that I determine to make this hostelry my bivouac till Monday.

The Isle of Skye is said to stand nearer to the sky than any other hotel in Great Britain, so Dalwhinnie must look to its laurels. However, there is some difference between the two houses, for this Isle of Skye hotel is but a poor place compared to the other. It stands close to the road, only considerably beneath it; a long, two-storied stone building, with two doors in front, one above the other. You cross a bridge to enter the upper flat, you go downstairs to the lower door.

The landlord is a jolly Yorkshireman from Leeds, and gave us a kindly welcome.

There is nothing but moor, moor, moor all around us, the earth being a kind of peat, very boggy and treacherous in places, and the principal flora, heather and bilberry, but even this is sparse enough. The scenery, in whichever direction one looks, is very wild and majestic.

The *Wanderer* lay for the first day at the roadside, but as it came on to blow big guns, and she rocked to rather an alarming degree, we shifted camp to a more sheltered situation.

What a glorious change is this breezy, bracing, healthful bivouac from the grimy, unwholesome pitch we had at Staleybridge! Why, up here the only complaint a man can possibly suffer from is *bulimia*,* and that is easily cured, for the best Yorkshire bacon and milky eggs in the world are to be found on this mountain-top. Four meals a day

* Inordinate hunger.

But that the Isle of Skye is well appreciated as a place for picnics was amply proved, for on Sunday hundreds passed here, not, however, without stopping to see the landlord. They came from Huddersfield chiefly, driving in all kinds of conveyances, but were very quiet and orderly. Many of them brought pigeons to fly, that being rather a common fancy about these parts.

The sunsets were very lovely, and well worth coming up into this elevated region to witness.

The *Wanderer* was an object of interest to many, and many had a peep inside. One young man said to me,—

"What be you, measter? Sellin' books loike?"

For the good folks round here talk of woats, and pertaters, and turmots, and call London Lunnun. And why shouldn't they?

Monday, July 5th, opened with a glorious sunny morning. The hills and moors all round us were a sight to see and be sorry to leave. Our drive to Holmfirth was a splendid one, over a good road, but downhill all the way, often with skid and safety chain on.

We reached the village of Holmfirth in fine form, and pulled up to water and stop. It is a fine little sturdy, stone-built town, which lies in a wooded glen, and goes struggling and straggling up the hills on both sides in quite a romantic kind of way.

Through the glen winds the river Colne, and very romantic and pretty is the scenery here.

The jolting over the rough roads tells on the caravan to-day, especially in passing through Huddersfield, which is very roughly paved. By the time we reached Mirfield, we were glad enough to get into a little meadow behind the Black Bull hotel and seek the assistance of a blacksmith, for one of our tires was split.

Our company in the meadow was a rather noisy one, being composed chiefly of children. They seemed much exercised in their minds, not as to what the *Wanderer* was—she was put down as a show at once, and unanimously, but what did the show consist of?

One little boy with two small sisters appeared determined to solve the problem, so the three of them went home and had their faces washed, till they shone brightly enough to have made the fortune of Pears, had they been used as an adver-



"A huge hostelry this inn would have been called in days of yore."

tisement. Then they came and stood in a row, hand-in-hand, beneath the coupé, and when the boy caught my eye, he said pleadingly,—

"Please, sir, we've only got tuppence; me and my sisters. Can we all come in for tuppence?"

Of course they could, and for much less, even for nothing.

Our only drawback to-day from perfect enjoyment has been the dust. When we came down from the mountains, we literally descended to the dust.

But there has been a good deal of variety even in the dust. It rose about us in clouds, it rose in Liliputian whirlwinds, it flew fore and aft and everywhere. It was a searching, an ambitious dust too, and got in everywhere—in through the skylight, in through the ventilators, into the drawers beneath the carriage, and into the meat-safe.

There was variety in its very colour, which depended on the kind of road we were on. We had it sometimes limey white, and from that through every shade of grey, green, and brown, to coaly black itself. So, had we not been satisfied with both its quantity and quality, we should have been hard indeed to please.

LEAF XI.

MIRFIELD—DEWSBURY—DRIPPLINGTON—A WEARY DAY—LEEDS AT LAST—A TIRED GIPSY'S DREAM.

BUT here at Mirfield, a town I never till yesterday knew existed, I find myself logging these words: "I have had enough of manufacturing towns, steam trams, huge, unsightly mills, and tall stalks, that vomit their volumes of murky smoke over rolling fields and wooded hills, till Nature herself looks sickly and poisoned."

Robin Hood lies buried not a great way from here. I should dearly have liked to talk an hour with Robin under the greenwood tree. He should have come into my caravan, and I would have made much of him.

But yonder on the braeland, amidst clouds of struggling foliage, stands the house, perchance, of some wealthy millowner. The furniture within may be in perfect taste, the *chef* himself an artist, and but for that tall chimney-stalk, the view from the drawing-room windows, on a Sunday afternoon, after a shower, may be charming. Woe is me for the stalk!—*that*, to my way of thinking, banishes romance, dries up enthusiasm, and kills poetic feeling, as it blasts the trees and shrubs.

* * * *

About a mile and a half from Mirfield is the Fountain Inn, from near which we catch a capital view of the market town of Dewsbury, lying away on the hill yonder, and, like most towns, borrowing enchantment from distance. We can see its steeples, towers, and stalks, with green fields and trees on the braelands beneath, over which, on this glorious summer's day, the clouds' shadows are chasing each other.

The people we meet are rough, but always polite, civil, and obliging.

But oh, the dust and the wind! The breeze blows the stour everywhere, the horses' sweating sides are matted with it, we crunch sand between our teeth when we close our mouths; the grass by the roadsides is grey, not green, and every tree and hedgerow seems made of slate or stone, while the children who run out from cottage doors and gates to halloo and cheer us, their dresses fluttering around their bare knees, are veritable dust-demons, black and begrimed.

We pull up at last at the entrance to Dripplington, an old-fashioned, grey stone village, and the honest, kindly folks come crowding round the caravan, and those I ask inside seem wonderingly delighted.

On a breezy upland, about two miles farther on, we stop to admire the wide and extensive view. Yes, without doubt, it could be called not only beautiful, but romantic in the extreme, were it not for those everlasting chimney-stalks; they tower heavenwards from many a village and town, and belch forth clouds of darkness into the sweet summer sky.

But looking at the country from another point of view, probably no other part of England could be found that would so impress a stranger with the magnitude of this empire's commerce. Within a mile of Leeds, on every side of us are railway embankments, pit mouths with their hideous machinery, mines, mills, bricks, and banks of cinders. And away on ahead yonder is Leeds itself, but all we can see is a dense, grey smother of smoke, one dome or steeple with a white clock face, and an ocean of stalks.

Business and busy-ness seem to be the two great features of Leeds. To-day the traffic and stir on its not over-wide paved streets are tremendous—carts, cars, and carriages, trams and steam-trams are everywhere, and it is not without difficulty we get through. The street paving suits but ill the shoes our horses wear, and they often slip and stumble.

Once upon a time, when new to the road, I used to bivouac (or try to) in great towns. I know better now. In a place like this, or even half like this, there is no rest for the sole of a gipsy-foot, so that when I want to visit cities, I get through them, encamp on the outskirts, and return without encumbrance.

We had a long day, and were glad to find stabling at last. A huge hostelry this inn would have been called in days of yore, and would have well deserved the title. The landlord asked me to view his cellar—it would have held a regiment of the line.

Before turning in, I go, as is my custom, for a little walk. It is not a very invigorating one; iron mines and "tips" are on all sides, and the dark murky air is lit up here and there with the fitful gleams from the furnace stalks.

One of the most pleasant times of the day in my caravan life is the half-hour or hour during which I read after I have turned in for the night. I am probably delightfully tired. I know I can sleep sound as soon as I turn out the light, which is close to my hand. All is safe, the valet is quietly sleeping in the after compartment. Hurricane Bob slumbers in his coupé cabin. Everything is still and quiet, and I feel at peace with all mankind.

To-night was no exception, but I was far more tired than usual; the sun's glare and the dust had done it.

(*Continued—page 612.*)

HOMELY HINTS FOR STRUGGLING WIVES;

OR, HOW JOHN AND MARTHA GRIMSHAW MANAGED ON £1 A WEEK.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

No. I.

WHEN Martha Moody told her mistress, Mrs. Jackson, that she wished to leave that day month, to be married, Mrs. Jackson looked very grave. It was not only because she was sorry to lose Martha, though that was undoubtedly the case, for Martha had been a good servant. She had been in her present situation five years; she was a thoroughly good girl, and a clever manager. Mrs. Jackson had a real regard for her, and Martha had a real regard for her mistress, so that it would have been strange if both had not felt sad at the prospect of parting.

But Mrs. Jackson felt more than sad; she felt disappointed, because she thought Martha was making a mistake. This lady held the opinion very strongly that girls comfortably settled in good situations were very foolish to marry to poverty. She wanted to make them realise what they would have to put up with in consequence of taking this step. "Think," she would say to them, "how fortunately placed you now are. You have plenty of good food, no anxiety, and no care; you have a good wage, regular holidays, no rent to pay, no taxes. You can buy warm suitable clothing, and yet put money away in the savings bank. You are mistress of your work, and can get through it quite easily; why should you leave it to take upon yourself cares which will weigh you down? If you marry, you will have to pinch and screw and save; you will have to live in one or two rooms, work hard from morning till night, very likely bring into the world three or four children, for whom you will have to toil and contrive, and turn yourself into an old woman before you have become a young one."

Without doubt Mrs. Jackson was right. Girls are foolish to rush into marriage without counting the cost. It needs a good store of love to enable a girl to weather the storms of married life with limited means, because unless the love is very firmly planted in the heart, it has an unpleasant habit of flying out of the window when poverty comes in at the door. Yet not many of the girls to whom Mrs. Jackson talked took any heed of her words. They listened and assented so long as there was no temptation to anything else, but the first likely wooer, and sometimes the first unlikely wooer, who came along, made them forget everything else. Thus it had happened that again and again during the thirty years which had passed since she

began housekeeping, Mrs. Jackson had seen girls leave her to be married, looking stout, healthy, and handsome, with a good sum in the Post Office, and a large box filled with well-made clothes to be carried away with them, and perhaps a somewhat too exalted notion of their own consequence. Again and again had these girls come back to her, after a few years, looking thin, careworn, and shabby. "Could the mistress give them a bit of sewing, or let them do a day's charing? Times were so hard, it was so difficult for poor folks to pay their way. If only they had known what they would have to face, they would never, never have married." Sometimes a still more pitiful story was told. The husband drank, or he had been out of work for months, and wife and children were starving. Mrs. Jackson was very sorry for these poor creatures, but she could not help them all. Often she felt inclined to say, "My good woman, you made your own bed, you will have to lie on it." But pity made her hold her tongue.

Now Martha Moody was going the way the others had gone. Martha, who was so respectable and sensible; Martha, who had so often said that she would never marry until her lover could take her to a good home, and keep her as she had been accustomed to be kept. Mrs. Jackson knew that Martha's lover was making at the present time 20s. a week, and that he had no prospect of making more than this. He had saved a little money to buy furniture, and Martha also had saved a little; but 20s. a week was very little for a girl like Martha, and the savings would soon be gone. "Oh, Martha!" she said sorrowfully, when Martha announced her decision. But Martha was determined.

"Yes, ma'am," she said, "I know all you would say, and I don't know but I *am* foolish. But I love Jim very dearly, and I believe he loves me. You have said yourself, ma'am, that with love, people can manage wonderfully. It is very lonesome for Jim, all by himself in lodgings, and with no one to mend his things and look after him. So I have made up my mind to take the plunge."

Mrs. Jackson knew from experience that when Martha said, "she had made up her mind," there was nothing more to be said. So she put on her bonnet and went out to buy a pretty tea-set for a wedding present to her faithful handmaiden, and as she gave it to her, she said, "I want you, Martha, to accept these cups and saucers as a token of regard from me. I did not want you to be married, but all the same I hope your marriage will be a very happy one. And I believe if there is one girl in the world who will manage well, and who can make a comfortable home on very little, that girl is yourself."

For five or six years after this, Mrs. Jackson saw nothing of her old servant. Family troubles came upon her, and she was called away to another part of England to nurse a sick relative. Engrossed with her own affairs, she had no opportunity to inquire after Martha. At length her relative died, and she returned to settle in her old home. She had not been there very long, before she was told one day that a respectable-looking woman, a Mrs. Grimshaw, wished to speak with her.

"Grimshaw! Grimshaw!" said Mrs. Jackson. "I know no one of that name." Then it flashed across her mind that "Jim," whom Martha Moody married, was named Grimshaw, and that very likely Mrs. Grimshaw was her former maid. So it proved; and in another minute the two old friends, for so they might well be called, were sitting opposite each other, wondering at the changes which only six years, in which had been crowded a good deal of the experience of human life, could make.

After a few questions had been asked and answered, there was a pause, and then Mrs. Jackson said: "Now tell me, Martha, candidly, was I right or wrong in advising you as I did? Are you glad you married?"

Martha was silent a minute or two before she answered. Then speaking very slowly, she said, "I think, ma'am, you were right; and yet I am glad I married. I often think if I had known before I was married what I should have to buy and pay for out of 20s., I should have kept housemaid till the end of my days. But it's well we do not know these things until we have to bear and share in them, and now I can truly say,—

> 'My husband and children are more to me
> Than all the money in the world could be.'"

"I am delighted to hear it," said Mrs. Jackson. "You will remember I said that if any one could make a happy home out of little, you could. No one knows better than I do that it is not having a large amount of money that brings happiness."

"No, indeed," said Martha. "Still, I think the sort of home you have depends a great deal upon the wife. I suppose I ought not to say as much, for it is rather praising myself. But really there are a good many who live near me, who have I know more to live on than we have, and yet they never seem free from debt and difficulty. If you go to see them, they are full of troubles, and you cannot discern one spark of pleasure in their lives. By no means are they prepared to receive a visitor except like themselves. I am very thankful to say my home is not of that sort. Nor would I say that it is the wife only who makes home happy. A woman may be ever so clever, but she has a very poor chance if her husband does not work with her. Jim and I have always pulled together."

"Where, then, do these poor things you speak of make the mistake?" said Mrs. Jackson.

"It would really be difficult to say in a few words, for they make so many mistakes," said Martha. After thinking a minute or two, however, she continued, "I should say that the chief thing is, they do not *divide their money, and so manage to pay for everything every week.* If poor women don't do this, they soon get into real straits and confusion. I don't believe in poor people running bills at all. If they cannot pay for one week's food out of one week's wage, I am certain they cannot pay it the second week when it gets to just, or perhaps a little more than just, double the amount."

"Indeed, I should think not," said Mrs. Jackson.

"You would say so, all the more, if you were to see what I see," continued Martha. "I know several young wives—in fact, two of them were friends of mine. Their husband's wages are 21s. per week, sometimes a little more, sometimes a little less. Their rents are much the same as my own, 5s. per week; and they have a lodger, or perhaps two, to help pay the rent. This is what they say, but I don't believe it helps them a bit. When Tuesday or Wednesday comes, I have known them to be with not one penny in the house; their baker's bill and grocer's bill is not paid, and they have yet half a week to get through before any more money comes in. The consequence is they run from one shop to another, trying to get what they want on trust, and so they go on till there is no end to their trouble and shame."

"Poor things!" said Mrs. Jackson.

"Yes, poor things, indeed," said Martha; "only one cannot help seeing that their misery is of their own making. If they would manage better, they might be very different."

"What other mistakes do you think they make besides not dividing their money and paying for everything as they get it?" said Mrs. Jackson.

"In many homes that I know, wives make a mistake by putting out and paying for so much needlework to be done."

"But surely, women whose husbands are earning only 20s. a week do not put out needlework," said Mrs. Jackson.

"Indeed, ma'am, they do," answered Martha; "you would be astonished if you knew how many wives and mothers there are in these days who have no notion of being handy with their needles. They put out what has to be done; and as they pay a very low price, the needlework is very poor, and the clothes soon come to pieces. If you say anything to them on the subject, they say they have no time for sewing, and yet one would think they could do their own sewing in the time they spend gossiping from one neighbour's house to another."

Mrs. Jackson shook her head. She did not like to hear of women not being handy with their needles. At last, she said, "At any rate, *you* never gossip, Martha,—of that I am quite sure."

"That I never do," said Martha; "in telling you how I have got on, I am afraid I am rather praising myself, and for that I hope you will excuse me. Also I have no doubt I have made mistakes again and again, but not in that way. I have never gossiped, and neither do I wish to do so. I never go into any neighbour's house unless I am properly invited to tea or supper; then my husband goes with me, and we make acquaintance together; but as for going first into one door and then into another during the day, that I never did. I am not one of the sort to do such a thing."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Jackson; "you must not be offended. I am quite sure you are not a gossip; but, Martha, you see where these poor things make mistakes; and I know you manage better yourself; how would you like to tell me your plans? You know I am very much interested in such things, and I should be very glad if, while you are sitting with me, you would let me know your methods, and judge for myself whether they are wise ones. You said that you could stay an hour or two with me and have tea here, so what do you say if you employ the time in letting me hear exactly how you go on?"

"If you care to hear, I shall be very pleased to tell, ma'am," said Martha; "especially as I think you may be able to tell me how I might improve and do better. If you are tired, ma'am, before I have done, you must say so. And please let me think a few minutes before I begin, that I may tell you exactly." And folding her hands in her lap, Martha prepared to put on her considering cap. The result of her cogitations must be given next week.

(*Continued—page* 614.)

ADVENTURES 'MID ALPINE SNOWS.

By Rev. W. Spotswood Green, F.R.G.S.,

Author of "The High Alps of New Zealand," "The Home of the Eider Duck," "On the Track of Columbus; or, Sketches in Trinidad," etc., etc.

Part I.



"We commence to ascend the cliffs."

So many people go to Switzerland now-a-days, that it is hard to write anything new on the subject; nevertheless, its lovely valleys and snow-clad peaks are as charming and impressive in themselves now as ever; and although much of the mystery and romance which clung to them when Byron wrote "Manfred," or Coleridge his "Hymn to Mont Blanc," has been dissipated by the ever-advancing army of tourists, the sun still rises in the same glory, the thunder peals as of yore, and there is no reason why those who must stay at home should not be asked to share the pleasure with those who are fortunate enough to travel thus far.

I want you now to join with me in the pleasure of a few excursions; and though I know it is most difficult to give you a full share with the means at my disposal, or even a fraction of a share, I can only do my best.

Well, then, I don't want any one to come with me who is in the habit of saying that "climbing mountains is all folly and madness, and involves a wanton risk of life." Such people may change their minds when they are brought face to face with the spotless glory of the eternal snows, but they may not. There is then a hopeless want in their nature; and though they may be most estimable people in other ways, I would rather have their company on some other occasion. Perhaps Holland might suit them. Ah, then, I forgot, there would be the wanton risk of travelling in a steamer and on a railway when there was no necessity, so on the whole perhaps they had better stay at home.

It is not well to attempt too much at first, as the man said who began his dinner by trying to swallow a roast goose, so I shall ask you to meet me in a sequestered valley of the Bernese Oberland, and to come with us over the Tschingel Pass. I have come across people in Switzerland who go there, and travel through it, and still have no more idea of the shape and position of its mountain chains, than they have of the other side of the moon, which no man has as yet seen. And lest it should be so with any of our party, I must ask you to wait a few minutes until we have a look at the map. Along the north of Switzerland you will see the Jura range, beautiful enough, but with no snowy peaks; then come the great plains of Switzerland, dotted with populous towns, and carpeted with rich corn-fields. To the south and east of this, the country again becomes mountainous. Here we find, in the hollows, beautiful lakes reflecting the snow-clad peaks; and this group of high mountains to the south of Lakes Thun and Brienz, is the Bernese Oberland. *Oberland* means simply *highlands*. Now if you look at a picture of a king's crown, with a central spike or ornament, you will have a fair model of this group of mountains. The central spike, and the highest, is called the Finsteraarhorn, meaning the "Black Peak at the source of the Aar." In the circle of peaks forming the outer rim, we have, amongst others, the Wetterhorn, Schreckhorn, Eiger, and Jungfrau. This last mountain presents a most lovely spectacle as we approach the Oberland by the ordinary route. It was the sight of this peak, glittering like frosted silver against a clear, blue sky, that first awakened in me the love of mountaineering; it was the first peak I longed to climb, and, curiously enough, it has turned out to be the very last. To the south of the Oberland is the long and wide valley of the Rhine, on the far side of which runs the great Pennine chain, bearing such peaks as Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, and extending to Mont Blanc. This forms the Italian frontier.

I have spoken of the Oberland being like a crown. There are a number of pendants and outer adornments which I have omitted; but let us remember that in the middle, where the top of the king's head would come, we have immense fields of snow, which for the greater part has become hard ice, hundreds of feet thick, and has pushed itself out through the hollows between the peaks, and descended towards the fertile valleys as glaciers. The melting of these glaciers forms the sources of most of the big European rivers. In these regions snow falls both in winter and summer; but owing to the overflow moving off in glaciers, it remains at much the same thickness. The depth of the ice can be measured by lowering a cord into some of the great cracks in the ice which are called crevasses.

Now, the valley I asked you to join us in is the valley of Lauterbrunnen, just beneath the peak of the Jungfrau. We are at the head of the valley, not far from where it is closed in by a great precipice, over which pours the fall of the Schmadribach. There are dark pine woods on the mountain sides. There is a tinkle of cow-bells near the little inn, from the window of which pours forth a ray of ruddy light, while above the purple gloom of the valley, the snows of the Breithorn shine resplendent in the last glow of the sunset.

Away above the cliffs of the Schmadribach, in a hollow of the mountains, lies the Tschingel Glacier; and as we are to cross it together, I may as well spend the evening by telling you how we crossed it on a former occasion.

We arrived at this little inn one fine summer evening, a party of five—three ladies, whom I will call A., L., and P., and two males, J. and myself. The plan was that, if the weather permitted, four of us should cross the Pass on the morrow, while A. took charge of our things, and travelled a long two days' journey by road, so as to meet us at Kandersteg, on the other side of the Pass. I had traversed the Tschingel glaciers twice previously, so I thought that I knew the way quite well enough to dispense with professional guides. We went to bed early, and were up long before dawn, full of expectation for a good start. On going outside the door, however, to inspect the weather, we found the valley so dense with fog, and so dark, that not a tree even was visible. The distant splash of the Schmadribach fall, and constant music of the stream as it foamed over the boulders on its way down the valley, were the only sounds which stirred the chill night air. The fog I did not much mind, as the clearest mornings do not always precede the finest days; but it was necessary to wait for some light to find our path by.

At last it came, so, taking a small piece of candle, to help us beneath the dark shade of the trees, we followed the little path up the valley, and then commenced to ascend, through dark pine woods, rich with ferns and low-growing Alpine rose. From the sombre woods we ascended to grassy "alps" (alps in Switzerland mean upland pastures), where every leaf and blade was drenched with dew. We could now look down on the valley, with the pine tops peeping above clouds of dense white mist. It was yet but dim twilight, and the fog, which now began to change to a thick drizzle, made it still darker. "Not very hopeful," you will say—so we thought, too, but still we continued to ascend till we came to the little hut on the Steinberg Alp. We ought now to have had a glorious view, but a white wall of fog closed in everything at fifty yards distance. The lower glacier was now not far off, so we pressed onwards. The path we had followed soon lost itself amid heaps of



"We tied ourselves together, and commenced our long trudge up the snow-covered glacier."

broken stones brought down by the glacier; and as it got darker, and snow began to fall, we thought it better to crouch under boulders, and give the weather a chance of clearing.

Steadily, steadily the soft snow fell; everything was turning white. Still, we made the best we could of our shelters until nine o'clock came; and then, considering that even if the weather did clear, it was too late in the day for a start, we turned our steps downwards—down through the wet meadows, down through the drenching woods, and arrived at the inn in a regular downpour of rain. Fortunately, A. had not yet started; so, making the most of the few things our luggage contained, and of blankets gracefully put on *à la* Red Indian, we sent our clothes to be dried, and contented ourselves with such entertainment as could be improvised in a tiny wooden inn, now and then changing our occupation by rubbing our noses against the window pane, watching the goats and the rain, and congratulating ourselves at not being on a pass nine thousand feet high.

At last bedtime came, and we all went to sleep, feeling certain that to-morrow would be a splendid day. The early morning belied our hopes—there was the same pitch darkness and fog, so we waited, not wishing to repeat our experiences of yesterday; at seven it cleared, so, though late for a start, we set off at once. The path was all mud, the trees and ferns were reeking, but between rolling masses of cloud there were patches of clear blue sky. Again we ascended through the forest glades; again we traversed the flowery Alp, with the dew-drops sparkling like diamonds and rubies; once more we reached the Steinberg, getting broken glimpses of fine, snowy peaks; but, alas! steadily the clouds settled down, and when we reached our shelter of yesterday, the fog was as "thick as a hedge," and snow began to fall. We might still advance, but, as there was the possibility of going wrong, I deemed it wiser to wait a little. The chief *difficulty* of the pass was not far off; it consists in a rocky cliff, called the Tschingel tritt, in some places over a thousand feet high, which must be ascended; above it is the upper Tschingel Glacier, and over this precipice the ice pours like a great frozen cataract, to join the lower glacier, on the brink of which we had now halted. It was necessary that the weather should clear, for if I could not from this point select the line by which the cliff could be ascended, and shape our course for it over the trackless glacier, we might get into great difficulties. We decided that we could spare one hour before it would be necessary to give up. At last it began to lighten; then the clouds broke.

There was the great cliff of the Gspaltenhorn in sight; then came a bright ray of sunshine, and in an instant the clouds rose, and glaciers and cliff were in full view. There was no time to lose, so we set foot on the ice at once. These lower glaciers, in all parts of Switzerland, are so covered over with mud and stones, that they are not beautiful, but the ice is quite rough, so, although it is in hills and hollows, and pools of water are frequent, it forms a good surface to walk upon. The air off the ice is most exhilarating, so that even most staid and sensible people often find themselves shouting and singing in an idiotic manner, and don't know in the least why.

The lower glacier passed, we commenced to ascend the cliffs, first up some steep snow, then over loose banks of stones, and then up rocks where hands and knees came into play. Now and then we paused to admire the lovely shades of blue, and green, and silvery white, amongst the ice-blocks of the ice-cascade on our left. And then let our eyes wander heavenwards, to where the towering Silberhorn, Jungfrau, and Ebneflue shone in the blue sky. Occasionally an ice-block fell in the cascade with a rumbling crash, or the echoes of a distant avalanche growled like thunder through the mountains. Clouds still hung about the cliffs, boding ill for the weather, so we hastened to make the most of the sunshine while we had it. Near the top of the Tschingel tritt, the rocks were steepest; a rough ladder, made of one pine tree, used to be placed here in times gone by, to aid in the ascent; now it was gone, so I climbed up first, made our rope fast to a rock, and let the end hang down to



"Climbing mountains is all folly and madness."

afford a firm grip to the others, and so guard against a slip. Above the cliffs, we still continued to ascend over stony wastes, strewn in one place with huge blocks of ice, the remains of a great avalanche which had fallen from near the Gspaltenhorn.

We mounted the last pile of loose stones, and there before us was the vast plain of the upper Tschingel Glacier, sloping gently upwards to the pass. All around us was bright sunshine, and the glare from the white snow made it necessary to put on our blue spectacles, which form an essential part of every Alpine outfit.

Beyond the pass, however, we could see dense masses of black, inky clouds, and from the rapidity with which they changed their shapes, it was too evident that bad

weather was brewing ahead. It was too late now to turn back—the difficulties before us were less than those behind; so, halting for a hasty meal, and taking bearings with my pocket compass for the top of the pass, we tied ourselves together on the rope, and commenced our long trudge up the snow-covered glacier.

The wind, which up till now only made itself felt in little, shifting airs, settled into the westward, and came in fierce squalls, bitterly cold, and charged with minute particles of ice-dust from the pass. Soon the black, inky clouds rose and obscured the sun; the top and sides of the pass were closed in, then everything vanished from our view, and in an instant we found ourselves battling against a furious storm, and dense, driving snow.

To traverse this snow-field in fine weather takes five or six hours—what it might take now, we did not like to think. The gusts of the storm swirled round in all directions, so I could not steer by the wind. For a time I could see where the sun was, and it gave us a mark to aim for, but now we could not even make out this. There was nothing for it but to keep our heads low, and watch the compass. This was not easy in the driving snow, but a glance now and then would keep us to our course.

I was first on the rope, the two ladies next, and J. behind. J. called out to me during a furious squall, "We must have passed the top, for we are descending now, not ascending." I knew we could not yet have reached the Col, yet what he said was true.

With benumbed fingers I pulled out the compass. Yes, we were a little off our course, but a slight change to the left set us right, and on we trudged, now most certainly ascending. Suddenly, to my surprise, I came to fresh tracks in the snow. "Now we are all right," I sung out; "another party has crossed the pass, and we will have their tracks." But J. remarked, "I have watched those footprints too long not to know them again; we are back in our own tracks." L., too, was positive that was the print of her foot. Yes, there was no denying it, we had gone round in a circle, and how big we did not know, but it could only have taken place between two observations of the compass. For the future I must not take my eyes off it; so, setting it comfortably in my hand against my chest, we started again, once or twice having to kneel down to hold our own in a heavy squall. We had not gone far, when a sudden gleam of light came, the snow-storm passed away, and though the wind continued to blow with fury in our faces, everything we wished to see was unobscured. We were quite close to the top of the pass, and, looking back along our tracks, we could see the circle we had described; it was no more than 100 yards in diameter.

Our descent to the Gastern Thall was by the long Kander Glacier. When the crevasses in it became too numerous, we left the ice, and descended, over heaps of loose stones, to the flat valley. The peaks of the Blumlis Alp were glorying in the sunset light, as we crossed the stream from the glacier, and reached the flat pastures and little village of Alpetly. Here a man warned us that the path in the lower valley had been carried away, and that we would surely go astray; but having got thus far without a guide, we declined his proffered services. The path turned out to be all right; and though dark night closed in, we met with no further adventure. Descending the steep paths by the falls of rushing Kander, with the roar of its waters ascending to the stars, the lights in the hotel at Kandersteg became visible, and at 10 p.m. we were having supper, and then did not dream of snow-storms or anything else.

Next day we found a heap of hewn logs near the hotel—a comfortable place to bask in the sun—and when A. turned up with our luggage, we enjoyed together some of the sights near Kandersteg, and planned further rambles "'Mid Alpine Snows."

(*Continued—page* 616.)

THE CHEMISTRY OF SOAP AND WATER.

By Louisa M. Billing.

THE great chemist Liebig is said to have affirmed that the quantity of soap used by a nation is a test of its civilization; if so, is there any fear of England ever being anything less than a most highly civilized country? I think that even those who are most ready to detect our spots and our blots, will have to confess that, as a nationality, our cleanliness is part of ourselves; and I have heard it said that a Continental neighbour once accounted for the strength and vigour of the Englishman, by the supposed fact that all the delicate babies were killed in infancy by means of *cold baths!* Every native of our land has a right to belong to the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, and if his parents are so depraved as to deprive him of this right in his early years, as soon as he is capable of understanding matters, if he is a typical Englishman, he will assert his claim.

"Soap and water,"—how naturally we place them together!

Part I.

THE SOAP.

How old is soap? It is considered that the soap ("sope") of the Old Testament refers to ashes of plants, or alkalis, such as potash and other purifying substances; but Pliny speaks of hard soap and soft soap, as used by the Germans, and as far as we know, the races of Central Europe were the originators of this commodity. Pliny says that they used it especially to improve the colour of their hair.

The soap of commerce is, as we all know, made from a very unlikely substance. We go to fat to obtain something which helps us to remove oily impurities from our hands and greasy spots from our clothes.

All fat is made up of three parts—a hard part, an oily part, and a sweet part. It is scarcely necessary to remark that fat as fat will be worse than useless for ordinary cleansing purposes, so the fat must first be decomposed, in order that we may dispense with certain parts and retain others.

The chemist has a particular name for each fatty substance, according to its composition. We will take mutton fat as a typical fat; and this the chemist calls glyceryl stearate. Now it is the glyceryl group in this compound which is in the way when we want to make soap. Formerly it was considered a useless constituent, only fit to be thrown away; to-day, however, the manufacturer thinks very differently, and he looks no longer upon that which it yields him as a *waste*-product, but as a *by*-product which *adds to his gains.*

The fat is first melted down; all fibrous particles have to be got rid of, and on solidifying again, it is called tallow. The tallow is re-melted by means of steam or boiling water; but though the water melts it, it declines to mix with it. Let it stand a very short time only, and there will be the two distinct layers; heavy water at the bottom, with the lighter, oily, glyceryl stearate floating on the top.

Now it is that the first chemical change is effected; the removal of fibre and gristle, and the melting of the fat were merely physical changes. To understand what takes place, we must know that inanimate atoms and groups of atoms, resemble us, in having a liking—an affinity, a chemist calls it—for certain other atoms or groups of atoms, and being less easily drawn to unite with others, or perhaps being perfectly indifferent to them. These likes and dislikes (as in other instances) bring about great changes.

Some caustic soda (sodium hydroxide), which has been dissolved in water, is introduced into the mixture. Up till now, the glyceryl group in the fat was satisfied by its union with the stearate group; but no sooner is it brought into contact with the caustic soda, than it forsakes its former companion and detaches from the sodium, by dioxide, the hydroxyl group for which it has a marked preference; the sodium, being thus set free, makes up to the stearate group for the perfidy of its late comrade; and with it forms a new compound, sodium stearate,

which we call *soap*. Thus, you see, that while we had in one vessel originally glyceryl stearate and sodium hydroxide, we have now sodium stearate, which we call *soap*, and glyceryl hydroxide, which we call *glycerine*.

But the soap is soluble in the water (as indeed we should wish it to be, or else how could we wash with it ?), but it would be extremely inconvenient if we could never buy soap except as soap solution ; that is, always in a liquid form. Happily, therefore, soap is insoluble in water that has a great deal of salt in it ; so now sodium chloride, or common salt, is added, and this is called the "salting out" process ; for by means of it, the soap is separated from the water, and can be removed and pressed into bars or tablets. If in the first chemical process caustic potash is used instead of caustic soda, the salting out process cannot be effected, and therefore it is that soda soap is called "hard soap," and potash soap is called "soft soap."

The great objection to potash soap for personal use is, that though acting vigorously on grease and other impurities, it also acts strongly on the little particles of our surface-skin, which defend the more sensitive skin underneath; it really dissolves them, and then the true skin, missing the covering with which Nature has endowed it, is readily cracked and otherwise injured by the exposure.

But to return to hard soaps. They are not all alike. All yellow soaps have, after the salting-out process, some resin added to them ; this adds to their detergent qualities. Then some are perfumed by certain volatile oils, as oil of almond ; this would yield almond soap. Others, again, are impregnated with iodine or carbolic acid, so as to give them medicinal properties ; and others have some of the glycerine (which was left behind in the salting-out process, remaining dissolved in the water) mixed with them, to render them more softening and pleasant in their action on the skin.

Transparent soaps are produced by dissolving the ordinary soap in alcohol, then distilling off the alcohol, when the jelly-like residuum is allowed to harden and dry slowly.

Cocoa-nut oil differs in its behaviour from any other fat or oil, while in the hands of the soap-maker. It is unaffected by an alkali solution (*i.e.*, a solution of caustic soda or potash), unless it is *very* strong, in which case it is acted upon rapidly, and forms a stiff soap without any application of heat.

It has the further peculiarity of being soluble in a solution of salt, so that soap made from this oil can be used for washing in *sea-water ;* hence it is often called *marine soap*.

Soap bark, and soap nuts, of which we may have read, are not really soap at all. They are parts of a tree called *Saponaria officinalis*, and of allied species, growing in Chili, etc. They receive their name because they produce a cleansing lather like that of true soap.

Part II.

THE WATER.

As there are soaps and soaps, so there is water and water ; and it is the chemistry of the different waters that we have now to consider. That there is a difference, none will deny. We may get a beautiful softening and cleansing lather directly we have passed our hands once or twice round our soap ball, and yet, with the same piece of soap, we may work and work, but no lather appears—the fault must therefore be in the water. We will investigate the matter, and see first wherein the evil lies, and secondly how we can remove it.

All water comes to us from the clouds : it has been drawn up there in the form of *pure* water-vapour by the heat of the sun. Could we get it direct, we should have it back again as pure water, but it reaches us by a shorter or longer journey, and on its way passes through our atmosphere. Wherever life and death are going on, whether in connection with animals or plants, this atmosphere is charged with impurities, mainly carbon dioxide (often called carbonic acid), which we give out every time we breathe, and ammonia. The pure water dissolves these gases, and brings some of them with it to the earth's surface. If we catch it as it falls in cisterns or vessels, we have for our use "soft water," that is, water which will coalesce with soap, or dissolve it ; for the gases in solution in the water in no way impede its action on soap.

But on the other hand, should this water be allowed to trickle into the ground, and not be used by us until it bursts out again at some lower level, in the form of a spring, it is highly probable that it will have undergone a great change. If the rock of the district through which the water has run is a limestone rock, like that of the Derbyshire hills, and the cliffs of Cheddar, and of Clifton, near Bristol, the water charged with carbon dioxide from the air, acts on this rock and dissolves some as it passes over it, or through it ; and we receive it as water charged with limestone or carbonate of lime (*Calcium carbonate*). We cannot see it, but because it is dissolved in the water, the latter becomes *hard*.

No sooner do we put soap in this water than a fresh chemical change takes place. We remember that the forsaken stearate group in the fat had to content itself with the sodium set free by the union of the glyceryl group with the hydroxyl group of the caustic soda. Now, however, that it is brought into contact with carbonate of lime (*Calcium carbonate*), it leaves the sodium and unites itself to the calcium ; so that whereas we put into the water soda soap (*Sodium stearate*), we have now instead a lime soap (*Calcium stearate*).

The question is, "Why should not one sort of soap be as good as another?" The answer is, "Because lime soap is not soluble in water, and we can get no lather with it." Not only is the lime soap, which we see as curdy flakes floating in the water, of no use to us for cleansing purposes, but it is a positive hindrance by sticking to the surface, that we wish to wash. But you will say, "If we go on long enough, we get a lather." Quite true : if we go on until we have used up all the calcium carbonate in the water in making lime soap (*Calcium stearate*), we shall then come to an end of the process, and all the soda-soap that we put in *after* that, *remains* soda-soap, and is soluble as before, but we still have the unpleasant lime soap clouding our water and hindering our work.

So the best thing to do is to try to get rid of the calcium carbonate (carbonate of lime) from our water before we put the soap in at all. You will remember how it got there : it came from the rock ; but the rain water could never have dissolved the rock if it had not got carbon dioxide (carbonic acid) from the air dissolved in it. So the best way is to go to the root of the matter by getting rid of the carbon dioxide, and then the water will no longer keep the carbonate of lime in solution. This is done every day in our kettles ; those of us who examine the kettle in which hard water is constantly being boiled, will find the inside covered with "fur." The explanation of this is, that, in boiling the water, we get rid of the carbon dioxide gas, without which the water cannot hold the limestone in solution, so is left behind in the kettle as a solid deposit which we call "fur." This accounts for the fact that if we *boil* hard water, we make it less hard.

Another way of getting rid of the carbon dioxide is to put in some substance, such as carbonate of soda (*Sodium carbonate*), which will at once unite with it, and so there will be no free carbon dioxide in the water to enable it to hold the limestone in solution. This is how the washerwoman "softens" the water with which she is going to wash the linen.

Sometimes the water has got another lime-rock dissolved in it, called sulphate of lime (*Calcium sulphate*) and this too, if it comes near soapy water, will give up its calcium to the stearate to make an insoluble lime soap. Boiling does no good in this case, because pure water will dissolve this calcium sulphate as easily as water that has carbon dioxide in it ; the presence of the latter makes no difference. But by putting sodium carbonate as before, we first turn the calcium sulphate into calcium carbonate, then, if there is carbon dioxide in the water, we get rid of it as before, by putting more sodium carbonate to unite with the carbon dioxide till there is no longer any left free.

So we come to the conclusion that the best soap for personal use is that which is made of soda, and that water is the best which we receive direct from the clouds, and which has had no chance of having any mineral dissolved in it, however much these "hardnesses" may make it more pleasant for drinking. At the same time, we see that the little quarrel apparently set up between the soap and water is not always their fault directly, but far more often due to the interference of a third substance ; and it is sometimes desirable to send in a fourth to give the third notice to quit, and so to rearrange matters that the soap and water may work well together once more.

PHOTOGRAPHIC INKLINGS.

"HOW can I become an amateur photographer? Is it really a difficult art or not? What will be the necessary expenditure of time and money? Whose make of camera do you recommend, and what lens? I have studied all the guide books on the subject, till I am utterly bewildered with the conflicting statements contained therein!"

Yes, on all these points the writer can give, from experience, a few useful inklings.

Photography is by no means a difficult art. Care, cleanliness, judgment, are the three principal essentials. Any one of average ability, after a few days' practice, should be able to take a passable picture of landscape or architecture. Portraiture is the *pons asinorum* of photography. Many professionals of second-rate calibre fail in this, the most difficult department of the art.

Many people have but a dim idea of how a photograph is produced; consequently they are quite at sea as to the amount of time expended in its production.

An old lady, the other day, is reputed to have requested her photographer to "put in the box enough stuff for three copies"! Many other people have equally as wild and original theories relating to photography.

The actual taking of a picture, that is, the exposure of the prepared plate to the image reflected in the camera, by means of the lens, is but the work of a second or so.

Of course, going out like Dr. Syntax, in quest of the picturesque, takes time, but our usual constitutional may be utilized for this purpose; for "things of beauty" lie all around, though frequently, for want of sight, they "blush unseen."

The picture once "taken" can be developed at leisure, either the following day or the following month, providing only that the prepared gelatine plate be kept perfectly dark. One tiny streak of light, though it be only of a moment's duration, will work dire ruin.

The only safe light in which gelatine plates can be manipulated, is red or yellow. The "dark room," as the photographer's workshop is designated, must have every cranny through which the treacherous white light can pierce, most effectually stopped up.

A red calico, known as "ruby medium," affords the best covering for the window. It is safer to tack it double-thickness, as even then sufficient safe light will filter through the medium, to enable the operator to see what he is about.

If the room is a dark one, and sufficient light does not filter through the calico, or if the amateur works only at night, a photographer's red lamp must be resorted to.

Actual development takes, as a rule, about half an hour.

It should be explained to the uninitiated that, prior to development, not a shadow of a trace of the picture taken is to be seen on the exposed gelatine film of the dry plate. Apparently it is exactly the same as it was before exposure. Development of an exposed dry plate is one of the most beautiful experiments in the whole range of science.

When the "developed" plate has been what is technically called "fixed," white light has no further effect on the negative. After being most thoroughly washed, sun-prints on albumenized paper, or gas prints on the new bromide paper, may be taken at any time.

Any number of prints may be taken from a single negative. They may be printed all at once, or as necessity requires. Providing only that the negative has been properly fixed, most thoroughly washed, and afterwards coated with varnish as a protection against the damp, there is no reason why our children's grandchildren should not print from the same negative.

Prints, previous to being mounted, have to pass through two baths, one of "toning" and one of "fixing." The "toning" bath alters the colour of the photograph. Chloride of gold is the principal ingredient of the bath. By altering the nature of our bath, we are enabled to obtain almost any colour for our photographs we may desire, from a rich purple to a shy grey. The "fixing" bath simply kills the unused silver in the paper, which if not destroyed by means of hypo-sulphite of soda, would rapidly darken by exposure to the light, and so ruin all our previous work.

Quite a large batch of prints may be "toned" and "fixed" in the hour. After "fixation," the prints must be thoroughly washed by being left in running water for seven or eight hours' duration. The fading of our prints will be the result of imperfect washing.

The cost of the necessary apparatus was another inquiry.

My first advice is, avoid second-hand cameras. Second-hand cameras are like second-hand umbrellas—neither good for use nor ornament. The price, of course, will depend on the size and quality of the camera.

A quarter-plate size would be the best to learn with. This camera would take a picture four and a half inches long, by three and three quarter inches deep. The larger the camera, the greater the all-round expense. A quarter-plate negative can be produced for one penny, while the popular cabinet size would incur an expense of threepence. At first the beginner might reasonably regard himself "lucky" if he did not waste more than one dozen plates, before he got some dim notion of the rationale of picture-making.

A fairly good quarter-plate outfit can be purchased for from two to three guineas.

The lens is really the most essential part of the apparatus. Photographic lenses may be classified under three heads:—(1) Single lenses; (2) rectilinear lenses; (3) wide-angled lenses. The rectilinear lens is the most useful of the three, being suitable for all-round work. It is the lens for architecture, and will also take a portrait, or piece of landscape, well. For successful instantaneous shutter work it is a *sine qua non*.

The single lens is the best one for landscape, pure and simple, while the wide-angled one is the only lens which will take buildings in confined positions, or cramped interiors.

The "cases" which hold the dry plates during exposure in the camera are called "dark-backs." The best form is that known as the "double dark-back," which is constructed to hold two dry plates. The more "double dark-backs" the amateur possesses, the more pictures he will be enabled to take when out touring.

It will be as well here to give a list of the really necessary articles required, as in these "bad times," dealers, exaggerate somewhat the tyro's requirements.

Apparatus.—Camera; lens; focussing cloth; dark-backs; tripod; leather bag; a few bottles; 3 large dishes for "developing," "alum," and "fixing"; plate rack; two-ounce measure; minim measure; 2 large dishes for "toning" and "fixing"; Printing frames, etc.

Chemicals.—½ oz. pyrogallic acid; ½ lb. sulphite of soda; 2 ozs. citric acid; 4 ozs. meta bisulphite of potash; 1 oz. bromide of potassium; 1 oz. ammonia, ·880; 1 lb. alum; 1 lb. hypo-sulphite of soda; 1 oz. borax; 2 oz. acetate of soda; one 15-grain tube of chloride of gold; dry plates; and sensitized paper.

The cost of all these chemicals should not exceed seven shillings, including one dozen quarter dry plates, and one cut sheet of sensitized paper.

"Which is the best text-book to study?" An important inquiry this. I recommend two at first—"The Beginner's Guide to Photography" (1s.), published by Lejeune & Perken, of Hatton Garden; and "Practical Photography" (2s. 6d.), published by Marion & Co., of Soho Square. When these are mastered, Captain Abney's "Instruction in Photography" (3s. 6d.), will afford food for thought. A little book, entitled "The Landscape Photographer's Systematic Exposure Book" (1s.), published by Cartwright & Rattray, 28, Brown Street, Manchester, will be found invaluable.

"The Amateur Photographer" and the "Camera," the first a weekly, and the second a monthly Magazine, both afford capital reading, as interesting as instructive.

Much experience would be gained, too, by joining a "Postal Photographic Club."

TO KATE.

I KNOW a maiden with a face not "fair,"
But dark and glorious. Waves of raven hair
Break o'er her brow. Two perfect arches rise
Above a pair of radiant glowing eyes,
Shrouded with drooping lashes, black as jet—
A face, once seen, no man can e'er forget.

They call her "Kate."
My soul is moved to wonder if the grace
Of Jesus dwells with her who owns that face;
Whether the mighty love of Him who died
To save us from our sins has sanctified
Her heart, making both gem and casket shine
With light, part human, and yet all Divine.

If so—*then* do
I know a maiden with a heart all fair,
Matching a face all lovely. Oh, 'tis rare
To find such union! Oh, 'tis rare to see
Goodness with beauty joined! My memory,
Charged with a pleasure more than I can tell,
Has fixed that image. Can I say, "Farewell,
Grand face—sweetheart"?

JAMES I., in one of his capricious moods, threatened to remove the seat of royalty, the archives of the crown, etc., from the capital; whereupon an alderman said, "Your Majesty will, at least, be graciously pleased to leave us the River Thames!"

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

By M. F. Billington.

IT was a dreary afternoon. A raw, cheerless fog hung over the metropolis, and no quarter seemed more wretched than did a little side street between Clerkenwell Road and Hatton Garden. In a poorly-furnished, gloomy back room there, where the handful of cinders in the grate had burnt down to a grey ash, sat a widow, with her hands clasped in an agony of grief. On her lap lay an open letter, which ran as follows :—

"Blank Street, Brighton,
"*Jan.* 17*th*, 188-

"My dearest Mother,—

"You will be sorry to hear that I have got into a beastly row here. I knocked a cad down, and am likely to be fined a 'fiver,' or sent to prison for a month. Now, I have not got a penny to call my own, but the disgrace of going to prison I cannot face. So sure as my name is what it is, I will blow my brains out with father's old revolver in his dressing-case, rather than suffer that shame. *Can* you send me on five pounds by return? I would like more if you could spare it, but I don't suppose that funds are very flourishing with you.

"I got one pretty sketch of sunset effect from my windows, but was obliged to make my old dragon of a landlady take it for rent. It is too cold to go out sketching here.

"If the money doesn't arrive by the first post, really, mother, you must be prepared to see in the evening papers, 'Shocking suicide of a young artist at Brighton!'

"I hope you are well, and with my best love,

"Believe me,
"Your affectionate son,
"WALTER LEWIS."

Presently the poor mother rose, and with a bitter sob drew from her pocket an old purse, in which was a five-pound note, about eight shillings in silver, and a stamp! It was not the first time that her boy had come to her for money, and she knew him well enough to know that however wild a threat he made, he carried it out.

"Oh, Walter, Walter," she cried, "I can do no more for you!" But the vision of a fair-haired, handsome lad, with a ghastly wound through his head, came before her, and hastily she sat down again, saying, "Better he has it than I. What matter if I die? Even he would not miss me, and I cannot help him."

She wrote a loving letter, that would have melted a heart of stone. Then enclosing the five-pound note, she took it to the post herself, and came back to try to drink a cup of cold, weak tea, and eat a slice of dry bread.

Perhaps she sat over this wretched meal for a quarter of an hour, thinking over the past. She recalled herself the pretty bride of the young officer in a line regiment; she saw Walter as a baby again; and then she remembered how her husband had been killed in a railway accident, leaving her with the bright boy, and eight hundred pounds. With that she had tried to do so much! But it had soon melted into five hundred, and then she had purchased a slender annuity. How hard she had worked at her needle and with her brush—for she had some artistic ability—none but herself knew. She had given Walter the best education in her power, and he had developed real talent for art. If he had only applied himself with any strength of purpose, he could undoubtedly have conquered a position and competency in life. But, as his letter showed, he was fearfully selfish, and fatally idle. He had drifted into a set more highly endowed with money than himself, and idle also, to say nothing of other bad examples they set him. His head was filled with notions of only working at such rare intervals as he felt "inspired." The vivid *impressioniste* sketches that he produced lacked finish, and the very facility with which, with a few hours' work, he could turn out really original studies and pictures, was a snare to him. He had quite abandoned his mother, save to beg from her, and he had not seen her for several months before he sent her the appeal that distressed her so much.

A step in the passage caused Mrs. Lewis to start, and she wearily answered, "Come in," to a knock at the door. It turned out to be Mr. Brown, the landlord.

After a formal "Good evening" on both sides, Mr. Brown said,—

"I am sorry to have to remind you, Mrs. Lewis, but you know your rent is considerably overdue. With what was owing before, it was four pounds, eighteen shillings up to last quarter-day."

Mrs. Lewis tried to answer calmly, but her voice was choked by sobs, as she said,—

"I had the money by me last night, Mr. Brown; I had painted some menu cards, and had been liberally paid for them, and I intended to have brought it to you this morning. But what was I to do? See how my darling boy wrote to me! I could not bear the thought of his going to prison; and if he threatens to do a thing, he always does it."

Mr. Brown read the letter; and, ordinary, almost coarse, man as he was, its heartless, patent selfishness disgusted him. He said, as he laid it down,—

"Well, ma'am, a young cub who could write such words as those wouldn't be much loss to any one, I should think. Still, I s'pose a mother has different feelings to any other. But I really want my rent. I don't want to be hard to you, Mrs. Lewis; you've been a careful, quiet tenant, I know. You see, I'm not a rich man. I'll give you one more week, but I must indeed be paid then. Good-night."

He gave one glance round the room as he left. The scanty furniture it contained would scarcely have recouped him if he had distrained on it.

She said, "I will do what I can for you, Mr. Brown. No one can be more truly grieved than I am to be so long in your debt."

She sat up till twelve, and did needlework by the light of a tiny candle.

Walter got out of his "row" through a technical error in the summons, and in anticipation of the money that he felt sure was coming, treated some of his companions to a sumptuous supper. Hard as Mrs. Lewis worked during that week, she had only a trifle more than a sovereign for her landlord. She had written begging Walter to send her even a couple of his clever sketches to help her; but the miserable lazy fellow wrote back that he had nothing by him of the least good.

There was no help for it! Mr. Brown must have his money. He must take the scanty furniture, and she—well, she must do what she could. There was the workhouse, after all, but she was a lady, and anything seemed better than that. She had no friend to turn to in the world. When Mr. Brown came that afternoon, she told him that she must leave, and that she hoped the few bits of furniture would pay his rent. If she could have foreseen any prospect of paying him off, she might have asked him for an extension of time, but it might be weeks before she could get even another sovereign. He was sorry for her, but he had no idea of her utter destitution.

So she took away in a very light bundle her few clothes, one or two little memorials of her husband, and his and Walter's photographs; and on a chill, drizzling afternoon, she passed out homeless into the street, with a shilling and some coppers in her pocket, and a heart of lead in her breast.

Fourpence of her slender fund she spent in a bed at a common lodging-house. The next morning she awoke with cold in every limb, her body aching, and her throat sore. She rose, and painfully dragged herself to a dispensary near, where she spent some more of the pence in a futile effort to obtain some relief for her cough. Another scanty meal, and all that was left was just the fourpence that would give her the night's shelter, and then there was nothing more but death. Oh! how sad it seemed to die alone, hungry, and forgotten, in a house full of strangers.

The following day found her still worse, and the landlady advised her to go to the parish infirmary, and then, if she became better, to apply for out-door relief. Thither she went, but, instead of mending, she grew worse and worse. The cold and exposure of those two blank, hopeless days following upon the insufficient food and privation of many weeks, had brought on congestion of the lungs, and it soon became evident that she could not recover. They broke the news to her, and asked if she had any relations whom she would like to see. She longed, of course, to see Walter, but for some time she hesitated to send for him, feeling with the utmost refinement of affection that it would be painful to him to see her in the wards of a workhouse; but finally she gave his address, and besought him to come and bid her adieu in this world.

When the earnestly-worded summons came to him, he could scarcely realise what it really meant. His mother dying! In a pauper's bed! But with an agony of reproach he remembered her piteous request for a picture, and how he might have given her every reasonable comfort for her old age if he would only have exerted himself. He had idled away splendid opportunities, and when one little picture—a few hours' work on his part—could have kept the roof over her head, he felt how utterly heartless and brutal he had been. As it happened, he had made several sketches a day or so before, and these he hastily parted with, so that he might have two or three pounds in his pocket to do what he could for her, although it was now too late.

He took the next train to London, and was soon standing outside the gloomy walls of an East Central London parish hospital. With a shudder of shame he passed in, and was led to his mother's bedside. Texts on the walls, and flowers did a little towards relieving the painful aspect of the long rows of beds, but Walter's remorse that his mother, through him, was in such a place, is not to be described.

The end was very near. When he approached her, she extended a thin hand, and said, "My darling boy. God has heard my earnest prayer to let me see you before I die. Oh! Walter, do try and work for yourself more—you might do so much if you would try."

Walter sat on the edge of the bed, and passed his arm round his mother's slight, wasted figure, and his tears came very fast as he answered, "Yes, mother, I will. I have thrown away time and money in all conscience, but the worst part is that I have brought *you* to this. Mother, *can* you forgive me for the brutal selfishness I have shown you?"

"Yes, darling; may God do so as I do. I am going to join your dear father in a little while now, and then life's troubles will all be over. If I can die, feeling that you will do your best, and sever yourself from your lazy companions, I shall be happy at the last."

As he bent his head and kissed her, he whispered the promise. He sat beside her, hearing the sweet words of love that only a mother can say, till a change came over her, and as she breathed a prayer for him, her soul passed to "where beyond those voices there is peace."

* * * *

Walter kept his word bravely. He is now working hard at his profession, and exhibits in some of the lesser galleries. hoping in time, with best exertions, to win one of the coveted places "on the line" at Burlington House.

SIX TRAINS A DAY ROUND THE WORLD.

SIR RICHARD MOON says that the trains on his railway now run equal to six trains a day round the world. And it carries 60 millions of passengers, and 33 million tons of goods, annually. It employs 60,000 persons, has 50,000 wagons, 5,000 carriages, 3,000 horses, 20 steamships, and 3,000 engines. What would George Stephenson have said?

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC

GIVEN IN OUR NUMBER FOR JUNE 30TH.

A SPELLING CHASE—THE GUINEA PRIZE.

A	n T
S	abbat H
P	riz E
E	g G
L	anda U
L	ev I
I	n N
N	os E
G	uine A
C	ro P
H	arbou R
A	I
S	ue Z
E	v E

ABOUT OURSELVES.

A LARGE number of Papers and Periodicals have been calling attention to the illustrations and Articles in our Magazine, and have said many kind and complimentary things about us. We tender our sincere thanks for their kind appreciation.

We remind our numerous readers that we are always glad to send small Parcels of Specimen Copies, free and postage paid, to any who will distribute them advantageously.

On the back of a post card, please send us the addresses of half a dozen young men to whom we may post a Specimen Copy.

A NEW PRIZE COMPETITION.

NEXT week we hope to announce another Prize Competition, which, whilst not difficult, will test the capabilities of our readers in quite a fresh direction.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASSES.

DIFFICULTIES IN TEACHING.

By the Rev. J. H. THORPE, M.A.

MAKE your Class your daily prayer, ask for their attention and believe in the Holy Ghost. There are, however, very important human elements in the matter, and a fortnight's experience need not discourage you, because you have not won their attention. They can hardly know *you* yet, and to *know your scholars well* is a great step towards getting their attention. The ages of your pupils suggests that you must not expect too much. Do not mind if the earlier part of the lesson is not very attentively listened to. Aim for their chief attention at the end of the lesson. Remember their minds cannot take in all you would wish, and do not deal with your Class (practically infants) as if they were men. As a rule, references are quite useless—excepting a few very plain ones—with such a Class. Here is a suggested "Bill of Fare." School assembles. Hymn and prayer being ended, arrange your Class. Keep them all in front of you. If your Class is seated on three benches in the form of three sides of a square, place your chair on the line of the fourth side—thus all your Class will be in front of you. Ask, "What is the verse for to-day? Where is it found? Old or New Testament," etc. Begin the repetition, but *not in order*—do not begin at the top and go round; ask boys who are not expecting. This keeps attention.

If hymns are learned, always have them repeated. Do not be VERY particular at this part of the lesson about general attention, because here you are dealing with individual memories (of course you must keep strict *order*). If a boy makes an error in his repetition, do not correct him yourself; ask another boy what mistake he made. Then you come to the lesson proper. Be sure you know it well yourself. Dwell on *facts* and *incidents*, rather than deep doctrines—or indeed doctrines at all. Cultivate the art of word-painting, endeavour to put a picture of the incidents of the lesson or suggested incidents before them. Tell anecdotes by all means, *if you know how*, but be very careful to keep them in the second place. Many teachers forget that an anecdote is only a nail to hang the truth upon, and so their lessons are often many nails and few *truths*. Keep a note-book for your anecdotes, and if possible, have more illustrations than stories. We know of no book bearing on this subject except the book called "Experience," which each must write for himself!

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

"Tare."—A correspondent asks for name of editor, number of volumes, and present price (including postage), of the Encyclopædia you wish to dispose of. Please send us these particulars with your name and address.

A. J. S.—The help which you seek in this matter is so important, that we have given a separate paragraph to this subject in the previous column, hoping that the valuable suggestions it contains will be helpful to many S. S. teachers besides yourself.

G. E. M. P.—To stain boarded floors, obtain a bottle of Varnish from J. H. & S. Johnson, 6, 8, and 10, Whitechapel, Liverpool. The colours are Ebony, Mahogany, Rosewood, Oak, and Walnut. A 1s. bottle will do about three yards square, or round a moderate-sized room. The polished surface is sustained by occasional rubbing with bees'-wax and turpentine. We are glad to hear that you have derived so much good from —"A. 1."—and hope that you will introduce it to your friends.

A Well-Wisher for "A.1."—Mark 16. 16 teaches that faith is *absolutely* necessary to salvation—that is to say, without faith a person cannot be saved at all. A believer may be saved without baptism; it is not the privation of the Sacrament, but the contempt of it that condemns. As to the signs following them that believe, and their cessation in the Church now, the reason appears to be this, that at the first setting up of Christianity in the world. miracles were intended to be the credentials of the faith. But when the gospel had taken root and become more fully established, then the ordinary operations of the Spirit, which indeed are miracles of another order, took their place. Just as in nature. The world was created miraculously, but afterwards carried on by what we call the ordinary providence of God.

Douna.— Are believers taught to look back to the cross, to a dead Christ, or to the Father's right hand, at a risen, living, and interceding Christ? If the latter, then surely a crucifix is not the emblem which should engage our thoughts. Further—if a beloved friend had suffered untold agony, and for you—would you feel satisfied in gazing continually upon the instrument by which all the suffering was inflicted? And since such grievous dishonour is done to our Lord by the adoration offered to the symbol, surely those who love Him should be jealous for His honour, and oppose every appearance of evil. It is *spiritual* worship which the Father seeks, and those who are spiritual, neither need nor desire such material aids; whilst to those who are not spiritual they are an undoubted hindrance, if not a positive danger.

Spelling Chase No. 2.—We have had a few groans from disappointed Competitors. One friend felt confident that if not entitled to a Prize, his name should have been on the "Commended" List, for it certainly had, at most, only one mistake. He had kept a copy, which he begged as a favour might be glanced over. We complied with the request, and had, alas! to return it with some eight or nine mistakes marked.

R.G., Southend.—Very glad you enjoy our Paper so greatly. Your letters have reached us safely. If your friend who wishes to see Specimen Copies of—"A. 1."—will send his name and address to our London Office, he will receive a small parcel. May you always realise the presence of the Lord Jesus, and cultivate close acquaintance with Him through His word; then you will lack no earthly fellowship.

ACROSTIC.

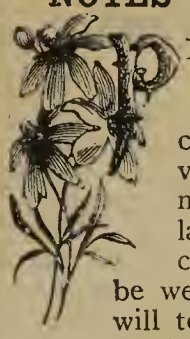
SHE failed to do my first—a tearful child;
A toy that makes my second dry her tears.
Years pass. With wondering eyes, the maid reads wild,
Weird tales about my whole. Again more years,
And softer shine her sweet eyes when, for one
Who is my whole, they are my first, and then
Her heart becomes my second. She is won,
And weeps no more, nor frighted is again.

1. Although with many strokes and strong my feeble form they beat,
   My spirits ne'er forsake me, and my nature still is sweet.
2. But use my eyes, and soon you'll see
   A dozen more for two or three.
3. A winged creature, yet not found in air,
   But fleet of foot, and great, and strong to bear.
4. Majestic, fearless, strong, and kingly,
   I should not care to meet him singly.
5. This is not lake or river, stream or sea,
   But near all these 'tis always sure to be.

Answer will be found in our Number for August 18th.

WE rejoice to hear of such a good building and bright future for the West Bromwich Y.M.C.A.

NOTES ON PET MONKEYS.



PERHAPS it is because monkeys are not very common pets that information concerning their management is not very readily procured. A handy manual on the subject* has lately been published by L. Upcott Gill, which will doubtless be welcomed by monkey lovers, and will tend to make the lives of these droll captives more endurable than in the past.

Notwithstanding the eulogium of our author, we doubt whether these quadrumana will ever be thoroughly popular. Amusing and droll they doubtless are, but their mischievous propensities are well-nigh ungovernable, and their temper is rarely to be trusted. A bite from an angry monkey is not lightly forgotten.

At the same time, a number of more or less irrational persons *do* keep tame monkeys, and for their benefit we reproduce a little of our author's sage counsel, referring them, if they desire further information, to the book itself.

A monkey without a cage is a domestic nuisance. Some folk still cling fondly to the delusion that a pole is essential, with the cage mounted on top, and the monkey so chained that he can run up and down the pole, and have a certain limited space of floor at his disposal. This makes your monkey an unpleasant occupant of any room, and is unnecessary. He will thrive as well, if not better, in a cage made of an ordinary packing-case, strongly wired in front, and provided with a trapeze, wheel perch, ring and bell, and swing looking-glass. The cage, by a little ingenuity, can be made at home, and will not cost much.

The chief importers of monkeys are Cross, Carpenter, and Johnson, of Liverpool; and Jamrach and Abrahams, of London. But there are monkey dealers in most towns, and also papers dealing in exchanges, through which good animals can frequently be had. The price for an ordinary monkey varies from 12s. to £1, but you can go as high as £30 if you choose.

A few hints as to diet. Boiled milk and rice stand first, bread and milk next, then boiled potatoes. Fruit of any kind may be given in moderation; sliced Swedish turnips, carrots, beet, boiled maize, cabbage, and onions are also good. Some monkeys will not touch onions, but most are delighted to get them.

Monkeys should be kept warm—in a temperature not exceeding 60°—and free from draughts. Generally speaking, milk with the morning and evening meal will prove sufficient moisture for your pet; in hot weather, however, a little drinking water should be given, but if a pan of it is allowed to lie in the cage, the monkey is sure to upset it.

A monkey at sixteen years of age may be reckoned quite a prodigy. A young monkey should possess a smooth, well-kept coat, a tail fairly woolly and free from a mangy appearance, teeth clean and perfect, and eyes free from "grumble." As a monkey ages, his temper becomes crusty and uncertain. His canine teeth develop, and so does his propensity for using them. When he comes to this stage, it is better to dispose of him to the next menagerie, or your fingers will suffer from his bites.

Our author is careful to point out that the monkey tribes are very far indeed from being new-fangled pets. He says:—

"As pets, monkeys were kept centuries since; it is recorded in the Books of Chronicles and Kings, that Solomon, among other importations, brought a quantity of apes. The Egyptians were not slow to appreciate the special qualifications of the *Simian* species as pets, and on many of their tablets and obelisks are to be seen chiselled the Thotto Baboon, the Grivet, the Patas monkey, and others.

"In the Middle Ages the 'baron bold' and 'ladye fair' always made the strolling minstrel and his monkey welcome in the 'hall or bower'; and as great a favourite still is the little Savoyard, who, with his monkey and his barrel-organ, can always draw an admiring, if not an appreciative audience.

"The menagerie and the Zoological collection are incomplete without a certain complement of monkeys; whatever else may awe, and frighten, and command the admiration of the gaping crowd, it is this department that awakens the broad grin and hearty laugh."

Finally, we most heartily reciprocate our author's sentiments, where he says:

"Tormenting a caged monkey seems to be so natural to some folk, that they cannot visit one but they must poke it with sticks, offer and withdraw food, etc., in order to see the droll anger exhibited by its every grimace, action, and shriek. In cases of this kind, where once telling does not suffice, I politely escort such an one to the door of my monkey-house, the effect upon a crowded assembly being always very striking. The most abominable thing one can do to a caged animal is to test its capacities of forbearance."

* "Notes on Pet Monkeys, and How to Manage Them." By Arthur Patterson. Price 2s. 6d.

EXTRACTS.

WHEN Daguerre was working at his sun-pictures, his great difficulty was to fix them. The light came and imprinted the image; but when the tablet was drawn from the camera, the image had vanished. Our lamentation is like his, our want the same—a fixing solution that shall arrest and detain the blessings. He discovered the chemical power which turned the evanescent into the durable. There is a Divine agency at hand, that can fix the truth upon the heart of man—God's Holy Spirit.

CARNAL man cannot comprehend that God loves those whom He permits to suffer. But faith teaches us that the cross is the gift of His love, the foundation of our hope, the mark of His children, the evidence of title to the inheritance of heaven. But unless God sanctify it by His Spirit, it becomes an insupportable burden, a subject of murmuring, an occasion of sin.

O THOU Good Shepherd, who hast laid down Thy life for me, let me trust Thy love and feel Thy support, that whatsoever lies before me to be done or suffered, I may be enabled to do it, and to suffer it, by the continual supplies of Thy grace.

THE REV. SPENCER COMPTON relates the following incident: "During a voyage to India I sat in my cabin, feeling thoroughly unwell, as the sea was rising, and I was but a poor sailer. Suddenly the cry of 'Man overboard!' made me spring to my feet. I heard a tramping overhead, but resolved not to go on deck, lest I should interfere with efforts to save the poor man. 'What can I do?' I asked myself, and instantly unhooking my lamp, held it close to my window, that its light might shine on the sea as near the ship as possible. In half a minute I heard the cry, 'It's all right.' The next day, however, I was told that my little lamp was the means of saving the man's life; it was only by the timely light which shone upon him that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him. Christian, never think there is nothing for you to do in the dark. Looking unto Jesus, lift up your light; let it so shine that men may see, and in the resurrection morning, what joy to hear the 'Well done!' and to know that you have saved some soul from death!"

THERE are two thousand Protestant girls in convent schools in the Canadian province of Ontario. This is rousing Protestants to the importance of establishing good schools for girls.

PERSONS of genius are more individual than any other people, and less capable, consequently, of fitting themselves, without hurtful compression, into any of the small numbers of moulds which society provides in order to save its members the trouble of forming their own characters.

PATIENCE.—The Son of God lived till thirty in an obscure village of Judea, unknown; then came forth a matured and perfect Man—with mind and heart and frame in perfect balance of humanity. It is a Divine lesson! I would I could say as strongly as I feel deeply. Our stimulating artificial culture destroys depth. Our competition, our nights turned into days by pleasure, leave no time for earnestness. We are superficial men. Character in the world wants *root*.

THE NewYork Y.M.C.A. has elevenBranch Associations in the city, five of which occupy their own Buildings.

THE Annual Report of the Carrickfergus (Ireland) Y.M.C.A. shows a Membership of 135, an increase of 16 on last year. This vigorous Association starts this year free from debt, and has recently opened a first-class café, which is proving very successful.

THE STAR OF TEL-EL-KEBIR.

DURING the Egyptian War, which is memorable for the battle of Tel-el-kebir, an incident occurred which is worthy of note. All night long the British forces had been marching across the well-nigh trackless desert. The order had been given that not a word was to be exchanged, not a light was to be shown. The troops were under the command of General Wolseley, but their guide through the sombre darkness of that memorable night, was a young naval officer, whose knowledge of astronomy proved invaluable to him in the terribly responsible position in which he was now placed.

As the first streaks of coming daylight stole across the sky, the intrenchments and outworks of Tel-el-kebir were reached. Stealthily as the English advanced, their approach soon became known, and the report of a gun was the signal for a battle to commence in all too deadly earnestness. Among the very first to fall, on the English side, was the young naval officer, whose unerring wisdom had led his countrymen so well. As he lay there, wounded and bleeding, his life-blood fast ebbing away, his commanding officer went up to him, and bending over him said, "Well, you did lead us splendidly." His reply, faint and weak, was, "Yes, I did lead you straight; but it was only because I kept my eyes fixed on yonder bright star."

Every soldier of Christ has a warfare to engage in, far more hazardous, and with more tremendous issues at stake than any Tel-el-kebir.

His path is sometimes apparently trackless, through a spiritual desert, and the night is sometimes very dark, but still there is ever shining above him the Star of Bethlehem—the life and the Person of Christ. And with his eyes fixed on that true Light of lights, the course he takes will not only lead to his being more than conqueror himself, but by his example he may lead many a brother "from the error of his way," and thus "save a soul alive, and hide a multitude of sins."

AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

IT was the "Exeat" or half-term holiday in the Easter term, when several Harrow boys were wending their way to the Crystal Palace in London. The grounds looked very pretty, while inside the Palace the sunlight was streaming everywhere. In one part of the hall stood a large picture, in a very handsome frame. As we approached the picture to look at it, we stood for a few moments on one side of it, at a little distance off. Evidently the light which fell upon the picture from where we were standing, was a wrong one in which to look at it, for the painting seemed to be only a confused daub of colours, pervaded by a kind of misty darkness.

Crossing over, we looked at the picture in its proper light, and found that it represented a beautiful landscape scene, which well repaid a close and careful study. Indeed, the more one looked at it, the more brightly did the realisation of the whole scene dawn upon one. That picture, then, had *two* sides, a dark one, which inevitably presented itself to those who stood and looked at it in a wrong light and from a wrong point of view, but a bright side, continually getting brighter, to those who looked at it in the light in which the artist had painted it.

Exactly so is it with the Divine Picture, drawn and painted by the Master-hand of the eternal Father Himself. This picture, representing the gift of God to man, has two sides. One side is a dark one indeed, because the dark shadow of sin has fallen upon it—that side tells us only too truly that "the wages of sin is death." But crossing over to view the picture in the light in which God intended it should be seen, we find the bright side, which shows to us that "the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." The more we stand looking at this picture the more do we realise in our own soul that its Divine glory of light grows "brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

But this was not the only lesson learned in the Crystal Palace that day. Soon afterwards there was a grand organ recital, listened to by several hundred people. A few had reserved seats, but the majority stood in the body of the hall. Suddenly a man went into the gallery, and held up a large blackboard, on which was written, in chalk, the word "*Free.*" The crowd saw the notice, believed it was intended for *them*, and immediately occupied the gallery. Instinctively our thoughts went to that *Free* place in the Crystal Palace of Heaven, offered without money and without price to all who will believe it has been purchased by the life-blood of the Son of God, and "prepared for" them by Christ Himself. *That* is the Palace of the "King of kings."

"*It is a good thing to believe;* it is a good thing to admire. By continual looking upwards, our minds will themselves grow upwards; and as a man, by indulgence in habits of scorn and contempt for others, is sure to descend to the level of what he despises, so the opposite habits of admiration and enthusiastic reverence for excellence, impart to ourselves a portion of the qualities we admire. Here, as in everything else, humility is the surest path to exaltation."

"SAVED FROM THE WRECK."

IT was one day in November, 1886. The wind was blowing a strong gale from the N.E., and all day long the waves had been rolling "mountains high" in the German Ocean, just off the coast of Lowestoft. Ever since early morning, the fishing-boats had been making for port, and their entrance into harbour had been eagerly watched by an anxious crowd on the north and south jetties. The tugs had been busy all day, and many a vessel, more or less disabled, had they towed into port, in answer to a signal of distress. As evening closed in, the beachmen and others felt that their time of watching was over. Suddenly, at about 8 p.m., the sound of a rocket startled all the town, being followed in rapid succession by two more rockets. There was no mistake about it, a vessel must be either on the sands or aground somewhere. The latter was the case; a French fishing-boat had mistaken the harbour lights, and the strong wind had driven her on to the breakers.

The coastguardsmen and beachmen were soon on the spot; and after about three-quarters of an hour, the rocket-line reached the vessel, and was securely made fast.

Meanwhile the beachmen waded into the sea, and stood there, sometimes buried in the surf, to receive the first comer in the life-saving apparatus. The first thus rescued was a lad, and a loud cheer greeted this proof of the unselfishness of the men. Then, after a long interval, came a poor fisherman whose leg had got broken, then one or two more, and last of all, midst ringing cheers, the skipper of the boat. The poor fellows, wrapped in blankets, were driven to the Sailors' Home, which noble institution is open to all, without distinction of language, creed, or race.

Somehow or other, as I wended my way home at nearly midnight, I thought how "man's extremity was God's opportunity;" and how, over the darkness of the stormy sea of life, the bright rocket light of a Saviour's love shone clearly, revealing, it is true, the hopeless shipwreck of man's life, and yet pointing out the life-saving, the *soul*-saving method of God's provision. All that is needed is to leave, once and for all, the failure and wreck of the past, and stepping boldly into the means of salvation provided, to be received on the shore of eternal life into the strong arms of our Deliverer, and by Him to be led in joyful security to that everlasting "*Home*," which is open for "all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues"—over the door of which is engraved in letters of redeeming love, "Whosoever will may come." "And the nations of them which are SAVED shall walk in the light thereof."

MAD JOHN BURLEIGH:

A STORY OF HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT,

Author of "Her Two Sons," "Eric Olsson's Minde Ring," "Drifted," "Little Rainbow," "Corbiestanes," "Our Navvies," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

"ACCIDENTS ARE OFTEN GOD'S PROVIDENCES."

JOHN BURLEIGH entered the courtyard, and threw himself down on the turf, and thought how lonely the place would be without them all. Certainly he was not a great deal at the Chase; but then he felt that the home circle was always there, and that at any moment of despondency he might take refuge in it. He called to remembrance many happy hours. And then it flashed upon John Burleigh's heart that Lady Susan had been the centre of all this consolation and comfort. The next instant the steel cord drew itself across his chest, and the pain was as intense as if he had been running desperately. He placed his hand on his heart instinctively and threw the other up. Slowly the pulsation came back, and the sense of suffocation passed. He felt faint and weak, but the sunshine warmed him, and presently his brain began to work again. The spasm of surprise was past, and a wonderful warmth of happiness glowed within him. He thought of this young girl so intensely that he was hardly startled when he saw her standing in her grey dress in the old gateway. She gave a little laugh, and came forward.

"This sketch seems destined never to be finished. I find you here again, Mr. Burleigh. I won't disturb you this time. I will go. Though, by-the-bye, you were the intruder before."

"Don't go, Lady Susan; sit down here where you sat six weeks ago."

"Has something specially pleasant happened? You look quite radiant."

"I don't know; I fear now that my vision was illusive. Still it is always well to see the truth."

"May not I see it too, for it seems a pleasant one?"

"I do not think you would consider it such."

"Let me judge."

John Burleigh bent his head on his hand.

"I have heard this morning," said John Burleigh simply, "that you are all going away, and that you will not return until autumn. Of course I knew it before, but I had never realised the fact that all through the summer the Chase would be empty, and that I should be alone here. When I realised it, as I said, I saw what a second home yours had been to me, and then I discovered that *you* were the centre of all its warmth and help to me, and so I found out that I loved you, as I have never loved any one before."

John Burleigh held out his right hand, and his eager questioning eyes looked down into the girl's very soul.

In the two or three minutes during which



"His questioning eyes looked down into the girl's very soul."

she hesitated, a great ocean of strange thoughts rushed over her, and almost engulfed her.

Was Mr. Burleigh mad? A poor man—so very poor. If she put her hand in his, farewell to all prospects of a brilliant future. She would never be a leader in society or politics; all the day dreams of her life would vanish into thin air—not one would become a reality. Her father, mother, sisters, friends, every one would consider her insane, and Mr. Burleigh, he would expect her to live on his own high level. Would she ever be able to do that? And then she glanced at him; his hand was still outstretched. Their eyes met in a long, solemn gaze, and as she placed her hand in his, his whole face was illuminated with brightness, and tears sprang to the girl's eyes, and she bent her head and kissed the fingers which held her own.

John Burleigh, as he walked across the park two hours later with Lady Susan, remarked quietly,—

"As you all go to-morrow, I must ask your father for his consent to-night, Susie."

Lady Susan stood still in horror.

"Oh no!"

"Why not?"

"Because—why, John, it would be madness! Father is worried about a great many things. It would vex him terribly to hear of any new plans just now. Do trust me—I will tell you when to ask."

"But it would not be honourable—we cannot be engaged. I cannot feel you are my promised wife until all the world knows the happiness you have given me."

"No, we are *not* engaged—I want to test you, perhaps. Anyhow, I ask you to wait my time. I promise you I will let you know the right moment as early as possible. Markham and Edward have both been tiresome lately, and I do not want to add to the family burdens."

"It is rather hard, but let it be as you will. I can feel at least that you are my dearest friend; but if you are as yet to be *only* that, I cannot intrude on your family this last evening. Good-bye, Susie."

Lady Susan did not regret the step she had taken. She had gained the love of the only man she had ever cared for, and the very fact of being beloved by him was happiness and promotion inexpressible. Yet she knew that every one would consider her infatuated to prefer poverty and seclusion to rank, honour, riches, and the rush and glory of a life such as she could easily secure—such as she had had the choice of before to-day. All her relatives would place themselves in opposition, and bitter times were looming. Still Lady Susan told herself, one day she would be John Burleigh's wife, come what might, and then happy thoughts lulled her to sleep with a smile on her lips.

Next day the family went to town, and a strange stillness fell on the village. It was not, however, of long continuance. In three weeks the spring races at the neighbouring town of Castleborough were held, and the country roads were crowded by all manner of carriages, from the four-in-hand drag to the coster's cart. Showmen, thimble-rig men, gipsies, and many other specimens of humanity were trudging through Houghrigg, towards the scene of a hoped-for harvest, for days before. Nor were the villagers themselves exempt from the general excitement. A feverish restlessness seized on some of the quietest men, apparently, in the place. Amongst the rest, William Bradley, setting at defiance the wife to whom he was usually so submissive, went to the races with all the carefully saved cash she had in the house in his pocket.

"I've a right to my bit of pleasure as much as any gentleman, and a deal more, for I work for it and they don't," he said sullenly, and disappeared for three days. At the end of which time he reappeared, crestfallen but silent to all Mrs. Bradley's reproaches.

"I'm glad it's come and gone," said she to the Vicar; "he like goes off his head spring and autumn, but all t' rest of t' year he's a decent man enough; and when all's said, he's a sight less wasteful than the gentry. They've plenty to fool away, and he's only a little. Look at Lord Markham, why, after these races the earl is near distracted, they say. He once had a horse that got him £20,000, but he's lost a deal more nor that wi' others."

John walked home across the fields, little Mary running by his side and chattering all the way. He wished her "Good-bye" at the stile which led into the high road, close to the lodge gates of the Chase.

It was the third and last day of the races, and on to the quiet evening air came the tramp of horses, the rush of wheels, and the voices of men. Then came a dogcart, driven tandem, with three men and a groom. The four horses, excited by the rhythm of the crashing hoofs before them, were with difficulty held in by their driver. Presently a piece of newspaper blew out of the hedge and fluttered before the leader. The thoroughbred started in terror, reared, plunged, and bolted round. The next instant the dogcart was over, and the wheeler was kicking it to pieces.

The groom had seized the leader, one of the gentlemen was cutting the other free from the traces, while John Burleigh and the other gentleman raised the dogcart and drew from under it the driver, with difficulty getting him beyond the range of the wheeler's heels.

"My leg is broken," he gasped; "it is a wonder it's not my head."

John Burleigh ran away for assistance, and as he did so, he puzzled where he had seen the injured man before. He could not remember. He returned very soon with a door, some cushions, and the village blacksmith, and his two men. Then the doubt was solved.

"Hardman has fainted. I'm afraid it's a bad smash. We must get him to the Chase as quickly as possible."

"There is a short cut to the house."

"How far may that be?"

"About a mile."

"Ah! we shall be there before the doctor. I have sent Banks back on the leader for one. The chestnut has cut her legs to pieces."

John Burleigh helped to carry his old schoolfellow home, and waited by his side until the doctor came and set the broken leg; and when even he had gone, lingered still by the sick bed.

His friends had all left the sick man, and the stillness of the room was profound.

Hardman was suffering, but was so much more at ease now, that he began to wonder who this helpful parson with the delicate, strong hands, and the strangely familiar face could be. He tried again and again to seize on the dim memory, but it always escaped his grasp.

"I suppose the other fellows have gone to dinner?"

"Yes, they went down some time since."

"Of course. It is a great bore being with a sick fellow. Had you not better join them?"

"I should not care to do that. If I leave you, it will be only to go home."

"Then you live near here?"

"Yes, I am the Vicar of this parish. The Vicarage is at the other side of the park. You are weary; I will go now, and call again to-morrow."

"Not unless you are tired; if you really have nothing better to do, I should be much obliged if you could remain until they have dined, and see Markham for me."

"Yes."

"Tell him, will you, that I know he has a lot of engagements, and I trust he will not remain here a moment beyond eleven to-morrow. I know they were all going up to town by that train."

So John Burleigh sat on in the dim light of the late May evening, and wondered at the chance—or was it the design?—which had brought this young man so near to him.

There had been a long silence, and then Hardman said,—

"I trust that you will not think me impertinent, but I feel as though we had met before. It must have been long ago, or only casually, for I cannot recall your name."

John Burleigh came forward. There was an amused smile on his lips and in his eyes.

"It does not seem very long ago since you were a fat, small boy at Eton. Hardman, don't you remember your great score the first time you played with your house eleven?"

"Don't I remember, you mean, that awful surging of the water in my ears, and feeling very limp on the bank afterwards? Jack Burleigh, dear old Jack, who would have thought you would have turned out a parson! Why, man, you were intended for a cavalry officer, or an Arctic explorer, or something quite out of the common;" and in his excitement Hardman half raised himself, and sank back on to his pillow with a half groan and an oath.

The door opened, and Lord Markham came in. He looked very handsome, and tried to suppress some of his brightness in deference to his sick friend; but the satisfaction which possessed him at having that day more than retrieved the previous one's losses, and the remembrance of the grand *coup* of the first one, could not be easily forgotten.

"Why, Hardman, old fellow, this is a worse smash for you than Monday's. Losing a pot of money is nothing to you. I'm awfully sorry."

"Yes, it's a bad job, but it is no use crying over spilt milk; and look here, Markham, what would distress me would be if you permitted this unfortunate leg of mine to interfere with your plans. If your people may look after me for a few days, I shall be much obliged, and I will clear out as soon as possible."

"It's very good of you, Hardman, but it would be an awful shame to leave you here alone."

"Not at all. I shall not either be that, for I have just found that your Vicar here was my hero at Eton. He'll come in sometimes and give me a look up with the rest of the old women, won't you, Burleigh?"

"I don't feel quite easy about leaving Hardman," said the Viscount, as he walked down the grand staircase, holding John Burleigh's arm; "but then it would

be *very* inconvenient to me to remain here just now. And as you are so good as to say you will look him up sometimes, I don't see the use of stopping."

"Certainly not," said John Burleigh, with a quiet smile.

"Then," said Lord Markham with relief, "we will consider it settled, shall we?"

"Yes, I will gladly do all I can for him, and will let you hear how he progresses."

"Many thanks. After all, you know, a broken bone is not a dying matter, and no doubt he will be all the better for being kept quiet."

They paused as they reached the drawing-room door. A loud, rattling song was ending, and its final flourish was received with laughing applause.

"Come in, that's Gibson; he's a capital man at a comic song. He was one of the men in Hardman's cart."

"No, thank you, not to-night."

"You had better, if only for an hour. It will cheer you up after Hardman."

Burleigh went back to Hardman's room, and found the invalid sitting up, as if looking for his return. There was silence for a moment, and then Hardman said,—

"It seems a queer fancy, but do you know, Burleigh, whom you remind me of?"

"No; how can I?"

"Of my mother. Of course you are not like her in your features, but there is the same pure, quiet restfulness about you; I don't know any other man with it. I'd give something to be as content with myself as you are."

"You are wrong there. How can any man be satisfied with *himself?* We all have some ideal, and we all fall short of it; the worst criminal has his good thoughts, his better desires, sometimes. We all feel our own feebleness dragging about us. Even St. Paul knew what it was to 'groan, being burdened.' I am *not* content with myself. I find in myself a continual failure."

"I thought religious men like you were all right, and knew it."

"Hardman, when a man feels the weight of the Divine hand, he is crushed to the earth; and as he lies there, the soft touch of Christ's fingers presses his eyes, and he looks up and has sight. Then what does he see? He sees what God intended him to be in Himself, and for others; he gazes within and sees himself debased; he longs after reformation, a new life; he strives after it; he wants to live the Christ-life, and be made like Him, and he ever falls short. How can he be content with *himself?* And then he sees, too, what God means him to be in this world of ours; he sees it full of cruelty, and wrong, and folly, and impurity, and he knows because God has saved him that he is bound to save others, and his utmost efforts seem as nothing. It is claying the hole with a feeble sand heap. He would lose all heart, were it not that he believes that every puny effort tends to make up a grand whole of protest against wrong—that ten thousand others are also agonising for this world, the world for which Christ died. And yet in the midst of all this you are right, the Christian is content if not satisfied."

"Why, how do you make that out?"

"Just in this way: the law of amendment is always antagonistic to evil; all human life is raised by the struggle of resistance. God has apprehended us for character and for work, and we must be dissatisfied until we have seen in ourselves and in those around us, that for which the hand of Christ was laid on us. But though we shall never on earth be satisfied, we can be content; for every step is a step not only onward but upward. We know that in the end right will overcome wrong, sin and death will be cast out, and that Christ will be the universal, the only King. We long for that day; and being confident it will come, we possess our souls."

"But this seems all for others; one does not think of these things much. Of course a fellow is indignant when one reads in the newspapers of swindles, and cruelties, and lies, and meanness, and one sees them all about one too. But somehow one gets sucked in, and if a fellow does not do the worst things, one goes part of the way. And when you are going down hill, what is the use of trying to be a regenerator? One wants to begin somehow——"

"Just so," said John Burleigh, eagerly, taking the sick man's hand; "just so. My dear boy, you want to be regenerated; you cannot build up a character on your own good resolutions, they are like shifting sand. You can only build up a character on something that is firm as a rock, on One who never changes, who is always just and pure and true. That One is Christ Jesus, the Rock of Ages. Hurricanes may drive, storms may rave, but the lighthouse stands unshaken—it is founded on a rock. From itself its light shines out on others over the angry waters. Are you on the Rock? Are you built into Christ?"

"I don't know—I think not—I wish I was."

"If you *were* you would know. There is no mistaking that profound security; you can only attain to it in one way."

"How?"

"By seeking and receiving forgiveness through the atoning work of the Lord Jesus. I will leave you now, Ralph. Think over your wrong-doings; all you have done and what you have been. Tell them over to your God. He already knows them every one, but He waits and wants to hear you *say* that you *are* sorry."

"But God seems so far off."

"He was made nigh in Jesus. He can and He will save you. On Him was laid the iniquity of us all. Ralph Hardman, if you trust Him as your Saviour, you are forgiven, because Christ died."

"Am I?" thought the young man; "I wish I was. Oh, the vile things I've done! the fellow I've been. I would not have had my mother know if she were alive now, for all I possess. My pure, dear mother. The best friend I ever had, my mother!"

And as one and another scene, one and another name—with all their degrading associations—suggested themselves to his remembrance, his face burnt with blushes, and he covered it with his hands, as though in very truth his mother was watching him. He loathed himself, as he lay there, with a sickening disgust. For hours he thought, till he hated himself; and yet he would not give in. At length he fell asleep, and slept till morning. The early rays were streaming in a thin sheet of light between the curtains, when he suddenly and fully awoke, with his mother's voice pronouncing the words, "My boy, say you are sorry." He looked around; had she indeed spoken, or had he but fancied the words, "I am sorry, very sorry"? His eyes were dim with tears, and his glance instinctively followed the ray of light which crossed the foot of his bed, and fell on a picture on the opposite wall. It represented black, impenetrable darkness, broken only by one figure, the figure of the Saviour on the cross. On the frame of the picture, in black letters, were written the words, *Consummatum est.*

Ralph Hardman lay all that day in a repose of perfect peace, saying to himself, "*Consummatum est*—yes, *consummatum est.*" Sometimes he thought of his future life—all his old associates, as well as associations, were gone. The Vicar's usual hour for calling came and went, and yet he did not arrive.

(*Continued—page 625.*)

NOT GIVE UP, BUT TAKE.

ERNEST TREVOR, a young man, rich, handsome, in high social position, and living what the world calls a life of pleasure, was greatly discomfited when Arthur Elleslie, an old college chum, arrived in town completely changed from his old tastes and manner of life.

Completely *spoiled* Ernest thought him, but the spell of an old friendship was strong, and Arthur evidently would not be shaken off. He continually "dropped in" at his friend's chambers, his bright face wearing such an expression of calm joy that Ernest, whose head was often aching from late hours, could not help a feeling of envy. And yet Arthur never lectured, never dogmatized, but, after telling straight out the story of his conversion, he left the leaven to work, only aiding it now and then by a little warmth of kindly influence or protest.

The only persistence he showed was in the attempt to bring Ernest into the family circle where he had received so much blessing; but Ernest, knowing from Arthur's case that their religion was "infectious," would not go. At length, however, he yielded, and was startled by the refinement, and intellectual culture, and social grace he found there.

During the evening he found himself *tête-à-tête* with *the ringleader*—as he mentally termed her—of all this spiritual fuss and excitement, and thinking to forestall any remark of hers, he said in his pleasant, graceful way,—

"I know what you will say to me, 'Give up the world, give up this pleasure and the other;' now I wish to tell you frankly that I don't intend to give up anything."

She flashed upon him a quick look of surprise. "Excuse me, Mr. Trevor, I was not going to ask you to give up anything; I *had* thought of asking you *to have something*—I did wish to ask you to have the love of Christ in your heart, and any giving up would be left entirely to yourself."

And then the conversation was turned to other subjects; but all through the evening, through the whirling dance of a fashionable rout that followed in its later hours, there came like a sweet refrain the words, "*have something, have the love of Christ.*"

They seemed to master him, to drive him, with a magical constraint, away from that gay scene, away to his own room, where, kneeling by his bed, "the powers of the world to come" upon him, he cried, with the intense earnestness of an awakened soul,—"O God, if there be a God, reveal Thyself to me!" Need we doubt the answer? His whole subsequent life, consecrated, joyous, soul-winning, has testified to its reality.

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF A GENTLEMAN GIPSY.

By Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Land Yacht 'Wanderer'; or, Thirteen Hundred Miles in my Caravan," etc., etc.

LEAF XII.

"PLEASE BUY MY WOSES'—TADCASTER—YORK—SPITTLE BRIDGE—A MUSICAL EVENING.

THERE is one thing that Hurricane Bob cannot well do without of a morning, any more than I can dispense with the wholesome exhilaration, born of bucket and sponge,—namely, a roll in the grass. He was not disappointed even to-day; we did find a clovery field, and there was dew on it—*black* dew.

We now turn our backs on the dark, smoky cloud under which slumbers busy, populous Leeds, and bear away for Tadcaster.

Very soon we leave the last—we hope at least it is the last—mine behind us, and by-and-by a change once more comes o'er the spirit of my dream, for the country—a rolling one—opens up green and bonnie; the sky is blue, very blue, with fleecy clouds that now and then drift across the sun, and temper its rays. But look yonder! Wild roses once more begin to sheet the hedges.

"Now Nature scatters free and wild
Each plant and flower, the mountain's child:
Here eglantine perfumes the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingle there."

"We must pull up a minute here, coachman," I say; "simple ocular admiration will hardly meet the exigencies of this auspicious occasion. See, John?"

My man smiled.

"I generally gets the whip-hand o' your meanin' after a bit," he said.

"Give me your knife, then."

In ten minutes more we were trotting gaily on again, with roses in the saloon vases, roses at the horses' ears, and a huge bouquet dangling in front of the verandah.

I find it very easy to be a philosopher to-day, and when we stop at an old-fashioned roadside public, and put the nose-bags on, I stretch myself on the grass, book in hand. I do not often see a newspaper, care very little indeed how this world wags, and feel as if I had eaten the lotus leaf.

By-and-by some country children come round. They have huge bunches of garden roses, and their complexions are of the same hue; their cheeks like the red of a *Louis Quatorze*, their brows the tint of a *Gloire de Dijon*.

"Buy my woses," lisps a little bare-legged maiden. "Buy my woses; mine's the best."

"How much, dear, for the lot?"

"Anything, sir; anything you please."

"Give them all to my valet yonder, and he'll give you sixpence."

A very smart-looking dog-cart drives up with two very smart officers in it, one an inspector of police, another the surgeon of the force.

I find that out soon after, when they come to have a peep at the caravan, and something more besides, namely, that the doctor, like myself, was a navy man, and had entered the service the very year I did myself.

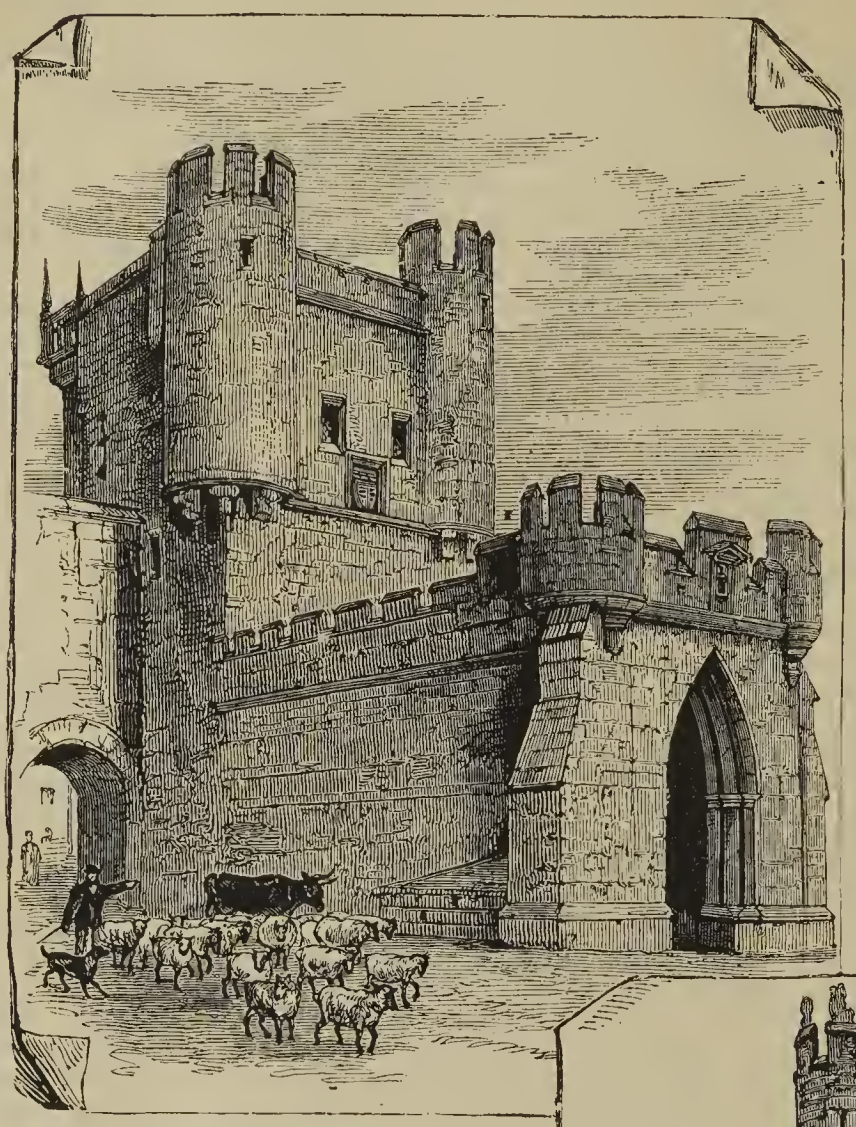
"Oh no, you mustn't go on through Tadcaster. We are going to a cricket match there. They'll make you right welcome, and you can camp in the field."

And it all turned out as the inspector said.

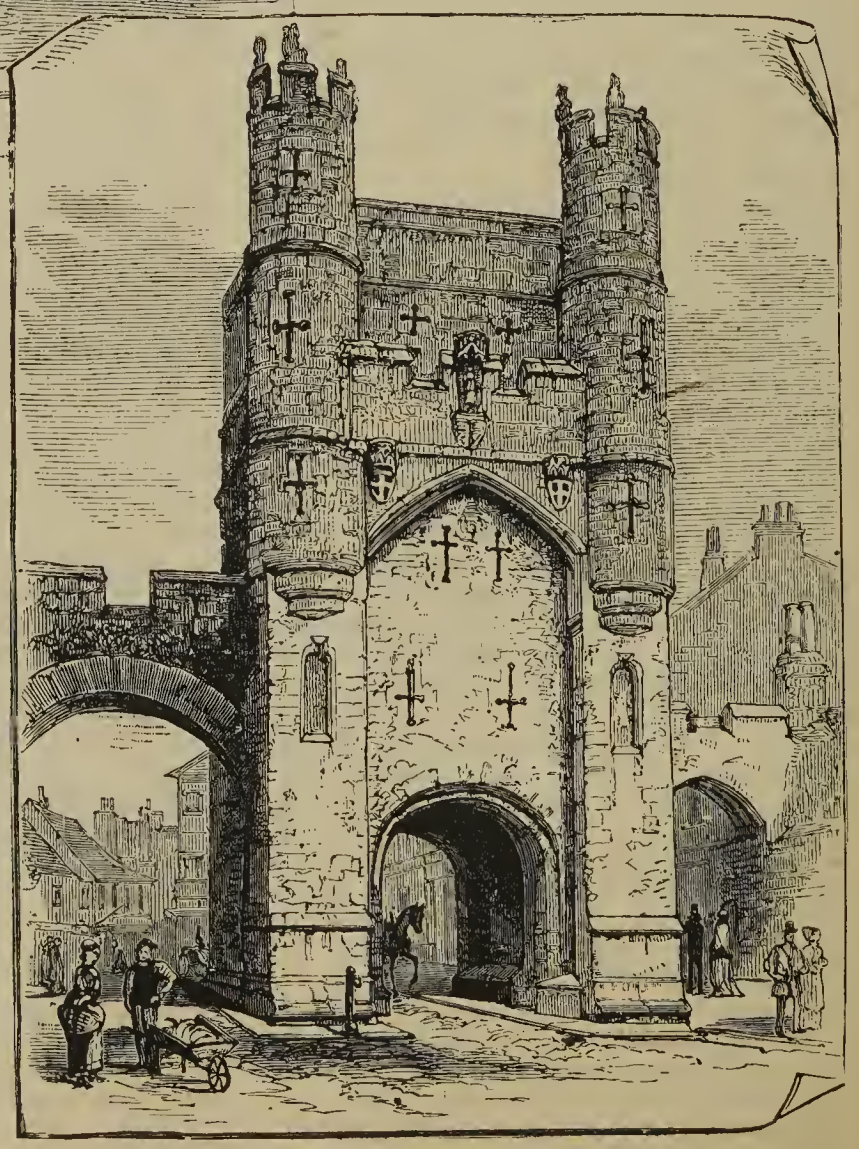
I'll tell you all I know about Tadcaster in a very few lines. It is a smart little town of about two thousand population. It is built of grey stone or slate, and is quaint, if not pretty. There are twenty-one public houses in it. I did not count them, but am willing to take the word of my informant about it. Tadcaster was taken by the Romans, and called Calcaria, but the brewery was not built then, else the tables might have been turned, and the Romans under them. On a high plateau not very far from here, a famous battle was fought between the Yorkists and the Lancastrians in 1461. I do not know which side won, and I do not care.

After leaving Tadcaster, and struggling on some miles over a road as rough and stony as the dry bed of a Highland river, we found ourselves in a beautifully wooded country. There was no smoke over the landscape, however, but in the distance a haze as blue as the sky rifts, or the eye of the speedwell, which grows so bonnie at the hedge foot.

The hedgerows to-day are very beautiful, in some places quite o'er-



"Notably the old gates."



"Reminding one of byegone days."

canopied with trailing roses, in others, starred with the blossoming elder.

We stop to rest the horses on a breezy hill-top.

The fields of corn on each side are very green, but dotted all over with crimson poppies.

A rose-linnet singing on a thorn-tree.

A yellow-hammer trilling near.

All silent else. Till a huge, hulking, but happy-looking tramp goes past, whistling, "Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye," and spoils the song of both birds, and scares away the romance from the landscape.

What delightful scents are wafted towards us to-day! Here it comes on the breeze that blows over a field of new-mown hay; here from the elder flowers; here from eglantine; and here again from a meadow carpeted with white clover, in which the bees are busy.

We meet many tramps to-day, of all kinds, but hardly any of them beg. They see, perhaps, that, like themselves, we are on the road, and they know from experience that gipsies have seldom much to spare.

With York, where we only stayed a short time to shop, my coachman expressed himself much dissatisfied. He had never been here before, but had been hearing about its greatness and its grandeur all his life long; and now to find there wasn't room to swing a cat in its streets, he thought was rather disappointing.

"Last time I was here," I said, "I gave my servants leave to visit the cathedral. Would you care to go?"

"No, thank you, sir."

Still there were points of interest in York, notably the two old gates, frowning and battlemented, reminding one of bye-gone days.

About four miles from York we came to a very pretty, cosy, wee roadside inn, such a place as an artist or poet would delight to while away a week at.

"How far is it to Spittle Bridge?"

"Seven miles," said the landlady; "and there isn't another house till you get there."

Seven miles! A longish drive with horses already somewhat tired with their long drag into and through York.

"Is Spittle Bridge a big place?" I inquired.

"A big place, sir? What, the bridge, sir?"—she evidently misunderstood me—"Yes, a largish one, sir."

I had an idea now that Spittle Bridge might turn out to be a huge place like Ashton and Denton in Cheshire, and I still retained dusty memories of Staleybridge. However, I elected to go on; the day was fine and cool, the road was good, and the fields and trees fair to look upon.

After a capital drive of about seven miles by dead reckoning, there hove in sight another roadside inn, more old-fashioned than, if not so pretty as, the last.

Still haunted by the greatness of Spittle Bridge, I was delighted when the landlord told me that he had excellent stabling.

"And how far," I asked, "is it to Spittle Bridge?"

The landlord smiled, and pointed to a little bridge that spanned a brook. This brook went meandering in a very lazy way indeed through fields of green corn, and meadows where flocks of noisy geese were feeding. Pollards lined the stream, and drooped lovingly over it, as if to protect it from the sun's rays.

"Yonder's the bridge, sir."

So it was no town, after all, simply a bridge *et preterea nihil*.

I believe that for genuine hospitality in this country you must go to Yorkshire, if you do not go to Scotland. In both it seems not only a trait in the character of the inhabitants, but positively part and parcel of their religion.

An hour or two after I arrived at Spittle Bridge inn, I felt as much at home with this kindly family as if I had known them all my life.

The daughter, though a child in years, being only fourteen, was an accomplished pianist. We had a concert in the caravan, harmonium, flute, and violin, and quite a musical evening in the house afterwards.

LEAF XIII.

WOODS AND WILDS—MALTON—RILLINGTON—SNAINTON—A BLANK IN THE LOG—A DRIVE THROUGH SCARBOROUGH—EN ROUTE FOR FILEY.

WE were heaving away for Scarborough next day, and with the one drawback of dangerous hills, the drive to Malton was a most enjoyable one. Such delightful treescapes! And such a profusion of wild flowers,—here, there, and everywhere,—lavishly spread over the hedges, snuggling down along their feet, carpeting the fields and the roadside sward, and fighting with the ferns for mastery in many a green and fairy-like dingle or dell! Then there was the sunshine to rejoice our hearts, and the cloud-shadows, chasing each other over woodlands and meadows.

We came to the hill-top at last, and down yonder, in the valley, amongst the trees, was Malton—Malton-on-the-Derwent; another Derwent. It is a pretty place, with good streets and shops, and many a quaint, old-fashioned house.

I feel dreamily independent, as a gentleman gipsy often does on the road. I can enjoy Malton just as it is to-day. I do not want to know what great man or woman was born or buried here, nor whether a battle was fought in the neighbourhood; and I would listen to not a word about that awful ghost Cromwell, who haunts one wherever one goes.

When I come to a pretty spot, I much prefer to people it from my own imagination.

It is four miles and a half from Malton-on-the-Derwent to Rillington, and it would be difficult to conceive a prettier drive.

In my log I mention Rillington as "a queer wee village, with a queer wee steepled church, with houses very much of one pattern—two-storied brick buildings, with red tiles."

There is a delicious indistinctness about the adjective "queer," used twice in the last sentence, and for the life of me I could not tell at this moment what I meant by it. Anyhow, red-tiled villages look exceedingly pretty, peeping through the greenery of the trees.

My log runs on to say: "After leaving Rillington, the character of the scenery changes; it gets more open, though still well-tree'd, Scotch firs and larches predominating. We must," the log adds, "be high above the sea-level, for the air is so balmy and bracing."

Now I know why I called Rillington queer, the sea air from off the wide Northern Ocean had been getting round my heart, and after all the toil and road-spent energy of weeks of travel in the dusty West, reaction was coming. Indeed, I am sure this was the reason, for six whole pages of my log-book are blank, and I have begun to write again on the seventh. It is quite evident that I had meant to fill up those pages with notes and—didn't.

If one does not write up his log while on the road, day after day, it is quite impossible to tell, after a time, where he has been, what he has done, or what he has seen. And if one keeps no log at all, then a gipsy-life is just like a dream of yesterday.

Let me think back now, and consider: Spittle Bridge to Malton is seven miles and a quarter; Malton to Rillington, four and a half; Rillington to Snainton, eight miles. Well, that would have been a good day's journey. So we must have bivouacked there, though Snainton has faded from the map of my memory. I have a hazy notion of fording a stream that crossed the road, and I would not have even that, had not Polly Peablossom made a determined attempt to lie down and roll in it.

I cannot pick up the running at all, till I remember leaving the caravan on the road and climbing a fern-clad hill to cull some splendid fox-gloves. And there was Scarborough lying down below, a measureable distance to the right.

We made a midday halt just at the entrance to the town, and stabled our steeds till I should ride into the Brighton of the North-East Coast, and secure comfortable quarters.

Log or no log, I remember that; and I also remember putting my cycle up at a fine old-fashioned hotel, in What's-its-name Street, hiring a pony carriage, and, with a boy as a guide, doing Scarborough in that.

I came to the conclusion, as I stood on the Castle Hill, and gazed away seawards, and down to the beach, and all round me, that Scarborough really is a pretty place, with quite a lot of pretty people in it.

My guide book was quite full of its beauties, and advantages, and ancient history, and all the rest. I pulled the book out of my pocket, and read bits whilst I leant against the embattlements. I soon learned that I was standing three hundred feet above the waves yonder; that Scarborough was built in the reign of King Stephen—whoever he was; that it had been twice besieged by the Parliamentary troops, and afterwards dismantled; that it was put into repair again in the —45, to welcome Royal Charlie; and that there are still a few troops in the garrison, who live on the fat of the land and sleep on feather beds. There are mineral springs here, as well as sea-bathing. Also, that the place possesses numerous churches and chapels, a theatre, assembly rooms, banks, and book-shops, to say nothing of an indefinite number of match-making mammas.

What more could any one wish?

But, inasmuch as I could find no convenient site for my caravan, impressed, moreover, with the glitter and grandeur of the place, and the fact that were I to lie here a week, I should have to wear a neck-tie, gloves, and a longitudinal hat, I came to the conclusion that Scarborough was no place for me.

So I mounted my trap again, and marvelled much to see the pony trot down the hill without falling even once.

An hour and a half afterwards, the *Wanderer* was on the lone breezy cliffs, standing south—and—away for Filey.

The road hugs the cliff-top for miles, and is indeed what I may call a rough and tumble one.

The pinches are exceedingly steep. We took the only possible way of getting over them, and I believe that the coach-and-four does the same. We drove, then, Highland style. Thus, when near the bottom of one hill, we let the horses have their heads, and encouraged them to tear along ; the downward sweep and impetus of the caravan carrying it half-way up the pinch, the whole of it being cleared at a glorious gallop.

When at the top, we rested for fully five minutes, then away we went again. It needs sure-footed nags for this work ; but we have them, and they thought it great fun, especially as every now and then they were treated to a tuft of greenest grass, or allowed to wait long enough to munch a morsel of dog biscuit.

Some men give their horses beer in hilly roads. I never do this. I feel convinced that it lacks staying powers, and affects the wind, and I find no stimulant to equal a handful of oatmeal and water—for horse or man.

But here we are at Filey, and the difference between this pretty wee watering-place and great gay Scarborough, is striking in the extreme.

But withal, the change from the dusty bustle and the fashionable confusion that seems to reign paramount at Scarborough, was a most welcome one. Far across I could see the quiet waves breaking against the Brigg, and farther inland, quaint old cottages, with thick thatched roofs, were nestling, and gleaming brilliantly against the sky in their glorious raiment of new whitewash. Here and there, nearer me, I could see the gable end of one covered and festooned with climbing roses. It was a place to gladden the heart of any wanderer, and I determined to stay, at any rate for a few days longer.

In my next Leaf I shall hope to make you more acquainted with the beauties of Filey.

(*Continued—page* 628.)

HOMELY HINTS FOR STRUGGLING WIVES;

OR, HOW JOHN AND MARTHA GRIMSHAW MANAGED ON £1 A WEEK.

By Phyllis Browne.

No. II.

AFTER thinking a few minutes, Martha thus began,—

"You must please understand, ma'am, that the ways I have now are not the ways I had when I was first married : I have learnt a great deal since then. Besides, we have two children now, and that makes a difference."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Jackson. "Pray tell me how you manage, now that you have two children."

"Then, ma'am, before saying anything else, I think I ought to repeat once more that we should never be as comfortable as we are if Jim did not pull with me. But Jim is *very* good. You see, it is this way. We have £1 a week. Jim always brings his money to me on Saturday evenings. At first I felt as if I could keep house very well on this ; but, be careful as I might, there were expenses that I did not think of, and I began to get a little behind. I knew this would never do ; that to begin to get behind was to begin trouble, and I told Jim we must put our heads together, and divide our money ; and find out what we could afford, and what we could not afford ; and what we could not afford we must go without."

"That was the right way," said Mrs. Jackson.

"So, after going through it again and again, we found what we thought was the best division. This I am going to tell you. I can say the sums off, because I have gone over them so many times in my mind. There is first, rent of two rooms, 5s. a week."

"Wait a moment," said Mrs. Jackson. "Let me get a pencil and paper, and write the division down as you say it. *You* know it off by heart, but *I* do not, and I want to see how it looks when written down."

The pencil and paper were procured, and then Martha began again,—

	£	s.	d.
Rent of two Rooms, including rates and taxes	0	5	0
Firing and Light	0	2	0
Vegetables	0	1	0
Groceries and Extras	0	2	4
Bread and Flour	0	2	0
Milk	0	1	2
Butcher's Meat	0	3	6
Butter and Eggs	0	1	0
Clothing	0	2	0
	£1	0	0

"This, you see, comes to £1. When we had made this division out, Jim and I looked at it awhile. Then Jim said, 'I think, Martha, that this division of the money is very fair, and I do not see how we can divide it better ; but neither do I see where my glass of beer and my pipe are to come in.' I looked at him, and shook my head. 'Neither do I see it, Jim,' said I. You know, ma'am, I am teetotal. You persuaded me to be so, when I lived with you. But Jim had always taken his glass. He was very moderate, he never had too much, but still he thought a little beer helped his dinner. But when he looked at our division of money, he saw that beer and tobacco were extras we could not afford. So, after thinking a minute, he said, 'All right, Martha ; I will go without both beer and tobacco. We shall get into difficulties if I have them, and they are not worth that.' And if you will believe me, ma'am," continued Martha, with tears in her eyes, "since that day he has never touched either ; and he has been all the better for it. He has very good health. His face looks fresh, and his eye clear, and he is so steady and clever ; there's no one can do a better day's work than he. At first he found doing without his beer and his pipe a trial, and felt a want of something, but he soon got over that ; and now he says he never feels to miss them at all. When he sees his companions cannot get on without a pipe or a glass, he is glad that he is not a slave. As for me, when I see men with their pipes in their mouths, or taking a glass of beer now and again, I wonder how their wives manage. To me it is a mystery how they get on at all."

"Your husband is certainly very good, and you have reason to be proud of him," said Mrs. Jackson. "But now, go on. I should like to know a little more about the way you lay out your money. You say your husband gives you his week's wage of £1 every Saturday. Then I suppose you go out on Saturday evening and buy your Sunday's dinner ?"

"Indeed, no, ma'am ! I do nothing of the kind. I do not like Saturday night's shopping. I think that women who go out late on Saturday, when every one is busy, and bargains are being made, may sometimes get things cheap. But they are much more likely to buy what they do not want, and what is not very good ; and this is a great mistake. Besides, I like to buy Sunday's dinner in good time on Saturday, so that I may partly prepare it, and have Sunday for a day of rest. I think it is very bad management when a woman has to make Sunday the busiest day of the week."

"You are quite right, you are quite right, Martha. I beg your pardon ; I did not think what I was saying for the moment. But tell me, then, how do you manage ?"

"When my husband gives me the money on Saturday I put it away till Monday morning," said Martha. "It is for next week's needs, and I should think myself sadly behind if I had to use it for the week which was gone. Of course, in saying I do not buy on Saturday, I remember that this would not do for all. One's shopping must depend very much upon the neighbourhood in which one lives ; and a wife must look about, and find out what is best to be done. I know there are places where it is wisest to buy on Saturday for the week ; this is a

matter on which one ought to be governed by circumstances. Where I live, I find it best to deal at the same shops; the shopkeeper knows me, and knows I pay regularly, and he treats me well.

"On Monday morning, therefore, I have my pound untouched, and this is how I lay it out. Soon after breakfast the landlord or rent collector calls; to him I pay 5s. My first purchase is made at the baker's. Of him I buy a peck and a quarter of flour (in weight, 17½lbs.) and 2ozs. of German yeast, costing altogether 2s. This serves for bread, puddings, and pastry through the week. I make the bread at home. Once we lived where there was no oven, and I had only a register stove. Then I found that I had to spend 2s. 6d. per week at the baker's."

"And you did not live so well, either, I daresay," said Mrs. Jackson.

"No, we did not, ma'am. With an oven, you can make a plain cake now and then, and you only need for it a spoonful of currants or raisins, and a little sugar and nutmeg, with a piece of dripping and some baking powder. Cake for Sunday's tea is quite a luxury. Many other good things also you can make. It is a misfortune to have to do without an oven. When I had only the register stove we had to boil everything, and this was not nearly so easy. Even then, however, I found that with a small Dutch oven I could cook a rasher of bacon, or a small piece of meat in front of the fire; and from a cookery book which a lady lent me, I learnt that a large biscuit tin can be used as a Dutch oven. It must be fitted with two small hooks, suspended each from a bit of string passed through a hole in one side of the tin. A knot has to be tied in each string just inside and just outside the tin, to prevent them from slipping, and the two pieces may then be tied together, to make a handle by which the tin can be lifted. The tin may either be placed on a stand close up to the fire, or it may be hung by a cord from a nail in the mantel-piece. It can be brought nearest to the fire when it is hung."

"That is a very clever plan," said Mrs. Jackson.

"Yes. We try new ways when we are put to it," said Martha. "When women are put to it, they can use empty Australian meat tins as saucepans, and a bottle for a rolling-pin; and many a good stew has been made in a basin with a rim, and a saucer put over it for a lid. All the same, it is a great advantage to have an oven. Women who have to do without an oven are heavily handicapped.

"The baker done with, I think of coal and wood. In winter time I cannot, to be comfortable, do with less than a hundredweight and a half of coal, four pennyworth of wood, and one quart of lamp oil; so that is 2s. 2d. for firing and light. From the greengrocer's I buy one peck of potatoes (10d.), and two pennyworth of carrots and onions. To him, therefore, I pay 1s. I have to be very careful when I go to the butcher, because I know that with him I ought not to spend more than 3s. 6d. per week, and sometimes it is a little difficult to get dinner for four every day out of this."

"Perhaps before you go you will tell me what you provide for dinner now and again?" said Mrs. Jackson.

"Indeed, ma'am, I will tell you with pleasure, if you care to hear," said Martha.

"I care to hear very much," said Mrs. Jackson. "I must tell you, Martha, that I think you manage very well indeed. I wish every woman who has to keep house on a pound a week were as clever and capable as you are."

Martha coloured with pleasure. She liked to be praised by her old mistress.

"Ah, ma'am," she said, "you must remember I have a good husband. A woman gets heart to go on when she has sympathy, and her efforts are appreciated by the one she loves best. Not that I do not think there are quite as many bad wives as there are bad husbands. But when either are bad, it takes away the hope; and somehow I think a husband's sympathy does more to help a woman on than anything you can name."

"I daresay you are right," said Mrs. Jackson. "But now go on with your expenditure."

"I have nearly come to the end of it. Every week I get half a pound of butter and three eggs, which we have as a treat for Sunday morning's breakfast. These cost 1s. With that my weekly expenditure is over."

"You have said nothing about groceries," said Mrs. Jackson.

"Because I do not buy my groceries weekly. If you count up what is already spent, you will find that, adding twopence a day for milk, it amounts to 15s. 8d. Two shillings per week we always put away for clothing; and this leaves 2s. 4d. for groceries and extras. I think it is very extravagant to buy groceries, and such things as rice, peas, beans, oatmeal, and soap, as they are wanted, in small quantities. Those who do so buy at the very dearest rate, and they also get goods of inferior quality. It is really a saving and a great advantage to buy groceries once a month, and then to send a good order to a good shop. It is very easy to put the things in different tins on a high shelf; Australian meat tins can be used if there is nothing else, and it is astonishing what excellent dishes can be made when the ingredients are on the spot, which could never be thought of if they had to be bought for the purpose. Then you know, ma'am, that soap goes twice as far if it is slowly dried before being used. It melts away directly if it is put into the water fresh. And there are goods which you buy much cheaper when you buy half a dozen pounds at once."

"You are quite right," said Mrs. Jackson. "I have always felt that it was very hard on people who have little money that they are obliged to buy in the most expensive way."

"But they are not obliged," said Martha. "The mistake they make is that they do not look ahead. There is another advantage I get through buying my groceries monthly, that is, that I have always a little money by me, so that if anything unexpected happens, you see I am not quite destitute.

"You do not know, ma'am, what a different feeling you have when you have always a little money by you. I pity women who cannot manage this; they never seem free from difficulty, and are so often anxious and full of trouble, and they get into the way of thinking themselves poor, which is miserable. Do you not remember, ma'am, you used to say that 'the really poor were those who *felt* themselves poor'?"

"Yes, I remember," said Mrs. Jackson, smiling. "And you do not feel yourself poor?"

"No, indeed I do not," said Martha "How can a woman be poor who has a kind loving husband as I have? I am thankful to say that ours is a very bright, peaceful, happy home, and yet, as you see, it is not the large amount of money that makes it so."

"Then what sort of an order do you send to the grocer?" said Mrs. Jackson.

"It varies, according to my needs. One month I shall be out of rice; another month I shall have run short of beans or peas, and I try to arrange to keep up my stores. Every month I buy three-quarters of a pound of tea, which comes to 1s. 3d., 6 lbs. brown sugar, 2 lbs. of loaf sugar, 7 lbs. of oatmeal, and a bar of soap. This comes to about 5s. 3d., and out of what is left, I get as I can, sago, rice, coffee, cocoa, peas, beans, golden syrup, soda, etc. But I try hard not to spend more that 7s. 6d. per month, and the little that is over we put into the Post-office, to make the saving which is sure to be wanted one of these days."

"I suppose that is the only saving you can make?" said Mrs. Jackson.

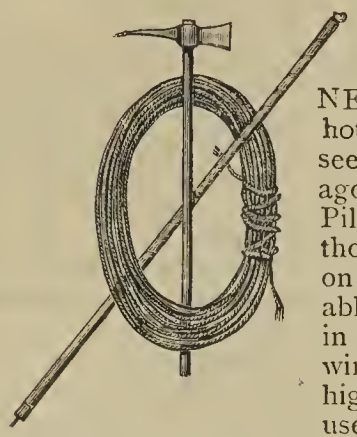
"Not entirely," said Martha. "It is very wonderful how, when people begin to put a little away, the chance of putting away more comes to them. Perhaps once in six months my husband has the opportunity to do a little overwork, for which he is paid 1s. or so. That we consider a windfall, and we put it away directly. Windfalls are very rare with us, but they are always put away, and the sum thus saved is most valuable, while the knowledge that it is put away makes us quite strong.

(*Continued—page* 630.)

ADVENTURES 'MID ALPINE SNOWS.

By Rev. W. Spotswood Green, F.R.G.S.,

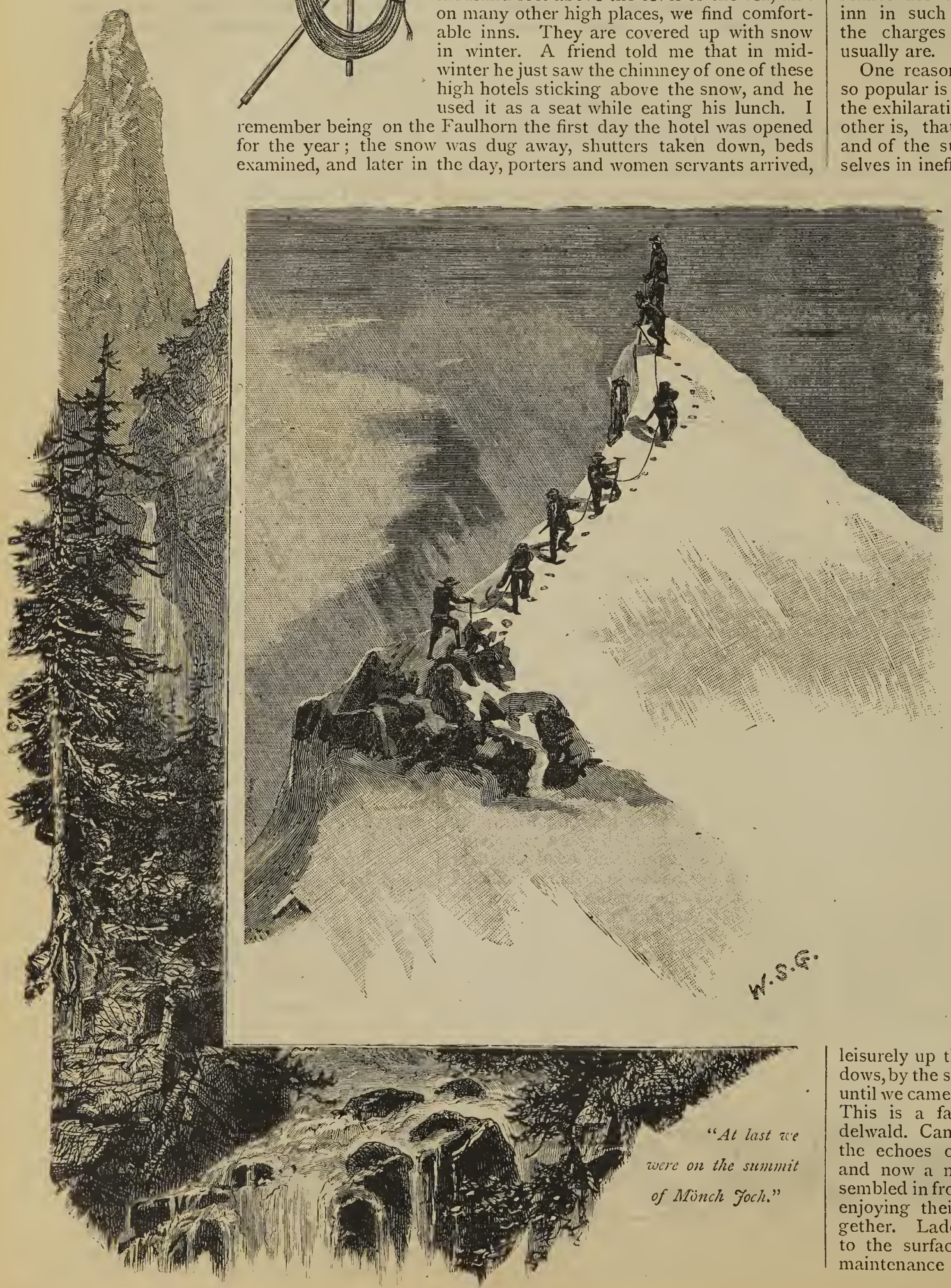
Author of "The High Alps of New Zealand," "The Home of the Eider Duck," "On the Track of Columbus," etc.



Part II.

NE sees numbers of places in the Alps where hotels have been built, which would have seemed most unsuitable sites a hundred years ago. On the top of the Rigi, on Mount Pilatus, on the still higher Faulhorn, seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and on many other high places, we find comfortable inns. They are covered up with snow in winter. A friend told me that in mid-winter he just saw the chimney of one of these high hotels sticking above the snow, and he used it as a seat while eating his lunch. I remember being on the Faulhorn the first day the hotel was opened for the year; the snow was dug away, shutters taken down, beds examined, and later in the day, porters and women servants arrived, carrying heavy packs. Each girl had a load of household linen packed on her back; one man carried a most unwieldy burden of iron chimneys for the stove, others had provisions; and it made one realise the difficulties of maintaining an inn in such a position, and wonder that the charges are as moderate as they usually are.

One reason why these high places are so popular is that people can here breathe the exhilarating air of the mountains; another is, that the glories of the sunrise and of the sunset sometimes reveal themselves in ineffable splendour. And though tourists often ascend, and descend again without seeing anything, the white peaks at times glow with ruby light, casting shadows of pale green, and stand out, set like jewels in the clear sky, above the purple darkness of the valleys. Going up for the sake of a sunrise or a sunset, or for the chance of seeing such a thing, is all very well; but the true way to enjoy their glories is to be up amongst the eternal snows themselves. And as, in a former Paper, I spoke of the grand aspect presented by the Jungfrau (13,671 feet), as we approached the Bernese Oberland, I will now ask your attention while I recount some incidents in its ascent.



"At last we were on the summit of Mönch Joch."

We started from Grindelwald about 11 a.m., a large party, three friends—two of whom were novices at mountain climbing—two guides, a porter, and myself. We had to carry provisions for two days, so we engaged the porter to come as far as the Bergli hut, where we were to spend the night; but he elected afterwards to come with us for the whole expedition.

The day was bright, and the sunshine made the valley so oppressively warm, that we strolled leisurely up the ascent, amidst green meadows, by the side of the Grindelwald Glacier, until we came at length to the Berenegg hut. This is a favourite excursion from Grindelwald. Cannons are there fired to awaken the echoes on payment of half a franc; and now a number of Germans were assembled in front of the little *salle à manger*, enjoying their lunch and the scenery together. Ladders must now be descended to the surface of the glacier, and for the maintenance of the path so far, and the

ladders, half a franc each is paid. Below the ladders we descended over a heap of pulverized rocks and stones, and at last set foot on the ice.

From the margin of the glacier, the ice ascends, in large hummocks, towards the centre, and the whole surface is rent by huge crevasses, down which we can peer into the dark depths; but we must not go too near, lest a slip might precipitate us into the abyss. To guides, familiar with the locality, there is no difficulty in finding the way to the other side of the glacier; but if you were placed here, without any previous knowledge, you might wander this way and that way through the maze of crevasses, and take several hours to reach the further shore.

We crossed quickly, and then commenced to ascend very steep slopes, covered with grass, amidst which, numerous lovely little Alpine flowers opened their petals to the sunshine. The great variety of these little mountain flowers adds an intense pleasure to all Alpine excursions. As we ascend we seem to reach new floras; the large campanulas and orchids of the valley are left behind. We meet on the higher slopes with lovely pink primulas and saxifrages in great variety. Sometimes one comes upon whole beds of crocuses; but the flowers which give the most distinct character to the higher slopes are the two gentians—the large one, with deep, bell-shaped flowers, of dark blue, occurring in such quantity that they may be seen miles away, like a carpet of blue on the mountain side. The small star-shaped gentian grows in still greater profusion, and keeps on blooming when the other has disappeared. The blue of its petals is much brighter; it is, in fact, the very purest, brightest blue in all Nature. I must pass over the lovely Alpine rhododendron, and many another plant; two, however, call for special notice. You will no doubt ask, Where is the Edelweiss found, about which so much sentiment has entwined itself? I have often gathered it in quantities on the high places, where it nestles on heaps of *débris* at the base of cliffs, facing the sunny south. The other flower is the charming soldanella, with its little purple hanging bell. It loves the snow. Just as the snow, melts its flowers open; where the snow was to-day, there we find the soldanella, hanging down its modest head, to-morrow.

About two hours were expended climbing these flowery slopes—a regular garden in the midst of glaciers; then we found another ladder, which we ascended, and soon the world of flowers, or of any kind of vegetation, was left behind. Before us was the upper basin of the Viescher Glacier, beyond which the ice comes down in great broken masses from the Mönch Joch.

Our route to the Jungfrau lay over this pass, called the Mönch Joch; but for to-night we must sleep in the little hut on the Bergli rocks, which were seen projecting above the broken masses of the ice fall.

On reaching the brink of the Viescher Glacier, we tied ourselves together on the rope, for a pure white carpet of snow lay on the ice; and lest its smooth surface might cover treacherously many a deep crevasse, this precaution seemed necessary. Then we tramped along, making a wide zigzag now and again, to avoid a dark opening in the snow, and as the evening began to close, we reached the broken ice, up through which we must now find our way.

A broken ice-fall is one of the most impossible-looking things to climb that can be contemplated by the inexperienced; but there was the hut, perched on its rock, like a lighthouse in a sea suddenly frozen in the midst of its raging. Carefully we crept over a crevasse; then with the ice-axe cut steps up the side of another. The men knew the way, and though one great ice-block had to be ascended by standing on the handle of an axe, driven deep into its side (of this I made a sketch), we reached in safety the base of the Bergli rocks. Then came a short scramble up the crags, and just as the purple shadows were deepening over the route by which we had come, and the peaks were lighting up in golden splendour, we opened the door and entered the snug little dwelling, which is free to all comers, thanks to the well-directed hospitality of the Swiss Alpine Club.

A hotel built on a mountain five or six thousand feet high, where mules are the only means of conveyance, may be wondered at; but though I have seen many of these club huts, I never cease to admire the skill and persevering hard work which was necessary for their construction. Here we were perched on a rock, over ten thousand feet above the sea, in a snug, well-built little châlet, about fourteen feet by twelve, every stick of which (and the roof-tree was a very heavy piece of timber) had to be hauled up precipices, over broken glaciers, and the rock blasted, to make a little shelf on which it could stand. The shelf thus possible not being sufficient, a further extension was made by building up a rough wall from crags lower down; and here it stands, bearing its heavy load of winter snow, weathering out the fierce tempests which howl round the peaks, and ready each summer to shelter those who wish to explore the great snowy wilderness of the Oberland. A shelf with straw on it made a comfortable sleeping-place; cots hung up over-head might serve a similar purpose, but they were also fitted as stretchers, to be used in case of an accident occurring in these regions; and as wet boots are not comfortable to sit in, huge felt boots were there for us to slip on, and enable us to enjoy our supper with warm, dry feet.



"Our second guide now produced an empty bottle, and knocking the bottom out of it, inserted a candle."

While the guides were heating the soup, and boiling the kettle on the little stove, we took down the visitors' book, recorded our names, and thanked the S.A.C. for their hospitality. Then we took one more look from the doorway over the glacier world, and the higher peaks faintly illumined by the dim twilight. The night was still, but not quite cloudless. The air was chill, so we quickly took our places on the sleeping bench, pulled the blankets over us, and with hopes of a bright morrow, speedily dozed off into unconsciousness.

At twelve the guides began to stir; then the fire was poked up, and a cup of tea served round. Sleepily we pulled on our wet boots, and at one a.m. we fixed ourselves firmly on the rope, and stepped out into the night. A searching northerly breeze made us shiver, but the necessity of taking each step with the greatest possible caution, put all other thought from our minds. A few feet up the rocks, and we found ourselves on a sharp ridge of frozen snow, on either side of which everything vanished into black darkness. The faint starlight was just sufficient to enable men who knew the place well, to find their way. We ascended in silence, broken now and then by a word of caution from K——, who was leading. Our progress was necessarily so slow that our fingers were benumbed, and our ears tingled with the cold frosty air. At last the snow flattened out, a crevasse was crossed, and we were on the summit of the Mönch Joch. Standing on a snowy ridge, twelve thousand feet above the sea, under a star-spangled sky, with grand mountain forms all around, is one of those experiences which gives to mountaineering the charm which can never be explained in words, but which never can be forgotten!

While ascending the last slopes, I had looked back now and again to the eastward, to see if there were there any signs of the sunrise. At one point the light seemed coming rapidly. Now, as we halted, the brightness of the east increased, and Venus rose from the horizon, scintillating like a diamond in the frosty sky. Her brightness was wonderful, but still the light continued to increase. It could not be the sunrise yet. We were puzzled for a

moment, but soon the mystery was solved by the crescent moon rising, and following Venus on her upward path. It was marvellously beautiful; but we must go on.

A steep descent for a short time hid the east from us—we seemed descending again into black night; then we traversed an immense, snow-covered, undulating plain, and halting now and then to admire the rosy tints of dawn, till the sudden rush of golden light came, and, looking eastwards, we saw the sun himself just rising over the snowy ridges, and commencing his daily course. Immediately we donned our goggles and trudged along, our feet sinking deeper and deeper as the snow melted. I won't ask you to join in this weary tramp. You must imagine the great plain of snow, also the steep glacier descending from the Roththal Sattel, over which our route lay, and meet us again as we reached the snowy ridge, on the extreme right of my sketch, and from which we ought to have looked down upon the Tschingel pass and the valley of Lauterbrunnen.

"But why didn't you?" you will ask. Let me tell you why. The weather, clear in the morning, became threatening after the sun arose, and clouds drifted up from the westward, enveloping all the higher peaks. They drifted fast, telling us of a high wind aloft; but we ascended under perfect shelter till the ridge was reached. Then suddenly we found ourselves exposed to a furious snow-storm, which obscured everything, and turned each member of our party into a veritable "Father Christmas." We could not see the length of our rope. However, turning to the left, K—— commenced hacking away with his axe, cutting an ice staircase towards the final peak. It was soon necessary to re-arrange our party. The two guides now went first, so that each might help at the step cutting. I came next, also hacking away, so as to ensure good steps for our descent; and the porter brought up the rear.

Once or twice the clouds opened, giving us glances down ten thousand feet of precipices into the verdant valley, over which we seemed to hang. These views downwards were interesting, but, I fear, not quite reassuring to some of our party. To slip! No such idea could be entertained. Onward! upward! must be our only thought. I descanted on the great educational advantages derivable from having one's nerves tested; but the fury of the blast made conversation impossible, and our attention was entirely devoted to keeping our feet in the steps, and holding on by our ice-axes.

Two hours on steep ice, overhanging a fearful precipice, seemed quite long enough; but at last we reached some broken rocks, and at ten a.m. we were on the summit of the Jungfrau!

Unfortunately, there was nothing to be seen except white mists; but the oddest thing about it was, that we felt not an air of wind. On the Roththal Sattel, and halfway up, we had been in a furious storm; here, on the summit, there reigned serene calm. It was not *very* cold, so we lay on the rocks, and ate our provisions; and then, after a halt of three-quarters of an hour, I suggested that we had better begin the descent.

Close at hand, the snow rose in a ridge, some feet higher than where we had halted; as this formed the actual top of the peak, K—— said that we must go up there before descending. So up we went, K—— first, but while he stood upon the apex, there was only room for one other to kneel at his feet. We had given up all hopes of a view; but just at the right moment, while we all stood along the little topmost crest, the clouds rose, a vista opened first here, then there, and in an instant the whole marvellously grand panorama was open to our view. To describe it is impossible.

On one side of us lay the world of glaciers, and rugged peaks, over which our eyes ranged for more than a hundred miles; and on the other we looked down into fertile valleys. There was Interlaken, with its line of hotels. There was the silver sheen of lakes; the glancing stream; the dark forest; the higher pastures; and little specks of châlets. The opalescent colouring and soft, atmospheric effect was simply entrancing.

What mattered the deep wading through snow, or the dangers of the avalanche, or the nervousness of the icy slopes, when this prospect was the reward?

To whatever extent one's nerves may be tested in such an ascent, the trial is much greater going down. On regaining the rocks, we re-arranged our party on the rope. The two guides and I were to be last; the porter went down first, and, as one member of the party moved from step to step, the others held on, and so, slowly, but surely, we made our way back to the Roththal Sattel. A slip now and then seemed almost inevitable; but I encouraged my friends by saying that no fatal accident had ever taken place on this peak. I could not use this argument *now*, for a whole party of six met its fate on the Jungfrau within the last twelve months. Then we slid and glissaded down the slopes, then tramped for hours over the great plain of snow, and in good time regained the Bergli hut. As we hoped to reach Grindelwald that night, we could make no great delay. But some one suggested soup, so the fire was lit, and most excellent soup concocted out of very scant materials—some cheese and bread crusts boiled down together, and flavoured with milk, salt, and pepper. Then we started again, hoping to have daylight as far as the well-made path to Grindelwald.

But the descent of the ice-fall was slow work; and when we reached the brink of the lower Grindelwald Glacier at seven p.m., there was but little twilight left. We could, however, see the Berenegg hut, and quickly shaped our course for the ladders on the other side. The clouds now banked up in inky masses, and it became very dark. We pressed on quickly, even running wherever the ice was sufficiently level. But suddenly—flash! We were fairly blinded by the blue lightning, and then, while the thunder rolled overhead, the succeeding darkness seemed impenetrable.

The guides now took a wrong turn, and we found ourselves in a regular maze of crevasses. We halted; then we tried a new route, but the next flash revealed a frightful abyss before us, and again we had to come to a stand. We hardly knew where we were, but gazed steadily in the direction of the ladders, believing that we were not far from them, and hoped that the next lightning flash might reveal them. But though we could see the whole mountain side, the glare was too evanescent to make visible any details.

Our second guide now produced an empty bottle, and knocking the bottom out of it by careful taps of his axe, inserted a candle through the neck, and so extemporised a capital lantern. But the little speck of light was only like that of a glow-worm in the deep gloom. However, he started with it to explore a route. We saw him creeping along a ridge, then all moved on; but after a short debate we returned, and began to make up our minds for a night of it.

As I had had quite enough of this kind of thing on a former occasion, I determined to try my hand at exploring. We were evidently quite close to the side of the mountain, so, after the next lightning flash, I made a move ahead. There was a great shadow before me. K—— said it was a crevasse, and called to me to come back; but I rolled a stone down, and hearing it strike other stones quite close to me, I followed it. Then up another ice hummock, and I pitched another stone; but this time there was silence for an instant, and then, far down, I heard it hop and rumble in the depths of a crevasse. I turned aside and once more hove a stone; this time it was all right. I threw another and another to make sure. Then on I went, and found myself on the mountain side.

I was not a little elated at the result of the experiment, and shouted to the others to come along. Our candle was now most useful, for by its light we found the ladders. At half-past ten p.m. we reached the Berenegg, where we aroused the inmates, borrowed a lantern, and, after a long, but delightful day of twenty-three hours, we arrived at Grindelwald in safety.

PRIZE TRANSPOSITION COMPETITION.

FOUR MONEY PRIZES.

DIVISION I.—PROSE INTO POETRY. { 1st Prize, 10s. / 2nd Prize, 7s. 6d.

DIVISION II.—POETRY INTO PROSE. { 1st Prize, 7s. 6d. / 2nd Prize, 5s.

THE Competition we announce to-day is the first of the kind that has appeared in our columns, and we shall be rather curious to see how it is taken up.

We give below the Selection in Prose which is to be transposed into Poetry.

On page 622 will be found the Poem to be converted into Prose.

In awarding the prizes the Examiners will take into account—

(1) The fidelity of the transpositions to the main incidents and spirit of the originals;

(2) Their literary merit;

(3) Punctuation, spelling, and general neatness.

RULES.

1. Competitors may select their own Division, but no Competitor may enter both.

2. Foolscap paper must be used, written on one side only; and Competitors must write their names and addresses at the head of the first sheet.

3. Inquiries must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, and the envelope containing the inquiry must be clearly endorsed on the outside, "Query."

4. The covers in which the Papers are sent must be endorsed "Transposition Competition, Division .," and must reach the Office, 62, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., not later than September 8th.

5. Papers cannot be returned.

DIVISION I.—PROSE INTO POETRY.

THE FROZEN MILL-STREAM.

HIGH amongst the mountains of Norway there rose a big, bright stream. It rushed headlong over the rocks in dancing, foaming cascades, and down, down into the valleys beneath, away towards the sea. It was a beautiful river, and people would come long distances to gaze at, and admire its falls, but it was also a very useful river. Huge blocks of timber from the hewn pine-trees on the hill-sides were launched into its bosom, and floated down to rude, water-power saw-mills. Here they were sawn into planks, and started once more on a longer voyage, sometimes tumbling grotesquely down the cascades, sometimes getting stranded for a time in shallows, sometimes making their way slowly enough, but all arriving safely at last at the great timber port for which they were bound.

The old miller at the saw-mill by the bridge, with his shining brass buttons on his coat, and the long white hair, had lived there all his life, and worked at the mill since he was strong enough to manage it, and float the smooth, sweet-smelling planks. He had no wife, or children, or near relations of any kind, and lived alone in his log hut; but he loved the old saw-mill which brought him in a comfortable maintenance, and he loved his work, and he loved his constant companion and helper, the strong, active stream. So, year after year, the river and the miller worked on together, and the river remained as fresh and strong and vigorous as ever, but the miller grew older and feebler. The mill-wheel did its share just as quickly and securely as it had always done, but the sawn planks became fewer in number. The old man could not wield them as easily as he used to do, and sometimes he had to rest his aching limbs between whiles.

When he counted the floating planks, he knew that old age and helplessness were fast creeping on, and began to think sadly and bitterly of the time that was coming, when he must fold his hands and sit within his cottage door, destitute, or dependent on the charity of others, and watch other and younger hands at work at the mill. The old man grew feebler. Then there came a long, dark winter, when his strength failed very fast. For days the snow fell thickly, and he could only work at the mill for short spells at a time. Then there was a terrible frost, the hardest that had ever been known in that part of the country. One whole long dreary night the poor old man lay awake, his limbs benumbed with the pitiless, all-penetrating cold. At length the daylight dawned, and the hardy old miller crept out of his hut to look about him. All was intensely still, intensely cold.

The white snow lay thick around, the dark pine trees were fringed with snow and ice. The stream itself was frozen into a glacier. The waterfall hung in huge icicles from the rocks. The mill-wheel was fixed in the midst of the ice, motionless, powerless. The old man gazed at the frozen river intently, heedless of the death-like cold which surrounded him. "So you have gone to sleep, old friend," he murmured. Then he crept back into his hut, and cowered over the stove. Later a neighbour, not seeing the active old man about as usual, came to look for him, and found him stretched on his rough bed.

"The river is frozen," he said; "the mill is stopped; I think I will sleep for a while too; but it is cold, very cold."

The neighbour threw a reindeer skin over the old man, and left him. For days the frost continued, and the miller remained in his hut. Every day the neighbour came in to see him, and every day he answered the unspoken question he could see in the old man's eyes: "The river is frozen still, the mill cannot work."

At length there was a change; the sun shone again, the icicles began to drip. The neighbour hastened to the miller's hut with the good news, thinking to cheer him.

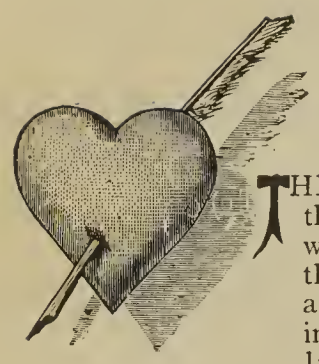
"It is thawing," he cried; "we shall soon have the mill at work again."

Then the old man sat up and smiled, "The river may go to work again," said he, "but I must rest a little longer first. The good God thinks I have worked long enough."

The river melted, and the wheel went merrily to work again, and the pine logs floated to the old timber port, but the old miller slept on under the snow-covered turf.

The Heart's Choice:

OR, THE DIFFICULT LOVE LETTER.



THE Herr Jägenthal the elder was considered, though a learned, a rather pitiable individual, in the little village of Oberwasser, where for many years he had taught the village school. He smoked his big pipe in the parlour of the Wirthshaus in winter, and under the shade of the linden, which grew outside its door, in summer. He spoke seldom, and when he did, he always took a desponding view of the situation under discussion. He had no faith, not even in the Emperor William, still less in Prince Bismarck. When others praised the minister, he shook his head and said, "Ah, the Kaiser is governed by a paper-maker, and he—*he*—by his little dog! So!"

Being so learned a man, his opinion carried weight. His depressing sentences set people thinking; and many, who but for him would not have thought at all, but submitted as a matter of course to all Prince Bismarck's "impositions" and "reforms," submitted still, but grew in their hearts to be republicans. Herr Jägenthal had but a small income from his scholars. They each paid a few kreutzers per week, and in turns in winter brought a billet of wood for the stove. Now and again the mother of a new pupil would propitiate the master with a loaf of white bread, or a flask of home-made kirchenwasser. Therefore, being so poor, the Herr Schulmeister was glad to earn a thaler now and again by writing letters for his fellow villagers, who seemed to have forgotten all he had taught them when they were children.

One there was who forgot nothing, and who was for ever pushing forward in the race of life, and that one was Herr Jägenthal the younger. He was an orphan nephew, adopted and brought up by the Herr Schulmeister. He was a good-looking young fellow, and left the village early, and engaged himself as a waiter in the hotel of the neighbouring town. For years he wandered. He saw Zurich, Lucerne, Geneva, Paris, Berlin, and Rome; indeed, he was fond of saying that he had been everywhere, for he one season found himself a waiter in a foreign restaurant in Coventry Street, near Leicester Square. Here it was he made the acquaintance of his fellow country-woman, the Widow Klop, married her, and returned home.

Then a new life began for Oberwasser. So near Switzerland, under the very shade of the Jura, on the high-road thither, it was unendurable, Herr Jägenthall declared, that prosperity should stream past in the wake of the English tourists, and never lave their shores.

"Oberwasser shall become a favourite resort," exclaimed Herr Jägenthal, striking his breast as he stood under the linden, surrounded by an admiring crowd of his old acquaintances. His uncle shook his head.

"Who will do it?" he asked despondingly.

"I will; I, Heinrich Jägenthal."

"How?"

"Thou wilt see."

And the schoolmaster did see. He beheld an hotel arise on the edge of the pine woods, at the foot of the hills. He saw it furnished and supplied with many baths. He remonstrated at every outlay. The furniture was too expensive; the spring mattresses—who ever beheld the like? The gardens, the paths in the woods, the rotunda built over the sulphur spring. All, all, were a foolish waste of the Frau Jägenthal's money. But, beyond all, the crowning folly were the baths! Plunge baths, shower baths—hot, cold. What was the meaning of all this?

The schoolmaster was very angry.

"One needs but to wash one's face and hands, and those not often."

His nephew laughed.

"Wherefore this folly?" demanded the old man. And to all his remarks his nephew answered but one word.

"The English. Wait ten years."

In ten years Oberwasser was another place. There was a Kursaal, where the band played, and ices were served at the little tables; a long, straggling street, with many shops; and the prosperous hotel was always full. The salubrity of the air, and the efficacy of the sulphur waters, had been duly advertised. The Germans came for the waters, the English to picnic in the pine woods, to spend quiet Sundays, and to rest after the fatigue of mountaineering.

Herr Jägenthal was in his element, constantly inventing some new source of amusement, or adding to the attractions of the little town he had created.

One spring day he was gossiping with his old schoolfellow, Johann Sinck, once a very poor carver of cuckoo clocks, now the prosperous proprietor of the "English Emporium of Curios," when a girl came into the shop with the carvings her father had finished that week. The hotel-keeper looked at her. She was a pretty, bright girl. She would do; yes, certainly. And there and then mein Host struck a bargain with Lena Riffen.

"I have a Parisienne, and an Alsacienne, and I must have a German girl. You will all wear costumes, which Madame Jägenthal will arrange for you and you will assist Adolphe Muller. He speaks all the languages, even English. You will wait on the Herren."

So Lena Riffen went to the Hotel Victoria, and her bright smile and cheerful willingness soon made her the favourite waitress there. Many a gift she received, and carefully she stored up each thaler so obtained, for had she not a motive? Her parents had a right to her earnings, but these gifts were her very own.

She had a happy but busy summer. No time all the week for rest. But on Sunday morning she rose early and went to the Lutheran service, and across the aisle she glanced sometimes to the men's side, and saw Frantz Biner. He was a tall, strong young fellow, with yellow hair, blue eyes, and a kind face, which grew kinder when his glance caught hers. He would say a word or two to her as they walked to the hotel together, and then in the evening she would put off her service costume, and in her pretty Sunday day dress, and her hair plaited and tied with ribbons, she would go into the Kursaal Gardens, where the band was playing, and all the neighbours were walking; and after greeting one and another, somehow Frantz Biner would be by her side; and then soon they would find themselves wandering off into the pine woods, not returning thence until the sun had gone blazing down, a ball of fire, behind the black pines of the towering Jura. Ere they parted Frantz would press her hand and whisper, "Next year."

Winter came. The hotel was shut up, the shops closed, and Lena put off her gay skirt, velvet bodice, and snowy linen, and donned a dark, coarse dress, and her fingers no longer arranged flowers, but were busy with flying needles on endless yards of stockings. All the gaiety died out, and the sleep of winter settled on Oberwasser.

"Next summer," said Frantz, "I shall go away, Lena; there is more money to be earned in Switzerland than here. I will go to my uncle at Zermatt; then surely before winter comes again, I shall have the price of three cows. Then my father says that he will agree to our marriage, but not else. And he is right. We need more cattle. He knows," added Frantz, with a laugh, "if I had thee safe at the farm, I should want nothing more."

"But, Frantz, I have money enough for one cow now; take it."

"No, Lena. Thy money we will keep and put by, and it shall be for thee. Who knows what thou mayest need, liebschen?"

So the young people looked forward to summer.

Soon, very soon, it was there, and life began again at Oberwasser. Yet Frantz could not tear himself away.

Adolphe Muller, who had been travelling with an English gentleman, returned. He had in a hundred cunning ways plundered his employer, and came back rich. He had been also making inquiries, and knew where he could borrow more money, and he was now secretly planning to open a rival hotel at Oberwasser. He had a clever way of talking, had travelled much, and seen many people, and he generally was successful in getting what he wanted.

He wished for two things now—an hotel at Oberwasser, and Lena for his wife. He began to pay the girl much attention.

Adolphe was a great man in her simple eyes, and she was elated. The more so, because Marie Mignot, the French waitress, was piqued thereby. The first summer Adolphe had been her special cavalier; now he was absorbed in Lena.

The band was playing a lively air, and Lena, wearing some flowers Adolphe had presented to her with a pretty speech, was sauntering by his side in the Kursaal Garden. He was telling her an amusing anecdote, and she, looking up into his face with a smile on her lips, did not observe Frantz Biner coming towards them.

Frantz had, ever since Adolphe's return, been growing uneasy. He had even made excuses to the hotel to see Lena, but she was always engaged. Three times now Adolphe had told him so with a disagreeable grin. So Frantz's heart grew sore. He came to hate the head waiter, and yet his very unhappiness chained him to Oberwasser. If he met Lena, he was cold and constrained, and when she asked him wistfully when he was departing to Zermatt, he answered her bitterly, "None the sooner that she wished it."

Their last walk together had been an uncomfortable one. Chilled and hurt, she too, grew constrained. Had she been alone now, Lena would have seen him approach, and one shy, sweet look from the eyes he loved so well would have been enough assurance for her lover that she still was his. But they met abruptly. Lena was confused, and hesitated, as Frantz brusquely ordered, rather than invited, her to come with him. Adolphe, with the French air he had acquired in Paris, and which Frantz hated, instantly interposed with,—

"A thousand pardons, but the Fraulein is engaged to me this evening."

"And perhaps," said Frantz savagely, "for always, likewise?"

"I hope so. Fraulein Lena honours me."

"Frantz!" cried Lena, in a piteous tone, as he turned away; but the young man either did not, or would not, hear her.

Some days after, Lena ascertained that Frantz Biner had left the village that Sunday evening. At first she hoped to hear from him. He could write. But no, not a line came. Then the thought came to her, that she would work very hard, and save up the money for the two cows—money for one she had—and this thought comforted her. She sat up at night, and did sewing for the English ladies, or washed their clothes, and so earned many a thaler. But she heard not one word of Frantz.

Adolphe was always there, and more attentive than ever; but since the evening she had last seen Frantz she cared not for Adolphe.

So the summer went by slowly, and bit by bit the girl's heart grew more and more sorrowful, and she came to fear that Frantz cared no longer for her, and that this terrible silence would go on for ever.

Frantz, on his part, had gone away in a rage. The force of his anger burnt up all the loving thoughts which had filled his heart, and made it Lena's home; and when the passion was past, it was an empty, desolate place—the more sad because the remembrance of her would sometimes visit him. His uncle, the guide, took him out with him. The work was often dangerous, and the life one of hard endurance. Its constant excitement did him good. He grew to love his employment, and tried to banish all thought of Lena.

So August passed. One day, when Lena was waiting on three English gentlemen, she heard the name of Frantz Biner repeated several times. When the gentlemen went on to the terrace in the pine wood, to smoke their cigars, she summoned courage to steal after them. One, who she knew could speak German, might tell her of Frantz. Her heart beat as she approached them, but at length she managed to say,—



The Matterhorn from Herr Seiller's Hotel.

"Mein Herr, you spoke of Frantz Biner. Has mein Herr perchance been to Zermatt?"

"Yes. We were speaking of a new ascent of the Matterhorn, and the Biners were our guides. The younger—Frantz—nearly lost his life, but his promptitude probably saved ours. He is a brave man. Is he your brother?"

Lena's white lips could hardly murmur "No."

All night she tossed about in misery. She wanted Frantz back—back, safe in Oberwasser. Yet how could she ask him to come? How tell him she cared not for Adolphe, nor ever had cared, but loved *him* only. How be so unmaidenly? At first she told herself that she could not do this thing, then that she must, or die.

Another difficulty was that she could not write; but then old Herr Jägenthal would do that for her for a thaler. At length she rose and dressed herself, and while all yet in the hotel were asleep, made her way to the school house. She knew the schoolmaster was a very early riser, and she found him, as she expected, seated at his table. She had brought her market basket with her. She would call for the eggs on her way back—it made an excuse.

"I want you, Herr Jägenthal, to write a letter for me. I could not come later."

"*Wohl! sehr wohl!*" replied the old man, producing paper and pens. "Say the words and I will write them."

"Lieber Freund." Then Lena could get no farther; the thoughts which came to her mind, the words which rose from her heart to her lips, she could not tell to the schoolmaster. She looked at him, and she *could* not say them. "Lieber Freund," she repeated.

"Thou dost not want it written twice, dost thou?" inquired the writer sternly.

"No! no! mein Herr. Put—the money for the three cows is waiting."

"*Sehr wohl!*" Lena remained silent. "What more?" inquired the old man.

"Only," cried Lena desperately, "Adolphe Muller and Marie Mignot are *verlobte*. See, I can write my name at the bottom. And now, Herr, direct it to Frantz Biner the younger, guide, Monte Rosa Hotel, Zermatt, care of Herr Seiller; and here is the thaler."

Lena posted her letter, and then waited anxiously for a reply, but none came. Three, four days passed.

It was Sunday evening. Lena had no heart for gossiping with the neighbours; she wandered off into the pine woods, and stood, tears blinding her sight, gazing towards the Jura. On the other side of those dark mountains was Frantz, and he had cast her off for ever! She had shamed herself for nothing; he loved her not!

The sun went down. She turned to go home, alone. Ah! but who was this who caught her in his strong arms? This man, with the brown face, who showered kisses on her eyes, her hands, her hair, who said but one word, "Lena! Lena!"

She cried again, but for very joy. Presently the girl looked, smiling shyly, into her lover's face, for in truth she had now found her heart's choice.

"It was such an awkward letter to write, but I thought you would perhaps come—for the three cows.'

"Oh, yes! doubtless I came for them; but, see you, my Lenachen, those noble Englishmen have given me more than the price of the cows. So you can keep your savings—for goats, if you like. I want but my wife, my Lenachen."

"After all, it was not an awkward letter," said the girl, with a happy laugh!

PRIZE TRANSPOSITION COMPETITION.

(*See page* 619).

DIVISION II.—POETRY INTO PROSE.

THE LEPER.—By NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

"ROOM for the leper! room!" And, as he came,
The cry passed on—"Room for the leper! Room!"
Sunrise was slanting on the city gates
Rosy and beautiful, and from the hills
The early risen poor were coming in,
Duly and cheerfully to their toil, and up
Rose the sharp hammer's clink and the far hum
Of moving wheels and multitudes astir,
And all that in a city murmur swells—
Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,
Aching with night's dull silence, or the sick
Hailing the welcome light and sounds that chase
The death-like images of the dark away.
"Room for the leper!" And aside they stood,
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
Who met him on his way—and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper, with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
And with a difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!"

'Twas now the first
Of the Judean autumn, and the leaves,
Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,
Had put their beauty forth beneath the eye
Of Juda's palmiest noble. He was young,
And eminently beautiful, and life
Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip,
And sparkled in his glance; and in his mien
There was a gracious pride that every eye
Followed with benisons—and this was he!
With the soft airs of summer there had come
A torpor on his frame, which not the speed
Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast
Of the bold huntsman's horn, nor aught that stirs
The spirit to its bent, might drive away.
The blood beat not as wont within his veins;
Dimness crept o'er his eye: a drowsy sloth
Fettered his limbs like palsy, and his mien,
With all its loftiness, seemed struck with eld.
Even his voice was changed; a languid moan
Taking the place of the clear silver key;
And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light
And very air were steeped in sluggishness.
He strove with it awhile, as manhood will,
Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein
Slackened within his grasp, and in its poise
The arrowy jereed like an aspen shook.
Day after day, he lay, as if in sleep.
His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales,
Circled with livid purple, covered him.
And then his nails grew black, and fell away
From the dull flesh about them, and the hues
Deepened beneath the hard unmoistened scales,
And from their edges grew the rank white hair,
—And Helon was a leper!

Day was breaking,
When at the altar of the temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense lamp
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof
Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
The echoes of the melancholy strain
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his head
Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
His costly raiment for the leper's garb;
And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still,
Waiting to hear his doom:—

Depart! depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God!
For He has smote thee with His chastening rod;
And to the desert wild,
From all thou lov'st away, thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague His people may be free.

Depart! and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er;
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide;
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink;
By desert well or river's grassy brink.

And pass thou not between
The weary traveller and the cooling breeze;
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

And now, depart! and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him
Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel His chastening rod.
Depart! O Leper, and forget not God!

And he went forth—alone! not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yes—he went his way,
Sick, and heart-broken, and alone—to die!
For God had cursed the leper!

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blest—to die!
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!" and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the Stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name—
"Helon!" The voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon! arise!" and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before Him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye
As he beheld the Stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on His brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at His back, nor in His hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear,—yet in His mien
Command sat throned serene, and if He smiled,
A kingly condescension graced His lips,
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and His sandals worn,
His stature modelled with a perfect grace;
His countenance, the impress of a God,
Touched with the open innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; His hair unshorn
Fell to His shoulders; and His curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if His heart were moved, and stooping down,
He took a little water in His hand,
And laved the sufferer's brow, and said, "Be clean,"
And, lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his lips
The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet and worshipped Him.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

AUGUST 5TH.

The Burnt Offering.—*Lev.* 1. 1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Isa.* 53. 6.

SHOW, from previous Scriptures, sacrifice was no new thing. Practised also by heathen nations. Tabernacle quite finished, we now enter upon a short study of *Tabernacle Services*. Five offerings are mentioned in the first five chapters of this book. Burnt, chap. 1; Meat, chap. 2; Peace, chap. 3; Sin, chap. 4; Trespass, chap. 5. They expressed the sense of Sin, and the desire to render Thanksgiving. Our lesson to-day is about the first. In this lesson, more than most, explanations needed as verses are read.

Ver. 1. Where had God spoken to Moses from before? Show why the place was changed. How the people would appreciate the change!

Ver. 2. The law gave choice of offering according to circumstances: five animals named as suitable—the ox, the sheep, the goat, the dove, and the pigeon.

Ver. 3. The offering must be *perfect*, and given *voluntarily*.

Ver. 4. The putting of the hand upon offering was symbolical, an act of satisfaction—"this animal represents me, is now for present purposes myself." Egyptian word, "atonement."

Ver. 5. There was first the presentation, then the slaying, and thirdly the sprinkling of the blood.

Ver. 6. To flay is to skin; hide given to priest (chap. 7. 8). The whole of the offering was burnt, none eaten, as in peace and sin offerings.

Ver. 7. This fire never went out (chap. 6. 13); therefore either this refers to the first kindling, or it should read, "shall make up the fire." No offering without the aid of priest. Worship had to be offered through a mediator.

Ver. 8. "Order." Draw attention to God's unfailing law of "order." "Said to have been the same as the members held in the living creature."

Ver. 9. "Shall he wash." "A further search after blemishes" (Ps. 51. 6). The *life* already offered in the blood, now the whole substance. "Modern science, by showing that the effect of fire upon the substance of a body is to resolve it into gases which rise from it, contributes a new illustration to this verse."

Picture a man bringing offering; go through the whole scene. Ask scholars if they see in the picture anything you have not mentioned. Answer will certainly be, "CHRIST." With scholars again go through verses, *finding Christ* in each, aided by New Testament references.

God speaks to us now, not from tabernacle—where? (Heb. 1. 2.)

Christ offered Himself (Heb. 7. 27).

Was without spot or blemish (Luke 23. 4; 1 Pet. 2. 22).

Bore our offences, and was Himself our Atonement (Rom. 4. 25; 5. 11).

Our Priest and Mediator (Heb. 3. 1; 1 Tim. 2. 5).

His body the "medium" of His "sacrifice" (Heb. 10. 5, 10).

The Cross His Altar (Phil. 2. 8).

According to Divine order (Heb. 10. 7).

Accepted by God (Eph. 5. 2).

Another look at the picture. We see—

WHAT GOD REQUIRES FROM US.

What is it? Sacrifice of cattle? No. See Ps. 51. 16. For answer, get scholars to read Rom. 12. 1, 2. Draw on paper or blackboard following plan, giving necessary explanations to each word:—

Give { O urselves
F reely
F aithfully
E ntirely
R egularly
I ntelligently
N ow
G ladly } TO GOD.

Close by getting some scholar to repeat Miss Havergal's Consecration Hymn, "Take my life."

AUGUST 12TH.

The Day of Atonement.—*Lev.* 16. 1-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Heb.* 9. 22.

EVERY book in the Bible is said to possess a *key-word*. *Atonement* the key-word of Leviticus. Verse 34 in our lesson chapter, the key-verse.

Show, before reading verses, that though God planned out so minutely the life of these Israelites, *holidays* were not forgotten—their number—but in those days religion and pleasure were synonymous terms.

What were the names of Aaron's sons, and how did they die? (ch. 10). Connection between them and our lesson: their punishment showed importance of strict obedience, their sin, of a need for atonement.

THE DAY. It was,—

A day fixed by God. Binding upon all.

A day of Rest. Verse 31. A yearly Sabbath in addition to seventh day.

A day of Retrospect. Thinking over the sins of the past.

A day of Humiliation. "Ye shall afflict your souls" (ver. 29).

A day of Sanctification. Freed from sin.

A day of Anticipation. Joyful feast of Tabernacles was near.

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT. The chief personage—High Priest.

What he did. 1. Bathed. 2. Dressed in white garments, typical of entire purity (ver. 4). 3. Presented a bullock for a sin-offering for himself (ver. 3). 4. Presented two goats for the congregation (ver. 5). 5. Cast lots on the goats. 6. Offered up the bullock. 7. Went into the holy place with incense. 8. Returned to court, and taking blood of bullock, sprinkled mercy-seat. 9. Came into court and killed the goat set apart by lot for sacrifice. 10. Third time went into holy of holies, and sprinkled with goat's blood. 11. Purified the other parts of the tabernacle with blood. 15. Confessed the sins of the people upon the head of remaining goat (named Azazed, the remover), and then had it sent to the wilderness.

Teacher should repeat these "acts," getting scholars to find verses recording them.

Afterwards group into scenes—I. The casting lots on the goats. II. Priest offering—his own sacrifice. III. People anxiously watching his entrance through the mysterious veil. IV. Confessing sin on head of goat. V. Watching the goat disappear towards the wilderness.

THE DAY OF OUR ATONEMENT.

This part might well be worked out entirely by questions and answers from Scripture.

Do *we* need any atonement made? (1 John 1. 8).

Who is our High Priest? (Heb. 3. 1).

On whom did He put our sins? (1 Pet. 2. 24).

Was His atonement sufficient? (Acts 4. 12).

What veil did He tear down? (Heb. 10. 20).

Into what place did He enter? (Heb. 4. 14).

In what was this atonement better? (Heb. 7. 26-28; 9. 13, 14).

From these we gather these four thoughts, which it would be well for scholars to write down:—

THE ATONEMENT. *A need.*

THE ATONEMENT. *A fact.*

THE ATONEMENT. *An inspiration.*

THE ATONEMENT. *An example* (1 John 4. 11).

Illustration.—A deaf and dumb scholar once wrote on the slate to his teacher, "I cannot see how Jesus Christ alone should be able to die for all men." The teacher thought for awhile how she should open his mind to the blessed truth; and then she went out and brought in a whole apronful of dead leaves, which she put on one end of her desk; then she took off a diamond ring and put it on the other end. "I see it now," he wrote; "Jesus is a diamond worth more than all the leaves of a dead world."

AUGUST 19TH.

The Feast of Tabernacles.—*Lev.* 23. 33-44.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Ps.* 118. 15.

INTRODUCE by referring to Jewish holidays mentioned last week. The three great feasts were:—

THE FEAST OF PASSOVER. Held about our April.

THE FEAST OF PENTECOST. Held fifty days after Passover. Hence meaning of word "*fiftieth.*" Also called FEAST OF FIRST FRUITS.

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES, after the vintage had all been gathered in. Get scholars to state between which of these occurred "Day of Atonement."

This lesson is particularly appropriate as summer holidays are now on, for it is about A GREAT HOLIDAY AND HOW IT WAS SPENT.

Where it was Spent. During wilderness life "in the place which He shall choose" (Deut. 16. 16). Afterwards in Jerusalem (Zech. 14. 16).

Where they Lodged. In booths, ver. 42, Neh. 8. 15. One long picnic. What was this to commemorate? (ver. 43.

How long it lasted. Eight days.

How the Time was chiefly spent. In holy service and sacrifice. Refer to how modern holidays are spent. For list of sacrifices see Num. 29. 12-35. Each of the seventy bullocks was accompanied by an abundant oblation and drink offering, the number decreasing daily.

"There were obvious reasons why the feast should be thus specially marked." It was the national *harvest home*, the fitting season to *dedicate the person* in burnt offering; the *property* in drink offerings and oblations.

In what Spirit it was spent. JOY (ver. 40). The rejoicing so great, the rabbis used to say that he who had never been present knew not what rejoicing meant.

After the temple was built, the services were still more elaborate and imposing. If the teacher could frame in his own words the following extract, scholars would get some pictures of the rejoicing:—"Four large candelabra were lighted in the court; light visible to whole of city. Around these, men danced with lighted torches, Levites accompanying on instruments of music. It is to this grand illumination that Christ is supposed to refer, when He said, 'I am the light of the world.' Early in the morning of the last great day the people, with the paradise apple in their left hand, and branches in their right, marched to the sound of music in a procession, headed by a priest who bore a golden pitcher, to draw water from the fountain of Siloam. Here the priest filled the pitcher and brought it back amidst the sound of cymbals. The return so timed, they arrive just as the priest is laying the pieces of the sacrifice on great altar. The water from golden pitcher poured upon the altar. Immediately the great 'Hallel' (Ps. 113.-118) was chanted, with responses from the people. The first line of every Psalm was repeated by the people, and at the end of each line they repeated, 'Praise ye the Lord.' At the close they shook towards the altar the branches. It was in an interval of silence that Jesus cried out, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.'"

THE EFFECTS OF THIS HOLIDAY.

1. It had a *healthy effect.* This brought about by the journey—*change, rest, outdoor living*, and through *ventilation* of the emptied houses.

2. *Educational.* They learnt more about each other and the world they lived in.

3. *Religious.* They came back with fresh love and thankfulness to God. Every right holiday should have these effects. Picture how miserable some people are after a holiday.

THE LESSONS OF THIS HOLIDAY.

1. God wishes us to be thoroughly happy.

2. The thought of God should be in everything we do, in our pleasures and play.

3. To try and share our pleasures (ver. 22, Deut. 16.).

14. "It is more blessed to give than receive."

4. Thankfulness the chief source of pleasure.

5. Every day may be a holy day.

AUGUST 26TH.

The Pillar of Cloud and of Fire.—*Num.* 9. 15-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Ps.* 43. 3.

CHILDREN of Israel were—ON A JOURNEY. Question as to requisites for traveller's outfit. For Junior Classes the lesson might be described as—

ALL ABOUT A WONDERFUL GUIDE-BOOK.

If we wish to know a book thoroughly, we must ascertain all about—

ITS AUTHOR. Who was it? *God.* What other books had He made? *Nature, Law, Bible.* He knew their *need* of guidance, consequent on their great number, the trackless waste they were in, the enemies around. Show our need of same. What guide-book have we?

ITS DESCRIPTION. Cloud by day, fire by night; illustrate by clouds tinged with fire at sunset. Persians carried a sacred fire in silver altars before their armies. "When Alexander the Great" led his army across the wide levels of Babylonia, he caused a grating filled with a blazing fire to be borne aloft on a long pole, that its smoke might guide the march by day, and its fire by night. Still the same done by caravans which make the pilgrimage to Mecca. Refer to Isa. 34. 4, and Rev. 6. 14 for authority to liken cloud to book. Get scholars to give description of *our* guide-book.

ITS HISTORY. First appearance, Ex. 13. 21. Defence against Egyptians, Ex. 14. 19. Takes its place, Ex. 40. 34. A few words on history of Bible would be of use here.

ITS MESSAGES. *God is here* (Lev. 16. 2; Ex. 19. 9). *God is thinking of you. God is guiding you. God knows the way best.* Show how they were punished when thinking they knew best. How its glow would cheer them on dark nights, its shadow cover them in sultry days (Ps. 105. 39; Lev. 14. 44). Get scholars to give a few of the most prominent Bible messages.

ITS METHODS. Rested on Tabernacle when people had to remain. How when they had to move? Why had the cloud to be "taken up?" To make sure every one saw it, as the camp was about five miles square. Show Bible methods of guiding just as plain.

ITS DEMANDS. Two—Look! Obey! Picture each morning Israelites peeping out of tent to see if it had moved. It once rested eighteen years. Bible makes same demands.

For Senior Classes lesson might be grouped round following thoughts:

GOD'S GUIDANCE is—

Given in various ways.

Given unto all who seek it.

Given conditionally.

1. Willingness to wait.
2. A watchful eye.
3. Ready action.
4. A trustful spirit.

GOD'S GUIDANCE ALWAYS LEADS US RIGHT. None can ever say to Him, "You led me WRONG." The youngest brother of the poet Wordsworth was shipwrecked off the coast of Dorsetshire, through the conceit and incompetency of the pilot. "Oh, pilot, you have ruined me!" were among his last words.

Repeat Sankey's hymn, "I will guide thee."

No doubt during summer months teachers will read accounts of accidents to travellers through having no guides. Use these as illustrations; also lives which have been ruined through not having Heavenly Guide.

Prove whether the lesson has been as good seed in good soil, by getting scholars themselves to point out—

WHY GOD'S GUIDANCE IS BEST?

C. SKINNER.

NOTES ON THE Y.M.C.A. BIBLE CLASS LESSONS.

AUGUST 5TH.

The Penitent Thief.—*Luke* 23. 39-43.

NOTE the intention of Christ's murderers in placing Him between thieves: to add disgrace to His death. Prophecy fulfilled, "He was numbered with the transgressors." But see how God thwarted the design by making it grace the triumph of the Redeemer. The conversion of one thief turned the shame into honour.

Concerning the *penitent* thief notice—

I. HIS CONFESSION OF SIN. Ver. 41, "the due reward of our deeds." This is the first step towards salvation. "He that *confesseth* and forsaketh his sin shall find mercy."

II. HIS SUBMISSION TO JUSTICE. "We indeed justly," "the due reward." "Every mouth shall be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God."

"Lord, should Thy justice grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear."

III. HIS APPEAL TO CHRIST. "Remember me." Observe its simplicity, earnestness, confidence. If Christ did but *remember* him, that would be enough.

IV. HIS CONFESSION OF CHRIST.

(1) His sinless humanity. "This Man hath done nothing amiss."

(2) His kingship. "When Thou comest in Thy kingdom."

(3) His power to save, implied in the appeal to Him.

(4) His belief in Christ's ultimate deliverance and future glory. He evidently believed that life did not end at the cross. He anticipated the life to come.

Mark also the *time* of this man's confession. It was at a time when *no other voice* was lifted in Christ's behalf. Condemned by rulers, jeered by the crowd, forsaken by disciples, *then* it was that the thief confessed. This *greatly enhances* the value of the confession. See from what unexpected quarters God can raise up testimony.

V. CHRIST'S RESPONSE.

"*Verily.*" The certainty of the promise.

"*I say unto thee.*" Note the deliberate, formal, and solemn assurance.

To-day. A sidelight on the "afterwards" of death. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord."

"*With Me.*" This is heaven—"with Christ, which is far better." What honourable company for the thief! Christ enters Paradise with the first spoils of Satan's kingdom. He "opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers."

"*In Paradise.*" Paradise regained.

We must either go to heaven with one thief, or to hell with the other.

There was *one* saved at the eleventh hour, that none might despair; *only* one, that none might presume.

JAMES L. STANLEY.

AUGUST 12TH.

Ps. 22. 1-21; *Matt.* 27. 46-51.

I. CHARACTERS CHRIST IS SEEN IN.

1. The Forsaken Man (Ps. 22. 1).
2. The Earnest Pleader (ver. 2).
3. The Weak Worm (ver. 6).
4. The Reproached One (ver. 6).
5. The Despised One (ver. 6).
6. The Mocked One (ver. 7).
7. The Deserted One (ver. 8).
8. The Beset One (ver. 12).
9. The Reviled One (ver. 13).
10. The Suffering Servant (ver. 14).
11. The Thirsty One (ver. 15).
12. The Hunted One (dogs, ver. 16).
13. The Rejected Messiah—wicked Jews (ver. 16).
14. The Crucified One (ver. 16).
15. The Dis-robed One (ver. 18).
16. The Mighty and Conquering One (Matt. 27. 50).

II. CONTRAST AND CONCLUSION WE MAY DRAW FROM HIS SUFFERINGS.

He was forsaken, that we might be forgiven. God was far from helping Him, that He might be near in helping us. His was the roaring—like an animal in pain, that ours might be the rejoicing. His was the cry of despair, that ours might be the cry of delight. His was the night of horror, that ours might be the light of day. He was a worm and no man, that we might be heirs of glory. He was reproached, that we might be redeemed. He was despised, that we might be welcomed. He was made a laughingstock, that we might be God's delight. He was scorned, that we might be saved. He was reviled, that we might be blest. He was helpless, that we might be rescued. He was beset by demons, that we might be ministered to by angels. He was poured like water, that we might know the preciousness of that Name which is as ointment poured forth. He was out of joint, that we might be in joint. He was melted like wax, that we might be sealed for ever. He was strengthless, that we might be empowered. He was thirsty, that we might not cry for a drop of cold water in hell to cool our parched tongue. He was brought down into the dust of death, that we might have eternal life. He was compassed by dogs, that we might be compassed by mercy. His hands were pierced by the nails, that our names might for ever be engraved there. His feet were nailed to the accursed tree, that we might walk through the new Jerusalem. He was stripped, that we might be clothed. He received the sword of justice, that we might be shielded for ever. He was bruised by Satan, that He might burst our bonds.

What a contrast between Him and us! We in our filth, He in His purity. We in our sickness, He in His health. We in our sin, He in His glory. We in our poverty, He in His riches. We in our enmity, He in His love. We in our shame, He in His glory. We in our weakness, He in His power. We in our folly, He in His wisdom. We in our curse, He in His blessedness. We in our unrighteousness, He in His righteousness. We in our bonds, He in His liberty. We in our destitution, He in His comeliness. We in our death, He in His life. We in our emptiness, He in His fulness. But I Thank God! we can say with one, "He has taken my sin, and I have taken His righteousness." Or, as an old Scotchman in the Highlands of Scotland once said, "I swapt with Jesus." Ah! He took our filth, that we might have His purity. He took our sickness, that we might have his health. He took our sin, that we might have His glory. He took our poverty, that we might have His riches. He took our enmity, that we might enjoy His love. He took our shame, that we might have His beauty. He took our weakness, that we might have His power. He took our folly, that we might have His wisdom. He took our curse, that we might have His blessing. He took our unrighteousness, that we might have His righteousness. He took our bonds, that we might have His liberty. He took our destitution, that we might have His comeliness. He died our death, that we might have His life. He took our emptiness, that we might have His fulness. He went to Calvary, that we might go to glory.

Calvary! What a blessed spot that becomes to us, although it was an accursed one to Him. But upon that rugged hill our roses shall blossom; our springs of peace and blessing come forth; our city of refuge is upon this height; here we see our robing chamber, where we take off our rags, and put on His comeliness; this shall be our resting-place, and we may well sing,—

"For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea—
For me the Saviour died!"

Here we see the Tree that was pierced, from which comes the balm to heal our wounds. Here we see the Rock smitten, from which comes the water of life. This is the Place of safety, the Rock of security. In vain the waves of the curse beat upon it, for they are only dashed back. The lightnings of judgment may play about us, but here is the Conductor upon whom they have descended.

This is our Elim—place of rest. This is our Bethany—house of blessing. This is our Bethesda—house of mercy. This is our Bethsaida—house of fruit. This is our Bethel—house of God. This is our Bethlehem—house of bread. This is our Bethshan—place of healing.

F. E. MARSH.

AUGUST 19TH.

Truthfulness.—*Prov.* 12. 17-22.

VER. 17. From the latter clause of the verse it would appear that the "speaking truth" refers to witness bearing in a court of justice, the contrast being between a truthful and a false witness. The passage may, however, be applied to truth-speaking in general; *speaking* truth is as essential as *acting* truth.

Ver. 18. "*Like the piercings of a sword.*" See 1 Sam. 20. 30; John 8. 48; Ps. 64. 3. The power of the tongue to wound is aptly compared to the piercings of a sword. But there is a *good* sense in which the words may be regarded. See for instance Acts 7. 54: Acts 2. 37. "The tongue of the wise is health." Contrast the words of Nabal and Abigail. See how the words of Nabal stirred the wrath of David, exciting his mind to fever heat. Abigail's words had the contrary effect, soothing, quieting. See Prov. 10. 11, 13, 20, 21.

Ver. 19. "*The lip of truth,*" etc. Truth is eternal. Those who speak and live the truth share its immortality. The stability of truth is here contrasted with the precarious position of falsehood. A liar never knows a moment when he may be discovered and exposed. The man of truth is confident in his own integrity. Take Joseph and Potiphar's wife as illustrating the opposite characters of this verse.

Ver. 20. "*Deceit is in the heart of them that imagine evil,*" etc. They deceive, and are self-deceived. In imagining evil against others they promise satisfaction to themselves, but they are deceived. Deceit actuates them, and deceit rewards them. On the contrary, "to the counsellors of peace is joy." See Matt. 5. 9. "The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace" (Jas. 3. 18). See also Isa. 32. 17.

Ver. 21. "*There shall no evil happen,*" etc. No permanent injury (1 Pet. 5. 13, 14; Luke 12. 4). Seeming evils may, but *real* evils never. See on this Gen. 50. 20. "But the wicked shall be filled with mischief." Contrast the security of the one with the peril of the other; also the fulness of happiness in the one case, with the fulness of misery in the other.

Ver. 22. Falsehood and truth, according to the Divine estimation. See here two sides of the Divine character—grace and righteousness, wrath and love. The moral sentiments implanted in ourselves, exist in their highest degree in God. The fact that God is love must never be allowed to obscure the fact of His wrath against sin.

JAMES L. STANLEY.

AUGUST 26TH.

The Dishonest Steward—Wicked but Wise.
Luke 16. 1-12.

IN looking at the Parables we must always remember that there is generally one main feature, and beware of pushing them too far. This same applies to illustrations in the Word, for instance, Christ says, "We are to be as wise as serpents," but He did not say, "Be hurtful as serpents." In the parable that is before us, the one thing that is commended is the prudence, forethought, and wisdom of the steward, and not his craft and dishonesty.

In ver. 9 the Revised Version is much clearer. "Make to yourselves friends *by means of* the mammon of unrighteousness," that is, use money for God's glory by giving it away to others; thus you will make friends here, and receive reward hereafter. Not love it or hoard it up.

1. "Certain rich man." God as the Possessor of all things.
2. "Steward." Mankind as responsible to God.
3. "Accused." All brought in guilty before God.
4. "Wasted his goods." Sinner wasting what God has given. (See Luke 15. 13.)
5. "Give an account." All unsaved will be judged according to works.
6. A reminder. No scheming on the part of the sinner will acquit him of his sins. Salvation and forgiveness are through faith in Christ alone.
7. Condemned and commended. The steward was condemned for his wastefulness, but commended for his wisdom.
8. A Lesson. We may learn a lesson of wisdom from the steward, but we may not copy his wickedness.
9. Right use of money (ver. 9). Make friends by giving it away to the glory of God.
10. Faithfulness (ver. 10). If we are faithful in little things, the principle will actuate our lives. "Minute events are the hinges on which magnificent results turn. In a watch the smallest link, chain, or ratchet, cog, or crank, is as essential as the main-spring itself. If one fall out, the whole will stand still."
11. A Question (ver. 11). Character is essential to blessing.

Lessons we may learn:—

1. Do everything with an eye to the future.
2. Use our money to the blessing of others, for in so doing we bless ourselves.
3. Be faithful in the least things, yea, in all.
4. Serving Christ alone (ver. 13).

F. E. MARSH.



Strange it seems that tourists should so follow beaten tracks, when Norway offers such wide and varied attractions.

Sailing through its Fjords, one gets glimpses of lovely valleys, distant blue glaciers, mountain ranges, and forest-covered hills. Perhaps in no other country does the scenery present such exquisite combinations of grandeur and sylvan beauty.



MAD JOHN BURLEIGH.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT,

Author of "Her Two Sons," "Eric Olsson's Minde Ring," "Drifted," "Little Rainbow," "Our Navvies," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

"THE FLESH LIKETH IT ILL."

"SMITH," said his master, "I wonder what is the reason why the Vicar has not been to-day."

"It's not late, he might call yet, sir," replied his servant, and thereupon he left the room rather abruptly.

"What a good thing he did not question me further! It would have placed me in a most unfortunate position, for I really should not have known how to answer him. I should think tea will be ready in Mrs. Banks' room by now. Wonder what she's got to-night?"

John Burleigh had left Hardman the night before profoundly touched. He had seen his old schoolfellow every day during the past fortnight, and he had prayed constantly for him. He loved the bright, boyish young man. He did his utmost to amuse and interest him, but he waited for God to open the way for more serious themes. At length they had had a



"'If he's worth the name, he'll see justice done!'"

conversation, in which he had been able to speak straight to the young man's heart. John Burleigh knew that the turning-point in Ralph's life had come. A future, a life, an immortal soul, were in the balance. Would it rise or fall? Which would win—Christ or Satan? The decision was in Ralph's grasp.

The Vicar's heart reached up in an intensity of prayer, to lay hold on God, for he was deeply agitated, and needed rest. He had walked only a short distance from the house, when he observed two persons standing on the sward by the side of the carriage drive, under the shadow of the trees—a man and a girl. The man was speaking angrily, and the girl retorted in loud tones,—

"I tell you I will. I've come all this way on purpose, and do you think I'll be stopped by you?"

"And I say you shan't. Why, you surely do not think that I would let such a one as *you* go to him there? It would be as much as my place is worth; and do you think I'm going to lose a place that suits me to please *you?*"

The young woman sprang past Smith, but he seized her arm determinately, and held it firmly.

"Come along," he cried, dragging her back.

The Vicar was close upon them. The girl was screaming, and the angry man storming. As they turned, struggling, they found themselves face to face with the clergyman. Suddenly a silence fell upon both.

Smith touched his hat, and stood in a respectful attitude, but took care still to grasp his companion.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing, sir, of any consequence. I was only having a few words with this young person about a little business she has the impudence to meddle with, as is no concern of hers."

"No concern of mine! I'll let you see about that, I can tell you. I will see him."

"Whom do you wish to see?" asked the Vicar.

Smith muttered something that only the girl could hear, and then held his peace.

"Worse for me if I tell! Will it be? Then it shall be. I'll say what I like to the gentleman. He's a clergyman, and some of them are a good sort. If he's worth the name, he'll see justice done."

"I will, if it is really justice you want. Now tell me your trouble."

The girl's fury was all gone, and she began to cry.

"I've been wondering for a fortnight, sir, where Mr. Hardman was, and I heard from a party I know, yesterday, that he was lying at that Hall there with a broken leg, and so I've come to see him and to know how he is."

"You can go, Smith," said the Vicar; "but do not say anything to your master until I give you permission."

"Certainly not, sir," said Smith, touching his hat, and hurrying away.

"Now come with me, and you shall tell me all your sorrow."

The girl looked at John Burleigh, and seeing only intense compassion and pity there, and no touch of disapproval or contempt, followed the clergyman, whose face had made her change her purpose.

They had only proceeded a short distance when the Vicar noticed that she was carrying a somewhat heavy bag.

"Permit me," he said, and gently took it from her grasp.

"Oh, sir, no! I can carry it."

The Vicar was troubled, and was anxiously debating in his own mind what it was right for him to do. He had found this girl, and he wished to help her; but how? If possible, he must prevent her going back to London and her old life. To do the one would be to resume the other.

Then where must he place her? It was already late in the afternoon. There might be time for a journey to Castleborough, but certainly not farther. And who would help him there? He knew of no one in whose charge he could leave this waif. It would be useless to take her to lodgings in Castleborough, and to leave her there with no one to watch over—to guard her—until she could be restored to her friends, if she had any, or to a lady whom he knew and could trust. He would have taken the girl to her that very evening, but he remembered with a pang that she had gone with her overworked husband, a clergyman, to Switzerland for a month's rest.

Then John Burleigh thought of his own parishioners. The agent's wife thought herself a very great lady indeed, and an example to all the neighbourhood. She, he knew, would have been exceedingly offended if asked to speak to, much less shelter, such an outcast. Then one by one he thought of the farmers' wives—all busy people, very much absorbed in their own interests, and he saw the difficulty with which he would at once be faced. Then mentally he canvassed the cottages of the village. In one there were delvers lodging; in another there were many children—all were overcrowded save one. There was the shop—Mrs. Pattison had a spare bedroom; but then, what a terrible time the girl would have, even if Mrs. Pattison would condescend to receive her. Yet, if the girl remained at the Vicarage, he foresaw the consequences. Money, position, comfort, he recked lightly of, but his reputation was very dear to John Burleigh.

Think as he would, no light came, and so their silent walk ended. They came out at the side gate, whence Hardman had been carried, crossed the road, and reached the Vicarage. They entered a stone-flagged hall, from which, right and left, the doors of the two sitting-rooms opened. One was a plainly furnished dining-room, the other a library, where all John Burleigh's treasures found a home.

The Vicar put down the girl's bag, and motioned her to enter the first; then he closed the door and left her. She felt dazed, and was glad to sit down.

"Martha," said the Vicar to his housekeeper, entering her clean kitchen to speak to her, "I have found a friendless girl as I came home. She is in the dining-room, and very tired. Will you take her some tea, and—wait, what is there for my dinner?"

"Two mutton chops, sir."

"Take her one; I can make out with bread and cheese."

Martha felt very angry with the stranger who had come at such an inopportune moment.

"If he'd only met her after dinner, I'd not have minded; but there, what's the use of talking? I might as well take the girl her tea and send her off."

She put the things on a tray, and carried the meal into the room. The girl, who was handsomely though somewhat loudly dressed, was standing looking out of the window. She turned slowly round. Martha stared at her a moment, then turned and left the room, slamming the door behind her. The girl laughed, but the housekeeper marched, boiling over with indignation, into her master's study. He was sitting wearedly, leaning his head on his hand.

"Master, do you know who we've got in the house?"

"I do not know her name, Martha. I have never seen her before."

"Well, she don't look fit to be in the house wi' a decent woman."

"She is friendless and tired, and doubtless hungry."

"Well, master, for your sake she can have her tea, and then out either her goes or me."

When Martha returned with the Vicar's meal, he saw that her face was still red with anger, and that a hard, determined air said as plainly as words that she would keep her threat.

John Burleigh felt weak and tired; he suffered so with omens, that it took the actual bodily strength out of him. He knew that he required food, and he forced himself to take it; then he crossed the hall, and entered his dining-room. The tea-things and empty plate were still on the table. Martha evidently would not condescend to clear them away.

"Now," said the Vicar, "if you feel able, tell me your trouble."

But the girl did not reply.

"You said," urged John gently, "that you wanted justice done, and looked to me for help."

"Since then I've been thinking," she replied, with a laugh, "that there is no justice in the world. It's all for the rich and for gentlefolk, and none for such as me."

"That is not answering my question. I am in this parish, a representative of Christ; as His servant, use me. I will do my utmost to help you. What is your name?"

"Rose Maydew."

"Your real name?" said the Vicar, and there was a slight ring of sternness in his tone.

The girl looked up with her round brown eyes, and fixed their gaze on the pale face and penetrating glance of the Vicar.

"Rebecca Sugden," she whispered, as though the words passed her lips without her consent.

John Burleigh rose suddenly—a likeness flashed before him—and walked quickly to the window and back again. The girl was the one now to be surprised. "What could be the matter with the gentleman?" she thought.

"Are you any relative of Luke Sugden, the head over-looker at Canal Mills, at Benford."

"He is my father," cried she, flinging her arms on to the table, and bowing her head on them, burst into tears.

She felt a hand laid on her shoulder, and heard a voice vibrating with sweetness say,—

"Father, forgive her, she knew not what she did." Then the hand was lifted, and she heard the Vicar's footsteps pacing up and down the room. She cried herself quiet. He waited till her sobs ceased.

"How long is it since you left home?"

"Five years, sir."

"You must only just have gone when I went to be curate at Benford. Did you ever hear your father mention the name of the clergyman at the little Mission Room in Canal Street, of which he was warden?"

"Yes; he thought a sight of him—Mr. Burleigh. He told me about him in his letters."

"I am Mr. Burleigh. Now, can you trust me?"

"Yes, sir."

And then she told her tale. She had learnt dressmaking in a shop in Benford, but had gone, five years ago, with a companion of hers, up to London to improve herself. Her father had willingly given his consent, as he thought that she would "get on" by doing so. The work the girls found hard, and the hours long. It was a very dull life. One night, as they were going home to their lodgings—for they lived out of the shop—they met one of the shop assistants and a friend, who asked them to accompany them to a singing saloon in Leicester Square. They went, and that first evening came away disgusted, and vowed to each other that they would never go again.

In those days there was no interest taken in shop girls out of work hours. There were no warm and pleasant rooms where they might pass the evenings, no innocent amusements, no bright religious gatherings. Sunday, instead of being the happiest and most occupied day in the week, was the dullest and most lonely. The temptation to leave a bare lodging, and to behold some of the brilliancy of the streets, to wander about where other people were moving, was sore. They had disapproved of the first entertainment they had gone to; but a wet evening, a flare of gas inside the gaily decorated vestibule, made them venture into another one, "just to see what it was like." They had meant no harm, but their sense of right was blunted, and again and again the two girls went to singing saloons and theatres, and their disgust at the words they heard, and the shameless women they saw perform and sing, soon wore off, though their hunger for excitement increased. What they saw in these evening hours furnished the subject of their conversation during the day. They had but very little money, and could only afford to go to cheap seats. One night, in the same singing saloon where they had first gone, they saw, sitting in the boxes, smartly dressed, with flowers in their hair and hands, talking and laughing with some "real gentlemen," two girls who served in the very shop in whose dressmaking department they were. Next day they asked them how they managed it. For some time, nearly three years now, though still writing home and pretending to their parents they were rising in their employment, they had lived in lodgings together, and done no work. Every womanly and holy thought had vanished; still they had not gone as far as many. They considered themselves "very respectable" still. In this base, evil life—which, like a upas tree, kills every virtue on which its accursed shade falls—destroying all kindliness, all honour, all righteousness, Rebecca Sugden had made Hardman's acquaintance some months ago. He had been kind to her with a merry, thoughtless kindness, and therefore the girl was grateful to him, and when she heard of his accident, his disappearance having frightened her, she set off to nurse him, honestly wishing to do so because she knew "he had no one belonging to him."

It was a pitiful tale: the old story—the love of this present world, the blindness to the great possibilities of the present and the glorious certainties of the future *life* with God. So ended Rebecca Sugden's tale.

Then tenderly and gently John Burleigh showed the girl what God had intended her to be. She was, after all, a clever North country girl, with a brain and a heart both there, but both as yet lying fallow.

As he went on, and those eyes of hers shone with comprehending intelligence, he had no need to point out to her that for years she had been repressing all the best in her nature. Now the weight of that self-repression was taken off, and as she saw the vision of Christ dying, agonising for her—He who to just such another, and whom all the righteous folk of that day despised, said, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven"; He who knew all about her—her temptations as well as her sins—her heart broke out in one yearning, passionate cry to Him, and she sobbed aloud.

"Rebecca Sugden, you are tired, and must go to rest," said the Vicar, as her pitiful crying grew calmer; "but before you do so, give me permission to write to your father."

"Oh! sir, need you tell him? I was always 'my father's lass.'"

"Yes, he must know. The first step towards your heavenly home must not be taken in deceit. This is of the things which are behind."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl; "I want to be straight now." And falling into the broad Yorkshire she had spoken as a little child, before her parents "got up in the world," she added, "I'm sore huinded, but I'll bear ought, for I deserve it; but it's hard. I wish I could hug all t' load mysel'."

"Ah! Rebecca, no one liveth to himself; and not only are the sins of the fathers visited on the children, but the children's on the father. We are bound together, close together, and the 'whole world is bound' about the heart of God."

So Rebecca Sugden was once more alone.

Then the Vicar went into his study. "Lord Jesus Christ," he said, "show me *Thy* way." What would *He* have done? Would *He* have regarded evil whispers? *Did* He regard them when on earth? So scathing had been the irony of His reply when the righteous men of His day called Him Beelzebub, it seemed as though He had laughed in contempt. Did He let a sense of propriety come between Him and a soul which was being lost? Ah! never. Yet it may hurt my influence in my parish, and it must hurt the souls of my people, if they think evil thoughts and harden themselves with uncharitableness.

"John Burleigh," said an inward monitor, "you know this is a subterfuge; you dislike doing this act of charity because it will, you surely know, tarnish your fair fame. For shame of yourself. You who have given *all* to your Master, are you going to put Him off with an excuse when He asks you to sacrifice for Him your reputation?"

Then the Vicar went into the kitchen and told Martha. "This girl was the daughter of an old parishioner of his—a worthy and respectable man—that she had done wrong, that she wished to do right, that he had written to her father to come for her; and that so deep was her grief he dare not leave her beyond his own care until that father arrived, and he could give her up to him; that he had thought over every house in the parish, and Mrs. Pattison's was the only one where she could possibly go. Now, Martha, what do you say? Shall I go and see Mrs. Pattison? Perhaps her love of money will induce her to take the girl. But you know Mrs. Pattison; judge for yourself. Shall I place her in Mrs. Pattison's charge, or leave her in your keeping? She can sleep in the spare room, and have her meals in the dining-room, though it would be kinder if you would have her here in the kitchen with yourself."

"That, master, I never will! But as to her going to Mrs. Pattison, she shall not; for all the parish would be had in to see her. It will be bad enough as it is, for she's sure to hear the young person's had her tea here, and be up in t' morning prying round."

Martha's dislike of Mrs. Pattison helped her to a charitable decision, though the Vicar had still a hard fight with her. Respectability is more difficult to overcome than sin. It is a precious possession, and many are going to heaven on its merits.

At last Martha agreed. "For *your* sake, master, I'll bide wi' her in t' house; but I shall make her keep hersel' to hersel'. She mustn't expect to set foot in my kitchen, or, for t' matter of that, to go out of t' dining-room."

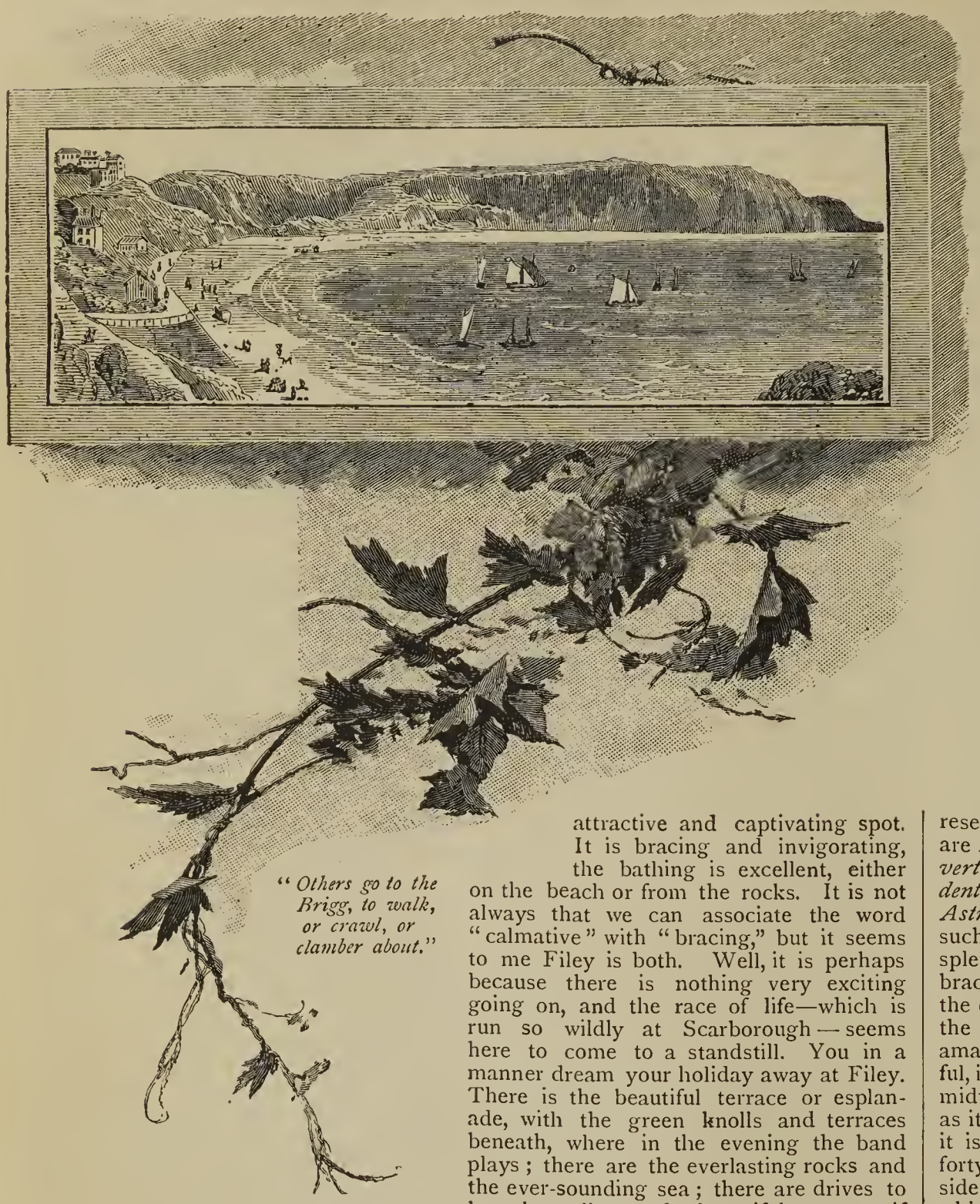
"For *Christ's* sake, Martha?"

"Well, yes, sir; but I can't say yet but what I grudge her sleeping in our spare bedroom—and there's no other."

(Continued—page 641.)

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF A GENTLEMAN GIPSY.

By Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the Land Yacht 'Wanderer'; or, Thirteen Hundred Miles in my Caravan," etc., etc.



"Others go to the Brigg, to walk, or crawl, or clamber about."

LEAF XIV.

NINE DAYS BY THE SEA—THE BRIGG—RUDSTONE — KILHAM — A STRANGE GRAVEYARD—IN CAMP AT NAFFERTON —DRIFFIELD AND BEVERLEY — SOMETHING LIKE A CHILD.

I SOON found a comfortable meadow adjoining the railway station, and belonging to a true-blue Yorkshire man, honest, kindly R——.

I lay at Filey nine days, and for nine days my log continues a blank. Not that I need a log, though, to remind me of dear old Filey, and the universal kindness I met with there. The place and its people will dwell in my memory while life shall last.

I cannot say more—I could not say less. Filey may lack the woodland glory that beautifies some of our Welsh watering-places, and the stern and gloomy grandeur of the Scotch, but it is none the less an attractive and captivating spot. It is bracing and invigorating, the bathing is excellent, either on the beach or from the rocks. It is not always that we can associate the word "calmative" with "bracing," but it seems to me Filey is both. Well, it is perhaps because there is nothing very exciting going on, and the race of life—which is run so wildly at Scarborough — seems here to come to a standstill. You in a manner dream your holiday away at Filey. There is the beautiful terrace or esplanade, with the green knolls and terraces beneath, where in the evening the band plays; there are the everlasting rocks and the ever-sounding sea; there are drives to be taken all over the beautiful country, if you are not too happy and contented where you are. If you stop at home, you can laze most gracefully, or if tired lazing, or gazing at the distant crags of Flamborough, you can spend an hour very pleasantly talking to the simple fisher-folk. Yes, Filey is a pleasant spot, and I believe people actually come here for the benefit of their health; and those who spend one holiday here are sure to spend another.

The lion of Filey is The Brigg.

Everybody goes to the Brigg every day to do something, while many try to make themselves believe that they are studying natural history. The delusion does them good, and does not hurt anybody. Others go to the Brigg to walk, and crawl, and clamber about the rocks like crayfish, some read books, and a good many do nothing with enviable ease.

There is a kind of edible sea-weed found here, called "dulse" in the north. It is not generally known that dulse is an excellent tonic and blood-purifier.

I tore the following description of the Brigg from a newspaper. It is faithful, and worth reproducing.

"This most wonderful ridge of rocks, which Camden says juts out into the sea like a file (hence the name of Filey), forms a natural and romantic pier of oolite rocks and calcareous grit, and from its stretching nearly a mile, with the ocean rolling on either side, affords, without dispute, the finest sea-walk in England; whilst the wild and rugged scenery to the north is of the most romantic and enchanting character. Here, sloping rocks are covered with boulders of prodigious size, numbers of them weighing from forty to fifty tons; scaur after scaur, in perpendicular form, rise to a height of twenty feet; and most curious caverns in the rocks (like Roman amphitheatres) are seen, which have been hollowed out by the action of the waves, as they have in their immense power and terrible majesty during a northerly gale, come rolling on the Atlantic Ocean. Not far distant from here is found pool upon pool, abounding in *actiniæ algæ*, and corrolines, with the funny little hermit crab and other interesting objects well suited to the aquarium; numerous fossils, some of great beauty, are obtainable after much labour and research, amongst which the most striking are *Ammonites excavatus* and *Ammonites vertebralis*, *Pinnal anceoata*, and a large *dentalium*, with a beautiful fossil star-fish, *Astropecten orion*. No wonder that in such a field, 'mid such majestic rocks and splendid cliffs, and nerved to toil by the bracy breezes wafted from boundless depths, the eager botanist, the naturalist, the artist, the geologist, and last, though not least, the amateur fisherman, spend so many delightful, interesting, and successful hours. About midway of that wonderful Brigg (not bridge as it is sometimes erroneously called), where it is the highest, and at an angle of about forty-five feet, there juts out from its south side another ridge of rocks called 'Spittals,' which are only visible at low water and during spring tides. These, no doubt, were constructed by the Roman invaders, for the purpose of making Filey Bay a special 'Harbour of Refuge,' where their innumerable galleys might anchor with perfect safety, which would have been the case had the 'Spittals' been built up sufficiently high to have kept out the south-east sea. To strengthen this idea, there is now, to every careful observer, to be seen the remains of an inner ridge, called 'Old Quay Rocks,' supposed to be the foundation of a jetty or pier, alongside of which their frigates might lay undisturbed. Besides, old fishermen now tell of the existence of an 'old mooring stone' at the north-west corner of the bay, which was formed of a flat piece of rock projecting from the cliff, through which a hole was made sufficiently large to admit of the ropes or cables by which these vessels would be moored or fastened. About fifty years ago this re-

markable instance of Roman ingenuity was removed by ruthless hands, while stone was being cut from 'Filey Brigg' with which to build a pier at Bridlington."

On a bright breezy day, the thermometer in the coupé standing at 80°, we bade farewell to old Filey and our friends, and turned our horses' heads towards Rudstone, a primitive little village, where we made a mid-day halt, receiving a visit, amongst others, from the clergyman.

There are clumps of trees now and woods everywhere.

The day keeps bright and fine, but the sun is veiled in clouds, and there are ugly wee water-dogs hurrying athwart the sky that seem to bode us no good.

A most refreshing little peep is that we catch of the village of Kilham as we roll round the corner, with its quaint, long streets, and picturesque church at the bottom, one huge green tree half hiding its gable and a portion of the steeple. There has been a funeral, and we pass through crowds of mourners. The graveyard is a mere field, with very few graves and gravel, not grassy mounds, but all bedecked with flowers.

The clergyman kindly showed me over the old church.

We pause on a hill-top two miles from Nafferton this afternoon. An extensive and beautiful landscape is spread out before us and beneath. Level it is, but rich in colour and tints, and prettily treed, while the church spires and windmills lend romance to the view.

We bivouacked at Nafferton in a cosy tree-surrounded meadow. A little footpath winds through it, and many children squat near to look at us. There are sixteen hundred people in this village, and only one doctor. This speaks for its healthiness.

We had as many roses and flowers presented to us at this place as will make the *Wanderer* gay for a week.

We are never astonished at getting kindly gifts from Yorkshire people, and these take many forms, from game down to green peas and gooseberries.

Driffield is a clean, quiet, nice town. Its cemetery is a lovely garden—God's garden.

The country 'twixt here and Beverley, about fourteen miles, is flat, but charming; the road fairly good, though narrow. We had little more than a peep at Beverley, but all was beautiful that we saw. First came an avenue of trees, with villas half-hidden, and lounges or seats on the side-path; then a broad street, with wide market square, and a quaint pillared old cross. A peep at a fairy-like minster; a peep at the canal, with lazy barges and bargemen; then on past villas again, with well-kept flowery lawns, and so out into the wide, flat country again.

After a drive of four or five miles we were glad to find a meadow in a long, straggling village of brick houses.

This is a country of hedges and ditches. They tell me that sometimes in winter the water is over even the hedges. Fancy skating over a hedge! Well, there are sedges everywhere, also splendid grasses, and a canal that cuts across at right angles, and goes sleepily away towards the horizon.

But all things and creatures seem to thrive here—vegetables, flowers, cattle, pigs, willows, weeds, and children.

North Cave, where we encamped next night, is a most quiet and peaceful little place. Its church is a fine structure. The clergyman, they told me, was eighty-six years of age, and "beloved by every one."

It was not an interesting country we drove through next day. The land is level, and the trees stunted. It is a land of grass, though, and a land of geese to eat it; a land of good horses, and a land of windmills. They must be windmills where the water will not run.

We mid-dayed at Hemmborough, under the shadow of its gigantic spire, that rises a hundred and twenty-six feet above the battlements of the tower.

We are not often asked to pay toll, but to-day we cross and recross the Ouse near Selby, and are mulcted in three shillings for the treat.

I am now in towns and villages where the land yacht *Wanderer* is well known, and meet friends and friendship wherever I go.

In four or five days' time I find myself at Scrooby.

(*Continued—page* 648.)

A TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY ODE.

By the Rev. CANON DOBBIN, M.A.

1.
DEAR May *petite*,
So fair and sweet,
Accept this natal lay.
Your clear blue eyes,
Like summer skies,
Inspire my muse to-day.

2.
Where Ocean laves
The sea nymphs' caves,
And curlews love to play,
A tiny skiff
Beneath the cliff
At anchor rode one day.

3.
We little thought,
Though trim and taut,
How soon 'twould cross the bay
Of life's young prime
With its golden chime—
You are twenty-one to-day!

4.
In gallant style,
'Neath Heaven's smile,
With pennons bright and gay,
You catch the breeze
Of the rolling seas—
You are twenty-one to-day!

5.
It seems as though
The ebb and flow
Of years had passed away,
Like a dream of night
At the morning light—
You are twenty-one to-day!

6.
May gentle gales
E'er fill your sails,
And speed you on life's way,
No friend forget—
Our darling pet
Is twenty-one to-day!

7.
And when at last
Your anchor's cast
On yon bright shore, we pray
That you may rest
Among the blest,
In God's Eternal Day.



HOMELY HINTS FOR STRUGGLING WIVES;

OR, HOW JOHN AND MARTHA GRIMSHAW MANAGED ON £1 A WEEK.

By Phyllis Browne.

No. III.

WHEN Martha and Mrs. Jackson had reached this point in their conversation, Mrs. Jackson thought it was time that Martha should rest awhile, and have a cup of tea. But Martha was so much interested in her subject that she could not leave it. Even during tea-time she kept returning to it, and was evidently quite glad when the cups and saucers were cleared away, and when Mrs. Jackson had resumed her seat, and was prepared to listen once more. Then she said,—

"Where did I get to in my talk, ma'am?"

"You were telling me how you laid out your money; and you were going on to say what sort of meals you provided for your family. I want very much to hear of them; but before you speak of them, will you return to one of the items in your estimate, and that is clothing? You said that 2s. a week was set apart for clothing. How do you divide that sum?"

"We manage the clothing this way. One shilling per week is my husband's share. With this he clothes himself entirely; and he always looks tidy, and is comfortably dressed. The remaining 1s. I pay every Monday to a Mothers' Meeting, to which I belong, and from that way my two children and myself are well clothed. Of course I put no needlework out, excepting when I have a best dress for myself. This does not occur very often, you may be sure. You see, ma'am, this dress I have on now is my best. It looks very tidy, and it fits me very well." And as she spoke, Martha rose and turned round about, so that Mrs. Jackson might have an opportunity of viewing the gown on all sides.

"Very tidy, indeed, and very becoming," said the lady. "How long has that dress been in wear?"

"Well, ma'am, you will perhaps be astonished to hear it, but I have had this dress for five years. Of course I have taken a great deal of care of it. I have kept it for going out, and I have never worn it when the weather was bad; and I brush it well always after wearing it. But it has been worth the trouble, and there is plenty of good wear in it yet. I suppose by rights I ought to have made it, and not put it out to make; but somehow I do not seem to be able to manage to fit myself as I should like, and as I make everything else, I feel that this little extravagance may be allowed me."

Apparently Martha felt that she could scarcely appologise sufficiently for putting out a dress once in five years. So, to restore her equanimity, Mrs. Jackson changed the subject.

"About your food then, Martha? What do you provide for the family meals?"

At once Martha's face became calm. "Well, ma'am," she said, "I cannot say that our meals are anything but very plain. Yet, at any rate, the food is wholesome, and it is better to have food ever so plain than to run into debt. However, this is the kind of food we have: For breakfast I boil a teacupful of coarse oatmeal for half an hour. This makes porridge for us all, and my husband and I have a cup of tea or coffee, and a little bread and butter. The children seldom want more than the porridge; but that is just as they choose. Next comes our dinner and best meal. Sometimes I take half a pound of beef or mutton pieces, whichever I can get best and cheapest. This I put into a pint of water, with one onion, one carrot, half a teacupful of rice, pepper and salt, and I let it simmer very gently for an hour and a half. Then, in another saucepan I cook just a few potatoes, and in another saucepan I have light dumplings. You know them quite well, I daresay, but this is how I make them. I take about three-quarters of a pound of flour, one teaspoonful of Yeatman's yeast powder, and a pinch of salt. Mix into a stiff paste, with cold water, then work into round balls, about the size of a teacup; put them into boiling water, let them boil twenty minutes without raising the lid, and they are done. Take them out and open them a little with a fork, to let out the steam. Part of these we eat with our meat and vegetables, and the remainder we have as a pudding, and eat either golden syrup or jam with it, which I can spare best. This makes a very good dinner, and often there is a little left. If I paid for everything separately it would cost 10d., but buying things in quantities I get it cheaper.

"Another day I take half a pound of beef, and make it into a small pudding. This I boil gently for two hours, and have a few potatoes cooked separately, to eat with it. For a pudding I boil a teacupful of rice in water, and when it is thoroughly cooked, I add a little milk, sugar, and nutmeg, or a little golden syrup. This meal costs 8d.

"Another day we have soup. This has to be partly made the day before it is wanted. I get three pennyworth of bones, and put them into a saucepan, with cold water to cover them; then simmer them for several hours. This done, I strain the liquor into a basin, and very often in cold weather it sets to a jelly by the morning. Then I put it into a clean saucepan, with as much vegetable cut very small as I can spare, and also a teacupful of rice, or large sago, and let it simmer for two hours.

"Sometimes, if we are expecting a friend to dinner on Sunday, we have a little hot joint for a treat. Of course I cannot afford a large or a prime joint, and so I choose about 3 lbs. of the flank of beef. For this I pay 6d. per lb. The butcher takes out the bone, and rolls it ready for the oven, and I get also about three pennyworth of suet. I know that this flank of beef is suitable for salting; but we do not like salt beef, and when it is gently cooked through in the oven, it is very sweet and tasty, with vegetables and a pudding.

Tea we have at 6 o'clock, and it is the last meal of the day. With tea we have bread and butter, or bread and jam; the latter I make at home in the fruit season. The children have a cup of boiled milk instead of tea, because I know it is more nourishing. Those are the kind of meals we have, and I should be very glad, ma'am, if you would tell me, if you think I could improve on them in any way."

"Indeed, Martha, I think you manage wonderfully," said Mrs. Jackson. "I am sure you are most industrious and managing, and it reflects the greatest credit upon you that you are able to make things so comfortable on so little. Yet I cannot help wondering a little that——"

"That what, ma'am?" said Martha.

"That you do not use peas, haricots, lentils, and hominy more. Are your children strong?"

"I cannot say that they are very strong. They are not delicate, but they are not robust. Their flesh feels soft and flabby; I have often wondered what more I could do for them."

"I should say that the porridge you give them for breakfast is excellent. So also are the bread and milk for tea, and the occasional suet puddings for dinner. But still I think you would find that their health would improve after a few months, if you were to vary their diet. I suppose you know that the foods I have mentioned are as nourishing as meat. When you buy meat for dinner, you buy half a pound for four persons—two of whom, it is true, are children, but one is a strong man. This is not much, but you cannot afford more. You could get the haricots and peas with your groceries, and if you were to use them occasionally, you would save out of the butcher's bill."

Martha evidently was rather disappointed that her friend was not entirely enthusiastic about her methods. "But I stew bones," she said; "and I get soup that is so stiff that you could almost cut it with a knife. Surely that is as nourishing as meat."

"Many think so, but it is a mistake," said Mrs. Jackson. "Once of a day we used to suppose that soup which would jelly was most valuable; but clever men have given great attention to the subject, and they have altered their opinion. They do not say that it is valueless, but they think that it should be mixed with other foods. If, for example, on the days that you have soup, you were to thicken it with peas, you would have a most nourishing dinner, and boiled haricots with onion occasionally might do instead of meat. I should try foods of this kind if I were you, Martha; they are very cheap, and they are also exceedingly nourishing."

"Thank you for the hint, ma'am, and so I will," said Martha. "They will be something new, but we are not so ignorant that we should object to them on that account. They have to be soaked for a day before they are used, also, I believe, but that is no objection to them either, for it takes long enough to stew bones properly. Any one who can look ahead long enough to make soup from bones could look ahead for other things."

"Indeed, that is so," said Mrs. Jackson. "Yet I am sure that to manage a home like yours it must be necessary to look ahead constantly, not only with the meals,

but with the work. You must be always busy, to keep the home comfortable."

"I certainly do not spend many idle moments," said Martha.

"Next time you come to see me I should be glad if you would tell me—if you do not object—how you arrange your daily work. I have been so much interested in your management of your money, and in your cooking, that I should like to know your ways all through. I hope you do not think I am idly curious; it is real interest in you which makes me want to know all this."

"I shall be only too pleased to tell you what I can, ma'am," replied Martha pleasantly. "They say two heads are better than one, and, by talking things over, you may get hints for improvement. But I must hasten home now, or John will be wondering what I am about. If I may, I will come again shortly, and then I will tell you all about my daily work."

With this understanding Martha bade her friend farewell, and took her departure.

(*Continued—page* 650.)

"BRUSHMARKS."

IT was but a tiny square of canvas, about four inches by six, fastened upon an ordinary drawing-board with pins, upon which, some twenty years ago, I had been working with much joy and satisfaction to myself, from a copy that now, as it stood side by side with my reproduction, did not—to me—look so vastly superior.

The background of the picture was a bit of mossy bank, with an ivy leaf or two at the right hand. At the left was a fungus, of the common drab-tinted species: it was so placed as to show only its upper disc, and looked not unlike a plate on a dresser-shelf. In the foreground were four or five damsons and one scarlet berry, lending the necessary "bit of colour."

This was my first work in oils.

My master was a grave, silent man—like many another genius. He moved about the studio at times, stopping quietly behind a student's chair to mark progress, or make mental observations on the manner of execution, to be descanted upon when opportunity offered. These observations were wisely reserved for fitting seasons, never obtruded suddenly upon the student, startling him into further perpetrations of clumsiness, or rendering him nervously helpless. The gentle request to be allowed to sit down for a moment to the work in hand, however, although not fraught with a terrible foreboding of severe criticism or unmitigated censure, was still sufficiently suggestive of the detection of mistaken mode, of crude expression or ignorance of tint, with also the hope of help or possible rectification under the master's touch.

As his own researches were close and deep, and his own expression tender and delicate, so he sought to lead on every student to the same tenderness and delicacy of tint and touch, and to enforce, in his own peculiar way—so powerful because so silent—the same exactness and precision that marked all his own works. It was impossible to look upon these works and believe that the hand which produced them could at any time also produce such inartistic excrescences as not infrequently mar the walls of even our most select Academies and Exhibitions.

To him the almost invisible stamens of the hawthorn blossom, the minute spottings of the London Pride petals, or the all but imperceptible gradation of cerulian tints upon the wing of a "Chalk Hill Blue" were things worth engrossing all his comprehension to understand, and the bending of all his energy to imitate.

To insult nature by representing her finest touches and most delicate traceries in the vulgar daubs and clumsy blotches which have obtained so greatly of late, would have appeared to him as a gross failure; and I think he would have hewn his pallets into firewood, and cast aside for ever both brush and pigment, rather than detect in his works any evidence of such result of his years of patient investigation and practice.

But to return to myself. As many another tyro, I had gone on with my work, "scrubbing and smoothing" to my heart's content; too confident of my own ability to ask advice or help. And so, at last, there stood my finished specimen. There was the fungus, there the damsons, and here the red berry. Yes, there could be nothing awaiting it but the most hearty praise and warmest congratulations on my being the possessor of a genius—equal to? nay, even surpassing that of my master, who had worked for years ere *he* produced the copy from which I had been working; and I—well, this was my first work!

For one moment my master scanned the picture in silence. "Lost in admiration," thought I. Then, raising it from the easel, he turned it down so that the full light from the window fell upon it. I was startled, appalled! Could it be the same thing? He only said, with a quiet smile, as he replaced it before me, "Too many brushmarks."

I was unaccustomed as yet to the various technicalities of the profession. I knew nothing of "dragging," "digging into," "scumbling," or "glazing," and a score of mystical expressions; but there was no need to ask for an explanation of the term used. In the master's hand, and under the strong light to which he had turned it, the imperfections were clearly manifest.

Ah me! years have passed since that bitter moment, when my ignorant conceit, smitten from her self-erected pinnacle, lay grovelling in the dust of her well-earned abasement, never again to occupy the same lofty position. Ever since that revelation I have detected "brushmarks" in all my works, and shall no doubt continue to do so to the end of my life.

And not alone with the subject in hand has this word become associated, but with many arts other than that of oil painting. "Brushmarks," or evidences of *un*finish, have been seen everywhere; and no life-story could be truthfully written and endorsed as "perfect."

The ancient epitaph—

> "He was—
> But words are wanting to say what.
> Think what a man should be,
> And he was that!"

must have been the overflow of fulsome flattery or blind devotion; for, from Adam downwards, there was no Bible character free from blemish—save One; while since, in spite of the lofty assertions of perfectionists and others, frailties and imperfections have ever marred the human character. Many a lofty pedestal to-day rears its pinnacle in mockery above the prostrate form of him who erected it for his own aggrandisement.

"He that is low need fear no fall." But how hard it is for us to *take* the low place! How hard to sit at the feet instead of wearing the crown of pre-eminence! How hard to be ruled when the heart is full of cravings to wield the sceptre!

But it is still to-day as ever. "If thou wilt be perfect—come and *follow* Me." We may not all be tempted by the glitter of golden or other possessions, as was the youth to whom the Divine Master spoke those words; but if we will listen to the whispers of the "still small voice" within, we may discover many and many a "brush-mark."

A trifling action, a hasty word, or even a hidden thought might, if caught like a gossamer thread and traced home, lead to the source of many a moment of discomfort, and sometimes avert ultimate hours of disgrace; for as the gossamer, lovely and glittering in the sunny dawn, if followed, will reveal a spider, so the thought, word, or action, however small and insignificant, is but the outcome of a principle within. Natural perspicacity may discover the black and repulsive spinner of the gossamer thread; but only the mind which is illumined by the Sun of Righteousness can detect the hidden root from which may spring any and every evil of which human nature is capable; and only the will that is completely under the Divine rule will obediently follow the teachings of the Divine Master.

Hence we are forced, however unwillingly, to conclude that many human minds are still in darkness, and that many human wills acknowledge no Divine rule. And yet in this age we hear much of "enlightenment," of "progress," of "culture." There is, too, the outward gloss of a "religiousness" that passes for the correct imitation of the work of the great Master, which, if only subjected to the penetrating gleam of the True Light, would be seen to be full of coarse, contradictory evidences—a mere patch of "brushmarks."

BALLOONING, SAILING, AND SWIMMING SPIDERS.

By Henry McCook.

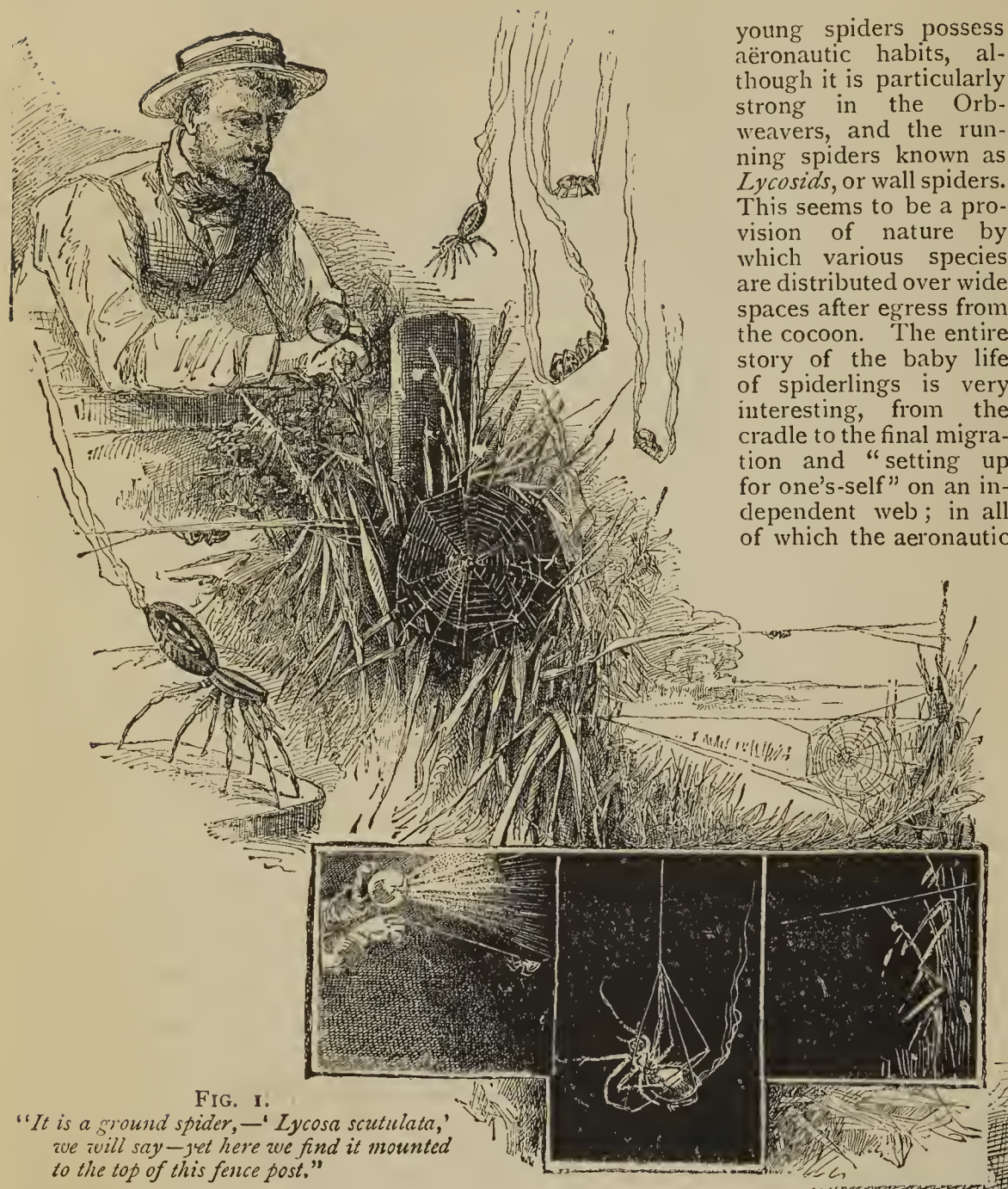


Fig. 1.
"It is a ground spider,—'Lycosa scutulata,' we will say—yet here we find it mounted to the top of this fence post."

ONE who walks in the fields on a bright autumn day will see innumerable threads of silk floating from every elevated spot. They fringe the fence posts, they stream like pennants from the tall weeds, they lace the foliage of the bushes with delicate meshes. These are the ropes and netting of "ballooning spiders," or, as they are popularly called, "flying spiders." If one will glance upward some October afternoon, he will see long white, sinuous filaments drifting through the air, over tree-tops, across the river, far aloft, or mayhap low enough to be within his reach. Let him grasp one of these threads, and, if he be careful, he may find in his hand a little spider. Perhaps, before the creature can be fairly observed, it will have diverged itself from the line, have mounted from the finger in some mysterious way, and once more will be gone "ower the hills and far awa'."

This is the famous spider aëronaut, arrested in her "aëronautic flight," and the silken filament is in fact her balloon. There is no species entitled by special eminence to the name of flying spider, for most young spiders possess aëronautic habits, although it is particularly strong in the Orb-weavers, and the running spiders known as *Lycosids*, or wall spiders. This seems to be a provision of nature by which various species are distributed over wide spaces after egress from the cocoon. The entire story of the baby life of spiderlings is very interesting, from the cradle to the final migration and "setting up for one's-self" on an independent web; in all of which the aeronautic habit has much to do. But let us now suppose that baby life is over; the hand of nature is on the young aranead, urging it by the instinct of migration to seek a home in the "wide, wide world" of yonder meadow. It is a ground spider —*Lycosa scutulata*, we will say—yet here we find it mounted to the top of this fence post, where, with the aid of a common pocket lens, we can watch its movements. The fore part of the body, the cephalothorax, is turned towards the direction of the wind, the abdomen is elevated, the eight legs are spread out so that the feet are at points within the circumference of a circle (see Fig. 1). Beneath the apex of the abdomen are the spinnerets, four cylindrical organs containing the most wonderful spinning apparatus known to men. Hundreds of minute tubes cover the tips of these spinnerets, through which liquid silk is exuded from a multitude of glands within the body; these harden and combine at contact with the air, so that the gossamer thread of a spider is composed of a great number, sometimes several hundreds, of separate lines.

We keep the lens directed upon the spinnerets of our little adventurer. A ray of several threads is issuing; these, caught by the breeze, are drawn out and floated upward six, eight, or ten feet in length. Meanwhile the legs are gradually straightening out, thus lifting the body upward as seen in the figure; then they incline backward and toward the post, while the spider shows in every feature the muscular strain of an animal resisting an uplifting force.

There, with a sharp bound, the aëronant is off! The thread has been drawn out so far that its buoyancy is great enough to overcome the specific gravity of the small balloonist, and float her upon the air. It may be a long while before the observer shall find examples that he can study with satisfaction. Some are caught up into the heavens with so complete a rapture that they are at once out of sight. Others scud along under so swift a wind that they cannot be followed. But, patience! Here at last is one who is off before a slow breeze, and is hugging the ground at about the height of a man's head. And there, too, goes a man, following her across the meadow at a sharp run, his head turned away, his eyes fixed on what seems vacancy to yonder ploughmen, who are debating the question of his sanity. Nevertheless, this is what he sees.

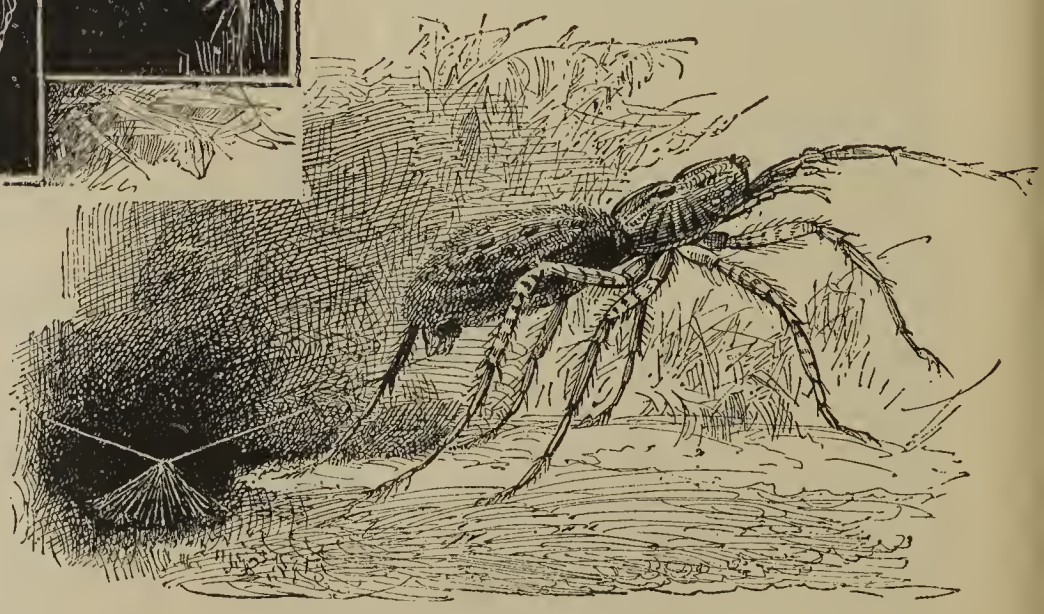


Fig. 2.
"The emitted thread is simply permitted to entangle on some adjacent object."

The spider, as she was raised from the perch, had her head downward. She immediately and swiftly reverses the position, clambers up her floating threads, at the same time throwing out a few filaments, which are cannily twisted into a sort of basket on which the feet can rest. Now the upper legs grasp the lower end of the ray, and the spinnerets being released therefrom are again set to work, and with

amazing rapidity spin out a second and similar ray, which floats up behind her. Thus our aëronaut's balloon is complete, and she sits in the middle of it, as the upper figures show, drifting whither the breeze may carry her. She is not wholly at the mercy of the wind, however; for if she wishes to alight, she can gather the threads into a little white ball under her jaws. As they gradually shorten, the spider, having nothing to buoy her, sinks by her own weight, and the striking against some elevated object, or falling upon the grass, makes her feel at home. In this manner spiders are often carried for long distances; but this, of course, depends upon the condition of the wind and the height of the balloon, or the chances of entangling upon a tree, house, or other object. I was enabled to trace, by specimens, one species of Laterigrade spider (*Sarotes venatorias*) almost entirely around the world in the courses of both the northern and southern trade winds. It had undoubtedly been so distributed by means of this aëronautic habit.

Orb-weaving spiders (see Fig. 2), those which make the geometric snare, utilize this habit in travelling from point to point, and in laying in the foundation lines or frame of their snares. Instead of mounting aloft, as just described, the emitted thread is simply permitted to entangle on some adjacent object—perhaps several inches or several feet distant. The entanglement is at once perceived, the line drawn taut, and over this fairy bridge-work the animal passes from point to point. While observing these habits at night by lantern light, one can at any time cause a thread to entangle upon his hand, or, if he please, upon his face. He will then see the spinner venturing across, creeping nearer, until perceiving the cheat, and liking human society less than man likes her, she cuts the cord in a trice, swings downward through a great arc upon her elastic bridge line, then mounts it hand over hand to the starting-point.



FIG. 3.

"Here is one acrobat hanging in her silken basket, feeling for intruders of whatever sort."

Often the spider will be seen, as in Fig. 3, to drop from a twig or leaf, and hang suspended in mid-air, in a sort of silken basket. Even as I write these words, a brood of spiderlings, hatched in my study for observation, are swinging in their pretty nets, from the borders of the globe of my table lamp, and practising their ballooning, line bridging and spinning habits. They catch on the moving goose-quill, on the table furniture, on my body. Here is one acrobat, precisely as shown at Fig. 3, hanging in her silken basket; she waves her fore pair of feet, as though feeling for intruders of whatever sort; she expands her spinnerets, and gives forth a gossamer line that glints in the gas-light as the breeze which puffs through the open window bears it straight to my forehead. I catch the line upon the feather-end of my quill, lift it toward the window, and now it is off through the night. June is "commencement" month with young spiders, as well as with young misses and men, and millions of them are now afloat, "beginning life."

Most animals must be satisfied with the power to move upon one element. But spiders, like waterfowl, have command of the water as well as the air. Many species of the Lycosids run upon the water with perfect ease, seeking insects that breed near, hover over or fall into ponds and sluggish streams. One of this family is shown at Fig. 4, *Dolomedes sexpunctatus*, the six-buttoned Dolomede, though, by the way, this is a misnomer, for the professor who named the creature, miscounted the white spots along the abdomen which pass for buttons (see figure). When alarmed, this dolomede dives beneath the surface, and there remains, holding on to a water-plant or other object. The innumerable fine hairs that cover the body and limbs retain bubbles of air, which surround the spider like a silver armour (Fig. 5), making a pretty sight. I knew one of these six-buttoned demoiselles to stay thus under water for *forty-two minutes*, breathing the while the shining, bubbled coat-of-mail that encompassed her.

More curiously still, our little spinster friends have the power of sailing, actually sailing, upon the water. There is an English dolomede that makes a leaf-raft and goes buccaneering thereon over the fens of Britain. But some of the American spider fauna have developed a regular yachting propensity. Walking one autumn on the shore of Deal Lake, where it is divided from the ocean by a narrow sand-hill, I amused myself by shaking the clumps of tall grass growing at the water's edge, in order to note the behaviour of the spiders that fell into the lake. A rather odd-looking species of Orb-weaver, with a peculiar jaw and long, narrow, cylindrical body, which have procured for her the formidable name of *Tetragnatha extensa*, had quite usurped these grasses, and numbers were shaken off. They were not a bit disconcerted, although wholly arboreal in habit. Some, being near the shore, spread out the four hind legs, the feet (apparently) being united by quickly spun lines, and using the four front legs as oars, paddled themselves to land. Others spread the eight legs wide apart, as when preparing for aëronautic flight, touched the abdomen to the surface of the water, united the feet by a delicate raft of spinning work, raised the abdomen as shown in the upper figure, and set the spinnerets in play. Several long threads floated upward; they bent before the gentle surface breeze above the spider's body, as yet held rigid and motionless. Now the threads flutter far above the grass tops; sail is next spread, the wind fills it, and away scuds the spider-



FIG. 4.

"'Dolomedes sexpunctatus.' When alarmed, this dolomede dives beneath the surface, and there remains, holding on to a water-plant."

ship over the lake, the feet making little ripples as they go. In a moment the strange yacht touched the shore, and the master landed. I tried this experiment again and again, placed spiders at the end of long sticks, and launched them as far out as I could reach, and always had the same result. The spider yachtman wove her raft, spread her sails, and came with wonderful swiftness to the shore.

Meanwhile her comrades were "ballooning" from the summits of the tall weeds along the path; and beyond the sand-hills I could see the broad-sailed ships of my human fellows ploughing the Atlantic's waves. It seemed all the more wonderful to me as I glanced down to the lake, and again saw my lowly friends rivalling the great achievements of man by the natural instinctive endowments of the omniscient Creator of both. How narrow the bounds that after all divide our behaviour from that of the humblest creatures of the field!

BIBLE JOTTINGS.

"One Things" of the Bible.

Luke 10. 42.—One thing needful: Conversion.

Mark 10. 21.—One thing lacking: Decision.

John 9. 25.—One thing known: Assurance.

Phil. 3. 13.—One thing to do: Press forward.

Ps. 27. 4.—One thing desired: Communion.

Josh. 23. 14.—One thing never fails: The Lord's promise.

Justification.

Rom. 3. 26.—God, the Author.
Rom. 3. 24.—Grace, the Spring.
Rom. 5. 9.—Blood, the Ground.
Rom. 4. 25.—Resurrection, the Acknowledgment.
Rom. 5. 1.—Faith, the Principle.
Jas. 2. 24.—Works, the Evidence.

Roll.

Thy way upon the Lord . .	Ps. 37. 5.
Thy works upon the Lord .	Prov. 16. 3.
Thy burden upon the Lord .	Ps. 55. 22.
He rolled (margin) Himself .	Ps. 22. 8.

The Double Yoke.

The yoke taken off	Hos. 11. 4. / Matt. 11. 28.
The yoke taken on	Matt. 11. 29. Job 12. 18.

Mark 5. 34.

"Daughter"	Re-assuring.
"Go in peace"	Resting.
"Made whole"	Restoring

The Power of Littles.

Matt. 13. 32.—"Least of all seeds."
1 Cor. 5. 6.—"A little leaven."
1 Kings 18. 44.—"A little cloud."
2 Kings 5. 2.—"A little maid."
Jas. 3. 5.—"A little member."
S. Sol. 2. 15.—"Little foxes."
Matt. 15. 34.—"A few little fishes."

Luke 9. 37, 38.

Disciples fail: Christ fails not.

The man went beyond the disciples' weakness to the Master's power.

Fruit unto life eternal . . .	John 4. 36.
Fruit that remains	John 15. 16.
Work that abides	1 Cor. 3. 14.
Works that follow	Rev. 14. 13.

OUR MONTHLY TALK.

A CONTRAST.

BY THE EDITOR.

DEAR FRIENDS,—

There are, as we all know, men *and* men. Some are mean, grovelling minds, looking only on the glare and glitter of things present; others, head and shoulders above their fellows, are breathing the atmosphere of heaven, and thence looking down upon, and estimating at their true value, the baubles and trifles of time. The men may be alike as to their circumstances—their surroundings; but their standpoint is totally different.

Such two men we get presented to us in Abram and Lot. Abram walked with God. Lot went with Abram. Abram had become satisfied with God. Lot knew nothing of this blessed converse, and was ever grasping at worldly advantage and broad acres. The course of Abram's life was not always upwards; he knew the power of the enemy, and had experienced humiliating defeat. But through it all, the vision of the God of glory gleamed with more or less brightness, recalling his wandering steps, and turning him into the narrow path of obedience and self-surrender.

Lot, alas, had gone down, into Egypt, too; like all departures from God, sin left its scar. When Abram came back, Lot came back too. But Egypt had made a fatal impress upon his soul; and when a quarrel amongst the herdmen compelled the selection of new pastures, Lot's avaricious eye sought out the well-watered plains most "like the land of Egypt." Yes, "like the land of Egypt," albeit the men who lived there were "sinners before the Lord exceedingly." The devil easily met that difficulty. "Possibly he might influence them for good; or if not, no necessity to have much to do with them." It was the first step on a "down-grade" line into Sodom, from whose awful doom this "just man" was hardly saved. The Lord preserve us, beloved friends, from this fatal delusion—that we should mix with the worldly in worldly scenes, in order to influence and draw them towards God. No, no; our very presence in such surroundings seals our lips, and contradicts our testimony. Many a year must Lot have rued that fatal choice—a choice not dictated by any concern for the glory of God, but for his own self-aggrandisement alone.

Meanwhile, where was the man of faith—Abram, the friend of God? Ah! he could afford to retain his less fertile plains—he had God; he was satisfied with God; he could trust himself with God. Like Moses, he counted the portion he had in Jehovah greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt.

These two are typical men. They represent Christians *and* Christians. Which shall we choose to be—the Abrams or the Lots? Shall we sacrifice the present to secure the future? or shall we grasp at the present and forfeit the hereafter? Maybe Abram was considered singular—peculiar; possibly narrow in his notions — straitlaced. So may you be, but what matter? Whilst Lot was rushing in terror from the doomed city, Abram was resting securely in his tent upon the plains of Mamre.

And what shall it signify to you or to me, that *we* have been counted fools for Christ's sake, in the day that He owns and acknowledges us before the assembled hosts of heaven? Let us look at everything here in the light of that coming glory. Let us weigh every consideration in the balances of the sanctuary, and, for the honour of our Lord and Master, let us tread very closely in His steps, keeping as far as possible apart from all that would compromise His name.

I have spoken of the life of a Christian—I have shown that two Christians may be living on quite a different plane or level. Do not let me be misunderstood.

It is quite fashionable now to build from the top; to exhort men and women to surrender and consecration; to preach magnanimity and dignity of character, when all the while they have never submitted themselves to the cross of Christ—have never been awakened by the Holy Ghost to the deep, overwhelming consciousness of guilt and need, and hence have never fled for refuge to the cleansing blood.

How manifold are the enemy's devices for shunting souls off the main line to heaven! This, perhaps, is one of his most fatal, because most disguised plots. To preach consecration, philanthropy, morality,—surely this must be right. A handsome tower, an elegant spire, are valuable adornments. Yes, surely! But what if the superstructure rests upon only a foundation of *sand?* And to attempt to build the moral or spiritual superstructure upon any other foundation than the atoning, substitutionary work of the Lord Jesus Christ, is solemnly fatal. Terrible indeed will be the responsibility of allowing souls thus to build upon "another foundation."

This is the Cain offering — fruits and flowers, the product of the natural soil, with no recognition of a sacrifice; and by whomsoever offered—the most amiable, the most benevolent or philanthropic—it must be rejected by God. The *only* path into the kingdom lies by the way of the Cross; and he that "climbeth up some OTHER way, the same is a thief and a robber." Let us not, then, speak of *consecration*, except as the fruit and sequence of SALVATION—first consciously needed, and then believingly and rejoicingly claimed by the new-born soul.

If there should be some reading these lines, who have hitherto believed that they could be accepted by God in the coming day of reckoning, on the ground of excellence of character, propriety of life, self-devotion to the interests of society, may you be led to see that over every child of Adam—however outwardly fair—God has written alike one verdict, "GUILTY"—"all the world GUILTY before God." And before one word or act of your life can be acceptable with God, that question of original and actual guilt must be settled, in perfect consistency with the claims of God's unerring and inflexible justice. This awful problem is solved alone by the Cross of Christ. There, and thereby alone, God can be "*just* and the *Justifier* of him that believeth in Jesus."

"*Consummatum est*" — it *is* finished. Yes! "finished" for each one of us who is willing to accept. That many may thus enter into rest, is the earnest desire of

Your sincere friend,

M. Jane Menzies.

(*Mrs. Stephen Menzies.*)

ECLIPSES IN THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

By Andrew T. Sibbald.

THE great sage and philosopher, Confucius, recorded thirty-six eclipses of the sun, most of which have been verified by European astronomers. This fact, however, does not prove that the Chinese understood the science of astronomy in those days, but merely that they were careful observers of celestial phenomena; and it is also useful as proving the authenticity of their historical annals.

A magazine, printed in Chinese, is published every week at Shanghai, under the title of "Wan Kwoh Kung Pau" (*Chinese Globe Magazine*), in which such subjects as the comet of the summer of 1874, and the transit of Venus, were explained in a popular manner. Notwithstanding these efforts to instruct this self-sufficient people, the vast majority of the enormous population of the empire still remain intensely ignorant in regard to scientific and kindred subjects, and cling affectionately to their old-world traditions and superstitious observances. During the year 1874, their equanimity was constantly disturbed by the occurrence of an unusual number of celestial phenomena; and under these circumstances it will, perhaps, not be uninteresting to mention some of the strange customs and ideas of the Chinese in regard to eclipses, comets, etc.

"Throughout Chinese history," says an old writer on China, "the phenomena of nature, such as an eclipse, the appearance of a comet, a vivid meteor, an earthquake, as well as pestilences, excessive rains, drought, locusts, and famine, have been regarded as signifying the displeasure of heaven, and have induced a real or feigned desire to repent or reform. General pardons have been granted, measures taken to alleviate the distresses of the poor, and imperial proclamations issued, inviting persons to speak pointedly and freely their opinions of what they deem amiss in the Sovereign's conduct."

The Imperial Almanack, published in the first instance by the Board of Rites, at Pekin, and afterwards by the various provincial authorities, does not, so far as we are aware, mention beforehand the coming eclipses of the sun and moon; but the imperial astronomers, some time previous to their occurrence, notify the Board of the very hour when they may be expected to be visible, and this information is at once transmitted, through the high provincial officers, to all the subordinate officials throughout the empire, whose duty it is to "save the sun and the moon" from being devoured by some celestial monster. For the Chinese nation has no definite notion of the actual cause of eclipses, as may be inferred from the terms by which they denote them, viz., "*jih-shih*" and "*yüeh-shih*," literally meaning an eating of the sun and moon respectively. The agent in the matter is usually thought to be the omnivorous dragon; but some believe that there is a dog chained up in the sky, who, when he can get loose, sets off to eat the moon.

These absurdities are bad enough, but a well-educated Malay writer remarks that "half of the Siamese say that the sun is being married to the moon; but the latter dislikes the junction, and so runs away, and the sun after her, and, as he snatches her, it becomes dark."

The Chinese view an eclipse with wonder, mingled, to a great extent, with fear and terror, and most of them take some steps to aid the sun or moon, as the case may be, in the hour of need, the principal agents employed being, of course, gongs and gunpowder, without which no ceremonial observance of any kind is complete. The officials at their several *yamêns* (official residences), go through a regular set ceremonial on these occasions. They call in the aid of the Taoist priests, and an incense-vase; and a pair of large candlesticks, containing red candles for luck, are placed on a table in the *hua-ting*, or audience-hall, but sometimes in the court in front of it. When the eclipse is beginning, the red candles are lighted, and the official enters, in his robe of state.

He takes some lighted incense-sticks in both hands, and bows low in front of a table, waving the incense about, according to custom, before placing it in the vase. He next proceeds to perform the ceremony of "*ko-tou*" (*lit.* knock-head), kneeling down thrice, and knocking his head nine times on the ground. He then gets up, and huge gongs and drums are beaten to frighten the devouring monster away; and, finally, the priests march round the table in solemn procession, repeating certain formulas in a sing-song tone, until the termination of the eclipse.

The officials are, of course, always supposed to be successful in rescuing the sun and moon from their perilous position, and the ignorant masses in China fully believe that the happy result is brought about by the ceremonies just described. They have seen the orb more or less obscured, or, as they have it, swallowed up by some monstrous beast, and after a time returning to its former condition, and they are quite satisfied that the deliverance has been effected by their own exertions, and those of the officials. On these momentous occasions, some of the people beat in their own houses a species of winnowing instrument, made of bamboo splints, in the hope that the din they raise may aid in averting the dire calamity from the sun or moon; and on the occurrence of an eclipse of the latter, sailors on board native junks always beat gongs with a very great heartiness and goodwill; and the noise they make is sufficient to drive any one but a Chinaman distracted.

We do not for a moment affect to suppose that Chinese officials, generally, actually believe in these absurd customs and mummeries, though they are obliged to observe them in obedience to behests of their imperial master, and in deference to the superstitious feelings of the populace; for fully two centuries ago the Roman Catholic priests, who were then in high favour at the Court of Pekin, taught them the main principles of astronomy, how to foretell eclipses, etc.; and many well-educated Chinese are acquainted, through the medium of translations, with some of our best works on this and cognate subjects.

In times gone by, the errors and ignorance of the Chinese in regard to eclipses, have sometimes been made the pretext for offering insane adulation to the Emperor. It is on record that in the twelfth moon of the seventh year of Chên Tsung, of the Sung dynasty (about A.D. 996), an eclipse of the sun, which the astronomers had predicted, did not take place, and that on this occasion the ministers congratulated his Majesty, as if for his sake so unlucky an omen had been dispensed with. Again, Dr. S. Wells Williams, in his "Middle Kingdom," mentions that some clouds having prevented an eclipse from being seen, the courtiers joyfully repaired to the Emperor to felicitate him, because the heavens, touched by his virtues, had spared him the pain of witnessing the eating of the sun.

If the Chinese view an eclipse with fear, still more are they alarmed at the advent of a comet. "According to their shape and appearance," Sir John Davis tells us, in "The Chinese," "comets are called by the Chinese, broom stars, hairy stars, and tail stars, and they are said to point the tail towards the region of whose ruin they are the presage. . . . The Chinese affect to draw presages from the appearance of comets, and here they bring into play their foolish theory of the five colours. If the appearance be red, particular consequences are to follow; if dark, they expect the overthrow of regular government, and the success of rebellions, etc."

The comet of the summer of 1874 caused considerable alarm amongst the ignorant, and was by them, in accordance with their superstitious beliefs, connected with the invasion of the island of Formosa by the Japanese. But during the reign of Hsi Tsung, of the Tung dynasty (A.D. 865 to 879), a dreadful phenomenon appeared in the sky to bewilder and terrify the superstitious Celestials, for two falling stars or meteors shot across the heavens with a motion repeatedly intersecting each other's track, the appearance of which was similar to threads interwoven; they appeared of the size of a large bowl, and, adds the native historian, whose account of the occurrence we quote, "the circumstance was regarded as very extraordinary."

All these little peculiarities and eccentricities of the Chinese, at which we have thus briefly glanced, will doubtless call up a smile to the face of an English reader in this latter half of the nineteenth century, but they are not alone in their superstitious absurdities, as witness the following anecdote, which appeared in the columns of a London Paper in July, 1873: "During a storm which lately raged around that place (Clermont, in France), the lightning struck the steeple of a chapel in a neighbouring commune, just as four persons were assembled therein to ring the bells, in order to drive away the terrible visitor."

FELIX BRAND; OR, DO GOOD THINGS PAY?

A TRUE STORY. BY MAX GERARD.

HILLMORE is a pretty place when once you are out of the neighbourhood of its few shops, and off the long, dusty London road. But just about its slow market-place, the traveller coming in from the station is struck with the vacant air that seems to rest upon everything. The market-hall is a poor, tumble-down structure, whose chief ornament is the frequent display upon its stuccoed pillars of huge posters containing announcements full of interest to the local sight-seer; but particularly dreary-looking to any one who may resort to this offshoot of a borough for something more than mere man-made pleasures.

But once off the high road, and out of sight of its very mixed and ordinary architecture, the prospect of the country lover is grand! There are breath-spending hills, and fertile dales, and lanes so full of verdure and song, as to seem like a perpetual psalm of joyous thanksgiving to the Great Creator.

And the woods! they are numberless and beautiful, and they abound in all the garniture of Spring,—primroses, blue-bells, and the gentle anemone—so that they echo with the gladness of children's voices, and the song of glad, free spirits, who go there to see the wonders wrought by the hand of God.

The poor, and the sad, and the wretched sometimes go there too. You may often see a dilapidated, footsore, weary-looking creature emerging from the shade of the woods in the early sun-lit morning, with a basket slung over his shoulder, and he will offer you a few roots of primrose or violet, so that he may earn twopence for his breakfast, poor fellow!

It was some hours past breakfast time the other day when Mary Garton, passing the arid spot on which the market-hall stands, saw, crouching in the shadow of a little chapel-wall, one of these same poor creatures; and something within her at sight of the forlorn figure, and the basket of freshly-gathered primroses, impelled her to speak to this man. Something also in *his* bearing attracted her: he did not beg, but with mute eloquence and quickly-drawn breath, appealed to all who might gaze upon his refined, but wasted features.

"Are you quite right to sit there?" asked Mary; "the wind is very bitter, and you appear to be ill."

The man lifted his eyes to her face.

"I *am* ill," he said; "I am dying. I could not eat, if I had the money to buy food, and I don't want to live."

"But, remember, you are not your own," reminded Mary; "if there is a chance of life for you, you ought not to throw it away. Do you know that Jesus loves you—died for you?"

"Yes, I know it," he answered wearily; "but I have known it only six months as I know it now."

Mary Garton felt that the voice and speech were those of a gentleman, while the tattered garments belonged to one in want of the necessaries of life, one who was needing what would soon be of no use to him—care and nursing. After seeing him carefully lodged and cared for, she learnt from his lips the story of his sad and eventful life.

"I was born," he said, "at Broadgate, where my father had a large house and grounds, and where my mother taught me to whisper the name of Jesus. But she died, and then I was left to the care of a tutor, and to the carelessness of servants, for my father was much from home.

"As I look back now over the whole course of my not very long life, I can see that my greatest temptation was the flattering or persuasion of companions; while my greatest moral lack was decision of character. A few persuasive words under the guise of friendship, and I was ready to be led hither and thither. One day my father said to me,—

"'Felix' (what a contradiction may sometimes exist in a name!) 'I hope you never yield to any importunity from your friends in the matter of drinking, smoking, or gambling; and that whatever company you may keep, bad language is never heard on your lips. Remember your mother's horror of every kind of impurity.'

"My father was a good, moral man, as the respectable world goes, but he knew nothing of salvation by Jesus Christ, or he would never have spoken in this way to *me;* for I was utterly unprincipled where the gratification of self was concerned, and so became the slave of my own sinful appetites. If my father had said to me, then, 'Remember, my son, the eye of your Maker and Saviour is upon you, and He bids you follow Him,' it is just possible that I might have been tempted to serve Him, for my heart was plastic and my nature emotional, and a strong influence for good might have saved me from myself.

"But one day, my tutor and I had been out fishing, and at the end of our sport (during which he had made use of some expressions which I felt could belong only to the very depraved) he selected a roadside hostelry as the best place for our refreshment. Strong drink in two forms was placed upon the table, and when he pushed first one glass, and then another before me, with some remark on the pleasure of being alone, in congenial company, and on the manliness of 'the social glass,' I felt elated, though all the time a poor, miserable little bit of conscience was trying to say: 'You know it is not right; what will your father say to this? It is your first step to ruin.' But I hated conscience, and to drown it, I laughed and talked as my companion did, and before two hours were passed, I—a boy of sixteen—was lying on an inn bench, helpless and insensible through strong drink!

"That was the beginning of the end,—not in reference to drinking habits only, but with regard to my moral character. After that day I never seemed to have strength of mind to say 'No' to any one. If I struggled on Saturday evening with myself, and resolved to spend the next day in honouring God in His house, a godless companion, meeting me on the road to church, would have power to turn me at once from my good resolve. If one of my set offered me a book which I knew to be bad, all my scruples fled before the arguments of the tempter, and I would read it to please him. And so with other things, step by step, I was drifted into folly and sin, and grew careless as to where it would lead.

"My father having died, I found myself, at the age of twenty-two, at the head of a large mercantile business, which, being particularly irksome to me, I was glad to leave in the hands of the senior clerk—a man three times my age. One day he came to me in a state of agitation.

"'Sir,' he said, 'matters look very black. You must at once sell your shares in such and such a concern, for if we do not meet certain payments on Friday, we are ruined.'

"'Very well,' I replied, 'you know best; sell out at once.'

"But when I came to investigate the matter, I found things worse than I had anticipated. Instead of being in my office, I had made a business of attending the meetings of wily speculators, whose plausible arguments had led me to risk, and ultimately to lose, heavy sums of money; and to complete my chagrin and ruin, my confidential clerk fled the country, taking with him the proceeds of the shares he had withdrawn at my request!"

"But," asked Mary Garton, "had you no true friends—no wife to urge you to nobler and better things?"

"Yes; I had married, a few months previous to this, a daughter of one of my older chums. She was five years my senior, and might have made me a good wife, had not her love of dress blinded her to every other interest.

"'Felix,' she would say to me, 'never mind those silly little debts just now; give me ten pounds for such and such a thing, or I shall think you very mean.'

"This was generally more than I could bear, and so I would give the sum asked. Her father came to me.

"'Felix, my son,' he began, 'I never knew such a splendid fellow as you are; there is nothing in which I do not trust you—I come to you in all my difficulties; you are as good as the Bank of England to me.' (I thought I was better than that, for he had not a penny there, and never would have). 'Here, just put your name to that—a mere form, and involving no risk—you are my son, you know.'

"I looked at the slip of paper, it seemed to be all right, and could not I trust my father-in-law? So I signed it, and thought no more about it, until a month later I found myself arrested on a complication of charges, the chief being that when I was, so to speak, penniless, and my business in legal hands, I had further involved myself

and robbed others by signing an order for some thousands of pounds' worth of goods! So much for my father-in-law!

"For this I suffered a year's imprisonment, and now comes that part of my story which belongs to my present state. My business utterly gone, without a friend,—my wife and her father having renounced me,—and without money, mine was indeed a pitiable position. I managed to get into the graces of one of my former acquaintances so far as to get him to entrust me with the sale of a cheap tea, my only remuneration being the commission I made upon every pound sold. I walked miles upon miles of road, addressed hundreds of persons, raised enough metal, in the form of knockers, to build an ironclad; but all to no purpose. At the end of the first week, I had in my pocket the sum of two and fourpence; but I determined that I would persevere, and found myself richer by one penny at the end of the second week than I was the week before. This did not look flourishing, but I still went on, until I was compelled, through absolute want of shoe-leather and food, to give up my tea agency.

"Then I applied for clerkships innumerable, but was unsuccessful in all cases, until, an election going on in the town where I was known, I was employed in one of the polling booths as entering clerk, and felt that I was rich when, the election over, I found myself the possessor of thirty shillings!

"I need not go through all the many vicissitudes of fortune which I suffered; it is enough to say that my early habits of insincerity, lack of decision, drinking, and indolence, had left their mark upon me, and I was totally unfitted for the battle of life. I desired reform, but it did not seem possible. The moment I made a good resolve, something happened, either from without or within, which effectually hindered its performance.

"In this way I went on from year to year, until I was content to sleep in the fields, or under hedges, and to beg the little food I got from those who were charitably enough disposed to allow me to hold their horse-bridles while they entered a house of refreshment, or to carry a portmanteau to the station for them, or to run on inconsiderable messages from one person to another, in places where I was known and pitied.

"One day, Farmer Judson, the principal man in a hamlet branching west from Hillmore, and called Sweetham, gave me an old suit of his own, a pair of his boots, and a hat which was much too large for me; and in return for these things I was to carry to Hillmore Junction two heavy travelling bags, filled with samples of seeds, and which had been left with the farmer by a traveller who was to receive them from me at the Junction.

"I got along fairly well for the first two miles, but soon after that, felt that fatigue, hunger, and dizziness, would not allow me to proceed much farther.

"I do not know when I came to this conclusion, but memory became a blank, until I found that I was lying on the Hillmore road, the sun scorching my face, and a man unfastening my vest, and feeling about my heart.

"'Are you better?' he inquired, and I knew by his voice that he was kind and good, and a gentleman.

"'I think I am, but I am very miserable,' I replied.

"'Do you think that you could walk to my vehicle if I help you? You want refreshment and medical advice.'

"Somehow, I managed by my new friend's help to get to the dog-cart, and we were soon speeding along the road in the direction of Hillmore.

"I think I must have been shedding tears, for my companion looked at me two or three times, and then said,—

"'I believe I've got the very thing you want—something to lighten your conscience and to gladden your heart. Did it ever strike you, in any of your troubles, that GOD knows?'

"Now, something in the way in which the words were said—not merely the words themselves (for I must have known them before, in a mechanical, careless sort of way), but the ring of earnestness and conviction they carried struck home to my heart, and I seemed to feel a load lifted, as I replied,—

"'It *has* struck me, but not in *that* way. Do you think *He cares?*—because that makes all the difference.'

"'Look here,' he said, reading out of his pocket-Bible, 'and judge for yourself,—"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should *not perish*, but have everlasting life." Will that satisfy you?'

"Oh, the miserable wretch I was at that moment! I covered my face with my hands, for I saw it all. Did not it say, 'Whosoever *believeth*'? and I had neither cared nor believed. I had often taken His name in vain, not in intentional blasphemy, but in the many senseless and profane expressions that worldly men use in surprise or emergency; but that was all. So I answered,—

"'Yes, *His* part satisfies me—but *mine!* O God, forgive me!'

"'Amen!' was the fervent response.

"We drove up to a cottage hospital, as I afterwards found it to be, and as my companion seemed to be well known there, I got every and immediate attention.

"'Now about those bags,' said he; 'if you tell me where they are to go, I will see them put into the proper hands, and you need not trouble yourself any more about them.'

"I was very grateful for this; it all seemed too good to last, and I could hardly believe that any one was taking an interest in me, with no other reward than the love of doing so, and the joy that rightly-exercised love always brings.

"He—I found his name was John Markley, and he called himself 'a servant in the ministry of the gospel,'—came often to see me, and I hailed his visits with unwonted pleasure. He was such a manly, decided fellow—there was no cant or rant about him, and when he said *yes* or *no*, you instinctively knew that he had reasoned out and weighed the conditions of such an answer, until there was not a shred left, in his own mind, of undue balance, or partiality either way; it was *the truth*, whatever it cost him to say it.

"'I am afraid,' he said rather sadly, I thought, 'that they are not going to send you out of here cured, Brand. That cough of yours means a time of wasting sickness, I fear.'

"'Don't say you *fear!*' I begged him; 'thanks be unto God and yourself, I am ready to go now, and more than willing. I should like you to see the last of me.'

"'You will not go just yet, my dear fellow. But how rejoiced I am at what you tell me! But I thought that it was so, and only waited to hear it from your lips.'

"'Yes, I'm forgiven, but I shall never have any joy. I don't deserve it; "my sins are ever before me," and it must be so. If I could live a year of my life over again, so that I could serve God before men, I might feel differently.'

"'Yes, you might,' he quietly said; 'but remember that your Saviour does not ask you for *feeling*, but *faith*.'

"After a time I was sent to the Infirmary, and here I found two or three men like myself, who had 'wasted their substance in riotous living,' and were reaping the corruption which is promised to those who sow to the flesh. Oh, the bitterness of soul that filled me as I contemplated their existences and mine! How often I have cried to God to send into the haunts of misery and sin, where good mothers' sons are sowing to the whirlwind of lust and death, and blotting out with the devices of hell the manhood that God has put upon them, some who shall rend them from the powers of darkness!

"But, praise God, there *are* beautiful lives upon earth, and John Markley's was one of them. A month ago I left the Infirmary at my own wish. I was resolved to earn a few shillings if I could, for I wanted to buy him something in memory of what he had done for and been to me. I could not do much, I knew, my breath was so bad; but I felt that I could post a few bills, so I called on the regular bill-sticker of Hillmore—quite a swell in his way, and he told me that I had just come in the nick of time. He had about a hundred small bills that he wanted posted on various boardings, a list of which he gave me, and he would stick the illustrated posters himself. I was to get two shillings for the job, and accepted at once. But when I saw that the announcements advertised a play, whose hero was a gambler, spendthrift, and libertine, I refused to do the work; I did not seem to have the heart to touch anything of the kind again.

"'Oh, you're pi, are you?' exclaimed my employer. (I had often used the expression myself, and knew he meant *pious*). 'Well, here's something in your line, but I can give you only a shilling instead of two for the same amount of work. *Good things never pay.*'

"'I've tried the bad, and they don't pay—what *does?*' I asked. 'I'd try the good if I had the time, anyway.'

"'Yes, poor chap, you look as if you'd only time to die,' and, giving me the shilling and the bills, he was off. As I began to stick one up, I saw the words,—

'Gospel preaching by John Markley.'

That was enough; whatever it cost me, those bills should soon be up, and I would go to the preaching, which was for two nights hence.

"I went, carrying with me a little note-book I had bought with the shilling, and preparing myself for a treat I had never enjoyed—to hear John Markley preach, and to sit with Christians as one of themselves.

"I was there in good time; the man was lighting the gas and putting out the hymn-books, and as he gave one to me he said,—

"'Did ye know as Master Markley ain't goin' to preach to-night? He's took wi' the fever.'

"My head began to swim round; I staggered to my feet and made for the door.

It seemed there was nothing left, for I firmly believed that John Markley would die.

"And he did. Ten days later he was laid in a quiet corner of Redgate Churchyard, 'In sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection' (though they did not read those words over him), and I felt that my only earthly friend had gone.

"A week ago I was sitting near his grave when the Vicar came up—he is, as you perhaps know, ma'am, a jolly-looking man, who preaches a sermon of ten minutes' length in the morning, but gives his people —God pity them!—nothing in the evening but what is called 'a beautiful *service*.'

"He said, 'What are you doing here, my man—studying the tombstones?'

"'No, I am looking at John Markley's grave. He brought the kingdom of heaven down to me, and changed my life.'

"'Oh, one of the peculiar people who talk about being *converted*, I suppose. Sorry for you, my man. Good-day.'

"When you found me outside the wall of the place where John Markley often preached, I had with me a basket of primroses I had gathered to place on his grave, where I hoped to die. But it was three miles further on, and I knew I should never reach it alive. I hope that some one will be good enough to put a few of my flowers where he sleeps, just a last token from Felix Brand. If I should become unconscious before the end comes, you will know, dear lady, that I am as sure of forgiveness, of God's love, of everlasting life, as I am of the awfulness of sin, and the truth of the words—'*Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.*'"

[NOTE BY MARY GARTON.]

I must add just a few words to the story of Felix Brand, to say that a gentler, more patient, suffering creature it has never been my lot to meet.

I visited him very often before he passed away—just five days after he was found where he had lain down to die. He was very grateful, but very sad; and I plainly saw that though the pardoning mercy of the God of love is known and fully realised, the pains and scars of sin become a bitter sorrow to such as Felix Brand, who spend their strength in the service of sin, and give God the fag end of a wasted life.

He had one gleam of joy just before he passed hence. Trying to lift his wasted hand, he pointed upwards. "Blessed Jesus! my Joy—'who loved me, and gave *Himself* for me'—I thank Thee!" were his last words.

We buried him beside John Markley, and planted primroses on the spot in memory of the blessing and the blessed, "until He come."

ACROSTIC.

I KNOW a ruler, crowned with wond'rous splendour
(He is my first), and throned in highest place;
We follow him enthralled, and faithful render
Attendance, though he hide from us his face.
I know a stream that wanders through the heather,
And in its course my second cannot be.
I know full many things, not linked together,
And what they are my whole will tell to thee.

1. A thing to sever.
2. What's over never.
3. Surprising ever.

Answer will be given in our Number for September 8.

COMPETITION NOTES.

OUR readers may look forward to some very novel Competitions shortly. Amongst them will be a Prize Puzzle Competition. This is sure to be popular.

Some of our readers will thank us for reminding them of the Transposition Prize Competition announced last week. Not the least benefit which Competitors will derive, will arise from the fact that the pieces selected will to some extent thus become fixed in the memory.

Three or four weeks still remain before the Christian Evidence Competition closes. Much may be accomplished in this time, and Competitors who feel that they have yet a good deal to do, must not be discouraged. The benefits arising from this Competition will be permanent.

WRINKLES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

A SIMPLE CONTRIVANCE FOR PRINT WASHING.

THE amateur who has only the ordinary basin, with running water, at his disposal, will find the following a very simple and effective method for washing prints:—

Fit a cork, through which a small hole has been bored, to lower outlet of the basin. Get four or five feet of ordinary rubber tubing, that will fit snugly over the end of the faucet, or if the faucet be a large one, fit a cork to inside of it, and run one end of the tubing through it. In the other end put a plug of wood, with a hole through it. One end of tubing being attached to faucet, lead it down one side of basin, and coil the remainder in the bottom, the nozzle end well down. Cut three sticks to reach across inside of basin, between three and four inches from the bottom. Flatten at the centre, and fasten all together there with a small screw, so that they may be opened out like the spokes of a wheel, and round them off from the centres to the ends to the size of a pencil. Weight slightly, to keep them down in place. Start the water moderately, and you will soon have a basin full, flowing continuously in a circle, the rapidity being easily regulated at the faucet. Have two outlets for the dissolving hypo. Drop prints in one by one, face downwards, and if not too many, they will float around sufficiently to allow the water free access to all parts.

If the basin is crowded with a large batch, they should be turned over by hand occasionally to prevent sticking together, or, what is better, wash some first, the others after. After an hour's washing in this way, and the use of an hypo-eliminating bath for a few minutes, and then ten or fifteen minutes' further washing, the hypo will be well out of the prints, and they will not show any traces of it by the iodide of starch test. This accomplishes in ninety minutes what formerly took all night to do as thoroughly, saving water, the loss of prints by blistering, and the trouble of having to dry them in the morning, when time is so precious to many. The outlay need not exceed the small sum for the tubing, and the traps, when once properly fitted, are easily folded for being put away, and are always ready for future use.

ABOUT OURSELVES.

WITH this Number we begin our *Tenth* Monthly Part, and soon Vol. I. will be completed. Though determined to succeed, it was with just a *little* trepidation, that we were making our arrangements a year ago; and for the undoubted success which has by God's blessing attended the Paper, we feel we have to thank many of our readers who have helped and are helping us greatly, by making it more and more widely known.

At no small cost we have for some time been experimenting in, and aiming at, still further improvements in the production of our Paper. To our Artists and Engravers we owe much praise, but we hope our readers will have viewed with no small satisfaction the perfection at which our Papermaker and Printers have arrived. As our name, —"A. 1."—, has of necessity to stand at the top of the list, we keep our eye upon it and its position.

"I wonder if my friend has seen —'A. 1.'—?" If not said aloud, how often thought! Don't forget that your friend's address, sent on a post card to our office, 62, Ludgate Hill, E.C., will ensure a Specimen Copy being sent off immediately.

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

Tare.—The official regulation in reference to Post Cards is that when printed on the back, but unposted, *any* communication may be written over or across the printing, but nothing may be attached, save a stamp for late fee. "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones" is our reply to "The Cobbler," etc. (Swindon), who, contrary to postal regulations, sent us a communication of the nature of a letter, and affixed only one half-penny stamp. Nevertheless we thank him for his letter.

Straw Hat.—We regret that we are unable to give information of the kind you ask, and would suggest that you apply to a medical man.

"Contrary Movements."—A correspondent writes in reference to the paragraph on this subject in our issue of May 9th, "The first two are a little difficult, but by no means impossible, and very easily acquired; the last not very difficult. It would be interesting to know the experience of others of your readers."

Adolphus.—We cannot say. You might be able to ascertain from the Universal Information Office, Southampton Street, Bloomsbury, London, who would make a charge of 1s., and a penny for postage of reply.

Violet Rivers.—Thank you for your interest in our Paper. We have with pleasure sent Specimen Copies, as requested.

Juvenis. — In Romans 7. the Apostle is making a kind of spiritual dissection of himself; he is undoubtedly speaking as Paul the Christian, for he says: "I delight in the law of God." Only a believer could say this, the natural man being a hater of God and of His law. This is further confirmed by the words of the Apostle, *after* he has pointed to Jesus Christ as his Deliverer. After that he says: "So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin." Then follows on the argument in the 8th chapter: "There is therefore no condemnation. Christ Jesus hath made ME free from the law of sin and death." The "ME" must thus refer to the "I myself," and this accords with the further development of the argument (ver. 9), "Ye are not in the flesh." (See also Col. 2. 11. R.V.) We would add, however, that mere intellectual grasp of the doctrine is a *small* part of the blessing, the great thing is to rise up into the power of it by the Holy Ghost. Many people, as in the Salvation Army, almost utterly ignorant of the doctrines, are able to do this, and become spiritually powerful. The mere *understanding* of it conveys NOTHING.

M. H.—The few thoughts you have penned are neither original nor vigorous enough for our columns. You would need to study composition, but above all your Bible, more closely, in order to more thorough accuracy of Scriptural statement.

L. G., A Constant Reader.—We regret that your verses are not suited to our columns. We would take this opportunity of reminding correspondents that the heavy pressure upon time and space quite forbid our giving criticisms of verses. Many of our correspondents also forget that we must strictly adhere to our rule not to reply personally, except an addressed and stamped envelope be enclosed. Neither can we reply through these columns to any questions that are merely idle or unprofitable, and not of general interest.

WHAT WE GET FROM COAL-TAR.

COAL-TAR is an exceedingly complex material, being a mixture of a great number of different substances. We are now going to see to what purposes tar can be applied, besides painting our sheds and wooden fences; and we shall find that this black, sticky, and strong-smelling substance is a compound capable of yielding a very surprising number of interesting products.

The tar, as it comes from the gas-works, is placed in large tanks, where it is allowed to stand for awhile, to enable any ammoniacal liquor which may be mingled with it to rise to the surface. This is drawn off to be treated chemically for the manufacture of ammonia and its salts.

The tar is then pumped from the bottom of the tanks into large stills, and it is subjected to a moderate amount of heat. At first, water containing sulphide of ammonium, and some of the more volatile products, passes over into the receiver; these first products are set aside as "Ammoniacal liquor and first light oils." After these have ceased to flow, the heat is increased, and various heavier products, called "medium oils," pass over, and are collected into another receiver; finally, what are called heavy oils distil over, and nothing but pitch remains behind in the still.

The light oils are next distilled at a heat of about 200° *Fahrenheit*, or twelve degrees below the boiling point of water. At this temperature, a very light spirit, known as benzole or benzine, is obtained. This is not pure benzole—to obtain which, a delicate form of rectification is necessary. The commercial benzole is first well agitated with concentrated sulphuric acid, which causes it to assume a dark-brown colour. It is then distilled, and allowed to crystallize at a low temperature, and then distilled again, by which process it becomes nearly pure.

It is a painful fact that Mr. C. B. Mansfield, the discoverer of benzole in coal-tar, lost his life by being severely burned while making experiments with this useful but dangerous substance.

Benzole was introduced previously, by Faraday, in 1825, in liquid, produced by strongly compressing gas obtained from oil. He called it *bicarburet of hydrogen*; but afterwards another chemist having procured the same body by distilling benzoic acid with lime, termed it *benzine*. It is exceedingly inflammable, and the vapour, when mixed with air, is also highly explosive; it therefore must be used with great caution. It is a colourless liquid, and smells like a fresh-cut white turnip. Benzole or benzine is a powerful solvent of fats and resins. It is sold under various names, as benzoline and benzine collas, and is used for removing grease spots, cleaning gloves, etc. Its formula is $C_6 H_6$, which means that one molecule of it is made up of six parts of carbon and six parts of hydrogen.

After the benzole is distilled over from the "first light oils," the remainder is treated with strong sulphuric acid, which chars the chief impurities; these deposit in a heavy black acid mass, like tar.

The clear oil is then separated, and treated with caustic soda, after which it is again distilled; by this process a lighter oil is obtained, which is utilised for burning in the lamps used by costermongers, and for dissolving India-rubber. This is known as naphtha. As it runs from the still it is of a reddish-yellow colour, has a strong odour, and is lighter than water. It is then purified by repeated distillation.

When these lighter volatile oils have been distilled over, and the heat of the still is again raised, the last product which comes off consists of a heavy oil, from which, on cooling, a peculiar crystalline substance is obtained, called "naphthaline." This substance separates from the body of the oil, and is afterwards collected, drained from the oil, and redistilled several times; when it ultimately becomes beautifully white and crystalline. It has a powerful odour and is highly inflammable, burning with a red flame and abundance of smoke.

When cannel or boghead coal is distilled at a much lower temperature than is required for making gas for lighting purposes, very little uncondensible gas is formed; the volatile matters passing over chiefly in vapour, which condenses into the liquid form. This "crude oil," which is of a dark-brown colour, is next distilled to dryness in iron retorts. It is then agitated with strong oil of vitriol, and distilled again, when "paraffin naphtha" at first comes over, and when this ceases to be produced, the next article obtained is the well-known and valuable oil known as "Young's Paraffin oil."

The next material which is obtained after all the paraffin oil has passed over is a heavier liquid called "machinery oil," from its being used in lubricating machinery. When this oil and the last products of the distillation are subjected to a very low temperature, a white, solid, semi-transparent substance is obtained, called paraffin, much used for making candles. Solid paraffin is also found in coal tar, but not in any quantity. If we look upon one of those beautifully delicate paraffin candles, we may well wonder that such a substance can be obtained from coal-tar.

Liebig once expressed a wish that coal-gas might be obtained in a solid form:—

"It would certainly be esteemed one of the greatest discoveries of the age, if any one could succeed in condensing coal-gas into a white, dry, odourless substance, portable, and capable of being placed in a candlestick or lamp."

Now it is curious that paraffin has nearly the same composition as good coal-gas; it burns with a bright and smokeless flame, and the candles formed of it burn like those made of the finest wax. When the fused paraffin first assumes the solid form, it is transparent like glass; and if it could be retained in that condition, we might have the pleasing novelty of transparent candles. But the particles seek to arrange themselves in crystalline forms, and the substance soon takes on its white, semi-opaque appearance. If benzole be added in small quantities at a time to very strong and warm nitric acid, a brisk action takes place, and when, after awhile, water is added, a yellow, oily-looking liquid falls to the bottom of the vessel, the benzole will have disappeared, and instead we have the yellow oil "nitro-benzole." Nitro-benzole has a sweet taste and fragrant odour. It is known in commerce as essence of myrbane, or artificial oil of bitter almonds, and is largely used for perfuming soap, and also for imparting to confectionery the flavour of bitter almonds. The most important use, however, of nitro-benzole is in the manufacture of aniline, to which substance we must now turn our attention.

This remarkable substance, which derives its name from "anil," one of the plants which yield the blue colouring matter known as indigo, is obtained from that substance by distilling it with potash. Its production from coal-tar, however, is one of the many marvellous results of scientific research which have so greatly enriched the history of coal-tar during the past half-century. It is prepared from nitro-benzole on the large scale by heating it with acetic acid and iron filings. When first prepared, aniline is a colourless liquid, but it very soon turns yellow, and then red or brown. It has no smell, and scarcely dissolves in water, but is readily soluble in alcohol, ether, etc.

We now come to what may be fairly considered, if not the most interesting, certainly the most remarkable part of our subject—the production of colour from coal-tar.

It was a Russian chemist, named Zinin, who discovered that nitro-benzole could be converted into aniline; but it remained for other experimentalists to discover the peculiar power which that remarkable substance possesses of producing different colours when treated with certain chemical re-agents.

In 1835, Runge discovered that a solution of aniline or its salts acquired a blue tint when heated with chloride of lime. This was considered an interesting scientific fact at the time, but it was not followed up by any practical result. Twenty-one years later, however, the world was startled by the remarkable discovery of Mr. W. H. Perkin, who found that by dissolving aniline in sulphuric acid (forming sulphate of aniline), and adding this to a solution of bichromate of potash (a deep red crystalline salt), a blue-black powder was obtained, from which he subsequently extracted the famous purple dye called mauve — the French name for marsh-mallow. The intensity, novelty, and beauty of this, the first-discovered tar colour, not only excited the greatest astonishment and demand for it, but as it necessitated the separation of large quantities of benzole from tar, it marked quite an epoch in the history of the coal-tar industry. Up to this time distillers simply divided the tar into naphtha, creosote, and pitch.

It must be noted that when Mr. Perkin discovered mauve, he was not engaged in searching for dye-stuffs, but was carrying on a purely scientific investigation as to the probability of artificially preparing quinine.

Mauve, or "aniline purple," is readily soluble in spirits-of-wine, but not so easily in water. Its tinctorial power is so great, that one-tenth of a grain suffices to impart quite a deep colour to a gallon of water. Silk and woollen fabrics have an extraordinary attraction for this colour, which attaches itself very firmly to their fibres.

Mauve was the first coal-tar dye, and its discovery led scientific men of all countries to seek for further gems in the mysterious products of coal-tar. Nor did they seek in vain. In due time the world was again startled by the discovery of the superb red colour known as "magenta," or fuchsine, from its resemblance to the colour of fuchsia petals. The marvellous colouring matter of some of the coal-tar dyes is such, that it is calculated that one ten-millionth of a grain of magenta will give a red colour to a drop of water. This magenta was discovered by M. Verguin, of Lyons, three years after the discovery of mauve by Perkins. It was obtained by treating crude aniline with chloride of tin, and it is not a little remarkable that magenta would not have been discovered had M. Verguin and others operated on pure aniline instead of on the ordinary commercial article. For it was found afterwards by Dr. Hoffman that pure aniline cannot be made to yield magenta, the presence of another body being necessary. This substance is of a similar nature to aniline, and is called "toluidine"; crude aniline always contains some of this substance.

Magenta is used not only as a dye, but more largely as a raw material from which a number of other beautiful colours are obtained.

If magenta be heated with aniline, the colour changes gradually through purple to blue, while ammonia is at the same time given off. This is the colour known as aniline blue, or "*bleu de Lyons*."

One obstacle to its employment is that it is insoluble in water; but a similar substance has since been obtained in a soluble form, and is extensively used for dyeing wool, under the name of "Nicholson's blue."

It was found that magenta was a chloride of a substance called rosaniline. Now by acting on rosaniline or its salts with iodides of ethyl, or iodide of methyl, Hoffman obtained a beautiful series of violets varying from red-purple to blue.

Another derivative of rosaniline is the aniline green. It is obtained by acting on a salt of rosaniline, with aldehyde (a substance obtained by acting with oxidizing agents on alcohol).

Aniline green dyes wool and silk—the latter especially—a magnificent green; perhaps as beautiful a colour as any of the coal-tar series.

Again, by a modification of the process for producing the Hoffman violets, another green of an entirely different constitution may be obtained. It is bluer in tint than the former, and is much used for cottons and silks under the name of "iodine green."

In the manufacture of magenta there is formed a residuum or bye-product, consisting of a resinous substance, from which Nicholson obtained a dye, imparting to silk and wool a gorgeous golden yellow colour. This dye cannot be obtained directly, but is always produced in greater or less quantity when magenta is made on the large scale, and is separated during the purification. By first dyeing the silk or wool with magenta, and then with this dye, which is commercially known as "phosphine," brilliant scarlet tints are obtained.

After all the salts furnishing the lovely tints that have been mentioned have been extracted from the aniline, there is in their manufacture a final residuum, and from this an intense black is obtained, which is largely used in the manufacture of printing-ink.

A large quantity of naphtha, instead of being sold for burning, etc., is purified by repeated distillations, and then carefully distilled at different temperatures; by this means it is divided into several parts. Each of these, by subsequent treatment, yields a fixed and definite product. These are benzol, toluol, xylol, and cumol, which, by treatment with nitric acid, and then with acetic acid, iron and zinc filings, and steaming, are converted into aniline, toluidine, xylidine, and cumidine, from each of which brilliant dyes are obtained.

We now come to the distillation of the "medium oils." This mixture is first treated with caustic potash, and then with hydrochloric acid. This causes "phenol," or carbolic acid, to rise to the top, and then it is decanted and purified by distillation. When it is pure, it forms colourless crystals which dissolve to some extent in water, and are readily soluble in alcohol.

Carbolic acid is a powerful antiseptic, that is, it arrests the process of putrefaction in animal and vegetable bodies, and it is very poisonous.

If carbolic acid is treated with nitric acid, an important yellow dye is yielded. This is picric acid, called also "carbazotic acid." It forms bright yellow crystals, and its solution readily imparts a bright, pure, yellow colour to wool, silk, etc. It received the name of picric acid from its exceedingly bitter taste. When picric acid is treated with cyanide of potassium, it gives a rich purple dye, which is, in fact, "murexide," a dye identical with the famous Tyrian purple of the ancients.

Perhaps the most important dye from this source is "aurin" or "rosolic acid," an intense colouring matter made by adding oxalic acid to a solution of carbolic acid. Many shades, varying from brick-red to orange and gold, are dyed by it, and being a cheap article, it is largely used for staining paper, printing, and the like.

Two splendid red or crimson dyes, called "peonine" and "coralline," are obtained from rosolic acid, by heating it with liquid ammonia.

Salicylic acid, which is a medicine or drug of much importance now-a-days, is obtained from carbolic acid. Another acid, called cresylic acid, is associated with carbolic acid in the distillation, and possesses similar properties to it.

The next substance that distils over from the medium oils is creosote, which is largely used for preserving timber from the effect of the weather. It is also used for pharmaceutical purposes after being carefully purified.

Next comes naphthaline, which, until the last eight years, was worse than useless, and most difficult to get rid of. A small quantity was consumed for lamp-black; but most, however, was used up as fuel.

It was discovered that by treating this substance with nitric acid, a way was opened up to a variety of useful products, which have revolutionized the dye trade. Magnificent scarlets, reds, purples, gold, orange, and yellow are now being made from it in wonderful variety, and at such cheap rates as the natural and original sources cannot possibly compete with.

Cochineal is rapidly being displaced, as have been the old dye-woods, barks, and roots; and the enormous sums of money annually remitted from this country for the singular little cochineal insect will soon all be kept at home.

We now come to the heavy oils which consist of "colliery oil," used for lubricating purposes, and "Anthracene." The latter has done as much to increase the value of coal-tar as any of its other constituents.

Pure anthracene is a very beautiful substance indeed. Although it is in reality a white flaky crystal, it has a lovely blue fluorescence in a remarkable degree. When boiled with nitric acid a new substance is formed, called "Anthraquinone," which crystallises in small needles of a bright yellow colour.

Now, by treating this anthraquinone in a complex manner, we obtain a substance which is identical with the colouring matter obtained from the madder root; this is called Alizarin. It is used for dyeing the colour known as "Turkey red." This substance was not discovered accidentally, but was the result of careful, well-directed research.

The production of artificial alizarin is restricted to the quantity of anthracene procurable from coal-tar, which is unfortunately comparatively small; for it is found that from the distillation of two thousand tons of coal, only one ton of anthracene can be obtained.

Coal-tar perfumes are now in more or less general use, including the artificial perfume of the Tonquin bean, of the sweet woodruff, and of a variety of sweet grasses; the perfume of "new-mown hay" really comes from coal-tar.

Of all the marvellous productions from coal-tar, that which takes the palm is saccharine. It is a white crystalline body, prepared from toluol (which is distilled from naphtha), and possesses an intensely sweet taste. It was discovered (accidentally) by Dr. Fahlberg. It is not really sugar, and does not act as a food, but only as a flavour. Its sweetening power is three hundred times greater than cane sugar. Its chemical name is orthobenzoyl sulphonic amide.

The colours derived from the tar from a pound of coal will dye a full shade—(1) *Magenta*, a piece of flannel 60 by 27 inches; (2) *Yellow*, a piece of flannel, 60 by 27 inches; (3) *Orange*, a piece of flannel 2 by 27 inches; (4) *Turkey Red*, calico, 4 by 27 inches.

After everything has been distilled from the tar, pitch is left; this is mostly used for the manufacture of patent fuel, a most important industry on the Continent, where coal is soft and consequently plenty of coal-dust is available. The pitch and coal-dust are ground up together, and the whole, after gentle heating, is pressed by machinery into lumps in the form of bricks; these are known as briquettes.

That coal-tar—a dirty, repulsive-looking fluid—should have become such a prolific source of colour and useful products, is one of the most striking illustrations of modern scientific discovery, coupled with commercial enterprise. Although of such youthful age, it is already the progenitor of a very large family indeed; and, unlike their parent, the offspring are often very beautiful and always interesting.

MAD JOHN BURLEIGH:

A STORY OF HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT,

Author of "Her Two Sons," "Eric Olsson's Minde Ring," "Drifted," "Little Rainbow," "Corbiestanes," "Our Navvies," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH JOHN BURLEIGH GETS A FURTHER INSIGHT INTO THE HUMAN NATURE OF HIS PARISHIONERS.

UNTIL the arrival of Luke Sugden, the Vicarage must be his wayward child's home; so John Burleigh acknowledged. The plant of repentance which had sprung up so rapidly must be sheltered from the heat, and shielded from the blast, until it had gathered strength to strike its roots deeply, and lift its head steadily. John Burleigh knew that in his house alone could this shelter be afforded; and yet, when his ear caught the metallic ring of Mrs. Pattison's voice at the unusual hour of ten next morning, engaged in a long conversation with the housekeeper (though he knew she would extract few facts from that wary female), yet he was aware she would make the utmost of each word, and that at every dinner table in the village that noon, the strange conduct of the Vicar would be fully discussed. Still, he crossed the hall with the few amusing books he possessed in his hands, and asked the girl if she would like to come into the Chase for a walk. He was ashamed of himself for the relief he experienced when she declined.



"'*Make yourself look as you used to.*'"

"I am going to ask a favour from you, Rebecca."

"Oh, sir, what is it?" cried the girl, raising her head, and throwing off her dejected attitude.

"It is *possible* your father may be here to-day or to-morrow; do you think you could——?" And John Burleigh hesitated painfully, and blushed like a girl. He wanted to say, "Wash the paint off your face, and the golden dye out of your hair, but somehow, when it came to the point, he could not insult a guest by such words.

"Could do what, sir? I will do anything you wish."

"Well, make yourself look like you used to do before you went to London."

"I will do my best, sir." And Rebecca Sugden began pulling off the rings which covered her fingers, and laid them on the table a glittering heap.

"It was not so much those as——"

"I understand. It is not easy to get dye out of hair—it has to wear away; but I will do my best. I have promised, sir."

Then John Burleigh went down to the school as usual, and gave the Scripture lesson. As he returned up the village he met the walking postman, and took his letters from him. There were but four; the three first he tore open, read quietly, and noted the contents. The fourth he held tenderly in his hand; and when, after the steep climb which took his breath, he found himself alone in the old court of the castle, he kissed the envelope before he opened it. It was one of Lady Susan's friendly epistles, telling him of what they were all doing, and asking questions about the villagers; but he read between the lines, and it was with a light heart he rose up after his long day dream, and with a start noticed it was already after noon.

He felt he must go to see Hardman, and yet shrank, as the truth that sin in the *abstract is so easy to pardon, and in the particular so different*, forced itself upon him. With the recollection of Rebecca Sugden's honest father in his mind, his own true friend, how could he appear to this young man as though he felt no shadow had come between them? He wandered down to the Chase asking himself, "What would Christ have done?" but could find no answer to his question; his perplexity would not clear. He turned from the main drive into the heart of the forest, and sitting down at the foot of a gigantic oak, drew his Greek Testament from his pocket, and read right through half the Gospel of John; and then, in the all-encompassing calm of that Life and those Words, went on to the Hall. He had almost reached the entrance, when William Bradley overtook him, crying,—

"Come, Master Burleigh, right away to t' brickfields; our Martha's in a fit, and being as she's none so sharp, we never had her kistened, and my mussus is taking on finely, because she can't lig in t' churchyard if she isn't kistened."

Away the two hurried.

"Little Mary's crying like ought; her mother's afraid she'll make herself badly. Martha never were a wick child, but Mary's that feeling, she cares for everybody. Now Martha were always greedly like, and Mary would give her head off her shoulders if she could. It's a queer thing, and them twins too."

"Perhaps that is the reason."

"Well, if they'd both been a bit weakly and silly, I should not have been capped; but you see, Martha's a great stout lass, always eating, and all body as you may reckon, and Mary's a weak body, and a head big enough in sense for two; and none of t' other children has half as soft a heart as she has."

"Your wife will feel it a trouble to lose little Martha."

"My mussus, sir, isn't a woman to fret about what she can't mend, and we have Martha in a burial club; I may say we have 'em all in but Mary, and what for I never could mak out. T' missus never would hearken to putting her in, though many's the time I've said to her, 'Why, mother, she's likeliest of any of 'em to go off;' but my missus allus flies into one of her tantrums and says, 'Nought o' t' sort;' so seeing it made a bit o' unpleasantness, I never mention t' subject now. Maybe sir, when you've kistened Patty, you will speak to her about it."

"I think we both had better leave the subject alone, if it pains your wife."

"I thought you could put it in like convenient now, for Patty is sure to go off, and it's as one may say quite a provential warning."

And then Bradley talked very cheerfully on other subjects until they reached his home.

It was a strange house to have sickness as a guest—already so overcrowded, that it was with difficulty that a whole bed could be spared for little Martha; usually two other children shared it. There were but two bedrooms (and one of these was open to the stairs) for the father, mother, and ten children. John Burleigh stood in the little room, and wondered how they were all packed in at night. Martha was moaning, and rocking her head from side to side, foam on her lips, and great black rings about her eyes and mouth; and little Mary, with a blanched, terrified, but pitiful face, stood with the great baby in her arms, watching her, and trying to help her mother, who was alternately bathing the child's head and rubbing her hands. Dick and two brothers were having a regular romp downstairs, and chasing each other in and out of the house, jumping over the chairs, and rushing round the garden and in again. "Racing," as they explained to Mr. Burleigh. "Steeple-chasing, yer ken, and those turned-down chairs are fences we're taking."

"Look here, Dick, don't you know little Martha is very ill?"

"Oh, she often has fits strong; she'll soon mend."

"No she will not this time; she is going to God. Is it kind for you to make such a noise?"

"No, sir, we did not think; what must we do,—sit still?"

"No; wash your own face, and your hands, and your brothers', and you shall come home with me. I am going upstairs again to little Martha. I was obliged to come down to see what you were doing; the noise was so great, that it would not let your mother hear my voice."

Dick, much subdued, took his brothers and a jack towel into the back yard.

"Yes, sir, she's going; I'm glad you have christened her. Now she can lie by father and mother. I did not think it would have been so hard—for she's been a handful—to have parted with our Martha; but nature's nature, and I feel it sore." And Mrs. Bradley began to cry, and wiped her eyes with her apron.

Little Mary crept to her mother's side, and the poor woman put her arm round her, and noticed through her own tears that the child was crying.

"Don't fret, my bairn. Patty will soon be better off. Here, give me baby; he's too heavy for you."

"Will Patty be all right, and know us, and be t' same as t' rest on us when she gets to heaven, mother?"

"I expect she'll be like she's allus been, only comfortable like; don't you think so, sir? You know a sight more about such things nor we."

"No, I do not think so." Mr. Burleigh lifted little Mary on to his knee, and the child laid her face against his shoulder and looked up with entire trust—almost adoration.

"What do *you* say, Mr. Bur'y?"

"I think it will be like awaking, Mary. Poor Patty has all this long time had her mind—spirit we call it—asleep; it has been there, but like something locked up in a dark cupboard, which, when you bring it out into light, sparkles."

"Yes, like Granny's silver mug; we have it there," pointing to a corner cupboard.

"Well, Patty has had her real self, her spirit, the thing you look at me with through your eyes, the thing inside you which makes you love every one and everything you see, asleep. Her eyes looked about, but they could not *see* as you do; her ears heard your words, but she did not know what you meant. Was it not so?"

"Yes," said Mary eagerly; "but now, Mr. Bur'y, God has got the key, and He's going to open the door and Patty is coming out."

"Yes, into the sunshine. She will leave her body here, but *she* will be alive as she has never been before."

"Oh, mammy, isn't that nice? Patty will run about and laugh, and sing, and love us all. I've often wished she was like other chil'ens. Isn't heaven a nice place? Tell mammy, Mr. Bur'y, what you telled me—tell her about Jesus walking up and down, and all the chil'ens so happy running by Him. Oh, I wish I was going with Patty; we could go in hand in hand, and He'd smile so kind."

"Oh, hold your tongue, bairn; I can't thole t' thought on it!"

"But, mammy, it's so nice!"

"Whist, I say."

Mary put her thin, small hand up, and drew the Vicar's ear down, and whispered,—

"*You* talk to mammy, Mr. Bur'y."

"Yes, but another day—God is speaking to her now—I am going to pray to Him for her. Kneel down here, Mary."

The Vicar took the boys home as he had promised; he found Rebecca Sugden with all her false colour gone, looking pale and depressed, a depression that threatened to become desperation. Martha was keeping up her respectability by not speaking a syllable to the unhappy girl.

"I am tired, Rebecca," said John Burleigh; "but I daresay I shall be all right when I have dined. Will you amuse these small boys for an hour in the orchard? Their little sister is dying, and they must not go home to-night. I am presently going to see if some of the neighbours will

take them in; but now let them have a good game, will you?"

The Vicar walked in the evening across the fields to Farmer Boothroyd's house—it was a rather large and almost empty one—and asked Mrs. Boothroyd to take in the three little boys for a few days.

Mrs. Boothroyd stared in blank amazement, and then drew herself up.

"*She* never interfered in other people's business. *She* (with a singular glance at the Vicar) was not fond of taking in strange people one knew nothing about, and who were no better than they should be."

"But," said the Vicar, surprised at the refusal of what seemed to him such a simple kindness, "surely, Mrs. Boothroyd, you do not know whom I mean. I am speaking of the family of William Bradley, the brickmaker; they cannot be strangers; you must have known them for many years.

"All my life. I was born in this parish. And decent folk they are. Marget Bradley, before she married William, was servant here for seven years. And a good one, too, though with a bit of temper. Still, I don't see what I have to do with it. Why should I mind three of Marget Bradley's boys?"

"They will be all day at school."

"Yes, but there'll be clean sheets to put on a bed, and their meals to be found."

The Vicar looked round him. The sitting-room, if vulgar, was rich, and through an open door he could see into the large kitchen hung with hams and flitches of bacon.

"I would not have asked you, but the children must remain away until after the funeral. There is literally nowhere for them to sleep. Some even now, I fear, will have to sleep in *that* room when all is over. But my only spare bed is occupied."

"So I understand—and I should like to ask a few questions about that, seeing as how you are our clergyman."

Mr. Burleigh rose, and there "was something about him that haughty I felt quite queer," averred Mrs. Boothroyd afterwards.

"Which questions you must excuse my either listening to or answering, and I desire you to read and pray over the twenty-third chapter of Matthew, remembering the words are Christ's own."

John Burleigh went sadly back to the village. It seemed to him his Lord had been refused shelter in the persons of those children. He stood still when he reached the street, and wondered where he should beg hospitality for them next.

Mrs. Jowett, who, since the Vicar's first call and his strange prayer against her crowded lodgings, had been seen regularly in her seat in church on Sunday, and long since had "noticed" two of her lodgers, who thereupon had gone to live at her sister's house as being next best to staying where they were, saw him and ran out of her house. She had heard the evil innuendoes which Mrs. Pattison had set afloat, and which, light and impalpable as thistle-down, where floating everywhere, and her heart burnt with indignation. She longed to show the Vicar she would "stand by" him, come what would.

"See yer, I believe if Jesus came to Houghrigg, a lot of 'em would treat Him t' same as they do t' Vicar."

"You're right there, missus," said one of the lodgers. "T' Parson's made of a different sort of stuff to these natives, and they can't understand honesty in action; it mun all be in words."

"So t' old cat is agait again, is her?" remarked another, with his mouth full of cold meat and potatoes—"hang her!"

"Why, *there's* Parson," said a third; and on the impulse of the moment, Mrs. Jowett ran out, and then did not know what to say.

John Burleigh's face brightened as he held out his hand.

"Are your lodgers returned? Shall I disturb their supper if I come in?"

"No, sir; they will be proud to see you."

One of the men shoved a chair close to the hot fire, another asked the Vicar if he would have a cup of tea. He felt a warmth and cheer of welcome all about him, and the party fell into a pleasant talk. Suddenly the Vicar looked at his watch and rose. "I had quite forgotten the time; I must hurry home and find somewhere for my three boys to sleep."

"Three boys, sir? Why, how's that?"

Then the Vicar told the listening group how Patty Bradley was gone to God, and of the need of space in the poor home where she lay.

"I shall sleep on the Ilkley couch in my study, and they are going to have my bed."

"No, that they're *not*, sir; begging your pardon, they're a-coming to lie here. There, isn't it so, Curley?"

"Yes, I'se going to be bed-mate with Bob again, and there's a bed here wi' nobody in it."

Bob had risen; he was a man of few words; he put on his "billycock" hat.

"I'll step on with you, sir," he muttered, and never spoke another word until the Vicarage gate was reached; but when the Vicar shook hands with him, and thanked him for his kindness to the boys (who were joyfully receiving peppermint bulls' eyes preparatory to their return with him), Bob found the gift of language.

"Thank *you*, sir; it's something to make a chap respect himself to shake hands wi' the like of you. I've been an awful chap. Happen you wouldn't do it if you knew all."

"I don't want to know all. God does that. We will be friends just as we are, shall we?"

So, with a hand-shake all round, John Burleigh saw his guests depart.

Rebecca Sugden met him in the hall with a brighter face than she had worn for years.

"Have the boys been very troublesome, Rebecca? I was kept longer than I intended. You must be tired."

"Yes, sir, they are real boys; they are just like what my brothers were, years ago. I have liked being with them so much. I think I shall sleep sound to-night. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night, Rebecca; God bless you."

The girl who was "good for nothing," went upstairs saying to herself,—

"He said, 'God bless you.' Oh! if God only would. I wonder if He will—some time."

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH SEVERAL PERSONS ARE LED BY A WAY THAT THEY KNOW NOT.

"JACK, at last!" joyfully exclaimed Ralph Hardman, as the Vicar entered his room.

The Vicar came slowly towards the couch on which the young man was laid. It was drawn in front of the window. A glorious prospect of green sward, finely timbered, a belt of forest, and then the sweeping deep blue and faint greenish grey hills lay below, and the brightness of the summer was reflected in the young, handsome face before him; and yet John Burleigh shrank, and did not look at one or the other. It was with a supreme effort, that, backed by a secret prayer, at length he did so; and then he started, and eagerly held out his hand—he felt the electric sympathy of a freemasonry of which the world knows nothing.

"Then you have found Him?"

"Yes, and in Him peace. He has lifted up the light of His countenance upon me."

"And all things have become new?"

"Yes; the very trees have more beautiful colours, the clouds and sky look as they have never done to me before."

"You see God now where you only saw Nature without a meaning, formerly.

> "'The meanest flower of the vale,
> The simplest note that swells the gale;
> The common sun, the air, the skies,
> To you are opening Paradise.'

And you will find this an increasing pleasure. Geology, botany, or astronomy all add to it; but the secret is, when a man knows God, he is able to realise the beauty and freshness of common things. He is able to look upon Nature in all its developments, for they are all steps to God, and are God's makings. You will find the same attraction now, in little children and in simple people. A man who knows Christ as his Friend, has received not only forgiveness, and therefore eternal life; he has also received that secret of Nature, the *sympathy of simplicity*. To be one with Christ is not only to be master of yourself—your body, soul, and spirit—but also in Him to become heir of all things."

"In a dim sort of way I already feel the truth of what you say; but the joy of it all is held in that word, '*Consummatum est.*' I have been all my life long *wanting* this friendship. It has come, and I know already what you mean by being satisfied, and not content and dissatisfied, and yet not unhappy. It is delightful to rest here in all this new peace; and yet, Jack, I long to be well again. I want to go to London."

"May I ask why?"

Ralph Hardman's face burnt.

"You have a right to ask anything, and to have an answer; but yet I should consider it another favour if you will not insist upon an explanation."

"Oh, certainly; another time you may feel more inclination for details."

"Thanks, old friend. Broadly, I want to put right some of my past wrongs. When I have done so, I shall be able to tell them to my big brother." And the young man held out his hand, and tears were in his frank blue eyes.

"Smith," said John Burleigh, as the man attended him down to the hall door, "I trust you have said nothing to your master of the scene in the park?"

"Not a word, sir."

"Remain silent, please."

"Certainly, sir."

With a heart full of thankfulness, the Vicar went out into the Chase.

John Burleigh loved his only brother much, but they were cast in a different mould, and there had never been any sympathy between them. Unconsciously the young man's heart had hungered for such a brother

friend, and now he had found a "brother beloved," bound to him in a stronger bond than any natural one; the bond which Christ Himself had pointed out as superseding all others. "Who is My mother, and who are My brethren?" He asked, and turning and pointing to His chosen twelve, He added, "Whosoever shall do the will of My Father in heaven, the same is My mother, and sister, and brother."

Unreservedly, ungrudgingly, with the joyful self-surrender of a warm first love, Ralph Hardman had given himself up to the service in which John Burleigh had long ago enlisted. The bright hopefulness, the unwavering faith, the joyful assurance of the young recruit, warmed the saddened veteran's heart, and lightened the heat and the anguish of the march to one who comprehended, as his younger comrade did not, the surrounding dangers and the pitfalls of disappointment ahead. Not for the world would John Burleigh have dimmed the sunny prospect a devoted life offered to his friend. "He will better bear disappointment when he has learnt by experience to rest on God."

John Burleigh, happily for himself, had that experience. He had expected Luke Sugden to write quickly, or to come for his daughter; but a week passed before a few well-written lines came. The Vicar had seriously to consider if he should tell Hardman, and arrange with him some plan for the girl's maintenance; but he earnestly longed to remove this thorn from his friend's path without giving him the shame of knowing who had plucked it aside. Yet the Vicar was so poor, that this addition to his household, small as it seemed, was one which he could not afford; and the lessened congregations on Sunday, and the empty seats at the Wednesday evening service—the averted looks of his parishioners, and the short, hard greetings he received, were pain to him—a double pain; first, that his people should be so unlike Christ, and next, the fear that he might after all be injuring the many to save the one, and last of all, as a human creature, fortify himself as much as he would by prayer, his sensitive soul was suffering a daily crucifixion.

A long week passed before the clerkly blue envelope, stamped with the name of the firm at Canal Mills, came to the Houghrigg Vicarage; and already Ralph Hardman was downstairs and out in the gardens, and threatening to have the pony carriage out and call at the Vicarage. In a couple more days he would certainly be able to do so! The strain of enforced patience had at length become unendurable to John Burleigh; but just as the moment came when he could bear no more, so did relief. The letter ran thus:—

"DEAR SIR,—

"Your favour of the 5th to hand. I have to inform you respecting my daughter, Rebecca Sugden, that I shall come for her on Saturday next, 14th instant. As I cannot leave here until after the pay, I shall not arrive until 5.45 p.m.

"I have to inform you that my wife had a stroke on the 6th instant.

"With best thanks for your favours, former and present,

"I am, your obedient servant,

"LUKE SUGDEN."

So that bright, cheery, capable mother had been crushed to a living death under this blow.

Should he tell Rebecca? questioned the Vicar. The girl had grown listless and depressed; sometimes a sullen expression clouded her miserable face, and one day the Vicar had met her a mile from Houghrigg, walking with feverish haste in the direction of the railway station. He had turned a corner suddenly, and come face to face with her, and before he could say a word, she had dropped down on the bank at the foot of the hedge, and covered her face with her hands.

She had walked back with him quietly, and as he talked and interested her in things around, the hunted expression had vanished from her eyes; but the Vicar understood if she were left too much to the silent, reproachful companionship of Martha, she would probably run away—back to the life of horrible excitement out of which he had rescued her; and therefore he had to be constantly finding her distractions, in employment of various kinds, and never left the house for a couple of hours without fear.

The dreadful strain of this life of watching, without appearing to watch, was wearing out both his bodily and his nervous strength, and if it had not been for the precious cheer of Lady Susan's weekly friendly letter, he certainly would have been unable to sustain it. Now relief was near. Yet he knew Rebecca so dreaded the meeting with her father, that he thought if he warned her that it would really take place the next day, she might do something desperate to avert it. "No; I will tell her nothing. God will teach her through her poor mother." So the Vicar folded the letter, and left it on his desk, and went away to the brick-fields.

More than a week ago, Patty had been laid to rest under a Scotch fir tree in the corner of the churchyard, and little Mary, with a happy face, carried the baby there, and while he played on the grass, planted daisy plants as closely together as she could place them on the bare small mound. She dug them up in the fields, and every two or three days brought a few more. The mound was nearly covered now, and the Vicar made Rebecca water them regularly every evening when the sun went down.

"Why do you only bring these?" asked the girl of the little child; "why don't you bring 'pollyanters' and pinks and forget-me-nots, and nasturtiums, and make it look quite pretty?"

"Well," said Mary shyly, "because of something Mr. Bur'y told me."

"What was that? Tell me."

"He said these meant day's eye, because they open when the sun comes up."

"Well, what has that to do with your Martha?"

The child hung her head. She did not like to tell her sacred thoughts to every one, and without knowing it, the old shameful life which had soiled the girl's soul had raised a barrier, whose darkness could be felt between the child-spirit and hers. It was with repugnance the little girl added in a low voice: "Patty was asleep when she was here, but it's morning for her now, and she's woke up and seen——" Then suddenly little Mary caught up the baby and ran away.

"Yes," said Rebecca bitterly to herself, "the sight of Him is for little children, not for such as me." She turned away, and faced the next tombstone. Mechanically she read the inscription. It ended with "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." "I'll try no more. I'll go back to London. I heard Martha say Mr. Burleigh had gone to the brick-fields, so I'll be off; and if I make haste, I can be out of the house before he comes back."

She ran excitedly to the Vicarage, put on her hat, crammed all her things into her bag, looked to see that her jewellery, all of which she had brought away with her, and her money were safe, and stole like a thief downstairs. The evening sunshine was streaming through the hop-entwined study window, and fell in a path of light across the cold hall through the open door. The girl stood still.

"I'll look round that good gentleman's room and see the likeness of my father and all of 'em again. He's got it framed—he said so—with the rest, and I'll see where he sat, and then I'll go away, *right away*."

She clenched her hands, and put her bag down on the floor of the hall. "I'll not take such as *that* in here," she whispered; and then she was in what was to her imagination a shrine. Many ugly, but to John Burleigh most precious, photographs were on the walls. She walked straight to one group, and stood before it for some moments, with clasped hands and a hard face.

"Yes, all of 'em are there but me. How loving mother looks! I wish I could take it with me; but I can't steal what's *his*. I would from anybody else, but not *him*. He says, 'God bless you,' every night. I've heard that for the last time." Then the girl flung herself on her knees by the chair pushed back from the writing-table, and kissed it, and cried, "O God, bless him, bless him." Then she jumped up, and turned to go. As she did so she saw the letter.

"It's from my father!" She read it through. "Mother! mother!" She moaned, reeled, and fell on the floor.

(*Continued—page* 657.)

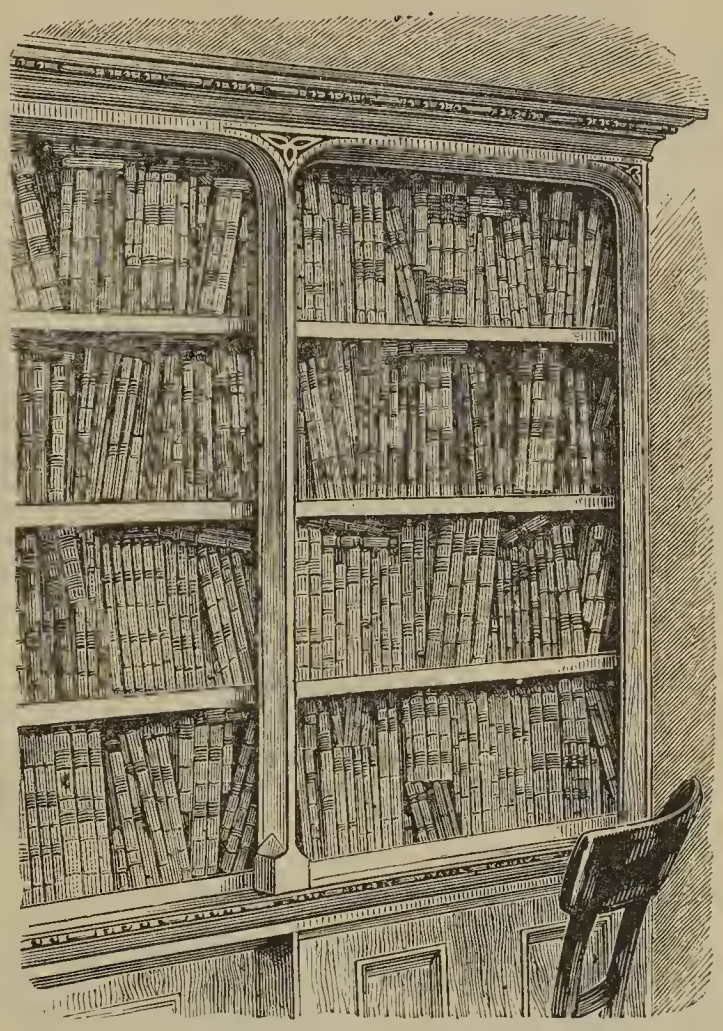
A CHAT ABOUT BOOKS.

By John P. Haworth.

LEIGH HUNT said that he always felt inclined to say grace when he began a book. But in his day printed matter, good, bad, and indifferent, was not produced by the cart-load, and the great plague of books had not yet visited the country; but had he lived in our rushing, bustling, busy times, when volumes upon every conceivable subject come pouring out in a ceaseless stream from "the Row," and threatening the unhappy reviewer with despair or premature lunacy, he would in all probability have modified his opinion.

Books, like many other things, may be looked at from different points of view, and used in various ways. They may be the tools of a man's trade. Thus the journalist, the philologist, the lawyer, the historian, or the specialist, has his dictionaries, cyclopædias, treatises, commentaries, and books of reference, which are to him what the saw is to the carpenter, or the saucepan to the cook. They are employed for a special purpose—to clear up some doubtful point, to verify some fact, or to illustrate some theory.

Again, a certain class of people look upon books merely as a necessary ornament, "the proper thing to have about the place, you know." From this low standpoint they are merely things (with pictures in, if possible) to be scattered with studied carelessness on the drawing-room table as refuges for the nervous. Some people, again, seem to furnish what they call their libraries much in the same way as they would order wire fencing—four feet of history, a yard of biography, and so on. But to the true book-lover, a book is neither a "dummy" nor a tool, but a friend; and a good book is one of the best friends that a man can have. It is ever ready at his call to interest, instruct, cheer, or amuse him. It takes him out of himself, helps him to forget numberless worries and troubles, and leads him into new and delightful scenes. It never obtrudes itself when not wanted, nor fails us when required. It will speak or be silent as we prefer, and never reproaches us if we are petulant, and cast it aside for another. Our "silent friends" are ever faithful. "They are the delight of childhood, the strength and incitement of youth, the relaxation of toil, the companions of solitude, the consolations of trouble, the wisdom of all who use them aright, the anodyne of age."



"The companions of solitude."

In the selection of them, the same rules should guide us as in the choice of our human comrades. Those are the worst acquaintances whose conversation is impure, whose tastes are corrupt, and who lead us into scenes of riot and debauchery. So those books, whose whole tendency is to draw us from what is good and pure, and to familiarise us with evil, should not be the chosen occupants of our shelves, or the cherished companions of our leisure hours. This standard will rigidly exclude from our literary visiting list that unhappily too common type of work, generally the novel, which is written in a sparkling and brilliant style, with a certain superficial cleverness, and admirably adapted to captivate the imagination; but whilst doing this, it is also instilling into the mind a subtle poison, and enervating the best faculties. In it vice is represented as a mere social eccentricity, gently to be dallied with rather than sternly condemned, and moral offences are glossed over with specious names. Not to mention the many vile publications which are every week put into the hands of the less educated, there are books in circulation amongst the educated classes of society, in whose every chapter lurks veiled adultery or latent immorality. Of a novel of this class, *The Times* reviewer some time ago said that "many of the characters seemed to have no other occupation than to plan or do what he or she ought not to do." A terrible responsibility rests upon those who thus pander to the worse passions, instead of appealing to the better instincts of human nature.

There is another species of literature which should be avoided. Written in a fascinating and apparently profound manner, it is the work of men undoubtedly clever, and able to clothe their propositions in the most attractive garb. But of how many such authors may it not be said that "God gave them the talents, but the devil gave them the application"! Under the guise of culture, science, research, or "breadth of thought," they would tempt the reader away from that Scriptural truth which he has been taught to revere, and in polished and captivating language, throw covert ridicule upon the most sacred scenes and persons. But while they thus pull down, they are unable to build up, and do but raise tormenting doubts, which they are powerless to allay. Too much of the scientific and philosophical writing of the day is but thinly veiled infidelity, which seeks to substitute humanitarian enlightenment for revealed religion,—the peculiar danger of such works being that the perusal of them often leaves behind it a trail which is most difficult to efface, and that their disquieting suggestions obtrude themselves upon the mind with a painful persistency.

A French writer has said that "there are three kinds of companions—men, women, and books." Now we do not estimate the worth of our human companions by the splendour, or otherwise, of their clothes. Damon may have a somewhat shabby coat, or his hat may not be adorned with the newest curl of brim, but what cares Pythias for that? He knows the true heart that beats beneath. We do not write a man down "*friend*" until we have *got at* his mind, his inner feelings, his way of looking at things; in short, until we understand him. It is evident, then, that the bibliomaniac's method will not serve the true book-lover. The former will give hundreds of pounds for a third-rate cookery book, if it be but a genuine "Elzevir." With him it is a matter of the most sublime indifference whether he can read some pet volume, to say nothing of understanding it; and if it contain certain blunders or misprints, so much the better. The idea of perusing a book in quest of knowledge or recreation is beneath his contempt. He gloats over the long-coveted treasure, and comforts himself with the reflection that he has obtained something which no one else has.

To the man, however, who loves books for their own sake, a shilling English classic will be a continual delight.

Twelve months ago, much was said and written about the hundred best books, and eminent men of all classes were interviewed by enterprising correspondents, and struck their pens through each other's lists. The majority of the selections made, however, were more ingenious than useful; and that of the writer who recently recommended "Whitaker's Almanack" and "Nuttall's Dictionary" as the two best, is as reasonable as most of those mentors. The fact is, that in this respect "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." A. can no more fit out B. with a congenial library, than Daniel Lambert's coat would fit Tom Thumb. We do not in social life make agonising efforts to love a particular person, because we have been recommended to do so by some one else. We only make "chums" of those to whom we are drawn by similarity of taste or feeling, or by their possession of some quality of mind or heart which wins our sympathy, respect, or

admiration. To go on a walking tour with a companion, chosen merely because he was recommended as an irreproachable person, would probably result in a quarrel before the end of the first day's journey. So "Paradise Lost," and Butler's "Analogy," are *per se* most estimable books ; but it does not follow that a man bound for Central Africa, and limited to one portmanteau, would select them.

Whilst, however, it is neither advisable nor practicable to lay down hard and fast lines on this subject, there are certain broad, general rules which young men and women will do well to observe.

Do not skip, for better are half a dozen carefully read and thoroughly mastered, than fifty skimmed over like the evening paper. But do not read on the treadmill system of twenty pages a day, and a good mark at the end of the week. Above all, avoid everything which tends to raise unhealthy excitement, or morbid feelings, which casts a false charm over vice, which airily treats moral sins as mere pardonable peccadilloes, which deadens the spiritual sensitiveness, or blunts the appreciation of, and reverence for, sacred things. The late Bishop of Manchester said that a man's recreations should be of such a nature that he could read the Bible after them. The same standard may equally well be applied to his books. And assuredly there is no lack of good, wholesome literature, which the present system of reprints and cheap editions has placed within the reach of the modest purse. For five pounds—half as much as many a young man spends yearly on cigars and billiards—a library may be bought which will last a lifetime. The standard English classics ever retain their fresh and healthy tone. Guided by the historian, the reader may mingle with the warriors, statesmen, heroes, and saints of past ages, and re-people the deserted halls with a throng of eager, living forms ; in the company of the poet, he may read the parable of nature, and learn to admire her in all her varied moods ; from the contemplation of the wonders of natural history and physical science, which are now made attractive, without the sacrifice of accuracy, he may be led onwards and upwards to admire and revere the Author who "in wisdom hath made them all." The acknowledged masters of fiction may carry him along in profound sympathy with them ; for although, as has been said, "ephemeral literature is driving out the great classics of the present and the past," and though three-fourths of the present-day novels and novelettes ought to be burnt by the common hangman, yet all fiction need not be vetoed indiscriminately. The mind requires an occasional change of diet ; and the light *entrées* of fiction may occasionally be substituted for more substantial joints.

But there is one Book which towers head and shoulders above all others, which has survived the fiercest attacks, which has for centuries been a storehouse of comfort, encouragement, and thanksgiving to every class, and in every kingdom ; a mine of which, the more it is worked, the more inexhaustible are the treasures ; a Book to which every succeeding discovery of true science and reverent research bears additional witness—the Bible.

Do we want poetry? Where shall we find a more sublime epic than the Book of Job? Would we have history? We may here follow the journeys, battles, trials, and triumphs of God's chosen people. Does the scholar wish for closely sustained argument and logical reasoning? Let him study the Epistle to the Romans. Do we delight in stirring scenes or impassioned eloquence? We may stand with Elijah on Mount Carmel, or listen to the burning words of Isaiah or Jeremiah. Would we gaze upon more peaceful sights? We may ascend the hallowed slopes of the Mount of Olives, or listen with the crowd on the shores of Galilee. Where, in the whole range of literature, shall we look for a code of morals which will stand the wear and tear of every-day life, but to the Sermon on the Mount?

Young men and women, of all the books on your shelves, let the Bible be the one most often consulted. Read by the light of the Holy Spirit ; it is the best safeguard against the anti-Scripture 'ologies and 'isms of the day. Heed not the charge of "Bibliolatry." Study it "faithfully, gravely, wisely, lovingly."

THE MUSICIAN'S DAUGHTER.

AN INCIDENT OF TO-DAY.

By M. Butler Gerds.

"OH, father, do listen to this anecdote. I do not believe a word of it," said a beautiful girl to her parent. They were seated in a luxurious drawing-room, in one of the most expensive streets of the West End. The rattle of carriages outside was unheard by them ; the dinginess of the air outside was unseen, for the windows were heavily draped with costly hangings, and the room in which they sat was a blaze of light. The gentleman, one of the first musicians, if not *the* first in the land, was seated before an Erard grand, extemporising in a desultory, self-amusing manner. He turned, smiling, to his daughter, when she spoke.

"Read it then, my Leuchen," he said, with a German accent. And Leuchen proceeded to read in a tone of doubt :—

"A German poet-musician, named George Neumarck, used to get his living in Hamburgh by playing his violoncello. But one day he fell ill, and very soon poverty overtook him. He knew not what to do ; but as a last hope he pawned his beloved instrument for very little money, to a Jew. As he was leaving the shop, he asked, 'May I once more, just this once, play a farewell air?' Receiving a grudging assent, he seized his beloved instrument, the companion from which he found it so hard to part, and played such a tender, pathetic melody upon it, that even the hard-hearted Jew was touched to tears. As Neumarck played, he sang his own hymn,—

'Life is weary ; Saviour, take me ;'

but suddenly changing the key, he sang the more hopeful words,—

'Yet, who knows? the Cross is precious,'

and then, kissing his instrument farewell, he rushed from the shop. As he did so, he found himself face to face with a stranger, who had been listening with rapture to the delightful strains. 'Oh,' said he, 'can you tell me where I can get that sweet song?' 'My good friend,' answered Neumarck, 'it is yours for nothing.' By degrees, the stranger drew from the poet the story of his trouble, and his master being an ambassador from a foreign court, and needing a private secretary, he laid the case of Neumarck before him, and it was not long ere he found an end to all his sorrows. 'This,' he said, gratefully, calling his neighbours around him to listen to the music of his redeemed violoncello, 'this comes of trusting God. I was willing to bear the cross, He gives me the crown, even a crown of rejoicing ;' and, concluding with a rapturous note of praise, he sang his own hymn,—

'Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the Rock that nought can move.'"

"There, what do you think of that, papa, mine! you, a great musician, and a good man?" asked Leuchen.

"I believe every word of it, my dear," answered her father.

"Papa!" in a tone of incredulity and remonstrance blended, "do you believe that God *does* help people in this way, really?"

"Yes, my Leuchen, He has helped *me*. Wouldst like my little story—true every word of it, my child?"

"Yes, papa, *do* tell me, for I should dearly like to hear it. You *know* I should," she cried, kissing him.

Then Herr Tonkünstler, who was thought by his admirers to be incapable of anything but fine tones and broken English, told his daughter the following story :—

"Ah, in the days when my name was Schmidt, and when nobody cared for the poor German lad, I made up my mind to come to England, the rich appreciative England, and make some monies, for I was very poor. One Sunday that I so well remember, I was out in the beautiful fields with my violin, and was playing away so as to charm myself, when I said, quite in my heart, 'O God, this is Thy day, they say. If thou art God, be kind to poor Schmidt,

and send him some good.' Then I saw a servant coming down the lane close by, and I wondered if he thought me a beggar, and if he would offer me a penny, perhaps! But he did not—he looked very dignified, and said, 'Hi! you musician, my mistress wishes to hear you play.' I was just a leetle vexed at the man's rude manner; but I followed him to a fine house, and looking up, I saw a girl just like yourself, Leuchen, sitting in a window, and gazing upon me with pity. I began to play her one of my sweetest airs, but she waved her hand dissentingly: 'Not that,' she said kindly; 'perhaps you know Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise?* Do play that, please.'

"'Why should I play the *Lobgesang*, when I have no cause to praise Him?' I asked, with some pique.

"'But you *have* cause to praise Him for the wonderful gift He has given you, and to use that gift for Him, too,' she said.

"I was surprised, pleased, if you will; no one had ever spoken in that way of my playing before. I began to think that there was a God, and that He was going to hear my faithless prayer. I played then as I had *never* before played, with all my newly-fired soul in the marvellous music. I was even surprised at myself; the tears were coursing down my cheeks. I was lost; I was praising God with my whole being, and I knew it. When I had finished, I flung myself on the grass at her feet, and wept for joy and sorrow.

"'Oh!' cried the beautiful girl, when I had ended, '*who* are you? You *did* praise God then; I am *sure* you did.' Then, turning to her father, she said, 'Papa, call the stranger in and speak to him,' which he did. He was very rich, and being charmed with my playing, he placed me under the best masters in Europe, so that I was soon equal with the first amongst them."

Here the Herr papa paused. His daughter asked him,—

"And, papa, about *God*. Did you praise Him *after* that?"

"Yes, my child; I never forgot that Sunday prayer of mine, and the rich English girl used to write to me sometimes, saying, that she hoped that I was in the light, and serving and praising God. Oh, my Leuchen, I had gone to a dear pastor who taught me the things of God, and showed me that poor Schmidt had a load he must lose, and where should he leave it? ah, at Jesus' cross! Yes, I left it there, child; so when I returned to England, I could tell the lady that it was even as she hoped with me, and she was very glad.

"But sorrow comes even to the sweetest and best of the Father's children, Leuchen, and great reverses of fortune caused my patron to lose nearly all his wealth. I said to myself a little story all day long: 'Ah, Schmidt,' I said, 'now is *your* time; perhaps you can be of use one of these sad times.' And the monies would keep filling my pockets. I was Herr Tonkünstler now, and I was getting rich. Yes, rich enough to think that it was time I showed my gratitude to my patron's beautiful daughter, so that one day I just told her how good her God had been to me, and how I wanted to thank Him and her, who had first put it into my heart to do so——"

"Papa, you are going to tell me that that beautiful sweet girl was my mother; I know you are!" cried Leuchen.

"Yes, yes, child; it was so. She quite agreed to all I said, and soon I had cause to thank the good God for another gift—that of a dear companion, who made my life one long *Lobgesang*. And when she died, and only you were left to me, I could still praise Him, but alone. So, shall not I believe about George Neumarck? I *do* believe it all, Leuchen, though some men do not know what it is that makes the praise-song so dear to the old Herr; nor do they guess why it is that he will never play anything in which he cannot praise Him—no, for that is a secret between the heavenly and the earthly tone-masters, and only little Leuchen knows."

Then the great violinist, with tears in his eyes, affectionately kissed his fair daughter, who said,—

"*Dear* papa, God *is* good, and I have never thought it! My mother loved Him—so will *I*; *you* can praise Him, so will *I*; so many serve Him, so will *I*; and you shall tell me all I do not know, and that is much, dear father."

The musician's daughter kept her resolve. She learned to love and serve the world's Saviour as her own personal Redeemer, for before this talk she had known Him only as One who came to seek and to save *the lost*, and she never dreamed that this word included herself. In church, though she so often spoke of herself as a "miserable sinner," she never really thought it in her heart; it was part of the service, and happily had to be confessed nowhere but in church! But *now*—ah, she was a new creature in Christ Jesus—she loved Him, and as the test of love is *service*, she set about working in His name at once. It became her delight to help the poor, struggling musicians, of whom she found so many, against their many temptations and sorrows, and to point them to Him who had filled her heart with Himself, and had tuned her life to an endless song of praise.

In Holland the following poetic names for the months are in use:—

January,	Lauromaand,	Chilly month.
February,	Sprokelmaand,	Vegetation month.
March,	Lentmaand,	Spring month.
April,	Grasmaand,	Grass month.
May,	Blowmaand,	Flower month.
June,	Zomermaand,	Summer month.
July,	Hooymaand,	Hay month.
August,	Oostmaand,	Harvest month.
September,	Hertsmaand,	Autumn month.
October,	Wynmaand,	Wine month.
November,	Slagmaand,	Slaughter month.
December,	Wintermaand,	Winter month.

On Circuit.—Recently, the entire court in Cincinnati—judge, jury, crier, clerk, tipstaff, counsel, prisoner, and all—adjourned to the bedside of a man whose broken leg prevented his attendance in court.

The Societies for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in America (North and South) number 44. Of these 33 are in the United States.

Cheap pork ought to be possible. There are over 2,299,000 pigs in Great Britain!

A Useful Hint.—When a screw or staple wears its hole too large, and falls out, we generally plug up the hole with *wood*. Instead, try plugging it with cork, firmly driven in, and re-insert the screw or staple. It will be perfectly secure.

English-speaking people now number 100,000,000, a seven-fold increase during the last century. At this rate of increase, in 1988 there will be 700,000,000 English-speaking people on the globe.

The Japanese will swell the number, for over 85,000 English books were imported last year into Japan.

The same country received 28,925 watches from Switzerland in 1886. A practical proof that the Japanese are anxious to keep up to time!

The length of railway lines laid down in the United States in 1867 was 2,249; in 1877, it was 2,280; and in 1887, it had grown to 12,724. There is now a total railroad mileage of 151,000 miles.

Nine Cables now connect Europe and America. There are in use no less than 113,000 nautical miles of cable.

The Aborigines of New Zealand are becoming few indeed. In Captain Cook's days these were 100,000 Maoris, now the number is estimated at 45,000—less than half.

Cheese farmers are thriving on the islands, and are making a practical effort to compete with the American market. From the North and Middle Island, last season, the total yield of cheese was 1,500 tons.

The appointment to many livings in the Church of England is vested in the hands of peers. The Duke of Beaufort seems to have in his gift 24 livings; the Duke of Bedford, 25; the Duke of Devonshire, 38; the Duke of Rutland, 25. That is 112 livings in the hands of four Dukes. Two hundred peers have amongst them the right of presentation to about 1,300 livings, including 9 in the hands of the Duke of Marlborough, 11 belonging to the Marquis of Aylesbury, and 43 to the Earl of Lonsdale.

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF A GENTLEMAN GIPSY.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Land Yacht 'Wanderer'; or, Thirteen Hundred Miles in My Caravan," etc., etc.



"Primitive, old-fashioned, little dreamy bits of towns."

The largest pond is quite a resort for web-footed fowl.

LEAF XV.

IN WINTER QUARTERS — RE-FITTING FOR THE ROAD — MILFORD, HANTS, JUNE, 1887 —WOOLMER FOREST—WHITE OF SELBORNE—LIFE IN THE WILDS.

ABOUT the end of October each year the *Wanderer* is put into winter quarters. No ordinary coach-house is large enough to contain her, so she has to be content to bivouac like the gipsy. She is under a huge tent of waterproof canvas raised over a frame.

My birds tell me when spring is coming. The sparrows in the climbing wisteria, the blackbird on the lawn, the thrushes in the apple trees, all give me a hint. Even cock robin himself is in a greater hurry every morning to eat his breakfast and be off, and looks as if he had some happy little secret under his red waistcoat.

In February last year (1887) the birds began to sing, and many of our feathered wanderers came back to wood-haunt and hedge, ere the March winds had been blowing a week.

There was plenty of time before May, but it is such a pleasure preparing for the road, that I like to make it a pleasure long drawn out. There is no joy to equal that of anticipation. The short and the long of it is, that when Captain Cornflower and Polly Peablossom returned from their winter quarters, fat and sleek and bonnie, the great caravan was looking brave and bonnie in her coat of varnish and regilded mouldings. Everything outside and in was ready for the start. Not a pin was forgotten.

We had only to do our usual trial trips for a week or more—the children's own holiday—then up anchor and away to the wilds.

Milford, Hants, June, 1887.—The *Wanderer* has been lying in a meadow here for several days, men and horses enjoying a breath of the fresh sea-air. Since leaving home in bonnie Berks, we have enjoyed what Yankees call "a good time."

The weather has been sunny and dry all along. The route we took was one on which I had been before, and may be again.

We bore away south and by east towards Aldershot. Before one gets there he finds himself in a country of shady lanes, and primitive, old-fashioned, little dreamy bits of towns, that takes him back in imagination to the Middle Ages. He sees some life, though, of a different sort, when he comes to Aldershot, and as he drives through this land of red-coats and camps.

We were fortunate in witnessing a kind of field-day, real soldiers marching and manœuvring, real guns and real gunpowder. Our wise horses looked on as unconcernedly as if in their own paddock. By-and-by we came to Lyss in Woolmer Forest, near the land of White of Selborne.

On two of the most conspicuous heights of this Forest stand two arbours made of the boughs of oak, which the keepers renew annually on the feast of St. Barnabas.

There are in the forest three lakes.

In the hot hours of summer, cattle come from far and near, to stand leg or thigh deep in these ponds—a very pretty picture.

> "On the grassy bank
> Some ruminating lie; while others stand
> Half in the flood, and often bending, sip
> The circling surface."

The largest pond is about a mile and a half round, and is quite a resort for web-footed fowl.

And here is a leaf from my own log, written on the verge of the Forest of Woolmer.

There is one curious effect that all this living in the wood and the wilds has upon me, especially in the spring-time, when I first take to the road, and become *en rapport*, as it were, with nature. I feel that I want to sing, and *can't*. By singing, I do not mean the purely musical performance, but singing as poets do, saying or writing pretty things in rhyme, expressing my feelings in verses.

Now, "to want to sing and can't" is far more tantalizing than to want to sneeze and can't.

There are some birds who seem to suffer in this way, and I pity them. Now the rook yonder can't sing, but he doesn't want to. The starling, on the other hand, will perch on the highest branch he can find, and chirrup and chuckle and choke for an hour at a time, without getting out a single note with more melody in it than there is in a hand-saw or the ungreased wheel of a mill-wagon.

From Lyss we took our way over the mountains, and so away through a picturesque and beautiful country, till we struck the sea at Havant.

Thence away along the south and by Botley, to Southampton and the New Forest, to say anything about which at the close of a chapter, would, in my opinion, be a species of sacrilege.

LEAF XVI.

LYNDHURST — A JUNE DRIVE THROUGH THE FOREST—THE FOREST FLY.

THERE are two ways of seeing the New Forest, which is, without doubt, the most romantic tract of country in England. One plan to "do" it, as tourists say—is to go to Lyndhurst, stop a night, start early, see the church, bring your eye-glass to bear on *the* great picture, say, "Very grand, indeed," hurry out, order your trap, and be driven off to see some of the giant trees, get a morsel of the bark off the biggest, lunch somewhere, then off to Rufus's Stone, and back to dinner. You can leave next morning, with the comforting thought that you have "done" the Forest.

The better way is to live at least a week at Lyndhurst, and spend every day in the solitary wilds. You will go away feeling sorry you could not live there a month or two. I have never left the Forest without the wish to return.

Describe it, did you say? If I were quite certain I should be spared for five hundred years or more, I should take a house in the Forest, and perhaps in half a century I might be in a position to write a book on it. If ever I think about my fellow-mortals at all when in the New Forest, it is to pity those who have never been here. What a deal they miss!

Sometimes in winter, when, over-tired after a long day of brain-work, I find it difficult to get off to sleep when I want to, I have several ways of wooing the gentle goddess; one is to repeat the psalms and hymns I learnt at school, or some long secular poem. "Tam o' Shanter" has stood me in good stead often enough, and I have generally gone off in the dance of witches. But a third plan is to fancy myself amid old scenes on the road, and some such little picture as the following oft-times woos me to sweetest dreamless slumber.

A JUNE DRIVE THROUGH THE FOREST.

Hardly yet in the Forest, for though long avenues of trees, and woodlands, and copses abound on each side of the road, there still are villages and farms. But even here, the ferns and heath fight for every inch of their ancient rights. The day is glorious, the road is good. The air is bracing, and balmy, and exhilarating. The very horses seem to feel the influence of their surroundings, and toss their heads with an air of conscious pride, as they trot airily on—music in their feet, music in the clanking harness.

We pass the Forest hotel with its gardens, verandahs, and flowers, quite a picture in itself, with its background of trees. But now we are in the forest—a long stretch of road sweeping downwards, and rising into a hill beyond. The very first feature that gives a feeling of freedom, is the absence of fencing. The trees here are well back from the road, and sward there is none—only long banks of fern, that go sweeping like a sea as far into the forest on each side as we can look, and form the undergrowth. We stop, and I enter the wood, and make pretence to lose myself—make myself believe there is not a caravan or a house within a hundred miles of me; that I am as much a creature of the wilds as the merle and mavis, whose glad notes make echo ring from tree to tree; or as yonder rabbit that sits upright near its hole, moving its paws like an old lady knitting, and gazing in wonder to see a human biped reclining on a bank of moss; or as this great bumble-bee, so dazed and intoxicated with the nectar it has drank from dewy thistles, that he cannot find the entrance to his hive.

And through the rustling oaks above me, the wind makes a murmuring noise like the sound of wavelets on a sandy beach by night.

But the scenes change. We are past Lyndhurst, and on by far the most charming part of the Forest road, bearing up for distant Lymmington.

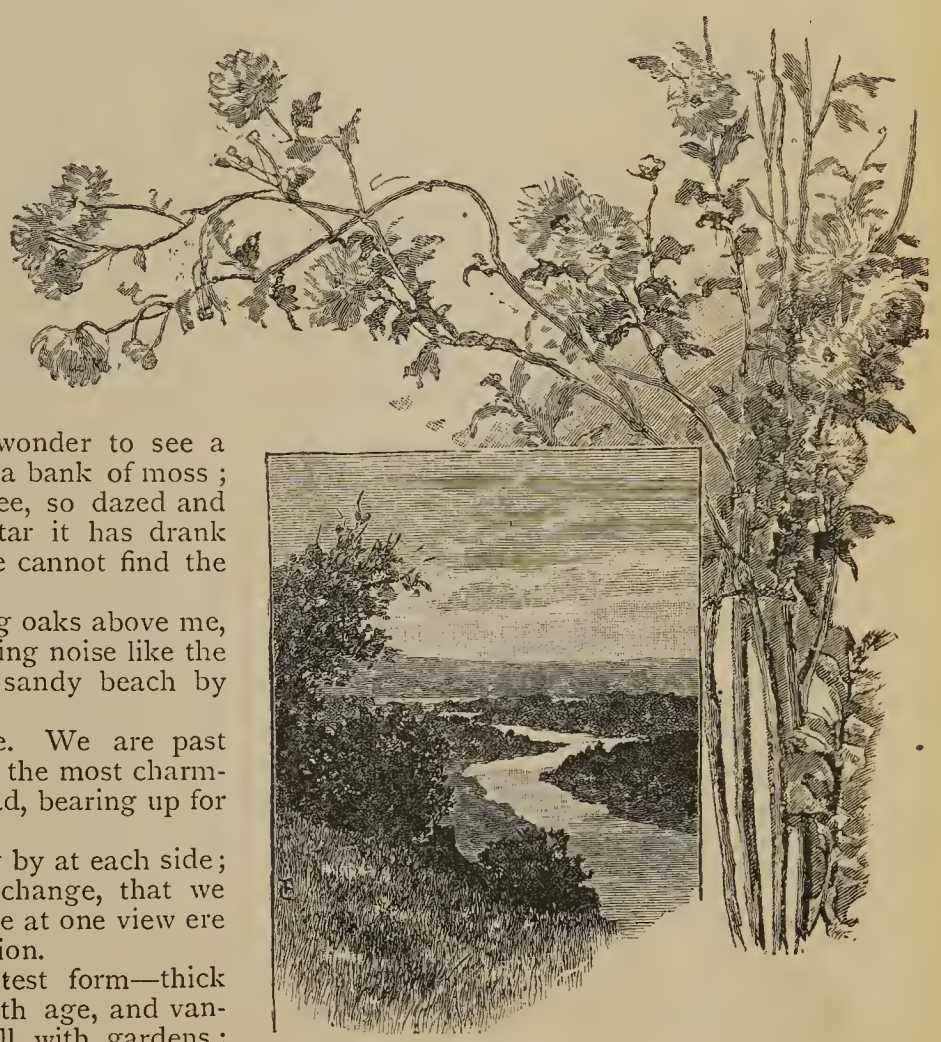
The picture goes flitting by at each side; and so quickly does it change, that we have hardly time to glance at one view ere another demands admiration.

Cosy cottages of quaintest form—thick straw, black and grey with age, and vandyked with semi-attics, all with gardens; all embowered in roses—roses yellow, red, pink, or white; standard roses; climbing, creeping, trailing, wriggling roses; roses that will not be denied, that cover the walls, clamber over the thatch, peep in through cosy, wee, prettily-curtained bedroom windows, up over the thatch, and eke around the chimney; roses that storm even the closely-trimmed holly trees, and dispute possession with the ivies that mantle old barns, half-ruined sheds, and crumbling walls; roses everywhere, filling the sunny air with their delicious perfume.

Rhododendrons peeping out almost at every turn of the road, with here and there a laburnum, all a mass of dangling bloom; rhododendrons and tasselled broom, cheek-by-jowl; rhododendrons and holly; rhododendrons and furze hardly yet out of bloom; rhododendrons side by side with greenest laurel; pale pink, red, and crimson rhododendrons; dwarf rhododendrons, and others so tall that they tower high against the stunted oak trees.

Open glades in the forest, through which our road leads, treeless, but covered deep in feathery, waving brackens; shady lanes; lovers' walks; trees that impress one with their evident age, their spreading, sturdy glory of leaf and limb; streamlets, wild as everything else is wild; streamlets of singular independence, that flow rapidly onwards, or wind and laze, and, as the whim seems to strike them, lingering here to toy with the tree; bursting into song as they go whirling over a pebbly bottom; going to sleep long enough in shady nooks for water-lilies to grow and float on them, or forming pools for cattle to bathe in, or the denizens of the forest to drink from.

Animals we, who live not in these woodlands call domestic, half wild here, and all in crowds, as if they knew there was strength in numbers. Ponies in droves, with wee, daft-like foals at their feet, that



"Through a picturesque and beautiful country."

lean against gnarled trees, stand pensive beneath the parent neck, or lie like dead things stretched out in the sunshine ; cattle in mobs ; gaunt-looking geese in droves in the grassy glades ; black pigs countable by the score ; flocks of golden yellow half-fledged ducklings sailing calmly on the ponds, or tadpole-hunting in the quagmires.

With the song of birds falling on the ear, the wail of wood-pigeons in the thickets, the winds talking to the trees, the music of the rills, with sunshine, colour, shape, and shade on every side, who would, on such a June day as this,

"Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time"?

* * * *

Our principal bivouac at Lyndhurst was in a meadow behind the chief hotel,—a very comfortable old hotel, and a very good camp. The one drawback to strangers or visitors residing anywhere in this City of the Forest, is the bells.

Deng — ding — dong — dung — they go every quarter of an hour, once repeated for the quarter past, twice for the half-hour, and soon all the day through.

THE FOREST FLY.

No one who visits the New Forest with horses, or even without, will long remain unacquainted with this gentleman. Naturalists call him the *Hippobosca equina*, and when he applies for his pedigree, he is politely referred to the dipterous family *Hippoboscidæ;* but folks in the Forest simply catch him and kill him. Here are a few particulars about the creature. The body is short, flat, and very coriaceous. The legs are very strong, and terminated by robust curved claws, which are toothed beneath. The head is received into a cavity of the thorax. The young—and this is very strange—are simply nourished within the body of the parent, where they not only acquire their full size, but actually assume the pupa stage, under which form, like very large eggs, they are deposited.

M. Reaumur was the first to discover these curious particulars. Well, there is nothing on earth that a naturalist will not do in search of knowledge, and Reaumur was so anxious to observe the development of the insect from these singular eggs, that he carried them in his pocket by day, and took them to bed with him at night, in order that they might have a uniform degree of warmth. Great was his surprise then, when, instead of grubs, perfect flies were produced !

The Forest Fly is of a dark-brown colour, with large wings and eyes, and moves swiftly, with a crab-like motion, sideways or back. They are said to attack light-coloured horses rather than dark, and strange horses in preference to forest ponies. Before I went to the Forest, I heard heart-rending accounts of these creatures. I was told that when they got news of the approach of strange horses, they came out in clouds to meet them ; that in olden times they were bigger and stronger than they are now ; that three of them had been known to lift a forest foal over a five-barred gate.

It is best not to believe all you hear. But, nevertheless, the Forest Fly is a stern reality. He is not of an amiable disposition. He is a blood-sucker and a parasite, but a good judge of horse-flesh. When he alights on your horse, which he does slowly and deliberately, he proceeds at once to business. He prefers a naked part ; in under the flank is a favourite resort.

The Forest Fly is a stickler, and as tenacious of life as a cat-of-nine-lives. To catch him is easy, but to kill him is quite another matter. You may hit him as hard as you please,—he will be only temporarily inconvenienced. The only way to kill him is to squeeze the thorax sideways. On the whole, I don't respect a Forest Fly, and the only good thing one can say about them is, that they are hippophagists solely, and therefore confine their delicate attentions to our poor horses.

(*Continued—page* 661.)

HOMELY HINTS FOR STRUGGLING WIVES;

OR, HOW JOHN AND MARTHA GRIMSHAW MANAGED ON £1 A WEEK.

By Phyllis Browne.

No. IV.

MARTHA GRIMSHAW had enjoyed her chat with her old mistress, Mrs. Jackson, but it was long before she found time to repeat it. When women are busy, have a home to look after, and little children to care for, it is not easy for them to do much visiting. Yet Martha often thought of the talk she had had, and she knew that she had received great encouragement from Mrs. Jackson's sympathy and approval. This made her long for an opportunity for further conversation.

Time passed, however, and she never seemed to be able to get away. Every day brought its duties, but never a one seemed to bring leisure. Once or twice Mrs. Jackson wrote to her, asking when she was coming, but Martha could not say. She was very happy ; busy people who have the consciousness that they are useful, and are doing good work, usually are happy. It is the idle people who are miserable and discontented.

At length one day, just as Martha had finished her household tasks, and was preparing to sit down to needlework, a knock was heard at the door. On opening it, there appeared Mrs. Jackson and a young woman whom Martha did not know.

"How do you do, Martha?" said the lady. "You would not come to see me, so I have come to you, and I have brought a companion."

"It was not that I would not come, ma'am," said Martha, while she dusted and brought forward chairs for her visitors ; though the chairs did not need to be dusted, for everything in the room was as neat, clean, cheery, and orderly as could be. "It was not that I would not come, but I was busy, and——"

"Quite right, quite right, I understand," said Mrs. Jackson. "But now I want your help, and I came at this hour because I thought you would probably have finished work, and would have half an hour to spare before your husband came home."

"You thought rightly, ma'am," said Martha. "I was just going to sit down and look over the clothes that have been washed this week, and mend what needs mending. I generally find that there are a few stitches to be put in, and as every one knows, 'a stitch in time saves nine.' I like to have a set day for mending, as for everything else. I always think it is hopeless if mending gets behindhand."

"Now you are approaching the subject that I wish to speak with you about," said Mrs. Jackson. "When I last saw you, you promised to tell me how you arranged your work. I want you to do this now, and to let my friend here, Mrs. Robins, hear your story. Mrs. Robins, I must inform you, is situated very much as you are in many ways, but she does not find things run smoothly as you do. I have spoken to her of your good management, and I have brought her to see you at her own request, because she thought that if she could find out your methods, she might improve her own."

"Indeed, ma'am, I am afraid you praise me more highly than I deserve," said Martha modestly. Inwardly, however, she was wondering very much who Mrs. Jackson's new friend could be. She had already, as was natural to a woman, glanced several times at the stranger, and to speak the truth, was not very favourably impressed by her appearance. There was an attempt at finery in her dress, which was far removed from Martha's rather strict notions of propriety. She had a fine feather in her bonnet, and a good deal of cheap trimming on her jacket, which made her look as if she aped "the grand," and yet Martha's quick eye took in the fact that her boots were torn across the toe, and trodden down at heel, and her once light-coloured gloves were dirty, and coming into holes. Now it was one of Martha's maxims that if you want to know whether a woman is well-dressed, you should look not at her bonnet, but at her boots ; and judged thus, Mrs. Robins was untidy and shabby.

When, however, Mrs. Jackson said that Mrs. Robins had not found things run smoothly, Martha looked at her again, and then she noticed that though her dress was made up of the worthless finery which Martha disliked so much, her face was very kindly, and also very sad ; and as she met Martha's eyes fixed upon her, her own filled with tears.

"I would really thank you kindly if you would let me know your ways, Mrs. Grimshaw," she said. "Mrs. Jackson has told me much about you, and I can see for

myself that all her sayings were true. One only needs to look round this room, and to peep into the other to know that. I cannot manage as you do. My room is all in a muddle, and I *cannot* keep it clean. I slave and slave, but it seems as if it took all my time and strength just to keep going along. I try (at least," she added, under her breath, "sometimes I try), but oftener I lose heart. Then my husband gets angry, and the children cry and scream; and everything is so miserable, that lately I have been afraid my husband would lose patience, and——"

"I know," said Martha. "My mother used to say, 'Any silly woman can catch a man; it takes a wise woman to hold him.' But where am I to begin to help you?"

"Tell me what you aim at, and what you try for," replied Mrs. Robins earnestly. "Say over to yourself what it is that a woman like me needs to do before she can make a happy home, and then tell me. You know the kind of thing. I am not the only one of my sort. Where are such as I to blame, and how are we to mend?"

"You poor things," said Martha, "I pity you more than I blame you. There are numbers like you, who would do right if they knew how, but they have never been taught, and they get no sympathy from their husbands, and they work to little purpose, all because they work without method."

"I was never taught," said Mrs. Robins. "Before I was married I went out to work, and I never had anything to do with cooking or cleaning. I thought work of the sort was quite easy, but I soon found my mistake. Tell me what I ought to do; tell me where to begin."

"I will do my best," said Martha. "But you must not think you are going to mend matters all at once. Improvement will have to be gradual. You cannot gain in a few minutes what it has taken other people years to learn."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Jackson. "To make a home happy is not easy, but it is the grandest work that any woman can do. If all the wives and mothers in England were equal to it, this England of ours would be a different place to what it is. There would be less sorrow in it, and less sin, because there would be less drink. Many a man has turned to drink because his home was not happy."

"He is none the less to be blamed on that account," said Martha, rather indignantly. "It is very easy to blame the women, but a man must be weak who goes to the bad because his wife fails in her duty."

"Of course, such men are weak," said Mrs. Jackson. "That is one reason why women ought to be strong, to hold them up."

"But what am I to do? what am I to aim at?" asked Mrs. Robins.

"I should say that what you have to do all the way through is this," said Martha. "Do the duty that wants doing most first of all, then go on to the next duty that wants doing most, and keep on doing this. Your difficulties would soon disappear if you could follow this rule. When you wake in the morning, ask yourself, 'What wants doing most?'"

"I suppose when one wakes in the morning, the duty that wants doing most is to look what the time is, and if it is time, get up," said Mrs. Robins, half amused.

"Exactly so," said Martha. "And mind it's half the battle to begin early. An hour before breakfast is worth two hours after it. To rise and start work betimes is one great secret of home management. Having risen, the first duty that wants doing is to make yourself neat, clean, and tidy. So, if I were you, I should wash thoroughly, brush your hair, and make it smooth and neat, put on a tidy gown, and make yourself spick and span. Do not be content to tumble into your clothes, as so many women do."

"First thing in the morning?" said Mrs. Robins, with an astonished look.

"Yes, indeed," said Martha. "First thing in the morning, and at all other times. Believe me, Mrs. Robins, if a woman wants to begin to keep her home and keep her children, she must first of all keep herself. If *she* is neat, she will want her house and everything about her to match. You never expect that a clean, tidy woman will be found in a dirty home."

"There is another reason for this," said Mrs. Jackson. "Cleanliness means health. When people are clean, and keep everything sweet and pure about them, they are ten times more likely to be strong and hearty. There is nothing like a good wash for making one feel brisk and energetic."

"And there is still another reason," said Martha. "We were talking a minute ago about 'holding a husband.' I am quite sure that one way for a wife to hold her husband is to keep herself neat and clean. When women are being courted, they take great pains that their lovers shall see them at their best. When lovers become husbands, many of them seem to think that he, out of all men in the world, may see them at their worst. And yet married men have eyes as well as unmarried ones; and though men may not be conscious of it, there are few amongst them who do not feel pleased when their own wives are women they can admire and be proud of."

"Having made yourself clean and neat, what is the next thing to be done?" said Mrs. Robins, who was intensely interested.

"If you will forgive my saying so," said Martha, "the next thing to be done is to kneel down by the side of the bed and thank the good God for having taken care of you and yours during the night, and ask Him to help you to do your work during the day as in His sight. You will not get on any the worse for beginning the day with a thought of something beyond what you see."

Mrs. Robins did not answer. She was too much astonished to do so. With her, religion was associated only with going to church and listening to sermons. That a busy woman should make it part of her daily work, and find it a help in making beds and dusting rooms, was more than she could comprehend. However, she continued to listen.

"After this," said Martha, "I should put two chairs at the foot of the bed; take the bedclothes off one by one, spread them over the chairs, double the mattress over, and open the window top and bottom, so that the fresh morning air might blow over the bedding. Then—but perhaps you would like me to go right through the day's work as I should do it."

"That would be delightful," said Mrs. Robins. "Please go on."

"Well, then I light the fire, sweep up the room, set on the kettle, and put the porridge to boil. It is one of my methods to leave the room that we live in tidy overnight, so that in the morning there is little to be done. I never leave any dirty dishes to be washed, and the coal and kindling are always put ready, so that if such a thing should happen as that I should oversleep myself, there may be as little hindrance as possible. And I must tell you," continued Martha, and her voice took a tender tone, "John always gets the coal for me, and does what lifting he can. He says that kind of work is fittest for men. I do not say that husbands ought to do this kind of thing, but only that my John will do it. But then I do not believe there ever was a husband like John. And I like to get beforehand a little, for I know very well that as I leave the place, so I shall find it. It is very disheartening to come down and find everything at sixes and sevens, especially on dark winter mornings. So I cure that difficulty by preventing it."

"An excellent method," put in Mrs. Jackson.

"The fire lighted and the kettle boiling, I lay the breakfast, and then get the children washed and dressed. I sponge them quickly back and front, wash their faces, necks, ears, hands, and arms with soap and water, and brush their hair. I never let them stand about while they are dressing, and I do what I can to train them early to help themselves, and to be orderly and neat in their ways. Also, I need scarcely say, that I hear them say their morning prayer, and try to help them to start the day in the best way. When the children are dressed, we all have breakfast."

"Excuse my interrupting you, but you said you set the porridge to boil. Do you and your husband have porridge for breakfast?"

"Yes, we always have porridge. It is such very wholesome, nourishing, economical food; I believe it is as nourishing as rump steak, and when you get accustomed to it, you like it very much. I learnt to like it when I was in service;" and Martha, as she said this, smiled at Mrs. Jackson; "and after I was married I persuaded my husband to try it, and he got to like it too. Now he would feel quite lost without his porridge. The porridge eaten, he and I have a little weak tea and bread and butter, but not much. I do not believe in tea, and neither does John."

"Well, I must say I like a cup of tea," said Mrs. Robins. "Many a time when I feel quite worn-out, I make myself a little tea, and it helps me along wonderfully. I often have it for dinner, and it saves the trouble of cooking, besides being cheap."

"I have no doubt you do," said Martha. "I could have guessed as much. Your belief in tea is one cause of your difficulty. Tea does not nourish at all; it is only a fillip, and, in the long run, makes people nervous and hysterical. Am I not right, ma'am?" to Mrs. Jackson.

"Quite right, Martha. I agree with you entirely. I agree with every word you say. I believe that the habit women have got into of drinking tea is one great reason why they have so little energy. To keep on drinking tea at every turn is like drinking slow poison. On that subject every word that you say, Martha, is true."

(*Continued—page* 666.)

THE SUPERSTITION OF THE SKRAT.

By Andrew T. Sibbald.

SCATTERED about the islands and coast to the north-west of the Gulf of Riga is a population of Swedes, which has frequently attracted the attention of the antiquaries of the Baltic. Ages have passed since their last settlement,—the date of which nobody knows,—and it is a singular fact that, small in number, and living in the midst, or, rather, on the edge of races totally distinct from their own, they have preserved to the present day their Scandinavian nationality. That the Eiboboll, as they are called, will preserve this nationality much longer is very doubtful. Once they had settlements in the comparatively large island Oesel, and on the southern coast of Esthonia, but these have all disappeared ; and in a map which is not more than eight years old, we only light upon them in a few very small islands, and on the northern extremity of the coast. Their pursuits are exclusively maritime, and in their latter days they seem to have been more confined to the sea.

That all sorts of superstitions are rife amongst this primitive people is a matter of course. Wolves and serpents play an important part in their legends, but more curious than any of them is the Skrat—a fiery dragon of a very liberal disposition. Ordinary dragons guard treasures, and have not the slightest notion of parting with the value of a shilling if they can help it ; but the Skrat actually takes the trouble of bringing wealth to those who have earned its powers.

The Skrat commonly appears as a huge fiery shape, with a long tail ; but it has no objection to put on the appearance of a cat, a fowl, or even a man. It floats about in the evening close to the surface of the earth, and sometimes eludes the sight by dropping down a chimney. A ruined edifice will, however, answer its purpose, and it has been known to vanish from a field without any perceptible place of retirement whatever. Not unfrequently its disappearance is followed by a loud noise, like the report of a gun, and a rattling sound, as of falling stones.

Do not imagine that the Skrat is a past institution, with which you have nothing to do, like the witches and furies of the Middle Ages. If you go paddling about the Gulf of Riga, you are very likely to meet a Skrat now. It was only in the year 1846 that two fishermen, quietly returning home to Hapsal from the neighbouring island of Nucko, saw a fiery form approaching them from the shore, which they rightly concluded was the Skrat. The monster filled their boat with fire, and brooded over them so affectionately that they could feel the heat through the fur cloaks with which they covered their heads. Probably the Skrat expected some remonstrance, for when they had remained silent some minutes, it rose up into the air, and went off in a northerly direction ; but not before it had well singed their cloaks.

In the year 1847 the Skrat showed that it had clear notions of right and wrong, and could assume, on occasion, the character of a terrible avenger. Two fishermen from Oesel, by far the largest island in the gulf, came to the little islet Kumara, upon which there is only one beer-shop. They had brought smuggled goods from Finland, and in the plenitude of their innocence—for smuggling is no crime, according to Eibo notions—confided them to the landlord of the mean hostelry. Breaking his faith, the wretch sold the goods, and afterwards assured the fishermen that, in consequence of an unexpected approach of the revenue-officers, he had been compelled to fling the deposit into the sea. The truth was, however, revealed in some manner to the worthy smugglers, and inspired by prophetic power, they said to the landlord, in unison, "Thou hast committed thy last theft." This occurred in autumn.

About Christmas time the landlord was enjoying himself on the continent with a party of friends, when he was suddenly struck with paralysis, and exclaiming, "That was the Skrat!" died on the spot. The body was decently put into a coffin, but on the following morning the coffin was found shivered to fragments, and the body, lacking the nose, lay upon the ground. Another coffin was provided, which was more gently opened than the first, and the body was taken away altogether—of course by the Skrat. The friends of the deceased could not do much under these peculiarly distressing circumstances, but still they did their best. They carried the empty coffin to be buried with all solemnity.

It is with real pleasure that we record the wholesome check put by an honest Eibo man upon a prosaic investigator who had ventured to doubt the truth of this very awful and very moral tale. The Eibo man had told his story to the investigator just as we have given it ; but the latter, instead of receiving it in good faith, proceeded to the church where the funeral had been held, and looked over the registry. From this he learned that the wicked landlord had died a natural death on the first of November, 1847, after an illness that had lasted six months, and that he had been buried on the fifth of the same month, without anything remarkable having been noticed by the pastor. Proud of his discovery, the investigator hastened back to the Eibo man, and detailed the information he had gathered. But the Eibo man was not daunted. "How should the pastor know what was inside the coffin?" This was his question ; and the story of the Skrat remained triumphant.

To those who are lucky enough to secure the services of a Skrat, it will bring money, vegetables, hams, corn, linen, and even milk ; but we grieve to relate that it only obtains these articles by stealing them from less favoured mortals. A farmer's wife in the island of Dago, finding that her cow yielded less than the proper supply of milk, watched one fine night, and perceived that the cause of deficiency was a little child, who sank into the earth as soon as she approached. It is not always that the Skrat gets so quickly out of the way. An old parish clerk of Nucko, returning home from the beer-shop, met a great hulking fellow, who carried on his shoulder two gloves filled with corn, and quizzed him for the lightness of his burden.

"Psha!" answered the churl, "I would not be called Skrat if I could not carry more than this." With these words he flung down the gloves, which instantly swelled into two huge sacks, and thrashed the clerk within an inch of his life. Had not the pastor's dog set up a louder bark than usual, and frightened the Skrat away, even that inch might have been consumed.

A few crosses marked on a doorway, or a few straws laid crosswise upon the threshold, are found efficient against the depredations of the Skrat. This serviceable friend will not only steal for its master, but will jealously guard his property. In fact, its zeal borders on cruelty. A man at Hapsal had a Skrat on his premises which burned off the hair of two light-fingered ladies who came to rob the house, and frightened them, not only out of the domicile, but out of their wits. A woman in the same town had a portable Skrat no bigger than a flea, which she carried about in a box, and which, when she let it out, made the whole room glow as if with fire. This good woman was once robbed by a neighbour of a sum of money ; but the thief, making away with his spoil, heard such a noise behind him that he lost his presence of mind, and bolted into a hole in the ice, where he miserably perished.

For performing the most arduous duties the Skrat only requires his board, his favourite dainties being bread and butter and two or three sorts of porridge, which are .set apart for him in a special vessel. Sometimes this provision is the subject of an express contract, and woe to the man who does not faithfully comply with its terms! A peasant of Kirtil, in Dago, who during harvest-time forgot to give his Skrat the stipulated bread and butter, and consequently found all his straws thrown into disorder, might think himself a very lucky man, for at Nyby, a place on the continent, where an ill-conditioned boy ate up the Skrat's food, and soiled the vessel that held it, the house was reduced to ashes. This awful event took place no further back than the Christmas of 1846. This burning faculty seems to distinguish the Skrat from the Scotch Brownie, with which it has much in common, and renders it particularly terrible.

At Kemis, in the island of Dago, a man saw a Skrat flying through the air like a great burning cat. He tore open the front of his shirt, and bending down, peeped at the animal between his legs. The Skrat at once vanished into a house, from which a small flame was seen to issue. In three days the house was entirely consumed, and during the time of the conflagration the Skrat was often seen running in and out of the house in the shape of a singed cat. We suspect that the grotesque attitude of the man meant malice ; that he had a grudge against the owner of the house, into which he charmed the Skrat, by virtue of the ridiculous posture.

As Skrats can make themselves useful on occasion, we need not be surprised that Skrat-catching is a regular occupation. An old blind beggar woman seems to have had a singular talent in this line. Meeting with a Skrat in the neighbourhood of Trewe (a

place in the northern part of Esthonia), upon a certain midsummer day, she at once detected it as it was running across the road in the shape of a black cat, charmed it with magical words, caught it, and bore it in triumph to a bonfire which had been kindled in honour of the day. Here it was singed a little by the boys, but the peasant to whom it belonged came up to the spot, and successfully implored that it might be restored to him. So clever and lucky was the old woman, that on the very same evening she caught two more Skrats, with precisely the same result. Her singular talent was not overlooked. A man who had been exceedingly annoyed by the depredations of his neighbour's Skrat, invited her aid, whereupon she lured the Skrat into his room, and he had the pleasure of giving it a good thrashing.

Some do not care to catch the Skrat itself, but try to make it give up the treasure it carries. Old Pastor Forsmann, of Roicks, in Dago, was a perfect master at this kind of sport, and he had a fine opportunity for showing his proficiency when, sitting with a party of visitors, he saw a Skrat at no great distance from his home.

"We will see what that fellow is carrying," quoth the worthy pastor; and telling his friends to keep quiet, slipped out of the house, and compelled the dragon to drop his load; but he soon ran in again, for the Skrat, in compliance with the imperative demand, had dropped two large sacks, one of rye, the other of barley, which, if they had lighted on the pastor's head, would have stopped his conjuring for ever. The spoil was put to pious uses, being bestowed on a poor widow in the neighbourhood. Pastor Forsmann's method of dealing with Skrats was a secret, which he would never reveal even to his most intimate friends.

The Skrat does not seem to have been a natural product in all the places inhabited by the Eibo folk. The large island of Oesel, which has now lost its Eibo population, and the small island of Kemis, were the best places for catching them, and, once caught, they were portable.

These islands had, from the earliest times, been the noted abodes of magicians. Once three country fellows went to Oesel for the express purpose of consulting an old wizard as to the best method of catching a Skrat. He asked them to come into his room and take a nap; but only two of them complied with the latter request, for the third kept awake, and, making the best use of his ears, heard the old gentleman slip out of the door, saying something, and whistle. In came the Skrat, which, settling on the foreheads of the two sleepers, sucked their blood, and left a little blue mark as a memorial of the operation. All, however, were awake on the following morning, and the old conjurer, asking from each of his guests a two-copeck piece, threw the three coins into the fire. Those of the sleepers were consumed, but the one belonging to the wakeful man remained uninjured. When they all took their departure, the magician told, not the wakeful man, but the other two, that the Skrat would provide them both with a handsome income for life. From this we may infer that the Skrat does not approve of impertinent curiosity.

Strange as it may appear, the Skrat is not only to be caught, but may actually be manufactured. A tin pipe, stuffed with tow and pitch; a fragment of a pair of scales; part of a plough; a bit of a harrow; a few rags; and two or three other articles, which the vulgar would include in the category of rubbish, have been found, when well mixed up together, to make a very good Skrat. Some, however, prefer a worn-out broom, to which they attach a pair of wooden feet and a long tail of rag, twisting a red thread round the stick, clapping on an old pot for a head, adding a piece of glass for a nose, and making the arms out of a reel, which has been used by a demon, at least a hundred years old. On three successive Thursdays this figure must be set up with many ceremonies in the middle of a cross-way, and on the third the manufacturer cuts his finger, and letting his blood spurt upon the figure, utters the awful words: "Fiend, take my soul, and give me wealth in return!" The compound of inanimate rubbish is then endowed with life—becomes a veritable Skrat, which must instantly be provided with an old lazy horse. The manufacturer has procured for himself as swift a horse as he can find, and gallops off as quickly as he can, for if the Skrat once gets ahead of him, a broken neck will be the result. If all goes right, the Skrat trots obediently after its master, and when both reach the house, it is welcomed with a mess of porridge.

Having secured your Skrat, it is rather difficult to get rid of it. If you hold it by purchase, you must sell it for less than you gave, or it will certainly come back to you; in this intrusive fidelity strangely resembling the Bottle-Imp. Or, it may be torn to little bits and flung into the water, just when the ice is loosened by the early spring. Or, the manufactured Skrat may be carried to the cross-road where it first became an inanimate being, and may be driven from the face of the earth by force of prayer. If, taking none of these precautionary measures, you happen to die with a Skrat in your possession——

All things considered, it is better to have nothing to do with a Skrat.

THE MEANING OF A. 1.

By WILLIAM TIREBUCK.

1.

MY Boyhood had its blithesome dreams,
Scarce knowing why it dreamt,
And leapt from violent extremes
Of longing and attempt.
It tried, it failed, yet dim success
Allured me on and on,
I then could feel but not express
The meaning of A. 1.

2.

My Youth had dreams—how fair and clear
Those dreams by dreams defined!
In dreams I drew achievement near,
In dreams I dimly pined;
In dreams I dallied with success,
But when the dreams had gone,
Alas! I really knew the less
The meaning of A. 1.

3.

But Manhood shook itself awake,
The dreams to deeds it turned—
And still my manhood strives to make
For what in youth it yearned:
It sometimes fails—but oft succeeds,
And life, still luring on,
Now makes it clear, through noble deeds,
The meaning of A. 1.

JACK'S PRAYER.

By HERBERT JAMES.

IT was a cold winter's evening; the wind was keen and biting, and the ground covered with a thick mantle of snow.

Two children, clothed in rags, were walking wearily along the streets.

Jack and Maggie were orphans and homeless; they had no one to care for them, and nowhere to rest.

They sadly missed their mother, who had died about two months before; but they had not forgotten the lessons she had taught them, and they would sooner have starved than have committed a dishonest deed.

Presently Maggie whined, "Oh! Jack, I can't go no further. I'm so sleepy, do let me lie down;" and she pointed to a broad doorstep.

"No, Mag," answered Jack in his bravest tone. "Just walk a bit further, and we shall be 'gainst the shops; p'r'aps I can sell some lights, and get you som'ut to eat."

So they pushed on till they came to the chief thoroughfare, where all the shops were brilliantly lighted up, and the owners were plying a brisk trade.

But, somehow, every one was full of his own business, and Jack's oft-repeated request, "Buy some lights, sir," was unheeded and unanswered.

Jack and Maggie were both staggering from fatigue, when their attention was arrested by strains of music.

A few steps further on brought them to the front of a large and comfortable-looking church.

Cautiously and carefully they made their way to the entrance, as if they were afraid of being discovered, and breathlessly they listened to the beautiful singing. So engrossed were they that they did not notice the approach of the chapel-keeper, and started guiltily when a voice said, "Well, and what are you doing here?"

"Please, ma'am," replied Jack, "we are so cold and tired, and the singin' is just lovely; we won't do no harm if you'll let us stay a bit."

"Well, well," said the woman, "if you won't make a noise, you shall go in;" and to their great delight she led them into the warm church.

The minister was holding a "special service for the young," and happened to look up as Jack and Maggie were brought in.

The two children were entranced by the singing, and Jack summoned up courage enough to whisper in awestruck tones, "I guess we're 'most nigh heaven, Mag; but I ain't seen mother yet."

The minister seemed purposely to bring his sentences down to the level of the two little waifs' understandings, as every now and then he looked their way, and noted their eager faces and rapt attention.

His eye rested upon the two poorly clad children at the back, as he said, "The beautiful mansions which the Lord Jesus Christ has gone to prepare for those who love and serve Him here below are not for the rich only, but quite as much for the poor; and although some even in this church may know what it is to feel cold and hungry, yet the Saviour knew Himself what it was to suffer when on this earth. He loved us so much that He died the death of the cross, that we might obtain an entrance into the heavenly kingdom. If in times of trouble we pray to God, for Christ's sake, to hear our prayers, He will not turn a deaf ear to our requests, but will hear, answer, and bless. We can draw nigh unto God as unto a loving Father, and tell Him just what we want."

Another hymn, a short prayer, and the service was over. A kind voice said, "You have been very good children, and may come again; but you must go now." So Jack and Maggie, all bewildered, went forth into the darkness again.

Jack had left his small store of matches behind, which the good-natured chapel-keeper discovered the next day, and wished she could restore; but little Jack neither cared for nor thought about his lights, as he eagerly dragged Maggie along, saying, "Mag, let's get to a place where we can pray as the good man said."

So hand in hand they went forward until they came to a back yard. Finding the gate open, they stole into the yard, and shut the gate.

Jack spied out a hand-truck, and pulled an old sack under it, and they both crept beneath this shelter. Then Jack knelt down, and Maggie too, and the stillness of the night was broken by Jack's weak voice, as he lisped forth this prayer: "O God, the good man said if we prayed for Christ's sake, Thou would hear us. Maggie and me is so tired, and we haven't no one to love us; but mother loved us, and the good man said Jesus loved us. They are both in heaven. Please take Maggie and me to heaven to be with mother and Jesus, for Christ's sake. Amen."

"Amen," echoed Maggie.

Poor children, they did not know that even on this earth they might hold communion with the Lord, and feel His presence with them.

So they laid down, and, entwining their arms about each other's necks, they fell asleep.

The morning dawned, but Jack and Maggie did not stir; and when the owner came into the yard, he found two children under his truck, locked in a close embrace—asleep, he thought; but when he called, they did not move, and, stooping down, he found they were stiff and cold.

Jack's prayer had been answered.

THE COURTESIES OF DAILY LIFE.

HOW pleasant it is to be brought into contact, even for a few minutes, with courteous, considerate people, and how very unpleasant it is to have to do with rough, uncouth ones.

Like oil to the wheels of a machine, keeping in motion the wondrous mechanism, and causing the necessary movements to be made without noise or friction, so is a courteous manner in the conduct of business or in the discharge of the duties of daily life.

The great social life, in which men of many minds and diverse interests are often clashing and contending, could not go on one single day were it not for courtesy and consideration, even when in competition with each other. Travellers in a railway train, an omnibus, or at an hotel, meeting perhaps for but a few minutes, feel the value and know the power of courtesy. A man does not sacrifice his independence by being obliging; and there is no reason why working men of all stations in life should not cultivate a gentleness of manner and a consideration for the wants and feelings of those about them. Because a man is poor, he need not be uncivil; because he is a hard-working mechanic, he need not be rough and rude, marching through the world with his arms "a-kimbo," by his actions declaring, "I care for nobody, and nobody cares for me."

Courtesy dignifies and exalts true manliness.

RECIPE.

A VERY STRENGTHENING BEVERAGE.

SCRAPE up, or cut up very finely on a plate, so as to lose none of the juice, half a pound of raw beef (a piece of the neck will do). Put it into a jar, with 2 gills of cold water, rinsing the plate with it, so as to get up all the goodness of the meat. Let it stand for a couple of hours; then plunge the jar into a saucepan of boiling water until the juice is just boiling. Beat up a fresh-laid egg in a cup. Stir up the essence of meat in the jar, and pour it over the egg; stir it well, and serve warm. The yolk only can be used, if preferred. The meat that remains can be boiled up with a bone or two, and will make a cup of good broth.

REMEMBER TO—

USE your brains rather than those of others. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent.

Try to see yourself through the eyes of those around you.

Learn to say No; not snappishly, but firmly and respectfully.

Avoid passion and excitement; a moment's anger may be fatal.

Trust no secrets to a friend which, if reported, would make an enemy.

Work to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow.

Pay your debts while you have the money in your pocket with which to do it.

In private watch your thoughts; in the family watch your temper; in company watch your tongue.

Carry sunshine in your own heart, and, like the perfume of flowers, it will breathe a fragrance everywhere.

Show your respect for honesty in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity, wherever found.

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

Dover.—We thank you most sincerely for your hearty congratulations as to our Paper,—and warmly reciprocate your desire "that it may be the means of setting many a young man firmly on the Rock, as well as of strengthening your own faith in Him who was your perfect Sacrifice." We are glad that you think it THE Paper for the present day. Specimen copies have been very gladly sent by the Secretary to all the addresses given. Shall be glad to supply these to any other friends.

Irene Stewart.—We regret exceedingly that under this *nom-de-plume* we have received a letter to which it was impossible to reply in our July GAZETTE, as it had already gone to press. It is not our custom to transcribe letters sent to us, but we feel led to give *in extenso* this communication, trusting it may serve as a timely warning to some of our younger readers, not to seek spiritual help from Roman Catholics, nor to be deluded—as, alas! this writer has been—with the fallacious idea that rest of soul can be obtained by union with any Church,—certainly not with so corrupt a Church as that of Rome. The tyranny that would forbid the reading of a Protestant Paper, is of itself too palpable to call for comment. If it were not a dark and corrupt system, it would not fear the light. We can now only pray that our dear sister, through the great goodness of God, may some day be delivered from the terrible bondage under which, even now, she must be groaning. The following is the letter referred to:—

"I wonder whether you remember me; I wrote to you a year ago. I was then very uncomfortable, through the accidental reading of your Paper, A short time after that I went away from home to stay, and during that time became introduced to a number of people belonging to the (so-called) Roman Catholic Church. They soon found out that I was very unhappy about my soul, and brought me to their priest, who is now preparing me to be admitted into the Catholic Church on the sixth of July. I am longing for that day to come more than I can tell you, for at last I shall get peace and happiness. Could you spare me a corner in your Magazine to say you will think of me on the sixth, even though I daresay you will not quite sympathise with the steps I am about to take? This is the last time I shall be able to write to you; and the July number of the GAZETTE will be the last Protestant paper I shall read, as the priest, I know, will not allow me to have any correspondence with heretics."

Recreation.—(1) We think that handwriting is, to a very large extent, an indication of character, though not an infallible one. (2) It would not be right for any young woman in business to encourage conversation with a gentleman during business hours, and in her house of business; certainly not without permission. (3) It is not right or womanly to accept presents from any young man who is not a recognised friend of the family, unless they are rightly and straightforwardly intended to convey something more than ordinary friendship. (4) There would be no impropriety in a young woman having a country walk alone, before business hours, in the summer time, provided it were taken in a neighbourhood thoroughly respectable and suitable.

INQUIRIES.

M. G. asks for mnemonic of the sovereigns of England, in their order, beginning, "When will his stupid head remember," the first letter in each word being the first letter of the name of a king or queen.

Lucy writes to ask the origin of eating hot cross buns on Good Friday, and fish on Ash Wednesday.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES.

By Henry H. Bourn.

NAIL-MAKING AT HALESOWEN, AND CHAIN-MAKING AT CRADLEY.

THE question of female employment is admittedly a difficult one to deal with. It would be an easy task to find women and girls following employments in different localities altogether unsuited to their sex, and which must be expected to produce disastrous results, both physically and morally. In London, thousands may be met with at wharves, sifting ashes; in factories, amidst the injurious fumes of poisonous chemicals; in small, ill-ventilated, or draughty buildings, making sacks; and in open sheds, chopping and bundling firewood; and at scores of other no less unsuitable employments, for which they are inadequately remunerated, and by which their health must be seriously injured.

There is something very significant in the name given to the district extending from Birmingham to Wolverhampton, and from Walsall to a few miles west of Dudley, —the Black Country,—as any person may see who chooses to visit it, and take a stroll between the natural and artificial hills, which abound in every direction, or along the narrow, ragged-hedged lanes, which lead nowhere in particular. The jaundiced canals, crowded with boats; the tramways, almost covered with inky mud; railways, crossing and converging in every direction; blast furnaces, towering sky-wards, and belching forth huge volumes of smoke and fierce, throbbing flames, accompanied by inward groanings, as though the monsters were labouring for breath; the hundreds of chimneys, displaying their brazen crests or sheaves of fiery tongues; gibbeted black colliery wheels; dilapidated engine-houses, and cottages, sinking on one side into the undermined earth; the immense mounds of iron-stone undergoing the process of roasting; and hundreds of smaller mounds of coal being converted into coke; the rattle and whirl of machinery; the hissing and rushing of steam; the shrill whistles attached to innumerable boilers; the shock of ponderous hammer strokes, and many other strange sights and sounds, give the locality a unique character.

The nail and chain-making industries are carried on at the western side of the district, in Dudley, Netherton, Bowley, Lye, Lye Waste, Cradley, Sedgley, Halesowen, and other places in that neighbourhood, which is located near to some of the most beautiful scenery met with either in Staffordshire or Worcestershire. From some points, a range of green swelling eminences may be seen rising, beyond which others may be noticed, rising still higher. Beyond those again, and considerably more distant, and much bolder in the outline, may be seen the lofty range of the trap hills, until one of the number, roughened by the tufted woods, is crowned by the obelisk at Hagley, which is near the far-famed Leaseowes of Shenstone; while, in the far distance, the undulating line of the mountains of Cambria can be distinguished.

Various influences have effected a marvellous change in the lives and homes of many; still, much abject misery and uncomplaining suffering are endured by a large number of families.

Nailers' strikes have been very common, and some of them have been unreasonable; but others have been caused by the impossibility of living on the wages received. There is always a considerable amount of underselling amongst the masters; but, unfortunately, it is at the workers' expense.

Wrought nail-making, and the allied handicrafts of chain and rivet-making, are amongst the oldest industries of the "Black Country," and may be said to be carried on in a manner peculiar to those trades.

In most industries the work-people are assembled in factories, and controlled by overlookers; but in nail-making, the work, which is of hand labour, and done by the piece, is performed at the workmen's own homes—wives, sons, and daughters often assisting. The nail-maker's connection with his employer is a somewhat slight one. Each week the worker receives from the "fogger," as the middle man is called, a certain quantity of iron rods in bundles, and is expected to return a given quantity of nails,—long experience having taught both parties what quantity ought to be returned in the shape of manufactured goods.

What sort of a home the nailer's must be, with the wife and mother toiling in the forge from morning to night, and what sort of children they will be who are left to run wild, may be more easily imagined than described. The same remarks will apply to chain and rivet-makers. The effects of serious interference with female employment in the nail and chain-making districts would, according to the estimate of some people, be absolutely ruinous. The patriarchal character of the system under which the members of a family work together, in their own little shop, under conditions of freedom impossible in factories and workshops, that come under the purview of existing Acts of Parliament, has its admirers; and it cannot be denied that, despite some obvious disadvantages, it has something to be urged in its favour.

It is estimated that there are as many as 10,000 nail, chain, and rivet-making shops in the district, which has Dudley for its centre; each shop having from one to four fires, or, more correctly, anvils, as, in the majority of cases, two or three men and women make use of the same fire, although they work at different anvils. Of those who work in these shops, it is estimated that about one half, or from 10,000 to 12,000, are women and young people, 6,000 men, and 4,000 children—the latter under fourteen years of age. It is appalling to think of such a number of married and single women of all ages, with boys and girls of tender years, being compelled to accept a lot like this, and that for a miserable pittance of three and sixpence, or from that to six shillings weekly.

At a public meeting held in the neighbourhood, it was stated that there were thousands of women in the districts of Halesowen, Rowley, Blackheath, and the Lye, working at the "divers" like men, and working intolerably long hours, making large nails, bolts, and chains; and that the average earnings of the women and girls could not be more than three and sixpence or three and ninepence weekly. It was no uncommon thing for them to be working until ten or eleven o'clock at night. It was found, further, that at the prices paid, a man and his wife had to work hard to keep themselves.

The "diver" is a large striking hammer, weighing from ten to forty pounds; it is kept in a vertical position over the head of the operative by a spring, and is brought down by a sharp and quick step on the treadle, the result being that the entire weight of the body is thrown upon the left leg and foot, while both hands are fully engaged. The strain and jar resulting from such work are altogether unsuited to the delicate and undeveloped physical structure of young women and girls.

Another evil connected with the nail-making business, in some of its lowest phases, is the custom which prevails amongst the most poverty-stricken and drunken, of buying bundles of iron, and, after making the same into nails, hawking them from one "fogger's" shop to another, until a small sum has to be accepted, or an exchange is made for bread and groceries. It often happens that the cost of the iron is scarcely received for the nails which have been made from it.

The knowledge of such facts, in conjunction with others, leads us to observe that one of the greatest evils which nail, chain, and rivet-makers have to contend with, is the "Tommy shop," or the Truck System, in its cruellest and most oppressive forms. In the district there are about two hundred "foggers," or middle men, the majority of whom sell groceries, flour, and provisions generally; some are connected with clothing establishments, and not a few deal in tobacco and intoxicating drinks. In some cases, where public-houses are kept by "foggers," every inducement is placed before those who work for them to spend a portion of their hard-earned wages in strong drink, and, what is far worse, force is frequently employed to accomplish their ends in the following manner.

On Monday morning, those who go to the "fogger" are told that the iron has not arrived. The poor nailers, hearing this, sit down and have some beer on credit. On Tuesday morning, the men make another call, but only to be told that, by some unaccountable cause, the iron has not yet arrived. More drink is consumed, and the score increased, with the understanding that it shall be paid before the end of the week. It frequently happens that the workers are kept out of iron till Wednesday, or even until Friday.

We have seen women and girls making spikes out of $\frac{1}{2}$-inch and $\frac{5}{8}$-inch iron, six, seven, and eight inches in length, and at heavy chain work. As this is followed up from early morning till late at night, it is impossible for such workers to fulfil their mission as women. Notwithstanding the exhausting labour, the extreme poverty, the over-crowding, and the manifold evils which affect nail and chain-makers, it is pleasing to note that the moral condition of the entire district has considerably improved during the last few years.

THE DOUBLE MURDERER.

IN one of the large towns in the North of England, a man was once sentenced to death for the crime of two murders.

Knowing that his time was short, he sent for the Minister of the Unitarian Chapel which he had attended, and said to him, "What am I to do? Tell me! I am a murderer! I have but a few days to live. What shall I do?"

The Minister was speechless. There was no moral life to trust in; there were no good deeds of benevolence, no acts of contrition to point to; he could tell him of nothing. Christ, the good Man, was to him only the model of a pure and virtuous life.

This so pressed upon the Unitarian Minister that he went home in despair, and in great agony of soul set to work to search out from God's Word for himself what he could tell this man to do. Gradually there was unfolded to his heart the precious gift of God to man—the sinner's Saviour—

> "That wonderful redemption,
> God's remedy for sin;"

the only hope set before a guilty, lost, ruined man. This ended in his coming himself as a sinner to the crucified Jesus, and finding in Him life and peace

THE ASTONISHED SLAVE.

A BRITISH merchant, who had taken his passage in a Turkish vessel on the Levant, had his attention drawn, during the voyage, to an interesting slave, a Mussulman. He soon got into conversation with him, and found him intelligent, quick, and of strong, lively affections. He drew from him some particulars of his history, and found that he had been free-born, but had been made captive in war. The merchant was touched with sympathy for this helpless captive. The more he knew of him, the deeper was the interest he felt in his welfare; and he actually began to entertain the thought of effecting his release.

Cautiously inquiring as to the sum requisite for this purpose, he found that it was considerably greater than the mercantile profits of his entire voyage. Still he could not abandon the thought. An offer was at last accepted; but the slave having over-heard part of the conversation between the captain and the merchant, and mistaking the design of the latter, he sprang forward, his eyes gleaming with indignation, and cried out, "And do you call yourself a free-born Briton, an enemy to slavery, and yet purchase me? Have I not as much right to freedom as you have yourself?"

He was proceeding in this strain of burning, indignant invective, when the merchant turned his eyes affectionately upon him, and said, "*I have bought you to set you free.*" Instantly the storm of passion was hushed; the slave burst into tears, and, falling at the feet of his deliverer, he exclaimed, "*You have taken my heart captive! I am your slave for ever!*"

Reader,—When first you heard of One who wished to have you for His own, did you rebel, and oppose His purchase? How little you realised it was out of pure love for you! Does not your heart break, as you think, "to set you free" was the price paid; and can you but say to the One who paid His life for you, "I am your slave for ever"?

"MUST WE NOT WORK OUT OUR SALVATION?"

SUCH a question is often asked by the anxious, as well as the careless. Sometimes it is put in this form—"Does it not say in the Bible that we are to work out our salvation? How then can you reconcile that with the statement that we have only got to believe in order to be saved?"

Wait a moment. When you ask, "Does it not say we are to work out our salvation?" whom do we mean? Do you mean every person—the saved and the unsaved? Look at the Epistle, and see to whom it is addressed. (Phil. 1. 1).—"*To all the saints* in Christ Jesus at Philippi." They were *already saved.* They did not *hope to be saved*, they knew *they were saved.* To them, says Paul, "My beloved, . . . work out your own salvation" (Phil. 2. 12, 13). They were already in possession of it. "Your own" implies possession. They were to "work out" what God had already *wrought in.* This Scripture clearly has no reference to the *unsaved.* The unsaved cannot work out their salvation, but we find a very clear message for them. "*By grace* are ye saved, . . . *not of works*, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9).

A FALL OF SOOT.

A TOWN missionary commenced his work one morning with a difficult question pressing for settlement. A lady, whose consecrated wealth made her a valuable ally in his work, had told him of the death of an old *protégé* to whom she allowed a small weekly sum of money and other benefactions, and asked him to find, amongst the poor families he visited, a worthy successor.

The choice was difficult, and he was asking for guidance from the "Counsellor" who had so often helped him in perplexing decisions, but the morning passed away without any clear indication.

After dinner, he went into a more respectable neighbourhood, and called upon an old couple whose little home seemed always the very ideal of comfort in its exquisite neatness and the bright Christian contentment of its inmates.

The old woman's face was a little pale that afternoon, and, he thought, a little care-worn; but her husband had his usual bright smile and cheery word of welcome for the missionary, and very soon they were seated to listen to a few words from the Book they loved so well—the selection that day being from the 8th chapter of Romans. But as their friend reached the 28th verse, the old man leaned eagerly forward.

"Excuse me, sir, but to my mind, it is difficult to see how that can always be. Now to-day there was a little thing happened about our dinner; you need not shake your head in that way, Betty, it will be a relief to tell the missionary, for it puzzles me a good deal.

"You see, sir, we had nothing in the house but a few cold potatoes,—for it's little enough that we have to do with,—but Betty, in her clever way, was frying them, and making them quite tasty with a little dripping, and the soot fell and spoiled them, so we had to go without our dinner; and I can't quite see how that's to work for our good."

"Then I can tell you, my dear old friend," exclaimed the missionary with emotion. "I am looking out for a suitable case to recommend for weekly help from a kind lady. I should never have thought of you, supposing you had a comfortable provision, and this fall of soot has been the means of letting me know the truth."

We need not say that the old couple thought the missionary the most satisfactory commentator they had ever consulted, and never again did they come to any problem in the circumstances of their life without remembering the "all things working together" and the fall of soot.

MAD JOHN BURLEIGH:

A STORY OF HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT,

Author of "Her Two Sons," "Eric Olsson's Minde Ring," "Drifted," "Little Rainbow," "Corbiestanes," "Our Navvies," etc., etc.



"A simoon might have swept through the place."

CHAPTER XII.

BRIGHTER DAYS DAWNING.

NO one came near. The sunset faded, the room was dim when the Vicar returned, but it was empty. Martha said she had found Rebecca in the hall an hour before, "fum'ling at t' door as if she were dazed, and it was all t' lass could do to stand. She'd her hat on, and her bag were on t' floor. So she, Martha, had taken her up to bed, and made her drink some hot tea."

John Burleigh guessed that Rebecca's bodily misery had touched the kindliness of Martha's nature; and though she had no pity for sin, no sympathy for mental pain, physical weakness did not appeal in vain to her woman's heart.

The girl came down the next afternoon — Martha would not permit it before— looking much shaken, and with the hunted terror gleaming in her brown eyes at every sound, and her glance fixed on the dining-room window. For an hour the Vicar paced backwards and forwards on the garden path, and the sight of his figure and bent head only enabled her to repress screams. At last the rattle of a dog-cart, and the Vicar hastened to the gate. Instead of a jovial, go-a-head, determined man springing down, a man came forward to meet him, whose coat hung upon him with the burden of ten suddenly-added years weighing him down.

He silently wrung the Vicar's hand.

"I must see her at once, sir."

"She is in there."

"This is a heavy trial, and one we never thought to see. Please come with me, sir."

Rebecca was cowering in a chair, grasping the arms with her hands, and with her terrified, ashen face, turned to the door.

The man stood a moment gazing at her, and then opened his arms.

"My bairn, my bairn—my little lass, come to your daddy."

John Burleigh closed the door, and went

to his study. Half an hour afterwards he heard their footsteps, and rose to welcome them.

Luke Sugden held his daughter's hand. and led her as though she was a little child,

"Sir, my girl tells me she has a big box of clothes in London at this address, and—turn out the other things, Beccy."

The girl opened her bag, and placed on the study table bracelets, brooches, necklaces, and rings, in a costly pile.

"Is there anything more, my lass?"

"Only my watch."

"Put it to 'em."

She placed a gold watch and chain beside the rest.

"There, Mr. Burleigh. All my life long I've been striving for brass, and brass's worth. My lass has inherited it from me."

"No! father, no!"

"Hush, my bairn. I've sown the wind, and I've reaped the whirlwind. There's some hundreds of pounds' worth there, sir, and but for you my Beccy would have lost her soul for it. She's coming home to nurse mother. Mother will be glad to see her, though all she can say is 'Beccy.' She's sensible enough. All our folks think I've gone to London to fetch t' lass. Not one on 'em knows but mother and me about her. My lass is coming home, but naught of t' old life is coming with her. I'll buy her another gown as we go through Castleborough. Now, Mr. Burleigh, will you get her things in London sold, and these, and do what you like with t' brass?"

"Yes. I will give it to a lady whom I know—Mrs. Butler. She will use it to save others lost as yet, but whom she is seeking for Christ. But there is one whom Rebecca must save."

"Me, sir? I am not worthy."

"Yes, you, and you only. The girl you lived with. Will you do this?"

"I will, sir." And the girl lifted her head, and there was a gleam of hopefulness in her brown eyes.

"Let us pray!"

And with the touch of Christ's hand upon them, Luke Sugden led his daughter from mad John Burleigh's house, and saw him no more.

Hardman had returned to London and to his old quarters. He did so from mere force of habit, but he had not been twenty-four hours in his former environments before he felt their uncongeniality. His bachelor's rooms, luxuriously furnished, reminded him of a life of self-pleasing and low aims, which made him intensely uncomfortable.

He ordered a fire to be lighted, and employed himself for the rest of the evening with "making a clearance," which surprised and secretly disgusted Smith, who gathered up from the floor maps and papers, and torn notes, invitation cards, boxing gloves, broken foils and guards, statuettes which had cost pounds, and which one sweep of his young master's hand sent shivering to the floor; and who saw dozens of costly photographs cast into the flames. If his master no longer wanted them, why could he not have ordered him to remove them? He could have made a comfortable sum from these perquisites, and now they were worth nothing.

It was ten o'clock before the work of destruction was complete. A simoon might have swept through the place; the old *régime* had passed away, but the new had not yet occupied its place—it was a reign of rigidity. Hardman, who was intensely sensitive to surrounding influences, set his teeth.

"At all events, the place is clean," he said, and then he ordered his brougham.

As Smith gave the address to the coachman, and as he returned to the wreckage upstairs, he shook his head several times and thought aloud,—

"Here's a pretty go! I never saw such a havoc made in a room before, in all my life! Master won't be home in a hurry. I'll just slip round the corner for an hour."

Fortunately for himself, not finding any congenial spirits "round the corner," Smith presently returned, just in time to attend his master, who came in looking pale and worried. He was out constantly for the next few days, and his servant could give no information as to his movements. Invitations poured in, but were disregarded, or at once refused; and yet Smith noticed his master had apparently not a moment to spare.

Lady Susan Stopham was waiting for the carriage to draw up at the steps of St. George's Hospital. She had been visiting one of the servants who had slipped on the polished staircase of Azerley House and injured her knee. Lady Susan found time for many a kindness such as this in all the rush and whirl of her London life, and any such little expedition sent her home with a brighter face than she brought back from a *fête*. A gentleman who was passing waited for her to enter the carriage, and raised his hat.

"Mr. Hardman!" exclaimed the girl, with a gesture of welcome. "I trust you feel no ill effects from your unfortunate accident?"

"My most fortunate one, rather, Lady Susan."

"Why, how so?"

"It has altered the course of my life, which, I grieve to say, was a downward one. I am, and always must be, intensely grateful to Lord Markham for taking me to the Chase,—and still more so for leaving me there."

Lady Susan flushed; she leaned forward.

"Will you not come and see us?"

"Gladly. When may I call?"

"Will this afternoon, at five, do? We shall all be in then, and so glad to hear anything you can tell us of our people at Houghrigg."

And so, with a smile and bow, she drove away, and Ralph Hardman thought he had never seen a sweeter face. He had frequently met the Ladies Stopham, but the eldest sister had hitherto attracted him the least of the three; suddenly he felt himself in sympathy with her, and yet the few "common-places" which had passed between them were not of sufficient moment to account for this mutual interest. Whatever it was which drew them together, this little meeting sent the young man with a lighter heart on his self-imposed and most trying search,—one in which, though the person for whom he sought ever eluded him, others equally needing the uplifting and the redemption of which he was the weak bearer, constantly crossed his path.

In these few days his life had become crowded with interests, and all these outside himself. Being light-hearted, and cheerful by temperament, and enjoying robust health, a life of pleasure, which he thoroughly enjoyed, had hitherto occupied all his time and attention. Yet even in it sometimes he had wearied, and gloomy moments came, and had to be banished in a fresh dissipation. To pass his time agreeably to himself had been the sole object of his existence. Now Ralph Hardman found the world was not such a gay affair as it had seemed. The class to which he belonged, rich and pleasure-seeking, whose most poignant griefs were the consequences of self-indulgence, he found to be, after all, a very small fraction of the great human family which inhabited London. He was brought face to face with many phases of existence of which he had never dreamt. He saw men and women enduring poverty of such a kind as he had not imagined possible, and taking its miseries with the hopeless submission of a life's use. He saw greed and cruelty everywhere pushing the weakest to the wall. He was beginning to comprehend how some tradesmen made their big fortunes, and rose from the lower stratum of society to match with the highest. He went down into the "dregs" of society, the bitter dregs precipitated to the bottom of the cup by the greedy, the ambitious, and the pleasure-seekers. And as he saw the cannibal fight raging around, his heart grew hot within him. His indignation prompted him to curse the blindness of his former perception. How should he redeem the time now gone for ever?

The past was past, and he had, in a hundred ways, helped on the foul wrong. The question was answered—"Thou art the man." Traced to their source, the sorrows of the greater part of the world were the result of sin, of selfishness, the direct outcome of such actions as his own had been. He was humbled. Moreover, he was raised, for he was being drawn out of his own interests into the sympathies of the great brotherhood of humanity. He was already experiencing the fellowship of Christ's suffering; the knowledge was painful, but ennobling.

Ralph Hardman, the man who had spent his time at the opera, the race-course, the theatre, the ball-room,—in yachting, shooting, hunting, and a dozen more questionable ways,—was now rapidly becoming a Communist; but in the only true commune—that of Jesus Christ. He was not a man to sit still and regret. As he became, as weeks went by, accustomed to the darkness, he saw here and there sparks—centres, rather—of light. Others had felt as he did; others had been before him in the work of redemption. Men of his own class, but whom he had not known and seldom seen, men whose names he had always heard coupled with a sneer, he found there; and others of lowlier station, of whom their next-door neighbours, and their own brothers and sisters, know next to nothing. A brave band, battling with vast, but not overwhelming odds, for they were animated by the old faith which made Drake beat the Armada, that it was an impossibility to be vanquished, for stronger was He who was with them than all the combined forces against them. He had found an outlet for his gratitude, an object to be attained, and he threw himself heart and soul into the cause of which the Christ was the Captain. He might have done better if he had not been quite so precipi

tate, quite so sure, quite so trustful. But he had to learn, as well as to conquer, through suffering. The more deeply he loved, the more keenly his heart ached.

So it was that with the relaxation of a loosened tension, he sat that afternoon in the smallest of the beautiful drawing-rooms of Azerley House. The windows looked on to the park. The grand trees and green-sward reminded him of the Chase; no roads or paths were in sight, and the privacy of this corner of mighty London was unique. Palms, gigantic ferns, and almost beds of flowers, made a garden of the room. Some other visitors were there, but Ralph Hardman did not find it very difficult to secure a seat by Lady Susan; they were sufficiently removed from the others to be practically alone.

"You called your accident fortunate this morning. It was a rather singular expression. Am I too curious in asking why you used the word?"

"Not at all; and the answer is very simple. My accident was the means of bringing back to me the friend of my school-days—I may say rather my hero—and now I trust this recovered friendship will last my life. But that was not all."

Lady Susan did not speak, but the flush on her cheek and the sparkle in her eye asked him to proceed.

"That fortunate accident was the means used by a Divine Friend, of whom till then I knew nothing, to show me Himself."

"I am *so* glad."

The happy ring in the girl's voice opened Ralph's heart still further.

"Thank you. Do you know I feel as though I were back with Jack again—Mr. Burleigh, you know, your Vicar at Houghrigg."

"Was *he* your boyish hero?"

"Yes, and my manhood's one too. God bless him. He *is* a grand fellow."

"He is indeed," said Lady Susan, softly.

"Not at all," continued Hardman, with boyish enthusiasm, "like other men though. He is so grand, because he thinks nothing of himself—makes himself less than the least. Jack is so unlike every one else, he is simply magnificent."

"Whom do you say that of, Hardman?" inquired the earl, strolling up with his cup in his hand.

"Your Vicar at Houghrigg, Mr. Burleigh."

"Ah! He is a fine fellow, but not a little mad; totally unlike the rest of the world."

Lady Susan and Ralph Hardman exchanged a quick glance, and then joined in a smile. That smile was a bond of friendship.

From that day Ralph Hardman became a frequent guest at Azerley House. He, like his friend, found it very pleasant to discuss his plans, and clear up his perplexities with Lady Susan. Her clear common sense and love of humour reduced his mountains to molehills, and sent him back to his tasks with a cheerful heart. He was full of enthusiasm, too, and lavishly profuse in his expenditure. Afore time he was cheated out of his money, and threw it away on follies often, and sometimes sins. Now each good cause seemed to him the best possible; and Lady Susan Stopham's wise little head frequently steadied his judgment, and taught him to think before he acted.

The Countess of Azerley threw no obstacle in the way of the two being together, and quietly smiled when the earl remarked,—

"Young Hardman, I hear, is free from all his *embroglio*—given up the turf and everything of the kind. He is constantly about with Inverness, who is a second Shaftesbury. I cannot understand so young a man taking up such fads."

"They certainly are not in some ways to his disadvantage," returned Lady Azerley; "though it does seem absurd to be so over religious. Susan is growing quite *exigante*. I am thankful Charlotte and Di are not like her. However, Mr. Hardman, I suppose, saves his money by it."

"I am not so sure of that. I heard him discussing some wild expenditure with Susie this evening; but in any case he is very rich—he was a long minority. I wish I had a hundredth part of his ready money. By the by, he and Susie seem great friends. I suppose, Diana, you have no objection?"

"Not the least; in some cases it is best to permit young people to manage their own affairs."

"Ah, just so. Well, I must own such an arrangement would be acceptable to me. Hardman would not require any settlements on my part; anything of the kind would be extremely inconvenient just now."

"Besides which," remarked the Countess, languidly, "did it never strike you, Oliver, Susan and Mr. Burleigh were a good deal together at the Chase?"

"Absurd!" cried the earl, starting up and standing with his back to the empty fireplace. "Ridiculous! Why, I have heard, on the best authority, he has given up his heirship to his brother, and that old Burleigh publicly, at the election the other day, spoke of the younger brother as the future proprietor, and urged this as a reason we should support his candidature. I should not listen to such a preposterous idea for a moment."

"Certainly not; yet, if Susie makes up her mind to anything, she will carry it through. Therefore we cannot return to the Chase before we go North, as you wished."

"You are always right, Diana," said the earl, meekly.

He had a hot and somewhat tyrannical temper, the result of having been born a ruler; but his lethargic wife, with her cool temperament, could always, sooner or later, freeze him down to the "reason" point.

Both his friends wrote to the Vicar of Houghrigg pretty often, and he could not but observe how frequently they mentioned each other's names, or fail to notice the warmth of their growing regard. John Burleigh was but a man, and one who loved passionately; it is not in such a nature to wish to be second in any heart it claims as its own. Lady Susan was to John Burleigh the poor man's one ewe lamb; she was more, far more—not only the one girl in the world to him to be loved, and shielded, and treasured—she was his mate, the other half of his nature; his mind and affections alike found their supplement in hers; she completed his being. On earth, in all its shadows, and chills, and its struggles; in heaven, in all its sunshine and victory, she would be his other self; without her he must experience here an ever-present void, and he could not as yet understand how eternity even could fill it. Slowly there was growing in his mind a dull fear, which he hid away in the innermost recesses of his consciousness, and would not permit to show itself, yet a dread which was steadily growing, and threatened any day to burst its cell door, and step forth and face him in the daylight, and confront him in all its ghastly reality. He had a kind of consciousness that no fiery trial could try him, in which he would not come forth more than conqueror by the power of that mighty Saviour, who long ago had also fought and come off victor in a greater conflict; and yet, though the day of struggle had not yet dawned, he shrank, and inly cried, "Let *this* cup pass from me," as his Master had done in the thick of the fray.

The weight of this suppression, and the chill of this foreshadowing, sent John Burleigh about his parish and into the quiet homes of his people with a gleam of anguish in his eyes which no one saw but little Mary Bradley; and she did not understand its meaning, but clung to his hand and ran after him, longing to be with him and to comfort him, though she did not know why. He did not put the thought into words, and yet it was there. Suppose Hardman should love Lady Susan? Suppose her friends should support his suit? It would be his duty to give her up perhaps; but need he do so to one whose past, though forgiven, was stained—his pure, peerless Susan?

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH BOB CHATTERIS MEETS AN ACQUAINTANCE.

THEY were digging out the ironstone in the cutting. The cutting was in the side of the mountain. The men were sitting in groups, eating their dinner. Between them and the village rose the cone-shaped hill, crowned by the ruins of the Castle; beyond stretched the undulating country, and the bosky woodland of the Chase. The glory of the summer was over the land. It was a hot day; the delvers were weary, and ate in silence. Presently they tied up their empty basins, closed their knives, and drew out their pipes. As Bob Chatteris lit his, a voice said,—

"Got a screw to spare, mate?"

He looked up. Where had he heard that voice before? The stranger—a big, powerful man like himself—looked down upon him. Their eyes met, and a flash of recognition leapt from them. Bob Chatteris rose to his feet, his big right hand hung by his side clenched, till the veins stood out like cords on the back.

"Where is she?" he asked in a low voice.

"I don't know, and what's more I don't care," said the stranger savagely. The words were not finished when down he went—crash—on the floor of the cutting. A fight followed.

Suddenly the stranger sprang forward, seized Chatteris in his arms, tripped him up, and flung him.

Chatteris was soon on his feet again.

"Stand back!" cried he; "I've something to say to this chap!"

The men looked at the pale face and gleaming eyes; but the "blow up" just then sounded.

"Come along; it's no use losing a quarter, now they've settled it."

A few moments, and a blow from Bob laid his antagonist on the ground speechless.

Chatteris waited until consciousness returned, and the man, turning over with a groan, sat up.

"Hast thou had enough?" inquired Chatteris.

"Yes," answered the man sullenly.

"Where is she?"

No answer.

"Speak, or we've all this to go over again. Where is she?"

"Dead!"

"Is that a lie?" cried Bob with a gasp.

"No; it's true enough."

"Where did she die?"

"In Castleborough Workhouse."

"What! only eight miles from here, and me never to know?"

The man laughed.

"Oh, I beg yer pardon, sir; I should have sent for yer, only I wasn't there."

"You let her die by herself?"

"What should I have stopped wi' her for? She was a poor creature. I was rare and tired of her, I can tell yer. Catch me taking a woman again for her pretty face."

"When did she die?" asked Chatteris.

"Last Christmas."

"How long had yer left her?"

"Oh, a bit before."

"How long?"

The man looked at Chatteris. He seemed about to refuse an answer, but that glance decided him to speak.

"In August. I left her at Canty New Docks. I told her fair and straight I wanted no more with her, and she might suit hersel'. There were two or three, and one on 'em a ganger, that would have had her—bigger fools for it; but she outs wi' our marriage lines, and started crying; so I gave her something to cry for, and left her."

"You did?"

"Yes, I did, Mister Bob; wasn't she my lawful wife?" with a laugh. "And if that baggage didn't sell all up, and foller me about everywhere. I'd two good jobs to pack, because she came poking after me; but at last she caught me up at Castleborough. She came to my lodge, and said she were my wife; but I told them all she weren't, and down she went in a fainting fit; so I sloped off, and they took her to the Union, and she died there three weeks after."

The man had gone on talking with malicious gusto, for he had seen Bob sit down trembling on a fragment of refuse iron-stone. He prolonged his narrative, for he beheld his enemy cover his face with his hands. The stranger rose stiffly, and walked away. When he had got to a safe distance, he called back,—

"Good-bye, Bob Chatteris; don't forget the directions—Castleborough Union, last Christmas. They'll some on 'em remember her, if you ask after a young woman wi' no shawl on, and no boots to speak on, and a long cut mark on her left cheek, a given her by her own lawful husband. You'll find it all correct."

Bob sprang up, seized a lump of iron-stone, and flung it with deadly aim at the running figure.

(*Continued—page* 673.)



THE HARVEST HOME.

By Margaret Scott Haycraft.

I.

AS husbandmen from the harvest field
To the harvest-home come we;
We bring no gifts—we do but yield
Thine own again to Thee.
We tilled the land when Autumn burned
The earlier leaves from the bough;
But Thine, O Lord, were the clods we turned:
We but guided the plough!

II.

The earth lay bare to the wind and snow,
Through many a winter gale,
Till the New Year's sun began to glow,
And the Old Year's frost to fail.
And then we took our lightsome load
And strewed it at every stride;
But Thine, O Lord, was the seed we sowed:
We but scattered it wide!

III.

And nourished soon by the dewier dusk,
And warmed by the sunnier day,
The life unwrapped from its earthly husk
Arose to the heavenly ray:
The blade grew up from the buried grain,
And the grain grew up from the blade;
But Thine, O Lord, were the sun and the rain:
We but waited and prayed!



IV.

And the ears waxed ripe, till the fields grew red,
And the harvest came at last,
And the sheaves were borne to the thresher's shed,
And the tares to the flames were cast:
And the flail rang out till the stack was heaped,
And heaped were bushel and bin;
But Thine, O Lord, was the corn we reaped:
We but gathered it in!

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF A GENTLEMAN GIPSY.

By Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the Land Yacht 'Wanderer'; or, Thirteen Hundred Miles in my Caravan," etc., etc.

LEAF XVII.

HOW A GIPSY SLEEPS—"SOMETHING OUT OF THE COMMON: A FOREST SKETCH"—THE EVENING STAR—WAKED BY REED-WARBLERS.

ALTHOUGH, thanks to the amount of wholesome exercise a gentleman gipsy gets on the road, and the pure air he breathes, some sleep at night is easily obtained, still, at times, circumstances over which he has no control, arise to disturb his well-earned repose. I have been awakened at midnight by a sensation as if a full-fledged earthquake had been let loose, and opened the door to find a cow under the caravan, trying to lift it. Horses in meadows will sometimes try their heels on the under works early on a summer's morning. Bells and hooters are disturbing elements; but, as a rule, I am allowed to slumber in peace.

There was once a donkey —— Stay, I must tell my story in due form.

He looked a most intelligent and thoughtful and even handsome person by daylight, this donkey did, as he quietly browsed amongst the ferns and furze — well shaped, straight in back, sturdy as to legs, of a pearly grey colour, with zebra stripe and cross, and all complete. Now, I love a decent donkey; he is, as a rule, a badly treated and much maligned animal. He is likewise fond of thistles. So am I. I have the advantage of being Scotch.

Well, every now and then, this amiable ass, who, by the way, was tethered on a bit of common in the forest where I lay, would elevate his nozzle in the air and relieve his feelings with a "haw-hee, haw-hee," and an "ah-hee—haw!" But I thought nothing of that at the time. But lying on the coupé reading, I could not help wondering why donkeys do that sort of thing. Their voices are not very musical at the best, if they only knew it. Is it a lament instinctive for the days for ever gone, when their fathers roamed free, in desert and forest? Is it an appeal cibarious to our better nature and feelings? Is it ——

"Haw-hee! Hee-haw-hee!"

"Leave him alone, Wells. Don't chase or chevy the poor beast. He'll lie down and go to sleep soon, as all good donkeys do."

"Now came still evening on;" the sun sank slowly behind the trees; the blackbird itself ceased to sing at last; the cushant cooed no more, and bats took the place of errant swallows. Stars winked and blinked in the blue of the sky, and presently the moon would rise.

We had had a long day, and retired early, intent on rest and slumber. The donkey had retired too—apparently.

N.B.—I am deaf in my right ear, which is often advantageous, for by turning my left cheek to the pillow, I am to some extent out of the world.

However, I was just dropping off tonight, just forgetting myself in the beginning of a delightful dream, wave after wave of slumber was rolling over my brain like the swell of a sunlit sea, like——

"Haw-hee! Haw-hee—hee-haw-hee!"

I turned my deaf ear uppermost, and smiled defiantly as I tried to sleep again. But ever and anon, through every obstacle, there fell on my brain that wild "hee-haw!" worse to bear than the bells of Lyndhurst. Its very intermittency was its peculiar plague. Never mind, I would read; and, tired as I was, I lit my candle.

All through two weary hours I read and pondered. "Hee-haw-hee!" Did the brute—I called him a brute now—mean to keep on all night? "Hee-haw!" I should feel like a dead dog in the morning. "Hee-haw-hee! Haw-hee!" Flesh and blood could stand it no longer. I sprang from my couch and vowed a vow that the donkey—he should d—— No, not die: not so much as that. I would wander him. To resolve is to act—with me. That is the sort of person I am. I opened the front door, and slid silently off the coupé. There was no need to waken Wells. The moon was rising round and red and shimmering amongst the topmost branches of some dark pine trees, as I left the main road and stole quietly into the forest and through the ferns and past the furze.

No wonder the donkey sprang back in alarm to the full stretch of his tether. A tall apparition, in a robe of fluttering white, gliding towards him in the moonlight, must have been trying even to the nerves of an ass. There wasn't a "hee-haw" left in the animal now. In a few moments more we were wending our way together, amicably enough, down towards the gloomish depths of the forest.

There were two of us, some might be rude enough to remark. Perhaps. But my purpose was a settled one, and I determined to fulfil it, and did. "Go, poor beast," I said at last; "the world is wide enough for you and me too."

That relieved my feelings considerably, and relieved me of the donkey's presence at the same time, for he scampered off in the gloom, and I saw him no more.

I felt happy now. Balmy sleep should at last be mine, and dreamless, well-earned rest. For the life of me, however, I could not help thinking about the snakes as I started to go back. I had nothing on but thin slippers. And I have been told that snakes creep together in knots at night. Suppose I should trip over such a knot. Ugh!

At length, to my joy, I reached my glade in safety. *My* glade? No, it could not be; here were ferns and furze. Yonder were the pine trees, but where was the caravan? Then the terrible truth flashed over me. I was lost, lost in the dismal depths of the forest, lost with nothing on but—— oh, it wouldn't bear thinking about. I wandered about till quite bewildered. I tried to take my bearings from the moon, and got more bewildered still. For an hour and more I walked about, studying the trees, then I sat



Salisbury—the two old Gates.

down. I began to think about all the stories I had heard and read of people lost in the wilderness and prairie, and how they go round and round in a circle till they lose their reason, or faint and drop and die.

Flap, flap, flap—a great bird flew out of a neighbouring tree, and then, oh, joyful sound, I heard the deep-toned voice of Hurricane Bob barking behind the trees. I hastened in the direction, and in three minutes more I was safely on board.

* * * *

We came straight away from Lyndhurst here, but made a mid-day halt at Lymmington. It was jubilee day there, and the romantic and pretty town looked very gay in garlands and bunting, and greenery and flowers. But since I left home it has been jubilee all along, especially at Southampton. That was a wonderful sight, and we got into the very thick of it, and were crowd-bound for hours, but very willing prisoners. They say a man hardly lives to see more than one jubilee. Perhaps they are right, but we have seen four already, and I'm perfectly sure there are more before us. It was partly to get clear of jubilees, I resolved to come off the main south coast road down here. Why, long before we got anywhere near the village, we could see flags dancing crimson above the green of the trees, and presently came to the jubilee field itself.

There were crowds of gipsy caravans on the village green. Their occupants waved us welcome, and said they would make room for us ; but I had already found a field, through the kindness of a farmer I met by chance, and in a few hours we got stabling too, although we were fully a mile as the crow flies from the scene of the carnival.

Milford is only a straggling bit of a place, with rough, old-fashioned houses, and streets that are almost shingle. It is near the sea in some places, in others it is fields and fields away from it.

Long after the sun had gone down last night, I could distinctly see the white cliffs of the Isle of Wight. There was a pale scimitar of a moon in the west, and the evening star shone with extreme brilliancy.

There was not a hush or sound later on, —for the revellers had cheered their last cheer, and gone quietly home,—save the drowsy whirr of the partridges among the corn. Bats went flitting about, and white moths, that looked like butterflies' ghosts.

This morning, long before it was time to get up, we were awakened by the delicious melody of dozens of reed warblers.

LEAF XVIII.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE—LAZING BY THE SEA—ON THE ROAD TO BOURNEMOUTH MORE JUBILEES—SALISBURY—"A GENTLEMAN'S PRIVATE NOAH'S ARK AND PAIR'—OLD SARUM—STONEHENGE.

DOWN yonder, near my camping-ground at Milford, is a lane that divides me from the fields that go stretching away seawards.

Now, as straws will tell how the tide flows, so do the trees that grow around here show how the winds blow at certain seasons of the year. Here is a long row of stunted elms, the very sight of which, rising from the hedge beneath, and bending shudderingly over the lane, depresses one. And all have their backs turned towards the sea. No wonder that the thrush who dwells among their boughs sings, "Weary —weary—weary" all day long ; or that the skylark, who trills his song over the green corn yonder, cannot find it in his heart to fly very high when he looks at them. Why do they appear so bent and decrepit? Is it because, however balmy the June breezes blow, the wild winds that sweep from off the ocean in spring and summer are such that few trees can withstand them? Besides, the ivy, like poor relations who cannot support themselves, has crept up the trunks, and doubtless the snow lies at times deep on their bending backs. No wonder, then, they look weak, weird, and weary.

The hedgerow itself, however, is quite a relief to the eye. Nowhere is it high ; for any bush that grows therein, and has dared to aspire skywards, has been borne down in winter by the merciless winds. But in it is every wild bush, and flower, and trailing thing it is easy to imagine or think of,—all struggling for existence, each on its own account, yet apparently not sorry that its neighbour should live and enjoy the sunlight—a sweet comminglement of foliage and bloom. Stunted oak and elm bushes, and willows, in which the warblers chant their low, sweet songs ; blackthorn in abundance ; brambles not yet in flower, but to which hangs the woody night-shade, with blossoms in clusters of darkest blue ; nettles, dark and green ; tall spikes of the purple stachis ; mauve thistles ; brown-eyed seedling docks, and feathery grasses, with the bright orange of the birds'-foot trefoil peeping out from under ; ferns that give beauty to everything ; and high over all, draping the summit of this marvellous hedge, honeysuckle—bee-haunted honeysuckle, orange, red, and creamy white.

* * * *

The Sabbath day with us is always one of great calm and peacefulness. The very horses seem to know there is no weary drag for them when Sunday comes, and munch their oats or hay with quiet deliberation and lazy relish. They can lie down after breakfast ; that is a blessing. Every night of their lives they rest hock-deep in straw, even if my man has to walk miles for it ; but on the Sunday they have an extra soft shake-up. There is a greater treat than even this in store for them during the day,—a treat which makes them laugh to think about, or neigh, at all events. This is a walk out without the harness, an hour or so among the soft, green grass, and a paddle or roll in the river, or in water of some kind, if there be any within easy distance. It nearly always ends in both Cornflower and Peablossom having a wild scamper across a field or common, or a gallop along the road.

"Here's for off," cries Cornflower, flinging his heels sky-high. "Hurrah!" cries Peablossom, following his motions. And away they go, helter-skelter.

We were awakened early, as usual, by the warblers ; but I slept again, the song of the birds, and the sighing of the wind through the open skylight getting mixed up with my dreams. What a pleasant morning! The sun is obscured with grey clouds that may bring a shower. No rain has wet our roof for twenty days. There is a breeze blowing from the west, and a delicious freshness in the air, but the Isle of Wight is wonderfully clear, and its dark woods and green fields seem very near to us. So do those grey piles of rocks, the Needles.

From the roof of the caravan (a favourite resort of mine) the view all round is charming. The sea is green and ruffled, and steamers and craft of all kinds are passing from east and west. The church stands on the hill-top in a rolling cloud of green. People are already beginning to wend that way, and before long the bell begins to toll.

The day wears quietly away ; the sun sets amongst splendid clouds ; the swallows take their last aërial constitutional ; the birds cease to sing ; then the bats come out, and the big white moths, and the moon asserts herself, and yonder is Venus.

"The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downwards
From an eagle in his flight."

* * * *

Even a gentleman gipsy cannot rest for ever, and on Tuesday morning, June 28th, we were early up and early off, wending westwards through Hurdle, *en route* for Christchurch. The view is splendid—seascape and landscape ; but the road is rough and narrow, and the horses' feet fling the pebbles behind them as if from catapults.

Passed through Milton, which was radiant with banners and streaming flags—jubilee again. Reached Christchurch next forenoon, the weather continuing very pleasant, and found this also in jubilee. Verily, jubilees get monotonous after a time. Bivouac same night in a field close to the road some miles from Bournemouth.

We passed through Christchurch, which is a charming place, and so away north, and were almost immediately in woods and wilds again. Country sights and country sounds all round us ; romantic little thatched cottages, some almost swamped in roses ; lordly mansions here and there ; farms ; hills away to the right, with now and then a peep of the river winding through the wealth of woodland.

Passed Ringwood—in jubilee.

Bivouacked at Fordingbridge, in a splendid meadow, kindly lent us by a milkman ; only companions, his cows ; nearest house, a quaint-looking Catholic church, with a tiny graveyard attached, containing only one grave, surmounted by a tombstone and cross, and standing right in the centre. Left early ; neither wind nor dust, but the day delightful and air bracing. Went rattling through the old village of Downton in fine style, and so away into a well-wooded and rolling country.

Long before we reach Salisbury we can see the spire, and soon the cathedral itself heaves in sight, sleeping in the sunlight amidst lovely woods,—so it appears from here.

But Salisbury is found to be a big, busy, bustling place, when we do get to it. We made our mid-day halt here, and were visited by many good people—amongst others, by the editors of the *Mirror*.

"Now we'll have some stir," said a waiter to his companion ; "here's a gentleman's private menagerie and pair, coachman in livery and cockade. A case of champagne will be the first order. Hurrah!" I laughed when told this, as I sipped my modest bottle of ginger ale.

We went on through Salisbury, passing many points of interest, notably the two old gates represented in our illustration,

alone worth a visit, up some tough hills and pinches, to the Old Castle Inn, where, through the courtesy of a gentleman farmer, we were permitted to bivouac in the Old Castle Grounds.

What a pity that a sanatorium is not built here, or a large hotel and sanatorium combined! I do not feel equal to the task of describing the site of this ancient city and fort, called Old Sarum. If I use the words of the local guide-books, and tell the reader that it is the Sorbiodunum of the Romans, but was a strong British camp even before then; that it occupies the summit of a very high hill, and originally consisted of a double rampart with a ditch between, and an inner citadel, surrounded by a deep fosse; that in King Alfred's time there was a cathedral within its walls, and that it was, taken on the whole, a city in itself, with a history which would take volumes to unfold, I have done little or nothing to place it before the mind's eye.

The place is hallowed by romance; there seems to hang around it still the glamour and spell of days long gone by, that neither the view of the beautiful town spread out in the valley far beneath, nor the fertile and well-wooded country all around, with its farms and mansions, is powerful enough to dispel.

Next day we were making our way across Salisbury Plain, which is certainly not a plain in the strict sense of the word, but a vast, semi-rolling plateau—a country on a hill-top.

At the bonnie wee town of Amesbury, where we bivouacked, are many quaint old houses, with straw-thatched roofs; and here again, as further south, climbing roses and ivy are made the most of. Amesbury has a very ancient history of its own.

Stonehenge needs no mention from me. Go and see the terrible ruin; you will not talk much, whoever is with you, but—you will marvel.

" . . . Here they stand
In Titian strength, stupendous, wonderful,
The great primeval glory of our land:
And—who can tell how stained with innocent blood?
This Golgotha, this place of many a skull,
Is peopled now with terrors of the past,
Poor ghosts, that howl on every driving blast,"

(*Continued—page* 676).

THE DESK-WORKERS OF NEW YORK.

THE WORK AND WAGES OF CLERKS IN THE EMPIRE CITY.



UT of the nearly two millions of bookkeepers and clerks in the United States, over twenty-five thousand are at work in the city of New York alone. The study of the work and wages of such an army of pen-workers cannot fail to be of especial interest to the young men of great Britain, and it is our purpose, in the following lines, to lay before the young men readers of —"A. 1."—such statements and figures as shall enable them to form an idea of the conditions under which America's young men are employed.

The hours of a New York bookkeeper vary a good deal, according to the business he is engaged in. In Drapery Houses they generally range from 8.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.; in some cases from 7.30 a.m. to 6 p.m., and in Provision Houses, from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m., and later.

Wages range all the way from 9 to 35 dollars (a dollar is reckoned as equivalent to 4s. English money, 5 dollars = £1), and as high as 40 dollars a week; but places where the latter amounts are paid are exceedingly rare, and the lower figures are the rule, and predominate. It is asserted, on good authority, that many young men from Great Britain, other parts of Europe, and Canada, although they may be very clever bookkeepers, and entitled to the highest wages, for some reason accept wages as low as 10 dollars a week to start, thus crowding out American labour to a great degree, and keeping wages down. One reason for young Englishmen thus taking what is a low weekly wage in the States, arises, we believe, from the fact that erroneous impressions prevail as to the buying power of the dollar. Because a dollar is reckoned at the rate of exchange as the equivalent of four shillings, many people suppose that a dollar will buy as much in the States as four shillings will in this country. This is a mistake. The buying power of the American dollar is very little more than the English shilling. Food is quite as dear as in Great Britain, and clothes are much more expensive. In a letter written by an English bookkeeper, a resident in New York, to the writer of this Article, he says: "Nothing less than 750 dollars a year—that is between 14 and 15 dollars a week—do I consider a *living* salary. I pay for board 8 dollars a week for two meals a day—except Sundays, when I get three meals—and the extra lunches bring it up to 10 dollars a week. That leaves only 5 dollars for other expenses and clothes, and this last item is a costly one." And in another letter, the same writer says: "No young man should come out here, unless he has a situation to come to, and a living salary."

The hardest worked and the poorest paid clerks in New York are those engaged in the tea and grocery trade. These work from five o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock in the evening, every working-day in the week, except Saturday, when they are obliged to work from 5 a.m. until 12 midnight. The best grocery clerks do not receive over 15 dollars a week, and the average salary is about 10 dollars. The German grocers board their clerks and pay them from 4 to 10 dollars per month, and a case is known of a young German clerk, twenty-six years old, who worked for 4 dollars a month and his board.

In February, 1886, an organization was formed in New York, styled the National Federation of Bookkeepers and Clerks, its object being the bettering of the condition of the workers after whom it is called. It started as a National Union, and Branches were established in Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, and San Francisco. A labour bureau was formed, and gained members rapidly. The meetings of the society were at this time held in public, but owing to the action of some firms who sent private detectives to ascertain whether their employés attended these meetings, which resulted in several clerks being discharged from their situations, the meetings were, and are, carried on secretly, and not even the location of the meeting-place is made known. When a specially important meeting is to be held, the members are notified by a sealed letter and signs similar to those adopted by the Knights of Labour. To become a member of this organization, the candidate must be proposed by a member of six months' good standing. A secret committee of three trusted members is then appointed by the executive Board, and reports to the latter within a fortnight.

If the Board is satisfied, the report is indorsed by the Chairman and Secretary, and referred to the Local Union which the candidate desires to join. The Local Union ballots for the candidate, and finally admits or rejects him. Members of the Local Union of New York pay one dollar a month. Seventy cents goes to a sick and death benefit fund, 20 cents for expenses, rent, stationery, and dues to affiliated societies, and 10 cents to the relief fund, to support members unjustly discharged. The Local Union, No. 1, of New York, has 350 members; No. 2, of Brooklyn, 200; and the other Unions have memberships ranging from 150 to 300.

A TOUR IN THE BLACK FOREST;

OR, WHERE TO SPEND A HOLIDAY.

By W. Warren.



A Black Forest Girl.

GOING on the Continent has become such a hackneyed form of amusement to the dwellers in our cities, that the phrase now scarcely evokes any comment.

Last summer, however, I determined to avoid the more or less tourist-invaded localities, and to this end my thoughts went to the Black Forest.

Once this idea was fixed in my mind, I commenced my preparations by paying a visit to Messrs. Cook's Offices in Ludgate Circus, and the information I got there, still further strengthened my resolution. The journey was not a ruinously expensive one, for I found that I could get a return first-class ticket to Stuttgart for something over £7.

I will not drag the reader across the brief horrors of the preliminary journey by sea and rail, but we will at once start from Stuttgart, the capital of Würtemburg, a city, I daresay, not unknown to many English tourists.

From the vineyard-covered hills which surround it, we catch a glimpse of the Neckar as it winds away like a silver ribbon in the distance. Far away we see fertile valleys, mountains whose dark summits tower into the sky, altogether forming a landscape as picturesque as any in South Germany.

Leaving Stuttgart with many a regret, I next took train for Freudenstadt, a place which has some reputation as a health resort. What directed my steps to it was the fact of its being an excellent starting-point for many charming excursions.

Arrived there, I selected what seemed to be a capital hotel, in the immediate vicinity of the station. And *apropos* of hotels, this one was really comfortable; though by no means small, it had a quiet, homely look about it, which was certainly attractive. Around the house were tastefully laid out gardens, ending in a well-wooded park. Good stabling, lawn tennis ground, and the funny little pavilions dotted here and there about the grounds, one would have rather put it down as the mansion of a country squire than the grounds of a rural Black Forest inn. It was with feelings of the most buoyant nature that I sallied in to dinner, and I am not ashamed to confess to the reader, enjoyed the meal greatly, consisting as it did of fresh trout, meat, etc. Being an old traveller, I naturally felt a little curious as to the probable dimensions of my bill, and accordingly, after dinner I sounded mine host on this by no means unimportant point, and as the interview was quite satisfactory, I made up my mind to make it my head-quarters.

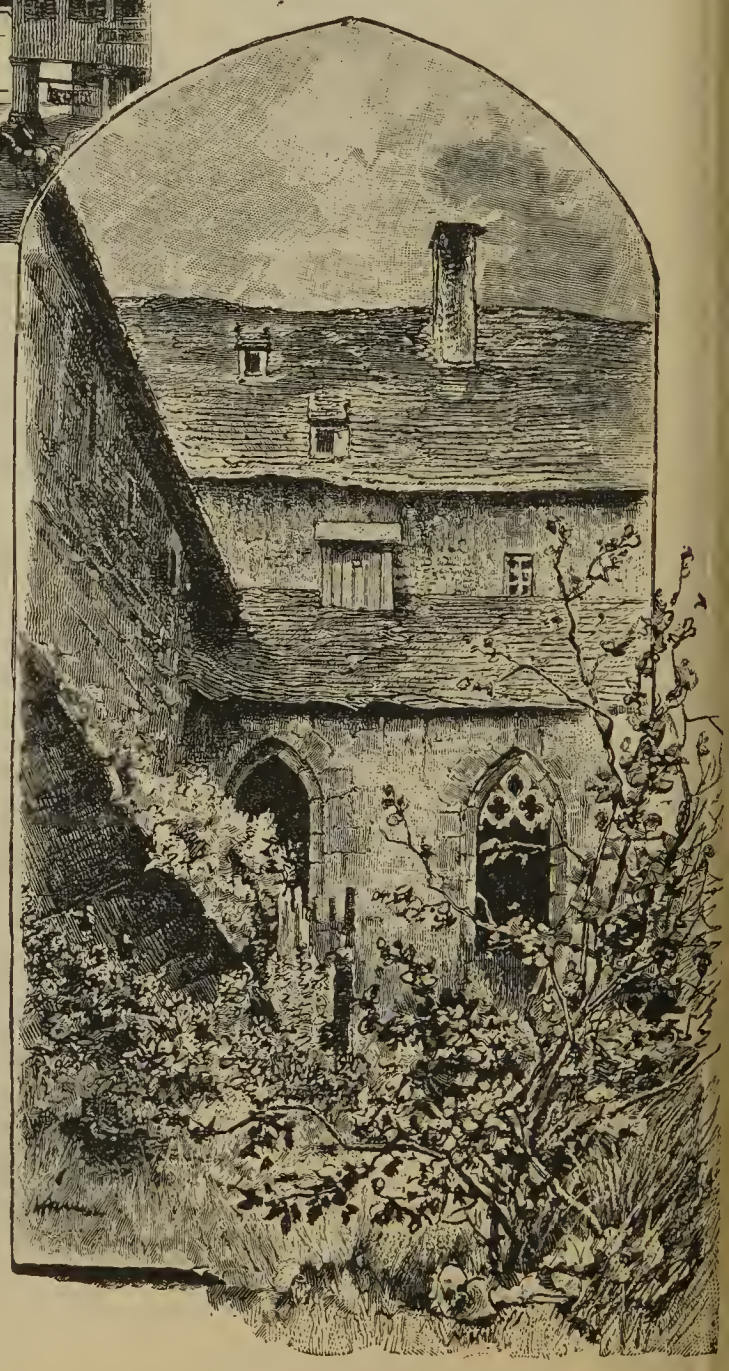


The Church in the Market Place, built in the form of a triangle.

After the bustle of city life, it gave me feelings of intense pleasure to find myself amid the quietness and beauty of sylvan surroundings.

Before me was the little sleepy station, behind a beautiful valley, with its background of gigantic fir trees, and in the distance the unfathomable blue of the mountains. After the before-mentioned interview, I started away on my first voyage of discovery. Going down a shady double avenue, I found myself in what I surmised to be the old town, and having beforehand made myself familiar with its history, I was able without much difficulty to find out the principal points of interest. Chief among these must be mentioned the old market-place, fourteen acres in extent. This forms the centre of the town, and the enormous square, with its stone-domed shelters under the houses, reminds one of Bern or Bologna. Also the Lutheran church, built in the form of a triangle, the pulpit being situated at the apex of the triangle. This arrangement prevents people seeing one another—an idea which, by the way, some of our churches could copy with advantage. From the market-place the streets branch out in all directions; long parallel lines of brown houses. The inhabitants are thrifty and industrious, their principal occupations being clock-making and the manufacture of straw hats; the larger factories, however, are in the Badish Black Forest.

In Freudenstadt and its neighbourhood, the chief industry carried on is the hand-weaving of flannels, and the trade in large timber; this latter bringing in great sums of money to the country, especially since the increased facilities for transport afforded by road and water. Formerly, all the timber was floated to its destination; the railway now has superseded the old method; but it is still adopted for getting the timber from the interior of the forests. A great deal of this traffic takes place upon the rivers Murg and Kinzig, and up the Rhine to Holland, where they are made into ships' masts.



The old Monastery Court.

I was up betimes, for I had planned to make an excursion to the Alpirsbach Convent, a somewhat celebrated building founded by Count Adalbert of Zollern, in 1090, and which still contains the remains of this the eldest member of the Hohenzollern family.

Taking the first train to Wolfach, the scenery passed through is romantic and beautiful to a degree, and from the first station, Lossbury, one gets a glimpse of the snow-covered Alps. The next station is Alpirsbach, and at once making my way to the monastery, I spent some very enjoyable hours in rambling over the place. The monastery court with its ruined windows, is a most delightful old place, and the inn, with its stone-cut arms and inscription, "Alexius Abbas, 1520," is worth a visit.

That evening there were new arrivals in the shape of fellow-countrymen of my own, and an excursion to Kinebis was planned for the following day. Accordingly, the next day found us all packed in the landlord's roomy, if somewhat antiquated chariot. The drive was short, and dismounting at the rustic inn, we made our way to the ruins of the priory,—two well-preserved lancet windows, in Gothic style, and a few crumbled walls. These represent the remains of a chapel built in the 13th century to the Virgin Mary, enlarged later into a monastery, which was destroyed by fire in the year 1513. We next pushed on through very diversified country, wild, high moors, and lonely fir trees, till we reached the Alexander Bulwarks, which Duke Alexander of Würtemburg had built in the year 1734, as the link of a long chain of fortifications. Near this is the signal tower called the Refuge. From the top of this a most enchanting view is obtained. Like a panorama the country stretches out before you—the Rhine winding away, then the dome of Strassbourg, which is distinctly visible, and the Vosges, which expands in long, gigantic streaks of light, and the wood-crowned heights of the Hardt. From the Refuge we sent our chariot on to Buhlbach, while we ourselves took the far pleasanter footpath to Allerheiligen, to visit the interesting ruins of Pramonstratensian Monastery. After a two hours' march in delightful forest scenery, through which we caught occasional glimpses of the open country, we descended an easy footpath over some rocks, and found the monastery ruins. There are still traces of its former splendour in its lancet windows, the slender pillars of the church, the spacious gardens, and the artistically-designed terraces. After having admired these venerable remains, we continued our journey, which led us over the so-called Little Stone wall, a pretty point of view, upon which there is a shelter for wanderers to Buhlbach.

In the distance we could see the smoking chimneys, which gave us an indication that it was the seat of some industrial trade. We found this to be a large glass factory, over which we were willingly shown. It is here that the champagne bottles for many countries are made. It was an interesting sight to watch the workmen, blowing with all their strength through long iron tubes, till at last it took its intended shape.

But it is long after sunset and our chariot awaits us, and during the long drive home the charioteer, proud of the knowledge of a few English words, launches out into the narration of an elaborate German legend, with a result better imagined than described.

The next excursion planned was to Rippoldsau. Passing Freudenstadt, we arrived in a short time in the green groves of the so-called Troicswald. Rippoldsau is a charming place, possessing springs of great medicinal virtue, discovered by the Monks of St. Nicholas in the second part of the twelfth century.

After having leisurely walked up and down the shady lanes of the promenade, we enjoyed a good dinner at the hotel, and then continued our way through a narrow rocky valley to the Graswaldsee, situated in a deep, round mountain valley. From thence passing Alpirsbach and Holzwald, we reached the summit of the Kinebis, from which we enjoyed the far-stretching view, and after an easy descent reached Freudenstadt.

The next day, leaving the hotel shortly after two o'clock, we soon reached Christophsthal, and crossing the Varbach on a narrow wooden bridge, wended our way up the forest path, newly constructed by the Würtembergian Black Forest Society.

Passing many points of interest on the way, we arrived at an immense wood on the summit, through which we got a bird's-eye view of Freudenstadt. From there, a short walk brought us to the romantic Sankenbach ravine, through which the waters from the mountain dash, foaming in a deep cataract over almost perpendicular heights of rock. Directly beneath the cascade a vast meadow is outspread, surrounded on all sides by green heights, which to all appearance has formerly been a lake. From here, passing many colliers' huts and smoking charcoal fires, we went through pretty forest and meadow paths, to the village of Baiersbrom.

Notwithstanding a rather gloomy outlook, starting away early, we made our way to Schomberg, and from thence by easy stages to the rural Reinerzau.

Consisting as it does of many rows of farms, pleasantly situated in a deep intersected valley, the stately and picturesque buildings bear entirely the character of the Black Forest, and the inhabitants still wear the customary country garb, in which blue, green, and black are the prevailing colours. Soon the valley gets narrower, and wilder, and more romantic in character, leading on to Varnthal.

Passing the Burgfelsen, we came to the former nunnery Wittichen, founded by the recluse Lurtgardes, in the year 1290, and



Priory Ruins, Kinebis.



The Crown Inn.



Old Mill, Reinerzau.

situated in really attractive environs. At present, though in ruins, the church part is still kept, where they show you a great many of the usual curiosities in the way of "pieces of the true cross," etc.

Schittash was the point determined upon for our next excursion, a small town lying like Wolfach on the Badish territory, in a most beautiful situation. The market-place, with its Stadtlesbrunnen, and a row of stately buildings, gives to the little place a memorable appearance. The inhabitants, also, are quite a feature of the place, the men wearing long green-lined coats or short jackets, with round felt hats; the women, skirts with puffed-up short bodices. After dinner, a very enjoyable meal, partaken of in the quaint old Crown Inn, which figures in our illustration, we made our way to the river, which is a source of much interest, from the amount of rafting done on its waters, a full account of which, amongst other things, I hope to give in my next Article.

(*Continued—page* 680.)

HOMELY HINTS FOR STRUGGLING WIVES;

OR, HOW JOHN AND MARTHA GRIMSHAW MANAGED ON £1 A WEEK.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

No. V.

MARTHA was gratified to find that Mrs. Jackson approved her ways, and gladly continued her story.

"When breakfast is over, and John has gone to work, and the children to school, I set to work in good earnest. I make it a rule as much as I can to keep quiet while they are indoors. When a man goes out to work, and only spends a short time by his own fireside, I always think it is very hard if during the little time he is indoors his wife is scrubbing the floor, or upsetting furniture, or, worst of all, hanging wet clothes before the fire to dry. If she would plan her work a little, and arrange to have things comfortable during the dinner-hour, and at tea-time, she would be repaid by seeing him rest. To plan work thus may be more trouble, but it is well worth while.

"My first work is always to wash up the breakfast things, and clear away everything that has been used. Mind you, Mrs. Robins, the best thing you can do to keep the place tidy is to *clear up as you go along*. If you get into the way of doing this, it becomes quite easy. Then I make the beds, and tidy up the sleeping room, if it is not the day for giving it a thorough clean."

"How often, then, do you have the 'thorough clean'?"

"Once a week," said Martha. "My aim is to turn over thoroughly every corner of my rooms once a week. I am sure that is the only way to keep clean. I plan my work out, do a portion every day, and try to divide it as evenly as possible, so that there may be no hurry or fuss; for I do not believe in turning a house out of window and splashing and scolding one day, and the next day standing talking to a neighbour and doing nothing. Constant daily doing is what keeps a home nice."

"But you'll never be done at that rate," said Mrs. Robins.

"Oh, yes, I shall," said Mrs. Grimshaw, "though I hope not yet. I should like to see the children grown up, and help John round the ugly corners he is sure to come to before then. Yet I always think how delightful it would be if when our work was finished we had done it in such a way that we deserved to hear the Master say, 'Well done, faithful servant!'"

Again Mrs. Robins was silent from astonishment.

"So you see," continued Martha, "in telling you my methods, I was first going through the work for every day, and then I was going to tell you how I planned it out for the week. To have a plan and keep to it, prevents so much confusion. Of course I am kept busy from morning till night; but if I have strength to do it, and if I can do it well, I do not at all object. We were not sent into the world to sit with our hands before us."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Jackson. "But go on with your story, Martha."

"When the bedroom is put straight, I see after dinner. Very often I have to go out and buy a little meat either for to-day or to-morrow (for I always like to arrange one day what is to be the food for the next), and maybe I do part of the cooking beforehand. If we are going to have peas or beans the next day, I put them to soak, and if we are going to have soup, I stew the bones the day before. You can never make a nourishing dinner out of cheap food without taking plenty of time. In good time, also, I like to lay the table, and to take a little pains to have it looking as pretty as I can. Our dinner things are cheap, but there is no reason why they should not be bright and shining; and I rub everything up before it is used. When I can get them, I put two or three flowers in the middle of the table; they look wonderfully cheery. With the flower-boxes outside the window there, we get flowers oftener than you would think. When we lived in the country, we never were without a few flowers or grasses. We got them out of the hedges; there are no flowers more beautiful than buttercups and daisies."

"But all this fiddle-faddling is taking so much trouble for nothing," said Mrs. Robins.

"There I cannot agree with you. Little prettinesses and little refinements about your home are very far from nothing. People who are accustomed to them, and who are taught to admire them, become less rough than they would be, and they learn to take care of things, instead of destroying them. If you will excuse my saying so, Mrs. Robins, I should be inclined to think that you are the one who takes trouble for nothing, when you put all that cheap trimming on your jacket."

Poor Mrs. Robins had not expected this attack, and she looked quite discomposed. She did not speak, however, and Martha went on,—

"When dinner is well on the way, I do as much as I can of the extra weekly work. This 'extra weekly,' of course, has to be done as convenient. I get a little done in the morning and a little in the afternoon, and if I work hard, I generally manage to finish so that I can tidy myself and sit down to needlework. For there's plenty of sewing to do in a family where there are children. In the evening John very often reads aloud to me while I sew, or on summer evenings we take a walk together, and we have such delightful times. There are men, I believe, who would be ashamed to be seen out with their wives, and would think it molly-coddling, but John is not."

"Where do you get your books from, then?"

"Different places. There is a lending library in connection with the Mothers' Meeting I go to. We very often get books from that. Then I do not know whether you have heard of what is called the National Library, that is a collection of some of the finest books that have been written, brought out at 3d. each. John has now and again bought one of these out of the money he takes for dress, and they are the sort of books that will bear reading two or three times over. You must remember, Mrs. Robins, we do not take beer. If John had one glass a day, that would be £3 for beer in a year. We save that, so we are able to buy a National Library volume occasionally. John was hoping that there would be a free library opened in these parts. He said that if there had been, we could have got plenty of books. But I am sorry to say that it is not to be yet."

"The publicans defeated the scheme," said Mrs. Jackson. "They were afraid, I suppose, that if people began to read, they would give up going to the public-house."

"It is very likely that they would," said Martha.

"And a good thing too," said Mrs. Robins. "But now, Mrs. Grimshaw, tell us about your extra cleaning work. We have taken up a great deal of your time, and I can see that you are beginning to be uneasy, but please tell us quickly, and I will not interrupt."

"I am a little uneasy. John will be here before long, and I must not be behind with his tea. But I will go through the week.

"On *Sunday* I do as little work as ever I can.

"On *Monday* I brush and put away all our Sunday clothes. Then I collect the dirty clothes and put them into soak, putting the dirtiest things by themselves. Afterwards I prepare as much as I can for the wash, by seeing that everything is ready. The body linen I put into luke-warm water, in which a little soap has been dissolved, and I soap and rub in the dirtiest parts, such as the inside of the collars; the other things I put into cold water. Flannels and coloured things I do not soak."

"I wonder that you trouble to soak anything," said Mrs. Robins; "this seems to me very unnecessary."

"Then you do not know how the soaking loosens the dirt, so that it comes out easily. When dirty clothes are soaked, washing can be done in less time and with less labour, and be a better colour into the bargain. When washing day comes, I want to get the steam and discomfort done with as soon as possible, so that anything I can do to forward it, I will. Once we lived near a public washhouse, where I could take my clothes to wash, and by paying three halfpence an hour, I got the use of tubs and hot water, and of the mangle also. This was very convenient, for it took the steam and damp quite out of the house; and when the clothes were soaked beforehand, I found I could get them out of hand in three or four hours. Now, when we move to a fresh place (and I am sorry to

say we often have to move, because John's work moves), I always inquire first thing if there is a public washhouse near. If there is, I think myself lucky."

"There is a washhouse near us, but I never thought of using it," said Mrs. Robins.

"Putting the clothes in soak, and making ready, is all I do on Monday," said Martha, "excepting that I arrange Tuesday's dinner as much as I can, for I do not want to leave my suds longer than I can help. But Monday is our Mothers' Meeting, and I don't like to miss it.

"On *Tuesday* I wash and dry the clothes. I light the copper fire first thing, so that I may have plenty of hot water ready; but I do not begin to wash till my husband and the children are gone. I wash the flannels and coloured things first, and put them to dry. Then I pour off the water in which the body linen was soaked, soap it again, and rub it. I give everything plenty of clean water, plenty of soap, and plenty of rubbing, and I work with all my might, and you would be astonished how soon they are done. When clothes are washed every week, the dirt comes out more easily than when they are left to lie for a fortnight.

On *Wednesday* I clean out the bedroom. I sweep the bed thoroughly, and examine it in every part, for fear there should be unwelcome visitors. Then I move all the furniture out, and sweep well behind. To make this easier, I try to lumber up the room as little as possible; and, you see, we have not carpet laid all over the room—we only have strips here and there, which can be taken up in a minute and shaken. One week I scrub the floor, the other week I clean the windows. If it is a damp day, I miss scrubbing the floor, and simply wipe it over, because I do not want the children to get cold. But I am always sorry for this, for I like my boards to look white."

"You have them as you like them, then," said Mrs. Robins. "I never saw such beautiful white boards; and the table and shelves are just the same. May I ask what you scrub them with?"

"With nothing but sand, warm water, and a scrubbing brush. The great thing in washing boards is to change the water often, so as to use only clean water. Go to the far end of the room, wash a little piece first with a flannel and warm water, sprinkle sand on it, and scrub up and down the boards—never across the grain. This loosens the dirt, but it does not get rid of it. To get rid of it you must rinse it, and take it up with the flannel. This done, go on to the next piece. Some people use soap for boards. When they are in good condition, I should say this was extravagant, though, if they were in bad condition, a little soft soap might be allowed. Some use soda, but this tends to make the boards dark. As for dressers, tables, and shelves, I always think it is rather disagreeable to use soap for them, because it might flavour the food. Yet I like white boards, they give such a style to a room."

"You do not iron and air your clothes on the Wednesday, then?" inquired Mrs. Jackson.

"Yes, I do; but the ironing is in the afternoon. I do the bedroom first, because I want to get the floor dry. After ironing I mend the things which want only a few stitches, and put the rest away to do in the evenings. But I always try to finish the week's mending in the week.

On *Thursday* I clean out all my cupboards, drawers, and shelves, scour my saucepans, and brighten my tins, etc., with a little whiting, after washing them in warm water. Bright tins make a place look so comfortable."

"Quite true," said Mrs. Jackson. "I always think that white boards and bright tins tell a tale in a woman's praise."

"On *Friday* morning I get up half an hour earlier, and give the fireplace a thorough clean and brush, and clean out all the flues. Of course I brush it every morning, but on Friday it has an extra brush. I always fancy that if the range is well polished, it is more comfortable."

"Your notion is not mere fancy," said Mrs. Jackson; "it is a fact. A bright range reflects the heat better than a dull one, so that it positively saves fuel."

"I am glad to know it," said Martha, "for I love a bright fire. When I have a boiler to the range, I wash that out on Friday; and I wash the oven shelves, and scrape them if anything has burnt over. Of course I am always very particular to sift the cinders; and I keep this box, which John made and painted for me, by the side of the fire, and into it I put the ashes as I take them up, and also any potato parings, and tea leaves, or vegetable trimmings there may be, and then burn them as I can. If there is anything that will make a bad smell, I burn it when John and the children are away; but it is wonderful what rubbish you can burn, with scarcely any smell at all, if you put it on a bright fire, and cover it with cinders. Even if you had a smell for a few minutes, it is better than throwing the rubbish upon the dust-heap to decay, or pouring bits down the sink to choke up the drain. You see this box has a lid, and inside there are some wires across to make it into a sort of cinder sifter. By using it I am able to use many a bit of rubbish as fuel, and prevent bad smells as well."

"Is that all you do on Friday, then?" said Mrs. Robins.

"Oh, dear no! Friday is my baking day. I make a batch of bread; and when fruit is cheap, I very often make a few pies and a cake for Sunday. If you have an oven, things of that kind cost very little, and they come in very handy, and are always liked.

"On *Saturday* I clean up my room, and make ready for Sunday as far as I can; arrange the dinner, pare the potatoes, and leave them in cold water; lay out the clean clothes; wash the combs and brushes; give the children a good tubbing, and clean their hair. In fact, I look round, and whatever is undone, I do it. For, you understand, my aim is to turn over every corner once a week. If I had three or four rooms instead of two, I should have to plan my work differently, and I know that then I should find it easier to keep clean and orderly, because it is easier to keep straight when you have plenty of room, than it is when you have little room. All the same, I should try to divide the work evenly, and to do everything on its proper day. So now my story is finished, and I hope you are satisfied."

"I am, indeed, Mrs. Grimshaw," said Mrs. Robins; "and I shall go home and try to follow your example."

"That is right," said Mrs. Jackson. "But don't be dismayed if you find it hard work. If you succeed, you will prove yourself to be a thoroughly clever woman. It requires industry, perseverance, patience, energy, health, skill, good temper, tact, intelligence, and any amount of high qualities to keep a home properly; and people who say that it is the easiest thing in the world, talk nonsense, and speak of what they know nothing about. Let me tell you, too, that I hope your husband will help you and sympathise with you. When men sympathise, a woman who is worth anything is encouraged; but I always think that if there is one thing that would almost excuse either husband or wife in going wrong, it is when the person to whom they are tied for life does not pull with them."

With these words Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Robins took their departure, and left Martha to bustle about and get John's tea.

THE VENTURE OF FAITH.

MANY years ago, when living in the country, I observed several men running rapidly down a wooded slope toward the river near by. Thinking something unusual had happened, I quickly followed, and was surprised to see, on a little rock that rose midway in the stream, a boy of six or eight years, drenched and trembling. He looked timidly toward those who had gathered on the bank, and now and again glanced with alarm on the boiling river he had just escaped from, and which threatened to devour him. How he came there we afterwards learned. The first thing to be done was to save him. A long ladder was speedily procured and pushed out to the rock, and a brave man volunteered to rescue the child. Slowly and steadily he stepped along the ladder, till he reached the rock, and stood beside the boy. So far from gladly welcoming his deliverer, he refused to leave the rock. It seemed as if the rushing stream filled his eye, and kept him from venturing on the strong arm of him who came to save.

"You may trust me, I will carry you safely to the shore."

The boy answered, "No, no, I cannot."

Then said the other, "You will perish if you stay here."

The conflict in the heart of the child could be seen in his face. At length trust conquered fear, and he yielded to the love of his hitherto unknown friend, who, clasping him to his heart, returned with him by the ladder, and landed him safely.

This is an illustration of salvation. The child is a picture of the sinner, miserable and helpless. The ladder is the cross, by which the Saviour finds His way to the sinner's side, to plead for the sinner's heart. The issues of eternity open out before his eye, and he must choose. To abide where he is, in the place of condemnation, is to die; to turn away from the pleading Saviour, is to bring down upon his head a deeper ruin. And yet, can he make the great venture of giving up all he has hitherto confided in and loved, and dare he commit himself entirely and for ever to the Lord Jesus? Christ saves no man against his will; and it is not until the sinner is persuaded and enabled to embrace Jesus Christ, that his salvation is an accomplished fact. There is only one way by which the unsaved sinner can put honour on Christ, and that is by trusting Him..

ANDREW AND ISABEL: OR, HEROES IN ADVERSITY.

MRS. MACPHERSON lived, after she became a widow, in a small house on the south side of Edinburgh—a house of one parlour and two bedrooms, and up three stairs. Once in, all was tidy and even elegant. The view of the Castle and St. Giles's and Arthur's seat was such as only Edinburgh, among British cities, can furnish; and "5, Argyll Terrace," was an address that sounded well in the ears of those who did not know the big factory-looking "lands" of houses lately erected on the south side of the Meadows.

Her married life of twelve bright years had closed suddenly. Andrew, her husband, a good, earnest man, was working his way hopefully into a considerable practice, when a fever cut him off at the age of thirty-eight. Of a good Highland family, but an orphan, and poor before their marriage, Mrs. Macpherson found that only rigid economy could enable her to live and educate her two children.

Her strong, quiet character came out in the quickness and thoroughness of her new arrangements. Within a month after Dr. Macpherson's funeral, the distance of the Bridges and the Meadows had been put between her and the desolate home in Great King Street, and the new life began. One faithful servant, old Flora, a Highland woman, who might be any age between forty and sixty, and so much of the furniture as the three little rooms required, went with her; the remainder of the furniture, and the horse and the carriage (not two years' old), were turned into money, not without a pang, but resolutely and promptly.

Isabel was eleven years old, a thoughtful child, making fair progress with her education, and winsome. But Andrew had been blind from a few weeks of his birth. All his father's skill could not find a remedy for the effects of some slight exposure. His education, too, was far advanced for eight years, but it had taken unusual direction. The raised alphabet had been his toy, and he had soon gained a knowledge of letters, but the only literature he had in that character was the Gospel of St. Luke; for the rest, he listened with quiet eagerness to all that his mother and Isabel read to him, asked questions, sometimes too deep for either to answer, and discussed all manner of subjects with his father at meals. The worthy doctor's one amusement was a small violin, treasured from his lonely student days, and brought out whenever he had a quiet evening to spend in his own drawing-room. Almost before he could walk, the blind boy had evinced the keenest delight in listening to the old Scottish airs, sometimes tearful, sometimes gay, which his father rendered with so much skill and feeling.

When the crash and the change came, you may be sure the violin was amongst the few household treasures carried to Argyll Terrace; even the children and the staid Flora knew it as "the wee sinfu' fiddle," and understood the humour of the story about the doctor's father, a country minister, to whom the instrument had belonged.

It had got rumoured in his parish that the good man was too much attached to vain, worldly music, and a deputation of elders had come to the manse to present a faithful remonstrance. They did not declare their errand at once, but the shrewd old minister suspected it, and entertained his visitors with one psalm tune after another —Coleshill, Old Hundred, Montrose, York —played on a larger and graver instrument. At length one of the elders ventured quietly to open the purpose of their visit.

"But didn't you like these tunes I've been giving you?" asked the minister.

"Ou, ay," said one of the deputation, "we likit them grandly; but it wasna that fiddle we were complainin' o', it was the wee sinfu' ane."

After they were fairly settled in their little home, and Isabel's lessons were resumed, Andrew sorely missed his father's music. Even when his mother could bring herself to play some airs on her piano, he was not satisfied.

Isabel had no great taste for music; but if ever there was a child in whom was exemplified the Christian idea of love—the serving of others—it was she. Untold, unasked, her love taught her how she might help and comfort her mother in a hundred ways; and now she began to make persistent efforts to master the difficult manipulation of the violin.

Her success was by no means rapid. The learner had a stern master in Andrew's keen ear. He screamed, he stamped at every false note; but when, after many a week, Isabel had become able to play the air of "Bonnie Bessie Lee" to her blind brother's satisfaction, she had love's reward. He stroked her cheeks and hair; he kissed her again and again; tears fell through the eyelids that were never lifted.

Thus five years went by. Isabel had become a woman; but the change was chiefly in stature, so douce had the girl been for many a day. Not that she was prudish and affected—as far as possible from that—but the stern nursing of adversity had ripened her pure, loving nature into a sweet wisdom rarely met at any age.

During the long winter of 1863, Mrs. Macpherson was rarely out, except to attend a neighbouring church now and then, and Isabel was her right hand. She shopped; she marketed; she took full share in the household work and in sewing, relieving her mother's busy hands in many an hour which another girl might have spent in amusement. All the while her attendance at the Normal School continued, and it was a very happy day for her, when she carried home her first little earnings as a pupil teacher. But a dark hour was at hand.

When February, 1864, came, the good, patient mother went out for the last time. The cold, which had begun the previous autumn, was now a settled thing. Mrs. Macpherson had never known illness, and treated it lightly at first; but now the constant cough, the thinness, the failing strength, awakened her to a terrible alarm. Might it be that she was not to watch over Andrew till he was a man, and to accomplish her purpose of having his musical faculty trained, so that he might support himself by teaching the art he loved?

Saying nothing to Flora, and leaving Andrew happy at the piano, Mrs. Macpherson went out one Monday morning early in February, soon after Isabel had gone off to school. There was a little deceitful sunshine, but a keen wind met her before she had got into Nicolson Street. For five years the widow had not crossed the Bridges, keeping herself away from the associations of her earlier life, not with any bitterness, but making the self-denial as complete as possible, by which alone she could carry out her plan of economy; and for many a day the wish to walk in Princes Street or shop in George Street had quite disappeared from her heart. The new life was, notwithstanding reduced circumstances, a cheerful one, as every faithful life is; and till now it was lighted up with hope. But the lonely woman's face had a sad, weary, anxious look, as she lingered at the corner of Adam Square till the Newington omnibus came up. In it she sat with her veil down till the Scott Monument was passed; then the wind, sharper than ever, struck her as she went up Castle Street, and made her way to the door of an eminent physician, who had been the friend of her husband.

After Mrs. Macpherson's return, going slowly, and with frequent stops for breath, up the long stairs to her house, she was never out again. Flora said nothing, but brought her milk unbidden, and wheeled the little couch nearer the parlour fire. Andrew talked pleasantly of something that interested him, happily not seeing his mother's face; but when Isabel came in, half an hour later, she could not restrain herself from crying, "Oh, mamma, are you worse?" and the gentle answer, "No, darling; only tired," could not deceive her.

There were, indeed, no worse symptoms; the cough was less frequent, even, but from that hour, Isabel saw an undefined change on her mother's face—not sorrow, nor anxiety, so much as a shade of solemn awe overshadowing without displacing the familiar smile.

Isabel shared her mother's bedroom, and sometimes her bed. About a week after that sad day the girl was gently called.

"Are you sleeping, Belle?"

"No, mamma," she answered, quickly moving to get what the invalid might wish.

"Then come in beside me."

The gas was turned low. The little table, with the medicine she had lately begun to use, and the milk that was now her only food, stood under it. Though there was but imperfect light, Isabel saw more of the strange heavenly solemnity on the tenderly loved face, as she lay down in her mother's arms. But there was scarcely any change in her voice, as she talked a little while about household matters, and then gently glided from these to graver things.

I cannot repeat the words in which the heroic woman fulfilled her last duty of love, with a courage such as martyrs at the stake have not excelled.

She told her child that the half of their income—fifty pounds—was an annuity, and made her understand that it would cease with her life. She explained that the other half had been taken from the sum produced by the sale of the furniture in Great King Street, and named the bank in which the little remainder of that sum was lying.

She talked of Isabel's prospects of passing her examinations, getting a certificate, and becoming mistress of a school in two or three years.

Then she said that Dr. Burton had been very kind when she went to consult him the other day, had spoken like a Christian as well as a man of skill, and had told her quite plainly that she could not recover. (The noble mother did not tell that he had said she would not see the summer;—why should she? It was not by him that her days were numbered.)

Then she dried Isabel's tears, speaking of the great peace which the Lord Jesus had given her in all her trials; of the last words of her husband, which Isabel and Andrew knew by heart, for they were those of the hundred and forty-sixth Psalm; of the comfort she had had in the love and goodness of her children; and of the joy it was to think they knew and loved her Saviour. There was nothing excited in her words or manner; and, after reminding Isabel of something that should be done in the house to-morrow, and of a message to be given to Flora, the mother kissed her daughter, and said they should both try to sleep.

Isabel was wearied, and before long had fallen into the sound sleep of healthy youth, with her arm under her mother's neck, and her mother's arm under hers.

Grey light was coming faintly in at the windows when Isabel woke. A strange, fearful chill ran through her; the arm which was under her mother's head was gently drawn out; she rose and moved about the room, hoping to wake the sleeper; then she called Flora, and too soon found that the sleep was that from which there is no awaking till the Redeemer shall come again.

Dr. Burton came, being called by Flora, without any knowledge of the interview her mistress so recently had with him, and took charge of the simple funeral. He talked kindly with the orphans, and, hearing of "a little money in the Bank of Scotland," made Isabel's way easy for drawing it. But he had been rather deceived as to the amount, by the air of comfort which Flora, cunning as Caleb Balderston, contrived to put on the little house.

Isabel knew the way to the grave in the Grange Cemetery, where both father and mother now lay, and took Andrew there the next Saturday. He tried to comfort her like a man, with hopeful words about what he would do for her when he was a little older. Was he not thirteen already? But Isabel, and he, too, got their best consolation, when he sang beside the grave, the old Scottish version of the Divine words they had loved so long to the tune York, which Andrew knew had been composed by the father of the great blind poet, Milton:—

"The Lord doth give the blind their sight,
The bowèd down doth raise;
The Lord doth dearly love all those
That walk in upright ways.
The stranger's child, the widow's stay,
The orphan's help is He;
But yet by Him the wicked's way
Turned upside down shall be."

The lives of the orphans returned into their old groove, with the sad, sad blank felt every day—Isabel's lessons, Andrew's music, the reading and talking, and sometimes a walk in the dusk. To Andrew the dusk did not matter, and Isabel preferred it.

But when autumn came round, the brave little woman found she had a serious difficulty to face. Her own small earnings of £15 would not be due till Christmas, and there was less than £10 remaining in her hands. Where was daily bread to come from, not to say fuel and rent? Isabel could only fall back on her mother's motto, "Do ye next thynge," and go on working and praying, keeping her trouble to herself. The length that Flora made a pound go in these days surprised her; but the little lady said nothing.

Early in November, she took eagerly to the old violin, and practised "The Flowers of the Forest" till Andrew was entirely satisfied with her execution; then she whispered to him a plan. Not just at once did he apprehend that they were poor, so carefully had he been shielded from the wind; but when the idea took hold of him, that he could do something to help her and himself, he embraced it eagerly, without a thought of humiliation. They kept this secret from Flora, Isabel instinctively fearing opposition in that quarter. It was not an unusual thing for the two to be out for a couple of hours in the early part of the evening, so the trusty servant suspected nothing.

With violin under her cloak, and Andrew's arm in hers, Isabel and he walked briskly across the Meadows and George IV. Bridge, down the Mound, along Princes Street, and stopped under the garden railings in Ainslie Place. There the first effort was made. Andrew sang with all his heart; Isabel played without a fault.

Then came the trial. How were they to seek or take the money? Isabel kept her eyes on the pavement, and controlled her excitement, putting the violin safely into its case. Then slipping her hand into her brother's arm, she turned towards Melville Crescent. The little crowd of listeners—errand-boys, tradespeople, visitors, with one or two gentlemen getting home for dinner—were taken by surprise. This was not a usual performance. The music had been finer than was ever heard on the streets, and the customary appeal for money was wanting.

First, a little boy, with a basket on his arm, who had stopped his whistling as he heard the better music, ventured to put a penny in Isabel's hand, and started off with a louder whistle than ever, to divert attention. Then, as the two slowly moved along, several hands were pushed out to them, and coins passed to one or the other.

Isabel was glad to stop when they had turned the corner, not to count her gains certainly, but to recover her composure. The song was repeated in Melville Crescent, with similar results; and the pair slipped home as quickly as possible.

Two or three times a week, the money-making undertaking was repeated, on nearly the same ground. The excitement did good to Andrew, waking him up; and it did his sister no harm. Ten or fifteen shillings a week Isabel was able to store up against the day of necessity.

That day had come about the first week in December. Dr. Burton was returning to his house in Ainslie Place about six o'clock, when his ear was arrested by the pathetic rendering of the most pathetic of Scottish songs. He was in the shade for the moment, and kept there till he had satisfied himself who the singer and player were. Then he turned back: if he had gone forward, he must have passed in front of them, and Isabel might have recognised him. He lingered on the pavement, and played the spy till he saw them pass along Maitland Street into Princes Street, then walking smartly homeward down Lothian Road.

It was a singular circumstance, and one which Isabel could never trace farther than to the God who filled the widow's cruse, that the next day there came to Miss Macpherson, of No. 5, Argyll Terrace, a formal letter on blue paper from the bank, informing her that £200 had been placed to her credit by "a friend of her father."

And the next week the doctor called. He talked about Isabel's work at school, and answered Andrew's eager questions about men and things, ending by asking if they would not come to spend Christmas time with him, and cheer his lonely house.

The visit went off delightfully, and other visits followed. The old man was alone now, till his only son returned from completing his studies in Paris, and was glad whenever he could induce Isabel and Andrew to be with him. She was nothing loth, but would not suffer the new-found pleasure to interfere with her daily work. The certificate was still the point of her ambition.

But somehow the young doctor, when he came home, reasoned her out of that; and now Dr. Burton's house is full of the beauty and love of fresh life.

Andrew is a busy, happy man, who may be seen threading his way along George Street to the music shops, and to the Asylum for the Blind; or in the front seats at all manner of literary and musical assemblies. Sometimes there is a fair girl with him, about ten years of age, whom he affects to guide, and who most effectually conceals that she is guiding her uncle.

THE SOLDIER'S LETTER.

SEVERAL years ago, and far away under the blazing sun of India, the names of those for whom the mail had brought packets or letters were being called over in the barrack-yard of one of our regiments. Presently a corporal joined the group, and rather sadly listened and watched the distribution.

"There's nobody to write to *me*," he said to a comrade; "yet I like to be here and listen, though there's sure to be nought for Ben Edwards!"

The list was nearly read out, the last address and the last letter were reached, when in absolute amazement Corporal Edwards heard his own name called, and advanced wondering, to receive the unexpected letter.

Trembling with eagerness, he grasped it in his big, brown hand, and waved it joyfully in the faces of a few comrades. At last, at the repeated sound of "Why don't ye open it, Ben?" the rough, honest, and ofttimes lonely soldier sat down, and with slow, careful exactitude, the envelope was opened, and the thin, well-covered sheets of paper were drawn forth.

Ben read a few sentences, but very slowly, from sheer wonder and delight. Then he said,—

"Come on, lads! We'll have it *out* by the side of that old shed yonder. It's a lady as writes; she doesn't know anything of me, and yet she says she's thought a lot about me lately. I can't get at the bottom of it, no how!"

Ben did not count himself a Christian man in those days; he had done so once, years ago, and some of the old yearning desires after a Saviour's love and a Saviour's pardon rushed back into his heart as he read this letter.

"My dear unknown soldier-friend,—Far away from the old country, one *does* like to get a letter sometimes. But I expect you will turn this over and over, wondering who it comes from, and what it means. The name at the end will not tell you much, so I may as well say that I am a quiet woman, very little known in the world, except by some of our British soldiers, who have learned to count me as a friend because of the letters I write to them.

"Is it not pleasant to know that there is *somebody* in old England who *cares* enough for you to send you a word of help and encouragement, and who will try, by God's help, to make your way a little brighter, by reminding you that you have a far better Friend than *I* can ever be?—One who has been keeping guard over you for more than twenty years, lest you should wander too far from rest and safety to find your way to the beautiful home He is preparing for you. *I* know nothing about you but your name; but, Corporal Edwards, the Lord knows you *by name*, and He has been calling you by it all these long years!

"You see, my friend, our dear Saviour *died for you*, and now He *lives* for you, He is pleading for you. You did not heed His 'Come unto Me' long ago, perhaps, and so you are afraid that He would not listen if you *did* come now. But *He will!* And there is greater need than ever for you to come now, because your opportunities are getting fewer, and Satan's power over you is growing stronger.

"Did you ever hear a word like *this*, in the old days when you were a lad at home, 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life?' I know you have gone astray; *who hasn't?* But you have not got beyond Christ's '*whosoever*.'

"The question is: 'Do you *want* to come and claim Christ's "whosoever"? Do you *want* to be saved?' Then *come*, my lonely brother; come at once. The dear Lord is as willing as ever, and as able as ever. Leave the heavy burden of your sin with Jesus; He has borne that for you. Do not wait to clear off 'old scores' before you come; *you cannot do it*. Come just as you are. Listen to a word He has put into my heart to write to you to-day; perhaps you have never heard it said to you before: '*Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine.*' It is a grand, glorious, heart-strengthening verse! And there is not a word in it that is not *true for you*."

A little in the background two Christian soldiers had been drinking in every word; and now their emphatic "Praise the Lord!" caused poor Ben to hold his letter towards them, saying,—

"You read it,—it's getting past *me*."

And the kindly, earnest, pleading words were read in a way which touched that little waiting group.

"I remember, one dark autumn night, being on the sea-beach with a group of people, listening to an address from the words, '*I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions; and as a cloud, thy sins; return unto Me, for I have redeemed thee.*' And out there in the dark and the cold, the words of a hymn mingled with the rush of the surging tide,—

'There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.'

"Corporal! There were tears in many of the voices which sang, as one and another thought of a wanderer whom they longed to see brought back to the fold. I expect you know the rest of the hymn by heart. *You* know how He found His sheep, 'Sick, and helpless, and ready to die,' and you can almost hear the cry of gladness. Oh! *it is good* to know the joy of coming home to the 'Father's' heart! You remember this line,—

'Out in the desert He heard its cry.'

"Is there a cry *now* out of the depth of *your* heart? Let it come; He hears so quickly! And by-and-by for *you* the angels shall echo forth the words, 'Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own.'"

Only a few months later Corporal Edwards' answer came back to England,—

"*It has all come true! The Shepherd has found His own.* Thank God for that letter, sent to an unknown soldier in India."

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC

Given on page 606.

1. S yllabu B
2. P otat O
3. E m U
4. L io N
5. L an D

ABOUT OURSELVES.

IT is gratifying to observe the many applications we have for Specimen Copies. It indicates an amount of interest on the part of our readers which we much appreciate, and it will surely tend to increase the already large circulation. A post card to the Secretary, 62, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., will always receive prompt attention, and many a friend will be grateful to be introduced to pleasant reading for the holidays.

A thoroughly practical Article on "Preparing for the Battle of Life," by Phyllis Browne, will appear in our next.

Half the period allowed for our Transposition Competition has elapsed; but there is still time to win a Prize.

RECIPES.

GOOSEBERRY JELLY.

PICK any quantity of ripe red gooseberries, and stir gently over the fire till they have yielded their juice. Pour it off without pressing the fruit, and strain through muslin. Weigh it and boil it quickly for ten minutes. Allow ¾lb. of sugar beaten to powder to 1lb. of juice. Stir the sugar into the juice till dissolved. Boil again for five minutes; stir constantly and skim thoroughly.

VEGETABLE MARROW JAM.

PEEL the marrows, remove the seeds, cut the fruit in pieces half an inch square, and weigh it. Allow ¾ lb. of sugar to 1 lb. of fruit, and 1 lemon to 3 lbs. of fruit. Put the sugar and a small portion of the marrow into a preserving pan, let it boil, then add the rest of the marrow gradually, till all is in. Boil till the pieces of marrow are transparent, and the jam is on the point of setting. Flavour with lemon juice and rind. The rind (free from the white pith) should be boiled with the jam until it is sufficiently flavoured. When taken out, the juice should not be added until the jam has boiled a couple of hours or more. The jam will probably need to boil from three to four hours, according to the quality of the marrow.

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

An old B. O. P.—Yes. We have a Serial Story by Mr. Ballantyne just preparing for Press, but it cannot become inserted for some few months.

A Sister of Mercy.—We regret to read your question, and can only express our very fervent hope that you are not entertaining the idea of becoming a Sister of Mercy. Do not be ensnared by the delusion that joining the Church of Rome will satisfy the longing and yearning of your soul: it is terrible deception to teach such a delusion. JESUS ONLY can give you true heart's ease; trust Him now, and you will find that salvation and peace which Rome promises, but can never, never give. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7).

An Anxious Inquirer (Taibach).—We regret exceedingly that your inquiry was most unwittingly overlooked. Wait upon God about entering the Ministry. If He throws open the door, enter without fear, knowing "He is able." It is a great privilege to preach Christ. We thank you heartily for your letter.

A Competitor.—You will find an announcement of this very Competition in our Number for July 28. Glad you can testify to so much help through our Paper. Cheering words are so welcome. Will the many who write them accept our heartiest thanks.

Mary, Berwick-on-Tweed.—Your letter is very welcome. We are glad to know that the Monthly Letters in both our Papers have been so greatly blessed to you. Pray that they may be the like blessing to ALL who read them. Tell the Lord of your burning desire to be a Missionary, and when He opens the way quite clearly, write to Mr. B. Bromhall, China Inland Mission, 4, Pyrland Road, London, W. Till then, wait patiently and prayerfully; study your Bible, and gain all the experience you can in any and every kind of Home Mission work.

Gooseberry Jelly and Vegetable Marrow Jam.—Our correspondent will find these recipes above.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES.

By Henry H. Bourn.

PORCELAIN AT WORCESTER.

PORCELAIN occupies an intermediate position between pottery and glass, being more translucent than the first, and more opaque than the other. It is not known who was the inventor of porcelain; even the Chinese annals are perfectly silent about it. It is presumed to have been earlier than the Christian era. One thing is certain, however, it must have been before the fifth century; for the annals of Teonleam relate that, about the year 442 A.D., the workers in that province supplied the Emperor with some articles made therefrom. Chinese porcelain did not come into Europe till the sixteenth century, when it was brought, first by the Portuguese, and then by the Dutch and Italian traders.

For many centuries the Chinese kept the manufacture of porcelain a most profound secret, and pretended that it was made of egg-shells and sea-shells, with other materials, mixed in given proportions, and burned for eighty or a hundred years. In consequence of such deception, it was impossible for Europeans to produce articles of a similar kind until the year 1712, when the whole process of manufacture was made known, in a letter, by a Jesuit missionary.

The first European porcelains are said to have been made in Saxony and France, and afterwards in England, Germany, and Italy; all of which differed in some important respects from those of China and Japan, but each possessed some peculiar character of its own. In course of time, manufactories were started in Chelsea, Stratford-le-Bow, Derby, etc. These were for several years carried on with difficulty, and at length were closed.

The industry was introduced in Worcester, in the year 1751, by a celebrated physician. In addition to his skill in medicine, Dr. Wall was a distinguished artist, and well taught in chemistry. To him must be attributed the first idea of transferring printed patterns to porcelain.

Having had the privilege of visiting one of these manufactories, we will proceed to describe what we saw, and to give a brief account of the materials used. These are china clay and china stone from Cornwall; felspar from Sweden; fire-clay from Stourbridge; marl from Broseley; flint from Dieppe and Gravesend; calcined bones, both home and American, etc.

The china clay, which is found in Cornwall, is not a pure kaolinic clay, like that found in China, but is simply a granitic rock, partially decomposed, and soft and friable, yet still retaining both quartz and mica, in addition to the felspar, which is the essential base of kaolin. In China the processes of nature have carried the decomposition and sorting of the component parts of granite to a further stage.

The earliest productions of Worcester porcelain were blue and white wares, in imitation of the Nankin. The composition is remarkable, as it was invented before the most important constituents were discovered in England.

Clay is one of the most important articles used. Therefore we will begin with the clay shed, containing immense quantities of clays which do not require grinding. Here are several vats supplied with different materials, having been reduced to a uniform mass, like thick cream, by "blungers," worked by machinery. The "slip," for so the material is called, runs into the reservoirs ready for its reception in the next room, which is called the mixing-room or slip house. Such ingredients as felspar, calcined bones, and flints have to be ground before they are prepared for the mixing-room. The time required for grinding varies from twelve hours to six days. So finely are the materials triturated that, when mixed with water, they pass readily through sieves of silk lawn, containing four thousand meshes to the square inch. This fluid mass, like that from the clay shed, runs into the reservoirs under the floor of the mixing-room. The ground materials are thrown by pumps into mixing pots, in which a shaft revolves, and from which arms radiate, having arranged on them rows of powerful magnets for working through the materials, and removing any particles of iron the mass may contain.

From the mixing vat the "slip" passes through a series of sieves worked by machinery. It is then pumped into the clay press, a machine worked by hydraulic pressure, for the purpose of squeezing all water from the mass enclosed in bags, until it assumes the consistency of paste. It is next taken to a cellar, and well beaten and kneaded to make it tough. After this, the material is ready for other workmen. The usual methods of manufacture are "throwing," "pressing," and "casting"; the former two when the clay is in a state of paste, the latter when in "slip."

Some articles, such as cups, bowls, jugs, and teapots, are made on the potter's wheel, which is undoubtedly the most ancient mechanical contrivance connected with the art of pottery. It is mentioned in the Bible, and representations of it have been found in Egyptian tombs, dating as far back as 3,800 years. The "potter's wheel" is a horizontal table or turning lathe, which revolves on a vertical axis. In Egypt the motion was given by the left hand being directly applied to the wheel, the right hand only being at liberty for manipulating the clay, except at very brief intervals. On the Continent of Europe the motion is given by a treadle, worked by the operative's foot. In England the motive power was formerly communicated by a wheel placed a few feet distant, and turned by a boy. At present the wheel is driven by steam power, and the attendant controls its speed by moving his feet.

The operative is called a "thrower," a name given in all probability because he takes a lump of prepared clay and throws it upon the wheel, pressing it with both hands at the sides, causing it to rise in a cone-like shape. Into the top of this he inserts the thumb of one hand, while with the other he fashions the outside of the article. The rotation of the table aids the manipulation, and the cup, saucer, or bowl is roughly formed in a few seconds. The article is then pressed into a mould made of plaster, which, from its porous nature, quickly absorbs the moisture in the clay, and allows the cup, or whatever it may be, to be lifted away. Being somewhat rough, it is passed on to the turner, who, having fixed it in his lathe, finishes it just as he would a wooden article, by cutting away any superfluous or uneven portions. If the article needs a handle, it is taken to the handler's shop. There the handle, which is made by pressing the clay into a suitable mould, is attached to the cup by a little "slip," applied with a camel hair brush, the "slip" acting as glue. In the subsequent burning the handle becomes a solid portion of the cup itself.

Now, however, most of the articles formerly made on the potter's wheel are more quickly and better made by pressing. This process is in principle very simple. A ball of clay, of suitable weight, is made into a "bat" or thin circular cake, if a plate or saucer is about to be made. The workman, being provided with a mould, places the sheet of clay in it, and with a wet sponge dabs it repeatedly, until the clay is forced into every crevice of the mould, which all the while is kept revolving on a table, and then cuts away all the loose edges. All hollow ware is formed in this fashion in moulds, which are then placed in drying stoves, when the mould absorbs the moisture from the article.

The next process is that of burning, or firing. The manufactured objects being ready for baking, are taken to the placing-house of the oven, where they are placed in "seggars," or boxes or jars of various shapes and sizes. These "seggars" are made of fire-clay, and are very strong. Flat round ones are used for plates, each plate having its own "seggar," and its own bed in it, made of ground flint, very carefully prepared; for the china plate will take the exact form made in the bed of flint. In some "seggars" several articles are placed on china rings, to keep them in shape; such rings being properly covered with ground flint to prevent them adhering to the ware. Calcined flint is used for this purpose, because, being pure silica, it has no melting properties, and will not adhere to the china during the process of firing.

In form the china oven is that of a cone or large beehive. The biscuit oven is generally about fourteen feet in diameter, inside measurement, built very strongly of fire-bricks, and bound with iron hoops. The "seggars" containing the manufactured articles are packed in the oven with

great care, so that sinking may be avoided. The heat supplied to the oven is produced by eight furnaces; the time occupied in firing being about forty hours, and about the same time is required for cooling. It needs great skill and care to keep the oven to the proper heat; and during the process the fireman draws small test cups through holes in different parts of the oven, to enable him to judge whether or not the firing is proceeding in a satisfactory manner. The porcelain, after leaving the oven, is called "biscuit,"—a rather misleading term, seeing that it has only been burned once.

Having had all the flint dust brushed off, it is carried into the dipping-room for the purpose of being glazed. On entering the room, we find it supplied with large tubs of glazes, suitable for the different kinds of ware. In one is a reddish mixture, into which terra cotta articles are being dipped; another contains a white material, which is used for light coloured goods, etc.

The glaze is, strictly speaking, a glass, which is chemically prepared from borax, lead, flint, etc., so that when burned it will adhere to the porcelain, and will not crack. So thoroughly are the constituents of the glaze ground, that ten days are often devoted to the grinding process.

From the dipping-room the ware is taken into the drying-room, where the glaze is dried on the ware.

We will next visit the trimming-room, where several women are busily employed in removing all superfluous glaze, and making all defective places good. Passing on, we see the ware being placed in the "glost oven," where the greatest care and cleanliness are required; for should any dust or foreign substance get on the glaze, it would adhere, and in all probability spoil the article.

The "glost oven" is of the same construction as the "biscuit oven." It takes sixteen hours to fire, during which time tests are made like those previously mentioned. The ware is next removed from the "glost oven," and sent on to the white room, where it is sorted and stored until required for decoration by the painters and gilders.

The decoration is accomplished in several ways. In some instances the designs are printed on transfer paper, which is attached to the ware while in a "biscuit state." The design, printed in colour, is readily absorbed by the clay, after which the paper is washed off, and the design, which has been transferred to the plate or other article, is then burned in. But as the greater part of good class ware is decorated by hand, after leaving the white room, we will pass on to the decorating department.

We soon observe that the colours used are metalic oxides,—iron giving red; cobalt, blue; copper, green; and so on. As the colours need to be manipulated in a certain manner, so the artist has to be specially trained for the work. It is interesting to watch the painters, some engaged on landscapes, others on birds, flowers, or butterflies. Each wash has to be burned in, though the heat required is much less than that of the earlier processes already described. Sometimes, for the less advanced painters, only the outlines of the patterns are printed, the colourings being afterwards put on by hand.

The gold used in gilding is the very finest that can be procured, and comes to the works in brown grains, not unlike ground coffee in appearance. As the elaborate and finely executed patterns in gold are all traced by hand, a special training is required for this department,—correct drawing and clean finish being absolutely necessary.

For the purpose of getting correct circles and speedy finish on circular pieces, a simple mechanical contrivance is used. A small table or stand, with a revolving head, receives the plate, saucer, cup, or basin, which is carefully centred, so as to run truly. The workman then, having filled his pencil with gold, fixes his hand upon the rest, applies the pencil to the edge of the piece, and gently turns the head of the table round; the line is thus formed in the most perfect manner. The gold is afterwards burned in, by the article being placed in an enamel kiln for about six hours. When brought from the kiln to the burnisher and chaser, the gold is of a dull yellow colour, but it soon assumes the beautiful bright surface of burnished gold, after being rubbed with a burnisher of bloodstone or agate.

From the burnishing-room the ware is sent into the warehouse, and then distributed to the various orders for which it has been made. One great beauty of the Worcester porcelain is the wonderful depth and richness of the grounds, the blues, roses, and yellows having a charmingly soft and tender tone, combined with great fulness of colour. The different styles of decoration are perforated porcelain, ivory porcelain, Raphaelesque decoration, bronze and metallic decoration in various styles, jewelled porcelain, enamels on royal blue, etc.



MAD JOHN BURLEIGH:

A STORY OF HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT,

Author of "Her Two Sons," "Eric Olsson's Minde Ring," "Drifted," "Little Rainbow,' "Corbiestanes," "Our Navvies," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

A BROTHER'S HELPFULNESS.

"THANK God, that missed its mark!" ejaculated a quiet voice.

Chatteris turned; the Vicar stood beside him, looking with sympathetic eyes at his blood-stained, tear-bedewed face.

"Come and let me bathe your head in the spring," he said.

The two men then turned the corner of the slag heap, and were alone.

By the spring the Vicar made Bob kneel, and bathed his head with his own handkerchief.

The man washed his face and hands, and then stood irresolute.

"You are not fit to go back to work; come and sit here in the sunshine," said Mr. Burleigh.

Bob obeyed; his strong hands were shaking, and he felt weak and dizzy.

"It does seem strange, with such a beautiful good world as this before us, that one could ever wish to make a devil of one's self, to fling off every restraint, and to rush into destruction, does it not?"

"Why!" gasped the man, "*you* can't know anything about *that*. That's just what I want to do; and I will, too. I've been trying to keep right; but what's the use? There's no nook in heaven for such as me; and if there is, I don't care. I'll take my fling out here, and chance it."

"I know the temptation."

"*You* — why, you're a parson!"

"Yes, *and a man*. It is the devil's own snare —liberty—license —'we will not have this Man to reign over us.' Chatteris, let us make a bargain. Will you help me, and let me help you, to fight this



"'Oh! I'm Bob Chatteris, an ironstone-getter, and a chap that makes it a practice to speak t' truth.'"

battle? I will tell you my trouble, and you shall tell me yours."

"Can you do this, sir, for me? I've noticed gentlefolks expect us to tell them all our hearts and all our concerns, but they never tell us theirs; I never tholed wi' that."

"I can do it, Bob, for you; and then you shall see if you can do as much for me. Listen, I love a young lady, and she loves me; she is all a man needs in a wife. Without her my life must always be a sad one, with her it would be as bright and happy as could be this side of heaven. Well, I did not think of it soon enough; but now I see she cannot marry so poor a man as I am; for in my station I am far poorer than you are—and, indeed, I have not more money from my living than you earn in the quarry. I should bring her into real poverty were I to marry her; and yet, if I told her this, she is so noble and so true, she would come. It is I who must think for her; it is my own hand that must kill my happiness, my life's happiness. Chatteris, tell me how I am to do this thing, or to bear it?"

The Vicar was silent, and Bob was strangely moved. The unutterable sadness of the refined face beside him touched his sore heart with a keen, though unselfish pang. Presently he said respectfully,—

"But, sir, is there no way of getting the brass?"

"Ah, there, Bob, comes the temptation. Years ago I gave up wealth and position; I made them over to my younger brother freely, that I might follow Christ. A word, and I could have them back; but then, like Judas, I should sell my Master. I cannot do it! *I cannot do it!* But I am so weak; day and night this awful argument is presented to me. Pray for me, Bob."

The iron-getter bent his head. A long time went by. The sunshine slanted and cast their shadows before them. Then Bob Chatteris heard a deep sigh.

"Thank God!"—and he looked up, and the pale face beside him was bright and triumphant—"Now, Bob, perhaps I can help you."

"If you cannot, sir, no one can; and I'd as lief die at once. Look yer, sir, I loved as bonny a lass as the sun ever shone on. She were a bit delicate and shy like, and couldn't do as much work as most; but I loved her all the more for that. She'd such a gentle, sweet way wi' her; and though she were nobbut small and slight, she had a real, true, loving heart. I loved her, and she loved me, I thought; and I think she did really down at the bottom of her heart. But though I'd walked her out ever sin' I were a young lad, I'd never mentioned marriage to her. I was saving a bit of brass, and I thought to have all ready for her, and take her to see th' little place, and then ax her, and settle it all at once, so as no one should make fun on her beforehand; for somehow I couldn't abide folks talking to her and of her as they do of other lasses. Well, there was another lad in our place that was allus a bad un, and he 'listed, and we were none of us sorry to be shut on him. But in about four or five years his old mother died, and left him a matter of a hundred pounds, and he bought himself off, and came home. He looked a right smart chap in those days; and he'd been to foreign parts, and talked of all sorts of things I knew naught about. And there, afore I knew where I was, he'd put th' spurrings in wi' my little girl, and they were wed. I'd only been away six weeks harvesting, and there it were *done*. So I left home, and came here. I'd nobody belonging to me; an old aunt brought me up. To-day I saw that man. He's killed my joy."

He stood in the evening light, with his clenched fist raised to the sky.

"If I told you by tramping a hard long road you would find your little girl again, would you dread the way, if you could have her for your own at the end?"

"Oh no! I'd go barefoot over iron cobbles; but I shall never see her bonny face, no never, never again."

"Yes, you will, Bob."

"When?" The man looked sternly at the clergyman—"she is dead."

"And therefore lives for ever. Bob, she made a mistake, and she knows it now. She was faithful to that man, though it must have been impossible for her to have loved him after she found his vile nature out. Our Lord saw how hard the road was, so He helped her to the end soon; the pain is over for her now; she learnt her school lessons and went home for the holidays. *You*, brother, have not learnt yours yet. She learnt by heart forgiveness, faith, and holding to the right, though she died for it; and if you are to rejoin her, you must learn these lessons too. Who do you think taught her?"

"It's not in nature to forgive that chap."

"No, not in nature; but it is in grace. Tell me, Bob, who taught the girl you love her lessons of forgiveness?"

"Oh, sir, you press me hard. She was always a good girl; she loved her Bible, and always went to church, and she used to say 'Bob, we must ask Christ to help us.' Sir, I look to you, because you minded me of her. You talk about Him so friendly like."

"I've no need, Chatteris, to say anything more." They remained silent; then John Burleigh said quietly, "Lord Jesus Christ, I leave my brother in Thy keeping," and went his way.

And so the iron-getter found himself alone with God, and there he remained until all the light faded to a pale dimness, and a faint star came shyly to the sky. Then he rose and went down to Houghrigg, and his "joy" seemed to him walking by his side.

CHAPTER XV.

A WOMAN'S SWORD IS HER TONGUE.

"YES, Mrs. Boothroyd, ma'am, you're right; but I never could have thought that the Vicar would have been quite so bad. I've never all my life thought much of Church parsons, but to have come to this! Dear, dear! he's never made a clear profession, and now it's plain enough he's got no possession either."

"Well, I know it's true, for Mr. Boothroyd himself saw him help her into the dog-cart when she left three months ago, and now you tell me he writes to her?"

"Oh, yes; I allus—that is in general—I look over all the letters that is put in t' box, and he writes regular."

"What, every week?"

"Well, no; but the matter of three times, anyway, since she left."

"The earl ought to be told. We must get him shifted."

"I doubt you can't, ma'am; he's thought a deal on at the Chase, very different to what Mr. Little was. They tell me, for I'd tea in the housekeeper's room only last Sabbath, and she says that Mr. Burleigh behaves as if he was as good as t' best on 'em, when company's there, *he* never sits in corners and keeps hissen back like Mr. Little did. He speaks up whenever he's a mind, and they tell me t' best on 'em listens when he does."

"I don't reckon ought of that, Mrs. Pattison," said Mrs. Boothroyd; "I shall speak to my master to incense the earl about it."

"Well, ma'am, I hope you'll be directed right. I'm sure I wouldn't mind doing it, for I feel for these people's souls; only, when one's in business, one can't speak their mind like folks that is independent like you, ma'am."

Mrs. Boothroyd was pleased with the compliment.

"Well, I can sometimes hardly bide still in the church. As I've said to my master many a time, if it wasn't for example, I'd never go again. Mr. Burleigh preaches that strange; he talks as if the Lord was living here in Houghrigg. I can't do with making religion so common."

The two women were so eagerly engaged in their gossip that they never noticed the shop door open, or that Bob Chatteris, the iron-stone getter, was standing waiting to be served; they both therefore started when a rough voice said,—

"Don't be flaid, missus, either on you, the Lord won't come at *your* ingles if He does bide in Houghrigg. I reckon if He were on t' road through here, He'd choose t' Vicarage as natural as He did Martha's house long sin. *That's* spot He'd choose."

"Who are you to talk so to me? Don't you know I'm Mrs. Boothroyd, of Royd Farm?" asked that lady, with a very red face.

"Oh, I'm Bob Chatteris, an iron-stone getter, and a chap that makes it a practice to speak t' truth."

"You don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh yes, I do."

"You can't, Bob," put in Mrs. Pattison, who had hastily calculated which customer it was most worth her while to side with. "You can't, Bob; you're not a believer."

"In what, missus, in you? No, I ain't; but there are a few things I *do* believe in. I'll mention one, t' Parson."

"He'll not be Parson long here, man; we'll see if we can't get him shifted."

"Who's barn to do it?" asked Bob, with a disagreeable broad grin. "You, missus?"

"No; the earl."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, I know well enough."

"No one can shift him," said Chatteris, sullenly. "I've allus understood while a parson lives, he's as sure of his place as t' biggest lord of them all; and," said Bob, whose faith was a little shaken, waxing warm, and arguing against himself, "I can see what a good job it is that there is a church in every bit of a place, and there's one man anyhow who dare stand up for what he knows is right, please who it will."

"You talk very fine, man," said Mrs. Boothroyd, loftily, "but who gave Mr. Burleigh this living? Wasn't it the earl?"

"Yes, I reckon so."

"Then can't he take it back?"

"Well, I guess so, if he's as mean as you are." And Bob Chatteris went out of the shop with a sore heart, and slammed the shop door so vehemently that the bell jingled for five minutes afterwards.

"He'll go and tell our conversation, ma'am, all over the place, ma'am," said Mrs. Pattison bitterly; for though she dearly loved throwing a stone in the dark, she never did so in the light; and publicity of her opinions upon this point might injure her trade.

"*I* don't care, if he does. I'm going home direct to have it over with my master. I can make Boothroyd do what I like. Good-day, Mrs. Pattison—you need only send two pounds of lump sugar, instead of a stone; I've changed my mind. I reckon I can get it cheaper on Thursday from Castleborough."

"She *is* a mean body, and to call herself a lady, too; she's got meaner ever since her daughter died; she's as hard as a flint stone, too. I wish now I'd sided wi' Bob; his custom's regular, if only small; and I'll be bound he'll never enter my doors again."

The farmer's wife went home brimming over with indignation, determination, and mischief-making. The Vicar should go, and *she* would have the importance of removing him. Ever since he had told her to read the ninth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, that of which she had duly done, she had hated him. She could not but see how closely some of the passages fitted into her character, so she was uncomfortable. Nor could she forget she had refused to shelter three little children for a few nights; therefore she was angry. Not with herself—oh, no, nothing of the kind, but with the Vicar. He, and he alone, was to blame. She wished to think evil of him, and she tried so hard to do so, that she succeeded in convincing herself he was a disgrace to his calling; and the next step was easy, as she was righteous, which was to try and convince every one she came across that he was a reprobate. She, however, was destined to meet with disappointment. Her husband declined to be stirred up to aggresive action.

"You're wrong, missus; the Vicar is independent of the earl or any one else. Whatever he does or says is no business of mine, nor yours neither, and I shan't meddle. Many a man's gone wrong besides him; he's not the first, and won't be the last—besides, you can prove naught against him."

"I won't go to the church any more, that's flat; and I won't let the girls go neither."

"Please yersel', I shall go; I've sat in that pew man and boy, and if I stay away, and it's empty, ten to one the Vicar will fill it up. I know he's the right to, and he'll do it, sure enough. I never listen to the sermon; I get a bit of quiet time then to plan the week's work; so it makes no odds to me what he says;" and, disappointed in what she wished to do, Mrs. Boothroyd talked the more; and it is a fact that one needs only to repeat any assertion persistently, and presently it will be believed as the truth.

The evil whispers which had been diligently passed from lip to lip for months past, were seeds sown in soil which, only too soon, gave them life, and bitter fruit they bore. The attendances at the services fell off, and John Burleigh noticed with pain, Sunday after Sunday more vacant seats, and on the two week-day evenings, when service was held, only twos and threes knelt with him in prayer. This experience was new to the Vicar. He had not been used to speak to empty benches. He reproached himself with the idea that his own heart sorrow had made him less diligent, less absorbed in his parish. The averted faces and curt greetings which now constantly met him, sent him in a passion of self-reproach to his knees, and yet things grew no brighter. He grew more humble, more patient, but less cheerful; he was too sensitive to continue giving cheerful words when, instead of their being repaid in kind, or doubled in value by the addition of a loving smile, they were returned in surly monosyllables.

Mrs. Pattison's prophecy of months ago had proved true.

Lady Susan had written a tender little note, saying she should be home that day week; and there was such a tone of gladness in the letter, that John Burleigh could read between the lines that when they met she would withdraw her prohibition of his silence, and he might speak of his hope to her father. In spite of the question which was tearing his heart as to the reasonableness and the advisability of doing this, the very thought that she would so soon be back—that he should see her kind face and feel her hand resting in his—sent such a throb of joy to his heart, that in a moment all his doubts were forgotten, and for four days he was steeped in happiness; consequently he was physically stronger, he forgot to feel weary. "This very love is thy life, the root, the seat, the central point of thy being," says Fichte. Not John Burleigh alone, but all of us prove for ourselves that life is love; that we live only when in union with what we love. Do we not feel it daily?

Absence from what we love is not life, but only dull, uninteresting time. "It is but a little part of our life that we live; the whole space of it is not life, but time only."

Nothing is more true than that all life—physical, physiological, and spiritual—is a state of marriage. "The union of two complementary forces, acting and reacting," and all marriage, rightly so called, is life. The bitterest of privations is prolonged severance, the sweetest of delights reunion. God condescends to say, "So will I marry you." Union to God is the highest spiritual life of which man is capable; the second is union to another, whose presence *doubles* our life, because love doubles our capacity of living.

Everything about John Burleigh brightened. His own face was so happy, that the countenances of those he met cleared as they greeted him. Not only nature, but human hearts unconsciously bask and fructify in the sunshine of affection.

But soon there came another letter, and the surprised indignation expressed in it found a passionate echo in his soul. Lady Susan told him her father and mother had announced their intention of going direct from town to Inverben, and of not returning to the Chase until late Autumn. No reason had been given. Lady Susan was deeply hurt; she understood by implication she had in some way been the cause of this change of plans. John Burleigh's first impulse was to have followed the party, and at all costs have come to the explanation he had wished to make long ago; but on second thoughts he knew it would be impossible to intrude thus where he had not been invited. He could not go so far without at least claiming one night's hospitality. He could not do this; no, he must wait.

A chill fell on him like that brought by the evening breeze after the sun sets. His depression came crowding about him again—the averted faces, the empty seats struck him once more with acute pain; for the past week he had ceased to notice them.

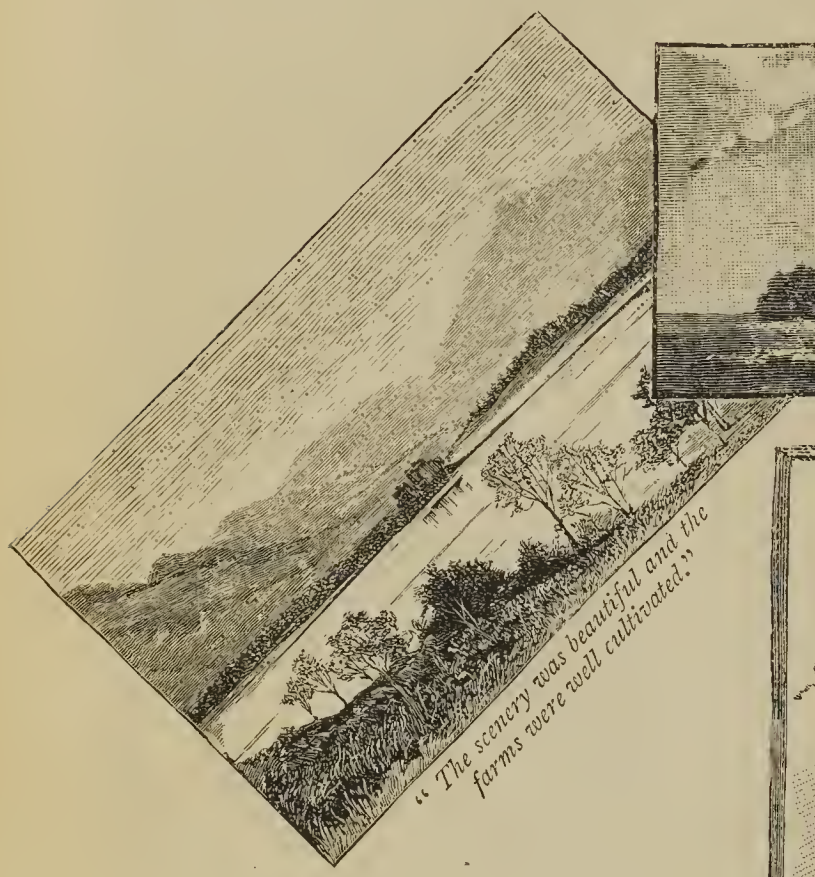
He could have borne his disappointment manfully, had he been still in his beloved Canal District, amongst the warm-hearted, outspoken mill operatives. There he found a new interest in every house; here one person in twenty was "a character;" there, the one wanting in a distinct individuality was the twentieth. The people came of the same race, but these had conformed themselves to their environments. Narrowed by their agricultural occupations, though living amidst lovely scenery, they had grown blind to its beauty; never gazing at Nature as a revelation of God's love and life, but only as a commercial speculation of profit and loss. Theirs were limited interests, which, therefore, became self-concentrated and selfish. Inheritors of lives which for generations had been circumscribed within narrow bounds, they were indifferent to all outside interests, as well as to himself; and the Vicar, though he did his duty bravely, and stuck to his work, could not throw his old enthusiasm into it. He reproached himself for his depression, but that sense of failure did not lighten it. Had it not been for his visits to the ironstone tunnels, and to the house at the brick-fields, he could hardly have gone on. He frequently found himself turning his steps to one or the other; if there was nothing more, an affectionate welcome awaited him at both.

(*Continued—page* 689.)

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF A GENTLEMAN GIPSY.

By Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Land Yacht 'Wanderer'; or, Thirteen Hundred Miles in my Caravan," etc., etc.



"The scenery was beautiful and the farms were well cultivated."





"The houses in the village are extremely quaint."

LEAF XIX.

SAVERNAKE FOREST—THE BEECH AVENUE—MARLBOROUGH—CHISELDON: BIRTHPLACE OF RICHARD JEFFRIES.

ON the 3rd of July, after many delightful drives and pleasant encampments, the *Wanderer* cast anchor in a quiet meadow behind the comfortable, though modern-looking Savernake Forest Hotel, and our next drive will take us through the beautiful forest itself.

* * * *

Savernake Forest—sometimes, I believe, called the Forest of Marlborough—is one of the loveliest in England. It lacks the wild mountain grandeur of the Forest of Dean, and the ancient look and solitariness of the New Forest, but it has a beauty of its own, and a character all its own. It has a very long and very ancient history, which I need not go into here. It is altogether about seventeen miles in circumference, and occupies an area of about four thousand acres, or over. The scenery is everywhere beautiful, and some of the trees, especially the oaks, very grand and majestic. What is called the King's Oak is probably of the very oldest in the kingdom; but, like many of those in Sherwood Forest, it has fallen from its high estate, only the sturdy old hollow trunk, which measures about four and twenty feet round, remaining. The King Oak has fallen among his fellows, many grand trees still surrounding him, fallen as a king should, fighting with his foes—wind and storm, and time, the *edax rerum*.

About a mile from this kingly trunk is Savernake Lodge, formerly the residence of the late Marquis. This mansion is now a ruin, having been utterly destroyed by fire, but gardens and pleasure-grounds around it are still kept up, and permission is given to picnic parties and tourists to visit them. There is another ruin near by, that of a very aged oak. In its day it must have been king of the forest, for it measured thirty feet in circumference and twenty feet around its inside hollow heart; it is called the "Duke's Vaunt," and it was certainly a tree to vaunt about. There is also a Queen Oak, and in Braydon Oak Valley another tree worth visiting.

The public are permitted by the Marquis to make use of Savernake Forest at all reasonable hours, summer or winter; the green grass rides and avenues, however, are only to be used by those on foot or on horseback. There are eight walks or avenues in all, including the grand avenue, which is five miles long, and all these walks diverge like radii of a great green wheel, from the centre of the forest. There is certainly less chance, therefore, of losing one's self in this woodland than in the New Forest; still, one would not care to get too far from a path in a dark night, even here.

As we lay two nights at the hotel, I had an opportunity of visiting the Forest twice, and, in spite of the flies, thought myself well repaid.

Leaving the hotel and crossing the railway bridge, we have a very long, steep hill to ascend, which tries horses severely, and is hardly accessible on the cycle. After a beautiful drive through the woods, we enter by a great lodge-gate, and find ourselves in what might be called a splendidly wooded park. We drive slowly on; it would indeed be a pity to hurry here. Near a great tree yonder is a pond in which cattle wade knee deep, for the day is very hot; high up on the right the roofs of the mansion are seen above the foliage; there is green sward all round, trees in pretty groups; patches of ferns on the sward here and there give the charm of wildness.

The road soon dips down into a grass vale, and we pass a fine herd of deer, that, although full of inquisitiveness and wonder, nevertheless scurry away at our approach. Ferns everywhere, and patches of rhododendrons still in bloom, add much to the general effect; cattle are seen under almost every clump of trees, sheltering from the fierce heat; and the sunshine effects on the quivering foliage of the beeches are very pretty.

The Beech Avenue.

No drive in England that I can call to mind, can compare for stately beauty with this grand and solemn-like avenue. Imagine a broad gravelled road, a rolling road, sweeping down into valleys and rising over braes on either side as far as eye can reach, bordered first by ribbons of soft green sward, and secondly by two seemingly interminable lines of stately beeches, that rise straight, though many branched, to a vast height skywards, and interlace overhead in a canopy of green, through the interstices of which the rays of the summer sun can hardly shimmer. These two chief rows of trees are backed by other rows, whilst all beneath them is sward with no undergrowth of any sort—only the dead leaves of the bygone year.

* * * *

The *Wanderer* goes straight across this noble avenue after her crew have sufficiently admired its beauty, and we continue our journey through the Forest, with spreading elms, ashes, and beeches on every hand; and, by-and-by, emerge at another gate near the Warre House. The scenery gets wilder now, and there are peeps of many a long-vista'd lane or lover's walk, some of these being so wooded as to resemble pathways through a Scottish woodland. But the Forest does not end yet, nor for many and many a long mile to come. Even when we are out, at last, in the main or Marlborough road, we are still in the midst of scenery as beautiful and wild as any one could wish or imagine.

The town of Marlborough—once a city, by-the-bye—is a pretty sight on a summer's day, nestling in its green valley, with fertile hills and plains beyond it. From the top of the long hill which we have to descend in coming from the Forest, we get quite a bird's-eye view of the place. We stayed here only to shop and feed the

horses, but long enough to see the town, which is picturesque as well as pretty; and as to its history, why, from beginning to end it reads like one long, delightful romance.

The thermometer on the coupé quite away from the sun, stood to-day at 91°. As regards caravan travelling, however, we never find the heat very oppressive, as we command such currents of air, and unless the wind is blowing very high, cooking can be done out of doors.

We found the country now very open and comparatively bare, quite a change from the forest lands we had left. Towards evening to-day we reached and bivouacked in a hay-field behind the Patriot's Arms, in the romantic little village of Chiseldon.

Sadness prevailed at the cosy wee inn. The landlord had recently died, and the landlady was lying dangerously ill in bed.

The houses of this village are extremely quaint and picturesque, hung here and there on the braelands and hills. The place has the honour of having been the birthplace of a true genius and true lover of Nature, the late lamented Richard Jeffries. I do not think, however, the common people are yet very sensible of their borrowed greatness. However, one old fellow said to me, "I did used to know Richard purty well. Used to laugh to mysel' to see 'im 'angin' over a pigsty for 'arf-an-hour or more. Didn't know then wot he was a-doin' of." "And what was he doing then, Bill?" "W'y, he were in a brown study, in course. All they geniuses chaps do it."

Later on in the evening it leaked out that I was a doctor. I was forthwith gazetted as a quack, and it was rumoured abroad that I was going to give lectures and sell infallible pills. So primitive is Chiseldon.

LEAF XX.

SWINDON FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW—CIRENCESTER—CHALFORD: A VILLAGE OF ROMANCE AND BEAUTY—STROUD, STONEHOUSE, GLOUCESTER, AND CHELTENHAM—THE DOG INN: MURDER—WESTBURY-ON-SEVERN.

SHORTLY after leaving Chiseldon, and from the hill-top, one gets a delightful view—though all is bleak and bare enough behind—of a rich and well-wooded plain. The first peep we catch of Swindon from the south is quite imposing. Swindon on the hill-top, in its cloudland of trees, with one spire rising tall, away to the right, and near it a tower which is almost Grecian in appearance, is Swindon from a romantic point of view—Swindon as we gipsy-folks know it. But Swindon down below is a Swindon of another sort. This is the Swindon that people condemned to ride on rails know most about—the Swindon where railway carriages are made, where is more noise than poetry—the Swindon where ten minutes are allowed for refreshments. Let me have Swindon on the hill, and any one else may have the rest, including the "refreshments."

Bivouacked in the grounds of a fine old—old a term of endearment—English gentleman, Mr. Middleditch, of Blumsden, who, though in sorrow, entertained me none the less kindly.

Cirencester is such a bonnie town. And it is worth going all the way from London to see its park. It really is romantic. Situated in the heart of a quiet, agricultural district, the town itself is quiet, almost severely so, and the very air that blows over it, and sighs through the battlements of that beautiful church, is a dreamy air, and seems to conduce to calmness and meditation.

After a splendid drive through a most fascinating country, we creep down a long and dangerous hill to the vale of Chalford, about four miles from Stroud. Many a train-traveller must gaze from his carriage window as he is swept rapidly through the scenery here, and wonder at the wild beauty of the scenery that lies on every side, and at the romantic village that literally clings like a leach to the rocks. We make our mid-day halt here, and, as the horses were feeding, I clambered up to the highest peak of the town to find a photographer, but failed. I've done Gibraltar, and that is steep climbing, but this, I think, beats it. One cannot help wondering that the houses, potato patches, and all do not go tobogganning down the hill-side into the canal.

Refreshed myself with ginger ale at Stroud, bought photographs, and went on. Bivouacked at Stonehouse, where, at the Rev. Mr. White's, Bob and I were kindly entertained. Made the mid-day halt in the streets of Gloucester, thermometer over 90° in the shade, and encamped at a very cosy road-side inn half-way 'twixt there and Cheltenham. At the latter place I lay for several days, and hope to return some other day, for it is altogether a charming town. We returned through Gloucester; but the crowd that surrounded the caravan on stopping with the intention of baiting, was so great, that I thought it better to go on, and get clear. In a short time we drew up in front of one of the loveliest country inns I ever visited. It is called The Dog. The gardens were bright with flowers, and its walls all a-smother with climbers. In the front garden is the image of a great stone dog. I was told that a foul murder had once been committed here, that the perpetrators had been followed to the place by their own dog, and the animal, having been found in the blood-stained house in the morning, led the way to the very door of the murderers.

We are now *en route* for Westbury-on-the-Severn, and thence to the Forest of Dean. On this tour, forests are my fancy. Soon after leaving The Dog Inn, the road branches away to the left, and presently the Severn heaves in sight; far from clear, but prettily fringed by willows. The scenery got wilder the farther we went, but no signs of an inn, nor was there one to be found, tired though the horses were with the terrible heat, till we arrived, way-worn and weary, at Westbury. We could see the steeple of Westbury Church a long time before we reached the place, and some of its houses, half hidden by the greenery of trees, and backed by the waters of the Severn, from which the sun's rays were reflected, as if from burnished steel.

The architecture of Westbury is certainly not remarkable for either quaintness or beauty; yet the village is very old, and the tints are often such as would please the eye of an artist. We got good stabling, and a fine, breezy meadow. It was a fine, breezy night, too, and the wind kept the caravan rocking enough to secure us delightful repose.

The *Wanderer* is lying near a great grey old workhouse, which gives asylum to about two hundred paupers. I can see a row of them sitting yonder at the foot of their potato-garden as I write—weary, silent, decrepit, old men, or invalids. They are out of the battle of life, done with the world, only waiting the call.

The church is a very ancient edifice, while the steeple, which is extremely tall and covered with oak shingles, is quite separate from the building, standing all by itself in that very old graveyard.

It is just in such romantic world-old places as Westbury that a caravanist feels at home, and where people make one really welcome. The first to call on me were friends of the kindly farmer who had given me his meadow, and next day I had the farmers themselves. They all brought flowers, so that we are now very gay inside. Even the village children brought me bouquets.

Small though Westbury village may be, the parish itself has a very ancient history, and is of great extent, with a scattered population of 2,500 souls. Westbury played its part in the great civil war.

Westbury has a lion, a very old lion, namely the place called Westbury Court and gardens. No one goes to Westbury without visiting its lion, and, indeed, I was delighted with the romance, not to say poetry, of the place. The court itself was pulled down in 1806; but the strange gardens are unchanged. They were laid out so long back as 1700, after the style of the gardens in Holland. Their principal features are "two long, canal-shaped pieces of water, one straight, and the other in the form of the letter T, each extending from one end of the gardens to the other, and bordered by neatly-kept hedges of yew. At the southern extremity of the straight piece of water is the Banqueting House, a handsome room built over a portico, and strangely furnished. Here, after the early dinner, the family would adjourn for what would be now termed dessert, then called banqueting stuffs. Here, too, the cup of tea, then a rare and costly beverage, was sipped by the ladies from costly china. At the other end of the garden, and in the T-shaped piece of water, is a statue of Neptune; and near to it, adjoining the highway, is a small summer-house, with a window, now bricked up, but which formerly looked into the road, and at which it was pleasant to sit in summer and exchange a friendly nod with passing neighbours, and learn the latest news from the public coaches or stage-wagons as they passed by.

Altogether, therefore, Westbury-on-Severn is a very interesting place.

And now began our voyage to the Forest of Dean.

(*Continued—page* 700.)

PREPARING FOR THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

HINTS TO THOSE WHO ARE ENGAGED.

By Phyllis Browne.

USUALLY one of the first signs of a girl being engaged is, that she begins to work a pair of slippers for her beloved! When these are finished, she turns her attention to the production of yards of embroidery, and to the manufacture of garments of various kinds — small mats, antimacassars, and other valuables. The first sign of the same event in a young man is a quiet look of satisfaction on the face, a general tendency to be amiable towards all womenfolk, and presently, the gorgeous equipment of the lower extremities.

Perhaps of the two, the masculine way of expressing delight in an engagement is the more reasonable. The feminine way is all very well to an extent, but it is generally carried to excess. Why should a girl think chiefly of what she will *wear* after marriage? Why should she not prepare for the work she is likely to have to *do?* Why not make herself thoroughly acquainted with the details of housekeeping, the management of the home, and by practice gain skill in the art of cookery? If she is ignorant of these things, her marriage will not be a success. She might sew till she was exhausted, she might go to her new home with wearing apparel of every kind laid up for many years; yes, she might have so large a supply, that if she liked, she could open a shop for the sale of ready-made clothing for women, immediately after marriage; but if she were not what is called domesticated, she would not make a successful marriage.

Yet, do not suppose that I should think lightly of being skilful with the needle. On the contrary, I think that it is most necessary for a girl to be able to sew. In household management, to be able to use the needle, both in making and mending, is an accomplishment the importance of which it is impossible to over-rate. A wife and a mother who is quick with her needle, can generally save far more than she could earn, if she were to make money by working. A girl who cannot handle her needle cleverly is sadly deficient, and the sooner she learns the better.

Nor would I like it to be supposed that a girl, whether she is about to be married, or whether she is about to remain single, should not give a certain amount of thought to her dress, and especially to that part of dress which is not seen. It is part of the duty of every woman to make herself as pretty and pleasant-looking as she can, and to take pains to provide herself beforehand with what is seemly and becoming. I only wish to protest against the notion that the chief preparation for marriage is the preparation of what one is to wear, and to insist that it is of far greater importance to prepare for what one has to do. Even in making provision for the future, it is a mistake to spend money and time which are needed for other things—over elaborately-made garments, and an extra number of dresses. The dresses will get out of date; the elaborately-made garments will be an anxiety, because they will need special care in washing and ironing, or they will be spoilt. If the money which they cost were put into the bank, it would always be useful. It is a matter of the greatest importance that a woman, at the head of a household, should know how to cook.

Food that is well cooked agrees with people, and makes them strong; while food that is badly cooked is almost certain to disagree, and to make people ill. But there is more than this to be said: good cookery is one of the greatest foes to intemperance. Mr. Gough, the great temperance orator, once said, that "if all the women in England would say, 'I will neither drink, nor offer intoxicating liquor to any one from this time forth,' drinking would fall into disrepute in six months." If this be true, what a responsibility rests upon women! But, to my mind, women have something more to do in the matter than merely to say that they will not drink, and will not offer drink: they have to provide for their families something that will take the place of drink. In order to do this, they must know how to cook. One of the best friends of the publican is the woman who does all her cooking in the frying-pan.

A young husband and wife once went to a Temperance Meeting, and were very much impressed by what was said. As they were walking home they were very silent. At last the husband said with a sigh,—

"Well?" and also with a sigh she replied, "Well?"

After a minute, the husband said again, "Well?"

She answered, "I will if you will."

Said the husband, "Agreed."

"Agreed," said the wife. "So now, we are teetotalers. When shall we begin?"

"At once," said the husband.

"All right, we will; we'll begin to-night," said the wife.

In a little while the pair arrived at home, and the wife laid the supper out. It consisted of a little cold meat, bread and butter, and cold water. It was a cold night. The pair sat down to their meal. Again there was silence for a time. Then the wife looked up.

"Well?" said the husband.

"Well?" said the wife. "It's rather cold and dry. What shall we do?"

"Suppose we begin to-morrow?" said the husband.

So in a minute a jug of beer was brought in, and things seemed comfortable again. But those two people never began on the morrow. Supposing in this case the wife, instead of setting cold water on the table, had brought on some well-made, scalding hot coffee, or cocoa, how differently things would have turned out. The beer would then never have been missed. Its place would have been supplied.

It is in this way that women can keep temperance—by always having ready something that will do instead of intoxicating liquor. Yet no woman can do this who is not thoroughly familiar with cookery.

In these days it is quite easy for girls to teach themselves cookery and housekeeping. Excellent books on these subjects are now to be obtained at a low price of any bookseller, and the girl who will study these, and more than all, practise what they tell, may learn much in a very short time. A few years ago, good cookery books, and books on household management, were rare, and those which were to be had seemed to be intended only for persons who had a great deal of money, and wanted to get rid of it. There was scarcely a recipe in one of those books which did not order the use of eight or ten eggs at least, while butter and cream were to be used most extravagantly.

Now all this is altered. We can buy books with recipes, in which economy has been most carefully studied, and in which the instructions are clearly and plainly stated. This is a great advantage. With good recipes, and a will to learn, by practice a girl can do anything in cookery and housekeeping. A good book will also help to *accustom* her to economy.

A maid who was about to enter a new place was once asked by her mistress if she was accustomed to economy. "Oh, yes," replied the girl; "I have always boiled it." There are thousands of girls who have quite as little notion of what economy really is.

And yet we make a mistake when we trust to recipes. A good recipe, or a good housekeeping book, is like a guide-post, it only shows the road; it does not lift us over the stile. We must climb that for ourselves. There is an old proverb, which girls who want to learn cookery and housekeeping, would do well to remember. It is this: "Nothing helps you to do things like doing them." The girl who will begin at once, will go down into the kitchen, cook the dinner, the breakfast, and the supper, sweep and dust her own room, clean her own window, polish her own grate, scrub her own floor, and keep this up for a few months, doing everything as well as she can, noting the mistakes she makes, and avoiding them next time, will, when she is married, be much better prepared to rule and manage a household than she would have been if she had made dozens of antimacassars and mats.

Some people seem to think that all girls understand cookery, housekeeping, the management of children, and the nursing of the sick, by instinct; and that neither training nor practice is needed. But this is not so. Girls who are married, and who have no training, have to learn by the mistakes they make, and their husbands and families have to pay the price of their education.

These girls remind us of the story of the pilot, who said that he could pilot a vessel into Boston Harbour. "Now," said he to the captain, "I'll stand midships, and you can take the helm. I know every rock in this channel—every one of them; I know them all, and I'll give you warning when we are near them." By-and-by the vessel struck upon a rock, and the shock threw

everybody down upon the deck. The poor pilot got up rubbing himself, and said, "There's one of them, Captain." So with these poor girls. They are expected to know all the ins and outs of management, but very soon some notable blunder makes their ignorance evident to all.

Perhaps, after all, some one feels inclined to ask, "Then has the girl to do everything that is to be done in the way of preparation for marriage? Has her lover to do nothing?" Indeed, yes. The man's place in this business is to find the home, to make the means wherewith that home shall be kept up. He must therefore be very busy, and plan and contrive that there may be a fair prospect of comfort. Yet it is not easy to tell him *how* he is to do this. That must depend on the kind of business he is in. It is said that there are men who object to marriage, because they rebel very much against the necessity of working to support a home. A man of this kind thinks it is enough if he works for himself, and fancies that in marrying he will be making very much of a sacrifice of himself for the benefit of his partner.

Three-fourths of the bachelors of the world, we have been told, are bachelors because they have been too stingy to marry. If this be true, all that we can say is, that the stingy people have over-reached themselves, as such people generally do. The men who have made their mark in the world, who have achieved success, and have been useful and happy, have almost invariably been found in the ranks of the married. The reason of this is obvious. There is nothing like marriage for compelling a man to exert himself, for taking the conceit out of him, and bringing out the best that is in him. A man who does not marry is only half a human being; his thoughts become centred in himself, and that is the most miserable and unsatisfactory object a man can devote himself to. Bachelors sometimes rejoice that they are free from "encumbrances," that they have no anxieties. As a matter of fact, they are the most anxious set of people in the world, and when any little trouble comes upon them, they are twice as miserable as they would be if they could share their pain. The older they grow, the more lonely and discontented they become, and when they die they are forgotten in a day or two. Taking everything all round, we have to conclude that married men have the best of it. Let young men, therefore, who are engaged, look forward to their work of life with a light heart. As the old poet says:—

"Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know
That marriage rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A Paradise below."

"STAND WHERE THE FIRE HAS BEEN."

A DRY sunny day it had been, with a gentle breeze, and everything was going on smoothly in the log hut; the small patch of corn in front had been just gathered.

As the owners of the land gazed contentedly over the long, waving prairie grass for some miles, they looked upon their lot in life with undisguised satisfaction. After an unusually hot day, the breeze had freshened.

Suddenly a long, dark cloud was seen upon the horizon, followed almost immediately by a lurid glare. Miles and miles away it was from the little settlement, but none the less horrifying to the inhabitants, who, even if they had never seen it before, could not be mistaken in the awful sight; and with anxious looks the word went round, "The prairie's on fire!" Yes, there it was, bearing down upon them, coming just in their direction, and coming with a fearful rapidity.

Around the hut, garden, and small field there was what is called a "fire-break,"—a belt of land about the width of a wide road, ploughed up, which serves as a guard against any ordinary grass fire.

All soon saw that with such a wind, which had now increased to almost a gale, and with grass and prairie shrubs very dry by the day's hot sun, their narrow fire-break was simply useless before such a furious and galloping fire—little short of a roaring furnace coming along at ten to fifteen miles an hour. What could stem it? *Nothing—simply nothing.*

Oh, that you, reader, could just be within half a mile of it, and see the roaring blaze sweeping along, and get a view of the *flying multitude* going before it—a run for life indeed.

You would never forget the scene. Bear, buffalo, antelope, and every four-footed animal—a mixed mob—a terror-stricken crowd, alike realizing the value of life in the face of certain death; to prey upon each other never entered their heads in the face of such a mighty foe. No time to think, hardly time to breathe. What a scene! Does it not remind you of the description of the last day (Rev. 6. 15), where it says, "Kings of the earth, great men, rich men, captains, bondmen, and freemen," a terror-stricken crowd, all mixed together, "hid themselves in dens and rocks." If ever *you* see that scene, you will know you are beyond hope. Therefore haste now to a deliverer.

Those who live in the regions of the wild prairies know well that there is only one way, only one means of salvation, from the face of the awful foe we have just been describing. Thank God, there is one, *just one way* of escape, and this is given to man only; no animal can obtain the deliverance.

Is it so? Can a man save himself from one of those awful prairie fires?

Yes, in this way—a man, by a match, just takes some of the same pursuing element, *fire*, and lights the long dry grass at his feet. As swiftly, this new fire flies ahead, consuming all before it; and, before the great fire comes up, he just walks on to the blackened ground, where all has already been consumed. He is safe, quite safe. When the fire comes up to this spot, it finds nothing left to consume, and so it cannot come near him, cannot touch him; and with him perhaps thousands of poor animals, almost breathless, rush in there and stand *safe, quite safe;* for the fire having gone over that place once, cannot do so a second time.

Truly, one understands the oft-repeated words, "*Stand where the fire has been,*" for vain would be the attempt to put out or arrest such a roaring furnace.

This is but a poor picture of the Great Day when the terrible fire of God's wrath comes. Yes, and it is soon coming along. Pity you may the one who is not *then* "standing where the fire has been."

Simple as it is for a man to take a match and light the grass ahead of him, and then "stand where the fire has been," so simple is it to shelter under the finished work of Christ. God spent the fire of his judgment on His beloved Son, and now He has pledged a present and eternal security *to any who will* take their place in Him, *take refuge* in the One Who bore on the tree the sentence for us. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." We said, simple it is to trust Christ and shelter beneath His precious blood—but only by the Holy Spirit can we appropriate this work of another on our behalf; and yet the responsibility is yours if you now neglect this; for then there remains but one alternative for you, and that is, to take your place in the condemned crowd hiding in dens and rocks.

Think!—If God's wrath has fallen upon your Substitute, it can never again fall upon you. Friend, *do* "stand where the fire has been," and then all you have to do is to praise God for having permitted His fiery judgment to pass over and consume *Another*, and to love and live for Him, who thus took your place and died in your stead.

"Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us" (Gal. 3. 13). "The *unbelieving* . . . shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire" (Rev. 21. 8).

A TOUR IN THE BLACK FOREST;

OR, HOW TO SPEND A HOLIDAY.

By W. Warren.



Native characters which we saw.

Part II.

I LEFT the reader by the river Kinzig, the centre of the great timber industry. As it is most interesting, I devoted some time to carefully studying its various points of interest. The timbers are here tied loosely with ropes of twisted wood ; six to twelve timbers tied together form a steer, and these steers again joined together form the raft. Upon the first "steer" stands the steersman with a small oar ; the other raftsmen try to direct its course with poles. The raftsmen are for the most part tall, robust-looking men, as will be seen from our sketch here reproduced ; for here let it be remarked, to stand on those smooth, shaking timbers is a somewhat perilous proceeding, when the loosely-tied raft whizzes along in its hasty, irregular course, between large, rocky blocks, and, driven rapidly by the hissing torrent, passes swiftly the dangerous, hanging rocks.

In returning, we passed the picturesque ruins of the former Castle Schenkenzell, through very beautiful woods and fields ; we were very soon in Wurtemburg territory again. The narrow valley became suddenly wider, and the slender and graceful monastery church of Alpirsbach rose before our eyes.

To those with a love for sport, the Black Forest offers many advantages. The mountain cock, one of the largest land-birds of Germany, may be described as the greatest ornament of its forests, and the joy of its hunters. It is a very handsome bird, the crown of the head and throat blackish, the neck dark and grey, the breast bright steel green, the tail feathers black with white spots ; and during the hunting season I am told it affords the keenest sport—a sport I was able shortly to see, if not actually partake in.

Through the kindness of the proprietor of the hotel, we obtained the services of one of the Prince of Funisburg's gamekeepers, and the next morning, at 8 o'clock, the landlord's conveyance stood at the door, waiting to take us to Grunthal, where we left our chariot, and met the keeper, who for the nonce was to act the double *rôle* of gamekeeper and guide.

In the forests surrounding Grunthal, the mountain cock is to be found in considerable numbers, and we had only just entered the shade of the forest when our guide called out in a suppressed voice, "Stop!" and at the same time pointed to the highest branches of a fir tree, from which, at this very moment, a fine-looking specimen of the looked-for game flew away somewhat clumsily. This sight evidently fired the imagination of the guide, who expatiated at some length upon the scenes to be witnessed in the hunting season, which is at its height in the middle of April. Then we go out by moonlight in the green woods. Should the sky be dim, torches are lit till one comes near the breeding-place ; then the torches are extinguished, and we dimly see fantastic trees all around us, which seem to crowd like sentinel spirits in our pathway. Soon



"The slender, graceful monastery church of Alpirsbach."



The steel and scythe works, as we passed to the North.

these weird feelings are intensified, as the cry of the mountain cock comes borne by the night breeze through the wood. This is the moment of the greatest excitement; a stupid or a false move, and the game will be frightened and fly away; but it generally falls a victim to the hunter's skill, and this is his supreme moment. With what pride does he watch the great bird as it swoops, and if his shot be successful, he loves to decorate his hat with the black, white-spotted, shovel-formed tail feathers.

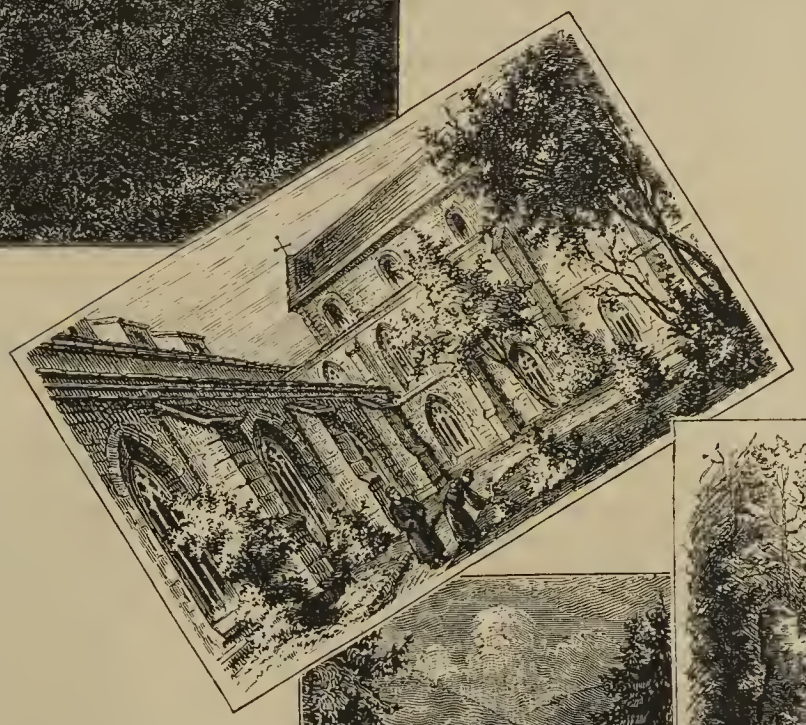
The days had fled so quickly, that it was with mingled feelings of astonishment and sorrow that I made the discovery that I must return to England shortly, and I determined to go somewhat further afield for my next excursion.

Much has been said and written about the Mummelsea, its legends and its weird beauty, and I decided to visit it; and finding that by far the pleasanter way would be to drive there, I made arrangements with one of my fellow-guests to hire a trap. Starting immediately after breakfast, we passed the already fully awakened town, driving along the banks of the Voobach, passing steel and scythe factories, mill works, spinning and baryta mills, over Christoph's and Fredericstal to Barirshrom, below which place the Voobach unites with the Murg.

Our way led us here down a narrow ravine, through which the Murg has pierced its passage, and from thence upward to Millel and Oberthal, two pretty villages situated in a well-cultivated country. Beyond this the scenery gets very romantic, small cascades rushing down the mountain roads, till they reach their highest point in the Ruhstein, 920 metres above the surface of the sea. Here, on the frontier of Baden and Wurtemburg, we stopped and dined. After doing justice to this meal, we found our way to the Wilden, situated 902 metres above the surface of the sea; a strange, weird place, with dim and dismal surroundings.

It seems as if some awful spell had been cast over the deep, quiet surface of the water, a lonely ruin only enlivening the forest solitude. On our return to the inn, we determined to rest for the remainder of the day.

Starting, however, before breakfast next morning, we arrived at Wolfbrunnen, the last principal stopping-place. Here we refreshed the inner man, and while doing this, our host related to us a quaint legend, which may perhaps bear repeating in his peculiar German-English.





"Langenbach."

"On the place where the wild sea is now lying, stood in olden times a nunnery, but that has sunk and the water has covered it. They say that the road and the tracks in the rocks are still to be seen; the road has no turning, for it led formerly to the cloister where the turning-place was. The nuns were often seen sitting by the sea, after their cloister had sunk, and still sung their songs; but when anybody came near, they sprang into the water.

"There were always twelve of them. They liked dancing very much; and came often to the people in the valleys, but always only one would go, and no one ever saw that they accepted anything to eat or drink. But notwithstanding this the nuns were very happy, but they never answered any questions about their sea. If any one asked such a question, they left that place, and never returned to it again.

"The nuns were much in request at weddings, as they were supposed to bring innumerable blessings and happiness; and therefore it was a common custom for the brides to go to the sea and invite them by calling in a loud voice, 'I have my wedding; come to dance.'" This was always done three days before. If a nun was willing to come, one knew of the fact by the splashing of the water.

"But the betrothed couple had to promise the nun, when she came, to tell her for certain when in the night the clock struck twelve. Then she left the betrothed couple, letting them see her to the door, and then kissing her hand, she suddenly vanished.

"These nuns danced in their own modest way, and not in such a wild and uncultivated style as people do now; they only glided along with light and easy steps. It so happened that once a betrothed couple forgot the hour, and when the nun asked what time it was, found that it was one



Stray leaves from my sketch-book.

o'clock. Sinking to the ground with a loud cry, she begged the bridegroom to go with her to the sea and see her fate. 'The moon shines bright,' she said; 'when I sink down into the sea, if it turns as white as milk it is a good sign, but if it turns as red as blood, it is finished with me.' She sprang into the sea, and directly after it shot up as red as blood. The bridegroom went sadly home, and since that time the nuns sing no more by the sea."

* * * *

It certainly did not look such a tragic place as we approached it on the footpath, and now and again caught a glimpse of it like gleaming silver; but on a nearer approach we pronounced it decidedly uncanny, as the sky had become overcast, and its leaden reflection was cast upon the water, together with the sombre shade of its encircling trees.

We were not exactly sorry to leave this, and walked up the zigzag path through the wood till we came to the stone signal tower on the summit of the Hornisgrinde, the highest point on the northern chain of the Black Forest, 1166 metres above the sea. From the height we caught a glimpse of the famous Hohentwiel castle, which is most definitely a castle with a history. The men of the Swiss lake dwellings, or of their epoch, must have used the rocky heights of Twiel as a place of refuge, for vessels and utensils of that period have been discovered on it; Celtic and Roman remains have also been found on the mount and on its base. Traces of warlike activity on and around it at the time of the migration of peoples still exist. In a later era, the Christian Church set up its standard here, and under Louis the Pious, a monastery is said to have been founded on the mount. But warriors armed with sword and lance soon established themselves by the side of the altar, here, as elsewhere. Disregard of the imperial authority on the part of powerful and ambitious nobles led to bloodshed.

After Hohentwiel had been the seat of various noble families, all of whom gained possession of it by force or fraud, or by the caprice of fortune, it fell into the possession of the kingdom of Wurtemburg at the time of the Reformation, and in the midst of the troublous days of the peasants' insurrection.

In the eighteenth century, Hohentwiel was used as a state prison; in its dungeons languished the patriot J. J. Moser, and the officers, Von Kuobels-dorf and Rieger; the account given of the sufferings of these men, especially of the latter, is perfectly heartrending.

Upon the outbreak of the French revolution, the flames of which were especially apt to devour castles and palaces, Hohentwiel met its fate, being destroyed by the French general Vendamne in 1800. Since that date it has remained a shapeless heap of grass-grown ruins. Immediately behind this we see the plain of the Rhine, eastwards dense forests, Freudenstadt, and further back the Suabian Alp, the Hohenzollern, Hohentwiel, and other mountains of the Hegan. South and southernwards innumerable heights of the Black Forest; westwards the Rhine plain with numberless villages, and the steeple of the Minster of Strassbourgh; northwards the mountains which border the Oos and Murg valley. Slowly we descended to the Eckle, another beautiful point, where we had ordered the carriage to wait for us; from thence we drove back to Wolfsbrunnen, and down the valley home.

This way led us through the picturesque wooded valley of Langenbach.

But now we must bid farewell to the Black Forest. The little station is full of travellers, who will in a few hours be scattered to the four winds on the swift wings of steam, others coming onward to fill the vacancies, and I will leave them with the hope that their journey may be as enjoyable as mine was.

THE 6.18 TRAIN;

OR,

HELEN'S LESSON IN SELF-CONTROL.



"I DON'T suppose she means it, but it makes a fellow feel uncommonly queer," muttered Hugh Darrel, as he took his seat in a first-class railway carriage, and wrapped a handsome plaid about his knees. His brow slightly contracted, as the thoughts which had been passing through his mind on his way to the station found vent in words; but the next moment his good-looking face cleared, as he turned to respond to the greeting of a friend who had stepped in after him, and he dismissed the subject easily from his mind. The words had reference to something which had taken place half an hour previously.

"We shall have to make up our minds about Paris to-day, Hugh, or it will be too late to get rooms," said his wife, as she poured him out his second cup of coffee.

They had been married nearly two years, and Hugh was still as much in love as he had been upon their wedding morning.

The remark perplexed him; the subject had a fortnight ago been fully discussed, and then dropped, and, as he supposed, finally settled.

"I didn't know there was any question about it," he said. "I thought you understood, dear, that I should not be able to manage it."

Helen's fair face clouded. She *had* understood; but she had expected him to change his mind, knowing how much she wished to go. She was too proud now to press her point, but she let him see that she was offended.

"I'm sorry, if you are disappointed," he said, looking at her anxiously; "I don't see my way to do it at all, and I supposed that you had dropped the notion entirely. You know," and he gave a little conscious laugh, "we junior partners must mind our p's and q's; they don't let us have much licence yet."

His wife did not reply; she finished her own breakfast, then turned her chair to the fire, and placed her feet upon the fender. It was not very polite, but Hugh was too indulgent to notice such trifles. He chatted away pleasantly to her back, as though unaware there was anything unusual in her behaviour, inwardly admiring her coronet of golden hair, though he was not quite sure enough of his ground to venture on a compliment.

"I shall see Fred to-day in town," he said, after a time. "Shall I ask him down for a day or two?"

There was no reply.

"Why don't you speak, Nellie? Do you want him or not?"

"What is the use of speaking?" she retorted; "if you want him, I suppose you will ask him, and if not, you won't."

Her husband reddened at the stinging words, but tried to laugh them off.

"I don't know why you say that," he said, good-naturedly; "he's your brother, not mine. However, I shall take it for granted that you want him. *Fred's* pretty certain to do so, at any rate."

"You can always find money when *you* want to go anywhere," she went on, petulantly; "I never hear anything about extravagance by junior partners then; but, of course, *I* am of no consequence."

The tone was that of a spoilt child, and her husband seemed so to regard it, for he made no attempt at self-defence.

"I'm sorry we can't go, dear," was all he said, as he gulped down his last mouthful with undue haste. "I'll just run up and have a peep at baby," and so saying, he disappeared, taking the staircase almost at a bound.

In a few minutes he was down again, making a great demonstration of brushing in the hall. Helen heard him perfectly, but made no attempt to move. He expected her to come out as usual to give him his farewell kiss, but he waited in vain.

He began to feel annoyed. If she liked to sulk, he could not help it, and he even half opened the hall door; but love conquered, and he turned hastily back.

"Good-bye, Nellie."

"Good-bye;" but she did not turn her head.

He came across the room and kissed her tenderly.

"Good-bye, my darling."

She did not turn from him, but she did not respond, and he left the house with a heavy heart; but long before he reached town, the uncomfortable episode had faded from his mind, and he was musing on the happy evening they would spend together.

Helen, much more to be pitied, meanwhile sat on at the fire, nursing her wrath

to keep it warm, and thinking hard thoughts of the husband she loved. She had always been looked upon as a good-tempered and unselfish girl, and no one would have been more astonished than her own mother, if she could have seen her now giving way to sullenness; but it is easy to be good-natured when never crossed.

At home (having been the only girl in a wealthy house), her wishes had always been the first consideration, and when she prettily deferred them to others, it was with the secret consciousness that they would still be indulged. She did not understand Hugh's way of taking the initiative, and judging as he considered best for himself, and her too. Just at first it had seemed easy to yield, but she was beginning now to resent what seemed to her simply a desire of control. She had an idea that he thought her frivolous, and wanted to clip her wings, nor had she sufficient faith in him to take his simple word.

She had never been restricted before for want of money, and his excuse seemed utterly absurd. If it had been anything doubtful she wanted to do, anything he did not quite like (for he was particular in some things, for which she liked him all the better); but this was such a natural, such a legitimate thing—to go to Paris for the Exhibition, where every one was going, as a matter of course. Her father and mother were already there. A letter to her mother lay open on the mantelpiece; she had kept it unsealed to add a postscript. She took it down now, and added, briefly: "Hugh says that he cannot manage Paris this year." She would not complain, but it vexed her all the more to think how natural it would read to them. "Prudent fellow," her father would say; "he's the sort of man to get on in the world," and her mother would laugh, and say: "It is hard for Nellie, though," and then think no more about it. And all the time she believed that it was only because Hugh did not like leaving baby. It was this idea that annoyed her most of all; it was a reflection on her as a mother, she thought, and showed that baby came first with him now, and had usurped her own rightful place. It was very absurd, no doubt, but this foolish young woman was jealous of her own baby! As to her husband, the reason he had given her was his *only* one, absurd as she fancied it.

He had been brought up in a home where pleasure was always made subservient to duty, and he scarcely understood that his wife's *duties* up till now had *been* her pleasures; he had not taken in that fact, or he might have been more careful in refusing one to her. He was a young fellow, and would have enjoyed a trip to Paris as much as any one; but to go just now, and take such rooms as his wife was accustomed to, would be more than he could afford, without a little overdrawing his account at his banker's, and to do that was out of the question. The case for him lay in a nutshell. He never dreamt that Helen could seriously wish him to decide otherwise. If for a moment the thought that baby was going to be left to servants crossed his mind, he dismissed it instantly, for of course Helen would know best. Baby was as yet scarcely more than a bit of Helen to him, and so far from having transferred his allegiance, he had a notion that he was paying a delicate compliment to the mother when he hung rapturously over the baby's cradle, instead of turning over the leaves of her music, which would have been after all much more to his taste. And Helen had not the courage to say, "Do leave baby alone and attend to me," nor had he the sense to see that he was annoying her; and so a tiny drop of irritation was beginning already to steal into their lives, which, small as it was, threatened to spoil the harmony of their home.

That afternoon Helen came in from her drive, and, throwing off her fur cloak, went into the nursery for a cup of tea and a romp with baby before dressing for dinner, and going down to wait for her husband's arrival in the drawing-room. As she was going downstairs, she remembered something he had expressed a wish for at dinner the night before, and which she had forgotten to order. Her feeling of annoyance had passed off, and she had no intention of punishing him by neglecting any of her wifely duties, so she turned at the foot, and went into the kitchen.

She found the servants huddled together discussing something in awestruck whispers, and noticed that the upper housemaid was holding her apron to her eyes. At her entrance they hastily scattered. She proceeded calmly to give her order, and went out again.

"Emma has had some bad news, I suppose," she reflected; "I must ask nurse about it when she brings baby down" (for, like most young housekeepers, she was shy of her servants, and could not feel at home with more than one of them at a time). "I wish she would not make up such large fires, though," she continued, as she entered the drawing-room, ruddy with firelight; "this room is unbearable," and stepping lightly to the window, she flung it wide open, and stood for a moment breathing in the fresh evening air. It was but for a moment. A gentleman was coming along the pavement with a young girl leaning on his arm.

"What is all the excitement about to-night, papa?" she asked, in a clear voice, as they passed; "every one we meet seems to be hurrying."

"There has been an accident, I believe, to the 6.18 train," was the reply, "and——"

Helen heard no more. She closed the window with a jerk, and pressed her hand to her heart.

"The 6.18 train! Hugh's train!" At the same moment there was a ring at the bell, and a gentleman who lived near, entered.

As he caught sight of her standing there, so young and pretty, with a look of helpless terror on her fair face, his heart failed him, and he would have beaten a retreat, if she had not turned to him with an expectant, questioning appeal in her eyes.

"I see you have heard," he stammered; "I just looked in to say as yet it is a mere rumour, and reports are generally exaggerated. I am on my way down to learn the truth, and if I can be of service to you, please don't hesitate to say so."

"Thank you; if you are going to the station, I will come with you," said Helen, in a strange, calm voice, which she scarcely recognised as her own, and before he could remonstrate, she had gone upstairs to put on her things.

"Let me at least order your carriage," he said, depreciatingly, as she reappeared; "you ought not to go out at this time."

"It is but a step," she said, with a little catch in her breath, "and they take so long to get in the horses. Please come on."

He gave her his arm in silence. He had come in merely on impulse, and did not know her well enough to assert any authority.

They found the station crowded with eager inquirers, but as yet no definite information could be obtained. Just as they reached the platform, a barrier was thrown across it, which they were compelled to keep behind.

"There has been a breakdown on the line, and a train has been sent on to bring up the passengers and wounded," was the explanation given by an official. "Stand back, if you please; she'll be in presently."

They waited in silence, Helen clinging unconsciously to the arm of her protector, while he in vain tried to think of some reassuring suggestion.

In reality, it was only twenty minutes they stood there, but it seemed to Helen and to others in that waiting group, an eternity. She tried to pray, but could not. There is no state in which it is so difficult to pray as that of suspense, and all the while, like a wail of despair from her terrified heart came the cry: "Oh! if only I had kissed him this morning!"

Everything had been carefully prepared, so that when at last the train steamed slowly in, there was no unnecessary bustle or delay.

"We shall be glad of the services of one or two gentlemen to help with the wounded," said the station-master, coming up to where they were standing, and looking at Mr. Myers.

He glanced uneasily at his companion.

"Go," whispered Helen, with white lips, loosing her hold of his arm; "I shall be quite safe. You know *he* may be one of them."

He pressed her hand, and in a moment was lost in the busy throng. For a few minutes a scene of confused motion went on, as the carriages were emptied of their bruised and shaken occupants. The stretchers that had been provided were quickly filled, and carried to the waiting-rooms, where the wounds were quickly attended to, and every now and again, as a sufferer was carried past, there would be a pitiful cry of recognition amongst the waiting group, and one or other would slip unreproved through the barrier. But Helen still stood motionless, with straining eyes. "Only *one* killed outright," she heard them say, and presently, amid solemn silence, a tall figure wrapped in a plaid shawl was reverently lifted from a first-class carriage, and laid upon a shutter.

"It is the gentleman from Milford Road," said a porter, standing near, in answer to an awstricken inquiry.

Helen gave no cry, only pressed forward. There was no longer any restraint. The crowd had already dispersed, with thankful or aching hearts. Helen joined herself to the little group of porters who were carrying the silent figure. He was taken straight to a private office apart from the rest.

"You cannot come in here, Madam," said a policeman, politely closing and locking the door after them.

"But," she cried, clasping her hands, "he is my husband. I *must* go to him."

He looked at her doubtfully and replied,—

"At any rate the doctors must see him first; till they have done so, my orders are to admit no one."

"How long will it be?" she gasped, but he shook his head. Stoic as he was, he had not the heart to say that he was already past the need of doctors, and that those who needed them would be attended to first.

In silent anguish Helen took up her position outside the forbidding-looking door. Too well she had heard the words, "Only one killed outright," but her heart refused to believe it. "O God!" she prayed (for with the certainty came the power of prayer), "give me time to kiss him once again. Don't take him from me with the remembrance of my unkind words in his heart."

But the blank door seemed to mock at her entreaties, and fling back her words unanswered. Others might have the consolation of last words, she, who had not known how to use her privileges while they remained to her, would be denied.

The platform just now was almost deserted, except for the stalwart policeman guarding that mysterious room, and each time as he passed, he averted his look, and gave her a wide berth; but she had forgotten his very existence. It was not now to him that she would appeal. The night had closed in, and it was cold and wet. To that, too, she was indifferent. Her thoughts and energies were all concentrated on remaining at her post, as long as that heavy sullen door lay between her and—Hugh.

How long she waited thus, it would be difficult to say, but suddenly she became aware that the station was all alive again with noise and bustle. The 7.40 express, delayed nearly two hours, had arrived, and the platform was soon crowded with cold and hungry men, good-naturedly grumbling at the delay.

"Why couldn't they have told us what was up, instead of keeping us in the dark all this time?" said one, energetically stamping his benumbed feet.

"Do you mean metaphorically or literally?" laughed a pleasant voice in reply. "Physically or mentally, I ought to say, though, eh? Why, good gracious! Nellie, is it you? What are you doing here? Why, what's the matter, darling? Didn't you get my telegram I sent you from town this afternoon?"

But there was no reply. Helen had fainted in her husband's arms.

* * * *

For some weeks after that dreadful night, Helen was low and nervous, giving the doctor cause for anxiety, and Hugh an excuse for lavishing upon her every indulgence he could think of.

"It all comes of punctuality," he said, jokingly; "half the fellows in that train were never missed at home till they walked in safe and sound, and many in the one I came down by, just as often come by the other, but their friends were not uneasy about them, because they always go on the principle, 'Expect me when you see me.'" And (just to keep her out of a bad habit, as he said), he would keep popping in at all sorts of early hours in the day, long before she dreamt of seeing him.

"Still," she urged, "you *might* have been in it, you know."

"And should have been, if it had not been for that brother of yours, as usual, turning up an hour later than he ought to have done. I telegraphed, 'Don't wait dinner,' and then my mind was at ease about you. But that was the telegram our precious domestics thought not fit to deliver, lest it should contain bad news, and then, of course, you had to take it into your silly head that the *only* man killed must of necessity be me!"

"They said the gentleman from Milford Road, and he was covered with a plaid, so I naturally thought that it must be you, but oh! how thankful I am that it was not," she answered, shuddering.

"If you had been a little more familiar with the ways of the line, you might have been pretty certain that there could only be one gentleman from Milford Road of whom a porter would use the definite article. Old Mr. Bridgeman has gone up and down this line for twenty years or more, and never failed each morning to tip the porter fortunate enough to open the carriage door for him. I shouldn't wonder if he will be missed more at the station than at home; for, as far as I can make out, he had neither kith nor kin belonging to him. As to the plaid, there are dozens like it."

Looking at his wife's pale face, Hugh began to reproach himself for not having given way to her about Paris. "Poor darling!" he thought. "I daresay she felt she needed a change, and yet didn't like to plague me about it." And when change of air was ordered by the doctor, he no longer hesitated.

"I have arranged about Paris, after all, dear," he said, one evening; "two or three things have combined to make it quite practicable, and you must have a change."

But to his surprise she flung her arms round his neck and burst into a passion of tears.

"Oh! not Paris!" she sobbed. "Let us go *anywhere* but to Paris. Oh! Hugh, Hugh! *if* you had died that night!"

He soothed and comforted her without in the least understanding her sudden emotion.

"Anywhere you like, darling," he said. "I only mentioned Paris because I thought you wished it."

"Then let it be Bognor," she said. "I want to have you and baby all to myself." And so it was settled, to Hugh's complete satisfaction.

Helen never alludes to the agony of self-reproach she suffered that night, though she has never forgotten it; and it is visible in the self-control she exercises over her hasty tongue. Troubles and worries have come to her as to other married women, but every morning from her heart she prays the prayer of the Psalmist, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips;" and nothing can ever tempt her to let her husband leave her in the morning without a pleasant word lingering in his ears, and a kiss upon his cheek. And if, as sometimes still happens, she is betrayed into making a sharp retort, it is followed almost immediately by a penitent kiss. Hugh little guesses how much of the peace and harmony in his home is owing to "that unlucky 6.18," as he still persists in designating the offending train.

PARLIAMENTARY REPORTING IN ENGLAND.

TO few readers of the daily papers that drop so conveniently into our doors like the hot rolls and letters, does it occur to consider how and when the accounts of last night's debate in the House of Commons are reported, edited, and printed; how vast is the machinery that turns to the motor of public curiosity; and how long and fierce was the battle that was fought before the nation could be legally and accurately informed of the proceedings of its representative chamber. But we, the children of the nineteenth century, should stop to think sometimes which of the benefits we enjoy, are the outcome of the productive past; and not the least one amongst these is the pleasure of reading in the morning the words of our favourite politician, as they were spoken the night before.

Parliamentary reporting is a wide and somewhat loose term. It covers the reporting of the debates for the press, official reporting, or reports of committees; and Hansard's debates, a semi-official organ of the House itself. But before touching on parliamentary reporting as it exists to-day, there is a long period, dating from 1699 to 1803, during which time the reporter—as such, was a person who made his appearance in a very casual way, chiefly to take notes of cases or bills which were intended as references for the use of the House.

In 1699 it is recorded that a shorthand writer was engaged to take notes of the proceedings on a Divorce Bill, which notes were treasured up by the Clerk of the Parliaments, and again referred to before the Bill was passed. Again in 1700, a stenographer was found necessary for a similar purpose. But in 1740, Parliament was left a long way behind the times, by the appointment by a Court of Law of an official shorthand writer, spoken of as "one Gurney." This was the foundation of a long line of stenographers, all writing what is known as the Gurney system. The family has now had for eighty-six years the official reporting of both Houses of Parliament; although, according to Lord Colchester's diary, they had first reported there in 1786, during the Slave Trade inquiries.

The trial of Warren Hastings in 1789, was the next occasion of the public recognition of the need for stenography. The House called the shorthand writer to the bar, and caused him to read from his notes Mr. Burke's statements with regard to the impeachment of Warren Hastings.

In 1802, sixty-two years after the first official reporter had been appointed to a Court of Law, the passing of Mr. Taylor's bill authorized reports to be taken for official purposes; and in 1803 a select committee of the House inquired into the working of the Act, and decided that time was saved, and accuracy gained, by the introduction of the official stenographer.

Up to this period, accounts of debates were given to the public clandestinely—sometimes by members themselves from their own notes, sometimes through the medium of the ushers and door-keepers. The speeches that have been preserved to us in this way, are those of Lord Chatham, Sir Robert Walpole, Mr. Fox, and the younger Pitt.

To Doctor Johnson we are indebted for

the speeches of Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Chatham; but how much of them to Doctor Johnson, and how much to the speakers themselves, it is difficult to decide. The accounts of the debates were contributed by him under a fictitious title to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He described his method as follows: first, "to fix upon a speaker's name, then to make an argument for him, and to conjure up answer." He added, too, that he "took care that the Whig dogs should not get the best of it." There is a story that fully bears out these statements, telling of a dinner-party where-at Dr. Francis, the translator of Demosthenes, in praising one of Lord Chatham's speeches, said that it was finer than any composition of Demosthenes, when Dr. Johnson, in his stentorian voice exclaimed, "That speech I composed in a garret in Exeter Street."

However, the debates, though extremely popular, seemed to have occasioned some after qualms of conscience to the worthy Doctor, for in later years we find him saying "that the only part of his writings which then gave him any compunction, was his account of the debates in the *Gentleman's Magazine;* but that at the time he wrote them he did not think that he was imposing on the world."

Sir Henry Cavendish, himself a member of the House of Commons, was another of those who did much to save for posterity the debates of the last century; and Lord Roseberry has spoken of it as a disgrace to the nation that these reports, consisting of forty-eight volumes, remain unpublished in the archives of the British Museum. Two volumes only have seen the light, and the last one, unfortunately, leaves off in the middle of a sentence.

About the time of the American War, the demand for free reporting became more pronounced; and in the struggle that ensued, we find the city of London involved, and the Lord Mayor himself imprisoned. But the victory was to short-hand; henceforth reporting was to be free, the only limitation being, that on the exclamation of any member that he saw "strangers in the House," the galleries had to be cleared. This privilege, however, was not often exercised, and in 1871 the rule was altogether abolished. The reporter remains master of the situation.

The shorthand writer practically edits the speeches he gives to the world, giving them artistic touches, which it has been said sometimes make the originators set a high value on what they take to be their own productions.

AMONGST THE CORN.

By G. DE LA PLANTE.

A LITTLE cottage in a cornfield.

It was a study in golden-brown, and I, with my artist eye, stopped to gaze with pleasure on the harmonious tinting of the harvest scene. The walls of the cottage were browned with age; the thatch on the roof was dark, but patched here and there with fresh golden straw; the very pathway to the cottage was brown, and the stones beside it stained with yellow lichen. Then the cornfield lay before, behind, and on either side, setting the cottage as if in frosted gold, while "the lovely laughter of the wind-swayed wheat" ran in soft ripples to the very walls, and lapped lovingly upon them, like wavelets against the rocks. What a picture it would make, could I only transfer it to my canvas!

I was quite alone in the world, and had to "do for myself." I had chosen an artist's life, and, with average talent, and more than average hard work, found it just possible to get on. All the winter, spring, and summer, I had worked in a dreary city, doing whatever came to hand,—now a book illustration, now a manufacturer's design—and I had grown cold and hard, out of sympathy with all humanity. When the autumn came, I craved for fresh air, and a sight of God's earth as made by Him, not as marred by man; so I set off on a sketching tour to quiet country parts, seeking rather lonely, restful places, than the grandeur of mountain, waterfall, or wood.

My cottage looked the personification of peace. I sat on a friendly stone, and drew out my colours; but you who have tried it know how feebly artist fingers could render the harmonies of the scene. The tones for the cottage walls would not blend, and I sat and looked at the bold patches of colour, so distinct, yet so entirely one. Hitherto, the soft, curling smoke had been the only sign of life; but as I gazed, the door of the cottage opened, and a white-haired woman stepped outside. Raising her hands to her mouth, she called, "Ruth! Ruth!"

Far across the cornfield I saw a little band of reapers busily at work, foremost amongst them a tall, slightly built girl, with a broad hat shading her face from the glare. Hearing the call, she stood erect, glancing upward at the hot August sun, to see if dinner-hour had really come; then, laying her sickle on a pile of newly cut corn, she hastened to the cottage.

She reached the door, and then saw me sitting on my stone. She hesitated, and exchanged a word or two with the elder woman within; then she came down the pathway, and said to me,—

"Maybe you're tired, sir. Mother says, will you come in and have a bowl of milk and a bit of dinner with us?"

"Gladly!" said I, and a few moments later I was sitting with them at their homely board.

They were only three: the father, a spare, grave man, with iron-grey hair and dull blue eyes, crippled in hands and feet from rheumatism; the mother, brisk and active, with cheery face and strong, ringing voice; and Ruth, the busy reaper I had seen amongst the corn.

"A lovely day," I said to my host.

"Ay, sir, and grand for the corn."

"You have a splendid crop this year."

"Good straw, well-filled ears, and no disease; 'tis a noble harvest." It was the mother who spoke now, and it seemed to me but natural that one and all should talk and think of corn, when living in such a cornfield.



"'*Tis a noble harvest.*'"

Ruth had finished her hasty meal, and rose to go.

"You are not returning to work so soon?" I asked. "Why, half your dinner-hour is not gone."

"We never think of that in harvest-time," simply answered the girl. "We must work all we can to get the crop in in good time,—harvest weather won't last long."

"I suppose the field is your own, you speak of it so proudly?"

Even the grave father laughed. "Why, sir, what a fortune 'twould be for cottage folk like us! No, no! 'tis the master's field, but, living amongst the corn, we love it like our own, and Ruth is main glad to be a reaper."

"How soon will all the corn be cut and housed?" I asked.

"Depends on the reapers, sir. Some people say the master should have a machine to do a great field like that, but he won't hear of naught but the reaper and the sickle. 'Work away, friends,' says he, 'an' the sooner you've done, the sooner the Harvest Home.'"

Ruth was back at her work by this, bending to cut the ripe ears from the stalks. I took up my knapsack, bid my kindly hosts "farewell," and went my way with a thoughtful heart. I had failed to make a picture, but what a lesson I had learned!

Before, behind, on either side, brushing against me as I stood, had been the Master's golden grain. Had I gone heart and soul with the reapers? Had I been shortening all of my hours of rest, that I might toil for Him the more? Ah, no! But the future was left me—God's harvest was not over yet; and then and there I resolved, by His grace, to think more of the corn round my cottage—the human souls close to my city home. I prayed the Lord of the harvest that He would make me one of His reapers.

A BOY WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

"WELL, I used to think that no one could do two things well at once, but that boy seems to have managed it, and no mistake."

So spoke an English traveller, who was inspecting one of the great cotton-mills in the West of Scotland, not far from Glasgow. And well might he say so. The lad whom he was watching—a pale, thin, bright-eyed boy, employed in the mill as a "piecer," had fixed a small book to the frame-work of the spinning jenny, and seemed to snatch a brief sentence from its pages every time he passed it in the course of his work.

"Ay, he's jist a wonder," answered the Scotch foreman, to whom the visitor had addressed himself. "We ca' him 'Busy Davie' here, for he's readin' like ony minister; but he does his wark weel for a' that."

"And does he really understand what he reads?" asked the Englishman, looking wonderingly at the young student's book, which was a treatise on medicine and surgery, that would have puzzled most lads four or five years older than himself.

"I's warrant he does that," replied the Scot with an emphatic nod. "There's no quicker chiel than Davie i' the hail mill."

And then the visitor passed on to look at another part of the works, and forgot all about "Busy Davie" for the time being.

But he was suddenly reminded of him two hours later, when the mill hands "knocked off" for dinner. Coming back across the yard when his tour of inspection was over, the traveller caught sight of a small figure in a corner by itself, which he thought he recognised.

A second glance showed him that he was not mistaken. There sat "Busy Davie," holding in one hand the big oatmeal "bannock" that represented the dinner, and in the other a soiled and tattered book without a cover, which he was devouring so eagerly that his food remained almost untouched. The Englishman stole softly up behind the absorbed boy, and glancing over his shoulder at his book, saw that it was one written by himself a few years before, describing the most perilous of all his journeys through the wild regions beyond the Orange River in South Africa.

Just as the visitor came up, the little student, quite unaware that the author of the book was standing beside him, read half aloud one of the most exciting passages, following the lines with his roughened forefinger :—

"The progress of our party was necessarily very slow, as we could only march in the mornings and evenings, and the wheels of the wagons often sank up to the very axle in the loose sand. In some places the heat was so great, that the grass actually crumbled to dust in our fingers. More than once our supply of water ran out altogether, and men and beasts staggered onward over the hot, dusty, never-ending plain, with parched tongues and bloodshot eyes, silent and despairing."

At the thought of these difficulties, which he himself was one day to meet and overcome as few men have ever done before or after him, the boy's thin face hardened into the look of indomitable firmness, which was its habitual expression in after life. But it softened into a smile the next moment, as he read as follows :—

"In several of the places where we camped, our chief food was a species of the large frog, called by the natives 'mantlemetto,' which was kind enough to assist us in our hunts for it by setting up such a tremendous croaking, that we could easily find it, even in the dark."

Here the boy turned over a leaf, and came suddenly upon a startling picture of a man lying prostrate on the ground with a lion's forepaw planted on his chest, and its teeth fastened in his shoulder, while several negroes, with terrified faces, were seen making off as fast as possible in the background.

"How would you like to travel through a country like that, my lad?" asked the explorer. "It would be rough work, wouldn't it?"

"I wad like weel to gang there, for a' that," answered the boy; "for there's muckle to be done there yet."

"There is indeed, and it's just fellows of your sort that we need to do it," said the traveller, clapping him on the shoulder. "If you ever do go to Africa, I think it will take more than a lion to stop you."

The whole world now knows how strangely those lightly spoken words were fulfilled twenty-eight years later, when that boy did actually come alive out of the jaws of the hungry African lion which had broken his arm with its teeth, to finish those wonderful explorations that filled the civilised world with the fame of Dr. David Livingstone.

SIMPLE RECIPES.

EEL SALAD.

CUT up a small eel, weighing about ½ a pound, boil it in a little water or milk until you can quite easily remove the flesh from the bones. (The bones, with the head and tail, will make delicious soup, boiled for several hours in water or milk, flavoured with a little mace, pepper, salt, and sugar, onion, lemon peel, and thickened with flour or ground rice. A very small piece of candied lemon peel does well when no fresh lemon is to be had.) Cut up a quart or 3 pints full of salad, such as lettuce, mustard and cress, watercresses, etc. Mix up a teaspoonful of oil (or if objected to, milk), ½ a teaspoonful each of mustard (powder), salt and sugar, ¼ teaspoonful of pepper, 2 teaspoonfuls of vinegar, and finely chopped onion, for each pint of salad. Cut up the eel in small pieces, and mix salad, fish, and dressing thoroughly well together.

White haricot beans well boiled and seasoned with dressing, makes a delicious winter salad. Any meat or fish can be added to green or haricot bean salad. Cold salt pork is excellent with bean salad.

GINGER PUDDING.

SOAK three-quarters of a pound of pieces of bread. Mix together 2 heaped-up spoonfuls of brown sugar, a teaspoonful of ground ginger, and ½ a teaspoonful of nutmeg or allspice, and beat it into the soaked bread, which must be drained as dry as possible. Dissolve a level teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in a tablespoonful or two of milk. Warm a teacupful of treacle, stir it into the bread; when well mixed, add the milk, beat it up, and put it in a well-greased basin, boil or steam for 2 or more hours. An egg or two improves this pudding, and ensures it turning out of the basin in proper form. It is also very good when baked.

ABOUT OURSELVES.

WITH this Number another Monthly Part is completed. The very thing for the seaside!

We venture to think that our next Monthly Part will be considered one of our best. The specimen page of Bible marking was so much appreciated, that another will be given. An interesting series of Articles on the Post Office will appear. Our musical friends will thank us for a charming song, "Flown Away," the music by J. F. Swift (composer of "Sailing"), and the words by Mrs. Haycraft; and the interest in the capital serial, "Mad John Burleigh," will be well sustained.

Our Examiners are preparing for the task that awaits them in the examination of the Papers that are rapidly coming in, in connection with the Christian Evidence Competition. Competitors will please remember that Papers should reach 62, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., not later than August 31st, and that the cover should be endorsed in accordance with the Rules.

In an early Number we hope to announce a Prize Puzzle Competition.

Our first Volume will be ready early in the season. A more attractive present it will be difficult to find.

ACROSTIC.

MY last's the title, and my first's the name
Of one who has imperishable fame.
Though long ago he ruled, with iron will,
Some not his own, long passed away,—yet still
His form is seen amid the things he made,
And still its glory, not in dust, is laid.

1. Loud ways and rough.
2. Compact and round.
3. Good food enough.
4. To catch the sound.
5. A resting-place.
6. An answered call.
7. The hapless case,
   Of things that fall.

Answer will be given in our Number for September 15th.

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

W.T.C.M.—There were *three* sprinklings, but in order to be quite correct, they should have been named as follows: 1. Upon the altar; 2. Upon the book; 3. Upon the people. It was a mistake to use the word "himself," though he sprinkled the blood upon the altar *for himself*, as "representative of God," thereby denoting that he, on his part, "engaged to be faithful in the covenant relation which he now condescended to assume, performing all the promises, and conferring all the blessings, which their corresponding fidelity would entitle them to expect" (*Bush*). At the same time, I believe it could be justified that even on his own person he put the blood, seeing that all priests were dedicated as representatives of God in that way (Lev. 8. 23, 24). In a condensed lesson, such as our space in—"A. 1."—affords, it is sometimes difficult to put all that is needed clearly in one sentence. To have made it quite correct, I ought to have worded it thus: "Upon the altar for himself."

A. J. S.—How to teach a Junior Sunday School Class? We are so glad that you have asked this question. In response to it, you will find in our Number for July 21 an able Paragraph by the Rev. J. H. Thorpe, which we are sure will help many teachers besides yourself.

Anxiety.—The question of inserting notes on the International *Morning* Lesson is under consideration.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

SEPTEMBER 2ND.

The Spies sent into Canaan.—*Num.* 13. 17-33.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Num.* 13. 30.

INTERVENING HISTORY. Stayed about a year at Sinai; thence journeyed in north-westerly direction to wilderness of Paran. After first march, "halt at Kibroth-Hattaavah; people murmured; God sent quails (Num. 11.) Seventy men appointed to help Moses; this supposed to be the origin of Sanhedrim. Arrival at Hazeroth, the second stopping-place. Aaron and Miriam struck with leprosy. Moses' prayer on their behalf. Kadesh-Barnea, third stopping-place, lies about fifty miles south of Beersheba; central point of encampment for thirty-eight years. (A map would be of great benefit).

COWARDS AND CONQUERORS.

TWELVE MEN TO DO THREE THINGS:—

1. "*Go*" (ver. 17).
2. "*See*" (ver. 18).
3. "*Bring*" (ver. 20).

They went. Where to? Promised Land. To whom promised? Trace their route on map.

They saw. Count up the things they were to look particularly at. The *land*, if it was rich and fruitful. The *cities*, how built. The *people*, whether they were strong or not, and how they lived. It is probable the twelve men separated on reaching the land. Why? To avoid suspicion, and acquire greater knowledge; perhaps Caleb was the only one who went to Hebron (see Josh. 14. 9).

They brought. What? 1. *Fruit.* Get description. Carried in that way to prevent crushing. 2. *Report.* Of all they had seen, especially *the giants.* What else did ten of them bring? Question till the right word is obtained. 3. *Fears.* What of? The giants, fenced cities, and the thought of God wishing them to take the country. What did the remaining two men bring which the ten did not? Get answer from golden text. 4. *Courage.* "Let us go up at once." 5. *Confidence.* "Possess it; we are able." Prove from Scripture and modern history 'tis of "such stuff" true heroes are made.

Two skilful engineers had been sent to explore the path across the Alps, and to do whatever they could to remove obstructions. They returned with an appalling recital of the apparently insurmountable difficulties of the way. "*Is it possible,*" inquired Napoleon, "to cross the pass?" "Perhaps," was the hesitating answer, "*it is within the limits of possibility.*" "*Forward, then!*" was the energetic reply.

(Care must be taken not to encroach upon next Sunday's lesson). The practical lesson to be drawn from the story of these spies is—

HOW TO MEET DIFFICULTIES.

For junior scholars they may be called Giants; such as Giant Temper, Giant Indolence.

How to meet them—

Attired in the Apostle's armour (Read Eph. 6. 14-18).
In God's strength (Phil. 4. 13).
Sure of victory (1 John 4. 4).

SEPTEMBER 9TH.

The Unbelief of the People.—*Num.* 14. 1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Heb.* 3. 19.

A REVIEW of last Sunday's lesson will serve as introduction; then get class to point out—

I. THE CAUSE OF THEIR UNBELIEF. Causes often complicated. There was—1. The report of the spies—giants, walled cities. 2. The comments of the ten spies. 3. A distrust of their own powers. 4. Forgetfulness of past manifestations of their Leader's (God) power. *Consequence* of all these, *unbelief.* This leads to —

II. THE CHARACTER OF THEIR UNBELIEF. What was it they would not believe? The possibility of obtaining the land of Canaan. Get scholars to study—

III. THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THEIR UNBELIEF. Explain the word to juniors. The marks or distinguishing features:—1. *Murmuring.* 2. *Rebellion.* 3. *Blasphemous reflections on God.* 4. *Opposition plans.* 5. *Credulity.* It has been said, "O infidel, great is thy faith." The Israelites could not believe in God, to trust Him to lead them on into the promised land; but they could trust themselves, and a leader of their own choosing, to lead them back through the great and terrible wilderness, in which they would long ago have perished, but for God's miraculous providence.

IV. THE CONFUTATION OF THEIR UNBELIEF. By silent action, verses 5, 6. By earnest speech, verses 7-9. What gave these men special opportunities of confuting the unbelief? *They had themselves seen the supposed difficulties.* Draw a picture of—

V. THE COWARDICE OF THEIR UNBELIEF, from first part of verse 10. All through they had shown themselves cowards, but the cowardice culminated in the attempt to stone two men who advised them well. For thousands to attack two was a dastardly act. "Unbelief is ever noisy, cowardly, and weak."

VI. THE COMBAT OF THEIR UNBELIEF (ver. 10.) BY THE GREAT GOD. What was His weapon? *Glory.* People blinded with the light; awe-struck; Joshua and Caleb saved. Read Jer. 21. 5. Draw a contrast of when God fought *for* them. Get scholars to give Scripture illustrations of *how* God fought for them. Show how it is still so much better to be on God's side, and that "he that is not with Me is against Me" (Matt. 12. 30).

VII. THE CONSEQUENCES OF THEIR UNBELIEF. Get golden text repeated. Of all that multitude, none entered save Joshua and Caleb and children under twenty years of age. Had to endure wilderness life and discipline till death. Unbelief brings dreadful disappointments. Refer to how they still fought against God in verses 44 and 45, and the consequence. Close by drawing—

VIII. THE COMPARISON OF THEIR UNBELIEF WITH OURS. Like theirs our unbelief is—1. Widespread. 2. Contagious. 3. Open. 4. Without ground. 5. Opposed to past events and reason. 6. Keeps us from a glorious entrance into heavenly Canaan. Press upon seniors the advisability of the study of Christian evidences. What these children of Israel ought to have done we should do—Trust in God and go forward. Conquer the unbelief in our own hearts by its antidotes, prayer and faith, and then fight it in the world.

SEPTEMBER 16TH.

The Smitten Rock.—*Num.* 20. 1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—1 Cor. 10. 4.

LESSON introduced by death of Miriam. Question as to her life.

REMARKS DURING READING OF VERSES.

Desert of Zin. After thirty-eight years back to Kadesh. In first month, our April.

No water. When had they made that complaint before? and how was the want then supplied?

Died before the Lord. Doubtless referring to those who perished through unbelief.

And Moses and Aaron went. Though the people chode with them, they did not strive in return. In their trouble they sought the Lord. Give illustrations from Scripture.

Take the rod. Question as to its history.

Speak ye unto the rock. "There still exists at Kadesh a large single mass of solid rock. It is the only visible rock in the whole district, and from it still flows an abundant stream" (*Trumbull*).

A LESSON ON SEVEN NO'S.

No water. Verse 2. There were springs at Kadesh, but either they were insufficient for so great a multitude, or had failed through drought. We have no conception of thirst as in the East. Impress on scholars the beauty of water; luxury of a plentiful supply; medicinal virtues.

No thankfulness. The wants of their bodies may have been many, but the wants of their souls more. Count up some of their mercies.

No fruit. Verse 5. See also Jer. 2. 6. They wanted the blessings of Canaan while suffering the wilderness punishments.

No self-control. Verses 10, 11. Moses told to do three things. "Take," "Gather," "Speak," verse 8. Shows lack of self-control by (1) speaking to the people instead of to the rock. (2) By the anger of his words. (3) By the use of "*we.*" (4) By striking the rock twice.

No sanctifying. Verse 12. He had dishonoured God before the people. He, the representative of God, had shown himself an angry, passionate man.

No entrance. Punishment heavy, because the sin so conspicuous. God obliged to justify Himself.

No lack. Meanwhile the water flowing abundantly. Picture people and cattle drinking. Refer to words, "The rock that followed them."

The well, favourite place of resort. Refer to Rebekah, Rachel, and Christ. Gather scholars in imagination round the waters of Meribah. Picture people leaning in the shadow of rock, and stooping to draw water. Each scholar should be *a drawer of water.*

WATERS FROM MERIBAH.

Beware of judging others. Moses called people rebels—himself a rebel (Matt. 7. 1).

Be sure and guard the tongue well (Ps. 39. 1).

Strive to sanctify God before everybody. Influence others to serve God (Prov. 3. 6).

Make all your wants known to God (Matt. 7. 7).

Be sure He will supply all your need (Ps. 34. 10).

Cultivate a thankful spirit (Eph. 5. 20).

Remember the sad consequences of sin (Num. 32. 23).

Let the rock speak to you of Christ. See golden text.

See Him also in the sparkling water (John 7. 37). (Glass of water in teacher's hand would serve as object lesson). Water like Christ:—

In its origin—comes from above—boundless.
In its nature—pure, beautiful, mighty.
In its use—to cleanse, refresh, strengthen.

SEPTEMBER 23RD.

Death and Burial of Moses.—*Deut.* 34. 1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Prov.* 4. 18.

BEFORE reading verses, trace wanderings on map. From Kadesh go round southern end of Dead Sea to near Jericho, then southward to Red Sea, then northwards and encamped on plains of Moab, opposite to Jericho. Reason for this circuitous route, refusal of Edomites to let them pass through their country.

INTERVENING EVENTS. Death of Aaron, Num. 20. 28; Punishment of fiery serpents, Num. 21: Balaam's prophecies; Moses' address to the people and song.

Question scholars as to principal events in life of Moses, showing how the life is a commentary on the death. Lesson could be entitled—

LAST MOMENTS OF A GREAT LIFE.

For illustration, teacher might gather up accounts of last moments of other great men. Charles Wesley's last word, "Satisfied." At the time of Humboldt's death the sun was shining brilliantly into the room; his last words, "How grand these rays. They seem to beckon earth to heaven." Contrast death of infidels. Voltaire's, "I shall go to hell." Charles IX., who gave orders for the massacre on St. Bartholomew's Day, "I am lost for ever."

The Last Moments—Full of thoughts of the past. Picture him climbing Nebo, the rough path reminding of the past. Thinks of childhood, of difficulties overcome, what he had hoped to be.

The Last Moments—Lonely. General wish for friends to accompany us to brink of river. No mortal hand to wipe the death dew.

The Last Moments—Sorrowful. Could not forget his sin nor his disappointment. The result of his sin. To come so near, after so many years of waiting, and to leave the glory of entering with his hosts to another! We cannot run away from the effects of sin.

The Last Moments—Full of God's mercies. 1. God takes him to a point where he can see the land stretching before him. Eastern atmosphere more transparent than ours.

2. Work not left in confusion; leader had been appointed (ver. 9). Inscription on the Wesleys' tomb in Westminster Abbey, "God buries the worker, but carries on the work."

3. God was with him (ver. 4) "I."

4. Had glimpses also of the better Canaan.

The Last Moments—Full of peace. God brings good even out of our evil. The Great Alchemist. Moses could not have led the people so well as Joshua, on account of age; had he lived to lose his hold on the people, his heart would have been broken. Angels buried him. Grave hidden to preserve it from idolatrous worship.

"And had he not high honour?
The hillside for his pall,
To lie in state, while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall.
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave."

HIS EPITAPH. "HE WAS GREAT." *In learning*; *in leadership*; *in faith*, Heb. 11. 24; *in love*, ver. 8; *in age*, ver. 7; *in reputation*, ver. 10; *in type*, Deut. 18. 15; Acts 3. 22.

SEPTEMBER 30TH.

Review Lesson.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Deut.* 8. 2.

(For Temperance Lesson.—*Deut.* 21. 18-21).

A MAP of the Wanderings in the Wilderness would add great interest to this lesson. Take the words, "All the way," as the thread on which to string the quarter's lessons.

ALL THE WAY—trace it out on the map or from lessons.

ALL THE WAY, *and its heroes.* Get from scholars principal names.

ALL THE WAY, *and its scenes.* Sinai. Worship of calf. Building of tabernacle. Services in tabernacle. Return of spies. Water from the rock. Death on mountain.

ALL THE WAY, *and its work.* God never plans for people to be idle. Building of the tabernacle. Caring for flocks. Packing and unpacking of tents. Long marches.

ALL THE WAY, *and its blessings.* God's Covenant, Promise, Guidance, Patience, Gifts.

ALL THE WAY, *and its sins.* Idolatry, murmuring, thanklessness, mistrust.

ALL THE WAY, *and its reasons.* Get answers from golden text.

ALL THE WAY, *a picture of the Christian's life* from earth to heaven.

LESSON I. The compact between God and the soul. Conversion. The Egyptian or sinful life for ever behind. Public Confession.

LESSON II. Temptations which assail us.

LESSON III. The Christian's ever present Helper.

LESSON IV. Christian work and mission. Every Christian must be a giver and a worker.

LESSON V. Religious worship. "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together." Attendance at the house of God, test of character.

LESSON VI. The way to holiness—ourselves a living sacrifice (Rom. 12. 1).

LESSON VII. Jesus our sacrifice and atonement.

LESSON VIII. Thanksgiving for God's mercies.

LESSON IX. The Lord our Guide through the wilderness of life.

LESSON X. Reports and glimpses of heaven, from Bible and dying saints.

LESSON XI. Unbelief a constant stumbling-block.

LESSON XII. Christ our constant Friend.

LESSON XIII. The blessedness of death, in view of the heavenly land.

ALL THE WAY, *and its teachings for us.*

B e faithful to your vows.
E ver trust in God.
W ork heartily.
A cknowledge God in all your ways.
R efrain thy tongue from evil.
E xpect trials.

} OF SIN.

ALL THE WAY, *illustrated from Scripture.*

He preserveth the way of His saints (Prov. 2. 8).
The way of transgressors is hard (Prov. 13. 15).
And a way, called The way of holiness (Isa. 55. 8).
Talked with us by the way (Luke 24. 32).
Just and true are Thy ways (Rev. 15. 3).

C. SKINNER.

NOTES ON THE Y.M.C.A. BIBLE CLASS LESSONS.

SEPTEMBER 2ND.

Nathanael.—*John* 1. 43–51.

"*JESUS findeth Philip.*" Thus is stated the turning-point in his spiritual history. Contrast with ver. 37, where we find two seeking Christ. Here Christ is the seeker and finder. So He always is. He came to seek and save the lost.

"*Follow Me.*" Brief but comprehensive. Imperative. All Christian duty is summed up here. It means, obey My commands, follow My example, keep behind Me, let Me go first and lead the way.

"*Philip findeth Nathanael.*" We are not told that Philip followed Christ. We learn it in seeing how he sought to bring Nathanael to Christ. This was a good way to learn it, better than mere lip profession. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Note what Philip said to Nathanael: "We have found Him." Philip was an experimental preacher.

Philip seems to have blundered a little in saying, "Of whom Moses, etc. . . . Jesus of *Nazareth.*" He was not prophesied of as Jesus of Nazareth. But it is better to make a mistake in doing something, than to make the greater mistake of doing nothing.

See how Philip met Nathanael's question, "Come and see." He could not argue, but he could invite. Let us do likewise.

Observe how Nathanael received the gospel:—

1. *His Caution.* Like the Bereans. Care is needful. Credulity is not faith. "Judge before friendship, then confide till death."

2. *His Candour.* He is willing to learn, and to be convinced. He comes.

3. *Jesus Sees him Coming.* So He always does; detects first moving of desire. Like the prodigal and his father.

4. *Jesus Speaks.* Words of encouragement. No fear of puffing up. Discerns character. No *guile*, not "no *guilt.*" Free from hypocrisy. "Honest and good heart,"

5. *Nathanael's Surprise.* That Christ knew him. See woman of Samaria, Nicodemus, Zacchæus.

6. *Christ's Answer.* He seeth in secret (see Acts 9. 11). So Christ observes all hearts in their secret devotion.

7. *Nathanael's Confession.* Owns His deity and kingship. In these words accepts Him. How soon an honest heart is convinced! How Nathanael's faith condemned the unbelief of the rest of the Jews.

See what Nathanael gained by receiving the gospel (vers. 50, 51). This is to be understood figuratively, and as referring not to the *distant*, but to the *immediate* future. It promises a fuller unfolding of Divine revelation.

On the expression, "See heaven opened," see Matt. 3. 16; Mark 1. 10; "Opened UNTO HIM," Acts 7. 56.

Christ in His deity and humanity touches heaven and earth, and opens a way of communication between God and man.

JAMES L. STANLEY.

SEPTEMBER 9TH.

The Covenant with David.—*Ps.* 132.; *Luke* 1. 67–72.

I. PRAYER (Ps. 132. 1–10). Earnest prayer (ver. 1); prayer of intention (ver. 2); waiting in prayer (vers. 3–5); hearing of prayer (ver. 6); worship in prayer (ver. 7); invitation in prayer (ver. 8); pointedness in prayer (ver. 9); pleas in prayer (ver. 10); for Jesu's sake we are answered.

II. PROMISE (Ps. 132. 11–18). We have about 230 "I will's" in the Psalms, and in this Psalm we have seven; and around these seven "I wills" cluster the fulness of the Lord's promise to David about David's greater Son and Sovereign.

1. *The "I will" of Purpose.* "I will set upon thy throne. See the seven "shalt's" and "shall's" in Luke 1. 31–33 as a partial fulfilment, and Dan. 7. 14, 27, and Heb. 1. 8 as to its completion.

2. *The "I will" of Place.* "Here I will dwell" (Zion). This is to be taken literally, as Isa. 35. 10; and not in a spiritual sense, as Heb. 12. 22.

3. *The "I will" of Provision.* "I will abundantly bless her provision," etc. I will bless her with provision (see Zeph. 3. 16–20) and so shall be a provider to others (see Zech. 8. 13).

4. *The "I will" of Position and Praise* (ver. 16). Priests clothed with salvation—*i.e.*, accepted in Christ, the Righteousness of God—and as a consequence, joy shall be theirs, and praise shall follow.

5. *The "I will" of Prosperity.* "I will make the horn of David to bud." Horn represents power, and the horn, budding, life and prosperity. It means that Christ, as King, shall flourish and prevail (see Zech. 6. 12, 13; Ps. 48. 2).

6. *The "I will" of Power.* "His enemies will I clothe with shame" (ver. 18). See Zech. 14. and Rev. 19.

Note the following points in connection with Luke 1. 67–72:—

1. *Relation.* "Lord God of Israel." God in covenant relationship.

2. *Regard.* "Visited." Compare with Exod. 3. 16 and Ruth 1. 6.

3. *Redemption.* "Wrought redemption for" (R.V.).

4. *Raised up* a Saviour (ver. 69).

5. *Recounting* the promises. See Jer. 23. 5, 6; Dan. 9. 24.

6. *Release* from enemies (ver. 71). See Jer. 30. 10, 11; Isa. 54. 17.

7. *Remembering* the covenant.

F. E. MARSH.

SEPTEMBER 16TH.

Dishonesty.—*Prov.* 21. 6, 7.

"THE *getting of treasures*" is not condemned in itself. "The Lord thy God giveth thee power to get wealth." The distinctions of *rich* and *poor* are recognized in God's word. Christ does not say (as some in mistake suppose) that the rich cannot be saved, but only that it is difficult.

There is a danger, however, in the getting. The pursuit of riches is liable to have a demoralising effect, inducing covetousness and craftiness.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth."

"*By a lying tongue*"—here is the evil condemned: not the getting, but the *means* of getting.

Where *greed* takes possession of the soul, it is apt to make a man unscrupulous. The motto of some is, "Get rich, honestly if you can, but anyhow, get rich."

"He that hasteth to be rich shall not be innocent." Mark the statement. A man *may* get rich rapidly and innocently, through certain strokes of fortune, but it is laid down as a principle that no man can have riches as an ambition, and yet keep a clear conscience.

The competition of the present time renders integrity difficult, but not impossible.

Do men now get treasures by a lying togue? Let common experience answer.

What is meant by it? Who does it?

The buyer who says, "It is naught, it is naught," in order to get a bargain, and then goes and chuckles over his sharp practice.

The man who tells you the article is all wool, when it is half cotton.

The man who assures you that the article in his hand is exactly the same as the one in the window, when he knows it is inferior.

The man who sells you bread as being pure, when he knows it is adulterated.

The man who wins the confidence of a friend to get his money, and then gambles it away in rash speculation.

And so in every similar instance of dissimulation and equivocation.

Observe, they not merely *try* to get, but actually *get* treasures by lying. Yes, lying seems to prosper sometimes. But "fret not thyself because of evil doers." Their prosperity is like that of the mouse which succeeds in getting the bait, but traps itself at the same time. The man who gets a treasure dishonestly pays more for it than he thinks. There will be arrears to settle hereafter.

"*A vanity tossed to and fro,*" etc., or as R.V., "a vapour driven to and fro." It is unsubstantial. "Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished." Like a vapour, soon scattered.

"*That seek death.*" They do not this intentionally, but really and unconsciously. Like a will-o'-the-wisp, it leads them into danger, misery, death.

"*The robbery* (or violence) *of the wicked shall destroy them,*" etc., by the law of recompense, "Whatsoever a man soweth," etc. "His violent dealing shall come down on his own pate." The robbery by which they thought to secure themselves, shall become their destruction. This is so in various ways.

1. When dishonesty is discovered and punished in this life.

2. When the consciousness of the sin torments the man and spoils all his pleasure.

3. When dishonesty and all wickedness reaps its final reward hereafter.

"He shall have judgment without mercy, that hath showed no mercy."

JAMES L. STANLEY.

SEPTEMBER 23RD, 1888.

Rich Man and Lazarus.—*Luke* 16. 19–31.

I. CONTRAST BETWEEN RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

Lazarus.	*Dives.*
1. Poor.	Rich.
2. Naked.	Clothed.
3. Starving.	Feasting.
4. Dogs.	Servants.
5. Dead and carried.	Dead and buried.
6. In the bosom of Abraham.	In hell.
7. Comforted.	Tormented.

II. CONTRAST BETWEEN LAZARUS ON EARTH AND IN HADES.

On Earth.	*In Hades.*
1. At the gate.	In the bosom.
2. Dogs.	Angels.
3. Poor.	Rich.
4. Despised.	Comforted.

III. RICH MAN ON EARTH AND IN HELL.

1. Clothed.	Stripped.
2. Plenty.	Penury.
3. Pleasure.	Pain.
4. Prayerless.	Praying.

In this incident we have a sevenfold answer and illustration of what hell is, and the condition of the lost.

1. *Hell is Conscious Torment* (ver. 23).

The word here rendered "torment" is translated "sorrowing" in Luke 2. 48. "I have sought thee sorrowing"—Mary seeking Christ. "Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more"—Paul leaving Ephesus. It means to be in intense pain. Trapp says on this: "Having punishment without pity, misery without mercy, sorrow without succour, crying without compassion, mischief without measure, torments without end and past imagination."

2. *Hell is seeing the Bliss of the Righteous, and not being able to share it* (ver. 23).

(1) Ungodly husband seeing his godly wife.
(2) Wicked son seeing his praying mother.
(3) Pleasure-seeking daughter seeing righteous father.
(4) Parents seeing saved children.
(5) Wife seeing godly husband.
(6) Scoffer seeing the companion he laughed at.
(7) Infidel seeing heaven he disbelieved in on earth.

As one has said, "There are no infidels in hell. There, all believe without a doubt, while they tremble without a hope."

3. *Hell is Mercy denied* (ver. 24).

Illustration.—*Virgins knocking at the Door.*

4. *Hell is an Accusing Conscience* (ver. 25).

"Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

"Son, remember."

(1) Remember how you were born in sin, and lived the same.

(2) Remember how you had the gospel preached to you, and neglected it.

(3) Remember how you loved your sins better than Christ.

(4) Remember you are lost because you did not accept Christ.

(5) Remember all the calls God gave you.

Then you will experience the truth of Deut. 28. 65–67

5. *Hell is Loss* (ver. 25).

(1) Loss of earthly pleasure.
(2) Loss of interest in Christ.
(3) Loss of opportunity. "Depart from Me into," etc.

"It was a great trouble to Absalom that he might not see the king's face; but to lose God's smiles, to be banished from His presence, in Whose presence is fulness of joy, how sad and tremendous! That word "*depart!*" says Chrysostom, "is worse than the fire. Sure sin must be the greatest evil, which separates us from the greatest good."

6. *Hell is Separation.* "Great gulf fixed." Think what it means to be separated from and to.

7. *Hell is the Absence of Christ.*

Think of what the absence of Christ means NOW—DEATH-BED—*judgment throne—eternity.* Note the words "cannot" and "fixed."

F. E. MARSH.

SEPTEMBER 30TH.

Nicodemus.—*John* 3. 1–16.

"A MAN *of the Pharisees.*" Though the Pharisees as a *class* rejected Christ, yet believers were gathered even from among *them.* Though personal, social, and religious conditions may form *hindrances*, none are necessarily insuperable barriers.

"*By night.*" Probably *fear* kept him from coming by day. This is the most obvious reason. Better "by *night*" than not at all. The chief point is that *he came.* See Judges 6. 27.

"*Rabbi,*" etc. Thus far and no farther does Nicodemus go. "A teacher." Nicodemus evidently regarded our Lord only as a teacher, and supposed that all he himself needed was *instruction.*

Christ instantly meets his *state of mind* by the words, "Ye must be born again." Christ indicates the deep and true need—a radical change—a new life. Had men only needed *enlightenment*, what need would there have been for Christ's incarnation and death?

Christ startled Nicodemus by the statement. It is needful for men to be startled sometimes. The measures were strong, but in Christ's hands they were safe.

Nicodemus' reply indicates a mixture of ignorance and impatience. Proud human nature revolts at the humiliating truth.

Christ reiterates and explains.

"*Water and Spirit.*" Compare Matt. 3. 11.

"*Holy Ghost and fire.*" Here, fire is not something distinct,—Holy Ghost *as* fire. So in John 3. 5. Spirit, the power and reality—water, symbol. Compare John 7. 38, 39,—"living water. This spake He of the Spirit." Some regard "water" as meaning "*the Word*"; but this is not simple enough, and it is scarcely probable that Christ used it in that sense.

Consider the depth of meaning in the statement "born again." Demolishes all mere morality, religiousness, self-improvement, reformations, etc. What is needed is *renewing.* Only God can effect this. Ver. 6. Like produces like. To every seed his own body.

Observe threefold repetition of the doctrine of the new birth, vers., 3, 5, 7, and the double "verily" in 3 and 5.

Ver. 8. The secret, mysterious action of the Spirit. We cannot see the wind, but we know it by its effects. So we know the work of the Spirit.

Ver. 9. "*How can,*" etc. Human wisdom is baffled here. God's thoughts are higher than our thoughts. The pride of intellect and of religion must be brought down, in order to the reception of Divine teaching. Nicodemus had to learn his own ignorance.

Vers. 11–13. The authority of Christ's teaching—"*We know,*" "*We have seen.*" Christ only could thus speak in the *fullest* sense.

"*Earthly things,*" not earthly in nature or origin, but things which transpire on earth. The new birth is not an earthly thing, but it takes place on earth, and its evidences can be witnessed.

"*No man hath ascended.*" This evidently means no man hath ascended and returned again to tell what he has seen. Enoch and Elijah ascended; but they have not returned as witnesses.

Note the two further references to Nicodemus. Ch. 7. 50; 19, 39. These shed a light backward on John 3. Nicodemus did not hear in vain. See how he gradually grew bolder, and confessed Christ when all the disciples had fled.

JAMES L. STANLEY.

"A.1."

MAD JOHN BURLEIGH.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT,
Author of "Her Two Sons," "Eric Olsson's Minde Ring," "Drifted," "Little Rainbow," "Our Navvies," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH RALPH HARDMAN AND JOHN BURLEIGH BOTH DREAM DREAMS AND SEE VISIONS.

BOB CHATTERIS had a way of lingering when the other men left—of sitting on the slag heap near the opening of the mine; and more than once or twice the Vicar strolled up, and took a seat beside him, and then they talked in a fragmentary way of many things. One day Bob said suddenly,—

"Did you notice, sir, I wasn't at church on Sunday?"

"Yes, I *missed* you; where were you?"

"I went to Castleborough, sir."

"Did you find anything out? Tell me."

"Yes, everything."

The Vicar waited. Bob sat on in silence. His face was grim. At last he began:

"If I'd met yon fellow any time between Saturday and to-day, I'd have been t' death on him. You preached a bit sin' about a man as was possessed by the devil. *I know what it means.* I've never said my prayers sin',—they seem to choke me."



"'The fact is, Burleigh, I agree with you in your estimate of my character, and, solely with a view to self-improvement, I intend to marry.' 'And who is the lady?' John Burleigh spoke slowly. 'Lady Susan Stopham.'"

"I suppose you could not ask to be forgiven as you forgive?"

"Ah! that's t' size on it. I think I could forgive a chap ought but cruelty to a weak bit of a girl as he had sworn to love, and a girl, too, what another man would ha' given his life for. Think of t' honour of it, sir! A lass to trust all she's gotten to yer, and then to pay her back as yon man did. If I only knew where he was! I've a mind to go on tramp and seek him."

Bob looked sideways at the Vicar, to note the effect of his words. He saw the Vicar's pale face flush, and caught the startled anguish in his eyes, and then he turned his head. Silence fell between them, and then Bob said slowly,—

"I only came back to like tell you, sir—I couldn't frame to go without that; but now it's done, and I'll be off;" and he rose hastily. He had gone two or three yards, when he heard a voice crying,—

"Stay, Chatteris!"

The iron-getter turned reluctantly.

"What mun I stay for?"

"Because I *cannot* do without you. You are my only friend here. Don't leave me in my sore need."

Bob looked up; a strange light gleamed in his dark eyes, or was it a tear? The clergyman held out his hand.

"I don't see how I can be of use to you, sir."

"Don't you guess the strength, the help one gets from a kind face, when all others are cold? Don't you know the comfort of feeling a friend is near, when you are struggling with a temptation or a sorrow? I'm asking from you what our Master asked of His friends—'watch with me.' If you can't do it for love of me, do it for *His* sake, will you?"

The hand was still outstretched. Bob Chatteris took it between both his own, tried to speak, gave a great sob, wrung it, and turned away.

John Burleigh did not know what the man meant to do. He had hardly realised, until he sat that night in his lonely study, unable to read, how utter a blank the iron-stone getter would leave behind him. Perhaps at that moment he was tramping through the night, his heart burning with vengeance, and transforming a bitter sorrow into a bitter sin. Next Sunday there would be another vacant place. "Ah, the Master must know I am not a shepherd to be trusted to fold such as these. He is not going to leave him; no, He knows best. He is leading Bob to better keeping." Ah, how the Vicar's heart ached. He stepped through the window into the dewy garden, to get a breath of air. On the garden wall lay a piece of paper, held down by a stone. As he lifted it, he heard footsteps go down the road towards the village. Wondering what it could be, he carried it in to the lamp, and read,—

"SUR,—

"I'll bide with you, if you want me, till death.

"BOB CHATTERIS."

And then John Burleigh trembled, and fell on his knees.

* * * *

"Halloa, Jack. Here I am, you see."

"Why, Hardman, where have you sprung from?"

"I am on my way down to Inverben, and thought I would give you a call by the way. Can you put me up for the night?" asked Ralph.

"Of course. I am delighted to see you, my dear fellow. You look older, and, I think, happier."

"So I am; but what ails *you?*"

"I don't look ill, do I?"

"Not exactly, and yet —— Do you mean to say you have been all these months alone?"

"Why not?"

"Ah, then, that is it. You need a holiday. Look here, come down with me to Inverben. They will all be delighted to see you, and it will set you up."

"I am sure it would, if I only could come; but I cannot, so don't talk of it."

"Get some one to take your duty. Don't you know any parson you can trust?"

"You must not think me so unreasonable. I know just now of an admirable one—my late fellow-curate, Tozer, who would be delighted to supply my place."

"Then let him take possession at once. Telegraph for him, and come on with me to Scotland on Wednesday."

"I wish nothing better, but it is quite impossible."

"But why?"

"There are other reasons."

Ralph Hardman wondered inly what they could be; but asked no further.

"And what are you doing, Hardman?"

"Oh, a hundred things. I say, Jack, one thing I have found out at all events, and that is, that my days are not nearly long enough, nor my head strong enough, for all I have to take in hand. I used formerly to think as I was dressing, 'How can I pass the day?' and now it is, 'How can I get all I have to do into the day?' My danger now is not having too *little*, but too *much*, business. It is really sometimes quite a difficulty to snatch an hour in an afternoon for Azerley House." He coloured as he said this, and paused; but John Burleigh said nothing in reply. "I fear I have been drifting, rather than working with any definite aim. I want you to tell me your ideas. It seems to me, a man ought to have an object for exertion."

"Yes, my ideal for you, Hardman, is a parliamentary career—not one to gain place or power, not to have your name in men's mouths, but to work there for God, to 'defend the cause of the poor and needy.' I admit that you are not yet fitted for it. Forgive me for saying you do not want for ability, or readiness, or force, or, best of all, a warm sympathy; but you do need judgment. This gift can be acquired."

"And I may be an old man before I acquire it," answered Ralph, "if I cannot find some one to balance me."

Again he waited, and again John Burleigh was silent. When he went to bed that night, Hardman felt that he had been rather hardly treated.

"We have talked of everything nearly, except the one thing that I wanted to speak of; four times to-day I have brought it up to the very point, and Jack would not give me an opening. Of course he can't dream of what I wish to tell him, or I should think he did it on purpose. However, before I leave on Wednesday, I am determined to have it out. He'll be awfully glad; they are such good friends, and when we are married, I must get Jack to leave Houghrigg. I'll pension off old Mr. Scoresby—he has long wished to live in Devonshire, near his daughter—and then we shall have Burleigh always with us. My little lady and he are such chums, it will be delightful."

Next day the hours flew by so happily, that it was evening before Ralph Hardman made his opportunity. He had frequently mentioned Lady Susan's name in his conversation, and it had been music in John Burleigh's ears. He had encouraged the younger man to talk of her, and he, nothing loth, had told his friend much about her unselfish, sweet life, which he would never have heard from either her lips or pen. John Burleigh loved her with a more tender admiration every hour.

And now it was late evening; early to-morrow Hardman must go, but he had cheered his friend, and would leave brightness and energy behind him.

"There is one thing more I want to consult you on, old man."

"What is it? I am at your service."

"You said yesterday my danger might be impetuosity and want of a well-balanced judgment; but I think you won't accuse me of either in this case."

"Go on; why are you hesitating?"

"It's not so easy to take this fence," laughed Hardman. "The fact is, Burleigh, I quite agree with you in your estimate of my character, and, of course with solely a view to self-improvement, I intend to marry."

"And who is the lady?" John Burleigh spoke slowly; the room was almost dark in the gloaming.

"Lady Susan Stopham."

A dead silence followed the name.

"Are you surprised, Jack?"

"No," answered a strangely sounding voice from the corner.

"You cannot but congratulate me, then; no one could know Lady Susan, and not see she is everything a man needs in a wife."

"Then you are engaged?"

"No," laughed Hardman; "in fact, I have not said a word either to her or to her people. But somehow I am pretty confident it will all be right. When we are married, you must come to us; I have planned it all beautifully, and mean to take no refusal."

So, in the highest spirits, Ralph Hardman retired, and it never struck him until he was in the train next morning, that Burleigh had not congratulated him.

"I know he does it really, so it's all right; but I wish he had sent some message I could have given my little lady when it is all settled; however, no doubt he'll write. How awfully white he looked at the station, and such queer dark lines about his eyes—I'm afraid he's going to be ill. What a grand chap he is, though."

So came the blow—carelessly struck—which he had been dreading; and John Burleigh received it humbly, and for days did not understand its meaning. He went about his parish; he catechised the children in the schools; he spoke kind words to the feeble old men and rheumatic old women; and yet through all was the numb coldness of the dead joy which he carried pressing on his heart. He only had strength to bear it; as yet, he could decide upon no course of action.

He knew he must wait; but was it weeks or years, or, after all, only days before the letter from Hardman lay on his breakfast-table? The Vicar had been expecting it, and there it was; but he had not the courage

to open it. He turned it over, and then crushed it into his pocket. There were a heap of others, but he did not even look at them. He went out, passed down the village as in a dream, entered the schools, went through the morning lesson as usual, and then, with a desperate courage, he climbed to the old castle, and there, alone, with trembling fingers and shrinking disgust, forced himself to tear open the envelope; and as he did so, Ralph Hardman's *debonnaire* face flashed up in his recollection.

"DEAR OLD JACK,—

"I know you will be expecting to hear from me, and twice already in these four past days I have begun an epistle to you. Both of these I have burnt; now I am determined I will finish this one. I will tell you the facts in all their baldness, and you must imagine the rest. I found the Castle very full. Every one was kind, and the earl specially civil, saying particularly he was glad to see me. Lady Azerley, you know, is not demonstrative, but she also let me understand I was welcome. Lady Susan's reception was as kind as usual. After dinner that first evening, I had a long talk with her about my visit to you, but could gain somehow no opportunity, either that evening or during the next day, of speaking to her upon the subject I wished. So at length I thought—which had not been my intention—that I would go to the earl first. I was able to do so on Friday, and he was as pleasant about it as could be wished, and said many kind things. He gave me leave to tell Lady Susan of his approval, and place my fate in her hands. All Saturday I in vain tried to gain a chance of doing this. On Sunday afternoon, by the kindness of her mother, I got my opportunity. I don't know how to tell you, but in three words *she refused me*. She owned she had a sincere regard for me, but I could not get her to admit anything more. I should have left on Monday, but the earl particularly begged me to remain; and Lady Azerley assures me that if I can wait patiently, and let her daughter become accustomed to the idea, all will be well. It may be weak,—I suppose I ought to go, but the fact is, I love Susan so, that I am wretched when I am away from her; and if years of ever such patient waiting will induce her to change her mind, they will not be wasted. You don't know what she is—the sweetest, dearest, kindest, most thoughtful—but there, some day you *shall* understand her better than you do now. I know you are friends already; I want you to be close, near ones. I am determined I will never withdraw my suit—she *shall* be mine, if any effort of mine can gain her. But I will not go on; you will be tired of all this. So good-bye, old man. Write soon.

"Yours ever,

"RALPH HARDMAN."

John Burleigh read the letter twice over, and then went slowly down to the Vicarage. He would think it all out, but not yet, not yet. So, from force of habit he seated himself at his desk and opened his other letters, calmly answering each as he finished perusing it. He had written five; the sixth was lying face downwards. It was from Lady Susan, and ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR JOHN,"—John Burleigh started, it had always been "Dear friend" before—"Tell me what I must do. Mr. Hardman is here. You know why he has come, for on Wednesday night he gave me an account of his visit to you, and I now understand why he made it. My father favours his suit, but I shall never marry him. I like him thoroughly, *but I can marry but one man.* I see now you were right, and that I ought never to have asked you to remain silent; but then I thought it would not have been for all this weary time. *Let it end now.* Will you think me very bold if I say I hope you will let me come soon? I am afraid you will; and yet, having written the words, I cannot withdraw them. I will write no more. We shall have a long, long time in the future, please God, to *tell* one another our thoughts.

"Ever your own,

"SUSAN STOPHAM."

John Burleigh kissed the letter—his first love-letter—passionately. He read and reread it until he knew the turn of every letter by heart, and then at length he answered it. The pent-up devotion of months found an outlet. He told her in the fondest expressions how he loved her; he forgot his poverty, he remembered no longer his resolve of self-abnegation. All he could think of was her own dear self. His passionate words showed the strength of his affection, its tenderness, its depth. And then the postman arrived, and he had time only to end hastily, and tell her on the following Monday he would come down to Edinburgh, and be with her the day after.

Hardly had the man gone when a revolution of feeling came. He remembered with a shock what he had done; he saw distinctly that her parents would never consent to such a marriage—it could not be expected. He knew, too, that Lady Susan, were she once engaged to him, even though so engaged without her parents' approval, would not give him up. She was true as steel. Was her love for him not only to drag her down from luxury and social distinction, but to separate her from the affection of her family? Was he worth such a sacrifice?—and in deep humility John Burleigh answered, "No." Then he must save this girl, whom he loved infinitely above himself, from making it. If he allowed her, he knew she would part with all for his sake; therefore he must save her from herself. Suddenly the sharp, cord-like pain was drawn across his chest; he ceased to think, and gasped for breath; he felt he must lie down or die. He staggered to the Ilkley couch and fell upon it. Presently the agony passed, the respiration returned, and the numbness he knew so well, came creeping over his frame; it stole with a cold stealthiness into his brain, and he slept, and as he slept he dreamed.

Near Burleigh was an ancient Druidical circle. He had played with Arthur there many a time; it stood on the brow of a hill from whence for miles the peaceful pasture lands swept—a silent, wind-blown, green spot it was.

He found himself here, and recognised the place; but many of the features of the scene were changed. Instead of the open fields the eye wandered over forest lands. And the hill, which was clear of trees, was no lonely, still centre; a multitude of people was gathered there—strange, wild denizens of the woods, clothed in skins, and with waves of unkempt hair falling over their naked shoulders and arms. The men grasped quaint spears, the women wore savage garments, but one spirit animated the great throng; the sounds of mourning floated above them, despair and fear marked every countenance, even the little children cowered as they clung to their mothers' sides, and all eyes were fixed on the circle.

Within the range of its upright stones were gathered men clothed in white garments, and from the circle rose the solemn tones of a dirge sung by many voices. Nearest to the circle stood the chiefs of the nation. One was a white-haired old man; he leaned upon his grandson's arm for support—a noble youth who towered head and shoulders above the surrounding throng. His hand was clasped in that of a young fair girl, whose features seemed to remind John Burleigh of Lady Susan's, but he was too absorbed in the scene to give the thought more than a passing attention. The dirge rose louder, and grew faster; the white-robed priests moved round and round within the circle. The chant became more urgent. A flame shot up and fell quivering down the highest stone pillar; the priests parted right and left, and all the multitude could see the great stone of sacrifice, and the Arch Druid standing by it, the slaughter-knife gleaming in his hand.

"The land is mourning under pestilence," he cried, and his voice rang over the trembling thousands, who bowed their heads and assented with a moan. "For the sins of the people has the pest come; one must die for the many, and so the gods will be satisfied. No war prisoners will slake their anger; this is no year-day sacrifice. We come to-day to offer our best-beloved."

A gasp broke from the multitude, then an awful stillness fell upon it. Each mother thought her child was about to be declared the selected one, and strained the little one closer in her arms, or turned to her stalwart son with anguished eyes.

"Our best-beloved—noblest, bravest, most beautiful, most kindly. He whom all praise, whom all greet with smiles, he who would live to be the chief of all—he, the best-beloved, is the sacrifice chosen, and who is he?"

Once more the shudder of expectation shook the living mass. The blanched faces were all turned upward, the thousands of terrified, burning eyes were fixed on the two rows of priests, who, with hungry eagerness, were waiting the pointed direction of the Arch Druid's hand to spring upon the victim. Slowly the hand was lifted which held the gleaming steel. It pointed at the young chief.

"Who but Hella!" The priests sprang forward. A roar of anger and of despair broke from the multitude; the girl shrieked and threw her arms around him; the old man cried: "Spare Hella, take me instead." The people and the priests swayed in an inextricably confused rush, the flame leaped up wildly towards the sky, and with the din and rush in his ears, John Burleigh awoke, and found himself lying in his study, and the harvest moon shining in through the hop garlands.

"The best-beloved!" he said, "the best-beloved!" and he shuddered.

(*Continued—page* 705.)



Flown Away

Words by MARGARET SCOTT HAYCRAFT. *Music composed expressly for —"A. 1."— by* J. FRED SWIFT.

Moderato con espress. *quasi recit.*

VOICE. Whi-ther are the sweet birds flown? Hush'd is mu-sic's quiv'-ring tone,

PIANO. *mf.* *dim.* *mf.*

Cantabile.

Si-lent is the Psalm that fell All a-cross the for-est dell. Emp-ty nests are rock-ing now In the wind-blown sigh-ing bough; Ti-ny

p *mf.*

Moderato piu lento.

wings no more are spread, Joy-ful trem-bling o-ver-head, Joy-ful trem-bling o-ver-head. Vi-sion can-not trace their flight

cres. *dim.* *mf. tranquillo.*

On-ward, on-ward in - to light; Far be-yond our yearn-ing gaze, They have reach'd the ra-diant ways! Yea, but this we sure-ly know,

Still in sum-mer's ten-der glow, Where the beams are bright & fair, Birds are choir-ing o - ther-where. Birds are choir-ing o - ther - where.

cres. *Colla voce.*

quasi recit.

Whi-ther are the chil-dren flown, Whom we fond-ly call our own?

f *dim. e rallo.* *mf.*

Cantabile.

Lit-tle feet that mu-sic made, Qui-et - ly to rest were laid. Lit-tle lips that all day long Fill'd our lives with tune-ful song: Are they

p *mf.*

Moderato piu lento.

still for e-ver-more? Is their hymn of com-fort o'er? Is their hymn of com-fort o'er? Lit-tle dream we, left be-hind,

mf. *tranquillo.*

Of the peace the chil-dren find, Of the flowers they cull to-day, Of the voice they list al-way. On - ly this, be -

f

lov'd, we know, When the lit - tle chil-dren go, Then, in light be - yond com-pare, Christ en-folds them o - ther-where,

cres.

Christ en-folds them o - ther - where.

Colla voce.

f f



THE MISTRESS OF THE MANOR.

By F. Burton Irving.

I BEGIN this bit of history by a quotation from one of a bundle of old letters lying in my lap :

"Thompson Saxe died yesterday. Mrs. Saxe lingers, and is likely to, despite the stroke she had last summer. Humanly speaking, one could wish it had been otherwise ; for, to us, it does seem a mystery that the wife should be spared to a sort of death in life, to lie helpless month after month, needing constant attention, a burden to herself and all around her, and that her husband, whose pension was the maintenance of the family, and whose bright Christianity made the light of the home, should be called away after a few days' illness."

There are many such mysteries ! A son and a daughter were left to solve this one. To the delicate, boyish lad a friendly office opened its doors, and he entered as a novice on the pay of a novice. It was not much of an opening from the world's standpoint ; but there was no alternative, and providentially it would necessitate his living at Glenlea, a small coast town, having large attractions for unfashionable visitors who liked quiet and bracing air rather than the piers, bands, and promenade concerts of more stylish places.

It was the acceptance of this situation by Averil Saxe that led to a speedy settlement about the future of the two remaining members of the family.

"You can't go there alone," said Annie, "and as Dr. Erfurt says that the air of Glenlea would be the best thing for mother, we had better break up our home here and take a house there. I could let lodgings in the season, perhaps, and we should all be together, which must be better I am sure than any other way that seems open, especially as the doctor and Mr. McKinnon have promised, if we put this idea of mine into execution, to use their influence to procure us suitable inmates."

Good Thompson Saxe left no debts behind him, neither did he leave any property, save a small sum due from a Life Insurance Society, and the furniture of his home. Not much provision for a bed-ridden wife and two "children" as he called them, though at the time our story opens Annie was just twenty, and Averil had reached seventeen years of age. Not much, truly, but it was something, and enough to start them in the battle of life, though Averil was handicapped by very delicate health, and Annie weighted by the charge of a sick mother.

Homes for Incurables were not common n those days ; probably this brother and isister had never heard of one, or, if they had, possessed neither the knowledge nor the influence to get Mrs. Saxe elected.

Mercifully, Annie possessed a healthy body and a healthy mind, being well dowered with physical power and common sense, to say nothing of indications of intellectual gifts above the average. Hence, after her father's death, her shoulders were fitted for her new, though unexpected, responsibilities, and she, seeing her duties, took them up promptly. She had but few friends ; but the few were wise, and helped her inexperiences by their sage counsel.

Kind Dr. Erfurt, on whose advice they removed to Glenlea, was one of those helpers. College chums had sometimes put their heads together, to try to find out why he was not what they called *richer*. "Can't make out why Ericon Erfurt has not got on ; no man of his year was better qualified, or brought better head and heart to his work, and yet he has never made much of an income." Probably not ; but if the blessing of them that were ready to perish can enrich ; if poor men skilfully tended back to health, and given again as bread-winners to their families, send prayers to God ; if anguish and agony had been relieved by the powers Ericon Erfurt laid on the altar for humanity that could not pay its equivalent, the day will come, here or there, when, in the just arithmetic of heaven, he shall be counted rich and successful.

Kinnon McKinnon, the landlord, was another counsellor. He took his full quarter's rent, but he took the lease off her hands when she found a tenant, saying, "Aye, it's ower muckle o' a burden for ye tae be a factor as weel as luik efter yer mither, wha, puir body, is that doited ye'll hev' yer hands fu' I doot."

And Smithson, the incoming tenant, being a bachelor, was glad to buy the fixtures and such furniture as Annie did not want for the smaller house at Glenlea, especially when she handed him a written list of prices that seemed scrupulously just towards the buyer, full allowance having been made for defects, and more than full for wear and tear. Mr. Smithson had been always used to look after Number One, and it was a revelation to him to meet any person who acted upon a different principle. Though no Shylock, he was not above buying a good bargain, without uncomfortable questionings as who was to lose ; so, after going through the list with Annie, and examining the goods she wished to part with, he said, "I'll take them at your prices, Miss Saxe."

She simply answered, "They are worth what I've asked, for I turned up father's old cash-book, and, after ascertaining the first value, endeavoured to make such deductions as would be fair to any buyer."

"A word of advice, Miss Saxe, a word of advice ! When you've anything to sell, don't you think of the other side too much. You need not be buyer and seller both, you know. Every man for himself is the right rule now-a-days. You should get all you can, and never mind the rest. It's not your fault, but other folks, if they pay too much ; so again, I say, get all you can, for, from what I can hear, you are likely to want it."

He never offered to pay more than she asked, though he knew the things were "dirt cheap," as he said afterwards ; "it was not his business that she was obliged to part with them at a loss, rather than auction or move them."

The removal of her mother, and the transfer of their furniture to Glenlea, was effected by the help of a maternal uncle, who was on a visit to England at the time of her father's death, and who kindly devoted the remaining weeks of his holiday to his poor sister Martha and her bairns, and even insisted on paying Annie for his board and lodging in such a liberal fashion that, while he remained their guest, there was no need to touch the narrow store of money raised by sale of surplus furniture, the only store Annie had, except the insurance money which pertained to her mother.

"I would like to do more for you, dear," said the uncle, when he was leaving, "but I've nothing laid by ; it has seemed a duty to me to live by the day when I knew that I should have a retiring pension as a provision for my old age, and this trip home has fairly consumed the sum the company voted for it. I hope, Annie, that your mother's health may improve, if God will, and that, if not, you may have strength to nurse her. It is a heavy burden, poverty and sickness ; but you have a stout heart for the stiff hill, and God aye fits the back to the burden."

"Never fear for us, dear Uncle," said his niece, with as clear a voice, and as sweet a glance, as if her own outlook were of the brightest; "hitherto the Lord has helped us, and I put my hope where He has put my help, you know. Besides, there is so much cause for gratitude ; we shall have lodgers in the season, and with the library and Averil's pay we shall surely make ends meet."

* * * *

Five years have passed before we need again lift the curtain upon the household at Glenlea. It is nearly the end of September. Lodgers left them yesterday; more are expected to arrive to-morrow, and when they leave, both October and the season will be over. Annie stands at the door looking for some one who does not come, and then, not able to spare time for more than a glance, turns back to her indoor duty. All day long she has been cleaning the two bed-rooms and sitting-room, so that they might be fresh for the new comers the next afternoon. Much of the labour might have been saved, had the lodgers been a little more considerate and sometimes changed their sand shoes for house slippers, or well rubbed their boots on the mat at their many entrances. The Ingmans were tidy and careful over their household gear at home, but "when we are in lodgings, you see, it does not matter," and they ruthlessly crumpled up the long muslin curtains, put their feet on the rungs of chairs, laid dripping sea-weed on clean toilet covers, and scratchy shells on the polished sideboard, without heeding that their young landlady would sigh over the fast wearing of the carpets, and soap and rub covers through many succeeding washings, to get out careless stains, besides standing two or three hours to starch and iron the long white curtains, in order that the house might again look attractively clean.

Annie's views of duty in the sphere of life to which Providence had called her, were very broad, and she put a good deal of unpaid service into her lodging letting. "We never had any one to do such kindnesses to us before," said a sickly woman, who had come, with two delicate children and a work-worn husband, a city curate, for a fortnight's sea-breezes. The remark was called forth through Annie telling the mother "she would put both children nicely to bed for her before she came back, for

she was sure she would not get much good from her holiday, if she were always taking the little ones with her."

Again, when she saw a newly-married man chafing under the ignorance of his pretty bride in regard to her marketing, she offered to accompany the girl-wife to do a week's shopping on the morrow, saying, "You see, sir, every place is different, and Mrs. Keen hardly knows where to go for the best things." Then, when they were out together, she pointed out the most suitable joints for a small family, and in a chatty way instructed her companion in good housewifery, then and at various odd times, until she laid a foundation of thoughtfulness about cookery, upon which Mrs. Keen built all her after-management.

Annie Saxe, too, kept a supply of rag dolls, scrap-books, beads, and patch-work, to lend or give to little folks who must perforce remain in-doors on rainy days.

The Circulating Library, also, was full of novel features, though it was not large. Its basis had been her own books, added to those of her brother and her parents; and from time to time she invested in good second-hand standard works, as well as kept pace with the times by purchasing a few of the best of the new. She had a few shelves of children's books, where "German Fairy Tales" had place with "Robinson Crusoe," and other favourites that cannot lose their charm. Then there was Sunday literature (never seen at the usual sea-side libraries), where the lives of missionaries and philanthropists stood side by side with the best serials. A third section was popular history and science, poetry, biography, and general literature.

Many an idler seeking for something to wile away a dragging hour, found for the first time that there were books full of interest and diversion, not necessarily made up of tainted plots, sinning men, and evil women. Not that Miss Saxe ever pressed any one kind of book, only at times she would be appealed to for "something nice," and then she would scatter the seeds of her bright wisdom. The bow-window of her sitting-room was the only show place for *the library*, as the Glenlea people proudly called it, and the walls of the room, with shelves all round, their only keeping place; yet it did not look sordid, for there were little niches kept for flowering plants, and Averil's artistic fingers had done some dainty wood-carved brackets, and painted views that lent tone and colour, until remarks upon Miss Saxe's pretty room



"My first view of her was at our home farm. . . . I handed her the paper for Graham."

became quite common. There was one chamber in the dwelling that no mere visitor or lodger ever saw, though it was always kept fresh and pleasant, and that was where Mrs. Saxe had been from the time she came to Glenlea, physically as strong as ever, though brain-softening had gone on until all mental power had passed away. Only Dr. Erfurt, when he paid his promised yearly visit, and a few old friends saw the wreck that paralysis and brain trouble had made. None, either stranger or friend, ever heard either Annie or Averil murmur at this burden which God had appointed them.

* * * *

A footstep on the gravel; a greeting between two at the door; a wet coat and umbrella transferred to the sister; a warm dressing-gown and slippers to the brother, and Averil seats himself by the pleasant kitchen fire, where a little table, covered with the whitest of cloths, set forth dainty substantial tea for two.

"Nurse and mother have had theirs," said Annie. "When you did not come at the regular time, I knew you would be late, and did not like to keep them waiting."

Five years had made but little difference in Annie's appearance. She still retained the girlishness of her figure, her bright face still kept its habit of letting light out; but she had the faculty, under a quiet mannerism, of opening out and up on occasion, and surprising those who saw nothing in her save the commonplace useful virtues of tidiness and industry. Generally people who stayed in the house found out before they left that "Miss Saxe is very clever," and that "Miss Saxe is a good woman," and not a few "wish they knew more of her," and some went so far as to express regret "that such a superior person should waste so much of her life in common work." As if caring for a delicate brother and incurably sick mother, and guiding the house so that it was saved all gloom and repining, and giving daily living evidence that no duty, when done from high and lofty motives, could be common work, when done so uncommonly well, was pitiable.

It would strike a stranger that Averil was suspiciously thin, that his skin was painfully transparent, and that a stoop about the shoulders proved his early delicacy had not been outgrown. After a few minutes, he saw Annie's eyes searching into his condition.

"You are worse to-night, I am sure," she said. "Did you do as I asked you to-day, or must I urge that duty on you again?" "I went, Sis." "Well, and what did Professor Atherton say?" "Confirmed Erfurt's diagnosis, and said that nothing will arrest the disease but the voyage, and a lengthened residence in a warmer climate." "Then you must go, Averil, and I must look forward to the arrival of the mail, and your home-coming in a few years as a strong bronzed man." "Unless you join me in the interval?" "Not while mother lives, dear." And then fell a silence in which each heart felt its own bitterness. "You must write to-night and accept the secretaryship." "Certainly; our way is very plain, Annie."

Neither young Saxe nor his sister were rich; but her diligence and his plodding industry, despite delicate health, that often made all work a long day's weariness, had enabled them to provide a respectable home for themselves, with good nursing and other alleviations for their stricken mother. But their expenses were great in proportion to their earnings; so Averil was thankful that the long-desired foreign appointment had come just when he felt that he could not face another English winter, and when this view had been confirmed by Professor Atherton. It would be a wrench to leave such a sister, but he must not make the parting harder for her by showing all he felt; so he spoke hopefully about a good time to come.

* * * *

A voyage, rest, good living, bright skies. By the time young Saxe reached the Cape, he felt a new man, and his letters made Annie wholly to rejoice. Then came what is the great test for all delicate men who go abroad unmarried — the miseries of colonial boarding-house life, the want of attention to diet and hygiene, the loneliness amidst an alien crowd; then a breakdown, from which the stronger may sometimes rally, but from which the weaker too often fall hopelessly, to rise no more.



"'Ericon will drive us there.'"

A year has gone, and the long-stricken mother has passed away. Her daughter passes from the room where suffering has just ceased, to attend to arrangements that must be made for the comfort of the living.

The postman's knock! Two letters: one from Averil, and one inscribed by a stranger's hand!

She opens the first to see whether "he is better." It is scarcely decipherable; the hand that wrote it was just losing its cunning, the words were few—comfort for her and a commission. It ran thus: "I've a call, Annie, to home and rest; if you could only *see* me go, I should be satisfied, but in all things this side of heaven there is something lacking. Though we cannot say farewell, the welcome lies before us, and I will greet you in our Father's house on high. Heaven is near. Till we meet, do for others all you would have done for me. Be to some other friendless lads sister and mother." The sheet was unsigned.

She tore open the next envelope. Perhaps some kindly stranger had written to say Averil was better? Her life had been so bound up in love and hope for Averil! Now the sad truth had to come home to her: he was dead, and buried by strangers amongst strangers. It was too much; the paper fell from her fingers; a mist came before her eyes; she knew no more.

* * * *

"If after the funeral you can come and stay with us, we shall be glad to see you," wrote a kind old friend of the late Mrs. Saxe; "and, in order that the house may be no tie, I will find a tenant who will be glad to take it furnished for two months. A change will do you good, for, though you have known weary days in the past, my own experiences prove to me that a blank in life is ever worse to bear than a burden."

So Annie left Glenlea for a time, and went to stay at an old-fashioned farm, near the town where she had resided during the lifetime of her father, and while there, had invitations to renew intercourse with the family of her good landlord Mr. McKinnon, and spent also many pleasant evenings with gentle Mrs. Erfurt, the doctor's wife, who had a faculty of gathering round her pleasant, cultivated people. Here she received the kindest attentions, at first by reason of her sorrow, but afterwards on account of her own attractiveness and natural gifts. There was a strange charm about her gracious bearing and the pensive sweetness of her face. Mrs. Erfurt's guests, one and all, began to like to converse whenever opportunity offered with Miss Saxe, for she had that fineness of perception which at once gave her the keynote to something that was best in each, and the tact that enabled her to know what to say, what to avoid, when to speak, and when to keep silence. She had read to purpose, too, during the odd leisure of her busy life of lodging-letting, nursing, and housekeeping; and, despite all her past activities, was as full of repose in manner, now that occasion permitted, as if life had been one long rest.

One evening, young Squire Thorndale was amongst the guests, apparently chiefly engaged in discussing the chemistry of agriculture in quiet undertones with Dr. Erfurt, when the latter, with that keen observation which is acquired by the profession, noticed his eyes stray, every now and then, to the other end of the room, where Annie Saxe sat teaching his wife a new stitch in knitting, while several others gathered round the piano listening to one of Beethoven's Sonatas, most admirably played by a young niece of the hostess.

"That lady sitting beside your wife, Erfurt, is as full of sweet harmony as the piece of music your niece is rendering so exquisitely!"

"Indeed! Do you think so? And since when, Thorndale, did you take up the study of faces?"

"That one I've studied at intervals for two months, and now I want to know who she is, and have come here to learn."

"Where did you see her before?"

"Why my first view of her was at our home farm. It happened that I had a number of messages for the factor, and rode over with the list as usual, but not finding him in the house, as I expected, turned to the granary door, which stood open, and there, instead of Mr. Graham, was a lady. At first I was taken aback by seeing such a lady there, for though good in their way, the Grahams and their belongings are plain people. Of course I

lifted my hat and explained I was seeking our factor, when she told me he had just gone to the mill with his wife, and she expected them to return shortly. 'Should she give any message, or would I wait Mr. Graham's return?' Then I handed her the paper for Graham, as my horse would not stand long without a groom, and came away, knowing I had met for the first time the woman I wanted for my wife. I have not spoken to her since, but the more I see her the more I want to, that's a fact, Erfurt."

"Not too fast, Thorndale, till I've answered your question as to who she is. Her name is Annie Saxe; she is the orphan daughter of two of my old patients, and supported her mother for several years after her father's death by letting lodgings and lending out books at Glenlea. Now, will not that information put an end to your wanting to see more of her? Worldly-minded people, who judge after the traditions of men, would not allow that a person in that position could be a *lady*, you know, and Thorndale Manor has been used to have such at its head!"

"But *you* welcome her, and your wife's familiarity of manner shows that she counts her as a friend."

"True; but a doctor in general practice, accustomed to all sorts and conditions of men and women, meeting with little gold and less goodness, does sometimes light upon *worth* in unlikely places, and likes to see how it shines under new aspects. I make a study of character, as well as disease, and take observations where people little dream I am making them, sometimes even amongst my wife's guests; and Gertrude never asks her neighbours' opinion as to whom it is right to invite into her drawing-room, and no one here is ill-bred enough to show a shadow of discourtesy to her guests, e'en though, like Annie, they may not be strictly in the line of folks you are supposed to know."

Thorndale regarded the doctor critically and said, "It is not like you, Erfurt, to be cynical. Why do you depreciate a girl simply because she has not rank to give the 'guinea stamp'?"

"I don't depreciate her, I assure you; but I thought you might, when you knew her former circumstances, and I did not want to let you walk any longer blindfolded about her, that's all. Now if you care to go in and win, I will some day congratulate the Manor on its new mistress; but if you are uncertain of yourself, leave her alone; for, whatever the future may have in store, I know this, that such a daughter and sister,—and I have seen her under all circumstances, you know,—cannot fail to make a place for herself, and fill it worthily."

More talk followed about Miss Saxe's parentage, and her brother Averil, who was buried in a lonely grave abroad; then an introduction, and occasional intercourse; but Annie's reserve towards Thorndale was almost impenetrable. She knew nothing either of his intentions, or his conversation with Dr. Erfurt, and would not presume upon her presence in the house of the latter, to form a familiar connection with one whose position in the county would, doubtless, make him regret he had spoken to her if he knew all. Annie did not feel called to make any explanation about her circumstances. Why should she? But she would not presume upon his supposed ignorance.

The family who had rented her house for two months caught fever, and asked a longer tenancy; so she was compelled to accept the proffered hospitality of the Erfurts, after her visit to the Grahams was over.

Still the days went by, and though Thorndale availed himself of every opening, his cause seemed to make no progress. At last he appealed to the doctor, saying: "Erfurt, you must help me! I am wondering whether my mother could be a new link, and she has asked me to invite your wife with her guest to drive over and see her on your next visit. It must be done very informally, for she is, as you are aware, too frail for company ways."

So, on the following morning, Mrs. Erfurt asked Annie to go with her "to see a sick lady." "Ericon will drive us there, and call for us after his round; the place is a few miles out of town, and very pleasantly situated. I think you will enjoy it."

Thus all unwittingly was Annie Saxe introduced to Mrs. Thorndale, and found a very helpless old gentlewoman confined not only to her room, but to her bed. She fell to pitying her daughterless condition, and the fact that she was, despite her wealth, dependent upon hired attendants.

Her fresh, sweet face and gentle touch, long schooled by experience in nursing, won the old lady's heart, as other graces had won her son's. Mrs. Thorndale asked her to come again; these visits ended in her coming altogether, and in Dr. Erfurt being able at last to "congratulate the Manor on its new mistress."

"She is God's gift to my son," said Mrs. Thorndale, sen., one day to Mrs. Erfurt, "and a truer gentlewoman never trod the floors of this house, though many a richer bride has been brought home to it. Ah, my dear, the old lines are true,—

'Honour and rank from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.'"

* * * *

Years pass. Old Mrs. Thorndale has gone to her grave in peace, her last years brightened by Annie's sweet ministries of love. Squire Thorndale—no longer the young Squire, for a bright lad of sixteen laughingly claims the title—fills the magistrate's bench, with the universal esteem of the county, and, seconded by his wife, worthily takes the lead in all the philanthropic movements of the time. Both Mr. and Mrs. Thorndale are lovers of hospitality, and entertain largely, not only those who can entertain again, but many guests whom the world counts *nobodies*, but, in the sight of God, are kings, priests, and saints.

MEN shrink more from skin diseases than from any other, and they are amongst the hardest to cure; just as the skin diseases of the soul linger long after the heart is greatly cured. Witness the petulance, fastidiousness, censoriousness, social self-assertion, general disagreeableness of so many good people—all in the moral skin—repulsive exceedingly. I say *good* people; I do not say *very good*, nor do I say Christ-like, for that they are not.

SORROW cannot come until God bids it. Health cannot fade, wealth cannot vanish, comfort cannot decay, friendship cannot chill, loved ones cannot die, until He, in His sovereignty, permits.—*Octavius Winslow, D.D.*

INCONSISTENCIES.—If I want to see the inconsistencies of the Lord's people, I must go through Him to find them, for "He casts all their sins behind His back."

THERE is a limit to the revelations of the Bible about futurity, and it were a mental or spiritual trespass to go beyond it; but while we attempt not to be "wise above that which is written," we should attempt, and that most studiously, to be wise *up to* that which is written.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

"FOLLOW the Christ, the King,
Live pure, speak true, right wrong,
Follow the King—
Else, wherefore born?
—*Tennyson.*

THE shortest way to any heart is round by heaven.

My life hangs by a thread, but that thread is in a Father's hand.—*James Harington Evans.*

NOTHING speaks so loudly as the silent eloquence of a holy and consistent life.

WHAT fossils, what monsters, or what intolerable bores we should become, if we would get rid of the things and persons in our lives we are apt to call hindrances!

THE waters of Bethesda had a healing power, but not until they were supernaturally troubled; and so it is with the waters of life, when troubled, they are doubly healing, and when sanctified become to many sufferers phosphorescent with light from heaven.

EARNEST prayer is the inspired prophet of approaching joy.

"GOD delays to answer prayer," says Archbishop Usher, "because He would have more of it."

BLESSED GOD! Thou hast often taught us lessons in the shade we should never have learned in the sunshine.—*James Harington Evans.*

OUR MONTHLY TALK.

"IS THY GOD ABLE?"

BY THE EDITOR.

DEAR FRIENDS,—

In my last Letter I touched upon the character of Abram, as demonstrating this important truth,—that the men who have most power for God in the world, are not the men who go down into its society and enjoy its pleasures and pursuits, but rather those who walk with God, and keep their garments unspotted from the world.

To-day, may I press home a few words which I want to write to you, by reference to another grand Old Testament hero—Daniel?

Daniel's feet, like the feet of many a young man in these days, were set in very slippery places. The king's approval, and his promotion of Daniel to be over the three presidents, were sufficient to excite the envy of the nobles, who knew little and cared less about reputation based alone on virtue and integrity. The keen and jealous eyes of courtiers were set on Daniel; his whole bearing and deportment, his business ability, his administration of the royal finances—every word and act, almost every look—were subjected to most searching criticism. And with what result? No point in the armour discovered, no unguarded place; and, finally, in despair, his enemies exclaimed: "We shall find no occasion against this Daniel, except it be concerning the law of his God."

If Daniel, amid the less clear and definite teaching of the Old Testament Dispensation, could thus walk blamelessly before men, may we not well blush that so often our uneven, inconsistent, halting gait should cause, alas! too often, the enemies of the Cross to blaspheme? What was possible for Daniel, is tenfold more than possible now, that the Holy Ghost has been given as the Spirit of holiness, to energize in the soul of the believer.

We know the sequel—the den of lions and the king's challenge: "Is thy God able?" And if you and I are followers of the Lord Jesus, it will be proved by this, that though surrounded by the agents of him who as a roaring lion goeth about to devour, they shall have no power to harm, "For I, the Lord, will be a wall of fire round about, and the glory in the midst" (Zech. 2. 7).

"Is thy God able?" Let us not flinch from this searching inquiry. Have you passed through the furnace, and come out unscathed? Have you been to the battle and come off victorious? Have you day by day realised the strength of Christ made perfect in your weakness? Then, truly, thy God is able, blessed be His name! But if you are still enthralled by sin, if you are still led captive by the devil at his will, if you are still the slave of evil habit, of lust, of passion, of vice, why, clearly, thy god is *not* able. It may be a god of self-reliance, or of personal resolution, or of your own effort, but—be it what it may—thy god is NOT able to shut the mouths of lions, and to bring you off triumphant.

When Paul was cast on the island of Melita, and a viper fastened on his hand, the superstitious inhabitants came to the rash conclusion that he was a murderer, whom vengeance suffered not to live. But in a few moments he shook off the venomous beast into the fire, and escaped unhurt. Then the natives changed their minds, and voted him a god. And it is just as we, in the strength of the Lord of Hosts, are seen to shake off vipers,—the vipers of selfishness, of pride, of evil-speaking, and a host of other vipers,—that those around us will believe in the reality of our profession.

There is a promised land, for our immediate possession; now it is possessed by the Canaanite, the Hivite, the Hittite; but under the banner of the Captain of the Lord's host, we can say as did those men of faith—Joshua and Caleb, "We are well able to overcome."

I have written these few words of exhortation, suggested by some sad, despairing letters which have reached me from some whose eyes seem to have been taken off Jesus, and to be turning inwards upon their own wretchedness. Beloved friends, you will never see the sun, looking down a coal mine. The flesh in us is, and always must be, *flesh;* its nature ever unchanged and incapable of any improvement. It was nailed as a cursed thing to Christ's cross; therefore *reckon* it dead, heed not its dictates, recognize not its dominion. Claim the promised strength of the Lord, and victory will be yours, as it was his who exclaimed: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." There is the only secret of victory of any child of God; and with this, it is the greatest dishonour we can offer, to go on bemoaning our leanness and our failures.

I need not add that it gives me sincere pleasure to hear from any one to whom a few words of spiritual counsel or sympathy may be of help. "Bear ye one another's burdens;" and if, in His grace, my own shoulders have been eased of the crushing burden of sin, and my own heart filled with peace passing all understanding,—it is that we may speak what we do know, to the comfort and joy of others still struggling with doubts and difficulties.

A few weeks, and we shall be closing our first volume of —"A. 1."— It seems but yesterday that we floated our frail barque. But, through the goodness of God, she has been sped on her way with a strong gale; and if we may judge from innumerable testimonies continually reaching us, she is fulfilling her mission nobly. We should like to add largely to our number of subscribers, with the opening Number of the New Volume—November 3rd.

Our Paper needs no words of introduction; you already know it well. If you appreciate our aim, and the great cost of time, strength, etc., at which we seek to realise its ideal, —"A. 1."— give me your hearty, enthusiastic help, and our present large circulation will soon be doubled.

I fear some of our correspondents may have been disappointed at not finding replies, as quickly as they anticipated, in our special Correspondence Column. This is explained by our having to go to press so early, in order that the Volume may be ready in good time.

Again thanking the many friends who are helping us by the distribution of Specimen Copies, believe me,

Ever your true friend,

M. Jane Menzies.

(*Mrs Stephen Menzies.*)

BIBLE JOTTINGS.

We must have

Clean heart	Ps. 51. 10—Ps. 73. 1.
Clean hands	Ps. 24. 4—Job 17. 9.
Clean feet	John 13. 10.

We are cleansed by

The blood of Christ	1 John 1. 7.
The word of Christ	John 15. 3.
The spirit of Christ	Ezek. 36. 25

Three Handwritings.

Upon the stone	Exod. 20. 2.
Upon the plaister	Dan. 5. 24, 25.
Upon the cross	John 19. 19.

New creation	2 Cor. 5. 17.
New name	Rev. 3. 12.
New heart	Ezek. 36. 26.
New tongue	Mark 16. 17.
New song	Ps. 40. 3.
New commandment	John 13. 34.
New way	Heb. 10. 20.
New fruit	Ezek. 47. 12.
New home	Rev. 21. 1.

Jude.

Building	ver. 20.
Praying	„ „
Keeping	„ 21.
Looking	„ 21.
Making a difference	„ 22.
Pulling out of the fire	„ 23.
Hating...the garment	„ 23.

Truths connected with Overcoming.

Rev. 2. 7	Life.
„ 2. 11	Security.
„ 2. 17	Satisfaction.
„ 2. 26	Power.
„ 3. 5	Purity.
„ 3. 12	Strength.
„ 21. 7	All things.

Conditions of the Prodigal.—Luke 15.

Careless	ver. 13.	Confession	ver. 18.
Awakened	„ 14.	Contrition	„ 19.
Convicted	„ 17.	Conversion	„ 20.
		Accepted and rejoicing	„ 22.

Our Father, which art in Heaven.
Matt. 6. 9.

The Father of glory	Eph. 1. 17.
The Father of mercies	2 Cor. 1. 3.
The Father of spirits	Heb. 12. 9.
The Father of lights	James 1. 17.
A Father unto you	2 Cor. 6. 18.
The Father of our Lord Jesus Christ	1 Pet. 1. 3.

St. Paul's theme	Faith.
St. Peter's theme	Hope.
St. John's theme	Love.

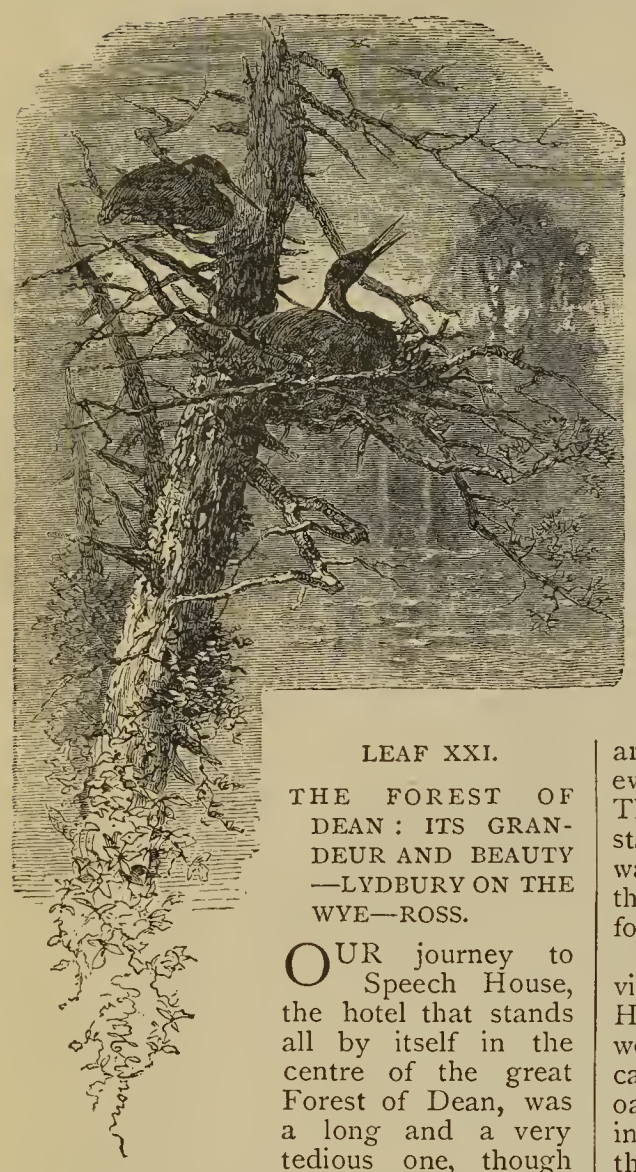
The Beatitudes of the Psalms.

Ps.	1. 1.	Ps.	84. 5.
„	2. 12.	„	84. 12.
„	32. 2.	„	89. 15.
„	33. 12.	„	94. 12.
„	34. 8.	„	106. 3.
„	40. 4.	„	112. 1.
„	41. 1.	„	118. 26.
„	65. 4.	„	119. 1, 2.
„	84. 4.	„	128. 1.

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF A GENTLEMAN GIPSY.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Land Yacht 'Wanderer'; or, Thirteen Hundred Miles in my Caravan," etc.



LEAF XXI.

THE FOREST OF DEAN: ITS GRANDEUR AND BEAUTY—LYDBURY ON THE WYE—ROSS.

OUR journey to Speech House, the hotel that stands all by itself in the centre of the great Forest of Dean, was a long and a very tedious one, though the scenery was grand and beautiful in the extreme. Probably, however, the horses hardly considered the view which they obtained of the surrounding country from the top of Cinderford Hill, a sufficient recompense for the toil, despite the fact that we had hired the assistance of a plough-hack, which was luckily obtainable.

Probably the peep obtained from the caravan on that hill-top is unsurpassed in England. Far away behind us and beneath lies the vale of Severn, winding through the woodlands, with hills and towns and villages beyond. On the right, as far as eye can reach, vast fertile plains go stretching away to the horizon. Just such a picture this as our greatest English landscape painters delight in, and have doubtless transferred to canvas over and over again ere now. Both Gloucester and Cheltenham are visible from here on a clear day. To the left, and below, is the wide, wild Forest itself, with blue mountains in the extreme distance. Those rolling woods are very beautiful, although their sylvan beauty is somewhat deteriorated by the smoke from the mines.

On ahead is the town of Cinderford. It is well named. We found it dangerous getting down the hill, from top to bottom of which runs the principal street of this strange mining town. So steep is it, that had the wheels been taken off, the *Wanderer* could have slid down easily for at least half a mile. The public-houses in this long street are all too plentiful, and the shops are somewhat peculiar. Some are co-operative stores; others independent, but seem to sell everything. I went into a corner emporium to buy some candles, having to push past a useful, if not gay, assortment of ladies' and children's dresses. Strange that you can buy bread, butter, and bacon at the same counter you buy your boots at, and that while purchasing potatoes you can buy your child a pinafore. But this Whiteley element pervades mining towns. It is the same in Wales, and in Lerwick in the Shetland Isles. I entered a chemist's shop to buy some Spratt's dog biscuits. The druggist was serving a customer with cold-drawn castor oil. "We have no sprats," he said, "but some capital red herrings!"

The industries of Cinderford centre in coals and iron; tips of shell are all around when we reach the bottom, and everything is stained either black or yellow. The very pigs, and the scraggy sheep are stained red or yellow with the iron ore; so I was not sorry when I found myself away up the other hill, and buried in the still, quiet forest.

Five minutes after our arrival and interview with the kindly landlord of Speech House, we were all at home. The horses were capitally stabled; the *Wanderer* in camp across the road among the gigantic oak trees, and close to the finest beech trees in all England; and Wells was cooking the dinner, while Bob and I lay on the green sward—I reading, he tumbling on the grass.

Our host—or say, rather, our horses' host—had taken in the situation at a glance; and when I told him who I was, and that I had come to have a glance at the Forest, he at once assured me that he would do everything in his power for us. Really, when I come to think of it, a good landlord is like a poet in one way—*nascitur non fit.*

Speech House is no ordinary hotel. It is as near an approach as possible to some of our great Highland hotels—at once a hostelry and a home.

This is a Royal Forest, and at one time, in the reign of Henry the Second, is said to have occupied all the land between the Severn and the Wye. Its area at the present day is said to comprise over 22,000 acres, of which 15,000 are covered with trees.

I have often wondered that it is so much the fashion of our time to rush away abroad in search of health and the picturesque, when so much is to be seen at home. Take this very Forest. I can safely say that a fortnight spent among its sylvan beauties, one little quiet fortnight would, in thousands of cases, do more to restore shattered nerves and vital energy, than months of meaningless racing in search of sights up and down the Continent. Rest is the only thorough restorative for the illnesses induced by the struggles most of us have in life, and here such rest may be obtained.

From the spot in the Forest where the *Wanderer* lay, delightful walks could be taken in all directions. The Holly Wood is close at hand, and I am under the oaks, and close by the largest beeches. One of them I measured five feet from the ground, was over eighteen feet in diameter, and one hundred and five yards round the tips of the branches. Even among the beeches and marvellous oaks grow those weird-looking old holly trees, with their strange rectangular, elbowed branches. Many of these were planted in Charles II.'s time.

Depending from the giant limbs of the great oaks here are children's swings, and there are tables and seats everywhere on the sward. During my stay here, swarms of youth and beauty used to appear suddenly amongst these. At one moment, all the place was silent and still; when I looked again, lo! a bevy of pretty children, dancing, jumping, swinging, eating, all well-dressed, evidently on a holiday; in an hour or less they would be gone; it looked as if the great forest had swallowed them up. Whence they came, or whither they went, I never inquired; I was content to imagine they were fairies or pixies, the natural growth of these sylvan solitudes.

Langham Place was within three miles by Shanks' Mare, and from here a nice glimpse of the forest is got, and it is a favourite spot for picnics.

The chestnut, beech, and fir avenues are within a mile, and the Darby beeches within four miles. Another picnic place and splendid natural fernery. Tintern Abbey can be reached in a trap within fourteen miles. Winberry Valley is a delightful walk, and only three miles from us. Pleasant Style, with its glorious panorama of the Severn valley, and Lydbrook-on-the-Wye, are both within hail.

Mr. Boyce drove me to Symond's Yat, on the Wye, a most romantic and beautiful forenoon's drive, which I can never forget. We returned by the high beeches, they are splendid trees. The bushy beeches are dwarfs, kept down by the sheep, and cropped into all sorts of fantastic forms. Every now and then in the woods we note low round towers. These are simply built round the shafts of disused mines, else visitors to the spot might now and then get ugly tumbles.

Ferns and foxgloves, that look so pretty growing together, quite covered the valley in some places.

The best of friends must part, so on the 15th of July we left the Forest, *en route* for Lydbury. The hill to descend from Speech House is a staggerer, and that to ascend is a solid steep drag of fully two miles; but Mr. B. had kindly lent me a sturdy forest horse, and thus encouraged, our nags never said "tired" until we were on the mountain top.

Lydbury, when we enter it, going down another long, dangerous hill, looked smoky, grimy, and grey, though situated in a most romantic wild glen. But ere long we rattled out from under a tall, spider-like viaduct, and, lo! a scene of most entrancing beauty.

The morning shower has laid the dust, but the sun is shining brightly, and we are doing our mid-day halt close to a wide bend of the Wye, which here is broad and shallow, and runs musically over its pebbly bed, singing, as it were, to the hills that everywhere surround us, clad to their summits and over with waving trees.

A man in a punt fishing; a boat with two lovers (they look like lovers) is rushing the rapids; a queer, old-fashioned inn on the right, with a broad causeway in front; a lazy wagoner with lazy horses, eating their lunch lazily; a donkey browsing on the bank; a group of pretty children on the grass amongst the wild flowers.

"Horses finished eating."

"Thank you, Wells. Get ready for off."

And away we go at a canter for Ross.

We had reached the pretty little Prince of Wales Hotel, about an eighth of a mile from Ross, and on the hill above, when a bright flash of lightning was followed by a peal of thunder, which seemed likely to break the caravan into match-wood. I greatly enjoy a good thunder-storm, so we stopped to enjoy this; the bath would do the horses good. I am bound to say the storm did not disappoint me. I had never encountered anything much finer, except when going round the Cape. And the rain came down in strings and stalks as thick as my pen-holder, splashing off the road again fully a foot high. The horses' hides steamed as it struck them, and they evidently enjoyed the novel douche. But we thought they had enough of it at last. Yes, there was stabling at this charming hotel, and a delightful meadow. The view all around here, from the caravan roof, is beauty and romance combined, and the glory of the sunset to-night is indescribable.

I had a visit, among other nice people, from a daughter of Colonel Jackson, a Waterloo veteran, whom I had the honour and pleasure of shaking hands with, next morning, at his own charming villa. He had been with Napoleon at St. Helena, and had many delightful anecdotes to relate of those by-gone times.

The gallant Colonel is about ninety-three years of age, but there is no reason why he should not live many years longer. I found him seated at breakfast, and making an evidently hearty meal on porridge and milk.

LEAF XXII.

ROSS — TO HEREFORD — OUR MEADOW-MATES — THE BRITISH CAMP — THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE'S NEST—MALVERN, WORCESTER, ALCESTER — THE OLD-TIME VILLAGE OF FLYFORD FLAVEL: A SKETCH—SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE—WILLESBOURNE — WASPERTON — RYTON, DUNCHURCH, RUGBY, AND NORTHAMPTON.

WE were on our way next morning early. The morning was glorious, the scenery delightful. The peep from behind us at Ross, with its winding river and that old ivied castle, was a very lovely one.

Then came one of the most enjoyable drives imaginable. I must not dwell on it; but at this stage of the caravan journey, it may not be out of place to say that a more romantic and less hackneyed route than I have taken this summer, could hardly be chosen by any thoroughly independent tourist, wishing to see England in a variety of "shows and forms," as Burns calls it.

One word about the fifteen-mile drive between Ross and Hereford. Cyclists, I feel sure, will bear me out when I say that, on a beautiful day in summer, it would be difficult to beat. I do not think I can ever forget the view from the hill-top about six miles from Hereford — a panorama wide and wild, from the spot at your feet, where the daisies and trefoil grow, downwards and away over the rolling wooded landscape to where the bare blue hills of Wales bound its horizon.

We got into Hereford in good time, and met much courtesy and kindness in the grand old town, bivouacking in a meadow, from where, across the Wye, we got a pretty glimpse of the town.

Spent the Sunday in peace and comfort. Our meadow-mates were (1) a short-horn cow, (2) a flock of sheep, (3) three horses, (4) a drove of pigs, that would persist in scratching their necks on the steps, and gobbled up all our cauliflower and potatoes, (5) a regiment of hens and a most gentlemanly-looking Dorking cock.

Monday, July 18th.—Repaired tires and went on. Splendid scenery, more varied even than yesterday. The rolling tree-clad hills, the orchards and fields of hops, remind me of Kent. Beautiful panorama from a hill 3½ miles from Ledbury; road fine, trees and hedgerows leave nothing to be desired. Camped in market stance of Ledbury; fine old-fashioned town; beautiful large church, with steeple and *tower detached*, as at Westbury. Why? Surrounded by motley crew in the evening; little boys and girls rough, but civil; editor of newspaper specially kind and hospitable.

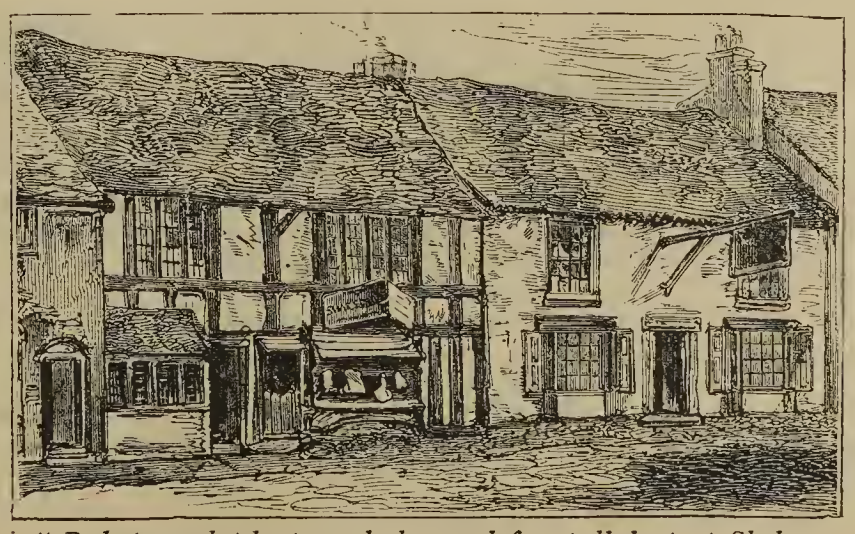
July 19.—Road leads through wooded banks, soon gets more open, winding through among well-wooded hills. Invited to Eastnor Castle, the beautiful seat of Lady H. Somerset. We drove through the gardens and grounds, and over the bridge to the hall door. The castle is charming inside and out, and Lady Somerset received me with great courtesy, afterwards visiting the caravan, and duly admiring Hurricane Bob. Drove through the great park and into a lane, or wooded avenue, three miles long. A more lovely tunnel through a jungle I have never been in. Soon after emerging into the sunshine we found ourselves at British Camp Inn—one of the cosiest wee hostelries in England. Here we are high over the surrounding country, on one side the green mountain, on which the monster stronghold stood centuries and centuries ago.

The view from the camp is even grander and more extensive than that from Cinderford Hill. Far down beneath me yonder, and not far from the lonely inn, is the Nightingale's Nest, as it is here called. It is a quaint little mansion, standing in the hollow of a mountain's side, completely surrounded with trees and shrubs, and covered with climbers and creepers. A little phaeton draws up to the gate, and the great singer, whose notes will never be heard in public again,* drives in, and trap and all is swallowed up in the wood.

July 20.—Left the camp early, making a mid-day halt at Malvern. The editor of the *Hereford Mercury* is proprietor of a hotel here at Worcester, and at his hostelry we stabled, bivouacking within the grounds of Alsopp's stores. John Brown, from Aberdeen, is superintendent of the stores, and was as kind to us as one Scotchman in a foreign land can be to another.

Worcester looks beautiful as we drive away next day for Alcester, with its towers and steeples and great cathedral. The poplar trees in the suburbs give quite a character to the scenery.

July 21st.—The road leads through a somewhat hilly country, but the scenery is everywhere thoroughly English, *i.e.*, mid-English. For nine long miles the drive is a study in trees, orchards, some very large, and laden with fruit abounding. Here and there we catch peeps of fields, however, and notice that oats are being harvested, and that wheat is nearly ripe. We encamp for an hour at Flyford Flavel, on the top of the hill. Perhaps there are human beings in this world who do not know that there is such a place as Flyford Flavel. There is, though, a small scattered village, with a tiny church, the whole well buried in elm-trees and orchards. Flyford Flavel is not a very euphonic name, nor particularly easy to pronounce, but people here do not hurry over anything, and strangers, if so minded, may leave one-half of the name till to-morrow. The one wee inn—called The Boot—is clean and tidy, and the landlord is civil and obliging. But we cannot get the provisions and refreshments we particularly desire. "No cherries, sir. Strawberries and raspberries all burned up." Water itself is scarce—no potatoes, peas, or greens—and we cannot get butter because they "don't churn more'n once a week, sir." But even the promise of fresh butter cannot induce me to encamp at Flyford Flavel. Children thrive here, though; *they* are not burned up, and their faces are both wholesome and pretty. Hark! a kind of sheep-bell begins to tinkle-tankle, and away scuttle our forty or fifty



"Perhaps no hotel upon wheels ever before pulled up at Shakespeare's house."

* Madame Goldschmidt — the people's Jenny Lind — has died since these lines were penned.

brown-cheeked bairns to school, and we are left in peace.

July 22nd.—Arrived at Alcester last night, after a journey of nineteen miles, and camped in a lovely meadow, where we spent a peaceful night.

To-day is a memorable one in the history of the *Wanderer* caravan. We visit Shakspeare's house. Perhaps no hotel upon wheels ever before pulled up at the doorway. However, we stabled our horses at the inn opposite, and dined, before we "did" the house.

Visited by an old friend, by a doctor of science from London, by the Editor of the *Herald*, and last, but not least, by one of the sisters who keep "The House." Her name is here in my visitor's book, Maria Chattaway; she is a dear old soul, and so appropriately named.

Four miles from Stratford-on-Avon is the village of Willesbourne, where, in a field belonging to Mr. Charles, I encamped. This gentleman has recently had the honour of presenting a white collie to Her Majesty the Queen.

July 23rd.—A bright, hot day. The roads, cut up by the long drought, are a mixture of dust and shingle; but the country we pass through is fertile, and like most midland scenery, well wooded. The corn here is all ablaze, and people are busy with their harvest.

Albeit the roads are bad, we see many pretty pictures to cheer us. At the little village of Wasperton, for instance, we cross the river Avon; and a very wimpling stream it is here, bordered by a fringe of pollard willows. Green meadows lie behind, shaded by fine trees; woods forming the horizon at every side, and over yonder a church and spire peeping through the greenery.

We arrive at rustic Ryton, nevertheless, with tired horses, and are glad to get into camp under the shadow of a huge elm-tree.

Drove once more through the splendid avenue of trees mentioned in last year's tour, which leads to Dunchurch. Made our mid-day halt at Rugby, where our arrival created the usual excitement on the street, and entailed the always welcome visits of people who had read about our wanderings.

We baited on the 26th at Northampton, but drove on soon. Too much civilisation about. A pleasant woodland canter takes us into Brayfield-on-the-Green, a quiet old village where one might bury oneself alive. The road leads past it, the country all high, and open, and breezy; olive green fields of ripening wheat; oats turning grey in the sun; fields of peas patched yellow and green; houses, old, quaint, ivied, thatched—saw only one woman in a doorway, and another in a garden picking peas. This is midland English life.

We found ourselves in camp that night at Yardley Hastings, which deserves a few lines all to its old-fashioned self.

(*Continued—page* 708.)

PRIZE TRANSPOSITION COMPETITION.

WE remind our readers that the Prize Transposition Competition closes September 8th.

THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.

WHEN the Indian mutiny broke out in the spring of 1857, the spark of rebellion, once lighted, soon caused its flame to spread with wonderful rapidity throughout Bengal.

On July 1st the Sepoys in Lucknow rose in mutiny, and commenced the siege of the Residency, where the Europeans had taken refuge and entrenched themselves. In spite of constant alarms, they held out bravely till they were reinforced by the first relieving force under (Sir Henry) Havelock and Outram on September 25th.

This force was in turn besieged by the rebels; but they held out for three long months, till they were finally relieved by Sir Colin Campbell. During those three months they had to repulse continual attacks by day and by night; and when the rebels thought that the provisions of the defenders would be running short, they became bolder and bolder. After one unusually severe assault, the rebels were driven back; but not before they had managed to batter down one part of one of the walls of the Residency. The English had continually to be on guard, and there was no time or means to repair the breach. All that they did was to fasten up a large canvas sheet where the gap had been made. A poor defence we might have thought; but strange to say, during the remaining week or so before the relief came, the rebels dared not force their way through that canvas, for they knew that behind it there were a body of brave-hearted men ready to shed the very last drop of their life's blood in defence of the wives and children and fellow-countrymen who were shut up with them in that Residency.

And yet, in the great battle of life, the child of God has a more sure defence than this against the assaults of the world, the flesh, and the devil. He has on his side One who never yet lost a battle. He is not only a Saviour, but a Keeper; and His royal promise is, "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep (R.V., '*guard* or *garrison*') your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus" (Phil. 4. 7). "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." "Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?"

THE MASTER'S LETTER.

"JAMES, I want you to come and see me at six o'clock, after you have left the works.

"Yours faithfully, ———."

Promptly at the time the young man waited on his master, who had written him the above letter. When he entered the room, after a pause the gentleman looked up from his desk, and inquired, "Do you wish to see me, James?"

Somewhat surprised, holding out the note he had received, he said, "The letter, sir; the letter you sent me."

"Oh! I see; you got my letter. You believe I wanted to see you, and when I sent you the message, you came at once."

"Yes, sir, surely; what else could I do?"

"Well, James, you did quite right to come. See, here is another letter for you; will you attend to that?"

At the same time his master handed him a paper which he had written. James took hold of the paper, and read, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

As he read, his lips quivered, his eyes filled with tears. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he grasped his large red handkerchief, with which he covered his face, and there stood, not knowing what to do. At length he said, "Am I just to believe in the same way that I believed your letter?"

"Just in the same way," was the reply.

"If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater" (1 John 5. 9).

That night James saw it all, and went home a happy believer in his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He saw that he had to believe God and give Him the same credit and confidence that he would give to the word or message of any trustworthy or business man that he met with in his daily life.

PRIZE PUZZLE COMPETITION.

£2. 12s. 6d. IN PRIZES.

DIVISION I.

Three Half-Guinea Prizes.

WE announce this week a Competition on somewhat different lines to those recently given, viz.—a Prize Puzzle Competition. We offer three Prizes of Half a guinea each for the best—

1. Puzzle Story.
2. Puzzle Picture.
3. Scripture Puzzle, Enigma or Acrostic.

RULES.

1. A Competitor may send in one of each of the above, but can only receive a Prize in one of the three Divisions.
2. Each contribution must be original.
3. Name and address of Competitor must be clearly written on each contribution.
4. Each Paper must be clearly endorsed outside envelope or wrapper: "Puzzle Competition."
5. A Stamped and Addressed Envelope must accompany each letter of inquiry, outside of which should be written, "Query."
6. The Prize in either Division will not be given, unless Competitions of Merit are sent in.
7. No Contributions can be returned to Competitors.

DIVISION II.

A further Prize of One Guinea

is offered for a Complete Puzzle Page, comprising a central Picture Puzzle or Diagram, with 12 Puzzles—either Puzzle Stories or Word Squares, Acrostics, etc., etc.—the Prize being awarded to the Competitor whose set of Puzzles represents the greatest *skill* and the greatest *variety*. These Puzzles need not necessarily be original, but originality will be taken into consideration by the Examiners. The source of Puzzles which are not original, must be given.

RULES.

1. No contributions can be returned to Competitors except Picture Puzzles, and for these an addressed and fully stamped envelope must be enclosed.
2. No Puzzle must be copied from any similar Competition.

3. }
4. } Same as in Division I.
5. }
6. }

VULPINE STRATEGY.

By Henry W. Elliott.

CURIOUS stories are often related in reference to the power of fascination and mesmerizing, possessed by men and other animals, but the exact definition of the faculty and result of the power has as yet to be satisfactorily given. Much thought on the subject however, is always aroused in the naturalist's mind whenever and wherever he may be at work in the field, observing and collecting.

While watching the peculiar aquatic movements of a herd of sea lions below the brow of an abrupt, lofty cliff on the east shore of St. George's Island, Behring Sea, in June, 1873, my attention was drawn from those pinnipeds to another exhibition, quite as interesting and suggestive.

I saw a blue fox (*Vulpes lagopus*) trip softly up and out to the extreme verge of an overhanging precipice, under the summit of which, and right on the face of the bluff, a few feet below, were the nest, eggs, and forms of two cormorants, or shags (*Graculus bicristatus*).

The fox peered down upon the startled birds beneath, and then, seeming to realise the futility of any attempt to reach them, he drew back from the edge, and also from the view of the cormorants.

In thus retiring, the artful fox knew well what to do. He had aroused the curiosity of the most stupid and inquisitive of all waterfowl, and Reynard was sure that these birds would soon rise on wing to examine the cause of their disturbance. As the shags flew up, the fox threw itself flat upon its back, with eyes closed, limbs limp and motionless, and its tail stiffly elevated, with a slight swaying motion, which the fresh breeze then blowing, seemed to create.

The cormorants, with their long necks craned up and then down, flew in wide circles over and around the inanimate form of their disturber, and in their aërial rotation they gradually drew nearer and nearer, closer and closer, in circling flight, until the pinions of one bird actually touched the brush of the simulating fox, who, at the moment of contact, sprang with electric celerity into the air and seized the inquisitive shag in its quick-snapping jaws.

Then, catching sight of me for the first time, the cunning animal bounded off and away with its foolish victim, in spite of the frantic wing-beatings of that unhappy bird, and in an instant a few feathers whirling in the wind-eddies were all that remained on the scene.

The combination of stupidity and curiosity which characterizes the cormorant's mind, is in marked contrast with the alert sense and indifference exhibited by the gulls and auks that live here in countless numbers. The fox never catches a puffin, an auk, or a gull by any such shallow humbug, and it is only the dull *graculus* which he intuitively marks for such diversion, and with which he triumphantly ends the game.

This peculiar exhibition of vulpine strategy —so odd that its recollection never renders it any the less so—in my opinion, showed nothing more than the power of morbid curiosity over the better sense of the shag, and the quick, keen instinctive appreciation of the fox, which seemed to know that only this bird would be guilty of such rash stupidity. Master Reynard would miserably starve, did he wait for gulls or other waterfowl on St. George, to be capable of such silly indiscretion, and that sagacious animal never attempts to catch them so. They would literally "gull" him were he to try the trick on them.

Another marked illustration of intelligence, verging upon true reason, to say the least, possessed by this fox of the Pribyloo Islands, was given to me in this way. During the months of May to November inclusive, the fur of the blue "peesaich" is faded, shedding and ragged, and hence it is valueless until winter fairly sets in, and then by December the fluffy dress is in prime order up to May again.

In the summer they are therefore never molested or hunted by the natives, but as soon as the winter season has fairly opened, the Aleuts are after their hides with all zeal and skill in shooting and trapping. The foxes understand this rotation of rest and unrest perfectly, so that they hardly keep out of the villages during summer, but bark and chatter everywhere in the faces of men, and actually half invite a frolic of people when strolling to and from the rookeries; but long before the first gun is fired at them in December, they have withdrawn from sight, and they have to be hunted with studied care and alertness.

My thoughts have returned many times, since I beheld this artifice of Reynard at St. George's Island, to the interesting subject of fascination or mesmerization in animals. We are all familiar, more or less, with the curious stories told of the power possessed by serpents in so paralyzing or benumbing the brains of rabbits and birds, as to make an easy conquest of such quarry. Never having myself witnessed this action of the snake and its victim, I cannot say positively that in my opinion fascination had anything at all to do with it, or terror either, but I am strongly inclined to think that the same pure and simple curiosity, which led the shag into the jaws of the fox, also leads birds and rabbits into the mouths of serpents.

Rabbits, hens, canary birds, and dogs can be taken up by a skilful man, and so manipulated in his hands as to be perfectly docile and passive — in fact, mesmerized. But what the fox did, as above related, was very different. Had it given the slightest sign of life while the shag was stupidly gyrating in air over its head, that dull, curious bird would have been instantly satisfied, and its stiff pinions would have carried it away to safety and peace. It was an exhibition of rare strategy on the one side, and of intense morbid curiosity on the other; neither the fox nor the shag was under the influence of the other for a single moment until the jaws of the furry trickster were closed upon the body of the feathered fowl.

LOCK-MAKING AT WILLENHALL.

By Henry H. Bourn.

ALTHOUGH in primeval ages there was no necessity for locks and keys, it is quite certain that, as civilization advanced, they became a necessity. No one can question their antiquity, as there is abundant evidence of their being used as fastenings long before the Christian era began.

Locks and keys are frequently mentioned in the Old Testament. Canticles 5. 5, Judges 3. 23, Nehemiah 3. 3. And Isaiah speaks of the Messiah, "And the key of the house of David will I lay upon His shoulder, so He shall open and none shall shut, and He shall shut and none shall open."

These allusions are sufficient to prove that locks and keys were used at a very early period, although it is impossible to determine their pattern. The most ancient lock ever discovered is that described by Mr. Bonomi as having secured the gate of an apartment in one of the palaces at Khorsabad. Bronze keys have been found amongst the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

When locks were first made in Willenhall and its neighbourhood, or even in England, we have not been able to discover. This is not of much importance, seeing that it is the present more than the past that we have to consider. The various kinds of locks made at these places may be divided into four classes—1. Brass cabinet and other best locks. 2. Bright and japanned iron cabinet and other common locks. 3. Stock or wooden case locks. 4. Padlocks. Those of the first class, which are very various, are chiefly made in Wolverhampton. The second class also comprises

an almost endless variety of locks, suitable for nearly every conceivable purpose.

For several years past, these locks have been made by cottagers inhabiting the outskirts of Willenhall, as well as at Lane Head, Short Heath, New Invention, and Portobello. Nearly all the country makers continue to make these with the same primitive tools which have been used in the trade from time immemorial, but in the township, several manufacturers have adopted the press and steam power. The locks thus produced are far better looking, and much more reliable than those which are made by hand labour. All kinds of locks of the cheapest description are made in great quantities for the foreign market.

An idea may be formed of the character of some of these locks when it is known that "tumbler cupboard locks" can be bought wholesale for 12s. 6d. per gross, "chest locks" at the same price, and "till" or "drawer locks" as low as 6s. 6d. per gross. We have known very decent "padlocks" to be sold at a still lower rate. Hearing such things during a residence extending over a few weeks in Little London, Willenhall, we were not surprised to find it quite customary for a lock-maker to allow any part of his work to remain on the floor, if, by any mishap, it had fallen from his hand.

The friend of a lock-smith being unacquainted with the custom, was surprised to see a chest lock, which was partially made, allowed to remain on the floor. Mentioning his surprise to the lock-maker, he received the following explanation. "Ah! bless thee, I can always make another before that has done ringing." Whatever number may be dropped, they are as a rule left to be picked up when the shop is swept.

With such dexterity are some classes of locks turned out of hand, that an apprentice will make a gross during a day, or, more correctly stated, will put together the different parts, having first given them the necessary touch with his file.

In the year 1855, the number of master locksmiths in Willenhall was 340. With the exception of the clergyman and the Wesleyan minister, all the inhabitants were engaged in lock-making or some other of the industries for which the town has long been noted. Only a few years before that date, there were neither resident magistrate, lawyer, nor policeman resident in the town, notwithstanding that it then had a population of 10,000. It must not, however, be inferred from this that lock-makers were a sober and law-abiding class. The very opposite would more correctly represent the condition of the people. Their love of brutal pastimes was evidenced by Willenhall being the last place in which bull-baiting was patronised; and their love for various kinds of sport and gambling is still seen in the interest taken in horse-racing, dog-racing, and pigeon-flying.

The numerous public-houses and spirit vaults compel a visitor to conclude that strong drink must be somewhat extensively patronized. It is, however, worthy of note that there are several large churches and chapels in the town, and that with the co-operation of the Salvation Army and Temperance Societies, a marvellous improvement has been effected in the social and moral condition of the people at large. There is, however, much to be accomplished before the desire of earnest Christians can be realized. Like other manufacturing centres, Willenhall suffers through a few evil-disposed men being brought into contact with those of a superior class, and with youths who are far too easily led astray by their conversation and example. This is an evil necessarily connected with factory life, whether few or many are employed, and one for which there does not appear to be any remedy at present.

In 1881, the population of Willenhall was 18,461 ; of that number nearly 400 returned themselves as master lock-makers. Many of them are in a very small way, employing it may be, only two or three men and three or four apprentices. Others, employing apprentices only. These small masters have but little if any capital. Such being the case, they are compelled to sell the produce of one week's labour, like many in the nail-making districts, before they can purchase materials for the next week's requirements. Their capital having been expended, they must sell their wares at any price to a middleman or factor in Wolverhampton. This state of things, taken in connection with the severe competition of foreign countries, tends to keep prices and wages so low, as to produce a considerable amount of destitution.

The lock-smiths have not as yet descended to the low level of the poor nail-makers ; but, unless something at present unforeseen prevents, there is every prospect of their doing so at no very distant date, as masters and men are both becoming more impoverished. Some of the employers, it is true, have succeeded, having erected better premises and introduced different kinds of machinery to such an extent as would have surprised their ancestors fifty or even thirty years ago.

A patent "tumbler lock" is made in immense quantities for the Levant and East Indian markets, and sold at the ridiculously low sum of one penny each. They are sold in large quantities, ranging from five thousand to ten thousand dozens at a time.

Although the principle of division of labour is not carried out to the extent it is capable of, in the manufacture of locks and keys, many of the operations are carried on as distinct trades, such as, for instance, "key stamping," "drilling," "pressing," "casting," etc. The great grandfathers of some of the oldest inhabitants, in their day had to work down thin iron for "lock plates" from bars which were considerably too large for their use. Rolls for rolling sheets and plates were then unknown. We are told that it was the custom with masters at that date to say to their apprentices towards nine and ten o'clock, after having done their day's work, "Now, lads, leave work and come and strike." That was the process employed for drawing bars of iron to the strength and size required for lock-making purposes.

A few years since, the master lock-smiths, with few exceptions, worked at the vice themselves ; and it was a rare circumstance to see one of them in the streets without his apron. Many of them, in fact, had such an attachment to the apron, that they declined to attend either church or chapel because they would not be allowed to wear these useful articles.

The locksmiths, as a class, have always been known as hard workers and hard drinkers. The abominable hiring system which formerly prevailed amongst them to an extent which had no parallel in any other British industry, tended to demoralize them. At a later date, the "Truck system," or "Tommy Shop," was productive of an amount of mischief which it is impossible to estimate. So that, like many others, if lock-makers have been sinners, they have been sinned against.

Is the "Truck system"—the paying in kind, instead of with the current coin of the realm—unknown among lock-makers at the present time? We fear not. If a revelation could be made of the payments which have been given for work done, in flour, groceries, and provisions generally, to say nothing of beer—the worst of all, during the last twenty years, we should doubtless be surprised and ashamed that such injustice and hardship could ever have been brought to bear upon a workman, by one boasting of being an Englishman, and consequently freeborn. Having seen much evil resulting from payment in kind, the short weight received, and the exorbitant prices paid, we cannot find language sufficient to express our detestation of the system. Our hope is that the Act lately passed by Parliament will prove itself equal to the task of at once and for ever crushing the system in all our centres of industrial life, so that it may never lift its head again.

In relation to the physical labour of lock-smiths and key makers, it must be said that the work becomes most injurious from the sameness of the position of the body and action of the arms, and the long hours during which they stand filing at a vice, and the inhalation of fine particles of metal. The right shoulder-blade becomes displaced and projects, and the right leg crooks and bends inward at the knee like the letter K, that being the leg which is hindermost while standing at the vice. The right hand also has frequently a marked distortion. Almost everything a lock-smith takes hold of, he grasps in the same way as he would his file.

MAD JOHN BURLEIGH:

A STORY OF HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT,

Author of "Her Two Sons," "Eric Olsson's Minde Ring,"

"Drifted," "Little Rainbow," "Corbiestanes,"

"Our Navvies," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. BOOTHROYD MAKES A CLEARANCE.

THREE weeks before Hardman's visit, one evening Mr. Boothroyd returned from market and came in to tea.

"Typhus fever's broke out in Castleborough again, missus," said he to his wife. "They've a Board o' Health—one of these here new-fangled things this Government's put on, just to make the rates heavier—and they're disinfecting and whitewashing all over the shop."

"What do they say is the cause?"

"Well, it's middling hot, you know, just like it was the summer our poor lass died."

The old farmer looked very sad as he spoke. He had loved his only child well.

"They have burnt some bedding," he continued, "and some clothes outside the town. I saw police agait wi' it as I came home; and I've been thinking, missus, happen we ought to do the same, though I should be ill grieved to think of Grace's things being all out of the place. It seems like as if they were a bit of her. Sometimes now, when I come in, I fancy I hear



"'I'm not going to burn good clothes for anybody.'"

her call 'father,' or other times it's 'daddy;' she were allus somewhere in the road when I come in, bless her."

Mrs. Boothroyd took a piece of buttered toast.

"I shan't burn Grace's things. Why, they are all of the best. I had the bed and blankets washed, and they are all right, and have been slept in many a time since."

"Yes," said the farmer, reluctantly; "but some folks blamed *them* for Betty Dunn's dying."

The farmer had often wondered if this really were so. He had got to believe the two had no connection, and yet somehow the ghost of a fear would sometimes lay its hand on his heart, and chill him through and through.

"Suppose it was so?" he questioned.

"All stuff and nonsense," replied Mrs. Boothroyd, sharply; "what had her washing our blankets to do with it? She'd have died then, choose what had happened. Nobody can live a day over their right time, so what's the use of talking so; you're bringing up some of the Vicar's mad notions."

"All the same," repeated her husband, "I think you had better burn our Grace's things. God knows I don't want it done; but they've been locked up now a matter of seven years, and most like moths have got into 'em by now; and, poor lass, they're no use to her. I don't often go into her chamber—I can't bide to—but when I do, there always feels a queer smell to me."

"It's all fancy, I tell you; and I'm not going to burn good clothes for anybody."

"Well, please yourself; I'm only telling you."

Mrs. Boothroyd let her husband go out, and did not discuss the subject again with him; but she could not help seeing in the newspaper, accounts of the measures being carried out to suppress the outbreak, and she was uneasy. She had no wish to die, whatever. If other people did, well, she could not help it, and cared not at all. It was a subject to be kept at a distance,—a personal acquaintance with death was a horrible thought.

Next morning she went into Grace's room. It was a small wainscotted one; she thought it *had* a peculiar odour, and opened the window. Then thoughts of the child who was gone, and who died with such terrible suddenness, came to her; and she wept a few tears as she gazed from the casement.

As she did so, she saw the Vicar approaching. He was coming to the house, evidently. Now he was stooping to unlatch the garden gate.

"What ever's got him to come here?" exclaimed Mrs. Boothroyd, as she hurried downstairs; "he's never been since he told me to read the 23rd of Matthew—such meddlesomeness! However, whatever he tells me to do this time, I'll just do the contrary."

It was very soon evident that the Vicar had an object in coming. He was not long in stating it. He introduced the subject of the visitation at Castleborough, and then told the farmer's wife that he had heard of her sad loss, seven years ago. He spoke so kindly, that even Mrs. Boothroyd's heart was touched.

He listened to her praises of her daughter, and to her rambling and minute account of her last illness, as few had done before; but all her new-born friendliness died out when he said,—

"I hear you still keep your daughter's clothes. Now, no doubt for her sake they are precious to you, and they are doing no harm, probably, locked up; but if they were exposed to the air, the germs of infection would spread, and there is no telling where the evil might end. Therefore, because it is right of you to do so, I ask that the clothes may be carried out in the chest of drawers, in which you say they are all packed, and that the whole, without opening them out, may be burnt. Two of your men could easily do this."

"I daresay they could, if I let 'em; but I'd like to see them dare do anything of of the sort. What, burn a good chest of painted drawers, and every drawer full of clothes! There's a silk dress, and three woollen ones, and cloaks and shawls, and all sorts, besides her summer things; and there's the cloud she was knitting with Shetland wool the day afore she died, with the needles in it yet. Not I, indeed! they're worth pounds."

"If it is only the money value of the things you prize, I will repay you the loss."

"And what should I value 'em for but for what they cost?" asked Mrs. Boothroyd, angrily. "I'm not such a fool as to think clothes are people. Boothroyd has those sort of notions, but they're all nonsense. I'm not going to be told by him, nor *anybody*," she added, significantly, "what to do in my own house."

His interview with Mrs. Boothroyd added an additional weight to John Burleigh's heart; but the farmer's wife, though she persisted in her determination, could not feel quite at her ease, or forget his solemn parting warning,—

"I have told you the consequences; you may endanger life; surely you will reconsider what you have said."

During the following week, she went several times into her daughter's room. She even unlocked the drawers, and looked at the clothes. She did not take them out; the truth was she was rapidly becoming afraid of them. Her covetousness urged her to keep them, her fear made her dread them.

The following Friday she looked in the weekly Paper to observe how the health of Castleborough stood; the death-rate was on the increase. She destroyed the Paper. The next Friday the accounts were worse, and her husband informed her that the Corporation had posted bills on the walls, giving stringent directions about flushing the drains, etc., and that police notices were out, ordering all cases to be at once reported, with a view to their conveyance immediately to the special Fever Hospital.

That night Mrs. Boothroyd could not sleep. Before morning she had settled that she would get some one to take the clothes away, and then she would have the chest of drawers washed with ammonia, and put out of doors for a bit.

The first person to arrive next day was Mrs. Bradley. She had come across to buy some eggs, and one of the servants called their mistress to give her them; for Mrs. Boothroyd kept the eggs, as well as everything else, locked up.

Here was her opportunity; it could not have happened better. Jane Bradley was afraid of nothing, and was known to laugh at infection.

"Jane, I am going to have a right good turn out, and the room that was Miss Grace's cleaned. There is a chest full of her things, and I want the drawers for something else. I thought, as you had a lot of children, maybe they'd be useful to you. You can take 'em away with you now, if you like, for one of the carts is going your way this afternoon."

"Oh, I'll take 'em, and thankful. I can soon fettle 'em up for t' bairns; but if you're only going to give me a few on 'em, I can hug 'em home."

"Nay, come up, and I'll show you. See, there they are; you can wrap them up in that red shawl in the bottom drawer, and there's a cloak in the middle one that will do for the rest."

"Why, you never mean, missus, I'm to have 'em all?"

"Yes, all of them," said Mrs. Boothroyd, hastily pulling open one drawer after another. "The truth is, her father can't bear the thought of them being in the house. You can take them out and pack them up, and one of the girls will help you down with them;" and the farmer's wife made a hasty retreat.

"They smell queer. That's with 'em being locked up so long. I'll hang 'em on t' hedge for a day or two when I get home. I never thought t' old lady had the heart to give 'em away. However, 'better late than never,'—but how queer this bit of a shawl the poor lass hasn't finished does smell, to be sure. Mary will end it off grand when it's been aired a bit."

With the assistance of the servant maids the two great bundles were hoisted into the cart, and Mrs. Boothroyd saw them leave the premises with satisfaction; and with no less delight did Mrs. Bradley trudge after them to the brick-fields.

Somehow she grew tired,—the two miles had never seemed so long,—she felt sick, too, and so faint once, that she had to take a deep draught of water at a way-side cattle trough.

When she reached her home she was so weary that she decided not to "side away" her new possessions until Monday, but with the assistance of the farm-boy, carried the great bundles into an empty out-house, and locked the door. Then she went in and made herself a cup of tea, after which she felt better.

This was on the Saturday evening,—the same evening on which the Vicar had dreamed his vision of the Druid sacrifice. He woke next morning, with the words, "As I have loved you," in his ears, and he lay thinking of them. "As" seemed a mighty word to him,—it grew upon his heart until it over-powered him. "As"—nothing less. "As" I have loved you—perfect self-abnegation, perfect self-sacrifice. "As"—"then I must do it." The Vicar took his bath and dressed, all the time saying to himself,—"*Can* I do it? *As*." "Christ, help me." He forgot his usual custom to kneel in prayer,—his whole being was a prayer. He went into his study; it was still early, and he heard Martha moving about in the kitchen. It was a glorious morning; in the sky was the promise of a hot day. A pungent scent from the hop vine stole into the room through the open window. He sat down

before his desk, and drew some paper forward, and dipped his pen in the ink. He wrote rapidly, "My dearest Susie," and then paused,—a strange trembling fell upon him—his shaking fingers dropped the pen.

"My Best-beloved." O God, is it necessary? Need I give up all? May I not go back a little way?"

"As I have loved you!" came the answer.

John Burleigh covered his face with those white hands of his, and wept like a weary child. The tears forced themselves through his fingers, and blistered the words he had traced. At length his weeping ceased,—the terrible weeping, which both eased and broke his heart.

He was calm enough when he picked up his pen, and on a fresh sheet wrote :—

"My Best-beloved." Nor did he this time either hesitate, but quickly the words grew under his hand; and he wrote on steadily, page after page, a noble, tender letter. Lady Susan has it still, and treasures it as her most precious possession. She reads it over sometimes, and then she feels John Burleigh close beside her.

The Vicar walked to the Houghrigg post, and dropped his epistle in the box before he went to church; he knew it would not go until Monday, but felt a dim desire to bury his dead before he went up to minister in the house of the Lord.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Pattison, "here's the Vicar a posting a letter on the Sabbath. I'll see who it's to. No wonder we see such a lot of Sabbath-breaking, when Church ministers behave like that."

She addressed this last observation aloud to the only passer-by at the moment, unfortunately an unsympathetic listener. She wished she had not said it when Bob Chatteris turned that thoughtful face of his towards her.

"Can't you think well of what you ken nought about, missus? Happen the Parson's letter was like Christ's words, to heal the broken-hearted, or to raise up them that are down."

"You're not to do evil that good may come," retorted the shop-keeper sharply.

"Then I wonder *you* so often does it, missus."

And Bob Chatteris lounged towards the church. He "attended regular now," his landlady observed, and held up his conduct for emulation to the other lodgers. In the opinion of the whole household, Bob was earning heaven at considerable cost.

"I go, I tell you, 'cos I like it. I'm fain to be there; I go for nought else."

No one believed him, but the statement was received without dispute. It was even possible that a man so religious as Bob had become, *might* like church; that thought only added to the wonder and admiration of the other delvers. The first peal was still ringing, and Bob seated himself on the Vicarage garden wall. Presently he looked towards the French window of the study; his friend would soon be coming out. A tender light came into his eyes as he saw the Vicar kneeling with his back towards him.

"He's praying. There's t' second peal. He's getting up. Ay, that's his sermon that he's taking up. Why, he's putten it down again, and opened his Bible! Why, if he hasn't forgot it!"—as the Vicar, stepping through the window, came towards him, with only his Bible in his grasp.

"Bless me!" said Bob, "whativver's up? His face is like what I read about yon Stephen, when they stoned him—it's like t' face of an angel."

"Good morning, Bob," said the Vicar, with a happy ring in his tones, and holding out his hand.

"Same to you, sir," answered the delver, staring strangely, as they turned and walked through the church-yard together, and Bob could no longer look at his companion's countenance. He remembered the forgotten manuscript.

"Begging your pardon, sir, I must mak' free to tell yer, yer've forgot yer sermon; you've left it behind."

"Yes, Bob," returned the Vicar, with something which was not a smile, but rather a swift illumination, "*I've left it behind.*"

"But, sir, what will yer do?"

"God has given me another. I'm going to preach to myself this morning, and to you. I fancy *we* shall understand it." And so the Vicar, with a gesture of farewell, passed into the vestry.

"Ay, 'they saw his face as if it had been the face of an angel.' Was that what I was thinking on?" questioned Bob; "or was it, 'With His stripes we are healed'? I don't know. Like master, like man."

The Vicar generally preached very quietly, almost as if he were talking to his people, but to-day there was a ring of triumph in his voice; it rose clear, vibrating with emotion. "'Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: *yet I will rejoice in the Lord*, I will joy in the God of my salvation.' Here," said the Vicar, "here it is! Take freely,—the fulness of Him that filleth all in all. Satisfaction, completion, victory. The best-beloved is gone, and yet God lives—God satisfies; our cravings cease, because——"

At this moment the church door opened with a crash. The speaker paused; every head turned.

Little Mary Bradley came hurrying up the aisle; there was a terrified appeal in her blue eyes.

"Mr. Bur'y! Mr. Bur'y!" she cried, and stretched out her arms towards him. "Come quick!"

"What is it, my child?" returned the Vicar, as he came down to her. She seized his surplice in her grasp, and hid her face in its folds.

"Mother is very bad. Come, Mr. Bur'y! *come quick!*"

John Burleigh put one hand on the shaking little head. "Hush, Mary! I am coming." And the trembling ceased.

Then he raised the other in benediction. "The Lord bless you and keep you, lift up the light of His countenance upon you, and give you peace."

Then he flung his surplice over the reading-desk, and went from amongst his people, leading the little child.

"My peace I leave with you," said Christ; and with the same benediction, John Burleigh went to *his* Calvary,—his Gethsemane was already endured.

Soon it was known by the groups who gathered, eagerly questioning and discussing in the churchyard, that Mrs. Margaret Bradley was down in the fever—the horrible fever which was slaying so cruelly in Castleborough, and which had twice swept through Houghrigg previously. A deadly terror seized the people. Their minds had been alarmed by the newspaper accounts, and the same stupidity which formerly had mocked at infection, now filled them with unreasoning fear. No power on earth would have induced one of them to go near the brickfields. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." Yes, pity, conscience, his very soul, as well as wordly possessions, will a man give for his life.

One and one only of all his flock dared to follow John Burleigh on his mission of comfort. That one was not even Farmer Boothroyd, though he slunk home with a bent head, and shame and fierce sorrow at his heart; for his wife had boasted to him how she had rid the house of the clothes, and he verily believed that poor woman—the mother of ten children, the head and strength of that decent, struggling home—would die for his wife's sin. He believed this, yet he raised no finger to help; and to his dying day, he was a worse and sadder man for his neglect.

The one who followed was Bob Chatteris, the delver, and he walked with his head up, and a glad light in his eyes, to the house of pestilence.

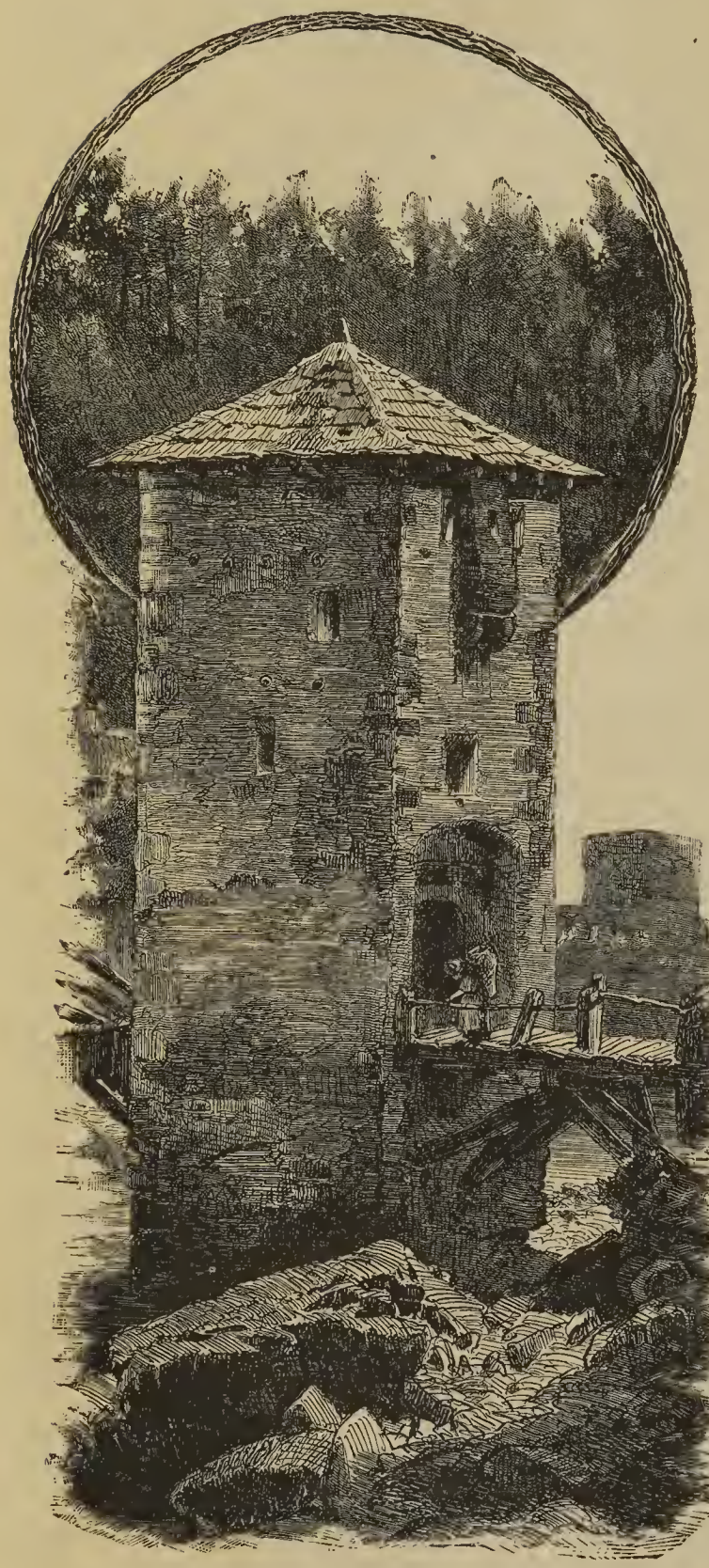
"I'm here, sir. We'll fight it through together, shall we?"

"Yes, Bob. God bless you!" And a hand-grasp sealed the compact.

(*Continued—page* 721).

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF A GENTLEMAN GIPSY.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the Land Yacht 'Wanderer'; or, Thirteen Hundred Miles in my Caravan," etc., etc.



"My attention was attracted to a quaint-shaped, four-sided tower."

LEAF XXIII.

YARDLEY HASTINGS AND DENTON—A LOOK AT A BROOK—THE BONNIE WEE TOWN OF TURVEY—DROWNED—THE BEDFORD REGATTA—OLD-FASHIONED ST. NEOTS—THE VILLAGE OF ETTISLEY—CAMBRIDGE FROM THE HILL-TOP.

AND this is the last Leaf proper, the last pleasant day the reader and I will have on the road together, for time presses, and space is a squeeze so we must submit to the inevitable.

We left the *Wanderer* in camp at Yardley Hastings. Now no one, unless possessed of the most elastic of imaginations, could call this a pretty village, nor its wee sister town either—meaning Denton, two miles off,—yet for rusticity, for quiet and for quaint irregularity, Yardley has few superiors in the midlands.

Denton is all "hichts and howes," as the Scotch say. It lies in a rugged little nest of its own. The cottages and houses are either thatched or tiled; no particular style of architecture has been studied; they stand not on the order of their going, for they stand anyhow. If you take a stroll through the village, and are not walking uphill all the time, it is for the simple reason that you are walking down.

I would willingly have bivouacked here last night, for the horses were weary; but lo! there was no rest for the sole of a wanderer's foot. There was a stable at an inn on the hill-side, but neither straw nor hay was procurable, and the worthy landlord explained to me that "We doesn't stable a 'orse once in a year, sir." The village was all *en gala*, nevertheless. No, not a jubilee, but a bean feast, I believe. The gipsy element was in the ascendant, the nomads had mustered strongly, and here was the usual conglomeration of swings and merry-go-rounds, steam circuses and shooting-galleries, with the usual mixture of small-fry folks, who ever move like satellites around the bigger shows, and the usual unmusical medley of singing, playing, screaming, barking, whooping, shouting, and shooting, so that I do not think even our horses were sorry when we got clear away and up the hill again.

The clergyman of Yardley Hastings was from home, but on calling at the bonnie, old-fashioned parsonage, I found that "Miss Maggie" was there, and cheerfully she assented to my laying the *Wanderer* in their little sheltered meadow. My only meadow mate on this occasion was a very ancient-looking chestnut pony, who came near the caravan to gaze and wonder what it was.

Our bivouac was surrounded by hedgerows, tall and unkempt, and at one side a row of lofty elms, pine trees, and poplars, through which all the livelong night the wind surged and sang with a sound like ocean waves.

As usual, we are an object of interest to the villagers. Little children sway on the gate, and gaze as they sway.

I go to have a look at the brook that creeps along through many a pool at the meadow foot. Deep down in a little ravine of its own is this brook, and almost hidden by a wealth of willow trees, elder bushes, and sedges, with all kinds of trailing, creeping, and climbing wild flowers. Here, on a soft bank by the bridge, is a whole regiment of young toads, not one of them bigger than the point of a lady's little finger, but charmingly bronzed all over. They are not over active even in infancy, but some can actually jump and skip. Afloat on the still surface of the pond are swarms of little water beetles—their cloaks shimmering like polished jet in the sunshine—and shoals of big water spiders, who walk the waters like things of life, as indeed they are. Verily there is much to be learned from even a brook pond. But here come Maggie and her little brother to have a peep inside the *Wanderer*.

And now we are up and away once more.

It is the 27th of July, and rain has fallen during the night, making all things fresh and green. The roads are smooth and hard, and the horses shake their manes and jingle their harness as if they quite enjoyed it.

By no means so well wooded a country as we have been used to lately; but seen from the uplands to-day, the landscape seems all alive, for a strong breeze is blowing, that turns the very rooks in their flight; that drives the clouds swiftly before it, their shadows scudding over the ripening cornfields beneath, till they look like storm-tossed seas. The straggling hedgerows are waving their green, ragged arms in the air, and the trees are beautiful as they rustle in the wind, the great willows especially, because they turn the silver backs of their leaves upwards to the sunshine.

We come now to the village of Turvey. This is quite a beauty nook. We do not stop, but just drive slowly through. Slowly enough to note its neat villas and cottages, both old and modern; its flower-clad lawns; its trellis-work, and climbing, flowery shrubs; its fine, densely wooded park; its quaintness of roof; its window gardens and gables; its woods and waters—all combining to make it one of the most charming rural towns that ever I wandered through.

Just three miles from Bedford we come upon a fine level triangular green, in front of a cosy inn, and here make the mid-day halt. Close to the road is a handsome-looking farm-house, entirely draped in green, and with many-gabled out-houses behind, also covered in ivy. But cheerful though the picture be, there is a sadness here to-day, and in all the parish round, for in a deep, dark pool down in the meadow yonder, the farmer's son, aged twenty-three, has just been drowned.

We found Bedford as delightfully gay as if there were no such thing as sorrow in this world. Its lovely river banks were crowded with fashionably dressed men and women, the river itself with boats of every size and shape, for a regatta was going on. Though it is against my habit to bivouac in a town, I could not resist the charms of Bedford, and soon got settled down in a comfortable meadow, where, after the regatta, sports were held.

Would that I had space to say more about Bedford, and the kindly welcome I received from its best inhabitants. I shall never forget it, and I am going there again.

We left Bedford at 11 a.m. next day, and drove on, over firm roads and through a level country, to Great Barford. Although the day was fine and cloudy, with a delicious breeze surging through the trees, the country was somewhat uninteresting. But many quaint, old-fashioned cottages lent a charm to the scene that an artist would appreciate. Then, from the rise of Roxton Hill we look down into the valley of the Ouse, and behold the river, broad and silvery-grey, winding through woods and meadows, where cattle and horses graze ; fields of waving grain ; labourers gathering in the hay harvest ; and many other rural sights. And yonder stands the beautiful red-brick mansion of Roxton Park, while beyond and on all sides are woods—woods—woods.

We cross a bridge at last, with a strangely vandyked parapet at each side—the bridge spans not only the river but meadows as well—and lo ! we are almost at once in the square of the old-fashioned town of St. Neots. Immediately after crossing the bridge, my attention was attracted to a quaint-shaped, four-sided tower, moss-grown and picturesque, the relic of a by-gone age. It was market day, and when we halted to put on the nose-bags, we were almost immediately surrounded by a crowd of onlookers. I should think that St. Neots never changed ; that as it is now, so it was two hundred years ago, and so will be two hundred years hence.

One of the chief pleasures of caravan travelling lies in the little surprises that constantly await one in the shape of incidents, scenery, and quaint, strange old villages. No one who does not travel as I do, with his hotel on his back, so to speak, can see rural England. *I* can stop where I please ; were I in a phaeton or coach, I could only stay where I came across a good hotel.

Of course, when travelling, I am taken for all kinds of concerns. I figure as a lord or duke one day, and as an itinerant photographer the next. Last summer I was taken for Vanderbilt one week, and for Blondin the next. But all this is good fun, and a gentleman gipsy must be a philosopher. I can hardly recall to my recollection any one instance of having been either molested or insulted wilfully.

Ordinary people will of course mistake even the gentleman gip. for a cheap-jack or a tinker.

Here is an instance. I was lying at Ryton, close to a pretty little inn where my nags were to sleep. About ten o'clock, the night being clear and starry, I was leaning over my fence, enjoying the cool breeze, when two people stopped to talk with me, and the conversation ran somewhat as follows :—

"Fine evenin'."

"Yes ; quite delightful after the hot day we've had."

"You're on the road, eh ?"

"Yes ; on the road."

"Humph ! Come Coventry way ?"

"I went close by it."

"Humph ! 'Eard wot those *other* gipsies got for stealin' the 'orse hout of this 'ere." ?

"I did not know of the occurrence. They'll catch it sweetly, no doubt."

"Humph ! Gips is hall alike in my opinion. I wouldn't trust ne'er a one o' 'em furder than I could see 'em. Good-night."

"Good-night."

I could not help laughing to myself, as I looked after the man's retreating figure.

At Chiseldon I was taken for a quack doctor going to lecture ; at another place for a kind of mountebank, and Hurricane Bob for a dancing bear. Bob did not mind that a bit.

At another village, I was lying in a lonely hayfield, which the farmer had let to a carter fellow, who, after mowing it, had stacked the stuff in a corner of the field ; and close to this we lay. The stack had been partly used, and I suppose the carter thought we gipsies would help ourselves freely, and probably put a bit on the roof. Anyhow, he came down in the afternoon, and behaved in a most expressive way. He never said "Good day" even, but walked round and round his stack, photographing its appearance, as it were, on his brain, and giving many a look towards my valet and me, to make sure we saw what he was doing. His looks spoke plainly thus,—

"I know exactly how much hay is here, and the shape of the stack, and I'd miss half an armful ; so just have a care."

Here is Ettisley. No coach and four, break, or dog-cart could stay here a night, for there is no hotel, and hardly an inn to speak of. A tumble-down old village of thatched houses—picturesque enough in all conscience—that go straggling and struggling, like a crowd of badly drilled militiamen, round a huge triangular green. This place can boast of a church and an inn, such as it is ; but life here must be dismal in its very tardiness. There are circles and marks on the grass, which tell us that circuses and show folk come even here, in summer ; but what must the winter be ? Hardy, pleasant-looking people, however, live on this upland flat, and chubby children too.

We lie on the roadside, for the village green is sacred, unless one bows low to some lord of a manor, and my Highland blood forbids.

We start away at ten.

Although wild flowers grow by the wayside, and clamber through the hedgerows —the purple furze or rest-harrow being quite a feature—we cannot but own that the country is bleak and cheerless. The day, too, is grey and cloudy, with a stiff breeze roaring dreamily through the stunted copses.

Uphill we toil for many a mile, till, on emerging from a wood, at the fourth milestone, we have a peep at a scene which quite dispels the gloom.

Many a cosy farm lies there ; many a mansion dots the woods ; with village church and spire, and swinging windmill, all among the green ; and right ahead, the college towers of classic Cambridge are peeping through the trees.

And far, far beyond this, for a score of miles at least, the view extends, as smiling a landscape as one could wish to see.

But time is up, and the readers and I must wish each other God's speed. The *Wanderer* will go back through Nature's varied ways till she reaches the quiet Berkshire village, there to rest until another Spring comes round.



"The labourers were gathering in the hay harvest as we passed."

LACE-MAKING AS A FINE ART

By Andrew T. Sibbald.

LACE is of three kinds: needle-made, or *point;* cushion-made, or bobbin-lace; and machine-wrought; and these three kinds are so distinct as never to be confounded, and to have their separate standards of merit. A fourth place might perhaps be found for that composite class of *application* laces, in which all the three methods are mixed, as when pillow-made sprigs of Brussels, or Honiton, are applied by hand to a ground of machine-made art.

We now propose to speak of needle-made or *point-lace*, which is first in order of value, and also of antiquity, being derived from the practice of needlework amongst the Eastern nations, and which, in parts of Italy and Spain, is still known by its Eastern name of *recami*, or *reccamata*. This is the rarest, the most artistic, and, in many of its kinds, the most lasting of laces, while by means of its varied stitches, numbers of objects can be well represented; thus flowers, fruits, figures, coats of arms, sacred emblems, and the best geometrical designs are to be seen amongst the trophies of the patient needle.

This point-lace is divisible into many sub-classes. Of these are *rose*, or raised point, called in France *dentelle à fleurs volantes*. *Point coupé*, or cut-work; *guipure*, or whipped, *i.e.*, over-headed work, sewed over a rolled stuffing of parchment or cotton. *Punti a maglia*, work darned in upon the meshes of a netted (*reticella*) ground, and called in France *point compté*, because these meshes are counted for the design. *Punti posati* is *over laid* work. *Punti lirati* is *drawn* work, where, as in hemstitch, all the warp threads are drawn out, and the woof ones are drawn together, and oversewed on a pattern. *Punti a stuora* is work on a coarse *mat*-like foundation; *punti in gassi*, on the contrary, was probably on a *réseau* ground. *Punti reali* is, like satin stitch, worked on a close material previously existing, and therefore belonging to a class of the true *recami*. This is the *plumetis* of the French *brodeuse*, and we have seen the robe of a West African savage elaborately covered with designs in this stitch, which were supposed to have a heraldic signification, and which were certainly admirably executed. Chain-stitch, the *tambour* of France and Scotland, is sparingly used in these old designs, where the stitch preferred to all others was that button-hole stitch by which the exquisite Venetian *punt in ære* was formed on the foundation of a single thread.

The grounds of these true *point* laces are of distinct kinds; the best is the *réseau*, when the pattern lies on a net ground, as in the laces of Burano, Alençon, Argentan, and in the other needle-*points* of Angleterre and Brussels. When parts of the design are connected with what look like small, knotted cords, these are termed the *brides*, and the knots, or thorns, called the *picots*, are the test of a good worker.

The second kind of lace is the pillow, or bobbin-made. This also is hand-wrought, and in it, by an ingenious association of threads, a wandering plait, more or less intricate, forms an agreeable design. As the root of all *point*-lace is to be found in needle-work, so the root of all bobbin-made lace is to be found in a braid (*lacet*), or plait, made by weaving and plaiting threads together on a precise pattern or plan. The threads, fastened to small bobbins of bone, lead, or wood, are thrown across the pillow, and plaited around a number of pins; each pin represents a mesh, and in the work the threads, traversing as they do from left to right, and right to left, often weave at once the pattern and the ground. The work is far more laborious than could be imagined by any one who had not tried it, though, by the position of the pillow its fatigue can be greatly diminished or increased. The English worker lays the pillow on her lap, the Bohemian places it on a small stand in front of her, but the peasant of the Vosges sits on a very low stool, and takes what she calls her *tambour* between her knees, while she reproduces with astonishing rapidity those small medallions and sprigs, for every one of which perhaps many dozen bobbins have to be kept in motion. Yet work done in this way, being as it were semi-mechanical, and admitting of a greater division of labour, must be in a measure inferior to true needle-made laces; being less deliberate, less finished, and less purely under the worker's own control, it is by so much a less perfect expression of any man's mind. It is less artistic, less spontaneous, it is more quickly made, and is therefore rather less costly. Not the less, however, do some of the fine cushion-laces, such as the coral pattern of Naples and Lombardy, the *schlangenmuster* of Germany, and the sprigs of Brussels and Honiton, deserve the greatest admiration, while in the modern fabric to which the nickname of "*Cluny*" is given, we have copies on the pillow of some of the best *point* designs of the sixteenth century. From the causes we have mentioned, cushion-lace must of course be less fitted than is *point* for rendering the forms of natural objects: thus scrolls, arabesques, coral patterns, vandyke borders, and flowers of a conventional type have ever formed the staple of its designs, both in past centuries, and in its present fashionable phase of reproduction by tape. One of its most homely forms is the coarse *torchon* lace, to be found in France, Portugal, Galicia, Bohemia, Madeira, Dalecarlie, and the Tyrol, and which, now with one ground and now with another, may be seen edging altar-cloths.

Pillow-laces, especially when they have network grounds, should be judged entirely from these *fonds* or grounds. The old ones, such as Mechlin, have generally a hexagonal mesh; but the *fond* of modern Valenciennes differs from that of the old school, as do the various *fonds*, called of "Mirecourt" (wire-ground), "trolly," and "Ave Maria"; and all these are technicalities which have to be mastered before one is able to judge of Lace, since the local schools sometimes adopted each other's patterns, but never exchanged their methods of working the ground. Some pillow-laces have *brides* and *picots* executed with wonderful success, so as to produce the effect of the *brides* and *picots* made by the needle; sometimes, as in Brussels laces, bobbin-made sprigs are joined by needle-work; and *points* are added, which make a composite fabric; and sometimes, as in the Calvados, the women use a peculiar stitch for fastening together scrolls made on the pillow. To appreciate correctly the age of any piece of lace is no easy task. It is a great matter to be conversant with the best books of design, for these will at least give an approximate idea as to the date *before* which any piece of lace was not very likely to have been executed. But this is not all. Some manufactures (sub-classes of point-lace), such as the Alençon of the Colbert period, had but a brief duration, and others again, like the *dentelles à fleurs volantes* imported from Venice, had one term of life in Italy, and another in France; and he would be a bold man who should undertake to say of any kind of lace that it was never made in England. We believe that every lace made on the Continent has been known and worked here, though it may be but in small quantities, and at dates differing from the time when they formed an actual school in Italy, France, or Germany. This point must be borne in mind whenever the archæological question is put; and the date of the *work*, as recognised from the style, material, and collateral evidences, and distinct from that of the *design*, must be ascertained, before you can tell if the specimen is of English manufacture.

Observation, study, and great experience are required to enable any one to judge correctly of the age of lace, and even with all these it is much easier to guess, or to dogmatise, than to *know*.

Though some laces, like the *copanaki* (cotton) and *bi-beli* (silk lace) of Smyrna, are distinctly local, nothing can, in nine cases out of ten, be less certain than the *habitat* of laces, and yet, oddly enough, it has been (in the absence of the "natural system" of classification) on the geography of Lace that its nomenclature has hitherto been mainly allowed to depend.

The result has been the most admired confusion in our minds and in our cabinets, where laces are called "Greek" if they came last from Malta or Corfu (one piece possibly being *point coupé*, made with the needle, and another a border made on the pillow), and where we have specimens called Venitian, because they were bought in Verona, though they happen, perhaps, to be scraps of pillow-made Flemish, of a date prior to 1750. In the same way, any lace bought in the Ghetto is set down as Roman, or perhaps as Milanese, if "four *braccia* exactly like it were seen last month in a shop near the Duomo!"

And yet, as there is such a thing as a geographical distribution of lace, there must be some clue to this labyrinth, and there is, in the history of the lace-schools, and in the literature of lace.

Let no pedigree ever drive out of our minds the broad distinctions of fact : let us be fully convinced of this, that whatever have been the wanderings of a flounce in the three hundred years that have elapsed since *point de Venise* was in its perfection, no amount of time or space can change needle-made into bobbin-made, convert wandering braids into Guipure, or *fond de Mirecourt* into a *réseau* of Alençon.

The adventures of the flounce have given rise to its many *aliases*, and these adventures would be amusing enough if we could trace them. Let us say that the border in question was worked in some convent in the Euganean Hills for some prelate, who wore it above his purple, and gave it a fine mixed flavour of incense and candle-smoke, and of the close oak chests of his sacristy. After his death a princess bought it, her thoughtless heirs sold it, a servant stole it, a needy mender pieced it, a Jew priced it, and sent it abroad to be rebought, resold, reworn, retorn, remended, and so on, till it reached the pawnbroker's shop in Paris, where the English lady bargained for it, who now laments that her "Spanish guipure" was so sadly torn the other day. If the poor lady's "Spanish guipure," besides having been torn, is challenged, she asks plaintively, how *is* she to know what her lace is ?

She never will know, unless she learns how to distinguish point-lace from pillow-lace, studies the sub-classes of these two great divisions, and abandons the geographical idea, except as far as the schools of lace can be made to serve her purpose. The schools had a geographical distribution. The beautiful geometrical designs of *point coupé* are of Eastern origin—Venice and Zante were their congenial homes. The *réseau*-ground laces of Alençon and Argentan, so well fitted for a courtier's ruffles, grew up round the court of the *Grand Monarque*. Cushion-laces, again, are a fashion of the more northern nations, existing often in poor and mountainous regions, such as Bohemia, the Tyrol, Dalecarlie, and the Vosges. In fact, the girl who plies what Shakspeare called "the bones," will generally be found speaking a *patois*, and living remote from the great centres of industry.

Of all lace-schools, the school *par excellence* was that of Venice, and there, more than in any other place, lace took its place amongst the fine arts during the last half of the sixteenth and the first two decades of the seventeenth centuries.

Many causes contributed to this effect. The period of the Renaissance was one of luxury ; tired of a creed which condemned the body, the Italians of that day were learning from the revival of Greek literature, to worship beauty and fitness. This age, that laughed with Pietro Aretino, and smiled with La Gioconda, sang and supped, studied and doubted, and whether as princes, prelates, or merchants, we see that the Medici, Sforzas, and della Roveres required for their pleasure all the services of all the arts. Miniatures for their books, cups for their tables, pictures for their walls, and domes for their churches—they asked all that art could make, and they were ready to reward it. And of all Italian cities, none had then a richer or a gayer life than Venice. Those senators painted by Tintoret, those warriors of Giorgiones, were not anchorets, and those fair-haired beauties whom Titian drew were possibly not saints, nay, they were so extravagant in their expenditure and attire, that the rulers of the Republic passed sumptuary laws to restrain them. When these laws were passed, the artists of the Republic had long vied with each other in the production of beautiful designs in lace. Every ornament that Venice could produce, these fair ladies had already adapted to their dress ; and not content with these, the manufactures of other countries were sought out and purchased.

The church stuffs and embroideries of Russia have about them much of Eastern splendour and monotony of design. Even the coarse pillow-laces made by the peasants in some of her governments—for example, in that of Moscow—have a semi-Oriental tinge, and suggest rather the border of an Indian vase or shawl than the works of Western Europe. Did this characteristic of Russian art come to her, as it did to Venice, from the East, from Byzantine waters ? or is there not a missing link to be seen in the gold embroideries of Tiflis, and in the needlework of the Tartar women of the Crimea, whose embroideries on crape have a great affinity with those of Upper India ? It almost looks as if Russia, preserving the memory of her Tartar invaders, as we know that she does in some of her customs, many of her idioms, and in not a few proper names, had also derived from them her needlework and embroideries. If this could be proved, the fact would be doubly interesting from the very certain one that it is to her Mahommedan conquerors that India owes her needlework and the rise of her textile arts.

COMPETITIONS.

THE Puzzle Competition announced last week will close November 3rd, and all Competitors must send in their Papers on or before that date.

We shall hope to publish the Prize Winners' Names in the "Christian Evidence Competition" early in November.

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

Tun.—Dr. Fitzgerald, Bishop of Killaloe, died on the morning of Nov. 24, 1883.

A Lover of Justice.—Out of some 3,000 Papers sent in for competition in our Spelling Chase, it would be impossible to trace any single one. But as the examination was entrusted to most careful and able examiners, you may rest assured that your paper had due consideration.

A Competitor.—We fear we could not spare the space to reprint the Prize paragraph, properly punctuated, especially as it is contained in a book to be found in every Free Library—Smiles's "Self Help," at the opening of the chapter on "Character."

"M."—Real conversion is the turning of the heart and life from sin, and from self to God. Assurance of salvation depends on simply taking God at His word—looking, not to our own feelings, but to Christ. "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." *That must be true.* And so, through faith we are saved, but through assurance we are comforted and edified. The witness of the Spirit with our spirit is the cry of "Abba, Father." In Romans 8. 15 that cry is said to be our own—*we cry.* In Galatians 4. 6 it is the cry of the Spirit—*He crieth* in our hearts. Thus there is a joint testimony, yet practically indistinguishable. For "the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth : so is every one that is born of the Spirit." You do well to give yourself afresh to Christ every morning, for thus believing, you abide in Him. Your sad complaint, notwithstanding this, of never thinking of Him for hours, is what many experienced Christians have to make as regards themselves. The remedy is to watch and pray. The whole tenor of your inquiries shows that the Lord has been dealing graciously with you, for which you may praise Him and take courage. And this being so, you need not feel either "afraid to live, or afraid to die," for your times are in His hand, and "He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

LIGHT FOR THE NORTH SEA.

By James Runciman,

Author of "Skippers and Shellbacks," "Tales of the Coast," etc., etc.

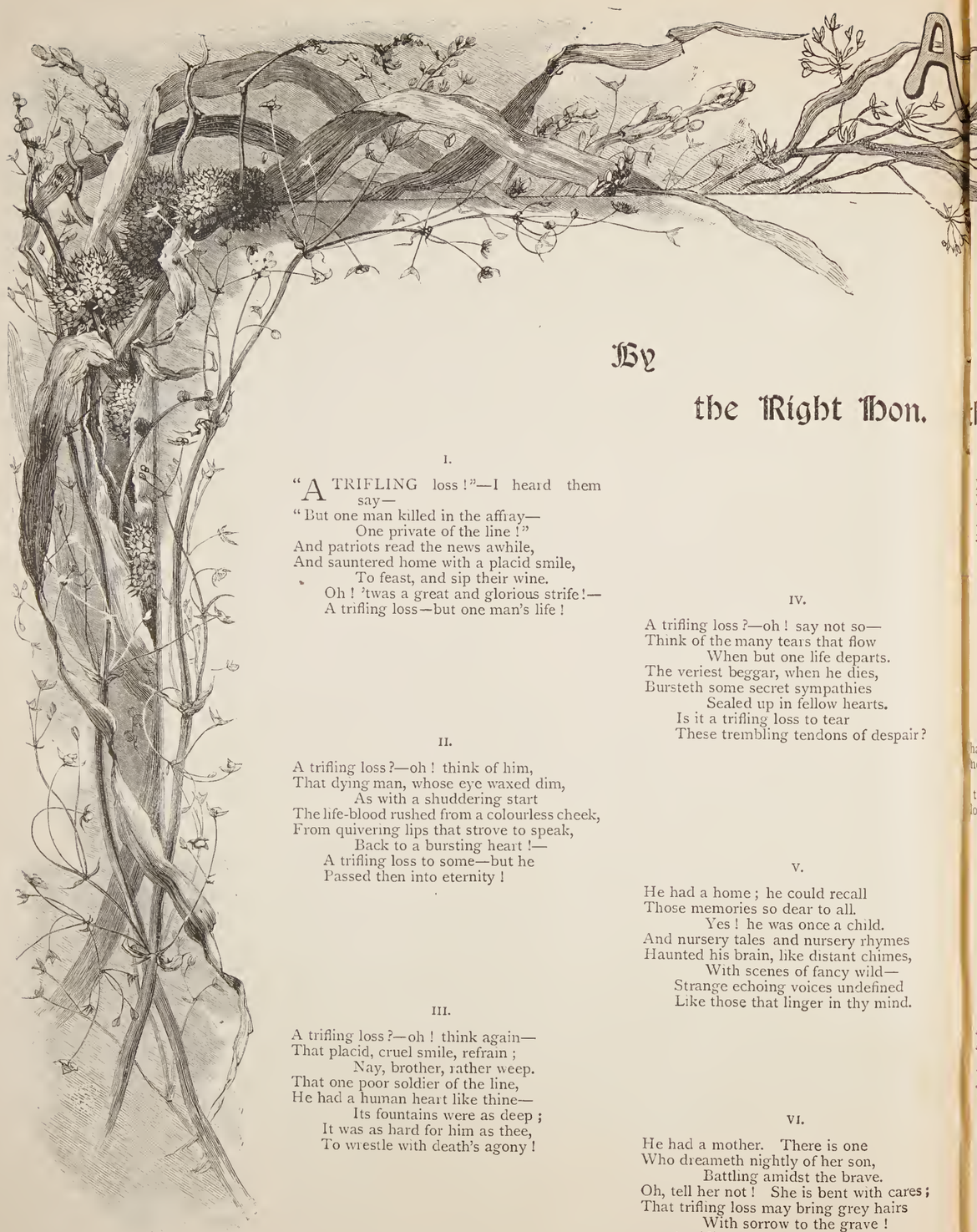
IN the depth of the bitter winter, I was gazing over a dreary marsh that stretches along by the border of the sea. The wind moaned mournfully, but sometimes there came a savage scream, which rose to mere mad clamour, and died away in low sobbing. The cold was so bitter that it almost had the effect of intense heat, and several times I feared that I must lie down on the frozen grass and give in. Then, with a whistling rush, a snowstorm broke on me, and I struggled on in the gathering darkness, while the hideous dusky trouble closed downwards and blinded my smarting eyes. At midnight I was obliged to let my pony find her own way home, for the immense roar of the gale, and the swoop of the lashing snow-clouds, seemed to stupefy me and numb my very heart ; so I sat on, in chill despondency, until the welcome door opened for me, and the glow from the fire stole deliciously through my being.

For hours after I had gone to my bedroom, and felt the old walls quiver as the blast struck them, I thought of the mad night on the North Sea ; for I had taken a voyage in wintry weather, and it makes my very bones ache only to remember what the fishermen endure. We shore-going folk spend half our lives in complacent ignorance ; most of us are naturally sympathetic, but we lack knowledge. Often and often I had luxuriated in my warm and shining room, when the wind rose to a fury outside ; but I never gave a thought to the poor fellows who abide the sombre rage of the North Sea gales.

My lesson, however, came to me in good time. I saw the fleets during a bad week, and I wish that many more men could have my experience. In great steamers I have often known hard weather, but I never was so impressed with the primitive and barren hardships of a seaman's life as I was when I saw the smacksmen at their business. One constantly learns, and I received an amazingly vivid lesson when a sea made me slip and fall. Within a few minutes I had put on dry clothes, but I knew that my comrades would probably have no such luxury as dry clothing for a week or more. Daily, since that bleak and squalid week, my thoughts have run on the fate of the fishermen ; all through the cruel winter, all through the bitter summer, my heart has thrilled to every tearing gust that rushed over my cottage ; and now it seems to me that I must once more have a little conversation about the luck of our gallant North Sea fishers.

Could my readers only have seen the condition of the steam carriers which ran into London during February and March ! In front of the bridge the ice was a foot thick ; every rope was coated to the thickness of a man's arm ; icicles, like great stalactites, hung here and there, and the deck

[*Continued on page 714.*]



A TRIFLING LOSS.

By the Right Hon. the Lord Plunket, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

I.

"A TRIFLING loss!"—I heard them say—
"But one man killed in the affray—
One private of the line!"
And patriots read the news awhile,
And sauntered home with a placid smile,
To feast, and sip their wine.
Oh! 'twas a great and glorious strife!—
A trifling loss—but one man's life!

II.

A trifling loss?—oh! think of him,
That dying man, whose eye waxed dim,
As with a shuddering start
The life-blood rushed from a colourless cheek,
From quivering lips that strove to speak,
Back to a bursting heart!—
A trifling loss to some—but he
Passed then into eternity!

III.

A trifling loss?—oh! think again—
That placid, cruel smile, refrain;
Nay, brother, rather weep.
That one poor soldier of the line,
He had a human heart like thine—
Its fountains were as deep;
It was as hard for him as thee,
To wrestle with death's agony!

IV.

A trifling loss?—oh! say not so—
Think of the many tears that flow
When but one life departs.
The veriest beggar, when he dies,
Bursteth some secret sympathies
Sealed up in fellow hearts.
Is it a trifling loss to tear
These trembling tendons of despair?

V.

He had a home; he could recall
Those memories so dear to all.
Yes! he was once a child.
And nursery tales and nursery rhymes
Haunted his brain, like distant chimes,
With scenes of fancy wild—
Strange echoing voices undefined
Like those that linger in thy mind.

VI.

He had a mother. There is one
Who dreameth nightly of her son,
Battling amidst the brave.
Oh, tell her not! She is bent with cares;
That trifling loss may bring grey hairs
With sorrow to the grave!
A trifling loss! but not to her,
That lonely, sonless sorrower!

VII.

He had a wife—oh! tell her not!
How doth she watch that infant's cot
With constant tearful eye.
No answer from her husband slain,
Yet how she hopeth still in vain,
Still trusting fearingly:
No answer to that letter yet—
She thought not *he* could thus forget.

VIII.

That letter next his heart was pressed!
The evening, ere he sank to rest,
He read it o'er and o'er—
A trembling record of hopes and fears,
Blotted at night by a brave man's tears,
Next morn by a brave man's gore!
They have buried it with him in his grave,
Next to the heart of the shroudless brave!

IX.

A trifling loss?—a thing of nought?
And yet—O God! how strange the thought
Of that one life gone past!
Whence was it? Whither did it tend?
Those years that seemed to have no end,
And yet are fled so fast!
So long—yet moments in the sum
Of the mysterious years to come!

X.

A trifling loss? Stay, let us think
Of that poor trembler on the brink
Of death's dividing stream
Standing beside that rushing tide,
Gazing upon that further side,
What doth the future seem?
Oh! as he wildly looks across,
Is death to him a trifling loss?

XI.

Looking in anguish madly back
On that irrevocable track
Of hour, and day, and year,
Doth memory, like a wintry blast,
Chilled by the ice-wastes of the past,
Palsy the soul with fear?
As he beholds a life gone by,
Is it a trifling loss to die?

XII.

Methinks I hear an answering voice—
"Must it be so? May none rejoice,
Standing beside that stream?
Hast thou not read erewhile of some
To whom the longed-for years to come
With tints of glory gleam?
Are there not some who gaze across,
Yet look on death as 'trifling loss'?"

XIII.

"And in the past a waste of years—
A wilderness of sin and fears?
Must it be ever so?
Can never memory retrace
A well-fought fight, a finished race?
Are there not some that go
Triumphant towards the unseen land,
When their 'departure is at hand'?"

XIV.

Ah! then smile on—ye may be right!
Was he that perished in the fight
A soldier of the Cross?
If so, it was a glorious strife!
If so, that unknown soldier's life
Was but a trifling loss!
A trifling *loss?* Nay, think again,
To him, perchance, "to die" was
"*gain!*"

was covered with a thick slippery sheet, which defied both hatchets and handspikes. These swift vessels gave some indication of what was happening in the North Sea. The steamers could return home at short intervals, but the smacks had to stay out on the terrible sea, just as though their hulls were impregnable, and their crews immortal.

The men had to go about with sacks tied over their feet, to prevent slipping on the glassy decks, and their fingers were bitten with cold, even though they wore several pairs of mittens. Mind, there was no chance for these fellows to nestle warm by a fire ; they had to work while the freezing seas poured over them, and every man knew that if an unlucky wave happened to smash his vessel—as so many have been smashed before—there would be no chance of escape, for the boats were under solid masses of ice. One crew only managed to escape from a sinking smack after they had worked for an hour with axes ; they saw their vessel disappear just as they had contrived to draw away. Amid all this misery and turmoil the steady labour went on.

Nothing impresses the imagination more than that deadly, dogged persistence. With a sort of morbid curiosity I have watched the fleet plunging on into the clamorous darkness. To me, the vast hollow roar of wind and tossing wave, and the ghostly wavering of the smacks, only brought thoughts of Beethoven, or of some weird and tremendous movement by Richard Wagner. We artistic persons are so apt to think of the majestic aspects of Nature as adjuncts to our æsthetic fancies ; but, in those vessels that shear the barren hills of the sea, and wander on all through the loud, dark night, there is nothing but stern effort ; and not one of the darkling hours —nay, not a minute, not a moment—can pass without bringing its new danger.

On an icy evening, when the trawl-beam is congealed to the deck, the gear must, nevertheless, be put over, and the most astounding physical feats are performed on a rolling, pitching platform of ice. When the chill of the desolate morning broods on the grey sea, there is no warm rest for the fisherman ; he has to risk a totally new set of accidents, for the squall boats row to the carrier, and crash and roll as the travelling seas rush past, curling into foam. Only lately I watched for four hours from the deck of a carrier, while the smacks beat up to us, and I confess that I found the spectacle more exciting than ever.

No landsman can help feeling a twinge of the nerves when a boat comes careering on the shoulder of a wave, and looking as if she must inevitably clash down on the deck of the steamer. Then the shouting, straining crowds of men ; the dead-lift efforts ; the leaps that bring one's heart into one's mouth ; the reckless feats of agility and courage, and the constant recurrence of accidents more or less serious—all these things make up a sight which might stir the pulses of the most phlegmatic cynic that ever lived. In that one morning I saw two cases of jammed fingers, and one or two bruising falls. Besides these mishaps, one man had to take a flying jump, and he plumped with his heavy seaboots right on the hand of his shipmate. The accident was unavoidable, as it was ugly ; and I was grieved to see that the wounded man had to use his torn hand in rowing away from us through an ugly sea.

In coal-mines there are many painful petty accidents every day, but the miner goes up when his shift is ended, and his hurts can be easily dressed ; the fisherman even now has to wait an indefinite time before he can be tended. I should only sicken people if I gave, in the driest terms, the ghastly list of bad accidents which happened during the winter. If I were in the humour for sensational writing, I might tell the most haunting stories ; but I prefer to be as quiet and definite as possible. It needs little imagination to understand that among some thousands of men who must labour recklessly amid massy ice, blinding snow, and smothering seas, there are certain to be large numbers of accidents.

And now mark me. It is only lately that a hospital ship has been planned for the relieving of those slaving, suffering seamen in the North Sea. We have collected millions of money through national charity for the hospitals on shore ; there is not a dock labourer, or bricklayer, or any other poor man (or poor woman), for whom a hospital bed or hospital relief cannot be provided with more or less celerity ; our London hospitals draw princely revenues, and own princely properties, and yet, strangely enough, we have never, out of our countless millions so lavishly bestowed —we have never until now thought of the class who, more than all others, are subject to wounds, bruises, and ailments brought on by bitter hardship. I shall be the last to blame the public : they left our men alone because they knew no better, and now, at this date, they are beginning to make reparation for their innocent neglect.



The new ship outward bound.

When I first went on the North Sea, I had a vague notion that one cruising hospital would serve to sail from fleet to fleet. Well, we have got one splendid vessel laid down, and it will be possible to keep eight cots constantly going, in addition to a good dispensary. But alas ! as my knowledge was increased, the magnitude of the problem has almost staggered my imagination. The vast, lonesome stretches of wild water which must be traversed in running from group to group of vessels ; the startling percentage of injured men ; the great population to whom the new vessel must minister—these things have so impressed me, that I am free to say that one vessel can hardly touch the fringe of the immense need which exists. The first vessel ought to be endowed to the extent of £30,000 before she can be made to keep efficient, and the second vessel, towards which one donor has already given £3,500, will have to be similarly endowed. Sixty thousand pounds seems a large amount ; but the history of the Mission is so like a noble romance conceived in a dream, that I am next-door to certain of seeing the whole sum, and more, provided.

Too long we have had a kind of dusky curtain of ignorance drawn between us and that waste, tumbling desert, where the finest men of our hardy breed toil, and endure bitterness, and die ; but the Mission has lifted the curtain. Twelve thousand men have been brought into kindly contact with a civilization which was once but a vague name to them, and the process of enlightenment is going on. Each Mission ship is a shifting centre of helpfulness and civilization, and along each radius of the ever-



New reading from home.

moving circle there are sent messages of hope and gentleness.

Personally, I cannot say I know much about the spiritual work of the Mission, for my life has been a busy and a stormy one; but I can understand the hospital question thoroughly. Others can speak better than I can concerning the very strange and lovely transformation wrought by the teaching of Christianity in the fleets. My own special work in the press, is to let the public know exactly the drift of the efforts made to give temporal aid to the fishermen.

Now let us observe what the hospital ships will be required to do. In cases of slight dyspepsia, or of that fisherman's scourge—toothache—or of bruises and poisoned hands, the doctor could very well treat the men in the dispensary, and let the patients go.

But if a man breaks a leg through getting caught in a bridle of the trawl, or has his skull fractured by a blow from the fall of a winch, or dislocates an ankle, or is crushed under a falling spar or a boat, then it would be obviously impossible to give him rough-and-ready treatment in the dispensary, and it is therefore proposed to keep seriously injured men in the hospital ward. But we must remember that the smacks are not provided lavishly with crews, and if one hand were taken off an ordinary vessel, the strain on the remaining four would very soon become almost unbearable. The Mission, therefore, proposes to carry some spare seamen on each trip; as soon as a patient is taken on board, a substitute is to be found for him, and when a cure is effected, the man returns to his work, while the substitute goes back to the hospital vessel.

It often happens that a poor fellow goes home on one of the fish carriers, owing to an injury which might be set right by a week of rational treatment; he is soon cured, but he has been plunged into the thick of an over-crowded market, and his work is lost.

Few readers can possibly imagine precisely what is the fate of a disabled man, who is condemned to lie helplessly in the reeking cabin of a smack. Alas! pain is ill to bear, even when we have soft and snowy beds, noiseless attendants, prompt skill; but it is far, far worse when the sufferer rests on a rough and malodorous hammock, while the vessel hurls herself with tumultuous violence from crest to hollow of inexorable waves. Life is so bitter, that I never have quite the heart to harrow the feelings of tender and good people by describing any of the horrors which I have seen; but I say with all conviction, that if I chose to give a cold picture in the style of Defoe, and if I remorselessly described the slow drizzle of torture which falls on a fisherman wounded in winter-time, I should produce a book which no British reader, save perhaps a medical man, durst read for the second time.

The Mission has ventured into a dark region of pain, and it seems that a modern miracle—for that Mission *is* a miracle—will have many further developments. The business of writers like myself is to let people know what is wanted; and when information is thus spread, it will pass at second-hand and third-hand, until the hospital ships can traverse the North Sea on their thrice-blessed errand. I have tried to write as brightly as the subject will permit, and I have said not a word that can be interpreted as sensational: the verdict is left with my countrymen.



Transferring the fish.

THE LAWS OF HEALTH.

By A. Stuart Fletcher.

Introductory Paper.

THE subject of health is one upon which young people are often careless. This is not because they have not received advice upon the subject, but sometimes because they have received too much advice, and that too vague to be useful. It is easy to say, "Take care of your health;" but to many the maxim means no more than, "Don't sit in the draught, or in wet boots;" while to many another, taking care of one's health is only synonymous with "coddling."

A little sound knowledge of the structure and working of our own bodies would help us to understand the reasonableness of much that we had put down as arbitrary "laying down the law" on the part of older people, as well as the uselessness of some things that pass as sound advice.

A healthy body is one of the greatest of blessings. Perhaps we need some little experience of illness, pain, or weakness, before we can properly realise this; but even when we are well and strong, and take it for granted that we should sleep the whole night through, get up refreshed, enjoy our food, begin our work energetically, and end it without feeling weary, take a cheerful view of things in general, and feel that it is good to be alive,—even when this is the case, we may realise how much we have to be thankful for, if we imagine ourselves for one day with all this order of things reversed.

Now though we cannot all be Hercules, nor inherit perfectly healthy constitutions, we can all do very much, without anything like "coddling," either to keep the health we have, or to improve it. Too many people acquiesce in a state of semi-invalidism, when a little attention to a few simple rules of health would make them moderately sturdy members of society. They are "so delicate, you know," and apparently never hope or expect to be anything else. I am not speaking now of the people who think it interesting to be in weak health, but of those who would like to be strong, but who from ignorance or carelessness, live lives that make health impossible.

There are other persons, too—I have known them—who, conscious of imperfect health, spend a great deal of money in medicine. In many of these cases, the cheap remedies of fresh air, water, and wholesome food would have been far more effectual than medicine, and the money saved might have procured a country holiday to complete the cure.

Most people know that the duration of life, and the state of health, are largely influenced by the conditions in which we live. Our health depends on the kind of air we breathe, on the food we eat, on the clothes we wear, our cleanliness, the kind and amount of exercise we take, our rest and sleep, our habits, the houses we live in, and the things which surround us, as well as upon what we call our constitutions.

In the following Papers we shall endeavour to show *why* these things affect us, and *how* the conditions of health can be fulfilled.

We have had many illustrations in the history of our own country of the way in which disregard of the laws of health has brought about dire consequences. In the fourteenth century a disease called the "Black Death" spread through England, and left scarcely one-fourth of the people alive. On the Continent of Europe, too, about forty millions are supposed to have died of this disease. It is not difficult to understand why the disease spread, and people were powerless to arrest it, when we remember that houses at this time were provided with no means of ventilation; that the floors were covered with rushes, which were left unchanged for years, while all kinds of filth accumulated underneath; that people wore immoderately warm clothing, which was seldom changed, and that a bath was scarcely ever indulged in, while only a few of the richer people used soap.

After many a minor epidemic, came, in the time of Henry the Seventh, the "Sweating Sickness," which destroyed so many people that it was thought a cause for thankfulness if half the inhabitants of a town escaped. Then there were several recurrences of The Plague, till the Great Plague of London in Charles the Second's reign was followed next year by the Great Fire, which made a clear sweep of thousands of unsanitary houses, and gave the inhabitants of London a chance of beginning again, under new conditions of cleanliness and health.

Contrast the state of things in England up till almost recent times, with the attention which was paid by the Jews to matters relating to health. The directions in the Mosaic law are minute as to personal and public cleanliness, isolation of the sick, and choice of wholesome foods and drinks; and it is owing to the observance of these that the Jews have always been remarkably free from epidemic diseases, and that, on the average, they live longer than men of other races.

The influence of constitution and inherited tendencies upon health is, as most people know, very great. All do not "start fair" in the race of life. Some persons are naturally delicate and weakly, while others are robust and strong. But it is well to remember that while a strong constitution becomes enfeebled by indulgence in bad habits, and neglect of the laws of health, a weak constitution may be strengthened by a careful attention to these laws.

Then, with regard to an inherited liability to certain diseases, as gout, rheumatism, epilepsy, asthma, neuralgia, and consumption, it is important to note that it is the tendency to disease which is transmitted, and not the disease itself. So that the best use any one can make of the knowledge that his father, mother, or grandparents suffered from any transmitable disease, is, not to expect the same himself, but to place himself, as far as possible, in conditions unfavourable to the development of the disease.

Parents, in sending children away to school, should consider their constitutional weaknesses. Thus, a child with a tendency to rheumatism should on no account be sent to a school situated on a clay soil, and where the atmosphere is damp. A child, who in winter has always chilblains on his hands and feet, and shows other signs of a feeble circulation, should not be placed in a cold, bleak situation, but in as genial a climate as possible. Far too many children have hereditary weaknesses of constitution fostered and developed, through neglect of parents on points of this kind, when under more favourable circumstances the tendency might have been checked.

Young people, in choosing a trade or profession, and those who guide them in their choice, should also consider constitutional tendencies. Thus, for a person of consumptive tendencies, feeble circulation, or sluggish liver, to adopt a calling which necessitates his stooping all day over a desk; or for a man with a tendency to asthma or bronchitis to follow one of the many dust-producing trades, such as that of potter, stone mason, miller, or grinder of cutlery, is almost certain to result in premature death. Certainly, in some cases, choice of a calling is not possible; but in many others it is not only possible, but so perplexing, that it would be a relief to have even a definite idea of what one ought *not* to do.

The formation of habits is an important factor in the preservation of health. We may acquire habits which will improve health and prolong life; or, on the other hand, will leave us an easy prey to disease. Habits are easily formed, but not so easily broken. It is seldom too late to form a new habit; but an old one is often a tyrant, which it takes years to quell. It is therefore very important that young people should form habits conducive to health, and should learn to recognise a bad habit as an enemy, before it becomes too strong to be easily conquered.

In reference to eating and drinking, the habit of eating food hastily, and masticating it imperfectly, is certain sooner or later to produce indigestion. The habit of taking pungent condiments, as cayenne pepper, etc., should be discouraged, as these substances produce an unnecessary irritation of the lining of the stomach. Meals should be taken at regular hours, and should be moderate in quantity.

Regular attention to teeth should become a habit. These ought to be brushed at least twice a day with a moderately soft brush; and any that show signs of decay should be at once attended to. People that live to a healthy old age have usually good teeth; and the best preservative of the teeth is perfect *cleanliness*.

The importance of habits of cleanliness of body cannot be overrated; but as we hope to take up this subject more fully in another Paper, we will only mention the fact here. A person who was once complaining of ill-health to me, confessed that she had never had a bath in her life, that she could remember, nor had any of her family since they were children. And this

was not a consequence of extreme poverty, for the persons were what is called "well to do." Unfortunately, this is by no means an extreme case, even in these days of the spread of knowledge, and of means for cleanliness.

The habit of standing or sitting erect is important for young people to acquire. We see daily narrow chests, round shoulders, poking chins, and awkward carriage, that could easily be avoided by a little resolute care on the part of the owners. Most of us know old people who scorn the use of lounging chairs, and carry themselves erect and easily, as the result of a habit acquired in youth.

There is another habit I may mention, which is invaluable as an aid to a happy and healthy life, and that is, the habit of cheerfulness. To quote from Addison: "Health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other;" and Solomon had observed the health-giving power of a cheerful spirit when he said, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." The happy faculty of always "looking on the bright side of things," is not inborn in us all; but it can be acquired as a habit, even by those of us who are most addicted to grumblings at the present, and to gloomy forebodings of the future.

Some of us might enjoy better health if we tried as a medicine what good George Herbert asks for:—

> "Thou that hast given so much to me,
> Give one thing more—a grateful heart."

GLOVES IN OLDEN TIME.

By J. Eaton Fearn.

TO trace the origin of gloves, it is necessary to turn the faded page of history back many centuries.

Some have imagined that *gloves* are noticed in the 108th Psalm, where the Royal Poet of Israel declares that he will cast his *shoe* over Edom. The word translated *shoe*, according to certain authorities, meaning *glove*, being explained in the Talmud lexicon as *the clothing of the hand*. If this conjecture be correct, then the old Biblical usage of a man taking off his *shoe*, and giving it to his neighbour as a guarantee of his good faith to complete a bargain, simply was the less quaint custom of giving the man his glove.

Gloves are frequently alluded to in the classics. The immortal Homer describes Laertes at work in his garden with gloves on his hands to secure them from the thorns. Xenophon alludes to the effeminate custom of the Persians, guarding their hands against the cold with thick gloves. Varro, a very ancient writer indeed, gave it as his opinion that olives gathered by the naked hand, were far preferable to those gathered with gloves, which was the method of plucking them in vogue amongst the early Romans.

Athenæus speaks in one of his books of a celebrated glutton, who always came to table with *gloves* on his hands, so that he might be able to handle and eat meat while hot, and thus be able to devour more than the rest of the company! Pliny, the younger, informs us in his account of his uncle's journey to Vesuvius, that his secretary sat by him ready to write down any remarkable occurrence; and in order that the inclemency of the weather might not impede his business, he had gloves on his hands.

So much suffices to show that the use of gloves was by no means unknown to the ancients; and the foregoing instances prove that they were worn more on account of their utility, than as ornamental articles of dress. As men, however, gradually became more civilized, and began to bestow greater attention on their attire, the Romans, the progenitors of culture, adopted gloves as a distinctive feature of a gentleman's dress. Their use quickly became so prevalent, that Musonius, a philosopher who lived at the close of the first century, thought it a duty devolving upon him to protest against the "evil habit," which he did in exceedingly strong terms. But, alas! the world in its fashions heeds not the voice of the abnegating philosopher. His protest was utterly in vain! In the ninth century, even the clergy and monks had so taken to their use, that the Council of Aix, in the reign of Louis le Debonnaire, ordered that the monks should only wear gloves made of sheep-skin!

To-day their use is universal. It would be an interesting statistic to know correctly the amount of money spent in England alone upon gloves. Certainly the amount expended in glove-presents alone would surprise most of us!

At the time of the Reformation, gloves were an exceedingly expensive article of dress, and were only worn by those occupying high stations in life. Some of the oldest gloves extant exist in the Denny family. At the sale of the Earl of Arran's goods, April 6th, 1759, the gloves given to Sir Anthony Denny by Henry VIII. were sold for the large sum of £38 17s. 0d.; while others given to his son Edward Denny by James I. realised £22 4s. 0d.; and a pair of embroidered mittens given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Edward Denny's lady, fetched £25 4s. 0d.

Gloves have always been favourite objects with lovers, and many a one has earnestly wished with Romeo,—

> "O that I were a glove upon that hand,
> That I might touch that cheek!"

In olden times there were many quaint customs with gloves, as in the ancient ceremonies connected with bestowing property, or in conferring dignities.

The Bishops of Paderborn and Moncerco in the tenth century, were installed into their sees by the ceremony of receiving a glove; and gloves at this period were regarded so peculiarly as a part of the episcopal habit, that the Council of Poitiers forbade the Abbots of France to wear gloves, which they had presumed to do in imitation of their ecclesiastical superiors.

The ancient custom of blessing gloves at the coronation of the kings of France is well known, and, according to Favin, is a relic of an old Eastern practice. Connected with this custom there is a remarkable story. Conradin, who, it will be remembered, was deprived of his crown and of his life by the usurper Manifroy, threw down from the scaffold a glove, as a token of his having been duly crowned. A knight quickly picked it up, and presented it some little time after to Peter, King of Arragon, who, in virtue of this consecrated glove, was afterwards crowned at Palermo.

Formerly, when a person was divested of his office on account of treachery, he was deprived of his gloves as a mark of degradation. Walsingham relates of the Earl of Carlisle, in the reign of Edward II., who was impeached of holding correspondence with the Scots, and condemned to die as a traitor in consequence, that "his spurs were cut off with a hatchet," and his "*gloves* and shoes were taken off."

The old custom of challenging a person to fight a duel by throwing down his glove, is still practised in Germany. All may not be aware, however, that the custom still survives at the coronation ceremony of the kings of England, by his majesty's champion entering Westminster Hall completely armed and mounted.

In the presence of royalty gloves are not worn, the act of taking the helmet off the head, and the gauntlets off the hands, being symbolical of peace.

A pair of white gloves are presented always by the sheriff to the judge whenever the session concludes without any one receiving the severest penalty of the law, and the assize then is called a "maiden assize."

The phrase, "right as my glove," says Sir Walter Scott, "comes from the custom of pledging a glove as the signal of irrefragable faith;" while "to bite one's glove" is the pledge of deadly hatred, as in Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel,"—

> "Stern Rutherford right little said,
> But bit his glove and shook his head."

SERMONS IN SHOES.

By Rev. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

THE witty and jovial Lord Peterborough, after visiting at the house of Fénélon, said to him at parting, "If I stay here much longer, I shall become a Christian in spite of myself." It was not any exhortation from the good Archbishop's lips that so impressed him, as the beauty of a cheerful and consistent life. Godly living is what this poor, wicked world is dying for the want of to-day. Pulpits only give forth their utterances for two or three hours on a single day in the week; they reach the limited number who come within their range. But Jesus Christ calls every converted soul into a ministry of the daily life, and bids them preach on seven days of every week. "Let your light shine;" "As ye go, preach;" "Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit"—these are amongst His high commissions to every Christian.

Very few people possess the gift of rhetorical eloquence; but it is within the reach of every earnest follower of Jesus to rise to great eloquence in character and conduct. The best preaching, after all, is the preaching of the daily life. No sceptic ever attempts to refute that; it is self-evidencing. Richard Cecil confessed that when he tried in his early life to be a sceptic, his godly mother's life was too much for him. He afterwards added to this that "his first feelings of religion were made stronger by seeing that truly pious people possessed a genuine happiness that the things of this world could not give." Sometimes the pulpit discourse is not clear to the understanding, or impressive to the conscience. But the "living epistle" needs no translation or commentary; every child can understand it.

I have known a poor sick girl to become a "means of grace" to a whole family by her quiet patience, her serene trust, and her tranquil joy under severe suffering. Jesus Christ shone out through her lovely character as a night-lamp shines through a transparent porcelain vessel, and fills the apartment with a gentle radiance. A fearless Christian clerk of my acquaintance makes himself felt in the same way among his fellow-clerks in the store. Without any Pharisaic pretensions or assumptions, he gives them some admirable "object-teaching," almost every day, by his square, manly style of conscientious conduct.

John Angell James, of Birmingham, said in one of his lectures: "If I have a right to consider myself a Christian, if I have attained to any usefulness in the Church of Christ, I owe it in the way of instrumentality to the sight of a companion who slept in the same room with me. He bent his knees every night in prayer, and that roused my slumbering conscience, and sent an arrow to my heart; for although I had been religiously educated, I had neglected prayer, and cast off the fear of God. My conversion followed, and my preparation for the work of the ministry. Nearly half a century has rolled away since then, but that little chamber and that praying youth are still present to my imagination, and will never be forgotten, even amidst the splendours of heaven and throughout the ages of eternity."

This testimony from the author of the "Anxious Inquirer," and one of the foremost ministers of his day, is most impressive. Observe that it was not what his room-mate *said* to him, but simply what he *did*, that wrought so potent an influence. It was genuine *life-preaching*, the unconscious influence of a Christian act. This style of preaching is within the reach of all ages and all conditions of life. Every redeemed man, woman, and child is called of God to this ministry. What are a few thousand sermons delivered every Sabbath, in comparison with the unanswerable eloquence of millions of lives illustrating Christianity from Monday morning to Saturday night, all over the land? And the reason, we fear, why the Sabbath discourses do not make more converts is that there is such an enormous amount of anti-Christian preaching on the part of inconsistent professors.

What can I do for Christ? is a frequent question raised by young converts. The answer is, first of all, *live for Him.* Your conscientious observance of the Fourth Commandment is your sermon for the Sabbath; and your refusal to touch or offer the wine-glass is your temperance lecture; your strict honesty in the smallest item is your rebuke of trickery in trade; your open obedience to your Lord and Saviour is as eloquent in its way as Spurgeon's best discourse is of its kind.

Do you inquire, "Where is my field?" It is all field, wherever you go. Of course there are direct Christian activities that may open to you in mission-schools, prayer-meetings, Young Men's Christian Associations, and elsewhere. But do not compound with your Master for a few hours each week in such special efforts. Preach every day, everywhere, by letting Christ shine out of every chink and crevice of your character; so shall your whole life be full of light. The *sermons in shoes* are the sermons to convert an ungodly world.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

"WE heard that there was to be a railroad exhibition near Prescot, so we drove there, and found the wonderful locomotive engine flying past. To *us*, who have no turn for these things, and therefore cannot, or do not, realise any description, the seeing of them comes with such novelty of force, and brings such a train of new thoughts. This thing is to convey carriages, people, goods—everything, from Liverpool to Manchester, thirty miles *in an hour*, ruining half the warehouses at Liverpool by making Manchester into a *seaport* town, the goods landed at the docks at Liverpool being henceforth transported at once into the warehouses at Manchester in as short a time as they now take in being carried from the lower to the upper part of the town. The effect of the velocity is, that when you stand on the railroad and watch the machine coming, it seems not to *approach*, but to expand into size and distinctness like the image in a phantasmagoria." Open carriages or cars are very inconvenient: "the noise is deafening, the motion jarring; and besides the Manchester atmosphere you carry with you, which there is no sea-breeze, as in a steamboat, to counteract, particles of iron dust get into your eyes, blind you for the time, and make your eyes weak for a day or two afterwards; however, in the street carriages these evils are avoided. Three open cars have cushions and divisions, and look very inviting empty, but when filled, you are brought into inevitable contact with much that is disagreeable. I was especially so, for I had an intolerably fat neighbour, who was up and down every minute, till at last one of the twenty-four inmates of the car told a story of a man who had been killed the previous Friday by standing up contrary to advice in that very carriage, and had tumbled backwards over the side."

Half a century! how long a space it is! Where shall we be at the end of the next fifty years?

RECIPES.

SHRIMPS ON TOAST.

SHELL a pint of shrimps; put the heads and shells into a saucepan, with a piece of butter or lard the size of a walnut, a blade of mace, a pinch of pepper, nutmeg and sugar, a small onion, ½ a pint of milk and ¼ pint of water; stew them for an hour or longer, strain off the liquor, which ought to be about ½ a pint. Put into the saucepan a piece of fat the size of a nut, stir in a tablespoonful of flour, pour the liquor over, stirring constantly; when it thickens, put in the shrimps, heat for a minute or two, and pour it over some toast, or mashed potato; serve very hot.

AN OMELET: TWENTY RECEIPTS IN ONE.

MIX up 4 tablespoonfuls of flour with a teaspoonful each of chopped onion and parsley, sugar and vinegar, ½ a teaspoonful each of salt, pepper, and chopped herbs, and a pinch of nutmeg. Beat up one egg and stir it in, then gradually beat in ½ a pint of milk or water. Pour it into a pan with some boiling lard or fat in it; when set, double it over, and serve very hot. You can fill the omelet with different ingredients, such as slices of cold potatoes fried in a little fat, in which you have mixed a little mustard, salt, sugar, and vinegar; minced cold meat, or fish heated with a little fat; a couple of bloaters, with heads cut off, nicely fried or boiled; chopped cabbage heated with butter; or indeed any little tastily flavoured material you have to spare. Certainly twenty varieties of this omelet can be made.

SEASONED COLD MEAT.

CUT a pound of cold meat into slices or pieces. Beat up an egg, and mix with it a tablespoonful of bread crumbs, a teaspoonful each of mustard (powder), flour, pepper, oil, vinegar, Yorkshire relish (or any other sauce), ½ a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper, if liked hot, and two tablespoonfuls of milk (or water). Dip each piece of meat into this mixture, and put them into the dish they are to be served in; cook in the oven or before the fire, till the batter is set. Serve with mashed potatoes. 20 minutes to ¾ of an hour will generally be enough to cook it. Slices of potatoes or any other vegetables are good dipped in this mixture, and either fried or cooked in the oven.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC

Given on page 638.

S wor D
U nde R
N ovelt Y

PAPER-MAKING IN KENT.

By Henry H. Bourn.

IT is admitted by all who have studied the subject, that the Chinese were the inventors or discoverers of paper, some centuries before the Christian era. To this day our finest papers come from China, and other countries in the East. From the Chinese, through the Arabians, the hand process of paper-making found its way into Europe about the eighth century. The earliest paper, both in Egypt and Arabia, was made from the pith of plants being cut into thin slices, and stitched together. That made in China was in part manufactured from silk. But it was the Egyptian papyrus which gave us our word paper. The papyrus is a rush, which grows in still pools to the height of ten or even twenty feet, and is at times as thick as a man's arm, below the surface of the water. Paper was prepared from the bark of the stem, by dividing it into thin plates, each of them being as large as the plant would admit. Of these the sheets of paper were composed. After being separated from the reed, the pieces were trimmed, so that they might fit closely together. In this state they were moistened by water from the Nile, and, while wet, subjected to pressure, which caused the overlapping edges to adhere. They were then exposed to the rays of the sun for drying.

Paper made from cotton, entirely superseded the papyrus in course of time, on account of its being more durable, and better suited for the various purposes to which paper is ordinarily applied. The variety of fibre which can be used in the manufacture of paper, in addition to rags and old paper, includes cotton, flax, hemp, esparto grass, jute, bean-stalks, cocoa-nut fibre, clover, hay, straw, heath, hops, husks of grain, leaves, maize, moss, nettles, pea-stalks, sea-weeds, fresh-water weeds, thistles, wood, tan, wool, leather, peat, and dust.

As the fibres best suited for paper-making are those which have the largest amount of fibrous. material, "cellulose," many of these cannot be profitably used for that purpose. Cotton, consisting as it does of almost pure "cellulose," is the favourite. The manufacture of paper from cotton can be traced as far back as the eighth century.

The first paper-mill in England is supposed to have been erected at Hertford, before the year 1470. The first in Kent was one erected at Dartford on the river Darent, by Sir John Spitman, in 1588. Since then many have been built, so that at the present time several are to be found at Maidstone, while a considerable number may be met with in different parts of the country.

In Kent, paper of all classes is produced in immense quantities, from the celebrated Whatman's paper, to the flimsiest description used for papering cottages. In some mills the turn out is as much as fifty tons weekly. There are many different kinds of rags available for some classes of paper. The white cuttings from the shirt-makers are in requisition for bank-notes, while the cotton ends from the bleaching works in Lancashire are valuable for the best writing paper. In coloured rags there is considerable waste. The "warranted fast colours," so desirable to the wearers, are objections to the paper-maker, in consequence of a probable deterioration of fibre from the dyes which have been used, and involving a still further injury by the chloride of lime necessary to remove the colour.

The process of making paper from rags begins in the cutting and sorting rooms, where large numbers of women and girls are actively employed in cutting the rags into pieces about the size of a hand, clearing them of such things as buttons and dirt, and placing the different qualities into their respective receptacles. The rags are next taken to the dusters. The dusting machines are wire cylinders, not unlike immense squirrel cages, which revolve with great speed in enclosed wooden chests. After the dusting, they are again examined and sorted with great care, and then go back again to the dusting machines. The next process is that of boiling, when they are put into a large elliptical boiler with a strong ley; the whole machine revolving slowly on an axis, so that all the rags get turned over thoroughly, and are thus subjected to chemical action in due course. Some of these revolving boilers will hold a ton of rags.

The rags are next washed in a machine which has two sets of teeth. In the centre of an elongated cistern, a serrated roller revolves in close juxtaposition with the teeth of a horizontal bar, fixed at the base of the cistern. These can be adjusted to any degree of fineness, and the rags made to pass through while being thoroughly washed. The rags, having by this lost their original form and texture, are in the next place passed on to a large circular receiver in the next compartment. Having now been "broken," and become "half stuff," they are passed on to the bleachers.

For some class of papers, chlorine gas is used for bleaching purposes, but for the better class, dilute chloride of lime is preferred. When quite ready, the "stuff" has to be rewashed, so as to get rid of all the chlorine, unless it is neutralized by the use of a sulphite or hyposulphite of soda.

Two or three other processes follow, such as "beating," and the adding of china clay or pearl white. Whatman's paper, prepared for artists, does not pass through the bleaching process.

The "stuff" is next passed through oscillating strainers as pulp into vats, where it is kept in motion by agitators.

Up to the formation of the pulp, the process of paper-making is the same, whether it is to be converted into paper by hand or machinery. We will now, as briefly as possible, describe the process of making paper by hand. One of two men is employed in dipping a kind of frame into a vat. The workman who holds the frame in his hand is called a "vatman." The other man, who takes the mould from the "vatman" for the purpose of placing the sheet between two pieces of porous flannel or felt, is called a "coucher." The "mould" is a square frame or shallow box, covered at the top with wire cloth, which varies in proportion to the fineness of the paper and the nature of the pulp.

Water-mark designs are woven on the wire cloth of the mould. The frame, which has no wire stretched across it, is called a "deckle." The "vatman" places this on the "mould" when he dips it into the vat, for the purpose of retaining the pulp on the wire cloth of the "mould." The superfluous pulp flows over on all sides, and the quantity thought to be sufficient, which remains, is shaken gently from the right to the left, and up and down, until it is equally extended over the whole surface of the mould. The "vatman" continues to dip his "mould," and the "coucher" to place sheets of paper between pieces of felt, until a pile is made consisting of several quires; the heap is then removed, and subjected to a powerful pressure. The sheets, having acquired sufficient consistency, are next pressed by themselves, after the felt has been removed. They are then separated and dried, after which they are sized by dipping in a tub of prepared gelatine, again dried and pressed, and made up into quires and reams.

Machine-made paper is produced in the following manner: After leaving the vat previously mentioned, the pulp flows upon a narrow wire frame at the upper part of the machine. This frame has a motion not unlike that of the "mould" in the hands of the "vatman." Having passed through the "sifter," the pulp flows onward to a ledge, over which it flows in a gentle stream, like a sheet of water over a smooth dam; it is then caught upon a plane of five or six feet in length, and spread evenly over the entire surface. This plane consists of an endless wire cloth, and is constantly moving round properly adjusted rollers. It also has a shaking motion from side to side.

If we touch the pulp at the end of the wire plane upon which it first descends, we find it fluid; if we touch it at the other end, we find it is still soft, but at the same time so completely formed, that the touch will leave a hole, which we can trace forward till the paper is completely made. The pulp is kept to the width required, and prevented from falling over, by straps which are constantly on the move.

After the paper has reached the wheels upon which the straps terminate, it is sufficiently formed not to require any further boundary to define its size. As the paper moves forward, a wire cylinder presses upon its surface. Before it leaves the plane of wire, another roller, which is covered with felt, and upon which a stream of cold water is flowing, subjects it to pressure.

The paper has now left the region of wire, and entered that of cloth. A tight surface of flannel or felt moves onward with the same regular march as the wire; like that, the felt is called endless, because it is united at the ends, like a jack towel. The paper travels up an inclined plane on this stretched flannel. It is next seized between two rollers, and has by this time left the region of cloth for that of heat. The paper is now quite formed, but it is fragile and damp. From the last pair of cloth rollers it is received by a small roller, and guided by it over the polished surface of a large cylinder, which is heated; it then passes on to another cylinder, which is much larger and hotter than the first. Sometimes it will pass over and under as many as six or eight cylinders.

Having been properly pressed and dried, the paper is seized by a roller and passed on to the reel, from which it is cut into suitable lengths by a cutting machine, which may be either connected with the paper-making machine, or be entirely distinct. From the beginning of the process, when the pulp runs from the vat, till the paper is formed at the other end of the machine, and fit for use, less than two minutes is occupied.

In some mills, even where machinery is employed, the old process of tub-sizing is carried out; sheet by sheet being soaked in size made of gelatine and alum, then dried, and afterwards passed between powerful cylinders. In machine-sizing, the web of paper is run through a vat of size, after leaving the first set of driers. It then passes through squeezing rollers, which press the size into the pores, and get rid of the excess. After this it passes on to the other cylinders.

In some mills, where esparto grass and straw are utilised, as many as thirty reels of paper, each being forty inches broad, three and a half miles in length, and a quarter of a ton in weight, are turned out every twenty-four hours. Enormous as this output is, it would not nearly suffice to meet the demands of one of the London daily newspapers.

BEHIND THE TIMES.

ONE has to go to other cities in order to thoroughly appreciate the revolution brought about by the use of the telephone. In many cities in America, all the well-to-do people have telephones in their dwellings, and the useful instruments are made to serve instead of letters, visits, and the employment of messengers. The lady of the house, or any of the family, use them quite as much in the routine of household life as our city business men do.

After breakfast in the morning, a lady who has a telephone is apt to closet herself with it for twenty minutes or half an hour, during which time she finds out what the grocer has to offer, sends her orders, connects with the butcher, and tells him what she wants; rings up her dressmaker, and has a chat over trimmings, etc., etc.; and then calls upon one after another in her circle of lady friends, talks with each, and all precisely as she would if she were making a social round later in the day.

Our English town resident has scarcely any conception of the usefulness of a telephone as it is employed in other cities. Berlin even has ten thousand houses, all connected, which is always increasing in number. We are behind the times in the use of this simple little instrument.

CAN YOU READ?

WE read with great interest an article which appeared in the *Queen* on what was rightly called "the art of reading," —that is, reading aloud. An art it undoubtedly is, and this is why it is so rare an accomplishment. People think that reading comes by nature, that it demands no training, and is worth no exertion, whereas it can be cultivated by practice, and requires the most exact care and attention. Reading is not a showy acquirement, and this perhaps accounts for the little favour in which it is held. A girl who plays the piano moderately well, giggles, and stammers, and stutters over anything she may be called upon to read out at the breakfast-table, or in the evening in the drawing-room. The fact is, she has never practised reading, probably, since she left school, and she is afraid at the very sound of her own voice. Now, although not showy, reading is one of the most indispensable accomplishments, for it comes into play when music and other fine arts are not admissible. Practice, time, and difference in expression, are as important in reading as in playing on the piano. We wish all viewed reading in this light.

THERE are two thousand Protestant girls in convent schools in the Canadian province of Ontario. This is rousing Protestants to the importance of establishing good schools for girls.

MRS. J. H. MITCHELL, of Detroit, has invented the most perfect refrigerator known to butchers and grocers. She was unfortunate, however, in selling her design for a mere song.

A MRS. O'NEILL, of Bar Harbour, U.S.A., is accredited with making £4,000 in the laundry business, at that point, during the past four summers. She enjoys a monopoly of the trade.

IT appears that the number of University students in Germany, which twenty years ago was 13,400, had risen to 17,800 ten years ago, and is now 28,000; during the last five years the number of students has increased 26 per cent., while the increase of population was only 5 per cent.

THE Bengal Christian Alliance is an association just formed for Bengali Christian young men.

SENDING A DOG BY TELEGRAPH.

A TELEGRAPH clerk from Texas gives some amusing experiences of conversations at his desk, some as enjoyable as others were harassing. The most ludicrous, we think, was with an old gentleman who wanted to send his dog on the wires.

He came in hurriedly, and after gazing at a large clock, that was placed where all entering the office could see it, he asked,—

"What time is it?"

"Half-past eleven. Can't you see the clock?"

"Yes. Is it right?"

"Yes."

"Would I have time to telegraph a dog to Squire Johnson, at Madison, before twelve?"

"Telegraph a dog?"

"Yes, send a dog to Squire Johnson?"

"Can't send him; he would be too bulky a despatch."

"A what?"

"I say we don't send dogs by telegraph."

"Yes, I guess you do. Squire——"

"Why, sir, you're off your head. Who is Squire Johnson?"

"He's one of the cleverest chaps you ever saw, young man. He lives down at Madison, and when he was up not long 'go he bought a greyhound from me, an' I was to take it down to-day by twelve, or telegraph him. I couldn't leave my old lady—you know she's down with the rheumatism—so I thought I would come down and telegraph him."

"Oh, yes, I understand you now; you want to telegraph the Squire that you can't bring the dog?"

"No, I want to telegraph the dog to the Squire."

"Didn't I tell you that I couldn't telegraph a dog?"

"Yes; but, young man, don't you think you would have time to get him down there by twelve? I'm needing the money for the dog badly, an' the Squire——"

"I say, old man, I wish you would get through with the Squire. I've got other business to attend to."

"Well, when do you think you can send the dog down to the Squire? Seems like you ought to know, young man, bein' as it is your business; but the Squire's mighty peart, an' he said to telegraph him."

We concluded that our language was a little faulty—he that the wires were.

AN EVIL SILENCE.

THERE is an evil silence as well as an evil speaking. While it is our duty not to speak evil of others, it is sometimes our duty not to be silent about the evil in others; for there is a wide difference between evil-speaking and a dutiful speaking of evil. Many people seem to think that the highest compliment they can pay to a dead friend is to say that "he never spoke against anybody." But men sometimes are wrongly silent concerning the evil in others. He who keeps silent about evil when it is his duty to be outspoken against it, is himself an evil-speaker.

MAD JOHN BURLEIGH:

A STORY OF HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT,

Author of "Her Two Sons," "Eric Olsson's Minde Ring," "Drifted," "Little Rainbow," "Corbiestanes," "Our Navvies," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"BONNIE SCOTLAND."

THOUGH in Houghrigg September was a hot month, heavy vapours of the morning clearing off and giving place to a burning noon-tide, at Inverben nature took many tints of crimson and yellow, the moors glowed and burnt, and the kingly year gathered his robes about him to die right royally.

"There is a thought of frost in the air this morning," said the earl, rubbing his hands and turning genially to his guests.

"We have had a really wonderful summer," remarked Major Grahame. "There were some days last month in which I felt the heat more than I have ever done in the Punjab."

"Ah!" said a young M.P., "and we have had a warm time in the House."

"Suppose so," remarked Lord Markham, strolling into the room.

"This is a fearful look-out for the grouse next week," laughed Major Grahame.

"But here come the ladies; so now to business!" cried Lord Markham. "Who takes porridge? Here, Grahame, give that to my father, will you? He's always a Scotchman at Inverben. I wonder he does not make the girls wear kilts. I say, that would not be a bad idea, if you came out with us as Miss Tenby does."

"How dare you compare your sisters with that disgusting woman, Markham!" cried Lady Charlotte.

"Gently, fair sis; she is not at all disgusting; she is a 'very fine figure of a woman.' She is a capital shot, and can jump a five or six feet burn better than I can. She takes a fifteen yards' spin for it, and clears it in fine form."

"I don't believe you. No woman can take pleasure in killing things; and as to the jumping, it is a physical impossibility in petticoats," chimed in Lady Susan.

"My dear Susan, confine your remarks to matters you understand," said Lord Markham, with mock re-



"'Who's going to earn sixpence?'"

proof. "Miss Tenby does her work in a workman—no, work-woman-like manner. She carries a knife, just like McInnes there, in her belt; and she *can* jump burns, for I've seen her."

"It is shameful and shameless!"

"What do you term shameful, and who is shameless, Susie?"

"The thing is shameful, the woman is shameless, and so are you for speaking so of a lady—no, not a lady; no lady could do so."

"I agree with you for the first time in my existence, Lady Susan. Done your porridge like a good little girl; now, what will you have next?" lazily taking away his sister's plate, and proceeding to the sideboard. "Partridge, ham, tongue, potted things, salmon, kidneys—which?"

"I suppose you are one of the party for the Lochabye forest, Mr. Hardman?"

"Is every one going there?"

"No, some of our party are going across to the island."

"Which are your daughters going to honour at luncheon time?"

"Oh," said Lady Azerley, "they must divide; Charlotte and Mrs. Grahame, and Margery and Flora McInnes intend to drive out to Lochabye about eleven. The boat party must go at once, when you gentlemen do."

"Thank you," returned Ralph Hardman.

He was waiting with the other gentlemen on the shore, when five bright girls, under the chaperonage of Mrs. McInnes, appeared. Lady Susan coloured, and, as Hardman assisted her into the gig, could not forbear asking,—

"How is it that you are here, Mr. Hardman? I understood that you had quite fixed to go to the forest last night."

"So I did, but this morning I found *you* were coming here."

"I do not suppose we shall see much of each other; I am coming, not to deerstalk, but to sketch."

And Lady Susan turned from Ralph, and fell into a conversation with Major Grahame, who was a great ally of hers.

Hardman was conscious that he had received a decided snub, and was for the moment depressed; but his natural light-heartedness, the crispness of the waves as they came curling against the side of the boat, the blueness of the sky, the freshness of the breeze, all combined to restore his cheerfulness; and when, with alacrity, he jumped ashore, he felt himself again. He had a strong desire to possess himself of Lady Susan's sketching things, and to hand his gun to a gillie; but for very shame he could not do this.

"I'm bound to wait until after luncheon, but I'll not shoot a shot after then," he said to himself.

There were some ponies for the ladies, and a light cart for the luncheon, waiting in the hamlet—if such it might be called; and, while her friends wandered about, Lady Susan paid visits to several of the cottages. She was known in them all, but this year she had spent every hour she could secure amongst her father's people; for she said to herself, "This may be my last chance for a long time. John perhaps will not be able to leave his work; and where he is I shall be. I do not suppose he will remain in Houghrigg. He told me that in two or three years he hoped to be back again in a large town or a city. How differently he has made me see everything! I used to think that to serve God was to do Church work, to embroider altar cloths and super frontals, to send flowers and go to early celebration, and to as many services as I could. He has made me look away to the spirit of it all—the life. 'The temple of God are ye,' he said, when I spoke of decorating the chancel roof; and yet I never hear such reverend services as in Houghrigg. One cannot but feel that one has got through the earthly clothing of worship, and stands face to face with the spiritual body upon which the other is modelled. I want to be free—free to work hard, to live humbly, to be Christlike. Here every edge is toned down; one is kept wrapt up in cotton wool; one can get a *grasp* on nothing. I wonder why I did not hear from John this morning. Oh! by the bye, there is no post from the village on Sunday; and perhaps he may be coming;" and at the thought the girl blushed happily, and urged her pony into a trot. "Perhaps *he* may be there when we return. He cannot arrive at the earliest until dinner-time."

No happier girl was in Scotland that day than Lady Susan Stopham; but her sketches were not a great success, and Mrs. McInnes declared:—

"My dear! she has certainly seen a wraith, or is she hungry for luncheon, or the gentlemen's society? Which think ye? At all events it is not for mine, for hardly a word will she speak."

"Let us race ponies," cried Lady Di, "to the foot of the hill, where the cart stands."

And away the girls tore, the wind blowing in their faces, and their eyes sparkling. From the edge above, the sportsmen saw them, and hurried down to act as esquires.

Then Hardman had his opportunity. He secured Lady Susan's sketching bag, and, when luncheon was over, declared his intention of remaining with the ladies. He was not singular in his decision, for Lord Markham, partly from laziness, and partly because he found a more interesting occupation in talking with one of his mother's guests, a pretty little heiress who had only arrived two days ago, also remained.

"We will go down to the shore, and I will act local guide. We boast some interesting caves here, Miss Campbell; they are as dark as pitch."

"Then how can you show us them?"

"Oh, pitch is only a flower of expression; besides that, we must have some torches. Old Colin has them close by."

"How jolly! Do let us be off, Lord Markham. But what are you and Mr. Hardman going to do for ponies?"

"Oh, we will walk over the mountain and meet you. We shall be there before you."

"I'm sure you won't," contradicted Miss Campbell, gazing up at the mountain brow. "It is awfully high—quite too high for walking."

"It is pretty tall, as the Yankees say, but I think we can do it."

So the luncheon party was broken up, the ponies clattered away over the stony road, and the young men, at a round pace, sped across the moorland.

"Wrong! Lord Markham. We have been here a good five minutes."

"You have galloped. It is unfair."

"You have run. We saw you doing it as you came down there."

"Nonsense!"

"I appeal to the others. Mrs. McInnes, and all four of you, now did he not run? Why, where is Susan?"

Hardman had asked himself the same question several minutes earlier.

"She was with us before we passed that last farm cottage."

"Oh, Susan is all right; she has seen the caves many times. We will tell one of the men to look out for her, and inform her of our destination. We really have no time to spare. We must row to that promontory, and it will take fully twenty minutes to do so."

"May the Fates forfend if we do not find a lot of tourists in the caves before us. They cross in shoals, sometimes, from Currar. I thought of asking my father to prosecute Cook; he has put them into his Excursionist."

"I will wait for Lady Susan."

"Oh, no, Mr. Hardman, come with us. Susan is so good-natured," cried Lady Di, "she won't mind in the least; besides, she will be perfectly happy with old Peggy. I daresay she is with her now."

Lord Markham had received a little hint from his lady mother. She had said,—

"I am pleased Mr. Hardman is going to the island."

"Why?"

"Susan is going also."

And Lord Markham understood.

"Thanks, old fellow, if you really don't mind waiting for us, that will be best. Come away, all of you. Here, bring that plank for the ladies. Hold her still, you duffer. Take my hand, Mrs. McInnes," and so on, and soon they were off. The boat went skimming over the water, the sail was up, gulls were swooping and dipping. The flecked clouds touched, and then clouded for a moment the big brow of Ben Irrick, and Hardman waited on the shore.

"What graceful lines that boat has. I'll buy one, some day; it might be useful in mission work in some of our ports, or even out to the deep sea fisheries. She is not so very small for even that. I'll do lots of things like that; but, then, as Jack Burleigh so politely told me, I want judgment. Dear old chap, he never spoke a truer word. Now I will find my little lady. I have never had her five minutes since she refused me. The Earl and Lady Azerley are on my side. Surely her mother ought to know; and she says it is only a little shyness, and that as yet the idea is new to her. Well, it shall not be my fault if she does not become accustomed to the situation."

Ralph Hardman waited patiently for what appeared to him a weary long time, and still no Lady Susan made her appearance.

"Where does old Peggy live?" he asked of a red-headed laddie, clothed in a ragged shirt and very short pair of trousers.

"Heigh, mon?" And then a rapid chatter with several more coquins in good Gaelic.

Hardman produced sixpence, and repeated "Old Peggy," until he was tired. The crowd of small boys were most eager to earn the coin, but could not for the life of them make out the gentleman's meaning.

"Mon" seemed the only English word possessed by the company. At length the red-headed boy, who was its proprietor,

turned and bounded over the shingle, threw his head back, clasped his fists to his side, and ran to the hamlet, followed, with a wild cry, by his comrades, but he outdistanced them all.

Ralph stood bewildered at this change of front; but he had not long to wonder. The boy was bringing a big girl back with him, talking to her rapidly, and pointing to the Englishman on the shore.

"Tid ye want me?" she asked.

"No, I want old Peggy."

"Te old oman with te lame leg?"

"Yes, old Peggy. Lady Susan is with her."

"Yiss, te ladie; yiss!"

And the girl, seizing the sixpence, bowed and beckoned. Some coppers made the other children glad, and another sixpence the shock-headed boy triumphant.

In and out behind the buildings of the hamlet the whole company went. At length a full stop was made before a poor little cottage. It was cleaner than most, though it had not, as any English one would have had, a geranium or fuchsia in the window. The door stood open, and Lady Susan was sitting with her back to it.

Taking his courage in his hands, Ralph Hardman knocked. The girl turned with a start. Suddenly it flashed through her mind, "Was it John?" The next moment she felt how stupid she had been, and yet she could not help feeling disappointed. Ralph saw the flash of joy, and then the trouble which chased it from her eyes.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Susan," he said humbly; "I only came to tell you all the others have gone to the caves, and will not be back for a couple of hours."

The girl rose reluctantly. "Good-bye, Peggy," she said, and held out her hand.

"God in heaven bless your bonnie face, my ladie, wha ivaer sees it kens you're one o' His aine. Gude-bye, my bairn."

"I have known Peggy all my life; she cannot read, but she knows the Gospels almost by heart. If I ever am in trouble, or wicked, I come to old Peggy."

"I cannot fancy you ever feeling either."

"Oh, but I do."

"Have you done so to-day?"

"No; I came because——" and she suddenly stopped, but her glowing face said more clearly than words,—"because I am so happy."

Something in that joyous presence made Ralph's heart sink.

They wandered about on the shore. Lady Susan made a sketch of the hamlet, and made it well.

"I wonder if I might venture to beg that painting," said Ralph. "I should prize it very highly."

A troubled look came into her clear eyes.

"I will give you another, a better one than this, which I have at home. By the bye, have you seen my portfolio? I have a number in it."

"No; will you show me them to-night?"

"Yes, if——"

"If what? Please don't deny me such a pleasure; do not say 'if.'"

"I will not repeat it; I was only going to add I *might* be prevented."

What made her so bright as she said so? Hardman tortured himself to imagine. He grew silent, a rare event with him, yet Lady Susan did not apparently notice it. Something in her manner chilled him, made him more hopeless than he had ever felt before, and yet she was as courteous, as friendly as ever. Again and again he struggled with his reserve, and tried to overcome it, and once more urge his suit; but he found it an impossibility.

The boat came in sight, the party returned from the mountains, they were amidst a number of others, and his chance, he bitterly told himself, was gone. Ralph Hardman tried to be patient, but patience was a new lesson to him, and new lessons are not learnt in a hurry.

CHAPTER XIX.

"THE ANGEL OF DEATH SPREADS HIS WING ON THE BLAST."

"I DON'T know whatever's come to me, father. I've got such a headache, and I have shivers down my back; I feel as if I couldn't even wash the children. Mary, you must do the little ones."

"Yes, mother, but won't you go to bed?"

"Well, child, I will."

"But don't you want to hear about what I've done?" asked Bradley helplessly. "You were thinking of nought else this morning; nor, for the matter of that, for weeks past."

"I feel like dazed, I can't think; but tell me, father, I do want to hear. Run out, children; go into t' yard and play."

"Well, wife, it's no use—father, nor uncle, won't help no more."

"They must," cried Mrs. Bradley, looking her old self, and speaking eagerly; "they must, or we shall have to go into t' street."

"They won't, I tell you—not a penny."

"Did you tell 'em how slack time's been, and that there was a good order come in, and if you could have a bit of brass *now*, we could soon pay 'em back?"

"Yes, I told 'em it all, but they said—and true too—we'd been at that game afore. I told 'em we'd been thrown again with Martha dying, but it was no good."

"Then what did they say we were to do, and with all these children too?"

"Why, that I mun get a statal man's place in the brickyards at Castleborough."

"What!" said Mrs. Bradley, "when I put all the bit of wage I've saved into this place, and done all I could to keep our heads up?"

"Yes," said Bradley, who sat a lump figure with his head on his hands, nearly crying, "yes, that's about th' size on it. I see nought else for it. We must sell up."

"I've gone pined scores of times, and I've kept the children as short as ever I could of victuals and clothes, to keep our furniture and to look respectable; it's been hard work, but I've done it; and now, are our bits of sticks to go, after all these years? Nay, father, I can't do it."

"My lass, we *must*," said Bradley; and then, being miserable, he went out into the back yard and vented his anger on the boys. Soon Mrs. Bradley heard a howl of mingled anger and pain, and rose to settle matters as usual, but she felt so faint, she dragged herself instead, wearily to her bed, and, dressed as she was, threw herself upon it.

She could not rest; in a confused way she heard the noise of the children downstairs, and the little ones crying as Mary washed them; she saw her struggle upstairs with each of the three youngest, and kissed them in an indifferent manner before they were laid in the bed beside her own. She said "yes," when Mary asked if she was to boil father two of the eggs.

"There will be eight left for to-morrow, mother; that's one a-piece for dinner, all but for me and you, mother, and us can do without, can't us?"

Presently, a little later, the child returned.

"Mother, there's only better nor half a big loaf left. Must I go to Mrs. Pattison's and get one to last us over to-morrow?"

"No, father has no money," replied her mother; "go away, child, and bring me a drink of water."

She was becoming more and more dazed; she knew her heart was broken, that was all; and what was this strange jangling of bells in her ears? and the loud or low, rapid or slow, eager or indifferent, sound of voices talking, ceaselessly talking, but with no meaning in their discourse? Now and again she was roused out of this whirl by words in her husband's or Mary's tones asking a question, or speaking to her. Then her senses came back, and she answered them a word or two; but the coma rapidly increased, and soon she did not know the night was passing, and that in the room with her, four children were sleeping quietly, and Bradley sitting by her side in helpless misery. She did not know anything at all, no breaks of intelligence lighted up the blank when the distant church bells rang out for service.

Dick had been sent for the doctor; he ran quickly enough to his house in a village four miles from the brickfields, and found him at breakfast. The boy was very hungry, for he had tasted no food that day, but he had been too well brought up to ask for even a piece of bread. He told his errand in a straightforward, and perhaps somewhat independent manner. The doctor remembered very distinctly that he had not been paid his account for medical attendance on Martha. Asking a few careless questions, he made up his mind that nothing much was wrong, and finally sent Dick off with the message that he thought he might be passing next day, and if so, he would look in, but he could not come then.

"Mother's very bad, sir," said Dick, swallowing down a lump in his throat. "Won't you come back now wi' me?"

"No, no! I cannot. There, be off. Tell her to drink some warm tea; or stay, you can carry these pills back with you, and tell her to take two."

Feeling he had done quite a meritorious action, the doctor went back to his stewed kidneys, and perusal of the *Lancet*, and Dick, somewhat cheered, strolled homewards. He heard the bells, and knew that he should be too late for Sunday School. His unusual freedom was a delightful fact; to be wandering about at his own sweet will, on a Sunday morning, was a privilege to be appreciated; so, his fears being relieved by the rhubarb pills in his pocket, he did not exactly hurry home, but spent some pleasant moments in watching a water rat swim over a stream, and lay in wait with a stone in his hand for its return.

The bells had quite ceased when he reached the brickfields cottage. He saw his father standing at the door.

"Where's the doctor?" he called out, as soon as the boy came near enough.

"He'll come to-morrow, and he's sent some pills."

Bradley looked at him.

"He won't come!" he said slowly; "he won't come! That's because we haven't paid him for Patty. It's murder! She'll die!"

"What, mother?" cried Dick, bursting into sobs.

"Yes. Stop that, my lad! She's only a poor woman, but she's all we've got; but nobody cares for that."

"Nobody? Yes, father, Mr. Bur'y does," put in little Mary.

"Not he; it's the black fever, worst sort, she's got; there's never a soul will come nigh us, you'll see."

"Dick, take baby"; and the little girl darted out of the house, and ran away towards Houghrigg, the sun shining on her bare golden head.

Bradley turned and went despondently up to his wife. He stood by her side. They had not been able to undress her, and she lay uncomfortably in her gown, only her shoes were drawn off. Her open mouth was quite black, her skin swollen and purple, her eyes open but senseless; she was sinking down in the bed, and plucking with feeble moans at the bedclothes with her fingers.

There was a little milk in a cup with which Mary had been moistening her mother's lips, and the poor man raised his wife's head tenderly, and tried to make her swallow a few drops, but in vain. He spoke to her, for her strange insensibility frightened him more than her delirious mutterings of the previous night had done, but he could not gain any response, so he brought the baby up, and the child patted her face and cried "Mam, mam;" but the fixed stare did not relax, nor the strange breathing calm.

All the strength of his life was dying out before him. He had always looked to his wife for direction; if she went, he would have no one to lean upon. So Bradley sat by the bed-side and cried.

Dick, having satisfied his hunger with a thick piece of bread, and having sucked one of the eggs to his brothers' admiration, proceeded with them to the back yard, and finding the wood-shed door locked, immediately guessed there was something therein being kept from them. Jerry had seen mother and the man from Mr. Boothroyd's carry two bundles in last night, and mother had said they should see what was in them on Monday. All the six children were now filled with curiosity, but they would never have dared, even headed by Dick, to unlock the door, though Job, the second boy, younger than Dick, ran into the house and found the key, had not at this moment their eldest brother, Sam, who was in their eyes quite grown up, being fifteen years old, and out in place at a farm near, appeared on the scene, as he usually did on a Sabbath morning.

The children informed him of his mother's illness, but did not paint it in sufficiently dark colours to alarm him. They were so much more interested in the bundles in the wood-shed. Sam belonged to a family who had no secrets. He knew all about his father's struggles, and the frequent applications for help which he had carried to his grandfather in Castleborough made him understand that any gift was a piece of good luck. So he was as eager as the younger ones to know what his mother had brought home on Saturday. He speedily, with his brothers' help, pushed the bundles into the yard, and they were all engaged in examining the contents with such interest, that they never knew of the advent of Mr. Burleigh, until Bob Chatteris stood amongst them.

"What have you got there?"

"A lot of things mother brought home on Saturday. We don't know where she lighted on 'em. Most like grandfather sent 'em."

"Well, what have you to do wi' 'em? Why couldn't you let them 'bide where she had put 'em?"

"We wanted to look at 'em."

"Well, shift 'em back again. Here, Sam, I'll do it. When your mother's better, she can side 'em herself. Now, when do you children get your dinner? I suppose now mother's ill, Mary makes it ready for you; but she's been away."

The children looked at each other. Sam said uncomfortably,—

"I'll step up and see mother."

Dick stood his ground firmly, and gave Jerry a warning glance.

"Mother had no time to make it ready yesterday."

But Job, a fat boy of eight, and greedy as all small boys are, called out,—

"There's only a bit of bread."

"Come, my man, you're the chap for me; show me it;" and off Chatteris went, holding the child's hand.

He soon came back, looking grave: "Dick and Jerry, go to my lodge; and tell my landlady to send me by you all my week's prog that I got in last night. And see here, take her this—pulling out all the remains of his week's wages—and ask her to make a baking of bread with it to-morrow, and send us some tea and butter, and a bit of bacon with it, and I'll come and fetch it to-morrow afternoon."

The boys did not need a second bidding.

"We ought to have a woman here," thought Bob. "I'll go this afternoon and see if I can get one."

"Chatteris!" he heard.

"Yes, sir."

"Come up here, will you, and help us?"

Bob went into the bedroom, and started. One glance towards the bed on which Mrs. Bradley lay told him the truth. The Vicar had the baby in his arms, and little Mary was holding her father's hand; she was not crying, but the terrified gleam had returned to her eyes with which she had watched her twin sister die.

"Take this child and Mary out into the garden, Bob, and then return, will you? Here, we must move this bed; is there any out-house where we could put it, where the children could sleep for a few nights?"

"Yes, sir; I think there is—a sort of old office; anyhow, it's been used for that when this was a bigger concern."

So they set to work. Bob was everywhere—feeding the children, arranging on the office floor some boards raised on benches, and making the bed up there. Later on the Vicar came to him.

"Keep the children away from their mother—nothing can be done for her—as much as you can; she is sinking rapidly."

At four o'clock, as Bob was boiling the kettle for tea, he heard a few hasty steps overhead, and then a bitter cry, then the Vicar's voice, then a pause and stumbling steps on the stairs, and saw him lead Bradley down, and seat him by the fire.

"Give him a cup of tea, Chatteris. I am going for some women and a coffin."

Bradley sat crying and moaning in a chair, and Chatteris was alone with him and that awful, quiet presence upstairs.

"Let me see," thought John Burleigh, "Amos Rushton is sure to be in the chapel; I must go and fetch him out."

The Vicar moved forwards; not a moment was to be lost. How this awful infection had been conveyed he had no idea; but here the pestilence was. Where would it end? How could it be checked? He thought of the two bedrooms without fireplaces, with the windows painted down, and the closely crowded beds; and he could not but fear the children might already have caught the infection. He questioned within himself if he could remove them all to his own house; but then, if they had already contracted the germs of disease, he must not bring them into the village. Yes, there, on that lonely battlefield, the foe must be met.

The first thing must be to get the poor woman buried, and then—well, he and Bob must do the best, by God's help, they could; but what an assistance it would be if a woman were with them.

Thinking this, and hurrying on, he presently reached the square Wesleyan Chapel at the extreme end of the village. He heard the preacher's rather loud voice, and paused, unwilling to disturb his listeners by entering; but one thought of the dead, terrible face he had left behind him, drove him forward.

As he entered, the minister came to a dead stop, and Mrs. Pattison awoke from her dose with a start at the unwonted silence. The Vicar touched the village carpenter on the shoulder, and whispered a word in his ear; the man rose, and the two left the chapel together. But the meeting was strangely disturbed; and the worshippers, as they went home, all somehow knew Mrs. Bradley was dead, and that the Vicar had called Amos out to make the coffin. A horror of fright fell on the village. The visitation of seven years ago was nothing to this; no one then had died until weeks of illness had elapsed. This time it seemed you might be taken ill one day and buried the next. Every heart quaked. From door to door the Vicar went, asking if any woman would come to help. Everywhere he met with terrified refusals; and the carpenter, in his shop, worked on doggedly. All the women who usually went out to nurse had refused their help, and the Vicar was turning towards his own house, when Mrs. Jowett ran after him.

"I will come and lay her out, and welcome, sir."

"I cannot give you leave, you have so full a house; you might bring the infection back."

"Then, sir, I must come without your leave."

"Wait a moment, I am going to ask my housekeeper."

Martha, in a hard, cold way, said she "was willing; you could only die once," made up a bundle, and then brought in tea for her master, and, after a bath and changing his clothes, the Vicar went to the evening service at church.

(*Continued—page* 737.)

SOMETHING ABOUT SPIDERS.

By the Rev. J. G. Wood,

Author of "Homes without Hands," "Strange Dwellings," etc.

"Whose hope shall be cut off, and whose trust shall be a spider's web."—*Job* 8. 14.

WHAT wonderful beings are spiders, and how little is known about them! How extraordinary is the aversion with which they are generally regarded, and which debars the generality of mankind from observing their singularly interesting life-history! The opening of a well-known juvenile poem well expresses the popular idea of these creatures.

"'Oh, look at that great ugly spider,' cried Ann,
And screaming, she knocked it away with her fan."

Why should she scream, and why should she knock it away? It had no wish to hurt her, and even if it desired to do so, had not the power.

I believe that the popular aversion to spiders is almost, if not wholly due to prejudices contracted in early childhood, and not to any repulsive properties inherent in the creatures themselves.

Spiders are possessed of many accomplishments. They can run with astonishing speed, and some can, moreover, run forwards, backwards, or sideways with equal ease. Some can catch their prey by fair chase, and are in consequence termed "wolf-spiders." Others can leap on their prey like the leopard, while a great majority of spiders entangle their prey in nets.

Some can dig burrows of extraordinary dimensions in proportion to the size of the excavator, and can, moreover, furnish the mouths of the burrows with self-closing doors. They are masters of the water. They can run over the surface without sinking, they can crawl down the stems of aquatic plants, and pick off the insects which cling to them. They can make rafts, and sail upon them for the purpose of picking up any insects which have fallen into the water; while there are some which, although they breathe atmospheric air, pass almost the whole of their lives beneath the surface of the water.

They are masters of the air, and, though they possess no wings, can rise to heights which the condor itself can scarcely reach.

They vary exceedingly in size, some being of the most minute dimensions, and only able to feed on insects which are almost invisible to human eyes, while there are others of such gigantic proportions, that they make prey of small mammals, birds, and reptiles.

They are far more numerous than is generally supposed, more than six hundred species having been found in Dorsetshire alone.

What are spiders?

They are not insects, inasmuch as they have eight legs, while insects have only six. They undergo no external changes as do the insects; so that a spider, as soon as it issues from the egg, is a spider, and not a grub or caterpillar. They have no wings, whereas all insects have four wings, either perfect or rudimentary. Their circulation, respiration, and the whole of their nervous and digestive systems, are absolutely diverse from those of insects. Lastly, the spiders produce silk throughout their whole lives, while the insects can only spin silk while they are larvæ. In fact, the spiders, scorpions, and mites are grouped into a distinct order, called *Arachnidæ* (from the Greek word *Arachne*, a spider), and form a connecting link between the insects and the crabs and lobsters.

Putting aside the foreign spiders, for which we can find no space, let us look at a few of our British species.

Most familiar of all is the common Garden or Cross Spider (*Epeira diadema*), the latter name being given to it because the dark markings on the back are arranged in the form of a cross. This is the creature which spins the beautiful wheel-shaped webs which are so common in our gardens.



Wolf Spider (*Dolomedes*).



Hunting Spider.

It is worthy of notice that these webs are composed of two distinct kinds of silk. The radiating threads which support the web, as well as the cords which attach it to the branches, are called "cables," and are not adhesive, so that if an insect should alight upon them, its course would not be arrested; while, if an insect touches but with a leg or wing, one of the "ratlins," as a sailor would term the threads which run spirally round the web, its fate is sealed, and all it can do is to struggle vainly until the spider darts from its place of concealment, and drives her poison-fangs into the body of her victim.

The microscope, or even a fairly powerful pocket-lens, will reveal the reason why the insect was arrested by the ratlins and not by the cables. The former are not simple threads, like the cables, but each thread is strung with tiny beadlets of gummy material, which cause the insect to adhere to it, so that the more the captive struggles, the tighter is it held, like a bird caught with limed twigs. On an average, there are twelve hundred of these beadlets in an inch of thread, and a web of ordinary size contains from eighty to ninety thousand.

How they are placed on the thread is a mystery. They are not essential parts of the thread, but are so loosely adherent to it, that with the aid of a magnifying glass and a fine camel's-hair brush, they can be removed, leaving the thread perfectly harmless to insects.

That the spider can produce two distinct kinds of thread has now been shown, and there is yet a third kind of silk which is only produced on emergencies.

Sometimes a wasp, or other powerful insect flies into the web, and struggles so fiercely that the net is in danger of being torn in pieces. Should the spider be too small or too timid to cope with such a foe, she rapidly cuts away the bonds which hold it, and lets the captive go free. If, however, she should be courageous enough to cope with such powerful game, she seizes it with her first pair of legs, spins it round and round so rapidly that the eye can scarcely follow the movement, and at the same time discharges over the victim a torrent of threads much resembling floss silk. The captive has no time to resist, its legs and wings being bound tightly to its body, and in a moment it is swathed as completely as if it had been an Egyptian mummy. Thus we see that the spider can produce three distinct kinds of silk, and can employ either of them at will.

Would that I could give some illustrations of the wonderful mechanism by which these different silks are spun, but lack of space is an insurmountable obstacle. Suffice it to say that the "spinnerets" are furnished with countless thousands of tubelets, through each of which is drawn the tiny strand which forms part of the spider's thread. These strands are so minute that four millions of them are scarcely equal to a single hair of the human beard.

Here again man has been a distant imitator of Nature. Any one who visits a rope-walk or a cotton factory, and has seen the spinnerets of a spider, must be struck with the wonderful resemblance between the imperfect work of man, which is always undergoing improvement, and the absolutely perfect work of the Creator.

These delicate fibres are of incalculable value to civilized man, as they furnish the threads which are employed in certain astronomical instruments, and for which no artificial substitute has yet been found.

Now we will pass to the Wolf-spiders, those black-bodied, swift-footed spiders which we may see running among the grass on any hot summer's day.

The chief interest of these spiders lies in the manner in which the female spider carries her eggs with her.

On a fine summer day any number of wolf-spiders may be seen threading their way among the blades of grass, engaged in hunting after prey. Many of them carry under the body a little ball of white silk. This ball contains the eggs, and is guarded with the utmost affection by the mother. Nothing except actual violence will induce the spider to relinquish her eggs. Should the bag be torn forcibly from her, she will haunt the spot for hours, searching after her lost eggs.

Her discrimination, however, is not equal to her affection, for, if a little cotton wool be rolled up so as to bear even a distant resemblance to the lost egg-ball, the spider will pounce on it, fasten it under her body, and go off perfectly satisfied with the substitute.

Now we will glance for a moment at the habits of the Hunting-spider, or Zebra spider, as it is sometimes called, in consequence of the velvety black and silvery white stripes with which its body is adorned. There are several species of hunting-spiders in England, but their habits are practically identical, so that the description of any one species will equally answer for any other.

These spiders always haunt sunny spots, as upon them the flies on which the spider lives, are most apt to settle. Window sills with a southern aspect are favourite hunting-grounds of these little spiders. No sooner does a fly settle, than the spider becomes on the alert, raising itself as high as it can upon its legs, and gazing earnestly at the expected prey.

It then begins to sidle towards the fly, moving round it spirally, and never approaching it directly. When it has arrived within distance, it suddenly leaps on the fly with a movement so swift that the eye fails to follow it, and in a moment, spider and fly are tumbling over and over, the fly trying to escape, and the spider trying to drive her poison-jaws into the body of the victim. There is but one result to the unequal battle, and in a few moments the fly succumbs.

Last year I witnessed a remarkable instance of the leaping powers of this spider. I was watching a sunny portion of my garden-wall, when I saw a fly start from the wall, flutter for a moment, and then fly back again. This movement was several times repeated, and I thereupon watched the proceeding more closely. Then I found that the supposed fly was a hunting-spider, which had actually leaped from the wall, and captured a passing insect on the wing.

Like most spiders, the hunting-spider never moves without trailing a thread behind it, and so the spider in question had sprung from the wall upon the insect, seized it in her legs, and then been drawn back, together with her prey, by the elasticity of the cable-thread.

This spider can run or leap in any direction with equal ease.

Now we will pass to the spiders of the fresh waters. Putting aside those which make rafts, and those which crawl down the stems of the aquatic plants for the purpose of seizing submerged insects, we will glance at the life-history of the creature which has well earned for itself the name of the Water-spider (*Argyronetra aquatica*). This wonderful being has the art of spinning its webs under water, not for the capture of prey, but as a safe residence for itself and young.

It begins by crawling down the stems of aquatic plants, and attaching to them a number of cables, which are intended as supports for the future nest. Upon these supports it spins a cocoon-like cell, mostly about as large as a small acorn, and very much of the same shape. The lower portion of the cell is always left open. The next task is to fill the cell with air. For this purpose she goes to the surface, holds her long, hairy hind legs in the air, nearly joining them at their tips, and then suddenly dives, carrying with her a large bubble of air enclosed within her legs.

When she has reached the cell, she goes under it, and shakes off the bubble, which immediately ascends into the cell. Time after time she fetches air, until at last the cell is filled, and forms a refuge, where she can be safe from almost any foe. Within this cell she lays her eggs and brings up her young, none of whom are allowed to pass into the upper world until they are able to shift for themselves.

The appearance of this spider, while taking air to her cell, is singularly beautiful. Hundreds of small air-bubbles adhere to the hair-clad body, besides the large bubble which is carried in the legs. All these bubbles look as if they were made of molten silver, so that the spider well deserves the name of *Argyronetra*, *i.e.*, "silvery swimmer."

There is much more to be told of this wonderful creature, but lack of space compels me to pass on to the spiders which exert a mastery over air.

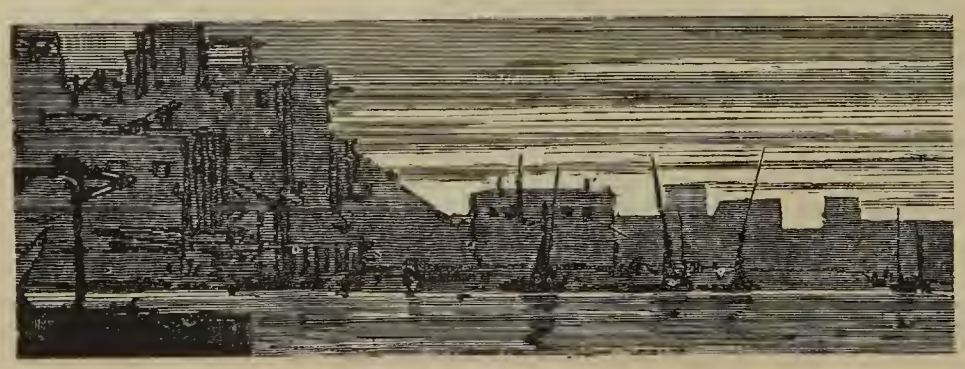
They do not belong to any particular species, as many of our spiders can sail in the air as long as they are very small. They are popularly known as gossamer spiders, and are often called "money-spinners," whom it is unlucky to disturb when they attach their threads to the hat or bonnet, and dangle in front of the eyes.

The mode of their ascent, which I have often witnessed, is as follows: Just after sunrise, the tiny spiders ascend to the top of a post, a fence, a wheat-stem, or similar elevated spot, and await the sunbeams. As the rays of the sun pour upon the ground, they heat the layer of air which lies upon the earth. Being rendered lighter than the cold air, it begins to rise, and, as it passes upwards, the little spiders pour out their threads, which are necessarily wafted with the ascending air.

As the sunbeams become hotter, the air-currents rise more rapidly, and at last are sufficiently powerful to carry the tiny spiders up with them. Countless thousands of these spiders are thus carried into the air, and rise to astonishing heights.

Their webs soon become entangled in each other, and so form a vast sheet of the lightest imaginable fabric, in which are captured the tiny flying insects which are almost too small to be detected by the unaided human eye, but which are just the right size for the little spiders which prey on them.

As long as the sunbeams pour on the earth, so long do the gossamers continue to rise. But, when the sun sets, and no more hot currents are produced, the moisture of the atmosphere begins to condense upon the web, thereby rendering it heavier than air. It consequently sinks during the night, and in the very early morning, it may be seen stretching as far as the eye will reach, every line studded with dew-drops, which sparkle in the sunshine like so many jewels. While it lasts, it is a wonderful sight, but the sunbeams soon dry up the dew, and the nets themselves vanish, and are no more seen.



THE LAWS OF HEALTH.

By A. Stuart Fletcher.

No. 2.

IMPURITIES IN AIR, AND HOW TO AVOID THEM.

A SUFFICIENT supply of pure air for breathing is one of the first things essential to health. People ordinarily exercise far too little care to ensure this. Many persons who take every pains to procure wholesome food, and who carefully filter their drinking water, will yet live in air which is entirely unfit to be breathed.

Air consists of a mixture of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen; but in addition to these it contains water vapour, and minute quantities of ammonia and carbonic acid. Of the latter gas, pure air contains only four parts in ten thousand. When the air of any place where people live and work is examined, we find that it has acquired certain impurities, which render it unfit for breathing; these are of two kinds, gaseous and solid.

When air that has been breathed is examined, it is found to contain less oxygen than ordinary air, but to have in its place a larger proportion of carbonic acid. If the same air be breathed again, it contains still less oxygen and more carbonic acid when it leaves the lungs a second time. As no animal can live in air that has an insufficient supply of oxygen, and more than four parts in one hundred of carbonic acid, it follows that a person would die if compelled to breathe the same air over and over again. This is illustrated by the well-known story of the Black Hole of Calcutta. One hundred and forty-six persons were imprisoned for a night in a room 18 feet square, and in the morning only twenty-three were alive; the others had died of carbonic acid poisoning.

During a storm at sea the captain of an emigrant ship ordered that the women and children should be kept down below, out of the way and out of danger, and that the hatches should be fastened down. When the storm was over, seventy of the women and children were found dead, and the others insensible, as the closing of the hatches had prevented the renewal of the air, and thus caused an accumulation of carbonic acid.

It will be easily understood that, long before the fatal stage is reached, breathing this spoiled air can cause serious injury to health. Sitting for even a few hours in an occupied room where there is no proper provision for the renewal of the air, or in an imperfectly ventilated church or chapel, or in a crowded meeting, causes headache and drowsiness, while prolonged breathing of impure air has more serious effects.

A sallow, bloodless complexion, and a tendency to scrofula and consumption, are common amongst those who live in crowded, badly-ventilated houses; but the ill effects of breathing bad air are by no means confined to the very poor. A lady who sits for hours in a stuffy drawing-room, with carefully shut doors, and sandbags and heavy draperies against the seldom-opened windows; who surrounds her bed with hangings, and sleeps with shut windows, covered keyhole, and closed fireplace; who takes her daily constitutional in a carriage with the windows up, suffers as surely from want of oxygen and poisoning by carbonic acid as any poor girl, whose circumstances compel her to spend twelve hours out of the twenty-four in a close and crowded workroom. Every one should know that, even when the body is properly nourished, cleansed, and clothed, breathing bad air day after day is certain steadily to lower the capacity for health.

In addition to the impurities in air, which are the result of respiration or breathing, in the atmosphere of towns, and all places where people congregate and carry on the business of life, there are always solid impurities. The most common of these is dust. Now, even when dust consists only of finely divided particles of mineral matter, and is free from organic and decaying substances, its effect upon the breathing apparatus is injurious, as it irritates and clogs the little tubes which make up a large part of the lungs.

Persons employed in certain occupations, such as stone-cutting, pearl-cutting, metal-turning, sandpaper making, hemp and flax dressing, fur-dyeing, and mining, cannot avoid inhaling a large amount of dust; amongst such, asthma, bronchitis, and more acute forms of lung disease are prevalent, and premature death is common. The workshops, where dust-producing trades are carried on, should always be freely ventilated; and where ventilation is insufficient to carry off the dust, some form of respirator should be worn. A very simple respirator, containing a little cotton wool, would filter the air inspired, and would do much to ward off disease. Breathing through the nostrils should be habitual, and unnecessary talking, involving the taking of air through the mouth, should be avoided.

Air often contains organic as well as mineral impurities. Some time ago, in one of the London hospitals, certain of the wards had to be closed, because in them patients were slow to recover, and wounds would not heal. When an investigation was made into the matter, the air of the unsanitary wards was examined, and found to contain, besides dust, decaying animal matter, the ova of insects, disease germs, and other organic impurities. These were speedily traced to their source in a number of large dust-heaps on a piece of waste ground in the neighbourhood, and on that side of the hospital on which the closed wards were. There these great heaps of refuse matter had lain, objected to only on the ground of their unsightliness, while every breeze that passed over them had carried into the houses all kinds of unwholesomeness, to be breathed by the inhabitants, and lower the health in the neighbourhood, until the striking results observed in the hospital led to their removal.

There are certain simple tests by which we may tell when air is unwholesome. When water standing in a room becomes covered with a greasy film, the air of that room is not fit to breathe. When metal work becomes quickly discoloured, brass covered with verdigris, silver tarnished, that is a sign that the air is impure. Another simple test is furnished by the sense of smell. If, on entering a room from the outer air, it smells close and unpleasant, that is a proof that the air in it needs renewal. As the sense of smell is soon dulled, and we become quickly accustomed to an atmosphere in which we remain for some time, it is always well to take the opinion of a person entering from the outer air, instead of feeling annoyed at the "fussiness" of those who detect unpleasantness where we ourselves have been quite comfortable.

The renewal of the air, by the removal of impurities and the supply of fresh oxygen, we call ventilation.

There are two general principles which we should bear in mind when seeking to ventilate our rooms. The first is, that it is necessary to provide an outlet as well as an inlet for air; the second, that no draught should be noticeable.

The chimney of an open fireplace forms a convenient outlet for impure air in most rooms, and for this reason should not be closed by a register. When there is no open fireplace, or when this means of egress is insufficient, another outlet should be found at the upper part of the room. This position is necessary, because the air of which we wish to be rid is warmer, and therefore lighter, than the incoming air. The simplest way of providing this outlet is to open a window at the top.

For allowing fresh air to enter without causing the draught which the opening of a window at the bottom sometimes makes, the following plan is simple and effectual. Place a block of wood a few inches deep beneath the lower sash, running from side to side, so as to prevent the air coming in below the lower sash when the latter is shut tightly down upon it. The woodwork of the two sashes is now separated in the middle of the window, the air comes in between them, and is directed upwards by the top part of the lower sash.

While rooms are unoccupied, doors and windows should be frequently thrown wide open, to flush the place with fresh air. This should especially be done in the case of bedrooms. These rooms, where people spend at least a third of their lives, are too often badly ventilated. Doors, windows, and even chimneys are closed, and every aperture is carefully guarded, to exclude fresh air. The effect of this is that sleep is heavy and unrefreshing. To secure refreshing and invigorating sleep, the free escape of impure air, and the admission of fresh air, must be secured. With few exceptions, the doors and upper part of the window may be left open all the year round, except in foggy weather, with perfect safety, provided only that no draught plays upon the face of the occupant. Draught can be prevented by placing the bed in a proper position with regard to doors and windows, or by suspending a single light curtain from the ceiling.

THE CANARY ISLANDS—TENERIFFE.



The Golden Apples.

laden from the beautiful blue seas of the Atlantic, are rapidly becoming what they are so eminently suited to be, a health resort.

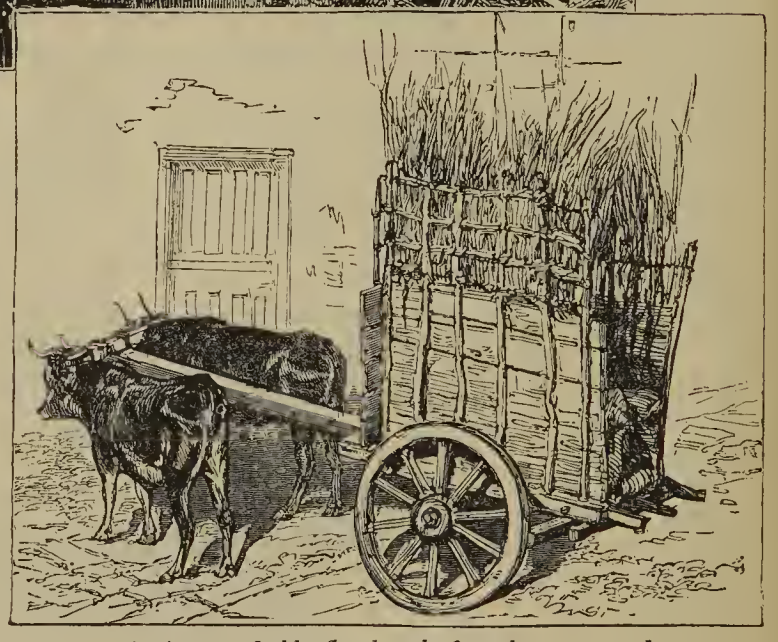
In the autumn of 1886, a company which had been formed, opened a large and handsome hotel for the English at Orotava, and supplied a want, which with the difficulties of getting at, and quitting the islands, had been the chief reasons for their being so little visited.

The African Mail Service offers a return passage to Madeira, Santa Cruz, and Las Palmas (the Port of Gran Canaria) for speedily getting into smooth water and a warm latitude.

In the longer passage it is a pleasant break to run ashore at Madeira; in the shorter, the expectation centres on the first sight of Teneriffe, and all hurry on deck to obtain a glimpse of the Peak, which is discernible on the first approach to the islands, if, as is the rule rather than the exception, his majesty is not cloud-enveloped. The northern part of the coast, passed on entering the harbour of Santa Cruz, which lies on the north-east, is a wild, precipitous succession of rocky mountains, not particularly attractive, and certainly not hospitable-looking. Vegetation is represented almost entirely by clumps of *Euphorbia Canariensis*, a grey-green, arid-looking plant, growing like lichen on the serrated, steep slopes. On entering the road-stead, the scene is changed.



"The Garden of the Hesperides."



"A remarkably fine breed of cattle are reared in the neighbourhood."

TWO or three years ago, the average Englishman or woman knew little more about the Canarian group than that they were islands situated in the Atlantic, near the coast of Africa, possessing a favourable climate; that Santa Cruz, the capital of Teneriffe, was a port of call for shipping, and that in that particular island was situated the Peak, and the Valley of Orotava, the one time "Garden of the Hesperides." Readers and students knew, further, that these were the "Isles of the Blest," about which Pliny wrote, the "Fortunate Islands" of the Greeks, the "Elysian Fields" of Homer; and those yet more versed in literature, recognised them as the "Happy Islands" of the Spanish Moors, and the aboriginal home of a noble race called the Guanches, who were dispossessed by the usurping Spaniards, and well-nigh exterminated. But few had any personal knowledge of the islands themselves, beyond a cursory acquaintance with the port of Santa Cruz and a drive into the interior, while their ship remained for some hours in harbour.

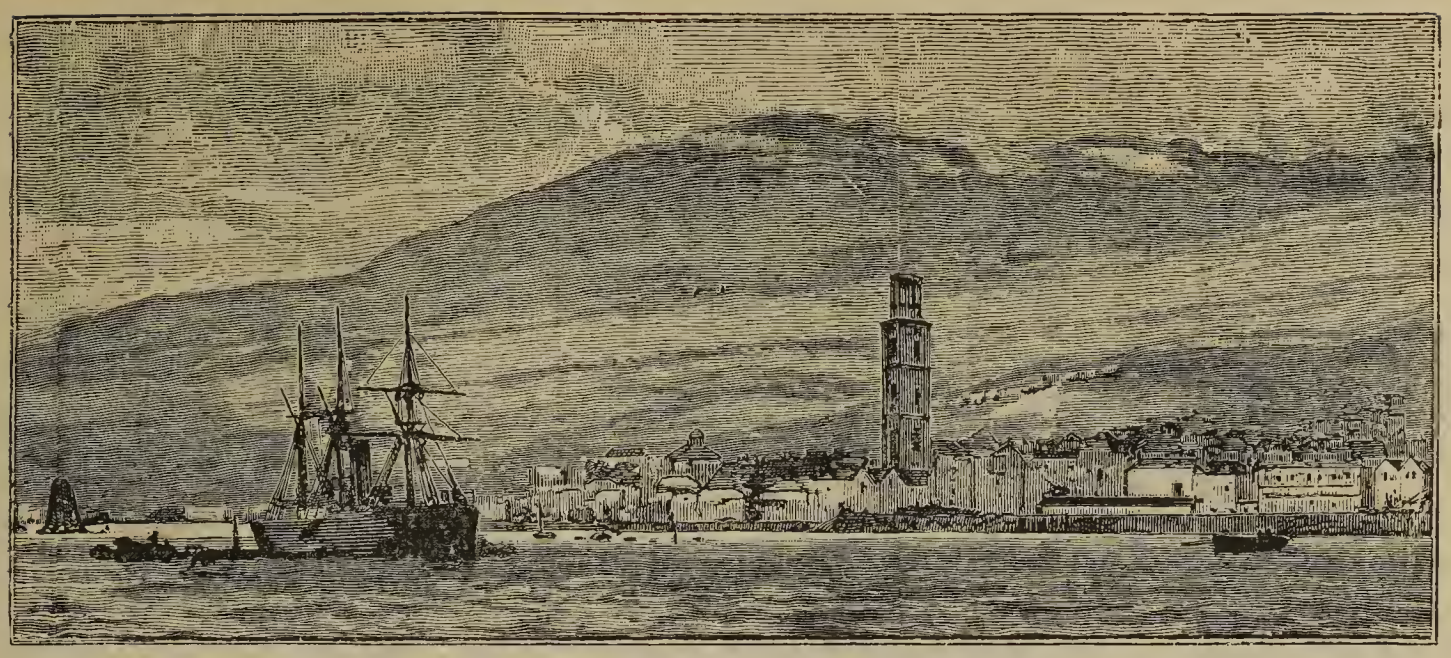
History repeats itself. These islands, valued by the Greeks and Romans for their equable climate, for their delicious fruits, for their balmy breezes that swept in, health-laden from the beautiful blue seas of the Atlantic, are rapidly becoming what they are so eminently suited to be, a health resort.

In the autumn of 1886, a company which had been formed, opened a large and handsome hotel for the English at Orotava, and supplied a want, which with the difficulties of getting at, and quitting the islands, had been the chief reasons for their being so little visited.

The African Mail Service offers a return passage to Madeira, Santa Cruz, and Las Palmas (the Port of Gran Canaria) for £15, available for a year. By the New Zealand boats, a charge of £14 is made for the single trip to Teneriffe, which does not include a call at Madeira or Canaria. £3 is deducted for a return ticket, but as a month elapses between the sailing of each New Zealand steamer—the two companies are in opposition — most passengers leave themselves free to return by another Line, if they wish to visit those islands, or take the Spanish Mail to Cadiz, or the French steamer to Marseilles (both of which call fortnightly at Teneriffe), and see a little of those countries. The Castle Line of Donald Currie & Co. call from time to time at Las Palmas, and the steamers of Messrs. Forwood & Co. arrive from London monthly at the port of Orotava. Each firm, on application, gives full information. The larger boats that call at Plymouth, though the more expensive, are the better suited for delicate or sea-sick people, doing the passage in half the time—from four to five days—and speedily getting into smooth water and a warm latitude.

In the longer passage it is a pleasant break to run ashore at Madeira; in the shorter, the expectation centres on the first sight of Teneriffe, and all hurry on deck to obtain a glimpse of the Peak, which is discernible on the first approach to the islands, if, as is the rule rather than the exception, his majesty is not cloud-enveloped. The northern part of the coast, passed on entering the harbour of Santa Cruz, which lies on the north-east, is a wild, precipitous succession of rocky mountains, not particularly attractive, and certainly not hospitable-looking. Vegetation is represented almost entirely by clumps of *Euphorbia Canariensis*, a grey-green, arid-looking plant, growing like lichen on the serrated, steep slopes. On entering the road-stead, the scene is changed.

Santa Cruz, the capital and chief port of Teneriffe, is a pretty white town, built on the shores to the water's edge of a charming bay, with a back-ground of mountain



"Santa Cruz, the capital and chief port of Teneriffe."

land, whose lower heights in the near neighbourhood of the little city, are dotted with houses painted white or yellow, and possessing balconies of different colours, sizes and shapes, jutting miradores, and red tiled roofs. It is compactly built, neat and clean, and contains about 12,000 inhabitants.

There are no luggage troubles, for the Canary Isles, which belong to Spain, though geographically African, are free ports, and, with ease and rapidity, landing is effected by boats that convey the passengers off from the ships, when a short walk takes visitors to either of the two English hotels, or the few *fondas*, all near at hand.

It is quite possible to see the special features of Santa Cruz, — its cathedral, where are carefully stored the flags lost by the English when Nelson had his arm shattered; the Mole, which received a mark on one of its stones by the same cannon ball; the two or three bright plazas; the cheerful little shops; the market; the museum, with its Guanche skulls and remains—in a day; but the life of the place, its *patios*—courtyards—more Danish than Spanish ofttimes; its quaint water-spouts for running the rain off the roofs; its doorways and odd bits, reward more than the cursory glance, little as the town can boast of any architectural beauty.

In visiting Teneriffe, however, most people who stay there any time, make Orotava their head-quarters, since it bears the reputation of being the most favoured portion of the island, for beauty of scenery and perfection of climate. It lies on the opposite side, to the west of Santa Cruz, and to get there the visitor drives over a fine, well-made *carretera* (carriage-road) a distance of twenty-six miles, through a country that is full of interest, and that gains in charm as it nears the famed valley of Orotava. A drive of five hours over a hilly country, albeit on a smooth road, proves more or less trying to an invalid.

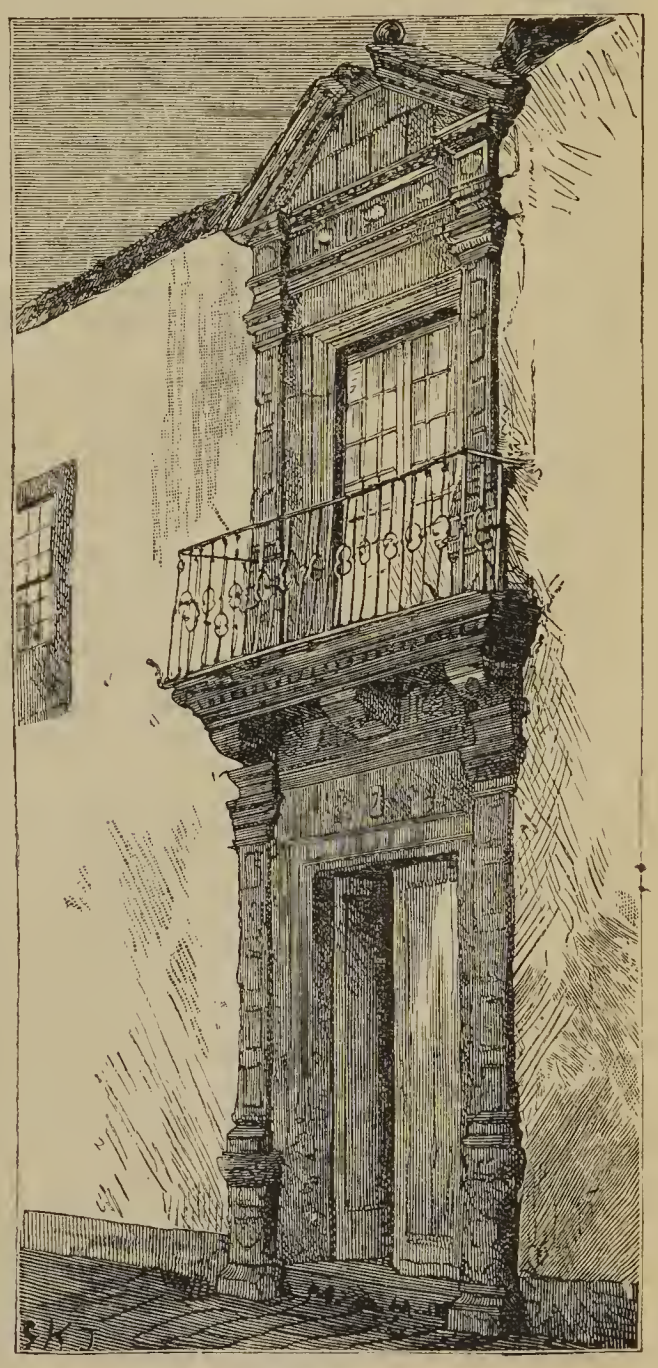
Laguna was built in 1497, by the conqueror of Teneriffe, and is still the episcopal seat. It has two fine churches, large disused convents and palacios, built of black stone, which give it a heavy and bygone appearance, but its houses are big, square, and comfortable, and it has the air of respectability and quiet, that we at home associate with cathedral towns. It lies five miles up from Santa Cruz, and the wealthier inhabitants of that town spend the summer months there to obtain a cooler and more bracing atmosphere. Behind its plains and amongst its highlands are delightful woods and walks, and almost the only pasturage to be found in the island. A remarkably fine breed of cattle are reared in the neighbourhood, strong and gentle, and such good eating, that the French call, by government contract, twice or thrice a year, to ship droves for the use of their convict settlements. After quitting Laguna, the scenery, which from the port up, is barren and arid, becomes more fertile; and the plains of Los Rodes, passed through on quitting the town, are green with large tracts of waving cereals, and here the traveller generally obtains his first view of the Peak.

At Tacoroute, the next stage, six miles further on, palms rise from the lower slopes; and from the higher level which the village occupies, the sea, which has been lost to view in the drive inland, now reappears, stretching away a shimmering expanse of blue, far below.

The next point is the little village of Sausal, possessed of a dome-shaped church of some pretensions, and the last halt is made at the little village of Matauza, meaning slaughter, this being one of the final points where the heroic Guanches defeated their treacherous invaders, the Spaniards.

Those who do not stay at Laguna, but take the twenty-five miles straight away, alight at Matauza for refreshment. The more important of the two inns is usually frequented by carriageocracy; the latter is the resort of those who travel by the rickety, time-worn old 'bus, whose occupants partake of an excellent breakfast or dinner while there is a change of horses. There is food for the mind as well as the body in the novel *ménu*, novel surroundings and kindly way. Under either roof, the two pleasant Spanish women are frankly interested in your enjoying their dishes and condiments, and press on you their best. It forms a restful break in a long drive, and the conveyance is re-entered with a stimulated appreciation of the many beauties that lie before you.

Again pursuing the way, the gazer is sensible that the beauty of the scenery is becoming greater; and after passing a church standing out like a landmark sharp against the sky, with a luxuriantly tufted pine rearing its head aloft close by, a deep ravine is crossed, and the small, picturesque village of Santa Ursula is reached, and a little more than a mile beyond, the run down the southern descent into the valley of Orotava commences. Orotava now lies



Old doorway in Santa Cruz.

before us, and all are eager to see the lovely spot that travellers have so praised.

The so-called valley occupies an area of fifteen miles in one direction and ten in the other, spreading out as an amphitheatre around.

A short run takes us now to either of the Orotavas, situated about two miles apart—the "villa," or upper town, the "puerto," or port, the lower. The latter is the resort of most visitors, the atmosphere being milder near the sea.

The streets are grass-grown, but the fine houses, with their handsome patios, plainly tell of the wealth that once existed. These houses, solid and comfortable, ornamented with miradores, picturesque tiled roofs, azoteas—flat roofs for walking on—and trellised balconies, show no signs of decay, and many of them are still inhabited by the descendants of the English and Irish families that were attracted to the island when it attained its best days.

Life at the Puerto passes without hurry, bustle, or excitement. Most of the visitors to Orotava have come as lotos eaters, for rest, quiet, and a lovely climate. If any amongst them expect the gaiety of an English colony, and the fashionable life of the Riviera, Nice, or Mentone, they will be disappointed.

The flowers are a constant delight ; their wealth, profusion, colour, and scent do not belie the expectation engendered by the name of the "Garden of the Hesperides."

The giving and accepting of flowers is an agreeable feature in the life of all Spaniards and their visitors, but in no Spanish dominion more than in these gardens of the "Pearl of the Ocean." Here flourish palm, banana, lubiscus, and plants and flowers innumerable, that we seek elsewhere under glass and artificial heat. They grow in all their native luxuriance, in a climate that is warm and tender, but not tropical. Midway between the Orotovas is situated the famous Botanical Garden, stored with treasures of the botanical world. At the upper town, twenty years ago, stood the marvellous Dragon tree, that was at least as old as the Pyramids, and a giant in size ; the object of much of the mythic lore that hung around the isles. The tallest palm in the south of Europe, with a stem rising 100 feet, still waves its feathery head in the same garden that the "dragon" made its home.

The oranges—the golden apples of the "Hesperides," whose luscious balls delighted the epicures of Rome and Greece—have suffered greatly in Teneriffe from disease ; and the large, juicy, refreshing fruit, which is so eagerly sought for and revelled in by the visitor of to-day, is imported from Canaria. But there is no reason why a little care in the cultivation should not reinstate the finer kind again in Orotava.

The excursions to be made from the neighbourhood of Orotava are numerous, and present great variety. They are generally undertaken by carriage or on horseback. Walking, except on the *carretera*, and for the robust, is trying, on account of the mountainous nature of the country, and the glowing sun.

To climb the Peak is eminently the thing to do, amongst our nationality ; and even the ladies get as far as the Cañadas, its basin—a plain of pumice-stone from which the cone rises. Some also attempt the entire ascent, which is rather fatiguing.

In and about Orotava, to and about Icod, the land is terraced, cultivated, and irrigated with extremest care ; and the pretty leaf of the Indian corn, the fresh green of the potato, the tremulous pulsation of the wheat crop, the rustling swaying of the yellow sugar-cane—dotted here and there by tall palms, which grow in Teneriffe with a wealth of feathery plume fronds—the occasional dragon-trees, still peculiar, distinctive, with patches of *Opfuntia tomentosa* (prickly pear, the food of the cochineal insect), and straggling, bushy fig-trees, clothe the sides of the volcanic, rock-strewn mountain slopes.

Icod now boasts an hotel, started for the English. Less than a year ago there was only a primitive Spanish *fonda*. It is the centre of a delightful district. The valley in which the town nestles is thought by some to exceed in beauty that of Orotava.

The language spoken in the Archipelago is Spanish.

The natives are kindly disposed, simple-minded and courteous. Though Spanish in habits and customs, they are brighter, more sociable and peaceable than those of the mainland, their isolated position and their admixture with Guanche blood—supposed to be very marked in some localities—have developed qualities of a more loveable nature than in Spain proper. They are a well-grown, muscular race, bronzed by the rays of their continuous sun, lithe and active when poor and industrious, plump and given to *dolce far niente*, when well-to-do and educated. The ladies retain the graceful mantilla of the Spanish land.

The peasant women have no particular costume. They wear skimpy cotton garments, a coloured handkerchief tied over the head, sometimes surmounted with a little round white straw hat, such as Swiss women adopt in some of the Tyrol districts. On their heads they carry any and everything, weights that we should be sorry to have to transport with the aid of back, shoulders and hands ; but they are unhampered with a superfluity of garments. They often go bare-footed, and they walk for miles with a grace and ease of carriage and a poise of of figure, that the highest lady in any land might envy.

The men among the peasantry work commonly in cotton drawers and shirt, and draw over their shoulders, when evening approaches or labour ceases, a long blanket cloak of Whitney make, almost as picturesque and as general a garment in Teneriffe, as Spanish cloaks are in the Peninsula.

The poor live on a mixture of ground cereals, fruits and dried fish, washed down with native wine. They rarely touch meat, and present a finer physique without, than our own populace with, the more expensive diet. The upper classes live much as on the Continent, and the English are catered for, by liberal breakfasts, dinners, lunches, and teas, a generous allowance of many dishes ; fruit accompanying every meal.

I have but given a cursory outline of Teneriffe and its attractions, but I think that enough has been said to show that there lies within easy distance, and no longer difficult to get at, a group of islands, where we may change the bitter winds, the cold and raw damp of Great Britain, for golden sunlight, soft breezes, and warmth and flowers, and that with a certainty of obtaining what we desire, and with an almost unvarying temperature.

THE STORY OF JONAH.

By the Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A.,
Author of "Christian Living," "Elijah," "Israel," etc., etc.

PART I.

THE DIVINE CALL.

THE second Book of Kings gives some fragmentary but very interesting details about the prophet who is to be the subject of this series of Papers ; and we will paint the background of our picture with the colours which those details supply. From the time of Jeroboam the kingdom of Israel had been rent by constant revolutions, and its throne filled by vicious and impotent rulers. It was not, therefore, to be wondered at, that its fortunes had reached a very low ebb. The Assyrians had gradually possessed themselves of all the frontier towns, and the adjacent border land ; and the feeling of the inhabitants of those parts is said to have become very bitter. They could call nothing their own ; they were much impoverished by the frequent plunderings of their foes. They lived in a constant state of alarm. There seemed no safety in the towns that were shut up, or the villages that were left unfortified ; the highways were deserted, and travellers walked through bye-paths.

Just at that time, the great prophet Elisha lay upon his dying bed, and this seemed the very climax of misfortune. So long as he lived, he seemed like a chariot and horseman of defence. The anxiety was so great, that the young king Joash left his palace and came down to him, and wept over his face, and said, "O my father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." To many it might have seemed that Elisha was the last of the prophets, but such was not to be the case. God may bury His workers, but He will make provision for carrying on their work. Already at Gathhepher, in the very heart of the most troubled district, there was growing up a young man, probably educated in one of the prophetic schools instituted by Elijah, who was to be the link between the great prophet of Horeb and his minister Elisha, on the one hand, and such men as Hosea and Amos and Isaiah on the other.

The name of this young man was Jonah, which means "the dove." If his name was any true index of his character, he was gentle and confiding ; not a man naturally fitted to stand in the breach, or to arrest the torrent of the sin of a great city. His father's name was Amittai, "the truth-seeker," a worthy parentage for a prophet. His earliest prophetic mission was one of comfort in announcing that God would not blot out the name of Israel from under heaven, but that the lost territories should be restored, and that the nation should be saved by the hand of Jeroboam, the son of Joash. This prediction was to be literally fulfilled, but meanwhile another commission was entrusted to the young aspirant for prophetic power. "The word of the Lord came unto Jonah, the son of Amittai, saying, Arise, go to Nineveh."

MARK, FIRST, HIS DESTINATION.

"*Nineveh, that great city.*" *It was great in its age.* Its foundation carries us back to the abortive attempt to build a tower whose top should touch the skies, and

which should be a sure defence against a second flood. From amidst the children of Ham there arose a man, who, even at this distance, looms out gigantic on the mists of the past. That man was Nimrod. He would lead armed forays against different peoples, whom he transplanted from land to land, according to his whim—an example which was afterwards repeatedly followed by the kings of Assyria. He was not content with founding four cities in Babylon; he went forth to Assyria, and founded four cities there, of which one was Nineveh. Nineveh, therefore, was remarkable in excessive age.

It was also great in size. Even God speaks of it as great (chap. 4.). Contemporary writers give the most extraordinary accounts of its greatness. One tells us that its walls formed a quadrangle sixty miles in circumference, a statement which tallies with one of the expressions of this book, in which we are told that there were six score thousand children who could not discern between their right hand and their left; and according to ordinary computations of the proportion of population, there could not therefore have been less than a population of one million. It was a million-peopled city. We are told also that it was a city of three days' journey, either in circumference, or from one gate to another. The existing ruins, consisting of vast mounds that extend over acres of territory, attest its former greatness, and the very stones lift up their voices and cry, "Nineveh was great." Nor is this greatness difficult to account for, for this mighty city stood on the banks of the Tigris, occupying the most convenient position as the emporium of merchandise between Eastern and Western Asia. And this it was that led the prophet Nahum to speak of it as having multiplied its merchants above the stars of heaven, and as revelling in luxury.

It was also great in sin. It is almost impossible to conceive of a great city in which sin does not reach its most prolific growth, and assume its most malignant aspect. Thoughtful men can hardly look at a great centre of population from some commanding eminence, or hear its murmur borne to them upon the breeze, without being conscious of the nearness of tears, like those which filled the eyes of Christ, when from the Mount of Olives He beheld the city and wept over it. What great city is not also a mäelstrom of sin, drawing into itself the evil of the surrounding country? Nineveh! Babylon! Pompeii! Constantinople! London! Paris! New York! If the history of these could be truly written, would it not be filled with lamentation and woe, with the cries of the oppressed, with the wrongs of woman, youth, and child, with the victory of wrong over right, of passion over purity, and of darkness over the struggling beams of righteousness? The causes of these are not far to seek.

There is such *loneliness* in a great city. Men are lost in a crowd. They can elude the pursuit of those who know and love them as completely as if they had travelled to the antipodes, or had built them a home in some desolate waste. Many a prodigal has found his far country within a few yards of his father's home. In his native village a man is kept under a certain restraint by the fact that he is known to every one, and by the certainty that everything which he does will be canvassed and reported; but in a large city he may brave discovery, and may throw the reins carelessly upon the neck of unrestrained desire.

How needful is it, young man, that you remember that the eye of God can track you through the most crowded thoroughfare as easily as in the stillest country lane; and what work could be holier or more fruitful for Christian people with comfortable and spacious homes than to set themselves to seek out those who have recently come into our great centres of population, offering them their hospitality?

May we not also trace much of the evil of our large cities to their *overcrowding*, so that the contagion of sin spreads with virulent rapidity? Bad men are constantly inciting one another to further vice. "They helped every one his neighbour," and every one saith to his brother, "Be of good courage." Men in a crowd will urge one another to crimes which they would not dare to attempt if they lived alone, each vieing with the rest, and each becoming a centre of poisonous taint to the guileless and pure who are forced into their close company.

And the saddest source of crime is one which is almost nameless here, where wealth and rank meet with virtue and poverty. This, in the days of Jonah, was the sin of Nineveh, as it was the sin of Sodom and of Pompeii, and as it is the sin of Paris and of Constantinople. Mark these solemn words, uttered against Nineveh by the voice of the prophet: "Behold, I am against thee, saith the Lord of Hosts, because of the multitude of thy whoredoms." Alas! alas! that our cities should be constrained to bear such tragedies of sin enacted nightly in their streets! Woe be unto our young people that enter them without fixed religious principle. However promising and hopeful they may be as they leave their father's home, a few months will be long enough to bring a withered look on to the face, the heartless tone into the laugh, and the deep-seated cancer into the heart which was made to be the temple of sweetness, purity, and strength.

Such was the sin of Nineveh, and it was great enough to come up before God, rising like the waters of some mighty deluge, until it threatened to touch the very footstool of the Most High. Then said God, "Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it."

SECONDLY, CONSIDER MORE CLOSELY THE REASON FOR HIS COMMISSION.

"*Go and cry.*" Why did God send him? No doubt one prime reason was *God's love for Nineveh itself.* As God looked down upon that great heathen city, He saw that there were causes at work, which of themselves, and without any interposition of His, would ruin it. When a nation gives itself up to luxury and vice and extravagance, it is near its fall. The dry rot has already commenced, and perhaps has almost finished its work. We must not suppose that through those long ages which lie on the other side of the cross, God cared for the Jews alone. His tender mercies were over all His works. Not Jerusalem only, but Nineveh lay near His heart, and as He saw the approach of its inevitable doom, His heart was stirred with pity, and He sought to arouse them to repentance, that that doom might, if possible, be averted. He would at least wait, withholding the thunderbolt of deserved judgment, until He had plied it with every possible argument and entreaty, as if He were determined to postpone as far as possible the evil day, and not to let it dawn until the guilty city had had every reason and opportunity for repentance urged upon it, and had turned a deaf ear to them all. "He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

We sometimes wonder if God can be aware of all the evil that is being wrought under the sun, and our wonder arises from the fact that He is so still. Did He see the Sicilian Vespers? Did He see the massacre in the vales of Piedmont? Did He see the slaughter of the Huguenots on the dark day of St. Bartholomew? Did He see the horrors of the West Indian Passage? Does He see the enormities being wrought under the British name by the drink traffic on the coast of Africa; by the damning opium trade against the remonstrances of the Chinese; by the license given by the English Government to vice in that country which is the noblest jewel in our crown? If He does, why does He not strike in? Simply because He is God, and not man. He is infinite in His patience; He will do nothing rashly. He will give every man an opportunity of repentance; He will ply men with every motive to a better life; He will hold back the waters of the Deluge that Noah may preach for a hundred years. He will postpone the destruction of the Canaanites for four centuries, because their iniquity has not yet brimmed to its full; and He will delay the downfall of Nineveh, that Jonah may go there to preach repentance. "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness, but is long-suffering to usward." "Account that the long-suffering of our Lord is salvation."

Another reason for Jonah's mission to Nineveh may no doubt be found in *God's care for His people Israel.* Israel had broken through every barrier, and been deaf to every pleading voice. It was as if God would try one more expedient. Jonah shall go to Nineveh. If Nineveh refuse him, and be destroyed in forty days, it will be a terrible warning; but if Nineveh, though so hardened, repent so soon as Jonah begins to preach, then it will be a loud reproof to the nation among whom an entire order of prophets had been fulfilling their office for several generations in vain.

It would seem as if God were acting in the spirit of the language ascribed to Him by the great lawgiver: "They have moved Me to jealousy with that which is not God; they have provoked Me to anger with their vanities. I will move them to jealousy by those which are not a people. I will provoke them to anger with a foolish nation." "I was found of them that sought Me not; I was made manifest to them that asked not after Me. But to Israel He saith, All day long I have stretched out My hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people."

God is stretching out His hands to you. See, they bear the mark of the nail. Run to them as a child just learning to walk stumbles forward to its mother's embrace. Do not be gainsaying, perverse, or disobedient; yet, if you are, He may try some other means of winning you. So rich is He in resources.

(*Continued—page* 746.)

GLENARN; OR, THE MISSING WILL.

By M. F. SPOTTISWOODE.



"His keen pleasure in his boyish haunts was not diminished."

CHAPTER I.

GLENARN lay in a part of Scotland outside the beaten track of the ordinary tourist. No guide-book referred to its straight white walls, so daintily screened from critical eyes by clinging ivy tendrils.

Sometimes strangers said that the river ran too near and the trees grew too close; and it was certainly very far from any railway station.

But whatever others thought of the place, there was one, at the time our story begins, to whom it seemed the only desirable spot on earth, and whose whole heart was penetrated with keenest pain at the prospect of leaving it.

Robert Lindsay had been an orphan almost from infancy, and could scarcely remember any other home than Glenarn, or any other parent than the old laird, his grandfather. Many years before, Mr. Lindsay had been left a widower, with the care of his two little boys. Perhaps he was too much absorbed in his books and his "place" to enter heartily into their pursuits; at any rate their careers, of which he had expected much, disappointed him, and it was with some apprehension that he received his younger son's orphan boy into his home.

The simple-hearted, affectionate child soon made a place for himself in the old man's lonely heart, and exercised undisputed sovereignty in all minor affairs. He passed through his school days with credit in his studies, and renown in his sports; and, after anxious deliberation, his grandfather decided that he should go to Cambridge. When, his first term completed, Robert returned to Glenarn, it was with a pathetic joy that the old laird observed that his love for his home and keen pleasure in his boyish haunts were not at all diminished. Yet he was changed. He was manlier, gentler, more thoughtful and more reserved.

On the first evening after his grandson's return, when the butler had left the dining-room, and the stately old gentleman sat in his favourite chair, he asked,—

"What are all the Cambridge fellows saying and doing now, Robert? Tell me something of their life; not their games, but their thoughts."

It happened thus that the conversation took a graver turn than it was wont when Robert shared it.

The candles burnt low in their silver sockets, and the fire died out unnoticed that night, as the young man told with a grave enthusiasm of a new life of courage, and heroism, and strength, of which he had learned; which owed its source to no science or philosophy, but to Him who fashioned both the human intellect and the human frame.

And thus it came to pass that, throughout the long, cold winter days and damp, showery springtide, Mr. Lindsay, as he sat by the study fire, read less of his favourite classics, and more of an old Greek Testament that he had used when he was a boy.

One bright summer evening during Robert's long vacation, he stood with his grandfather on the bank of the river, watching the sunset.

Neither spoke, but there was an unwonted smile on the old man's handsome face. At last, with a faint sigh, he put his hand on his grandson's arm, and they turned homewards, Mr. Lindsay's tall, venerable figure leaning somewhat heavily on his stalwart supporter.

Next morning all was dismay and confusion at Glenarn. Servants ran hither and thither, and a constant succession of farmers and villagers made their way to the house to "make inquiries."

In one room all was still, for there, with a peaceful smile on his once troubled features, lay he who once had been Laird of Glenarn.

CHAPTER II.

A WEEK had passed. The funeral was over, and the laird slept with his fathers in the old churchyard. People spoke kindly of him, but there was no one besides Robert on whom the sense of personal loss weighed very heavily.

By degrees the startling news spread from homestead to homestead, that the late laird had made no will, and that there was another claimant to the estate.

Mr. Lindsay's elder son had married a widow about ten years before the events first recorded, and had died soon afterwards, leaving his little boy, Norman, to get on in the world as best he could.

Robert Lindsay, almost stupefied by the sudden events of the past few days, replied to the factor's unwilling assurance that, notwithstanding careful search, no will could be found,—

"Then please telegraph to Mrs. Lindsay to come here at once with her son."

The factor looked distressed, and muttered something about "no need for hurry," but Robert interrupted him:

"Do not delay; do it now; I wish it," he said, with the dignified imperiousness with which the sorrow-stricken can command obedience.

And thus it happened that just one week after his pleasant evening stroll with his grandfather, when the world had seemed so fair, and life so sweet to Robert Lindsay, he sat alone in the study of Glenarn, bowed down with grief and bitterness of spirit, a homeless orphan, for he had determined that next morning he would leave his old home for ever.

He had flattered himself that before factor and people at least he had borne himself well, that he had been prompt and just toward his cousin, dutiful and affectionate to his old grandfather.

"And well I might be," he said now; "didn't I owe him everything? My dear old grandfather! And now I'm wretched because he has not given me what another had at least an equal right to. If only he were here again at dear Glenarn!" and he rose and stood at the window, gazing with tearful eyes on the familiar scene.

"What was it Janet said, when she came in a few minutes ago? 'The Lord reigneth';" and then he sank into a quiet reverie, until he became all unconscious of the pleasant room in which he was, and the soft green grass and trees before him.

He seemed to stand again beneath the massive arches of an old cathedral, and as the mellow tones of the organ swelled louder and louder, the choir sang out triumphantly, "Hallelujah, hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." How his heart had glowed then with ardent devotion, and with his whole soul he had uttered a fervent "Amen." Instinctively, as the recollection overpowered him, he fell on his knees. And there his life righted itself. Henceforth, in bearing the burdens of others, he would seek to fulfil the law of Christ.

CHAPTER III.

IT was a windy, cloudy afternoon, when the roomy, old-fashioned carriage, containing the new laird, drew up in front of Glenarn.

On the door-step, waiting to receive him, stood Robert Lindsay. Erect, stately, with a slight flush on his handsome face and a certain compression of his lips, he only waited to bid his cousin God-speed, and then he would go away for ever.

Mrs. Lindsay was the first to alight from the carriage. An Eastern sun had destroyed the charm of a once pretty face. She looked tired and worn, and silvery streaks were visible in the brown hair drawn tightly backward under a girlish travelling hat.

Robert bowed and held out his hand.

"I suppose you are Robert Lindsay," she said, in a drawling tone. "Your cousin Norman is in the carriage."

As she spoke, a little boy of nine years old appeared at the carriage door, apparently struggling to free himself from an entangling rug. Robert moved forward quickly to his aid, but not in time to save him from a heavy fall on the gravel below.

Robert then suggested tea in the drawing-room, to which he led his aunt. She seated herself in the arm-chair his grandfather had always used on the rare occasions on which he received visitors, and Robert felt that he could not stay in the room. With some slight apology he withdrew, and walked slowly down to the old churchyard in sorrowful meditation.

he had been wont as a child to scamper over the heather, he heard voices in animated discussion.

"Norman, you really mustn't get on the pony," said some one. "You'll only get hurt, and I'll be blamed."

"I'm not going to be ordered about always by a girl," replied a child's voice, angrily, "and I intend to mount her."



"'Oh, how jolly!' said the child; and then added, in a more subdued tone, 'It's beautiful!'"

"My dear Norman, is he hurt then?" said his mother in a tone of vexation.

"No; not a bit. It's only that horrid old rug. It's Louie's fault;" and the pale brow was drawn into a heavy scowl.

Mrs. Lindsay explained that Louie Clifford was the daughter of her first husband, who had been a widower, and that she was her sole guardian.

Little Norman, who appeared at every meal, and talked constantly, evidently liked his cousin, which inclined Mrs. Lindsay to look favourably on her "interloping nephew," as she had often termed him.

Next morning Robert paid a series of farewell visits to his favourite haunts. As he drew near the stable in which the Shetland pony was kept, on whose shaggy back

"Mamma will be so angry. Please Norman, don't," continued the imploring voice.

"I will, so there," said Norman, and a tiny foot stamped angrily on the stable floor.

At this moment Robert appeared in the doorway, and confronted his little cousin, whose pale face was flushed with excite-

ment. Louie Clifford was standing by the pony, her small hand laid caressingly on its rough coat, and her rosy face, with its crown of glossy brown hair nearly hidden in its tangled mane.

There was a ring of pain in the clear voice, which said, as Robert entered,—

"Please, Mr. Lindsay, Norman mustn't ride, must he? He might be hurt, and I don't know what mamma would say."

"I'm sure mamma won't mind," said Norman persistently; "very likely she'll be angry with you for not letting me ride. You know she said you were always interfering."

Louie said nothing, but tears glistened for a moment in the grey eyes, and the little mouth closed firmly.

Robert solved the difficulty at once.

"Norman, go and ask your mother if I may take you for a ride," he said.

In an instant the boy was gone, and Sheila was saddled for the last time by the hands of her old master.

"You'll find poor old Glenarn rather dull, I'm afraid, Miss Clifford," said Robert.

"I don't think so," said Louie, "but it feels strange just now;" then added impulsively, "I'm *so* sorry, Mr. Lindsay, you should have to leave it. I know how you love it and the people love you."

Robert was touched by the warm, girlish sympathy.

"Will you try to make friends of the people, Miss Clifford?" he said. "You'll soon learn to love them and they you."

"I have already made friends with one," said Louie, "Janet, I think you call her. She was so good to me last night. She sang me to sleep with such a quaint Psalm. It began, 'The Lord doth reign.'"

"Janet's heart is full of that, I know," said Robert. "But here comes Norman."

"Louie, mamma says you're to go into the house at once, and I'm to ride," gasped panting Norman.

In a few minutes the pony was trotting gravely down the avenue with her new master on her back, and her old master at her side.

Louie turned slowly housewards, bracing her heart for the snubs Mrs. Lindsay considered so wholesome, with the recollection of the kindly human sympathy already given her at Glenarn.

Robert found his little companion intelligent and interesting, but hardly expected the outburst of enthusiasm which the boy displayed when they stood on the slope of the grassy "brae."

"Oh, it's jolly!" said the child, and then added in a more subdued tone, "It is beautiful."

"It's all yours, Norman," said his cousin.

"Mine to do as I like with?"

"No," replied Robert, "nothing is yours to do as you like with. You must think of other people always, and of God who gave it you, and can take it away in a moment." Norman was silent for a minute, then said:

"Yes, of course God could. Like Nebuchadnezzar's. You should get Louie to tell you stories on Sunday, Cousin Robert. She does it first rate."

Robert laughed and turned Sheila's head homewards. Before they reached the avenue, he was in full possession of the boy's most cherished secrets.

At the gate the pony was stopped.

"Will you say good-bye to your mother and sister for me, Norman?" said Robert, "I'm going to walk to the station. You'll be good to Sheila, won't you?" he added, "and write to me sometimes."

Then, paying no heed to Norman's passionate entreaties to remain, he turned resolutely away.

And so Robert Lindsay went out to meet his destiny in the great world. When he reached the "march burn," or boundary of the estate, he turned to gaze once more on field and rock and tree, with a murmured blessing.

CHAPTER V.

TEN years have passed since Robert Lindsay bade adieu to Glenarn—years in which he has grown humbler, stronger, braver.

It is the anniversary of his grandfather's death, and he sits in the verandah of his bungalow, thinking of home. Presently a servant brings him a budget of letters.

"Business, business, business," he exclaims, as he tosses various long-shaped envelopes on to a wicker-work lounge.

He retains possession of one, addressed in a lady's handwriting. In it were a few scrawling lines from Mrs. Norman Lindsay, which bore the date "Calcutta."

Although Robert had heard of his cousin's failing health, that a tour in the East had been recommended, and that Mrs. Lindsay proposed accompanying him, he was startled by the words he read:—

"Norman begs you to come and see him. He thinks he would die happier if he saw you. You will not refuse his last request?"

Before many days had passed, he found himself in a hotel in Calcutta, by the couch on which his cousin lay, endeavouring to soothe his grief-stricken mother.

"Robert," he said, when Mrs. Lindsay had gone to rest for an hour in another room, "I don't know if I can make a will, as I'm not of age, but you'll take care of mother and Louie. They have some money in the hands of a London lawyer; will you see about it?"

Robert promised, and then the cousins spoke of the things which concern that larger life on which one of them was so soon to enter.

When Mrs. Lindsay returned and laid her trembling fingers on her son's feverish brow, he whispered, "It's all true, mother, what you used to read to me about. God is *so* good." And the tired eyes closed.

In a few days Norman Lindsay was laid to rest under the Eastern sun.

In the space of a few weeks, during which his aunt had returned to England to receive the tender care and sympathy of her orphan ward, Robert found himself once more bound for home.

* * * *

A plain granite slab marks the spot where Norman Lindsay sleeps. It bears the inscription, "The Lord reigneth."

Robert does not find on his return to Glenarn that he reigns supreme in the hearts of the people, as of old, for sunny-hearted Louie Clifford has won no secondary place in their affections. There is no feigned rejoicing, therefore, when, a year later, they celebrate by speeches and bonfires her marriage to the laird.

"They've come for guid," says one poor woman, with glistening eyes, to the old minister, who passes her cottage on the way to offer his congratulations.

"Yes, for *good*," he answers.

And after years have proved it true.

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

C. Y. M. C. A.—As you do not mention the neighbourhood in which you are seeking such a situation, it is somewhat difficult to reply to your inquiry. If the neighbourhood of London, you would soon see by glancing through the London Dailies, which would be the best advertise in.

Coin, Exeter.—The value of a Charles II. 5s. piece dated 1676, is 8s.

A. D.—The annihilation of the wicked is not taught in Holy Scripture. Neither is conditional immortality. Both these errors spring from a mistaken interpretation of certain Biblical expressions. For instance, when the wicked are said to be "lost," to "perish," to be "destroyed," the meaning is assumed to be, they are annihilated. But that cannot be the force of the words, for, if it were, it would lead to the most absurd conclusions, as in the following passages:—"I am not sent, but unto the lost sheep"—*the annihilated sheep!*—"of the house of Israel." "The world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished,"—*was annihilated!* "Destroy this temple,"—*annihilate it!*—"and in three days I will raise it up." Every one can see the folly of such interpretations as these, and they are not the less absurd when applied to the future state of the wicked. Moreover, as science teaches in regard to matter, that not a single particle of it can ever be annihilated, so in regard to spirit, we have no reason to think that a different law prevails.

Then as to conditional immortality, we must distinguish between life and mere existence. The wicked shall *exist* for ever. But eternal *life*, in the true and Scriptural sense, shall be enjoyed only by the children of God. Even in this life, "she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." It is quite true, indeed, that the first resurrection, and the life of the millennial age, are both conditional, and shall be shared in only by believers. But this does not exclude the immortality of the wicked, for at the end of that period, they, too, shall rise again, and be judged according to their works (Rev. 20. 5, 13).

The word hell has not been banished from the Revised Version, as "A. D." seems to think. It is only where "*Hades*," or the equivalent Hebrew word, occurs in the original, that a change has been made. In every case where *Gehenna* is used, it is still translated hell (Matt. 5. 22, 29, 30; 10. 28; Mark 9. 43–47; Luke 12. 5, etc.). The important thing to bear in mind is, that in all these passages it is the Lord Himself—incarnate Love—who speaks. And if *He* warns men against the place of torment, who will dare to say that no such place exists?

As to the next question "A. D." asks, he may make his mind perfectly easy. Theories as to pre-Adamite man, the vast antiquity of the human race, our descent from monkeys, etc., are mere idle speculations, which advancing science and research are showing to be untenable. Until Darwinism can *prove* the transmutation of species, the spontaneous generation of life, and the material origin of man's moral and spiritual nature, we need have no fears as to the result. God and the Bible still hold the field.

In admitting persons to the Lord's Table, there must, of course, be some rules of discipline observed. One denomination may be stricter than another in this respect, but all retain in their hands, more or less, the power of repelling open and notorious evil livers. To judge the heart is God's prerogative alone; and this being the case, we can only fall back on the apostolic rule, "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup."

"Inquirer."—In John 13. 10, the meaning depends on the different words to express washing, used by our Lord. The first signifies the washing of the whole body; the second, the washing of the hands and feet only. And the lesson taught is this, that, as a person returning to his home after the bath needs not to bathe again, but only to wash his feet from the dust of the way, so he who has once received, in the new birth, the great cleansing from his sins, needs not in this sense to be cleansed a second time, but simply requires that daily purification from the daily defilement of the world, which even the regenerate stand in need of, as they journey to the blessed Home above. This was all that Peter and the other apostles required. But as for Judas, he had never been cleansed in any sense of the word at all.

INQUIRIES.

Country Cousin would like to know: (1) where he can obtain a strong *hand* tricycle (new or second-hand); (2) How to play the game of "Tel-el-Kebir."

"Cloven."—What is its origin or exact meaning? It seems to express almost the height of love and greatest blessing, the "cloven foot" and the "cloven tongues." Is there any same meaning in its use in these two cases?

"Ivy" would be glad to know (1) how to make chocolate or crêmes from cocoatina; (2) how grease can be taken out of boards.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC

GIVEN ON PAGE 686.

1. R om P
2. A rc H
3. M ann A
4. E a R
5. S of A
6. E ch O
7. S mas H

CHRISTIAN KNIGHTHOOD.*

By CHARLES FORD, Author of "What Fruit?" "Work-to-day," etc.

HOW frequently nature's best treasures are found in comparatively valueless surroundings — gold in useless quartz, silver in lead ore, the violet in the barren dell. And so in the fields of classic and historic lore, what exquisite types of character, and model lessons are intermingled with their dust and rubbish. Perhaps one of the best illustrations of this is furnished by Mediæval Knighthood. In an age, conspicuous for its darkness and stagnation, the institution of Knighthood stands out distinguished for its lofty moral ideal of character and conduct. The traditional conception of Mediæval Knighthood, handed down by Poets and Romancers, as for example in the "Morte d'Arthur," which, as an accomplished writer points out, is "an exponent of all that gothic fire and hardihood which Christian faith moulded into chivalry," is simply perfect. "Anything finer (and more impracticable) than the aspirations of King Arthur, in his institution of the round table, is not to be found in literature." The very existence of these "aspirations," "impracticable" as they may have been of actual attainment, shows what lofty moral sentiment Knighthood was, at this early period, the embodiment of. Separated from its accidentals, Mediæval Knighthood exemplifies in a striking manner the highest virtues of Christianity and the New Testament, as seen even in the Biblical sunlight of this nineteenth century; and is therefore no unworthy prototype of that *Christian Knighthood*, that "perfect manhood," which Christ Himself came to reveal and to create, and which the great apostle to the Gentiles is ever urging men to attain.

Do we not sorely need, in these prosaic times, moral stimulus, such as the example of Chivalry affords, to reach the finer traits of Christian character? What stalwart figures those old knights were. What a polish and *aroma* of virtue there was about them. How sadly the average Christian—the so-called "highest style of man"—in these days, lacks this moral "finish." May not even modern Christians learn some lessons of virtue from the Mediæval Knight—be helped to perceive, and incited to acquire, some of his finer qualities. This example should especially appeal to young men. They should be emphatically Christian *Knights;* strong, yet gentle, ever ready to defend the right, and alert to champion all who need service or succour.

To this end—that we may realize more strongly the obligations of that *Christian* Knighthood which the New Testament lays upon us—let us look at some of the prominent relations between the Mediæval and Scriptural conceptions of Knighthood; first at the comparison, and secondly, at the contrast, between them.

* *Knighthood* is here used exclusively in its moral and metaphorical, and not in its legal or technical sense, as referring to the social distinction conferred by the sovereign for public services.

I. THE COMPARISON BETWEEN MEDIÆVAL AND CHRISTIAN KNIGHTHOOD.

This is seen in the identity of their essential virtues. Both alike insist on the two fundamental principles of ethical character—the harmonizing of opposing interests, and the union of contrasting excellencies. The foremost qualities of Mediæval Knighthood were precisely those to which Christianity gives the highest place, and on which it lays the greatest stress—the sacrifice of self to duty, and the union of strength with gentleness.†

1. *The sacrifice of self to duty.* This was the distinguishing characteristic of the Mediæval Knight. He could have no purely personal interests, apart from his honour as a knight, from his obligation to his order, his country, the Church, the lady he loved, or the cause he espoused. However crude his notion of duty, his fidelity to it was immovable. *Duty* was his watchword, and obedience to it had all the solemnity of an avowed creed, all the constraining power of a living faith. And is not this sacrifice of self to duty the primary demand of the gospel? Is not duty, understood as the will and commands of Christ, the paramount law of the Christian life, to which every other interest must bow, and every other obligation be second? As the Mediæval Knight sacrificed everything for military honour, for the service of the Church, or the rewards of victory, so the Christian Knight is called upon to give up all for Christ; to take up his cross daily and follow the Master; to fight in His cause against evil, at any cost; to spend and be spent in His service; and to look to Him alone for the crown at last. A stronger, purer motive force than chivalry ever knew —"the love of Christ," in its simple, spiritual reality, "constraineth him," that he should "not live unto himself, but unto Him that died for him and rose again."

2. *The union of strength with gentleness.* This was another leading feature of the Mediæval Knight, hardly second in importance to the preceding. Strength was plainly most imperative. Not rough, rude, brute force, but trained and cultured power. The Knight was emphatically what Carlyle calls an "*able*" man, one thoroughly qualified and equipped inwardly as well as outwardly for his vocation. This was his boast—though he might not always make it good, when the trial hour came, that he was proof against all comers. And this trained and attempered strength was coupled, as it well might be, with a gentle courtesy. It was through this unique combination of strength and gentleness, that the Knight of the middle ages obtained the traditional reputation of a *Champion*, or defender of the poor and distressed. For though many of the stories of the Knight errantry may only exist, as Hallam says, "in the popular romances" of the time, they could hardly have arisen had not the actual Knightly character been such as to render them, at least, possible. They are probably rather exaggerations and amplifications, than entire fictions. That the traditional conception of Knighthood had a basis of fact, is confirmed by its close association, especially after the rise of the crusades, with religion. In the eleventh century, the creation of the Knight (the third and highest rank of chivalry, and never conferred before the twenty-first year) was preceded by a solemn confession, and a midnight vigil in the church, followed by the reception of the Eucharist. The new Knight offered his sword on the altar, to signify his devotion to the Church, and his determination to lead a holy life. He then took an oath to protect the distressed (especially ladies and orphans), maintain right against might, and never by word or deed to stain his character as a Knight or a Christian.‡

Such was the true Knight, at once brave and noble—"*sans peur et sans reproche.*" And is not this just the kind of character the New Testament enjoins upon us as Christians? Was not the union of strength and gentleness one of the most prominent characteristics of Christ Himself? Is not Paul ever insisting on it as the top stone of Christian morality? What an illustration of its importance is furnished by the Corinthian Church, where weakness and contention went hand in hand. Hence apostles urge us to be strong in order that we may be loving; to have that "*fervent* charity among ourselves" which is both the most powerful and pitiful of graces; to be "able to comprehend, teach, stand," that we may be "able to bear;" to be at once "strong in the Lord, and patient toward all men."

II. THE CONTRAST BETWEEN MEDIÆVAL AND CHRISTIAN KNIGHTHOOD.

While there is a striking analogy, there is also a marked distinction between the Knightly character of the middle ages, and that supreme manhood Christianity demands—there is another side to the shield —both as regards the fields they occupy, and their respective power to realize their own ideals.

1. *Mediæval contrasts with Christian Knighthood on account of its limited field.* The former was associated exclusively with the profession of arms, and its services restricted to a handful of combatants—to picked men, whose social standing and

† These characteristics would be, of course, exhibited in accordance with the genius of the time. Hallam mentions "three virtues" as "essential to the character of a knight"—loyalty (fidelity to engagements), courtesy, and munificence; subsequently adding a fourth, "justice"—an ardent indignation against wrong, and a determination to redress it.

‡ Mediæval Knights may be classified as *Military*, consisting of Knights-bannerets ("the richest and best accompanied"), and Knights-bachelors, who aided kings in war, and brought a certain number of lances into the field; and *Religious* (originating in the crusades), consisting of two principal orders, the *Knights' Templars*, whose duty was to defend the Christian faith and the holy sepulchre against the Saracens, and the *Knights (or Hospitalers) of St. John*, afterwards called *Knights of Rhodes*, and subsequently *Knights of Malta*, who, in addition to military service, took care of the sick, and accompanied pilgrims. Both orders took the three Romish vows of chastity, obedience, and poverty. An order, corresponding to that of the *Templars*, called the *Teutonic* order, existed in Germany, during the crusades. A *Knight-errant* was one who wandered about in search of adventures.

military capacity fitted them for the severe warlike services the Knight had to undertake. *Christian* Knighthood, on the contrary, is absolutely unlimited in its range; its service restricted neither to class, age, nor sex, and its only imperative qualifications the profession of those moral characteristics which more or less distinguished its Mediæval prototype, and which are, in some measure, attainable by all.*

Mediæval Knighthood was fettered by its special form, through consisting of a particular order, or orders of men, having peculiar rules, involving a distinct course of life, like monkery or monasticism, which cuts off its followers from the ordinary avocations of society. *Christian* Knighthood, on the other hand, has no special or exclusive form; it is rather a *spirit* penetrating all ordinary paths of life, and capable of being manifested in each, than a peculiar order separating men therefrom. *Christian* Knighthood, therefore, is not only individually, but socially, superior to *Mediæval*, in at least two respects. First, that service and succour of others are its immediate and perpetual purpose, whereas this was only incidental in the Knighthood of the middle ages, in which personal renown filled far the larger place, and was one of its most fruitful evils. Secondly, Christian Knighthood, being thus universal, and unselfishly benevolent, tends to unite all classes of society, while Mediæval Knighthood, by its exclusiveness and narrowness, tended to separate them. The former has thus the elements of permanence; the latter, inherited decay. Progress confirms the first because it is simply the eternal ideal of Christianity socially embodied; progress destroyed the last because it was at heart inimical, as an institution, to Christian and national development. How little real spiritual force Mediæval Knighthood actually possessed, may be seen from Hallam's remark: "It was the invention of *gunpowder* that eventually overthrew chivalry."

2. *Mediæval contrasts with Christian Knighthood in its inability to realize its ideal.* While the former professed the loftiest *principles* of virtue, its *practice* fell lamentably below them. Its actual excellence was external, rather than moral, its virtue consisting, as we have said, rather in exceptional deeds, than in that supreme elevation of the entire life which Christianity demands. It presents a lofty conception of morality, but lacked adequate motive power to reach it. This is very pointedly exemplified in the "Morte d'Arthur," already referred to. "Nobody," says the able writer before quoted, "can read the 'Morte d'Arthur,' without observing the extraordinary discrepancy between the sentiments it inculcates, and the conduct of those whose doings it records. The character of Arthur,—upright, generous, unselfish, incapable of suspicion as of fear,—is the ideal of all we most revere and love. His history, and that of his knights, may be commended as a parable, teaching men to what lofty aims they ought to soar, teaching them also to what profound depths of sin and sorrow they are prone to sink. Launcelot and Tristram . . . afford warning even as they compel admiration, fallen because of the very qualities that raised them above their fellows, dishonoured in regard to the very honour by which they set such priceless store. Alas for truth when Tristram could deceive! Alas for loyalty when Launcelot rode under shield against his lord! Alas for the lower, weaker natures whom these great hearts drew down in their disgrace! Alas for the flowers of chivalry, that—

> "The trail of the serpent was over them all."

Christian Knighthood, on the other hand, not only presents a lofty ideal, but in harmony with the spiritual interpretation of the New Testament, insists on its application to the entire life, and to every individual. It possesses, too, in the foremost place it gives to the sacrifice and character of Christ, the strongest possible motive force towards its approximate realization. And though the *Christian* Knighthood often falls short of its ideal, failure is recognised and deplored, never, as was too often the case with Mediæval Knighthood, overlooked and palliated. For the discrepancy above referred to seems to be recorded, singularly enough, by the writer of the "Morte d'Arthur," without any sense of its moral inconsistency. The great religious contrast between Christian and Mediæval Knighthood, and the advantage of the one over the other, lies in the fact that the inspiration of the former comes from Christ Himself, while that of the latter was drawn from Christianity as interpreted by the Romish Church—from a *human* instead of a *Divine* source. Hence the greater possibility of reaching the Knight's moral ideal where the power is of God, than where it is of man. While in the onrush of the Tournament and single combat, the Mediæval Knight stands pre-eminent; in the daily conflict and ceaseless struggle with the giant forces of evil, it is the Christian Knight that bears the palm.

How plain it is, from this brief survey of the relations between Mediæval and Christian Knighthood, that though the form of Chivalry has passed away, its spirit and power remain. The instincts of Christian humanity, to succour the weak and deliver the oppressed, can never die. No one who understands the temper of the times, whether national or religious, will conclude, with Burke, that our age is deficient in any of the qualities which constitute the real glory of Knighthood.

That glory did not consist in external splendour, nor even in particular deeds, but in the skill and virtue that lay beneath them. The record of these deeds is mostly lost; could they even be recalled, they would profess but faint interest, but the *spirit* of fidelity and intrepidity that prompted them—the "soul of goodness" that transmigrates through the changing body of the ages—is as prevalent and vital as ever, only waiting to be embodied by us in new forms, and directed, with more intelligent devotion, to higher and wider ends. And certainly if the *spirit* of Chivalry still exists, the *need* for it has not lessened. Never was "the struggle for existence" so keen. Never was there such a universal call for unselfish devotion to duty, and prompt ministration to the distressed. If ever Chivalry was demanded by an age, not indeed in feats of arms, but in battle for truth and right, and in helpful services of mercy, it is now. And how many of the best spirits of our day, amongst all sections of Christians, are conspicuous for their chivalrous devotion to the poor and outcast; battling as fiercely as ever Knight-errant did against seducer or oppressor, with the demons of poverty and vice?

So may all of our young men and maidens grow up inspired with the spirit of *Christian Knighthood*, seeking the happiness of others as the condition of their own, determined to serve God, like the Knights of old, by being unremitting and undaunted in "the service of man."

* Take as an example—though it is only one of many—the following truly remarkable instance of feminine heroism and self-sacrifice. Miss Beatrice Potter, sister-in-law of Mr. Courtney, M.P., worked for three weeks in a sweater's den in order the better to study the system.



MAD JOHN BURLEIGH:

A STORY OF HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT,

Author of "Her Two Sons," "Eric Olsson's Minde Ring," "Drifted," "Little Rainbow," "Corbiestanes," "Our Navvies," etc., etc.



"Two ladies stood at the counter, inspecting some diamond rings. He shrank back, he could not help it."

CHAPTER XX.

THE WATCH IS SOLD.

THERE was a very small congregation now. Many of his people still thought ill of their Vicar; and those who had come, wore a dejected or frightened air. But, as the service proceeded, the peacefulness of the prayers soothed their fears; and, as John Burleigh spoke to them of his Master's words—"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me"—they realised the presence amongst them of a Divine Friend, so able, so willing, to go with them through all trouble, that they took courage, and their hearts were lightened.

When the parting prayer was over, the Vicar spoke again:—

"Stay, I want to talk to you of the fever," he said. "I want you all to look at this visitation, and not to shrink from it. I do not know how it has come amongst us—*that* we must ascertain later on; all that we can do at the moment is to guard against the disease spreading. Typhus fever is both contagious and infectious; and if we do not use all precaution, it will sweep through the parish as it has formerly

done. It is blasphemous to say that 'it is the Lord's will,' as so many do. Sin and disease are *not* the Lord's will; they are the devil's. God tells us what to do to save our souls and our bodies; and if we will not listen to the voice of our Father, we must take the consequences of our wilfulness. You know that you ought to have ventilation in your houses; yet you keep your windows closed, and fasten up your chimneys. You know that you should have no rotting animal or vegetable matter near your homes, poisoning the atmosphere; and yet you have ash-pits touching your houses, and pig-styes at your very doors. You know that you should bathe your bodies frequently; and yet many of you have not taken a bath since you were children. It is no use my speaking to you of drains, for I do not think that there are any in the village. I do not ask you to do impossibilities; but, before God, I charge you to do what you can. I am His messenger to you, and the message which I give you to-day is, Do the will of your Father.

"Take a chisel, force up your sashes, and let the free air blow into your rooms—all day long and all night long, too, if you have no chimneys; if you have, burn the fire-boards, and pull down the straw which now stuffs up the flues; whitewash your walls; have all the floors scrubbed with ammonia; remove your pigstyes to a safe distance, and your ash-heaps too. I will take the responsibility upon me of seeing Lord Azerley's agent to-morrow, and I am sure he will do all that he can to assist you. But wait for no man's help; help yourselves. Fever is frequently conveyed in water; and water, which seems quite pure to the eye and taste, is yet often full of poisonous germs. Therefore I say to you, make filters, and drink only filtered or boiled water. A large flower-pot, a layer of charcoal, another of sand, and a bit of sponge are all that you need—a few pence will do it. I have spoken to Mr. Norgate, our schoolmaster, and he undertakes to make six of these to-morrow, and as many more each day until every house is supplied with one. Those who really cannot pay for them will receive one free. Send in your names to him, and the first who comes will be the first served. I need hardly point out that all your bodies, as well as your clothes, must be frequently washed. As to the brickfields, I ask no one to come near us there; if we need help, I shall come to you, properly disinfected. There are eight children there, besides Bradley, Chatteris, Martha, and myself; remember us in your prayers. You will not hear my voice at the evening prayer in this church. Few of you have come night after night, though the service has been held at so late an hour, that you might have the opportunity of kneeling at Christ's feet in the quiet of this sacred building, for half an hour before you slept in your crowded homes. But *now*, in this solemn time of trial, the bell will still be rung, and Mr. Norgate will take my place; and, as we hear the sound out at the brickfields, we shall know that some of you—I trust many of you—are aiding us by your prayers. It will cheer us and help us. For *yourselves*, I say again, go and do the will of the Father."

* * * *

A week had dragged past, and Lady Susan's letter had laid since Thursday unheeded in the Vicarage letter-box, under a pile of others.

It had been a terrible time to John Burleigh. A panic had fallen upon the neighbourhood; it was "every man for himself." Men and women, as a rule courageous enough, trembled and shrank before this unseen, but only too-well-remembered foe. The Vicar's difficulties were immensely increased by Bradley; he turned, as a weak man occasionally does under a severe strain, doggedly obstinate; no arguments moved him, no representations touched him. His wife came of respectable folk, and should not be interred until a respectable interval had passed. The Vicar had housed the little ones, who used to sleep in that room by their mother, in the old office; but the next compartment of the cottage was almost as bad, for the rooms opened into each other. Besides the old office, and a few small outbuildings, there was only a long shed for drying the bricks on the premises.

"If it keeps up fine, sir, we might put some beds in the shed."

"Yes, but if a storm came, the place would be swamped; it is on a level with that stream."

"I could put up a bit of a wall. If Bradley would help, we might make that upper bit, sir, right enough. You see, the ground stands up a yard there, and it's only like a bit of a wall at the two sides, and there are some boards that would help with the ends."

"But what are we to do for to-night? The children cannot remain in the next room to their poor mother, though I have broken the windows in both rooms."

"They must lie downstairs one night, or two, sir," said Martha, "and then I'll clean down."

John Burleigh went thoughtfully through the upper rooms once more. There he saw Bradley sitting by the coffin, as usual, with the baby on his knee—he would not be parted from the child—and little Mary in the back room, cleaning the floor. He looked at the beds; there were two in this room, side by side. The bedsteads were old wooden ones, the matresses of flock.

He took out his watch and looked at the time; it was two o'clock, and Monday afternoon. He groaned as he thought how much of the day had been already wasted. He had been to the agent in the morning, and since then had spent two hours in trying to convince Bradley to use some common sense.

"Chatteris," he said, "it is no use trying to rouse Bradley. I have spoken to him, and he will not move. You must do the best at the brick shed yourself; make the boys help you. I am going into Castleborough to buy some bedsteads and bedding;" and then the Vicar was off.

As he went on his way, he suddenly remembered that he had no money. He seldom went to the town, and was not known there. He had brought his furniture with him, and as he made it a rule to pay ready money for everything, it never occurred to him to borrow. He spent his money as it came, and seldom had any overplus at the end of the quarter. In three weeks the half of his Fellowship money would be coming to him; but until then?

He took out his purse; it only contained a couple of sovereigns, enough, as he had calculated last week, when he sent £10 anonymously to a brother clergyman, whom he knew to be in sore straits, to last, in his carefully kept house, the month out; but now?

The thought flashed through his mind that he would telegraph to his mother, but he knew that she would, at this season, be away from Burleigh, and he had better explain what he wanted, and why, in a letter, which could be forwarded. But now, at this moment, *what could he do?*

As he put his purse back into his pocket, his wrist stud caught upon his watch chain, and jerked his hand.

He stood still, and drew it out—a valuable, though somewhat old-fashioned gold hunting watch, with his father's arms and initials engraved on the case. The one personal possession that he treasured, the one thing he had felt it sacrilege to let any one else touch, since the day when that dying father had placed it in his boyish grasp. Once Arthur had stretched out his hand to take it, but his brother had quickly covered it with his own. "Not that, Arthur," he had said hastily; and now could he sell it? It was bitter to think of, yet he did not falter, he did not turn back, but went onward with a bent head.

"O Christ," he said, "I did not think that any material thing would have been so hard to give up for Thee. Forgive me, forgive me!"

When he reached the town, he looked for a jeweller's shop, and his attention was attracted to one before which a well-appointed carriage stood.

He looked in. Two ladies stood at the counter, inspecting some diamond rings. He shrank back, he could not help it, but the next moment turned and entered the shop. He went forward to another counter without glancing at the ladies, but one of them saw him, and said a word to her companion, who turned and watched the tall clergyman take his watch from his pocket.

John Burleigh had a singularly penetrating voice; however low its pitch, the words he spoke were heard distinctly.

"What can you give me for this?" she heard, and hastily turned, and concluding her purchase, hurried her companion from the place. She was inexpressibly shocked. What could be the meaning of it? The Burleighs of Burleigh. Why, Arthur Burleigh she had always considered such a desirable party; she had had him as often as possible with them; she had hoped—but what a merciful escape for her girls! The whole family must be in terribly low water. She hoped that Alice Gascoigne had not heard Mr. Burleigh's question.

Alice Gascoigne was an heiress; she, too, knew Mrs. Burleigh, and Mrs. Burleigh's pleasant girls. She had met the clergyman, too, years ago, but not Arthur. She had recognised him, and pointed him out to her hostess, but surely she had not heard those words? Miss Gascoigne gave no sign that she had done so, and did not mention the Vicar's name again; but the next day she rode into Castleborough alone, and came back with an old-fashioned hunting watch tucked inside the bosom of her habit. A week later she had left the neighbourhood; and from London, a registered box found its way to Houghrigg Vicarage, and lay unheeded with a number of newspapers and circulars amongst the letters in the letter-box.

John Burleigh had given his watch, as he had himself and his reputation, freely and unreservedly ; and, once accomplished, he had something else than the sacrifice to think of in those hot, weary days.

The brick shed was not yet ready to be turned into a hospital, though all Tuesday Chatteris and the Vicar laboured hard. That afternoon the iron bedsteads, the mattresses, and bedding arrived, and were stacked in the place, much impeding the progress of the work ; but John Burleigh dared not have them put in the infected house, or even in the office, where some of the children were sleeping. The heat was oppressive, and it was almost impossible now to enter the house, and yet Bradley declared that the funeral should not take place until "a decent" time had elapsed ; so the Vicar at last took matters into his own hands. He walked that evening to the neighbouring farm, where Sam was employed, and asked for the loan of a cart and horse. The farmer, who was a kind-hearted man, promised to bring them, and leave them in the lane by the house that night.

At midnight the Vicar and Chatteris with difficulty carried their sad burden downstairs, and placed it in the cart. Bob led the horse, and the Vicar followed with Bradley, who stumbled along weeping bitterly.

In the half light of the summer's night John Burleigh stood in his white surplice, and uttered the words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life : he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

The sexton and Bradley, in a dim way, listened to the words, as a promise for the poor body which they were laying to sleep. Bob Chatteris thought of an eternal Home, which came every day nearer to him, and of whose reality Christ had assured him ; and the Vicar, as he lifted up that pale face of his, saw the dying to all that life held most dear—the beginning of a present resurrection, whose possession was the "earnest penny" of the coming inheritance ; and his heart throbbed with an intense longing to be done with dying, and to be clothed upon with life. "Would it be long?" he thought ; then a voice whispered, "Patience. Wait. Your resurrection will soon be complete here, and then——"

They did not all go back to the brickfields. Bradley took the cart back, and the Vicar and Chatteris went to the Vicarage. Utterly worn out, they slept as they had seldom done in their lives. The next morning they were back again at their labour. Martha was cleaning the house, and tumbling things out of the windows, so that Bradley was glad to help Chatteris, to be out of her way.

John Burleigh set off on a begging expedition, to gather together some clean clothes for the children ; the horrible scent of fever hung about everything in the house, and he intended to place them in the make-shift hospital next day. He was very successful, for most people were willing to contribute a garment or two, so long as he remained beyond their threshold, and he was coming home through the last field, with a large bundle in his arms, feeling very weary, when he saw little Mary sitting under the hedge with the four youngest children about her. They were making daisy chains, but she sat with a wan little face, sticking twigs of different lengths lightly into the ground. Then she shut her eyes, and gently struck at them with her thin fore finger. She was so serious, and so intently engaged in her pastime, that she never noticed the Vicar until he was close to the group. Then she smiled up at him. He accepted her unspoken invitation, and took a place upon the grass by her side.

"This is a pretty place to play in, Mary, full of buttercups and daisies, is it not?"

"Yes, Mr. Bur'y ; Martha said I was to take the childrens out of her way, so I brought 'em here."

"And what are you doing ?"

"*They* is playing," said the little girl shyly.

"And you? Are you not playing with those little twigs ?"

"No,—not playing ; I'm trying something. I'm guessing like."

"Will you not let me join too ?"

"Yes," said the child ; "*you* never laughs at me. These bits are us all—father, mother, Sam, Dick, me, all on us. I stick 'em up, and then I shut my eyes, and touch them ever so gentle, and one tumbles down, and then I look and see which it is. Mother went first, father goes next, and Dick, but not Sam."

"Well, what do you think it means ?"

"I asked God to tell me so, which next He was a-going to touch wi' His finger. He doesn't hurt," said Mary, opening her big blue eyes, and looking into John Burleigh's face, "no more nor me touching these bits."

"No," said the Vicar. "Shall we stick up a twig for me ?"

The little maid turned paler, and then murmured resolutely,—

"Yes ; this bonnie one."

She shut her eyes, her finger trembled, she touched the bits again, and then, with a cry, threw herself into her friend's arms.

"Oh, Mr. Bur'y, I tried not to touch your bit ; I did, I did !"

"Be comforted, my little one, you did not touch it, it fell of its own accord ; a breath of air is stirring, that made it fall ; besides, Mary, the finger of God does not hurt."

"Ah !" said the child, stilling her sobs, "I forgot that ;" and, with a child's swift forgetfulness, "what is that big bundle, Mr. Bur'y ?"

"Some clean clothes for you all. Did you not see me throwing your clothes out of the drawers, over the garden wall, this morning, as Martha brought them out ?"

"Yes, and Bob's landlady came and took them away. I asked her what she was a-going to do wi' 'em, and she said, wash 'em. I told her they was all clean, and we had never had 'em on for ever so long ; but she took 'em all away."

"Well, that was right, and these are some more ; and, to-morrow, I hope Martha will be able to wash you all, and make you very nice ; and you will go to live in the brick-shed until the house is thoroughly disinfected."

"What is that ?"

"Made sweet, like a flower is."

"Ah, I shall like that ; there is now such a queer smell, just like in the big bundles mother brought home on Saturday. Oh dear ! Mother won't come any more Saturdays !" and the child sobbed.

A strange, fierce glow came into the Vicar's eyes.

"Hush ! hush ! little one," he said, and gathered the child in his arms ; "here, cry on my shoulder." So presently Mary was comforted, and wiped her eyes herself on John's clean pocket-handkerchief.

"Now, tell me what bundles you mean."

"Those two big uns in the wood-house. Mother brought 'em home, and I heard her tell father that Mrs. Boothroyd had given her them."

The Vicar started, and unconsciously strained the frail child nearer to him.

"There are grand clothes of all sorts, Dick says, in 'em ; I didn't see 'em, I was with mother, but he did, and the other two boys, and Sam ; but Sam was only there a little bit."

John Burleigh kissed the little girl, and produced a cake from his pocket. "See, Sam's mistress sent you this ; eat it here, and do not come home till I fetch you."

Then, with glistening eyes, the Vicar sprang over the stile, and entered the brick-yard. He was met by Martha.

"Dick is complaining, sir ; I reckon the fever is on him. I've put him to bed in the back room, and sent the other two lads for the doctor ; I expect he'll come *this* time. Every one's crying shame on him, and he'll come for fear no one else will have him, and he'll lose his custom."

"Let us hope from a better motive than that, Martha ;" and the Vicar went to the shed. Bob Chatteris was levelling the floor. The end of the shed, and one side, had been built in ; a large tarpaulin hung over the other open side, and was pegged to the ground, and another rick cover was stretched across half the other end.

"There, sir," said Bob, "I reckon that's middling comfortable ; we'll be able to put up the beds to-morrow, I've only this floor to finish. Plenty of fresh air, sir."

"It is capital, Chatteris ; but where is Bradley ?"

"Oh, for the last two hours he's been lying out there ; he says that he's caught cold, he has such pains in his limbs, and cold water like down his back. I reckon it's fancy."

"No ; he's beginning with the fever, and Dick is down too. Martha has sent for the doctor."

Bob struck the earth two or three times with the flat of his spade.

"Well, sir, we're in for it," he said, "that's certain. We must get our back to t' wall."

"Chatteris, do you know anything about some bundles of clothes?"

"Yes ; the boys were pulling about a lot of things that their mother had brought home, and I put 'em back where she had stored 'em."

"Those clothes contain most virulent infection. They have been locked up for years ; every shred of them is infected, and the moment they were exposed to the air, the sleeping fiend sprang into life. We must burn them at once. Not you, Bob ; I will do it alone."

"That you won't ! Let me do it, sir. I'd be glad to die. You are worth a thousand of such chaps as me."

"No ! In a forlorn hope, would you let another man push you into the second place, and take the first himself?"

"But I *have* touched them already."

"Come, Bob, this is no time for quarrelling ; we will share and share alike, as good comrades should ;" and John Burleigh, with his usual sweet smile, held out his hand. Bob hesitated a moment, then placed his

own thick, harder palm in it, and drew the back of his other hand across his eyes.

"Right you are, Captain!" said he. "You give the word, I'll follow; it's my place;" and he went on levelling the floor.

John Burleigh hurried off to the station. It was two miles distant. Night had fallen, and all the men had gone home when he arrived there; so the cart-load of old sleepers, for which he asked, and which the station-master willingly gave, could not be sent out to the brickfields until the following morning. As he returned, John Burleigh, as Chatteris expressed it, got his back to the wall, and faced his foes. The only fact which troubled him was, that he could not meet the danger alone; Martha and Chatteris *must* stay, and more help was needed. But where should he meet with it?

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH JOHN BURLEIGH FACES UNSEEN FOES.

THAT night, to the delight of the children, they slept in the brick-shed. It was a long time before they gave over their merry chatter. They were full of wonderment at their iron bedsteads and spring mattresses; jumping up a score of times in an hour to turn up the clothes, and to put their fingers through the meshes of wire-netting; but at length, even curiosity grew drowsy, and one by one they fell asleep.

"It is plain," said John Burleigh, taking counsel with his two devoted assistants, "that you, Martha, cannot be both nurse and cook, therefore I desire you to go to bed. We have put up one of the new mattresses in the office, and we must take rest by turns. Part of a night's rest will do nothing for any of us. Poor Mrs. Bradley died with dreadful suddenness, but these cases may, and probably will, last for weeks. I shall take this first night's watching. You, Chatteris, will take to-morrow, and before a third comes, we must have a hospital nurse here. You will be none the worse for the walk to the Vicarage; be sure you do not return until after you have breakfasted to-morrow. You are quite worn out, my poor fellow; these three days have been hard ones for you."

"Then what have they been to you, sir? You've done more nor either on us. You go home to-night—I'll stay up."

"No, you won't," interrupted Martha. "I shall, and so nobody need say contrary;" and she gave a defiant, but half-fearful glance toward her master.

John Burleigh smiled quietly.

"Now, both of you know that I am the most obstinate man in the world," he said, "and that you have both promised to obey me. Every one cannot be head, and I shall think that you want to usurp my place, if you will not do as I think is best. Come, Chatteris, remember your promise."

"But you'll kill yourself, sir, and then—"

"Nonsense, man! Off you go!"

Martha lingered. "I *can't*, sir, leave you up; do let me stay, just to-night."

"Don't beg so humbly, Martha; it is unnatural on your part. Now go away."

Left alone in the wide loneliness of the summer night, John Burleigh's heart sank.

The natural anger he had felt when he discovered Mrs. Boothroyd's wicked gift, had passed, and been succeeded by a wave of pity for the wretched woman. He suffered for her, as she was perfectly incapable of suffering for her own sin. He imagined her living on with a burden of blood-guiltiness for ever pressing on her conscience; he pictured the haunting remorse which would be her constant companion, until the perspiration rose on his brow, and he groaned; he never imagined the greater horror of an *unmoved self-justification.*

For an hour he paced up and down the courtyard, praying for a sinner who was not even conscious that she needed such intercession.

The blood was throbbing hotly in his brain, and the vivid apprehension of the night-time crowded about him. He saw the children dying one by one; perhaps the whole family would be sacrificed to those wretched bundles of clothes. He longed for the morning, when he might destroy them. He would telegraph the first thing to Tozer, to send him a hospital nurse; for what would happen should Chatteris or Martha succumb? He remembered Lady Susan, and he prayed for her; and the thought of her suggested another self-torture—had he written tenderly enough to her? He could not recall his words, and the more he invoked his memory to aid him, the more persistently it played him false. He went into the house, and in very self-defence, spent the rest of that long, dreary night within sight of his patients, who were restless enough to keep him constantly employed.

Bradley was lying in one room, and Dick was in the other. Before the following day was over, the baby was there beside them. Mary, and the four others, who were housed in the brick-shed, were kept away from the house, and escaped. Mr. Burleigh had told her never to let one of her charges come near their home, and Mary had many a fierce, but always successful, struggle to fulfil his commands. Never had she found her post so difficult as the following day; for the young ones, already sufficiently excited by their new quarters, were driven nearly wild by the distant view of the great bonfire, in the lower end of the brickfield, and the moving figures of the Vicar and Chatteris passing backwards and forwards to it. They saw the Doctor on his horse standing near, watching, and they did not see any reason why they should be debarred the fun; but, by alternate entreaties and commands, by coaxings and scoldings, their little guardian succeeded in keeping them away.

The doctor was doing his duty now, and came, always once, sometimes twice a day; but, as he frankly owned, he could do little more than watch the course of the disease. Dick as yet did not feel ill enough to wish to stay in bed, and, greatly to Martha's annoyance, was continually making raids downstairs. Bradley, on the other hand, complained of headache, and was dull, apathetic, and forgetful; occasionally he rambled, speaking to his wife or about his work, and then he would suddenly come to himself, moan, complain of his head, and become more senseless than before. John Burleigh had written to Mr. Tozer to secure him a nurse from the Infirmary. It was impossible to get one in Castleborough, and two days had been lost by the doctor undertaking to find one, and a third, in which he was inquiring in the neighbourhood of his own village. The suddenness of Mrs. Bradley's death had scared every one; and the only woman willing to come, was prevented doing so by her friends. So another Sabbath had come, and after taking all the precautions possible, the Vicar was again in his church.

His people saw him changed—he was pale, and weary; even when preaching, his old fire was absent. Once only his eyes flashed and glowed, and that was at the beginning of the service, when Mrs. Boothroyd, handsomely attired, stout and contented, sailed in, and took possession of a comfortable corner in her cosily-lined pew. His glance passed by her husband, who followed with bent head, and fixed itself full on her; she could not avoid it. She coloured and tossed her head. Then John Burleigh's face became still whiter, and he proceeded with the prayers. He gave out his text, and again, for the second time that morning, looked towards the Boothroyds' pew—"If thou hadst known. . . . in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes."

His voice was low and gentle, but incisive in its utterance, beseeching in its entreaty. Boothroyd had an uneasy consciousness that the Vicar was preaching to them, and tried to think of his corn crop, and plan the reaping for next week. His wife, as usual, did not listen at all. The Vicar knew that it was so, that once more his Lord's voice had been unheeded, once more His suffering had been despised.

Never had he felt more sad, than as he opened the door of his lonely house that morning. He had been up the previous night, and ought to have rested now, but there was a tingling and rushing in his brain, an excitement from over-weariness, which would not permit him to sleep. He sank back in his chair, too weary to eat the bread and cheese which he had brought with him, and drew forward for inspection the pile of letters he had taken out of the box.

There was one from his mother, offering to come to him immediately. She had no idea he was himself nursing his poor patients, but thought that she might be of use in the Vicarage with him. It was a tender, motherly letter, and he kissed it as he laid it down. But he answered her at once, begging her not to come on any account—telling her that he had taken no harm, but that he might convey infection to her and to his sisters, and that he hoped a trained nurse would be in charge before she received that letter; and, finally, thanking her for the cheque which she enclosed, and promising that she should often have news, and that he would come "to dear old Burleigh" for a rest so soon as the trouble should be over.

This letter comforted his mother, as he had intended it should, and also allayed her fears; and though she was still anxious, she was not fearful—she little guessed the truth.

He was still writing, when a knock came at the door, followed by Bob's landlady.

"Please, sir, our chaps have made so bold as to send you on a bit of dinner; two of 'em walked into Castleborough to buy it yesterday."

She took the cover off a vegetable tureen in which, in a glory of brown gravy, reposed a fat duck; and, deftly taking a clean cloth from her basket, spread it over a corner of the writing-table. A clean basin contained cauliflower and potatoes;

and there the good woman stood, smiling so happily, that the Vicar could not refuse to gratify her by tasting the well-cooked dinner. When he did so, his appetite awoke, and he made such a meal as he had not enjoyed for weeks. He felt a different being when, half an hour later, he returned to his correspondence. He heard the good woman moving about in the kitchen, and smelt the fragrant coffee. He forced himself to patiently glance at each letter, but his hand trembled and his glance grew tender as he recognised at last Lady Susan's handwriting. It was a long letter, but he read it through before the evening bells ceased to chime for service. And Bob's landlady, when she brought in her cup of coffee and piece of toast, saw the change in the Vicar, and put it down to the good food which she had brought him.

(*Continued—page* 753.)

For cleaning Kid Gloves there is nothing to be compared to benzine collas, which may be used with equal effect for the removal of grease, paint, oil, etc., from clothing of any material; a great advantage in the use of this fluid is that it leaves no odour behind.

No Meal should be eaten hurriedly. Breakfast should not be a very heavy meal, and if a quarter of an hour's rest can be enjoyed afterwards, it will be found a great advantage. In any case, violent physical exertion, such as running to catch a train, should not be taken immediately after breakfast. It is still more necessary to rest after dinner, as that is usually the heavier meal. It is desirable that the repast be taken in a leisurely way, enlivened by cheerful conversation. "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith," is as true in a physiological sense as in a social one.

Rice with Cheese.—Boil a quarter of a pound of Patna rice in water with salt; drain it, toss it up in a stew-pan with two ounces of fresh butter, and a pinch of cayenne-pepper. Put a quarter of the rice on a hot dish, strew over it equally an ounce of grated Parmesan cheese, then put another portion of rice and cheese until all is used. Serve immediately.

Lime Water, beaten up with sweet oil, is an excellent application for burns.

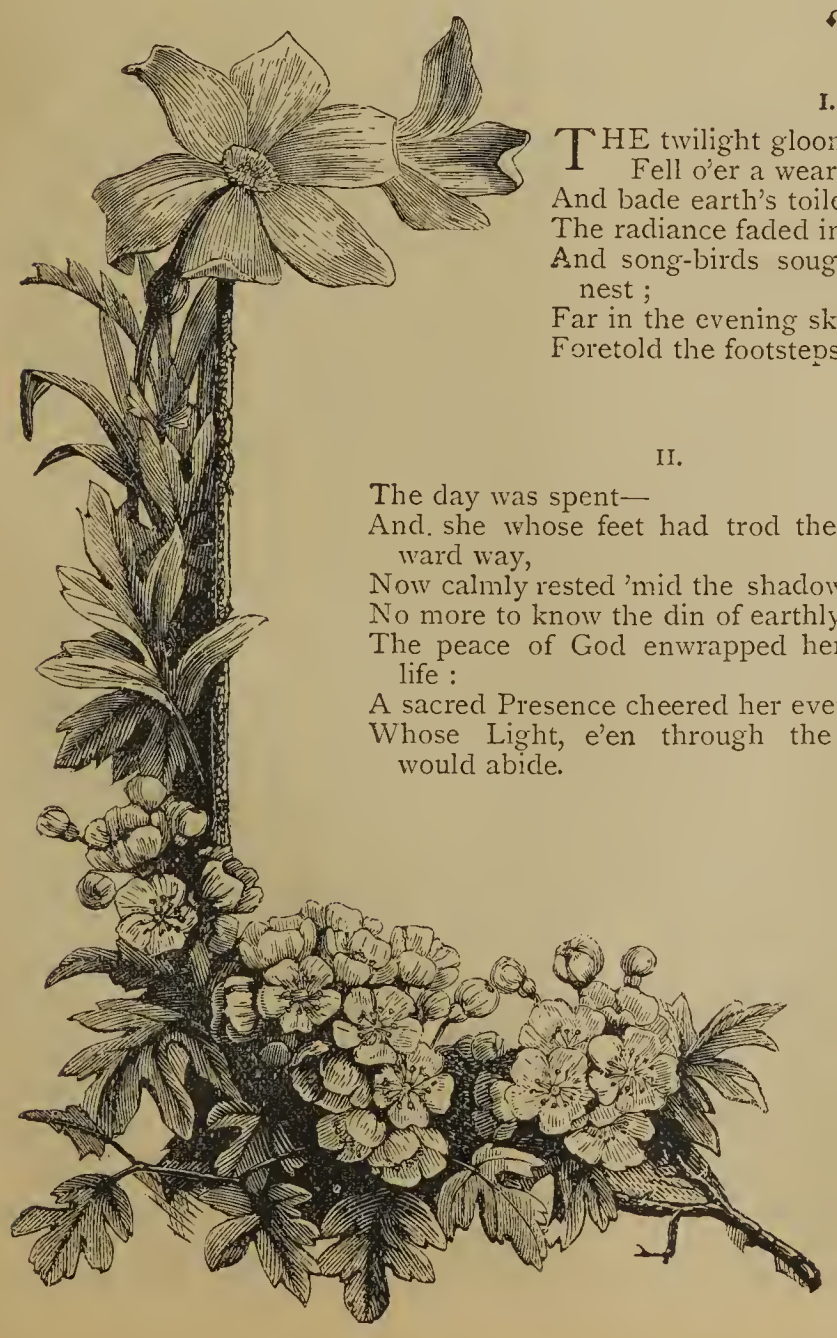
Orange Sauce.—To a tablespoonful of corn-flour, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a wine glass and a half of orange juice, and half a pint of water. Stir over the fire briskly till it boils, and pour over the pudding.

Brown Bread Tea-cakes are made of decorticated wheat-flour. To one pound of brown flour, add four ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, two ounces of pounded loaf-sugar, and one pinch of salt. Mix one large tablespoonful of good yeast with two well-beaten eggs and three-quarters of a pint of buttermilk. Stir it all up till quite smooth, dredge a little white flour over, and set to rise in a warm place. When quite light, knead with white flour into ordinary-sized tea-cakes, and bake a light brown. Cut in two, butter, and serve hot in a muffin-dish.

Barley Water.—Pearl barley, two ounces; wash till freed from dust in cold water. Boil in a quart of water a few minutes, strain off the liquor and throw it away. Then boil the barley in four pints and a half of water until it is reduced one half.

Lemonade.—Put the peels of lemons, thinly shred, into cold filtered water which has been boiled, and when it has stood an hour, add lump sugar and the strained juice of the lemons. Take out peel before serving. Citric acid, with a few drops of lemon-flavouring, makes a wholesome and useful beverage.

Gingerbread Aperient. — Gingerbread made with oatmeal or barley-flour is a very agreeable and harmless aperient for children.



"Toward Evening."

By

Marian Isabel Hurrell.

I.

THE twilight gloom
Fell o'er a weary land in robe of grey,
And bade earth's toilers rest upon the way;
The radiance faded in the distant west,
And song-birds sought the shelter of the nest;
Far in the evening sky a misty light
Foretold the footsteps of the coming night.

II.

The day was spent—
And she whose feet had trod the Homeward way,
Now calmly rested 'mid the shadows grey;
No more to know the din of earthly strife,
The peace of God enwrapped her fading life:
A sacred Presence cheered her eventide,
Whose Light, e'en through the Valley, would abide.

III.

Long years ago,
When hope's glad beams illumed the morning land,
She took her part amongst the toiling band;
And pleasant were the songs of praise she sung
Along the way, when heart and voice were young;
But when *night* gathered o'er life's ebbing tide,
She murmured only — "Lord, with me abide."

IV.

Blest evening hour!
When through the darkling shades of earthly gloom,
The soul can look to life beyond the tomb—
To nightless realms above our changeful skies,
The dear and blessed land of Paradise,
Where, when the turmoil of the day is done,
Our hearts may know the peace of victory won.

THE GOAT HORN.

NOT far from the great Imperial road, which, starting at Bâle, and ending at Lunéville, crosses the mountainous district of the Vosges, and then traverses the plains of Alsace, stands the hamlet of Chavingen.

It is one of the many villages of the Vosges, hidden away amidst its foot-hills. The mountain range is the friend of the peasants. In its pine woods the women and children gather their stores of fir cones for the fires which boil the great soup pots and warm the kitchens in the terrible cold of winter. In its forests the charcoal-burners, "schlitteurs," and woodcutters find sustenance; and many a youth who leaves the Vosges for a season's work in the great saw-mills at Valtin, grows weary of the town, and returns to their green shades and hard fare with gladness. But the trees are not everywhere. Large patches of open land are from time to time cleared, and are reserved from replanting to serve as pasture lands to the Commune. Some of the pasturages have belonged to the people for hundreds of years—even in the far-off evil days of the Monarchy—and they do so still. On those nearest the villages a few cows may be seen, round whose necks, by a leather strap, a bell is suspended.

On the more distant uplands the goats are fed. Few cottagers are so poor as not to possess a goat or two; some have several—the widow Duchêne but one. All require a little milk for supper; and when the fête day of St. Martin, the patron saint of Chavingen comes round, it is well to have a bit of young kid to feast one's friends. Therefore it is that a man is employed as a goat-herd. The owners pay him half a franc per week for each goat that he pastures. He calls them together in the early morning by the sound of his long horn; they come of their own accord to him from the stables where they have passed the night, safe from the wolves. He leads them, and his dog guards their rear, until they arrive at the place which he has selected for them, and there they remain all day. At sundown he collects them again, and brings them home through the forests to the village for the night. This is not an easy task—for goats, like human creatures, love to stray, and are tempted hither and thither, following their own will rather than their guide's, and are often in danger of being lost. Yet, if one falls down a mountain ravine, or is carried off by a wolf, the goat-herd is responsible, and the value of the animal is a terrible loss to so poor a man.

It was a raw autumn morning. Masses of mists rolled down from the heights of the Vosges, and swept over the lower hills at their feet, hanging so low over them, that their filmy length crossed the church spire, reluctant to rise and unveil the scene beneath to the caresses of the sun. Nothing more beautiful in nature can be seen than these wooded mountains, rising one above another in the pale heavens, with the vast plains at their feet stretching out of sight; studded by villages, and intersected by straight roads, bordered with trees, drawn as green lines through the golden corn-fields.

Yes, it was as yet a raw, damp morning. So thought Jean Claude Klipfel, as he lay snugly in his old canopied bed in the alcove, an antique image of Saint Michael nailed above his head. He looked into the kitchen, and said to himself that he need not rise for two hours yet, for it would be that time, at least, before his servant maid, Catherine, appeared to light the fire.

Jean Claude was a prosperous man, and he loved to remember that this was so; so he looked with satisfaction around.

The kitchen was a large room, dishes and porringers of metal were shining on the dressers; ropes of onions, bunches of garlic, sides of bacon, and cured hams hung from the brown rafters. The soup-pot stood ready by the open hearth, and a coffee-pot on the table; several loaves of bread were on the shelf; a sword, gun, and tarnished belt and *cartouche* box hung proudly on the opposite wall.

"Ah!" said Jean Claude, aloud, "Margredel was an imbecile. What a different house this is from her poor cottage. An old stove; a few earthen porringers, and little enough save soup-maigre ever in them. A hard life, and all for the sake of that lame idiot, Gaspard Léger—bah!"

And Jean Claude tried to turn over and sleep again; he drew the coverlet of sheep skins about the back of his neck, and shut his eyes; but just then a long, sad, harsh blast rang dully through the air.

"Ah! that beast of a *chevrier!* that miserable Gaspard Léger!" he exclaimed; but he turned down the sheep-skin, and listened. Again and again came the dull sound through the damp air.

Jean Claude tossed about, and finally, as though ashamed of what he was doing, slipped from his bed, and cautiously stepped to the window, whence he could obtain a view of the village green. He saw a man in a poor peasant's dress, but with an old military cloak hanging from his shoulders, blowing the long horn, his dog by his side, and the goats straying to him from different points. The man's face, when he lowered his horn, looked worn, and he limped, using his crook to support his steps as he turned away with his flock; but before he did so, he raised his broad-brimmed old hat, and waved his hand in the direction of the village fountain, and Jean Claude, following the gesture with his glance, saw a woman standing there already, with a basket of clothes, but pausing in her work to watch the goat-herd until he must, as Klipfel knew, have disappeared round the corner of his farm-house. Then she looked up no more, and Jean-Claude returned to bed with an angry heart.

This morning he asked himself an old question—Why had he risen thus to watch the Légers? and how often had he done this same stupid action in the past years? He silenced the inquiry, for was it not a daily action, one which, in fact, had grown into a regular habit? There was but one consolation, that no one suspected his folly; for it was well known in Chavingen he and they were enemies. Did not every one know this, from Baptiste, the shoemaker, to the old widow Duchêne? Yes, for they had lived their lives here, with the exception of the period of the Franco-German war. Both had been to the war of '70, both had returned; but with what different results! Even in all that wild excitement, when victory seemed so certain, and "Berlin" was in every mouth, Jean Claude had been prudent. He sold his farm at a good price, and everything in it. He said to himself, "After all, we Alsacians may have to pay the bill; every man for himself." So he took a pick and shovel into the forest, also a great bag of money, and he returned in the morning, and joined the other conscripts with but a few francs in his pocket.

"Ah! what a fine young man is Jean Claude," said Widow Duchêne, "with such fat red cheeks and ears; they will certainly make him an officer."

Jean Claude did not fare badly as a soldier at first. He always managed to procure something more than the regulation rations. He requisitioned a goose here, two or three strings of sausages there, or, at the worst, some eggs. His comrade, Gaspard Léger, on the other hand, from the beginning was in need. If any good thing fell in his way, even when hungry himself, he shared it with others. Both the young soldiers were in the horrible battle of Borny, on August 14th. In it Jean Claude was wounded, but not badly, or he would have perished, as thousands of others did, for want of help. He managed to leave that ghastly field, heaped with the dying and dead, and taking his discharge as granted, made his way back to Chavingen.

A panic had seized the place; every one was fleeing, and he bought back his farm for a tithe of its purchase-money, and remained on his farm. He was wise. In four more months his old neighbours had mostly returned, poor and desolate. Then it was that he again, for the twentieth time, asked Margredel Hullen to be his wife. Her old aunt, the Widow Duchêne, with whom she lived, urged the match.

"Doubtless Gaspard Léger is killed long ere this; then wherefore wait for him?" she said.

The words brought tears to Margredel's blue eyes, but she only shook her head.

News came in fragments. The villagers heard how this and that fortress had fallen; but that not one had been taken by assault; of the Emperor's abdication; of the defence of Orleans, Strasburg, and Paris. Joseph, the charcoal-burner, told how he had been in Lagny, and had seen eighteen hundred wounded in the church, which had been turned into a hospital; how children, ill with typhus fever, walked many miles for a little soup, for that the enemy had taken everything.

Then Margredel Hullen took a resolution that she would venture to the great road, and herself endeavour to gain some news of Gaspard. She went, and in a week returned, the ghost of her former self. Phalsburg, she learnt, could not hold out much longer; but whether Gaspard was there, or with the army of the North, she knew not.

Margredel told no more, but worked in the fields, or at the washing. One evening, being winter, and the cold very severe,

the neighbours were in the little wine-shop of Christian Sôme—not that he had many casks that year in his cellar, there was but little wine, and still less money to buy it—yet it was at least companionship to meet together, and to smoke a pipe. And sometimes a stranger would approach Chavingen by the old worn pathway called a *schlitte* road, and drop in, seeing the glow of the copper lamp, and bring a little news from the convulsed outer world. They were talking about the winter, which indeed had already come, for it was now November, and Jean Claude Klipfel was saying that it would be very hard, for he had seen large flocks of wild geese, which is a sure sign. A sound fell on their ears, and they paused in their talk.

"Ah!" said Sôme, as the shrill yelp was repeated, "it is but a fox in the valley;" but at that moment, a second sound, the sound of slow footsteps, approached. The door was pushed open, and a man came into their midst. His right knee and foot were swathed in bandages, and his left arm was in a sling tied across his breast; his beard was matted, and though his face was discoloured with blood and smoke, the skin gleamed pallid, and a wolfish eagerness of hunger burnt in his eyes.

The heat of the room overcame him; he spoke no word, but sank down.

"A pint of wine, quick," cried Jean Claude.

"Rather *eau de vie*," corrected Sôme, "and, madame, some soup, even if it be our last."

"I knew thee, Gaspard, the instant I saw thee," said one and another, crowding round the wounded man. It was felt to be a distinction to greet him, an honour to have him address one.

Jean Claude took him home, for Gaspard Léger was an orphan and alone. He had not grieved over this formerly, for he was ever gay, and he earned money enough for all his needs as one of the best woodcutters for miles around; and his kindly disposition made him an universal favourite. His old comrade said, "Come with me, Gaspard. I owe thee my life; twice thou didst save me on that terrible day at Borny, and many a bit and drink didst thou give me in those long marches." And so the sick man went to the farmhouse, and gradually regained his strength, but never his light heart again. Sometimes he would shade his eyes with his hand and shudder, but he seldom spoke of what he thought.

Spring came, and then, old Joseph having died that winter, Gaspard offered himself as goatherd—for his arms were not now strong enough to wield an axe. He trusted that in time all his old power would return, and believing this, and because they loved each other dearly, he and Margredel were married; and from that day forward Jean Claude Klipfel spoke to neither of them again. He had made so sure that Margredel would not care for Gaspard now that he was sad, partly useless, and so very poor, that, when he found that he was all wrong, and that she loved his old comrade but the more for his misfortunes, he felt an insult had been offered to his understanding, as well as a wound to his heart.

It was pain to both Gaspard and his wife to lose this friendship, which had been theirs from childhood, but they said nothing, only Margredel went once to the Pastor, and told him all; and he called Jean Claude into his little room one day, and there, amongst his books, spoke to him and asked Klipfel to love his neighbours as God had loved him. He reminded him that Gaspard had saved his life in the war. But Jean Claude answered that he had repaid that by feeding him all the winter. The Pastor saw that he would not listen.

"Klipfel," he said, "if you harden your heart against your comrade, you will also harden your heart against God. To lose an earthly friendship, which is a true one, is a great loss, and touches a man's life afterwards; but to lose the friendship of God kills a man's true life—the loss lasts to eternity."

But Klipfel would take no heed. He often thought of the Pastor's words, for he went to church each Sunday, and as he sang the hymns, he looked now and again at the Légers. At first Gaspard's face was as glad as Margredel's, but as time went past, and their prospects did not improve, he saw it grow sad again. One little child came, and then a second, and a third; but each soon passed away, and Gaspard carved a wooden cross, with three broken flowers upon it, and cut deeply, "With God," and set it at the head of the little grave. The Pastor told Klipfel that they might have lived had they been a rich man's children, for they needed food their parents could not procure for them. And Jean Claude's heart grew harder and harder, for he said to himself,—

"If Margredel had married me, she might have had her little ones still; but she would not, so she must suffer. It is her own fault." And he replied to the Pastor,—

"Then why does not Léger give up blowing that horn, and making wooden things in winter, and go to his old trade and earn money?"

And the Pastor looked at him and replied,—

"Gaspard is too weak. If he had plenty of good food, and could have the lotion for his arm which strengthens it so much, this might be—nay, would be, please God; but the good God knows that it cannot be, save some one of His other children helps."

But Jean Claude turned away, and the Pastor went into the church to pray for them both. He was very poor, the good man, and his own wine was as thin, and his dish of beans had as little oil with it as the Légers' own.

Gaspard grew rich—the richest man in the village was he, but not the happiest. He envied happy people, but the two whom he envied most were Gaspard and Margredel; for there was something in their faces which told him that they had peace. For a long time they spoke to him when they met him, and offered him little kind services; but he would not respond to their greetings, and ignored their deeds.

The mist, instead of rolling away, settled down that autumn day into rain. And when Gaspard and his flock returned at night, Klipfel observed that they all looked wretched.

"Uncle," said Catherine, "Léger is lamer than ever. He can hardly crawl home." But she received no reply.

Next day early Jean Claude awoke. The rain was beating against the windows. "Surely the horn is later this morning," he thought to himself; "perhaps Gaspard is too lame to come; if so, he will lose his place." But just then he heard the horn; yet it did not sound so loud as usual. He crept to his post of observation. What did he see? Not Gaspard, but Margredel, wrapped in the old cloak, collecting the goats. They came slowly trooping forward, obedient to the horn summons; and then through the mist and rain the flock, headed by Margredel, moved forward and were lost to sight.

Jean Claude stood still. Two voices were in his heart. "Let her reap as she has sown," said one.

"No," cried the other; "this is your chance. Go and help her. God has been good to you, turn not from Him, He bids you help her.

"I will, I will," cried Klipfel, as he hurried into his clothes.

He was soon in the forest, where Margredel was with difficulty keeping the goats together, and leading them onward.

"Stay!" called he.

She waited in surprise until he came up with her.

"Why have you come with the goats?"

She lifted her pale face, and said,—

"My husband is ill."

"But you are not strong enough to climb the mountain, and run after the goats."

"I must try."

"But why not return home? If your husband is ill, he needs nursing."

"Ah, that he does; but if I return, we starve;" and bravely the weak woman turned and faced the upward path.

"Go home, Margredel. I will tend the goats; but call at my house as you return, and take Gaspard all he needs from his old comrade."

Margredel gazed at Klipfel.

"Go," he urged; "go as I say. All shall be well with the goats. Here, give me the horn and the crook."

As he took them from her hands, Margredel awoke.

"The good God bless thee, Jean Claude," she whispered, and then turned homewards.

And the good God did bless Jean Claude—blessed him with happiness untold. It began that wet day on the Vosges, but it grew with every passing week, and mightily with each succeeding year.

The blessing of self-surrender, the blessing of making others happy, brought the blessing of personal content and joy.

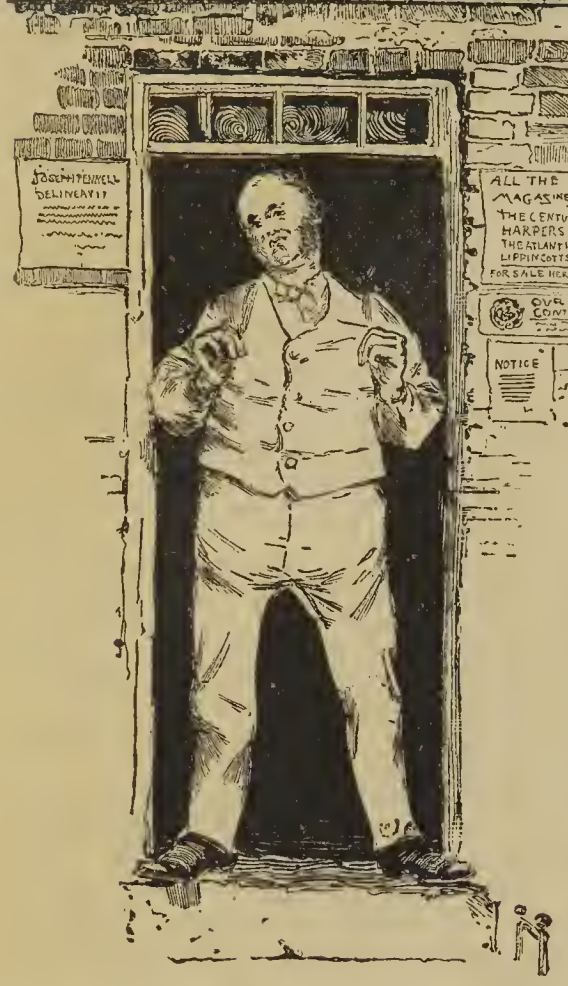
Gaspard Léger is a strong man now, and the prosperous, active partner in the firm of Klipfel & Léger, of the great saw-mills of Chavingen. His children, and those of Jean Claude Klipfel, who for years has been the happy husband of Bertha, the Pastor's sister, often ask him to tell them stories of the great war time; but the narrative that their mother tells, is their favourite one, of how "Uncle Jean Claude" could not bear to see any one toil too hard, or get wet on rainy mornings, and so insisted on driving the goats to the mountains, in the old days when "papa" was a poor man, for him.

"Ah, that is just like him," exclaims their eldest boy. "I hope I shall grow up like Uncle Jean Claude. Did you think that I should, mother, when you named me after him?"

"I hoped so, my son; may our good God grant it."

"Amen," adds Gaspard, as he pats the boy's shoulder.

SHOP WINDOWS.



"Well set out—half sold."

PART I.

WHILE the cleanliness of the streets of Philadelphia has, with the wild escapades of the younger Penn and the visits of Kidd and his desperadoes, passed into legend, the city has improved in many other things. Particularly has it become famous for its shop windows.

Extremes often lead to their opposites, and from the chrysalis of neat, simple Quakerism there has sprung an artistic butterfly. The monotony of quiet brick and white shutters is relieved by windows filled with dazzling displays of everything which it has entered into the mind of man to buy or sell.

Forty years ago a gentleman from Europe observed that the shop windows of Philadelphia were by far the most elegant on the Continent, and the only ones that reminded him of those of Paris. This peculiarity, singularly enough, can be traced to a very remote beginning.

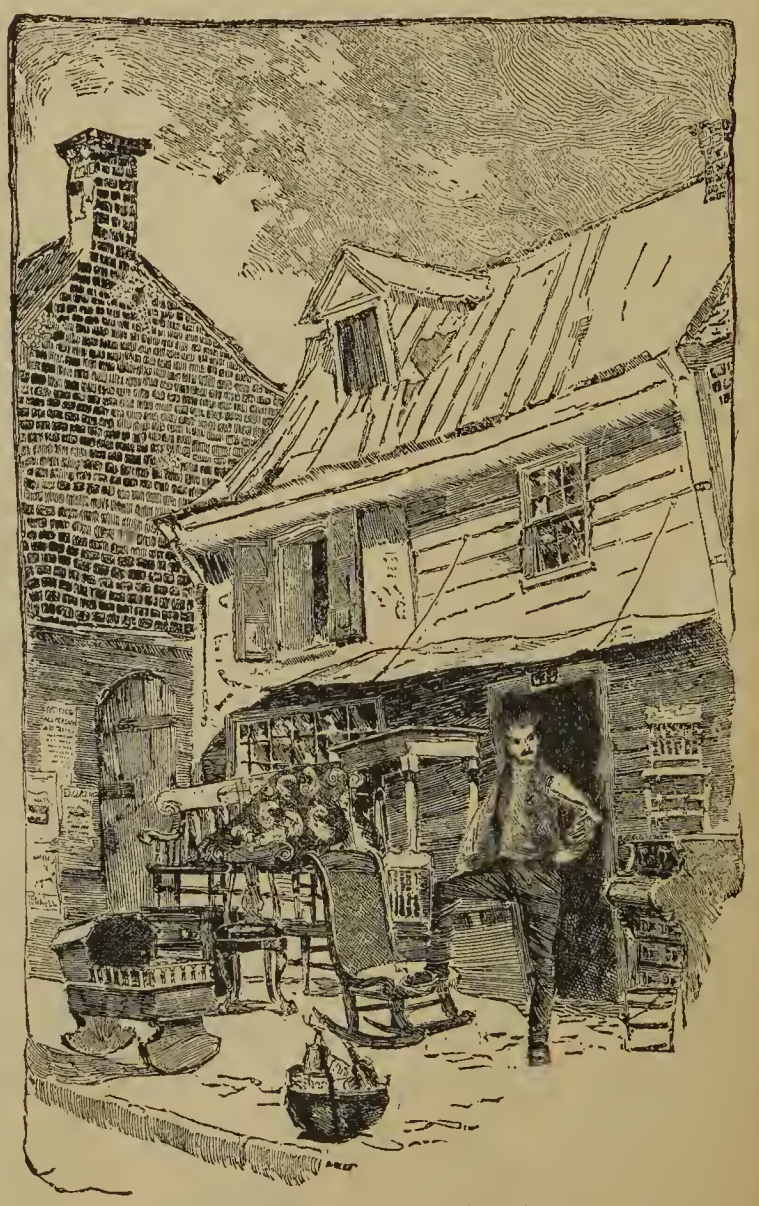
Every one who is familiar with the early history of Philadelphia is aware that there was a period during the Revolutionary War, when, despite the high prices, there was an incredible extravagance which has never been equalled, save, perhaps, in the oil times. This was in the days of Robert Morris. It was then that real displays were first made in the shop windows, and the custom has ever since been preserved. Before the present generation of artistic shop-keepers arose, there were only two or three who studied the beautiful in their manner of exhibiting their goods. The success of these houses in fostering a high standard of good taste in this direction, is best certified by the numbers who have followed in their footsteps.

It is not so much from an æsthetic standpoint that shop windows are interesting, as that they are of value in the history of the development of commerce and trade. "*Ex parvis magna crescent*," or as the Scotch saying has it, "Many a mickle makes a muckle;" and it is in the growth of window decorations that the ascent from little to the great in commercial circles is most marked. Window decorations have exerted a strong influence upon the decorators. Through their means, men who were once keepers of small shops, have risen to be at the head of large wholesale establishments.

"Little by little, the bird builds its nest," and little by little the attractive variety of molasses, candy, or ginger cake, daintily laid in the window, has led to elaborate devices in ices and méringues. Photographs of such windows would thus be the biographies of men, or the history of firms. If a man's age can be told by the poetry he reads, the condition of a tradesman's window will, to the keen observer, indicate the exact stage of his trade. There have been other men who, while rising through the influence of their shop windows, have at the same time changed the nature of their business, just as some objects enlarge or petrify into entirely different substances.

There was once a shop whose proprietor was a lover of art and antiquity, but whose business was to sell drapery goods. His own taste and the fashion of the age, led him into dealing largely in Eastern fabrics. The only expression he was able to give to his artistic feelings was in the arrangement of these articles. By draping his India shawls and rich oriental embroideries around Chinese jars, he found he could not only gratify his æsthetic instinct, but also draw custom. In this way he killed his two birds with one stone. But the Chinese jars were like the new andirons of the young woman in *Punch*, which led to a complete refurnishing of the house, and the shop was by degrees remodelled to be in keeping with them. Gradually other articles, equally foreign to his legitimate line of goods, but affording an excellent contrast to them, made their way into his windows. Rich ivory carvings, rare jewels, daggers of antique workmanship, pieces of furniture of quaint device, stole in one by one, until the window, like the magic cave in the story of Aladdin, was constantly revealing some new beauty and curiosity. In the end, æstheticism gained the day. Now his shop contains nothing but bijouteries and antiquities; an occasional shawl, or roll of pongee, or old lace, being the reminder of its original character.

Every trade or art has its legends and traditions. There are several stories current among retail merchants, the purport of which is to prove the great benefit which has resulted to business from tasteful arrangements of windows. Once there was a man—so one of these legends runs—who had had on his hands for many years some goods of which he could not possibly dispose. He grew more and more weary of seeing them, until it seemed to him that



No need of a sign-board.

they were a heavier burden than the Old Man of the Sea, and that he was in sorrier straits than Sindbad. When the burden became greater than he could bear, he shifted it to the shoulders of the auctioneer, a resource from which poor Sindbad was debarred. A few days later, walking up the street, and wondering with what he could fill the space left by the sale of his goods, his eye lit upon a shop window, which impressed him as containing a choice selection of articles of exactly the quality and quantity suitable to his purposes, and he went within to secure them, but found, to his chagrin and amazement, that they were his own despised wares, arranged with some sense of appreciation and harmony.

This story is told in many ways, and with reference to many subjects. In advertising circles the tale is of a gentlemanly Proteus, who fell out of all conceit with his beautiful country house, put it in the hands of a real estate agent, and then fell in love with it again, through the glowing words of the literary Turner, who described its charms for the column of advertisements.

From the simple exhibition of wares, window decoration has developed into a grand study of colour and design. Those who know nothing of the inner working of shops, are apt to think that the white lace laying on the richly-tinted silk, or the Japanese embroidery thrown carelessly over the low couch, came there much as isolated boulders found their way into the meadows and pine woods of New England ; in some upheaval of stock they were brought to the surface. The truth is, that the wise shopkeeper of the present generation gives as much attention to the exhibition of his wares as to the purchase of them. Heine, when he visited London, was struck with the brilliant effect of the shops, and was quick in perceiving that this was due, not so much to the perfect finish of the articles, as to the manner in which they were exhibited. "There is also," he writes, "a peculiar charm in the art of arrangement, in the contrast of colours, and in the variety of the English shops. Even the most common-place necessaries of life appear in a startling magic light through this power of setting forth everything to advantage."

In some cities it is a business or an art in itself, to be adopted and followed like any profession or trade. Paris, as the headquarters of the world's buying and selling, has advantages which other towns have not as yet acquired ; and therefore it outshines them. Boston is fortunate in the ample size of its shop windows. At one time professional decorators in Philadelphia went from shop to shop, visiting each probably once a week. But now the retail establishments have grown so large, and principal firms have each their own artist, who attends to all the decorations. But he is always the designer and director upon whom the responsibility for success or failure lies.

(*Continued—page 760.*)

THE POST OFFICE.

By An Official.

Part I.

It would be somewhat beyond the purpose of these Articles,—which is to reveal to the readers of —"A.1"— some of the inner machinery of the vast and complex organisation of the Post Office as it now exists,—to attempt anything like a detailed history of its origin and gradual development. It is the structure as it now stands that we want to know and comprehend, not how the site was selected, the first foundations laid, the successive stories added to the goodly pile that stands conspicuous amongst the monuments of advancing civilisation. Still, a few words on the past will not be altogether out of place here.

Arrangements similar to what we now understand by post, are mentioned in very early sacred and profane history. For instance, we read in the Book of Esther how Ahasuerus communicated the disobedience of his wife Vashti to his people in every province of his vast empire. Xenophon mentions that Cyrus, when he invaded Scythia, formed regular riding posts for the transmission of news to and from his capital. Herodotus alludes to a similar arrangement between Susa and the coast of the Ægean Sea.

Such posts, however, were wholly confined to the transmission of Government correspondence. This was the case even under the more advanced civilisation of the Roman empire, as well as in China, where the Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, found a kind of arrangement for transmitting official correspondence between the centre of Government and distant provinces.

It was not till a far later stage in the world's history that we find any attempt at affording facilities for the transmission of private letters. In England, something of the kind was in existence before Queen Elizabeth's time. A "post" was then kept up by some English merchants for the interchange of correspondence with foreign parts. This, however, was purely a private enterprise, and it was not till 1551 that we find arrangements both for public and private letters, placed under the superintendence of a functionary of the Government, there and thenceforth, down to the present day, known as "Her Majesty's Postmaster-General."

As an interesting comparison with conditions which now enable a letter posted in London in the morning, to be delivered in Glasgow the same night, it may be mentioned that there is a letter in existence which was sent by Archbishop Parker to Sir W. Cecil. This letter was, in accordance with the custom then, endorsed by every postmaster on the line of route. It was posted at Croydon on the 22nd of July, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the first inscription on it shows that it reached Waltham Cross at nine o'clock on the following night. It took three hours to get to Ware, and seven hours and a half from there to Croxton, *i.e.*, it did the whole distance of sixty-three miles in forty hours. And this was an official letter, marked "Urgent and immediate."

But in these days we can hardly conceive the condition of the roads, which were then the only means of communication, and the difficulty of travelling on horse or on foot. The news of Queen Elizabeth's death did not reach some parts of Devonshire and Cornwall till the Court of her successor had ceased to wear mourning for her, whilst prayers were put up for King Charles I. in many a country church long after he had passed to the scaffold and the block.

In 1670, a contractor undertook to do the journey between Edinburgh and Glasgow, a distance of forty-four miles, in fourteen hours.

In Charles II.'s time, a penny post was established for the transmission of letters and parcels between different parts of London. This was originally a private enterprise, but its success alarmed the Govern-



Mostly known as a Marine Store Dealer.

ment, and proceedings were taken which ended in its absorption into the royal establishment.

In the early days of the Post Office, it need hardly be said that abuses of all kinds were rife, and amongst them the franking system, under which members of Parliament and others enjoyed the privilege of sending their correspondence free of expense by his Majesty's mails. But the word "correspondence" had a very wide signification. In the vaults of the present Post Office building, there were, till recent years, some old accounts of packet agents, which show the following items :—

"*Imprimis.*—Fifteen couple of hounds going to the King of the Romans, with a free pass.

"*Item.*—Two maid-servants going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen.

"*Item.*—Ten bales of stockings for the use of the Ambassador to the Crown of Portugal."

The franking system is now entirely done away with, the only franked letters being those sent out on official business from the various Government departments, the total weight of these being credited to the Post Office in its annual estimates.

Passing over the intermediate stages of development, we come to that memorable epoch in the history of the Post Office, the introduction of penny postage, and the payment of the latter by means of an adhesive postage stamp, which are so closely connected with the name of Sir Rowland Hill. The controversy which raged so long and so fiercely, as to the actual originator of these schemes, has been lately marked by the discovery of some official correspondence, which goes far to show that the suggestion of the adhesive postage originated with a Mr. Chalmers. But though, as usually happens with great reforms, the penny postage system was but the crystallisation of many ideas that had, as it were, been floating in the minds of many, this in no sense derogates from the genius, ability, and courage with which Sir Rowland Hill carried out what was for long considered a daring and dangerous innovation. Before his time, letters were charged according to the post stages travelled. Thus, a letter going fifteen miles was charged twopence, if under one ounce in weight ; thirty miles, threepence ; eighty miles, fourpence, sevenpence, or a shilling, according to weight.

Mr. Hill—he was not yet Sir Rowland—started with the principle that the distance which letters were conveyed, had comparatively little effect upon the cost of their conveyance, and further calculated that the cost of conveying each letter was one-tenth of a penny. From this starting-point he reached the conclusion that the adoption of a low and uniform rate of postage, combined with increased facilities and increased speed in delivery, accompanied by other collateral reforms in the Post Office, would so enormously increase the number of letters, as to swell profits that were small, individually, into a handsome revenue. The public, with a true instinct, literally jumped at the scheme, but the Government and the then Post Office officials stood aghast. However, after a select Committee of the House of Commons had considered the matter, a timid experiment was made by establishing a uniform rate of fourpence. But this failed, and in 1840, the "scheme, the whole scheme, and nothing but the scheme," of a penny postage was ventured on, a step which a leading Journal stigmatised "as weak and rash to a degree, and as one of the most inconsiderate leaps in the dark ever taken." But it did succeed, and the Post Office revenue has more than trebled in the fifty years which have passed away since then, and the number of letters has increased from 76,000,000 to 1,720,955,000.

But it is now time to turn from the history of the Post Office to its work and machinery, and that portion of it which deals with the collection and transmission of letters, newspapers, and parcels.

(*Continued—page 763.*)

THE STORY OF JONAH.

By the Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A.,
Author of "Christian Living," etc., etc.

PART II.

FLIGHT.

"THE word of the Lord came unto Jonah." It *came* unto him ; like a clarion, ringing out its clear notes upon the sleeper's ear, "Arise!" Some such word as this runs throughout the Bible, and through all human lives—"Arise!"

Arise! Paul, from whose eyes the scales have fallen, a new convert of the Christ whom thou didst persecute ; no longer hesitate about that duty ; arise, and be baptized. Arise! Peter, from thy dungeon floor, and follow God's angel through the opening gate into the free night air. Arise! to understand all that a man's life may mean in such an age as this. Arise! to take up thy cross of daily self-denial, and follow the Son of God in the regeneration of the world. Arise! and shine, for thy light is given. The glory of the Lord is breaking upon thee ; go, shed that light on men who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

"*Go to Nineveh.*" Every man has an appointed work in the world. There is a Nineveh somewhere which needs us ; and if we are only quick to hear the voice of God, we shall not be left long in doubt. Our Nineveh may be a very little sphere, far different from the million-peopled city to which Jonah went. It may be a home, or a workshop, or a squalid neighbourhood, or some small mission sphere ; but it will be large enough for our voice to fill. Do you not know what your Nineveh is? Are you bearing no witness? Salt, and not acting as an antiseptic? Light, and hidden under a bushel? A voice, not crying? Ah! it is not because there is no sphere of service for you, but because your ear has been too full of other voices for you to hear the call of God ; or it may be that you have heard and been disobedient to it, and that those souls at the Nineveh of your life shall perish because the watchman warned them not. Will it not be yours to carry for ever the bitterness of poignant regret, and to be held accountable for their blood? Ask God, your Father, to teach you what your Nineveh is ; and be sure of this, that He will appoint you no sphere without making it possible and easy for you to fulfil His commission.

"But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish." How long a time do you think intervened between the summons and that act of disobedience? The casual student of this narrative would say, "Time! There was no waiting time ; it was a sudden impulse, the decision of an instant. The decision was no sooner formed than it was carried into effect." But a closer study of this story will, I think, indicate that probably days, and even months, intervened between the communication of the Almighty's wish and Jonah's final resolution to evade it and to flee.

What were his reasons? *Was it because the journey was long?* It certainly was far to go ; many hundreds of miles would have to be traversed. Canaan must be left for Damascus ; Damascus for Palmyra, in its green oasis, amid the scorching wastes of sand ; Palmyra for the great rivers of Assyria—and these must be tracked for many a long day ere the walls of Nineveh should loom upon his vision. Still, the length of the journey could hardly have been his reason ; for the camel, the ship of the desert, had for many centuries been pursuing its course with as much regularity as steamers do now between Liverpool and New York. Caravans of merchantmen had followed this track from the time of Joseph ; and in point of fact, the prophet contemplated a far longer journey than that to Nineveh when he started for Tarshish, on the coasts of Spain. It could not therefore have been the distance which deterred him.

Nor could it have been natural timidity. A stout heart might well have quailed at a task proposed to him, to go alone into the midst of an idolatrous city, confronting it with its crimes, and menacing it with destruction. This needed no ordinary courage. But there is no trace of this cause being at work with the prophet ; and the whole race of prophets seems to have been so confident of the protection and care of the Almighty, that they were raised above the paralysing effect of that fear which makes the stoutest hearts to quail when called to stand alone. We can hardly suppose that God would have dealt so graciously with him afterwards, if he had permitted himself to be unnerved by so ignoble and unbelieving a motive as this. No, it was not fear which diverted him to Tarshish.

Nor was it national prejudice. It is quite true that this feeling was very strong amongst the Jews. Taught to regard themselves as God's peculiar people, they looked down upon Gentiles with aversion and contempt. In their esteem, all Gentiles were but dogs. "The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." Peter needed a distinct revelation before he would go to preach in the house of Cornelius. And yet there are many instances on record of Jewish prophets being sent on Divine errands to heathen monarchs and people ; and in each case the clear Divine command was sufficient to outweigh the deeply-rooted national antipathy to men of another faith. This, therefore, was not the cause.

The true reason is suggested in the closing chapter of this book, in which, at the second verse, Jonah makes a remarkable confession : "Therefore I fled before unto Tarshish : for I knew that Thou art a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger,

and of great kindness, and repentest Thee of the evil." "I knew Thee!" How did he know it? The tide of the patient love of God had streamed down upon the world from the rent fissures of Sinai, had been the oft-recurring strain of the Psalms, had been perpetually illustrated in the history of his people, and had been that side of the Divine character on which Elisha, from the very make of his temperament, loved to dwell. But why did Jonah find this view of God's mercifulness an impediment to obedience? Did he not argue thus: "God is so merciful; I am sure he will not destroy Nineveh, with its vast population. Why then should I go and tell the Ninevites that in forty days they are to be destroyed? Even if I say it, I am sure that God will not do it; and if He does not do it, I fear three things will happen. First, there may be discredit thrown upon God's veracity, that He has said a thing which He has failed to carry into effect; secondly, I shall lose all credit as a true prophet; and thirdly, my people will go deeper than ever into sin, because they will argue that, if God's threatenings have not been carried into effect in the case of the heathen, they will certainly not be carried into effect in their own."

Reasoning thus, he seemed to say: "Send whom Thou wilt, but do not send me. My judgment is clean contrary to Thine in this matter of Divine government; and sooner than be a party to a piece of mistaken statesmanship, I would rather go to a land where Thine inspiring Spirit perhaps will not speak, and where at least my own people will be utterly unaffected by my mistakes." We cannot excuse this decision. He ought to have done what he was told, leaving results with God; but we can at least understand how it was that God treated him so kindly and gently in spite of all.

Are not there Jonahs living to-day? Is it difficult to find them? Gentle and dove-like in personal character, they are so enamoured of the love and mercy of God, that when they meet with those stern denunciations of sin in which the Bible abounds, they would rather do anything and go anywhere than utter them. They never mention the word "hell"; they avoid preaching on those texts which foreshadow the unutterable penalty of those who persist in breaking God's laws, but which, by God's constitution of the universe, must befall the wrong-doer both here and hereafter. They eliminate from the Bible all mention of the wrath of God; and why do they do this? Not because they are wanting in courage, but because they are fearful of injuring God in man's esteem; fearing that men will think worse of Him if they hear any other side of His character than that of universal love—as if love itself were not sometimes stern! I honour them for their motives, but I cannot acquiesce in their action. Surely, God must know His own business best! He does not need our well-meant screens. His truths need no veneer. These warnings and threatenings are an indestructible part of the Bible. Ah! friend, it is a mistake to take more care of God than God takes of Himself. Do your duty, and leave the responsibility in wiser hands than thine. God will have His message delivered somehow; and if not by you, then in spite of you, whilst you yourself will well-nigh perish in a storm caused by your disobedience. Remember those solemn words: "When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand."

Jonah started for Tarshish, a large city on the western coast of Spain, near the Straits of Gibraltar; a very wealthy city, the centre of a great trade with Tyre. We might call it the West Indies of the old world. The prophet selected it because it was the furthest point possible from his own country; but in going there "from the presence of the Lord," he surely could not conceive that God would not be there. He must have known the Psalms of David too well for that: "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thine hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me." But perhaps he thought that in some other land than the sacred land of Palestine, the soil and atmosphere of which were specially charged with spiritual influence, he would escape the persistency and urgency of the Divine command.

Some such thought has often inspired men since, and especially young men. Theoretically they are willing to admit that God is everywhere in the world, and yet they seem to think that His presence will be less palpable in lands where the Sabbath bell does not chime, the house of God does not stand with heaven-pointing spire as a rebuke to sin, and where the light of a Christian civilization does not rebuke impiety. To such lands, therefore, they go, that they may be more unrestrained in their indulgence in sin. If any of my readers are meditating such a step, let me tell them it is a great mistake. The only way of getting rid of God, and God's presence, is to destroy every vestige of it in the heart—hushing every whisper of conscience, erasing every record of memory, obliterating every trace of religiousness, cauterising conscience. And when you can do that, you need not go across the seas; you are freer from the presence of God than you could be in hell itself. If you cannot do that, be sure that no Tarshish will be a hiding-place from those eyes to whom the darkness shines as the day.

Let us follow Jonah in his flight. "He went down to Joppa," a little seaport town two or three days' journey from his home. The whole journey would be a going down, for Gathhepher lay among the hills of Galilee, Joppa on the sea-board. Even Peter, in after days, starting from Jerusalem, is said to have gone down to Joppa. Do I strain the text in saying that all sin is a going down from the sunny uplands to the darkling lowland valley; down from happy obedience to the marshy swamp, where the will-o'-the-wisp leads travellers to their doom? Might we not write at the head of the page of many a day's diary, "I have been going down to-day, down into mere money-making, down into pleasure-seeking, down into sins which have left their besmearing stain upon the white robes of my spirit"? "I have lain among the pots." Has that been your case? Then listen to the voice of God, bidding thee return. Hark! how the silver music of His accents bids thee "Come up hither."

We know nothing of the details of that journey, nor where the truant prophet spent his nights, nor at what hour he came in view of the little town with the great sea beyond. It may have been at early dawn, when it lay like a dimpling lake; or at noontide, when it glistened like a sea of gold; or at eventide, when the last beams of the setting sun struck the outlines of distant islands, and flashed from the white sails of Tyrian ships. But at whatever hour he reached his destination, he did not tarry in the busy, crowded streets, filled with sailor groups from distant lands, and ringing with many languages. With hasty steps he made for the port, examining eagerly the vessels shipping or unlading their cargoes. The smaller craft would not serve his turn. He must have something more than a slow coasting vessel. He could rest with nothing short of an outward bound ship, one that could stand the storm, and that could travel swiftly from the spot where God's burthen had met his unwilling shoulders.

"What is that commotion on the quay-side? why those cries, and that excitement?"

"Ah! stranger," says an *habitué* of the place, "it is a ship just starting for Tarshish; and many a month will pass before her sailors again see their homes."

"That will suit me exactly," replies the truant-hearted prophet.

He hurries to the place. The cargo is shipped, passengers are on board, sails set, gangway being lifted; there is just time. He pays the fare, and goes aboard. Do you notice that whenever a man goes contrary to the will of God he has to pay for it?

Jonah came home free. The Almighty bore the cost of his return fare; but he had to pay a considerable price for his outward voyage. If you disobey God, you will have to pay for it. We must not always think that we are in the way of Providence when all our arrangements fit as accurately as this ship fitted Jonah's purpose. Our duty has to be appointed by other considerations than by the fall of a fortunate coincidence. The outward circumstances must always lock with the inward conviction of duty.

The way of transgressors is a very expensive one; they expend their constitution and their money, their time and their strength, their peace and the blessing of God. Before you take that ship to Tarshish, stop and think whether you are able to bear the cost of the passage money, or whether it will not ruin you to bankruptcy. Think twice before you step on board. Count the cost, and, ere it be too late, return to the place from which you came.

(*Continued—page 762.*)

THE LAWS OF HEALTH.

By A. Stuart Fletcher.

No. 3.

BREATHING AND THE BREATHING ORGANS—STAYS—DISEASES OF BREATHING ORGANS, FROM (1) DUST, (2) VITIATED AIR, (3) TAKING COLD—PREVENTIVE MEASURES.

THE breathing in of air containing oxygen, and the breathing out of air containing carbonic acid, is performed by means of certain parts of the body which we call Organs of Respiration. These are the lungs, the wind-pipe, with its branches, and the movable walls and floor of the chest, by means of which air is drawn into, and sent out of, the lungs.

The lungs are in the chest, which, together with the heart, great blood-vessels, and food passage, they entirely fill. They are two in number—the right and left lung—and each is in principle an elastic bag filled with air. But the lung is very complex, being made up of an immense number of exceedingly small bags called air-cells, or air-vesicles, and small tubes by which all these air-cells are connected with the wind-pipe. It has been estimated that there are at least five or six millions of these little vesicles in the lungs, and the wall of each is exceedingly thin and delicate.

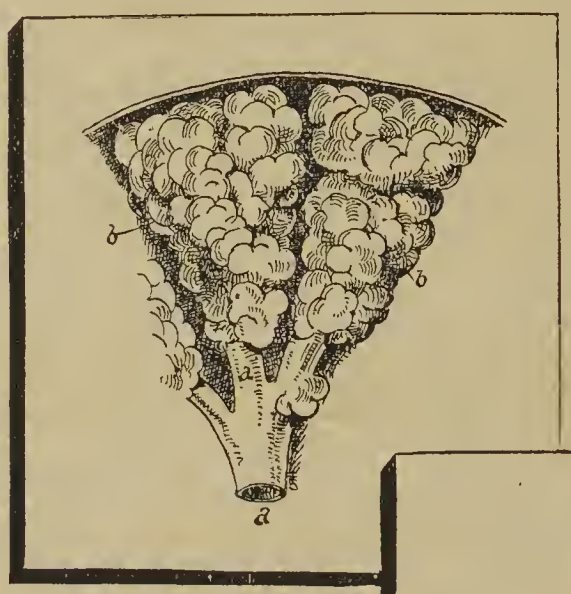
The wind-pipe, or trachea, which can be felt when the fingers are placed on the front of the throat, is a tube whose walls are distended by rings of gristle, so that no bending of the neck can close it. On entering the chest, the trachea divides into two branches, one of which goes to each lung. These again divide into smaller and smaller tubes, called bronchial tubes, which end ultimately in the air-cells before mentioned. The whole arrangement of trachea, bronchial tubes, and air-cells may be compared to a short, thick bush or tree, crowded with leaves. If the trunk and branches, the tiniest twigs and the leaves, can all be imagined hollow and distended with air, that will give some idea of the arrangement in the lungs.

On the walls of the air-cells, very small, thin-walled blood-vessels, called capillaries, are spread, and all the blood in the body is in turn sent through these.

The blood in the vessels which supply the lung capillaries is dark purple in colour, but that which leaves the lungs is bright scarlet. The change in colour from purple to scarlet is due to the absorption of oxygen by the blood from the air in the lungs. In place of this oxygen, the lung-cells receive an amount of carbonic acid from the blood,—the two gases passing easily through the thin walls of the capillaries and air-cells. It will be seen that after a certain amount of this interchange of gases has taken place, the air in the lung-cells is no longer fit to supply the blood with the requisite oxygen, and that it needs renewal. When this is the case, a change takes place in the chest, which leads to fresh air being taken into the lungs.

The floor of the chest is formed by a movable partition, called the midriff, or diaphragm, a great part of which is muscle or contractile flesh. The diaphragm is arched upwards towards the chest. When, however, its muscles contract and become shorter, it is made much flatter, and thus the chest gains in depth.

The ribs, which help to form the walls



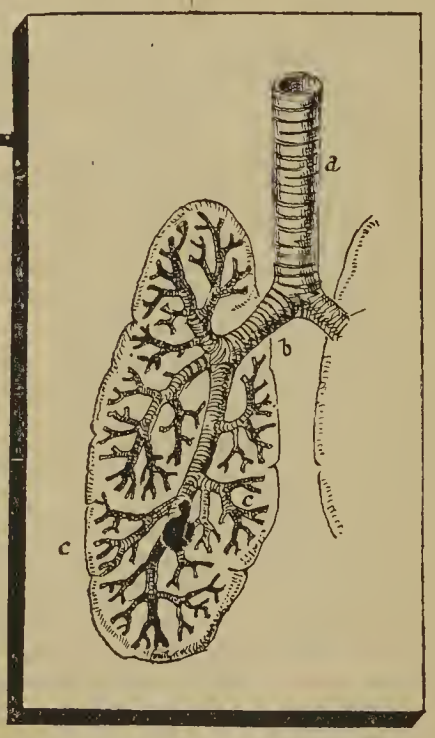
a. Two groups of air-cells.
b. Bronchial tubes which open into them.

of the chest, have muscles between them, and when these contract, the ribs are lifted up, and the chest becomes broader.

These changes take place together about seventeen times a minute. As the chest becomes larger, about thirty cubic inches of air rushes down the wind-pipe, and stretches the elastic lungs. The new air speedily mixes with that already in the lungs, and makes it again fit to supply the blood. This enlargement of the lungs and taking in of air, we call Inspiration. Then the muscles of the diaphragm and ribs relax, the chest goes back to its former size, and the extra air is driven out. This process we call Expiration.

The rise and fall of the ribs can be easily felt by placing the hands on the chest or sides, and taking a deep breath. How very elastic the lungs are, can be proved by obtaining a pair of sheep's lungs—"lights," as the butcher calls them—and blowing down the wind-pipe. A pair of rabbit's lungs will do equally well, and are more easily obtainable by some.

It will not be out of place here to speak of the way in which many women, by compressing their bodies with tight stays, prevent their lungs from ever being properly distended. When the body is gripped by a tight corset, the diaphragm can have little action, and the movement of the lower ribs is scarcely possible; in addition to this, the lungs themselves are seriously compressed. The tight-laced person may be surrounded by plenty of oxygen, but with her compressed breathing organs, the blood can get nothing like its proper supply, and she is like a person starving in the midst of plenty. The languor, the unfitness for vigorous exertion, the sensation of lassitude of which many women complain, are due, to no small extent, to this systematic interference with the natural act of breathing.



Section showing branching out of the bronchia in the lungs: a., windpipe; b., bronchia; c., larger bronchial tubes.

Diseases of the breathing organs generally arise from inhaling particles of dust, breathing vitiated air, or taking cold.

When dust is breathed by a healthy person, nature always makes an effort to prevent it settling on the lungs. First, when it touches the wind-pipe, it irritates the delicate lining there, and an uncontrollable cough is the result. If this fails to expel the offending particle, certain little glands in the lining of the wind-pipe pour out a quantity of mucus, or phlegm, which surrounds the speck of dust, and prevents it from irritating the delicate skin. At the same time, certain tiny, hair-like filaments, called *cilia*, are hard at work brushing the irritating substance away from the lungs, and towards the mouth and nostrils. These cilia line all the air passages, and they are continually in motion, waving "like a field of corn bending before the wind," to prevent foreign substances from reaching the delicate lungs. It is owing to the action of the cilia, that breathing through the nostrils is so important a habit, especially in those who work at dusty trades, for much of the dust is arrested by the cilia in the lining of the nose, and stopped before reaching the wind-pipe, or small air-tubes, at all.

If, in spite of coughing and the action of the mucus glands, and the cilia, dust does get into, and remain in, the lungs, it sets up inflammation in the lining of the little air-tubes, and from this cause results the chronic bronchitis and asthma, from which grinders, potters, and others who work at dust-producing trades, so often suffer.

We have referred in a former Paper to some of the general results of breathing vitiated or spoiled air. Amongst these there is no doubt that we may place that form of lung disease which we call consumption. In many cases the tendency to

consumption is hereditary, or may arise from other causes than the one mentioned; but facts bear out the statement that there is no more fruitful cause of the development of this tendency than habitually breathing vitiated air.

The third and, perhaps, most general cause of disease of the breathing organs is "taking cold." A cold is a diseased state brought on by the body being exposed to cold, or having its heat abstracted suddenly by cold air, a draught, damp, or other means. The first effect of these causes is to check the vital processes going on in the part affected, to diminish the size of the blood-vessels, and thus shut off part of the blood supply, and produce paleness, chilliness, and diminished sensibility. Then follows a reaction: the blood-vessels enlarge, and admit too much blood, and there result redness, heat, swelling, and increased sensibility,—a state which we call inflammation.

When cold attacks the wind-pipe, and sets up inflammation there, we call the disease sore-throat, quinsy, or croup, according to the part affected, and the particular form that the disease takes. When the inflammation is lower down, in the lining of the little bronchial tubes, we call it bronchitis. Repeated attacks of bronchitis frequently produce thickening of the lining of the bronchial tubes, which more or less closes the tubes, and obstructs the passage of the air. This produces the feeling of want of breath and the wheezing, which is called asthma.

When a cold settles on the substance of the lungs, the inflammation is called pneumonia; when the pleura or membrane which lines the whole lung, and the adjacent wall of the chest, is attacked, the disease is called pleurisy.

It is much easier to prevent a cold than to cure it, and break the chain of ill-effects of which it is frequently the beginning. The means of prevention are clothing, food, baths, exercise, and avoidance of draughts and damps.

At all times of the year, clothing should be sufficient to keep the body up to a comfortable degree of warmth, and should be varied according to circumstances. The neck, chest, and arms of children and young girls should not be left exposed to cold. A woollen garment ought always to be worn next to the skin—flannel in the winter. The rapidly increasing practice amongst women of wearing woollen underclothing from the neck to the wrists and knees, has, to my own knowledge, prevented many an attack of cold and rheumatism, which, previous to the adoption of this dress, had been customary in the winter, and at all changes of the weather.

The adoption of a thin dress by ladies, and thinner neckties, waistcoats, and boots by gentlemen in the evening, without any compensating change of under-clothing, has been to blame for many a case of bronchitis, pleurisy, and consumption.

Food should be taken regularly, for when a person is hungry, the system is more susceptible to cold, as well as to infection.

The daily use of cold water to the skin, all over, is, perhaps, the most effectual means of prevention. Those who cannot bear, or who do not feel a comfortable reaction after a cold bath, may substitute the daily use of a cold wet towel, or sponging.

Regular outdoor exercise, by giving vigour and energy to the body, is a preventive of cold and the diseases which follow in its wake.

ACROSTICS.

THERE'S a place that is far away,
  Where my first was born in sorrow,
There were two loving hearts one day,
  But one, by a grave, on the morrow.
My second the name will declare,
  Of the father,—my first's the son,—
But two added letters are there,
  Not owned by the heart-stricken one.
There's a grave in a nearer place
  For my whole:—His great work is done.
He rests. His the name and the race
  Of the older father and son.

1. What ought to make charity great?
2. A high foreign title of state.
3. A thing that you never can name.
4. A mocking expression of blame.
5. There's always good hope in its end.
6. A faithful companion and friend.
7. 'Tis not a beneficent wind.
8. Compared to a free, rushing hind.

IT was for my *first* that he hastened to fight,
  For duty had called to defend the right,
And the finger of glory beckoned;
And the glittering sword that hung at his side
Was girt on by the hand of his plighted bride,
  As she mournfully said my *second*.

And she thought of my *third* till her heart grew cold,
For she knew my *fourth* he would lightly hold,
  When the standard of war was flying;
But he fought upon many a field of fame,
And returned to her side with a hero's name,
  And a conqueror's wreath undying.

Answers will be given on page 814.

First.

ARCADIAN shepherd's joy, and milkmaid's treasure.
  The theme of sylvan dreams.
I dwell with scullions now, in basest regions,
  As erst by reedy streams.

Second.

The panting hero, on the eve of battle;
  And other heroes too;
Have heard this word before all deeds heroic,
  And sprung to dare and do.

Whole.

The purple streams that reached us from the vintage
  Of other years, grown old,
Their careful guardian oft his care requited;
  And this was his stronghold.

1. No; never more, I pray.
2. Give this to me to-day.
3. And this, oh, do not say.



DAVID WHIPPY'S SWIMMING FEAT.

By M. C. FOSTER.

THE Rev. R. B. Lyth and a small crew had in April, 1848, left the Island of Viwa, Fiji, in the cutter *Venus*, intending to visit Nandy, on the Large Land, where Mr. Lyth's services as a medical man were urgently needed by the wife of Rev. J. Watsford, who was dangerously ill. The *Venus* encountered bad weather, and put in to the anchorage off the island of Ovalau. The brig *Tim Pickering* was sheltering there also from an evidently impending hurricane, and Mr. Lyth, with several others, accepted the captain's invitation to take safer quarters on board his vessel till the storm should be over.

Both the *Venus* and the brig, however, were driven from their moorings by the violence of the gale, and the larger vessel, with her crew and visitors, were wrecked on the reef. A lad named David Whippy had been left with a man and another lad in the *Venus*, and were seen from the already-grounded schooner drifting broadside before the blast. There was some hope that they might drift near enough to catch a rope which was lowered, but they drove past, and, to the unspeakable disappointment of all on board, she was seen rolling in the boisterous waves towards the open sea, or the dangerous coral rocks. The missionary commended them to God as they passed, and heard afterwards of their fate. When last seen from the larger vessel, Granby, the man, and the two boys were sitting helpless upon deck. After passing the brig they drifted along, hoping in vain to bring up at a prominent point of land near David's home.

Death seemed inevitable, and Granby proposed that they should pray. The few moments were so spent, until the cutter struck a shoal, turned over, was filled, and Granby and the boy perished. David was an excellent swimmer, and, having got hold of part of the cutter, kept himself afloat all that day, notwithstanding the violence of the wind and waves. In the night he struck against something, which proved to be the boat of the *Venus*, but upside down. He got astride her, but found that she would not so bear him, and he was obliged to hold on and drift with her. Soon he saw that he was being borne towards a reef, and fearing to be dashed upon it with the boat, he reluctantly let go. Then, committing himself to the huge rollers, one of them lifted him right on to the reef, where he found footing. The next moment he thankfully saw another huge wave bring the boat also upon the reef, close by.

Now that he could right her, and bale out the water, he launched her again, but hungry and helpless. God gave the waves charge concerning the lad, and kept up the boy's courage. Drifting along the second day, he saw a floating cocoa-nut, and being pressed by hunger, left his boat, and swam to get it, succeeding in returning with his prize, which satisfied hunger and thirst, and gave him new strength. The third day he saw and managed to recover the floating branch of a cocoa-nut palm, which he could use as a paddle, and the day and night were spent sleeping, baleing out the water, or paddling, till at length, on the fourth night, he reached the now well-known Savusavu on the Large Island, about fifty miles' distant from the place where the *Venus* was lost.

His first object on reaching land was to quench his thirst, and then he lay down and fell asleep in the bush. On awaking, he began to realise his danger from the fierce natives, and cast about what to do, especially as he was quite ignorant what island of the group he was cast upon. He saw several natives pass, without himself being observed, but was at last discovered by a man. He went boldly up to him, and would follow him to the town, though the other very much wished him to remain until the chief was informed about him. He knew that this would mean almost certainly being killed and eaten, all whose eyes had "had salt water in them" being, in cannibal custom, lawful prey. Then the Fijian wanted him to walk on in front, but afraid of being killed from behind, he would only follow. As he expected, the people crowded round him, touched his eyes, cried joyfully, "Oh, yes, this is salt water," and were preparing to despatch the lad. But a woman rushed from a house near by, and took hold of him, declaring that none should harm him. Her husband came out after her, and together they succeeded in saving him. They were a chief and his wife, who that morning had arrived from a neighbouring town to beg a whale's tooth. David's father was well known in the islands, and much respected, and the chief who had thus providentially delivered the youth finished well what he had so well begun, taking all care of the shipwrecked boy until an opportunity served for restoring him to his home in Levuka. "All acknowledged," says the missionary whose journal tells the story, "the hand of God in this wonderful deliverance."

"THANK GOD FOR SUCH A MOTHER!"

SEVERAL days after the battle of Williamsburgh, in the American War, a soldier came hurriedly to the chaplain's tent with the message,—

"Chaplain, one of our boys is badly wounded, and wants to see you right away."

Following the soldier, writes the chaplain, I was taken to a cot, on which lay a noble young man. He was pale and blood-stained, from a terrible wound above the temple. I saw at a glance that he had but a short time to live. Taking his hand, I said to him,—

"Well, my brother, what can I do for you?"

The poor dying soldier looked up in my face, and placing his finger where his hair was stained with blood, said,—

"Chaplain, cut a big lock here *for mother*,—mind, chaplain, *for mother!*"

I hesitated to do it. He said,—

"Don't be afraid, Chaplain, it's for mother; nobody will see me after to-morrow."

I did as he requested me.

"Now, Chaplain," said the dying man, "I want you to kneel down by me, and *return thanks* to God."

"For what?" I asked.

"For giving me such a mother. Oh, Chaplain, she is a good mother. And thank God that by His grace I am a Christian. Oh, what would I do now if I wasn't a Christian? 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' I know that His finished work has saved me. And, Chaplain, thank God for giving me dying grace. He has made this dying bed 'feel soft as downy pillows are.' Thank Him for the promised home in glory. I'll soon be there—where there is no war, nor sorrow, nor desolation, nor death—where I'll see Jesus, and be 'for ever with the Lord.'"

I knelt by the dying man, and thanked God for the blessings He had bestowed upon him,—the blessings of a good mother, a Christian hope, and dying grace. Shortly after the prayer he said,—

"Good-bye, Chaplain; if you ever see mother, tell her it was all well."

CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE COMPETITION.

IN consequence of having to go to press with the closing Numbers of our first year, before the date for the closing of our Christian Evidence Competition, we regret that the award of the Examiners will only appear in our issue for November 3rd. This Number will be the first of our New Volume, and we rely upon the hearty interest of our friends to increase our number of Subscribers.

Specimen Copies always sent free and postage paid on receipt of a post card to the Secretary, 62, Ludgate Hill, London.

RECIPES.

"PIECES OF BREAD" AND APPLE PUDDING.

SOAK for an hour in a colander, standing in a large basin of cold water, one pound of "pieces of bread," see that they are quite covered with the water; take the colander out, put a plate with a weight on it over the bread, and let it drain for an hour; then turn it out into a basin, and beat and braid it up with a fork. Boil ½ a lb. of American dried apple rings and 6 or 8 cloves in as small a quantity of water as possible; when quite soft or in a pulp, add ½ a pound of brown sugar; mix this with the bread. (A little bit of butter and an egg or two improves it, but it is very good without.) Rinse out a basin with cold water, pour in the bread, and when cold, turn it out. It is very nice with a little mock cream.

QUICKLY MADE PUDDING.

CUT 4 thin rounds of bread off a half-quartern loaf. Beat ¼ pint of milk with 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, a teaspoonful of flour braided up in a very little bit of butter or fat, and a bit of orange peel; when it boils and is thickened, pour it over the bread, baste it, and when quite soaked, spread one round with a little jam, put another round over, spread that also, and so on till all 4 are done; pour any of the milk mixture over, and heat it in oven covered over with a basin, or it may be eaten cold.

ORANGE-FLAVOURED RICE PUDDING.

TIE up in a cloth 4 tablespoonfuls of rice, leaving plenty of room for swelling, and boil in water till quite tender; set it to drain. Cut off with a knife very thinly the rind of a large orange; put it into a saucepan with a pint of milk; when it boils, pour it over 2 ounces of cornflour, previously mixed up with a little cold milk or water; now boil it for 8 minutes, stirring continually, and add to it 6 ounces of sugar, and a piece of butter or lard the size of a nut. Now pour it over the rice, stir and mix it well, taking out the orange peel. Put it into a well-greased pie-dish, with a few pieces of lard or butter on the top, and bake for 30 or 40 minutes. This pudding can be boiled by adding to it 2 or 3 eggs to ensure its turning out of the basin.

The grated rinds of orange peels, which are usually thrown away, make most delicious flavouring for both cakes and puddings.

FACTS ABOUT THE SEA.

THE sea occupies three-fourths of the surface of the earth. At the depth of about 3,500 feet, waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice at the poles to the burning sun of the equator. A mile down the water has a pressure of over a ton to the square inch. If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water, and allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic. The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In the many bays on the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm, one would think that the water travelled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms these waves are forty feet high, and travel fifty miles an hour—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamer. The distance from valley to valley is generally fifteen times the height, hence a wave five feet high will extend over seventy-five feet of water. The force of the sea dashing on Bell Rock is said to be seventeen tons for each square yard.

Evaporation is a wonderful power. Every year a layer of the entire sea, fourteen feet, is taken up into the clouds. The winds bear their burden in to the land, and the water comes down in rain upon the fields, to flow back at last through rivers.

The depth of the sea presents another very interesting problem. If the Atlantic Ocean were lowered 6,564 feet, the distance from shore to shore would be half as great, or 1,500 miles. If lowered a little more than three miles, say 19,680 feet, there would be a road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ireland. This is the plane on which the great Atlantic cables were laid. The Mediterranean is comparatively shallow. A drying up of 660 feet would leave three different seas, and Africa would be joined with Italy. The British Channel is more like a pond, which accounts for its choppy waves.

It has been found difficult to get correct soundings of the Atlantic. A midshipman of the navy overcame the difficulty, and shot weighing thirty pounds carries down the sinker. A hole is bored through the sinker, through which a rod of iron is passed, moving easily back and forth. In the end of the bar is a cup dug out, and the inside coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line, and a sling holds the shot on. When the bar, which extends below the ball, touches the earth, the sling unhooks, and the shot slides off. The lard in the end of the bar holds some of the sand, or whatever may be on the bottom, and a drop shuts over the cup to keep the water from washing the sand out. When the ground is reached, a shock is felt as if an electric current had passed through the line.

INVENTIONS FROM NATURE.

MOST of the skilful devices invented by men for doing fine work rapidly, can be traced to nature, where for countless centuries they have been operating. The discoverer of each new appliance or mechanism might be shown that his idea was as old as the hills. It is claimed that the inventors of the future will be those who carefully study the natural world.

The buhr-stones of mills are another style of the molar teeth, which grind all the grist that feeds men and beasts. The hoofs of horses are made of parallel plates like carriage springs. The finest file of human manufacture is a rough affair compared with the Dutch rush used by cabinet-makers. The jaws of the turtle and tortoise are natural scissors. The squirrel carries chisels in his mouth, and the hippopotamus is provided with adzes, which are constantly sharpened as they are worn. The carpenter's plane is found in the jaws of a bee. The woodpecker has a powerful little trip-hammer.

The diving-bell imitates the work of the water-spider, which constructs a small cell under the water, clasps a bubble of air between its hind legs, and dives down to its submarine chamber with the bubble, displacing the water gradually until its abode with the fishes contains a large airy room, surrounded by water.

In laying its eggs on the water, the gnat fastens them into the shape of a life-boat, which it is impossible to sink without tearing it to pieces. The iron mast of a modern ship is strengthened by deep ribs running along its interior. A porcupine quill is strengthened by similar ribs. When engineers found that hollow beams were stronger than solid ones, they only discovered a principle that is very commonly seen in nature. A wheat straw, if solid, could not support its head of grain. The bones of the higher animals are porous, and those of birds, where lightness and strength are most beautifully combined, are hollow. The framework of a ship resembles the skeleton of a herring. Aëronauts try to copy the structure and movements of birds.

Palissy, the French potter, studied sea-side shells to learn the best method of fortifying a town. The ship-worm is an admirable tunneler, boring his way through any submerged timber, and lining the round passage with a hard casing. The engineer Brunel took a hint from this animal, and was the first to succeed in tunneling under water. The Eddystone light-house is built on the plan of a tree-trunk, and is fastened to the rock in a manner similar to the way a tree clings to the soil. It is supposed that the first idea of a suspension bridge was suggested by the creepers of a tropical forest.

When plans were wanted for the London Crystal Palace, Joseph Paxton, gardener to the Duke of Devonshire, having noticed the structure of the gigantic leaves of the enormous water-lily, *Victoria Regina*, a plant which had been introduced into England a few years before, adopted the idea of copying in iron the ribs of the leaf, and filling the remaining space with glass. So, by patterning after nature, the obscure florist became Sir Joseph Paxton, the world-renowned architect.

MONEY you earn yourself is much brighter than any you can get out of dead men's bags.

FOOLISHNESS rushes into publicity to draw attention, while intelligence modestly keeps in the background to observe.

IT is the same with a book as with a man. With a good title, the demand for the book or the man will be measurably increased.

IT is one great characteristic of genius to do great things with little things.

A SCANT breakfast in the morning of life whets the appetite for a feast later in the day.

WHO would win must learn to bear.

EVERYBODY sees the cloud on the horizon, but who thinks of the clear blue sky above it?

THAT which is bitter to be endured may be sweet to be remembered.

A COMPANY attitude is rarely anybody's best.

THE winds and the waves are always on the side of the best navigators.

WE should do everything we can for others, if only to dissipate the thought of what they omit to do for us.

A NARROW-MINDED man can never possess real and true generosity; he can never go beyond mere benevolence.

GET but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like a star new born, that drops into its place, which, once circling in its placid round, not all the tumult of the earth shakes.

TO do God's will—that's all
That need concern us; not to carp or ask
The meaning of it; but to ply our task,
Whatever may befall;
Accepting good or ill as He shall send,
And wait until the end.

A MOTHER should give her children a superabundance of enthusiasm, that after they have lost all they are sure to lose, on mixing with the world, enough may still remain to prompt and support them through great actions. A cloak should be of three pile, to keep its gloss in wear.

THE BIRDS' CONCLAVE.



IT was a chilly October day, though bright and clear, when in a forest a vast company met to discuss a most important subject. My readers will ask, Who were the company, and what was their object of meeting? Were they warriors of old, talking over ancient scenes of defeat or victory? Were they politicians? Were they lawyers? No, they were none of these. They were only a mournful company of birds—birds of every kind, from the Java sparrow to the snowy-white gull; every one wore a look of depression and sadness.

"But why this gloom?" You may well ask.

Pause and look for a moment at that curious assembly; see them all with downcast heads and ruffled feathers, row upon row, band upon band,—robin redbreasts, with their beady black eyes, looking wistfully; grey birds; black birds; birds of all sizes and shapes,—all with their eyes fixed towards their leader, a jet-black rook, carrying in front of him a board with these words printed in letters of blood:—

"The latest fashion: birds in ladies' bonnets and hats will be worn more than ever this season."

So now we have solved the mystery of all this gloom; this was, then, what they had met to discuss. It was a solemn little assembly, not a dry eye amongst them. It was a question of life or death they had come to settle, and stouter hearts than the hearts of birds would have quailed. But now the discussion is about to begin.

The rook comes forward and tells the birds to sing, "Who killed cock robin?" and, with heaving breast, each true-hearted little songster swelled his throat, and the sweetest music thrilled the air—cries which seemed to be wrung from breaking hearts, as though they were calling upon God to take up the cause and come to the rescue of the fowls of the air, and not to suffer even a sparrow to fall.

The song being ended, the rook closed the book, wiped his spectacles, and looked at his sorrowing audience, and then said: "Dear friends, we have met this afternoon to consider a most important question. I need not remind you what that question is, as the smallest bird in our company knows only too well; but this meeting is not to discourage, but rather to strengthen and help each other, and to face our condition and difficulties, and to try and settle what is to be done." With these words he seemed overcome, and, closing his eyes, leant on the board he was carrying. He soon recovered himself, and again stood up bravely.

"My advice," said he, turning to the birds with bright plumage, "is this. Try not to attract attention; when the sun shines brightly, keep on the shady side, so that his rays may not shine upon you and add to your charms and beauty; whenever you come to a stream of water, bathe in it, so that your feathers may appear dark and dull. And you singing birds, let me warn you also to cease your singing; let not a note be heard amongst you; your very song attracts attention, and may be your ruin. I have no advice to offer to us larger birds; we must look out for ourselves."

A movement of uneasiness passed through every bird, and the sad note was echoed from the biggest to the least, "What is to be done?" Then out stepped a beautiful cardinal bird, and, after clearing his throat, addressed the meeting.

"Dear friends, I was going to say how pleased I was to see so many gathered together, but when I remember the sad, sad cause, I can only add that I am deeply grieved that there is occasion for anything of the sort; but while cruelty is permitted to prevail, I suppose we must be sacrificed to fashion, and none of us are safe, whether black, brown, grey, or bright, for ladies' tastes differ so. I have seen when flying overhead, ladies and children, young and old, with hats and bonnets trimmed with our dear brothers and sisters, looking so natural, that I have beckoned them to join me, but, alas! to my sorrow, found that they were fastened and pinned. Oh, it is cruel! cruel! But what can we do—we are so helpless?"

Then up stood a snowy white gull, and, in a hoarse voice, said: "I have come a great distance from the seaside, so wishful was I to attend this meeting, and to say what I myself have seen and heard, and to offer my advice. Big as we are, and armed better for earth's conflicts than most of you, thousands of us have fallen victims to this cruel fashion, and in my journey here to-day I have met with ghastly sights—sights that have made my blood run cold. I have seen creatures walking on the earth, wearing on their heads, hats and bonnets, not only trimmed, as our friend describes, but innocent victims torn asunder, some with the head, others with the breast, others with wings, not contented with the whole bird, but tearing it limb from limb." He pauses. "And yet, dear friends, these earth-walkers call themselves a religious people. Can they know the heart-burning amongst us? No, a thousand times no.

"But now let us try and help to bear each other's burdens; something must be done, and my advice is this: we must all help, as there is work for all. We birds who have made our homes on the wild sea-shore, must do our part. Let us work for the sailors; let our aim be, to be of use to them. We can show the sturdy fisherman where the finest fish lie; let us befriend the fishermen, and who knows but that the fishermen will befriend us? And you birds of bright plumage, plume yourselves brighter; let your feathers sparkle in the sun, so as to give pleasure to the eye as you fly from tree to tree. Who can tell but that even fashion will not spare you? Your bright wings may teach them this lesson—You were not meant to adorn bonnets and hats, but to adorn and beautify God's world.

"And now a word to the birds of darker hue—rooks, jackdaws, and crows. You all must work for the farmer. Leave the good seed he plants, but clear the ground of all hurtful things; and, perhaps, when he sees you are helpful to the growth of his crops, he may have compassion on you, and plead your cause. And now," said the gull, turning to the singing birds, "I have a grand work for you also. It is this—sing louder and sweeter than ever. Soar higher than ever you have done before," said he to the lark, "and send down such strains, that even the hardest heart will be moved to say, 'We must protect the singing birds.' Now, dear friends, I must away, but I once more say to you all—go and work."

A murmur of applause echoed from every bird, and a fluttering of wings stirred the forest, as a cry of "We will, we will," resounded in the air; and in a few minutes, nothing remained of the solemn assembly, but the board containing these words:—

"THE LATEST FASHION."



MAD JOHN BURLEIGH:

A STORY OF HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT,

Author of "Her Two Sons," "Eric Olsson's Minde Ring," "Drifted," "Little Rainbow," "Corbiestanes," "Our Navvies," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

"GOD MINISTERS BY MANY HANDS TO HIS CHILDREN."

NEVER was a nobler, or more loving letter written. Perhaps it was rather dictatorial, and certainly it was very determined. Lady Susan refused most positively to be given up; she rejected the proffered freedom, almost scornfully, and would have none of such sacrifice. She referred the Vicar to the twenty-third Psalm, and asked him, "if God pleased to feed him in green pastures, and to lead him beside still waters, what right had he, John Burleigh, to think that he knew a better way?" As to herself, her happiness, in poverty or in comfort, was simply to be with him. As to her parents, a moment comes when you are bidden to leave your father and mother. She would not finish the quotation, but she fully intended to put the whole sentence into practice.

And then followed a long chat about all manner of little things—the lights on the moors, the villagers, the sketches she was making, the guests' doings, and casually amongst these Hardman's name was mentioned.

"I am writing on and on, perhaps on trivial subjects of which you will not care to hear" ("Ah, *no!*" interjected John Burleigh), "just to please myself, just for the delight of feeling I *am* writing to you, my dear, dear husband—that is to be. SUSAN."

So abruptly closed the letter, but, as he folded it up, another sheet of paper, with some verses, fluttered to his feet. There was not time to read them, for the bell was "settling;" but as he walked to the brickfields after service he did so. They ran:—

"Mine to the core of my heart, my beauty;
Mine all mine, and for love, not duty;
Love given willingly, full and free,
Love for love's sake, so I love thee.

Mine! God, I thank Thee that Thou hast given
Some one all mine on this side heaven;
Some one as much myself to be,
As this my soul, which I lift to Thee.

Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone,
Life of my life, us, whom Thou dost make
Two to the world, for the world's work sake,
But each into each, as in Thy sight one."



"'No one will come; I have tried,' said the doctor indignantly."

As he read these words, he felt the touch of her fingers in his palm, and closed his hand as though holding hers in a clasp of possession. His life was rounded out in this dual existence. He no longer stood alone—completion had come—and for this Sunday evening, at least, he would wander in green pastures, and slake his thirst in still waters.

Carelessly he turned over the remaining contents of the post-box, mostly circulars, tossing them one by one into the waste-paper basket, and thinking all the time of his letter. At length they were all disposed of, save a small square box. He opened it, and there lay his watch before him; and on a slip of paper beneath it was written, "Returned with sincere respect." It was an educated hand, but one he did not know. Evidently the sender wished to remain unknown; well, even so, it seemed to make the gift come more direct from the heavenly Father.

"Even in this He remembers me! How tenderly He loves! 'Still waters,' 'green pastures!'" And he went on his way to the brickfields.

He was intensely happy. He lingered under the cloudless sky, and silently thanked God for His goodness. An infinite trustfulness took possession of his soul. It might be the will of the Father that he was even still to keep his best-beloved. If so, He would find the way; and if not, being His will, it was also well.

God loved him, God loved her. It would be well—all well. And so, with the Christ beside him, John Burleigh opened the door and entered the dwelling, with its atmosphere redolent of fever and disinfectants; and there before him stood Martha, and she said stolidly,—

"The baby died this afternoon, sir; and Bob's begun."

"Where is he?"

"In the office."

The Vicar crossed the yard. There lay the delver with the light gone out of his eyes, and the smile gone from his lips. He tried vainly to summon them back to greet his friend.

"Don't fret about me, sir; it's nothing much, I'll bet. I was going for the coffin, and I expect the sun struck me a bit. I felt sick and giddy like, that's all. I'll be all right in the morning."

The Vicar sat by his side and talked to him, told him of his landlady's kindness, spoke to him of the twenty-third Psalm, and held his hot, working hand in his own cool, white one, till he saw the weary eyes, which had watched so many nights, close in sleep.

Then he left Chatteris, and went for the carpenter. He was very tired, and his heart was sad; but the trust was still with him.

"God loves him," he said to himself, as he thought of the iron-stone delver.

* * * *

Mr. Tozer was an unimaginative man; he could not project himself into situations or see visions.

He objected on principle to hurry; if anything was worth doing at all, it was best to do it systematically. He had received John Burleigh's letter, asking him to send a hospital nurse, on Thursday morning, but he could not possibly attend to it then; that was the day of the Rural Diaconal Meeting. On Friday he took in order the various duties belonging to that day, and added to them a confirmation class, shoved off Thursday into its already overburdened neighbour day. On Saturday he went to the Infirmary, and found that there was then no nurse at liberty. As he did all things thoroughly, though it was a hot day, and he was invited to a garden-party out of town—yet he resolutely set off on another long tramp to the Nursing Institution, only to meet again with disappointment. No nurse was in who could be spared for a fever case; one was expected in on Wednesday, who might do; but her arrival was uncertain, she might be delayed. He inquired the addresses of private nurses, and from the matron received those of half a dozen, living in different quarters of the town. All the bright hours he had hoped to spend in the Danesford Grounds were passed in the streets, seeking first one nurse and then another. Some were disengaged, but declined to go so far away; others were on the point of fulfilling engagements; others were, in fact, at work, and their neighbours could give no news of their whereabouts. At last he was obliged to return home to write his sermon, and a letter to Houghrigg, to say that the only available nurse was one who would return home on Tuesday; then he would see her, and send her at once.

John Burleigh received this note on Monday. He had been up all night, and so had Martha; both were exhausted. It had been a terrible week. The boys were progressing favourably, and the doctor spoke with something like confidence of their recovery.

But with Bradley it was different. "If we had the patients in large, airy, well-ventilated chambers," said he——

"But we haven't," interrupted Martha snappishly—poor woman, she was very tired—"so what's the use of such fond talk? Anybody can see he's as bad as he can be. You only come in t' day-time, and then he's stupid and quiet enough. You should come at night."

"Ah! I suppose the delirium runs high then?"

"Come and see, and let master have a night's rest, can't you?"

"Ah! well, really, I have said you should have a nurse or two."

"Then why don't you find 'em? Neither master nor me can leave for a minute."

"No one will come. I *have* tried," said the doctor indignantly.

"Then try again."

The medical man turned angrily away, and crossed the yard to the office. There lay Bob Chatteris, already more than half delirious, moaning as he tossed about; and there, sitting, a shadowy presence beside him, in the darkness of the room—the Vicar.

"When is this nurse coming, Mr. Burleigh? On Tuesday night or Wednesday? You ought to have two, not one; both your very cross housekeeper and yourself need a long rest."

"Hush!" said the Vicar, and motioned towards Chatteris.

The delirium had left him, and he was looking at his friend with infinite alarm.

"He is killing himself for me; I'm not worth it. Send him to bed, Doctor," he muttered, his baked lips painfully forming the words. "He's like his Master. He'll lay down his life—don't let him, I say;" and Chatteris became delirious again, and spoke in loud, angry tones, "I say I won't have it. I won't have it, I tell you;" and then he forgot himself again. "Yes, you killed her; but t' settling time's come. I'll reckon it all up. Take that!" and he suddenly sat up in bed, and clenched his fist and struck out.

"Lie down, Bob," said the Vicar, and he sank back; then, as his friend wetted his lips and combed back his dank hair, he became gradually quiet again and conscious, his eyes following, with an anxious gaze, every movement of the figure beside him.

"Send him away! He's killing himself! Let me die, but not him," he whispered, as the doctor felt his pulse.

"All right. I'll see to it," replied the doctor kindly; and as he left the room, beckoned to the Vicar.

"He is in for a bad attack, and I should advise you, Mr. Burleigh, to keep away from him, seeing that you excite him."

"On the contrary, it seems to me that I soothe him."

"Yes, but he has now become anxious about you, and the thought, conscious or unconscious, will keep recurring to him that he is killing you."

"But what is to be done? None of the neighbours will venture near, save that poor fellow's landlady. She has been, and offered to remain, but I sent her away immediately. I fear the infection spreading."

"Yes, it is of a virulent type; and in these ill-drained villages, and where, too, the only water-supply is from wells or the open streams, if it once broke out, there is no telling where it would stop. The only hope is segregation. But could you not send for two nurses, instead of one? Perhaps you do not care to incur the cost?"

The doctor put his question with apparent carelessness, but very real curiosity, for many were the speculations and rumours rife in the neighbourhood concerning the affairs of the Vicar of Houghrigg. Some thought him opulent, but stingy. Others said he had been wildly extravagant at College, and had to pay for it now. Others, that he was even poorer than he appeared to be; but these charitable gossips were few in number.

The Vicar thought a moment.

"You are right," he said; "I ought to have thought of that—Martha will be worn out. Would you mind telegraphing to this address, to my friend, Mr. Tozer, who has found the nurse who comes to-morrow, to send a second, even though she be not a certificated one?"

"Certainly I will, and I trust that this will be your final night of watching. I suppose you have not slept much during the last ten nights?"

"Not much," replied the Vicar, with a little smile; "but each day, or rather night, carries its own burden."

"A noble fellow!" mused the doctor, as he rode away; "but mad, yes, most certainly mad, to sacrifice himself in this way, for a set of people like those. Why, if Bradley recovers, he won't have the grace to say 'thank you' even."

Another long night and weary day dragged by. The evening was a glorious one, masses of rose-coloured clouds were massed Alp beyond Alp on the horizon, and the declining sun poured a golden glory on their peaks. The children were

going to bed in the shed below in the brickfield, and John Burleigh, as he leaned upon the gate, gazing at the sunset, heard Mary's sweet little voice rise in the old evening hymn :—

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shelter of Thy wings."

She sang it once, and then again the second time, supported by the baby voices of the three other little ones.

He waited on, until their silence told that the lesser children were safely in bed. The sun sank behind the highest Alp, and the masses took purple tints, and the vaulted sky blazed behind them; and then swiftly across the brickfield, and up the slope towards the gate, came running a little figure. The child came near, and then the Vicar lifted up his hand, and smiled.

"No further, Mary," he said.

"I was nearer last night, Mr. Bur'y. I came to that blue stone."

"Well, to there then. Well! have the children been good? What have you done all day?"

"We went to t' old castle. I brought you such bonny ivy, Mr. Bur'y; see, this long bit. Catch it."

"Where did it grow?"

"Round that queer old window in t' big court."

The oriel Lady Susan had sketched! John Burleigh kissed the spray.

"You are pleased, Mr. Bur'y. I'm so glad; I'll bring you a big lot to-morrow."

"No, Mary, this is enough. Did Sam speak to you to-night? Did he bring the milk?" For in the Vicar's heart lurked a fear that Sam could not have escaped the deadly contagion; and that morning, for the first time, he had seen the farmer himself, with whom the boy lived, hand the can of milk over the wall to the children."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Bur'y. He said he had been to Castleborough right early, with two calves, but he got back as soon as he could, and he brought us some mint bulls' eyes. We're going to make wine of 'em to-morrow; I'se got a bottle, only we can't find a cork. Can you, Mr. Bur'y?"

"Yes, I daresay I can."

"Mother gave me one last time;" and suddenly the child began to cry. "Oh, Mr. Bur'y, I *do* want mother. Mammy, mammy, I *wish* you'd come back!"

"Dear little Mary, she is with God," said the Vicar, longing to open the gate, and take the child in his arms. His voice thrilled her, for, small as she was, its tones told her his great pity.

"I know," she said; "but God is *such* a long way off, and so is mammy."

"Is He?" questioned John Burleigh; "it seems so!" He looked at the weeping child, and he felt he was like her. God *did* seem a long way off. He longed to feel the Everlasting Arms about him. He longed for comfort as little Mary did. He dared not, for her own sake, take the child to his bosom—was it so also between the Father and himself?

He hid his face in his hands on the gate; he was very lonely, very weak. Presently he looked up. Little Mary's tears had stopped, and she was watching him.

"Mary," he said, "do you believe what I tell you?"

"Yes, Mr. Bur'y."

"Why?"

The child looked puzzled for a moment, and then, with a little laugh, replied,—

"Because you allus tell me true."

"And *I* believe *God*, Mary, because *He* always tells me true. And He has promised, Mary, that you shall have your mother back again."

"When, Mr. Bur'y?"

"I don't know when."

"But you are *sure?*"

"Quite sure."

The child looked at him, and then said quietly,—

"I'll go to bed now. Good night."

She turned to leave her friend, but the sound of wheels arrested her, and she stood, open-eyed, to see a cab stop at the gate which led into the back yard of the cottage in which the Vicar was standing.

"It is the new nurse," he said with a smile; and Mary watched him advance to meet her.

John Burleigh saw a tall, capable-looking woman, in a nurse's bonnet and cloak, come towards him. Another figure moved forward behind her, but his attention was concentrated upon this first one, from whom he hoped so much.

"I fear, Nurse, you will find that we have been but muddlers; however, we have done our best."

"No doubt, sir," she replied pleasantly; "and, after all, one's best is all that one *can* do."

"You are a trained nurse, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. I have had twelve years' training, and for three have been head nurse of the fever ward. I have seen you, sir, many a time, though you may not remember me."

"I thought that your face was not unfamiliar."

"I daresay that you'll know me better in my cap. Dr. Bolby came with Mr. Tozer yesterday, and made such a fuss, that the treasurer said that I might come."

"And you have brought that young woman with you, who is getting the parcels out of the cab. Who is she?"

"Well, sir, I don't know her. It was impossible to spare another nurse from the Infirmary, and the one at the Nurses' Institution did not come back, and this is a young person that Mr. Tozer brought to the station just as I was setting off. Her father came too—a most respectable party he looked—and she seems the right sort to help, willing to be told, and that's all I want."

The Vicar was watching the girlish figure. Presently the stranger turned round. He stepped hastily forward, thinking he had seen her before.

"Rebecca! Rebecca Sugden!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir."

"Your father?"

"He said, 'Go, my lass, and God bless you.'"

"I cannot let you do it. This is a nest of fever. You may *die*."

"Sir, you have shown me that there is a better life than this."

"But your mother?"

"She is better, sir, and gets about nicely."

"You *must* go back. I cannot permit this sacrifice."

"Sir, what does 'conformed to His likeness' mean?"

"Have you learnt that lesson already, Rebecca?"

"I don't know it yet. I began to get it off in your house, Mr. Burleigh. I want to learn more of it, and so you see, sir," she added with a smile, "I came to be taught where I knew that I should learn."

"You must go back, now, in the cab. I could not bear to inflict so great a sorrow upon your parents, as to keep you here in danger of this terrible disease."

"I won't face my father if you send me back. He met Mr. Tozer last week, seeking a nurse, and he came home and told us; and all Sunday I could see something was on his mind, and on Monday I said, 'Father, let me go. I have nursed mother well, you say;' and he said, 'There will be a lot of danger, but I can trust you with God, if so be you can trust yoursel' with the fever.' And I said, 'I can;' and he said, 'My brave lass, go, and God bless you.' And, sir, he looked at me as he used *before* I went to London; and I *won't* go back, no, sir, not even for your saying, till I've done my duty by God and my father—that's by sticking to these sick folk and to you."

And, without another word, Rebecca Sugden followed the nurse into the house, and shook hands with Martha, before that respectable old maid knew what she was doing.

(*Continued—page 769.*)

POSSESSIVE PRONOUNS.

I HAVE been told that the Bishop of Bedford, before he was well known in the poor part of London where he worked, was one day walking through the streets when he heard a working man say to his comrade, "I say, Bill, what's that?"

It was, I suppose, the first time in his life that the man had seen a live bishop, and the dress puzzled him.

"Why," returned his friend, "that is a bishop."

Another time the same question was put, "Who's that?"

"That is the Bishop," was the answer.

They were getting on a little. They had begun to know he was THE Bishop of those parts. But he was not content.

"My dear people," he said once, when speaking to them about this, "I shall never be satisfied until I hear you say, 'That is *our* Bishop.'"

It is somewhere said, "A great part of the world is lost for the want of possessive pronouns."

You know the name "*Jesus*" means, in Hebrew — as the marginal reading of your Bible tells you—"*Saviour*" (Matt. 1. 21).

You read about the Lord Jesus meeting Saul, and how Saul's whole heart and life were turned right round, and how afterwards he wrote, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;" and you cannot help owning that Jesus is a Saviour. He saved Saul.

Perhaps there is some one you know, whose life has been quite altered since he met the Lord Jesus Christ. Perhaps there are some of your friends who you feel are somehow different to the rest of you; they have got something that you have not. Is it, do you think, that they have found for themselves that the Lord Jesus is a Saviour, and are trying to act like His true followers?

"A Saviour!" Somebody else's Saviour. But that leaves *you* still out in the cold. "*My mother's God;*" so men who have lived carelessly have expressed themselves.

You read of the crowds who came to be cured and helped—the sick, and the blind, and the sad—and you see Jesus to be *the* Saviour. You know He hung on the cross for the sins of all; and you know, in a general way, that He is the Saviour of the world. But can you say, with Mary, "My spirit hath rejoiced in God *my* Saviour"? You can, if you go to Him in earnest, and say, "Lord, save *me*" (Matt. 14. 30); and "Cleanse me from *my* sin" (Ps. 51. 2). Would you not like to hear Him say to you, "*Thy* sins are forgiven . . . go in peace" (Luke 7. 48, 50)?

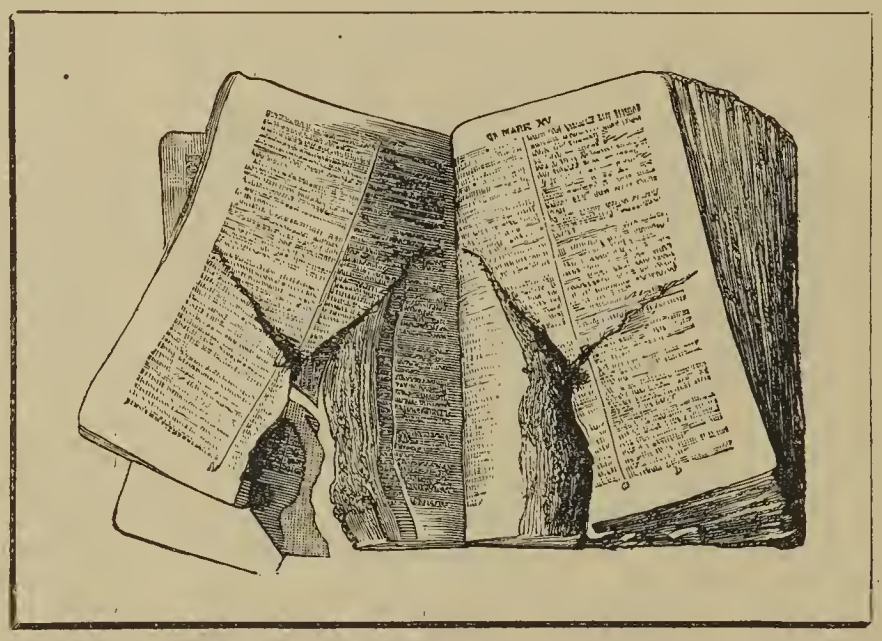
The prophecy was, "Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold, thy King cometh unto thee!" But when He rode into Jerusalem, they did not know who He was. "All the city was moved, saying, Who is this?"

What a contrast that lowly procession of the King of kings, and the splendour of the royal procession many of us looked upon last year, when our Queen passed on her jubilee day, and all the nations were gathered together, as it were, to do her honour!

There were many foreigners who were looking on that day, and thought of her only as "the Queen of England." There were some of her subjects, alas! who, in different parts of the country, were feeling they did not care for any queen to reign over them. But the thousands of her loyal people who watched her go by that never-to-be-forgotten day, and thanked God for her, were proud to call her "*our Queen.*"

"*Thy* King cometh unto *thee.*" If you can truly say "my Saviour," you must also say "my King." You will want Him to rule your heart and life.

David claims God in eight different ways, when he says in 2 Samuel 22. 2, 3: "The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; the God of my rock; in Him will I trust: He is my shield, and the horn of my salvation, my high tower, and my refuge, my Saviour."



A RELIC OF TEL-EL-KEBIR.

DURING the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, Private William Room, of the Highland Light Infantry, had a marvellous escape. In jumping into the trenches, a bullet from the Egyptian ranks struck him in the pouch bag at his side, going through a Testament he was carrying with him. This fortunately changed the direction of the bullet, and saved his life, as otherwise it would have gone through his stomach. As it was, the ball entered his hip, and came out of the inner part of his thigh. Our engraving is taken from a photograph published by Messrs. Hills & Saunders, Grosvenor Fine Art Gallery, who inform us that a copy has been sent to Her Majesty.

George Greedy, of Co. C, 3rd Pennsylvania Reserves, had received a pocket Testament from the ladies of Buckscounty when he took his departure from home. It had these inscriptions—Psalm 91. 11, "He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways;" 1 Timothy 6. 12, "Fight the good fight."

This Testament he always carried in his bosom pocket. In the battle of White Oak Swamp a minie ball passed through his left arm, shattering the bone severely; then, through his coat into the Testament, splitting it from Revelation to St. John's Gospel 11th chapter; passing out, the ball wounded him slightly in the stomach. But for the Testament he would have been killed on the spot. I asked him to give me the book to show to the committee of the Commission. He willingly assented, but added, "I would never sell it, for it saved my life."

WHITE ROBES.

I STOOD in the midst of them, and read part of Isaiah 55. They were Roman Catholics, all but one, the owner of the wretched hovel in the only room of which they were assembled, and *she* was a Protestant occasionally, when it suited her convenience.

It was an Irish wake. I had heard that the baby was ill, and came to inquire, not knowing that it was dead. I found the room full of women, some weeping quietly, but all sober, although a strong smell of whiskey pervaded the place.

In one corner, a mass of snowy whiteness met the eye. A white cradle rested on a white platform; the walls surrounding it were draped with the same hue, which also wrapped its occupant, a lovely infant, and was scarcely relieved by the eyebrows and long, dark lashes of the little waxen face in its frame of purest lace and white satin ribbons, or by the natural flowers which caught up festoons of lace around the cradle.

As I looked at the peace, and purity, and beauty of this corner of the dark room, I thought of Him into whose arms the young child had been taken, and who, to win this rest for her, had once lain an uncradled Infant, the one white spot in this dark world.

After a few words of sympathy, I opened my Bible, as I have said, and after reading the words, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found," etc., turned to the beginning of the chapter, and read the gracious invitation, to "every one that thirsteth." Then I spoke of death, the wages of sin, that had come so early to this child, and must come to all, closing their day of grace; and of the whiteness that must cover us, when we stand before the great white throne, if we would not die the everlasting death; and of the white robes, washed in the blood of the Lamb, which would be given "without money and without price," to those who seek the Lord while He may be found.

In another corner of the room, a helpless cripple lay in an old tea-chest, the baby's little brother. After I left, he comforted the chief mourner thus: "Don't cry, Mary, she's got white robes now, washed in precious blood;" and from that day forth, the thought of the white robes for *him* has been a fountain of joy.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

IT is an old saying, that it is a common mistake for men who are aiming at perfection, to pay more attention to their daily falls, than to the further pursuit of virtue, and to positive progress in the Divine life.

For though it is a part of virtue to avoid vice, and to know it that we may avoid it, yet to be always contemplating and deploring our sins, keeps the soul down from higher and better things, and retards that holy earnestness whereby it attains great things and climbs rapidly to those heights of virtue, the very atmosphere of which is fatal to the vice we less wisely try to diminish by this perpetual inspection and review of self.

THERE is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

SOULS are not saved in bundles. The Spirit asks of each man, "How is it with thee?"

AN abundance of peace shall be multiplied unto him who is in secret heart steadfastly resolved not to suffer from imaginary evils.

THE reputation of man is like his shadow — gigantic when it precedes him, and pygmy in its proportions when it follows him.

PRESERVE your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin force itself into that tender part of the soul, and dwell there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

CONVERSION is much more than attending to, or even delighting in religious duties, associating with the people of God, and in outward observance of ordinances. This and more may be accomplished by a mere formalist. But let any sinner receive Jesus into the heart, and then a life and unction will accompany every attempt to seek and serve Him.

FAITHFUL prayer always implies correlative exertion; and no man can ask honestly and hopefully to be delivered from temptation, unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.

INFIDETITY reproves nothing that is bad. It only ridicules and denounces all that is good. It tears down, it never constructs; it destroys, it never imparts life; it attacks religion, but offers no adequate substitute.

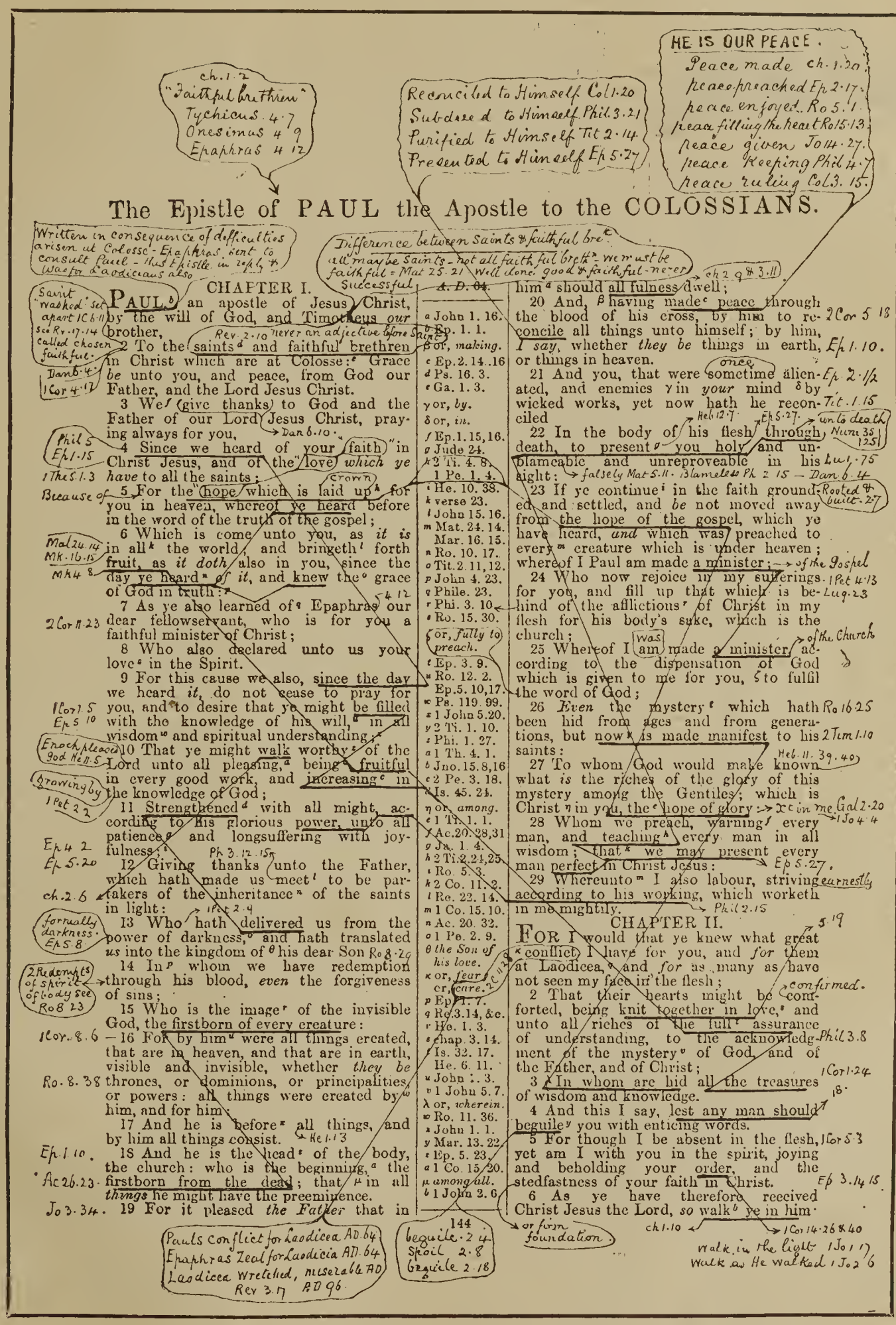
FAITH, although weak, is still faith; a a glimmering taper, if not a glowing torch, but the taper may give light as truly as the torch, though not so brightly.

FAITH is the root of all blessings. Believe, and you shall be saved. Believe, and you must needs be satisfied. Believe and you cannot choose but be comforted and happy.

TRIBULATION cannot separate you from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. But the love of God will, in the end, separate you from tribulation, and bring you out of it, and give you fulness of joy.

THE way to fill a large space is to glorify a small one. There is no large sphere; the man regenerate and consecrated is the lordliest thing on earth, because he makes himself so.

We must not take the faults of our youth into our old age, for old age brings with it its own defects.



AT HOME BY THE SEA-SHORE.

By C. F. Gordon-Cumming,

Author of "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War," "Fire Fountains," etc.

EVERY true lover of Nature questions whether any of her very numerous attractions possesses such infinitely varied fascination as the great, blessed, peace-giving ocean, as seen from the dry land. Not that I by any means wish to detract from the charm of a sea voyage—very far from it; but that pleasure, as we all know, has various drawbacks, whereas to sit in a comfortable room (as I am doing at the present moment, looking from Fifeshire right across the Firth of Forth), watching white sea-birds floating in the sunlight, above a perfectly calm, almost colourless sea, which in its wondrous stillness gives scarce an indication of movement, save one gentle ripple breaking on the firm yellow sand, is surely the very ideal of peace.

Looking at that broad expanse of still waters, it seems almost incredible that only six hours ago, looking from this same window, I saw a broad expanse of yellow sand, broken up here and there by ridges of dark-brown rock, offshoots of the wide brown reef, which, in the low neap tide, lay all bare, tempting us to go forth and explore the wonders of the deep, which for one little hour were thus exposed to our inquisitive gaze—wonders of the submarine shrubberies, and colonies of such strange living creatures at home, in clear, shallow pools, as fairly held us entranced, till suddenly we became aware that without a sound the tide had turned, and that we had no option but to wade back across the sands already knee-deep beneath the waters!

No carefully tended flower-bed could be more closely filled with bright blossoms than are many of the pools which thus fascinated us. In those which are daily exposed by the ebbing tide, I find comparatively few sea wonders, and even these only by careful search in crevices, and by raising the fringe of golden weed. But in these more secluded pools, whose inmates deem themselves quite safe from human intrusion, even the very "visible things of the creation" cluster together by scores, while the more minute creatures are incalculable.

Some such pools are literally made brilliant by the number of bright red and lilac star-fishes which cling to the rocky walls, while sea-anemones, varying in size from a finger-tip to that of a large tea-cup, expand their beautiful blossoms, fringed with innumerable delicate feelers, wonderfully variegated in colour. Some are green and gold with veins of scarlet, some of a pale pink or lilac, while others which are deep red, are endowed with a lovely circle of bright blue dots, like a turquoise neck-lace. Add to all these the colours of many growing sea-weeds—deep-red, scarlet, dark olive-green, and gold—some shaped like mistletoe leaves, some bearing clusters of large gold or brown bulbs, and others, of the daintiest patterns. They are equally varied in texture, from the toughest leather to the finest lace, beaded with minute shells. And these marine thickets are coverts for minute fish, and for a multitude of shell-fish—black, white, bright yellow, and scarlet. Legions of tiny blue mussels and white barnacles also encrust the rock, to say nothing of the little crabs and shrimps which nestle among the roots of the sea-weed. So you can form some notion of the charms of such rock pools as these, always remembering how greatly the beauty of all such objects is enhanced by the clear crystal medium through which they are seen.

Where now are all those rocks and zoological gardens of the deep? Not a trace of them is visible, not a break in the smooth surface to indicate the hidden reef, and no two pictures could be more absolutely different than is our outlook at high and low tide. Not that these constitute our sole variety; assuredly our sea-scape knows nothing of monotony. Besides the ever-varying effects of storm and calm, there are days when we seem to be looking across an absolutely boundless ocean (as indeed it is in one direction), but perhaps an hour later we can not only discern the coast of Haddington, and the distant Lammermuir hills, now dazzlingly white in their wintry robes, but can almost distinguish the houses of North Berwick, and the ruins of Tantallon Castle on its dizzy crag.

Beautiful as is this clear, crisp light, there is almost greater fascination in the sunlit mist, which leaves so much to the imagination, the faint blue overhead imperceptibly merging into colourless misty clouds, which so perfectly blend with the ocean, that there is not the faintest indication to show which is sky and which is sea, the latter being only defined by the gentle ripple in the immediate foreground. On such days the stillness is wonderful—only the low murmur of the ripple echoes along the shore, blending with the wild cry of spirit-like sea-birds, or perhaps the muffled, jerking sound of oars from an invisible boat, which draws nearer and nearer, till it becomes faintly discerned through the mist, even its quiet colouring being quite a welcome relief where all around is so grey. Some days the boats fly in cheerily, with their great brown sails swelling in the fresh breeze; but on such days as these, not a breath of wind helps the tired men on their homeward way.

Each morning, noon, evening, and night present such wonders of changing light and colour, that it is difficult to find any hour of the day when we can afford to be off watch! Sometimes we have daffodil skies, with wonderful banks of pearly grey cloud. Sometimes from the first glimpse of dawn the sky is densely red, and then our admiration is alloyed by sympathy with the fishers, who know that heavy weather is coming, and that they will have enough to do to recover their nets and lines. And all too quickly dark banks of leaden cloud sweep upward, and the moaning of winds and waters tells of the coming storm; the ships begin to toss, and the brown-sailed boats seem as though they could not make the harbour. Soon the whole Firth is in wild commotion—white-crested waves and scudding foam in every direction, and magnificent raging billows breaking on the strand in cataracts of gleaming white spray. Perhaps on the morrow calm is restored, and the only trace of the storm is that wide margin of dark sea-weed, torn up from ocean's bed, and cast ashore by the waves—a boon to the farmers, who send carts to collect it, and therewith manure their fields.

Sometimes after such a day of storm, the grey clouds seem drawn aside like a curtain, revealing the purest blue sky, which straightway is mirrored in every patch of wet sand, while the dry sands gleam yellow in the sunlight, the effect thus produced suggesting a broad shield of gold, inlaid with turquoises. In short, there is no end to the scenes of beauty which dear mother Nature seems to delight in exhibiting to our appreciative eyes.

Equally fascinating are such glimpses as we obtain of a few of the great host of fellow-creatures of whom we really know so little—the inhabitants of the water-world. If we go down to the beach to greet the return of the brown-sailed fishing-boats, the chances are that we may obtain some despised marine captives far more interesting in our eyes than the silvery whiting, haddock, and cod, or even the great armour-clad crabs, which are prized as marketable treasures. Unfortunately for the fishers, a large proportion of their carefully-baited hooks have only captured such worthless creatures as the pretty star-fish (with their five red or purple rays, and countless tiny, sucker-like feeders), or large white whelks (whose shells we eagerly claim for the children), or else odd-looking fishes of divers sorts, deemed unfit for human food; so they have suffered the tortures of the fish-hook, without even the melancholy consolation of being of use, and are unceremoniously tossed back into the water or on to the shore, to recover or to die as the case may be.

Amongst the treasures from deeper waters which are sometimes most unintentionally brought in on the fishers' lines, are white, leathery lumps, which at first sight puzzled me exceedingly. It was some time before I could assure myself that these objects, resembling mis-shaped turnips, but having the consistency of wrinkled pork, must certainly be some sort of sea-anemone. Those I first rescued from the fishers' pile of refuse had been so roughly treated, as to be apparently dead. However, I placed them in a large basin of sea-water, and to my joy, on the following morning found that they had apparently quite recovered, and had opened up a flower-like cup, the size

of a very large rose, of a most delicate cream colour, all fringed with countless minute feelers. Thenceforward they have constantly changed from the appearance of transparent gelatine to that of exquisitely carved ivory, forming the centre of attraction in a very primitive aquarium, which receives daily additions of all sorts of strange creatures from the rock pools—creatures which, when seen in their own gardens of delight, appear so fascinating, that sometimes we cannot resist the pleasure of carrying some home for more leisurely inspection, that we may watch them for a while without fear of being ourselves overtaken by the tide, and floated off to the home of the mermaid.

It needs some hardening of the heart, however, to disturb the peaceful beauty of such a colony. Of course, at the first touch, a sea-anemone instantly draws in all its outspread feelers, ejects the sea-water with which it was inflated (and possibly also the remains of a half-digested crab or periwinkle), and in a moment has shut itself up, transformed from the semblance of a beautiful open flower to that of a small lump of jelly, adhering to the rock so firmly that it needs careful and very gentle manipulation to detach the edge of its sucker-like foot. We know, however, from past experience, that within a few hours our captive will expand beautiful as ever in its new home ; indeed, the difficulty is to know when these creatures are dead, or when they are only undergoing transformation. Again and again, when I have found them lying at the bottom of the water, instead of adhering to the rock, they have appeared so dead that I have removed the apparent corpses to a mortuary, giving them, however, a fresh bucket of sea water, and on my return have found that they were all exceedingly lively.

No garden anemones could present more variegated colouring than do these flowers of the sea. I have at present before me no less than twenty, each quite unlike its neighbour. Besides those of which I have already spoken, I have some which internally are of a deep claret colour, while externally they are olive green, and their fringe of feelers is of paler claret. One is partially olive green, on a base of bright gold, and is all covered with golden knobs ; its feelers are barred with delicate grey and claret colour. Some are bright golden green, blending with scarlet, and also covered with knobs, the feelers being crimson and gold, and one blood-red. But the prettiest of all is just the colour of a bed of moss, and its feelers of bright, glistening lilac suggest autumn crocuses.

These feelers are sometimes thin as threads, at other times they are swollen like fat sausages ; indeed, the form of the creatures themselves is constantly changing. Sometimes they are shapeless lumps ; then they open up and resemble a basket of flowers. Perhaps an hour later they have swollen and taken the shape of an hour-glass, almost closed at the top ; and ere long, from the said top the fringe of feelers comes cautiously forth—in short, the more we watch these curious little lumps of jelly, the more marvellous does their organism appear.

Very wonderful, too, are the starfish when thus seen at close quarters, with the aid of a good magnifying glass. Some are of bright reddish gold, some are lilac edged with olive green, but all have a raised pattern in white, formed by triplets of three little fingers set upright, like tiny hands. Beneath the five rays are clustered a legion of delicately ribbed fingers, like transparent jelly, each ending in a sucker. Of these a few dozen are out on duty at a time, feeling around incessantly, in constant motion. Every now and then a ray drops off, and for some time seems to continue an independent life.

But I think the most beautiful of all my captives are two large sea-eggs (*echini*), or rather sea hedge-hogs, bristling with thousands of spines about half an inch in length. They were caught on the fishers' lines, and are about the size of a clenched fist. When I received them, the spikes lay feebly depressed, but soon, under the influence of a fresh supply of sea-water, the creatures revived, the spines stood upright, and from amongst these, through minute perforations in the shell, there arose a perfect forest of long, delicate, bright lilac feelers, clear, transparent, flexible tubes, capable of extending to upwards of two inches in length, each ending in a circular sucker. These reached about in every direction, like tiny snakes, evidently seeking for something. What that was we discovered, when they found the side of the earthenware tub, and straightway proceeded to attach themselves thereto, adapting their length to the curve of the tub, so that those in the centre are barely one inch long, the rest being graduated, till those at each side are upwards of two inches in length. These are so many stays, by which the creature keeps itself moored to the rock. About half the feelers being thus occupied, the remainder lie at rest ; some indeed continue to curl about aimlessly, but the majority sink back among the roots of the spines, only displaying the tiny circular sucker.

Among this legion of spines and long tubes there is a third multitude of curious objects, precisely resembling the three-pronged wooden cannibal fork of Fiji.

These curious little objects, of which there are many hundred, varying from half an inch in length to scarcely visible hairs, are also in ceaseless motion. Through an open circle on the top, edged with mottled red and white, we obtain a glimpse of the interior of the shell, edged with brown feelers, and another circle of large feelers with tiger-like stripes of black and yellow, ending in black suckers. In short, these hedgehogs of the sea are very interesting studies, and tempt me to watch them by the hour.

To the present generation, to whom all such wonders of the deep have become familiar, through the splendid aquaria established in so many of our large towns, as well as those small domestic ones which adorn so many homes, it may seem almost incredible that, until about sixty years ago, the very existence of these inhabitants of our shores was scarcely known. Indeed, for that matter, multitudes dwelling on the sea-board within a stone's throw of all these wonders, have never seen one of them, and gaze with amazement at the strange treasures we exhibit to them in our very primitive aquarium.

It seems to gain in interest when I remember that a solitary sea-anemone (*Actinia Mesembryanthemum*), which in 1828 was taken from a crevice in the rocks off North Berwick (to which I am now looking straight across the Firth), was the pioneer of all the odd sea-creatures which have in the last sixty years been brought to people our aquaria ; and, strange to say, that truly historical zoophyte continued to flourish till the autumn of 1887, when, on the 4th August, she expired, at the Royal Botanical Gardens of Edinburgh, surrounded by a large family circle of her numerous descendants. Of the many children to which she has given birth in the course of her captivity, upwards of six hundred have passed into the hands of various collectors, and, as many of these have multiplied in their turn, the respected grandmother of the clan soon came to be distinguished as "Grannie," by which name she has been familiarly known to all naturalists interested in subjects of this class.

Strange indeed it is to think of all the wise men who, in the course of more than half a century, have done homage to this little, insignificant-looking, leathery, gelatinous lump, measuring barely two inches in height and breadth ! Its captor, Sir John Graham Dalzell, immortalized it with pen and pencil in his book on "The Rare and Remarkable Animals of Scotland," and its portrait in later years was given to the public by Mr. Philip Gosse. On the death of Sir John, Grannie was committed to the custody of Professor John Fleming, and subsequently was passed on from one naturalist to another, till, as we have seen, she found a final home in the Botanical Gardens, where her own album received the autographs of upwards of a thousand visitors, including many names of note in the social and scientific world. She had previously made personal acquaintance with many leading naturalists, having been present at the meetings of sundry scientific societies, including that of the British Association at Aberdeen, when the Prince Consort was its president.

How Sir John Dalzell arrived at his conclusions I cannot say, but he estimated that his prize was fully seven years of age at the time when he appropriated it. Consequently it is assumed that at the date of her death this fine old sea-anemone had attained the ripe age of sixty-seven—a living example of the advantage of regular habits, her strictly regulated diet during all these years having been limited to half a mussel once a fortnight, at which time the sea-water in her bath was renewed. Her death was caused by an attack of *saprolegnia*, the fungoid growth which has proved fatal to so many salmon, and which by some means contrived to reach even the seclusion of poor Grannie's home in the beautiful garden.

SHOP WINDOWS.



The walking shop-keeper.

PART II.

GREAT skill is required to make a successful window artist. The most insignificant display is regulated according to certain principles. The first point to consider is colour. The man who is colour-blind cannot make this his *métier*. There are shades and tints which, beautiful by themselves, are ugly when brought together; and on the other hand, harsh and unpleasant colours can be beautified and softened by judicious management. The artistic decorator values so thoroughly the colour in the fabrics he handles, that he learns to make pictures of them as if they were pigments, and produces effects which may be classified as "symphonies" and "harmonies," and the rest.

Within the past year, one of our best artists in this line, to whom I am indebted for much of my information, gave a wonderful study of colour in a marine view. Out of muslins and linens and handkerchiefs he wrought a ship, whose white sails contrasted well with the "deeply darkly beautifully blue" sea of crêpe. The scene expressed repose; the ship was at anchor, the sea was calm, and jaunty little doll sailors were all arrayed in their Sunday best.

Once, in passing through Boston, I saw a companion piece to this. It was a sea view, modelled in tarlatans and buntings. A vessel was on the sea, gallantly sailing over great waves of blue bunting. In the background were shadowy hills of tulle, which, like the white-towered city in the ballad, rose

> —"on the dim horizon
> As in a land of dreams."

Time deals even more cruelly with these muslin works of art than it does with Turner's brilliant colours. The thing of beauty is not a joy for ever, but is ruthlessly torn apart to be sold by the pieces, and to make room for some newer pageant.

Next in importance to colour is the relation to one another of the articles in the window. He never crowds his window with handsome fabrics, for he knows that quantity would detract from quality. When he feels doubtful as to the best method of working up the materials which are given him to exhibit, he begins as if he were making a decorative design with the pencil. He selects some one point to which he subordinates all the minor details. This is usually the centre piece, and once it is constructed to suit him, the rest of the work is easy. These artists think very little of simple exhibitions of stock. Windows which are without design seem to them very poor. Their designing, however, really requires time, and as the number of changes they are called upon to make is great, they must content themselves with manifesting their talents at the principal holiday seasons. Before working out his design, the decorator makes drawings of it. He corrects, and enlarges or diminishes, as the case may be. He adds a touch here and a touch there, and perfects his idea in coloured sketches on paper, before he trusts himself to less easily managed materials. One of the most beautiful window pictures that has appeared, was the work of the Philadelphian artist to whom I have already referred. From a mass of linen and silk handkerchiefs, he wove a "flowery tale," for there arose in his window, as if by magic, two green plants. On one side was the "white-plumed" lily, tall and slim; on the other the sunflower, with shining yellow petals. One might have thought that the fairies had been there.



A relic of bygone days.

In shops in which a professional decorator is not engaged, the windows are arranged by one of the clerks. Among a large number of employés, there are a few who will show a finer sense of colour and a more natural instinct to good design, than the many. One difficulty is to discover the right person. In a very well-known bookstore in Philadelphia, one clerk after another was entrusted with the charge of the windows. Each did his best, but his work could not be pronounced a success. Finally there appeared the one who had long been wanted. He stepped into the window, and piled up the tempting rows, as if to the manner born, the newest and oldest editions, and threw carelessly forward the latest thing in the way of



Shutting up.

travels, and the freshest in æsthetic illustration. This he did as if he were thinking of nothing less than of the approbation of the public. Yet his taste was so unerring, that his window was attractive to all classes of men, from those who love the graceful curves and strange unearthliness of Blake's pictures, or an edition *de luxe* of Shakespeare, to those who like to laugh with "Tom Jones," or even with "Mother Goose."

Other shops sometimes seem to aim at educating the people; for if a tradesman has a special stock of goods to which he wishes to call attention, he accomplishes this by practical illustration of how the articles in question are made, and his window becomes the work-shop of a wood-carver, a silk-weaver, or a glass-engraver.

Nor do the exhibitors miscalculate the value of their curiosities upon certain minds. The enterprising shopman also makes use of that strong instinct of certain natures to laugh at whatever is great or beyond their comprehension. Shortly after Darwin's death, a tradesman hung in his window an oil painting, representing two monkeys, underneath which was a card with these words, "Darwin's Adam and Eve. All three dead!" As a writer in the *Saturday Review* said lately, the popular conception of the Darwinian theory is something like a line with a man at one end and a monkey at the other. It was to suit this popular conception that the picture was addressed.

There are still other tradesmen who, in their method of decoration, appear to follow traditional or trade rules. The tobacconist always adheres to red and yellow trimmings for the wood-work of his windows, and the only suggestions of ornament in his display of cigars and cigarettes are advertising cards praising the merits of certain brands. The same uniformity is seen in chemists' windows, where the large, coloured bottles are as inevitable as the three balls of the pawnbroker and the striped pole of the barber. It is not generally known, by the way, that these bottles are a legacy from the old alchemists. In many shops they are still of the primitive colours — red, blue, white, and some very dark colour, being intended to represent the four elements—fire, water, air, and earth, on which chemistry was originally supposed to be based. The shops of the importing coffee and tea companies are also very conspicuous. Their walls are lined with Chinese pictures in the popular parasol and fan style. Sea views and city views, palaces and pagodas, ladies with small feet and gentlemen with flowing garments, all painted in the most vivid colours, give the shop an oriental character, intended perhaps to lend additional flavour to the tea. In some of these tea shops, portraits are added to the wall-paper pictures, so that it has the appearance of a gallery.

Aristocrats among business men are susceptible as to their windows. They wish to appear superior to display. They are the *élite* of confectioners, who place a single cake in the window, or, in extreme cases, only a cake dish, that the beholder may divine from this very slight indication that something very superior is to be had within. This may recall to some readers the story of Mr. Tetchy, a London print-seller, famous for excessive sensitiveness and great pride. As he grew richer and dealt in nobler wares, little by little all the pictures disappeared from his windows, until there remained only one exquisite Rembrandt proof, with the inscription, "Mr. Tetchy's Gallery," *in antique Roman.*

In striking antithesis to the aristocratic windows, are the purely democratic varieties to be found in other streets, where the very choicest articles are brought well forward. In these neighbourhoods competition is strong, and success comes to him who can make the largest parade of goods. The efforts to be the successful competitor have resulted in the shopman's filling his windows until they have overflowed to the pavement, thus instituting a new manner of shop decoration. In one walk through any of these thoroughfares, clothes and shoes are to be seen forming groves, as Dickens says, and ornamenting the sidewalks in numbers sufficent, one would say, to clothe the entire local population. Quantity and cheapness are of more importance than quality, and only occasionally is there an aiming at effect. I remember passing an old clothes shop, in front of which was an array of cast-off dresses of every hue and make. Among them, directly in the sunlight, was a faded purple silk, whose former owner, to judge from its present condition, had clung to it so long as it retained the least claim to decency. It looked very ugly and hopeless, and I wondered that it had not been consigned to the more friendly shade of the shop. A few minutes later I repassed, and behold! over the shabby silk attire the shopkeeper had thrown a black lace shawl, thereby giving it an air of respectability and even of elegance, and probably insuring the speedy sale of both articles.

After studying the influence of shop windows upon their owners, an interesting consideration would be the manner in which they affect those who look at and admire them. Few people have thought of the matter from a philosophical standpoint, but almost every one is rich in individual experiences, which, beginning with the first possession of a few cents in childhood, have perhaps yet to be completed. There are certain alluring windows, whose toys are as irresistible to the young as the Holy Grail was to the Knights of the Round Table, and which have been the cause of many a schoolboy or schoolgirl being late for school. Before the confectioners sweets and sugar-plums, youthful pocket-money has disappeared like snow in the sunshine, while artfully draped silks or skilfully arranged antiquities must be held responsible for many extravagances of later and wiser years.

And to sum up this short sketch of a somewhat curious subject,—looking at the matter from a higher standpoint, it must be confessed that shop-windows offer a strong temptation to the waste of time; further, through the eye, they appeal powerfully to some of our weakest points, viz., vanity and love of personal appearance. And we very much question whether the moral influence of shop windows is not, on the whole, decidedly injurious.

Just in proportion as the mind becomes occupied with things unseen, so will its taste for the glittering attractions of shop windows lessen; and many moments, formerly wasted upon these, will be used for more profitable meditation.

It has often been remarked that in a large and fashionable town, looking in at shop windows is one of the little things liable to break our communion with God, for the heart usually follows the eye; and then the steps become entangled. Perhaps the prayer of the Psalmist, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity," may be as appropriate a petition for some in regard to shop windows as it undoubtedly is to huge advertisement placards of street hoardings, especially when these things have peculiar fascination, and the power of resistance is small.



A decoration in dresses, Bainbridge Street.

THE STORY OF JONAH.

By the Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A., Author of "Christian Living," etc., etc.

PART III.

THE STORM.

"THE Lord sent out a great wind into the sea," saying, "Go forth and bring My servant back." The word rendered "sent out" might be rendered "cast forth," for the same Hebrew word is afterwards employed to describe the eager action of the sailors in casting forth their wares out of the ship into the sea. The phrase brings out into strong prominence God's personal agency in originating this storm, and why should we be so loath to admit God's personal action in the world of nature? We all admit that Jonah had a will of his own, making him act out of his usual routine; why should we not equally admit that God had a will of His own, to which He must give special effect? To say that He cannot, is to limit His infinite power; to say that He will not, is to make an assertion which no one can prove. Of course He will not break in upon the action of those laws which He has made, but if He wishes to attain a certain purpose, there is no reason why He should not balance one law against another, or introduce some higher laws, which shall altogether turn the scale against those with which we are familiar. We are willing, then, to accept literally the statement of the text, "The Lord cast forth a wind into the sea." The storm did not come by chance, nor did it subside because its fury was spent. It came because God sent it. It fulfilled a distinct purpose; it died down when that purpose was realised; and every time we see a storm sweeping through the forest, uprooting the giant trees, we must realise that we are in the presence of one of God's strong angels.

How severe this tempest must have been! It is described as "mighty." So much so, that the ship was like to be broken, or as the margin puts it, "the ship *thought* to be broken," as if for a moment the ship had become a living thing. So that the poetry which made the sailors speak of it as such had become fact; and as each mighty billow came rolling up to break upon its prow and bulwarks, it shuddered and trembled and groaned like a living thing.

Imagine, if you can, the scene. The dense darkness veiling the sky; the winds screaming like the furies about to devour their prey; the mountainous waves that now lifted the ship high in the air, and anon plunged her into their trough; the rattling of the cordage; the helplessness of the sailors to cope with the terrible fury of the elements.

This storm affected three sorts of characters. "*The sailors* were afraid, and cried every man unto his god;" and to their prayer they added measures dictated by prudence, for "they cast forth the wares that were in the ship into the sea, to lighten it of them." There is nothing like a storm to bring men to their knees, and often the boldest blasphemers are the first to cry for mercy and help beneath the violence of the elements which defy all human power, though such an impression will soon wear away when the clouds have passed.

Jonah, on the other hand, had gone down into the hold of the ship, where he lay, and was fast asleep. There are two sorts of sleep. One is the reminiscence of Paradise, innocent and blessed, as God's benediction of honest labour, the bath of care, the couch of refreshment to overstrained muscles and nerves; the other is guilty, for the carelessness and indolence which it manifests, as the sleep of the sentinel at the post of duty while the foe is climbing up the pass; the sleep of the nurse at the bedside of her patient, who requires perpetual nourishment and attention; the sleep of the prophet in the ship, which was imperilled by his guilty presence.

But perhaps no one was more anxious than the captain himself, who was charged with the safety of all on board. He had perhaps noticed the strongly-marked Jewish features of the prophet, as at the last moment he had stepped on board. He had remarked him as a Jew, and he had a kind of feeling that the God of the Jews was the greatest of all gods, and that the Jews were His peculiar people and charge. He felt, then, that the prayers of such a man would probably avail more for their deliverance than the prayers of all his sailors beside, and as he looked round among the bending groups, and missed the man who, of all others, seemed the best qualified to help, he set himself to work to find him, and having found him, remonstrated with him vehemently: "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise! call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us that we perish not." It was a heathen sailor who aroused the prophet of God. Do not refuse a message because it is not given you by the regular hand; the carrier may be rude and rough, but he may bring your Father's missive. God uses a ram's horn as well as a silver trumpet, a hair-clothed Bedouin as well as a shaven priest. In God's kingdom there are no monopolists. This man, in his earnestness to arouse every one within his reach, sets us a great example. We should hunt up every prayerless Jonah who sails with us over the seas of life. We should earnestly arouse them to a sense of their danger, and to the need of prayer.

Are you a Jonah, and asleep? With only a plank between you and Destruction! With only a step between you and Death! With only a moment between you and Eternity! Exiled from Paradise, and not eager for the Paradise regained! No danger of Eternal Destruction, and not accepting the free offer of Eternal Life! What mean ye? Arise! and call upon your God.

Whether or no Jonah prayed, we cannot tell. Perhaps the words of prayer stood petrified upon his lips, but when the captain and he reached the deck, they found a whole crew swayed by a common impulse, "Come, let us cast lots." It was a superstition amongst sailors then, as it is now, to believe that storms, otherwise unaccountable, were due to the presence on board of some special wrong-doer, and it seemed especially desirable in the present instance to discover the cause of this terrible tempest. It was even then a very old custom to decide things by lot. Indeed, the Pyramids bear witness to it. But God was over the disposing of a lot, and so ordered it that the lot fell upon Jonah.

God points the sinner out. The wrong-doer mixes with strangers, hoping to escape detection. He obliterates his footsteps, crosses the scent, destroys the tell-tale evidences of his crime, but it is all in vain. Sometimes a hidden link is suddenly brought to light, completing the chain and indicating the wrong-doer. Sometimes conscience refuses to be silenced, and forces the utterance of words which supply the missing clue. Sometimes a quick eye, as in the case of the maid who detected Peter, recognizes a face seen long years before. Somehow or other the unerring sleuth hounds of God's justice will run the transgressor to earth. "Though they dig into hell, thence shall my hand take them; though they climb up to heaven, thence will I bring them down."

A hurried colloquy was immediately held amid the tumult of the storm. Jonah was assailed by a volley of questions. "Tell us why this evil is upon us," says the first. "What is thine occupation?" asks the second. "Whence comest thou?" insists a third. "What is thy country?" demands the fourth. "Of what people art thou?" inquires a fifth. Each man thought that the answer to his question would give a clue to understanding why the lot had fallen upon their strange fellow-voyager, and why the sea was lashed to such terrific fury. Very laconic were the prophet's replies—"As to my people, I am an Hebrew; as to my occupation, I fear Jehovah, and am servant of the Almighty God; as to the cause of this evil, I flee from His presence." Then the sailors asked him two questions more: "Why hast thou done this?" and "What shall we do unto thee, that the sea may be calm?" It is a very bitter thing when the innocent sufferers by our sin turn round and ask us why we have acted as we have done, imperilling not only ourselves, but them; and it is a very perplexing thing to be asked to pronounce our own sentence. Leaving their first question unanswered, Jonah resolutely answered the second, and addressing that dark devoted crew he said,

> "Take ye me, and cast me into the troubled deep,
> And the wrath aroused against you will be pacified in sleep."

But nobility ever awakens nobility, and though the sailors had received full permission to rid themselves of their fellow-passenger, they hesitated. Taken with the simplicity and frankness of Jonah's bearing, they thought it a pity that he should perish, if they could do anything to save him; so "the men rowed hard to bring the ship to land; but they could not: for the sea wrought and was tempestuous against them."

It is of no use trying to fight against God. You may do your uttermost to bring your ship to land, but the more you try, the worse your situation will get. "Shall a man strive with his Maker?" "Let the potsherd be content to strive against the potsherds of the earth." No, there is only one thing for you to do. Cast Jonah into the boiling depths. I care not how much the intruder has paid to come on board, nor how innocent it looks. I know this only, that you will never be able to prosper so long as you keep it on board. In God's name put it away.

(*Continued—page* 781.)

THE POST OFFICE: WHAT IT IS, WHAT IT DOES, AND HOW IT DOES IT.

By An Official.

Part II.

SATISFIED as public opinion, whenever it finds expression, shows itself to be with the working and administration of the Post Office as a whole, complaints are sometimes made, where its rules or practice seem to press hardly in individual cases, or to contravene some generally established principle of equity or common sense. But it must be remembered, whilst there is greater elasticity in the Post Office than in almost any other department of the Government, a certain amount of rigidity is always inseparable from State control. The Post Office is not only strictly under the control of the Government of the day, but its duties and actions are laid down and prescribed by special Acts of Parliament. The chief of these Acts were passed in the first four years of our present Queen's reign.

The minister immediately responsible to Parliament and the public for the administration of the Post Office is the Postmaster General. He is always a Privy Counsellor, and sometimes, though not necessarily, a Cabinet Minister. He is appointed by letters patent under the great seal, and has absolute power to punish, promote, or dismiss any Post Office official. His control over the revenues of the Post Office is dependent on the consent first obtained of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. Next to the Postmaster-General come the permanent officials, the chief being the Secretaries, of whom there are now three, one being the Financial Secretary. Then come the Secretary's clerk and officers who assist them in the primary administration and control of the whole executive staff and machinery of the Post Office. Subject to the Secretary, but forming part of the headquarter's staff, are the Solicitor and his assistant, and the Receiver and Accountant General and his staff. As will be readily understood, the duties of the latter are to receive and account for the Post Office revenue. Then comes the Controller of the London Postal Service, which covers the whole of the Metropolitan area, and his subaltern officials, such as the Postmasters of the Western district, Paddington, South Western district, etc., etc.

Outside London the country is divided into districts or groups of towns, each under the immediate control of a surveyor, the individual Head Post Office in these districts being under the control of Postmasters, who in their turn have under them Sub-postmasters in charge of smaller offices. In the case of some large towns, such as Manchester, Birmingham, and Liverpool, the Postmasters act as their own Surveyors. In Scotland there is a Surveyor General, and in Ireland a Secretary at the head of the Post Office. In one sense both Ireland and Scotland have distinct and separate staffs; but though the Irish Secretary and Scotch Surveyor General have extensive powers, they are both under the control of the Secretary in London.

Returning to head-quarters, we find in addition to the administrative staff proper, that of the Money Order Office, which occupies a separate building in Aldersgate Street, and is in charge of a Controller; the Savings Bank in Queen Victoria Street; the Returned Letter Office in Telegraph Street; the Central Telegraph Department, with its huge staff of men and women, and its little army of telegraph messengers, in Bath Street; the Medical Department (one of the medical officers is a lady), and the Storekeepers', general and telegraph. Finally, there is the Engineer-in-chief with his staff. Space will not admit of many further details, but the following figures, with the foregoing descriptions, will, it is hoped, give some idea of the hugeness and complexity of the machine, or rather collection of machines, which is comprised in the designation "Post Office," and will be a fitting prelude to a description of some of the processes by which the "Department," as it is technically called, performs its multifarious work.

This work, it should be first explained, includes much that, in one sense, is done for other Departments of the Government, and there seems a growing tendency to take advantage in this way of the organisation of the Post Office. Thus, for instance, it collects money for the Inland Revenue Department, and pays pensions and reserve pay for the Army and Navy. Possibly ere long the familiar postman's knock will herald that far more unwelcome visitor, the tax collector. Should this be so, we fear the public will not be so inclined as it is at present to be generous in the way of Christmas boxes to postmen.

Taking the United Kingdom as a whole, there were at the end of last year 8 Secretaries; 16 Surveyors; 927 Head Postmasters; 16,239 Sub-postmasters and Letter Receivers; 3,571 Clerks and Superintending Officers; 16,238 Overseers, Countermen, Sorters, and Telegraphists; 17,799 Postmen, Porters, etc.; 47,110 Assistants, Auxiliary Postmen, Boy Messengers, Copyists, Commissionaires, etc.; making, with a few Postmasters, Clerks, etc., in those of the Colonies which still remain for postal purposes, under the control of the Postmaster General, a grand total of 101,961.

It is a striking instance of the growth of the Post Office, that whereas in 1782 the total number of officials of all kinds, including postmen employed in connection with the actual distribution of letters in London, was 312, last year it was 21,926.

We will in the next Article deal with the way in which the Post Office discharges its primary duty, the transmission and distribution of letters, comprehending under that head, post cards, newspapers, book packets. The arrangements of the Parcel Post will need an Article to itself. But as we have given some statistics of the *personnel* of the Post Office, it may be interesting to add here a few figures which will give some idea of the amount and growth of the work which it is proposed to describe.

During last financial year it was estimated that the number of letters and parcels delivered in the United Kingdom was *two billions, one hundred and ninety-two millions, nine hundred and sixty thousand.* Of these, over six hundred and fourteen millions were delivered in the London Postal District, or very nearly two million of letters a day. In other words, the average number delivered to each person in the United Kingdom was 40 letters, 5 post cards, 10 book packets and circulars, 4 newspapers, and 9 parcels. The number of registered letters was 10,779,555. At the close of the same year the number of places in the United Kingdom, in which letters could be posted, was 39,380, of which 17,191 are Post Offices. No less than 27,298 letters were posted without any address, and 1,628 of these contained money and cheques, amounting to £4,604.

FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

MEAT is made *tender* by simmering, and *hard* by quick boiling.

Ripe Gooseberry Pudding.—Butter a pint basin, fill with ripe gooseberries; make a batter with two eggs, five ounces of flour, and half a pint of milk; pour it over the fruit, upon which a quarter of a pound of sugar has been laid, until the basin is full; tie in a cloth and boil for one hour and a half or two hours.

Tea should not stand too long: the longer tea brews the more *theine* is extracted from it; and theine is the injurious part of tea. Five minutes ought to suffice before pouring out.

Bacon-Fat is as nourishing as cod-liver oil, and no one will deny that it is much more agreeable to the taste.

Hard and Soft Water.—Many people use soft water to rinse and blue clothes in; this is a mistake, except for woollen materials, which should never be blued. Fresh spring water is far better for the purpose than soft; the blue does not "circle" in hard water as much as in soft, and the spring water clears the linen better from the soap.

Stewing is the most economical mode of cookery which we know. He who roasts throws half his meat into the fire; he who boils throws half into the water; he who stews makes the most of it.

To Clean Sponges.—Butter-milk is excellent for cleaning sponges. Steep the sponge in milk for some hours, then squeeze it out, and wash it in cold water. Lemon-juice is also good.

"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

JOHN MAYNARD stood
at the helm, and
steered
The steamer through
waters blue
Of the Western Lakes;
past sunny isles,
And tree-clad hills, where
summer smiles,
They faster and faster
flew.

John Maynard stood at the helm, and steered
'Mid music, and dance, and song;
Through moonlight and shadowy silver
wave,
Past forest, and meadow, and frowning cave,
He steered the joyous throng.

John Maynard stood at the helm and steered,
When suddenly rose a cry
Of anguish and terror; while flame and
smoke,
With crackle and roar, through the strong
deck broke,
And burning death came nigh.

John Maynard stood at the helm, and steered
Till the long, bright day declined,
Till the star of evening shone out red,
Till the moonbeams glittered overhead,
And the rippling water shined.

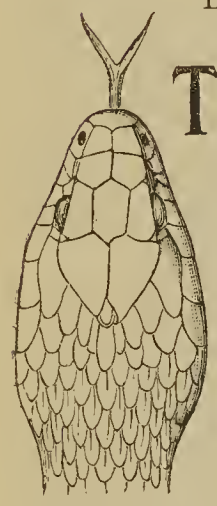
John Maynard stood at the helm and steered
His eye the landing sought,
His hand was steady, his pale face set,
While the scorching flame advanced, but yet
He quailed or faltered not.

John Maynard stood at the helm, and steered
Till the steamer struck the shore,
And all were rescued, save he who died
To save them; he fell, nor groaned, nor
cried,
The brave heart beat no more.

No more at the helm John Maynard steers;
But above, where his Captain stands,
He standeth too, in the glorious light
Of One who stood by him that awful night,
And strengthened His servant's hands.

SOMETHING ABOUT SNAKES.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, Author of "Homes without Hands," "Illustrated Natural History," etc., etc.



"Head of non-venomous snake."

TAKE away the limbs of any vertebrated animal, and you diminish or destroy its power of gaining a livelihood. What creature, therefore, can be more helpless than one which never had any limbs, and which consists solely of a head attached to a string of vertebræ?

Such, however, are all snakes; and yet they not only possess no limbs, but such would be very much in their way. Limbless, they can perform almost any task for which other animals require legs or arms.

They feed exclusively on living prey, and even catch birds upon the wing. There are snakes which can traverse the ground with such swiftness, that they are appropriately termed "racers." Some habitually live in trees, and can dart from branch to branch with an agility which even the monkey cannot surpass. They are strong and graceful swimmers, and can remain under water for a lengthened period without suffering for want of air. Indeed, there are some snakes which live wholly in the sea, and never come ashore. How can a limbless animal perform these tasks?

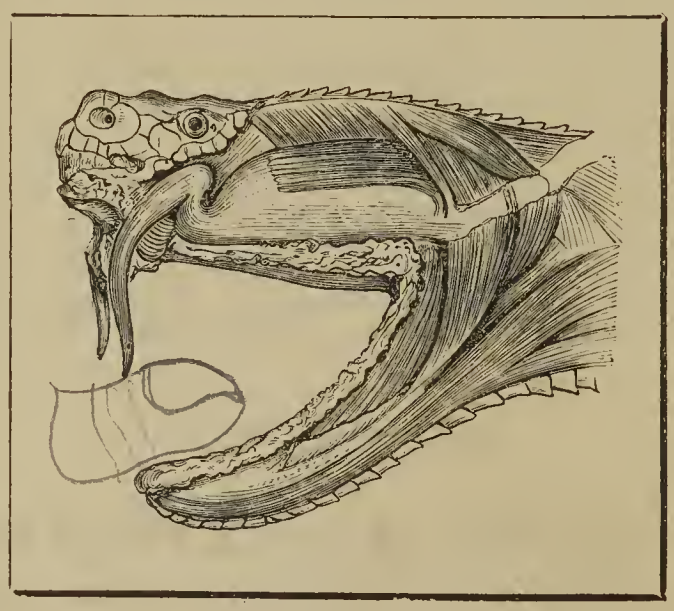
The mechanism which is employed is exquisitely beautiful, very simple, and belongs mostly to the structure of the skeleton—the "ball-and-socket" joint being the principal means by which these wonderful results are obtained.

The key to the structure lies in the manner in which the ball-and-socket joint is employed in connecting the vertebræ with each other, and the ribs with the vertebræ.

All vertebræ consist of a "body," to which are mostly attached certain projections called "processes." In the skeleton of every snake, the body of each vertebra is furnished in front with a socket, and behind with a ball, so that great freedom of movement is obtained. (See page 765.)

This freedom is, however, limited to three directions. A snake can bend its body downwards, and to the right or left; but it cannot bend the body upwards, as the upright processes of the vertebræ would come in contact with each other, and effectually prevent it from bending. Artists, therefore, who represent snakes curving their bodies like the letter S, show that they are ignorant of the reptile, and have drawn their pictures from imagination.

So much for the vertebræ—now for the ribs. The base of each rib is expanded and hollowed into a cup or socket. On each side of the vertebræ there is a projection ending in a ball, which fits into the socket of the ribs. The number of vertebræ and ribs is extremely variable, but is always very great. A boa-constrictor, for example, has been found to possess four hundred and four vertebræ, and no less than two hundred and fifty-two of these vertebræ were furnished with ribs.



Head of Rattlesnake.

Now let us see how these ribs are used in locomotion.

Look at any snake, and you will find that the upper part of the body is covered with small scales like the tiles of a house, while the lower half is furnished with horny bands, those in front slightly overlapping those behind them, and being connected with each other by a very elastic skin. The ribs are fitted with muscles that enable the snake to move them backwards and forwards; and as the ends of the ribs are attached to the bands, it follows that when the ribs are moved, the bands move with them. As the snake successively thrusts forward and retracts the ribs, the edges of the bands hitch against any projections, and so force the reptile forwards. On a smooth surface it is helpless.

When it ascends a tree, it does not coil itself spirally round the trunk, as it is almost invariably represented as doing by artists and taxidermists, but presses itself against the tree, and glides directly upwards, its horny bands hitching upon every irregularity of the bark.

As snakes do not possess eyelids, they cannot close their eyes, so that the many stories that are told of the fierce glare of an angry serpent's eyes are without the least foundation. So are the tales which are told of the poisonous breath of the snake. The popular idea on the subject is, I believe, due to Lewis's powerful, though wholly imaginative, tale of the "Anaconda."

Now let us glance at our British snakes, and by watching their habits and structure, obtain some insight into the subject of this brief Article.

We have only three snakes in England, namely, the common grass-snake, the viper, and the coronella. As the first-mentioned snake is very common and perfectly harmless, and easily tamed, we will examine it first.

It frequents hedgerows and ditches; and although it tries to conceal itself, cannot avoid betraying its presence by a peculiar

rustling sound, which is at once recognised by a practised ear. It may be known by its head, which is long and narrow, and, moreover, has a yellow patch at each side, just at its junction with the neck. The colour is grey green, diversified with a number of dark spots. In length, it is, on the average, about three feet.

Its food consists almost wholly of frogs, and the manner in which it takes and swallows its prey is well worthy of notice. Gliding after the frog, it gently takes hold of one of the hind feet. The frog tries to escape, but in spite of its struggles, the limb is gradually, but most surely, drawn down the snake's throat, until it reaches the junction with the body.

Now it seems as if the snake were baffled, as the free leg projects at right angles from one side of the snake's jaw, and seems to afford an insurmountable obstacle to further swallowing. But the snake only has to bide its time. With the free hind foot, the frog instinctively tries to push the head of the snake away, and in doing so, is sure to get at least one toe within the snake's jaws. In a moment that toe is seized, and the second leg soon follows its companion down the reptile's throat.

Here we are met by two problems. By what means are the legs of the frog drawn down the throat of the snake, and how is the serpent to swallow an animal which is at least four times the diameter of its own throat? The answer is to be found in the structures which are common to all the snake tribe.

In the first place, both jaws are fitted with small and sharp teeth, all pointing backwards. The lower jaw being continually worked backwards and forwards, the prey is gradually drawn backwards, while the teeth of the upper jaw effectually prevent it from receding.

The key to the passage of so large an object through so small a mouth and neck, is to be found firstly in the skin and other tissues, which are as elastic as if they were made of india-rubber, combined with the astonishing fact that, excepting the mere brain-pan, the skull of the serpent comes to pieces when any large object passes through the mouth.

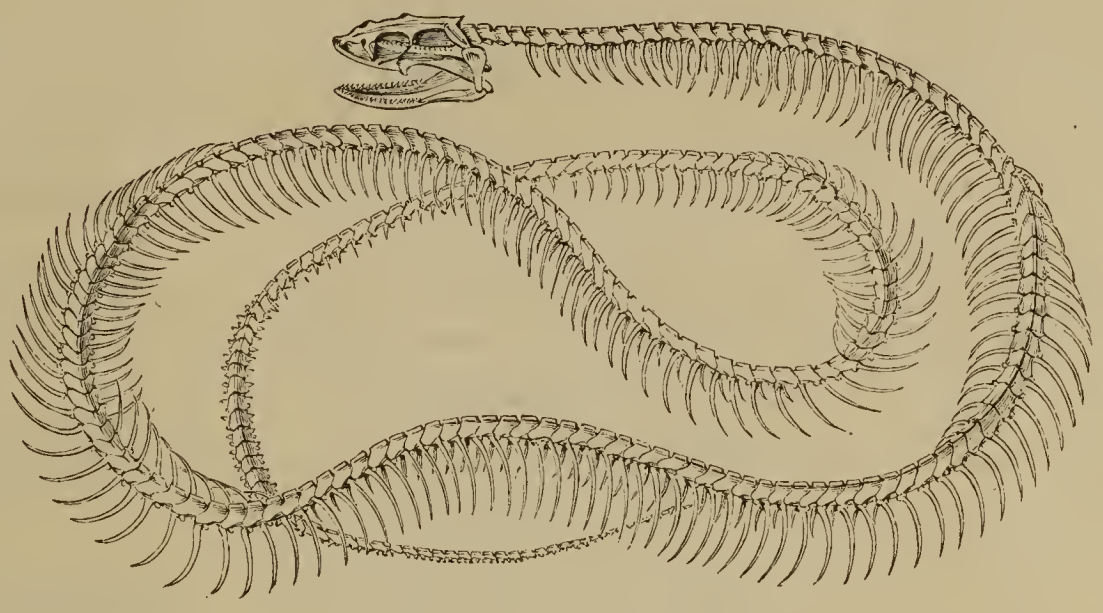
Even the two halves of the lower jaw are separable, so that when the body of the frog passes through the mouth, the parts of the skull are widely separated from each other, the skin which connects them being stretched until it is so thin as to be quite transparent. After the frog has fairly passed through the throat, the elasticity of the skin draws together the separate portions of the skull, and by the time that it is entirely swallowed, the head of the snake has recovered its wonted size and shape.

After making this enormous meal, the reptile is disinclined to move, and lies still until the process of digestion is completed. This mode of eating is common to all snakes, no matter what may be their size or character.

Now we will turn to the viper, as a familiar example of the venomous snakes.

In general structure, the viper resembles the preceding reptile, the chief distinction lying in the head. This, instead of being long and narrow, is short, and much widened at its junction with the neck. It is a much smaller snake, seldom exceeding two feet in length, and generally measuring about eighteen inches.

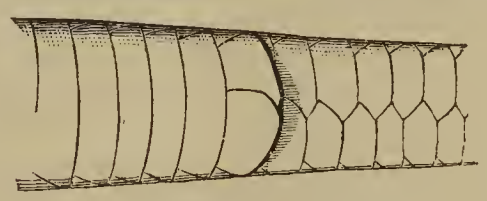
In colour it is extremely variable, the ground hue ranging from grey, brown, and dull red, to very dark black-grey. But whatever may be the colour, every viper bears certain bold marks by which it can be distinguished from the grass-snake. In the first place, it has on the back of the head a black V-shaped mark, while along the spine there runs a chain of zigzag, black, squared spots that cannot for a moment be mistaken.



Skeleton and vertebræ of snake.

Now we will come to the venomous part of the viper.

The long, forked tongue which the viper



Band plates of snake.

frequently thrusts out of its mouth, and which is popularly called the "sting," is perfectly harmless, and is possessed by all snakes, whether venomous or not. It is simply an organ of touch, and is the only means by which the snake can ascertain the nature of any object.

The offensive weapons of all venomous snakes consist of two long, sharp and slightly curved teeth, called "fangs," which are set one on each side of the front of the upper jaw. They are not set directly in the jaw, but are connected with it by a hinge, which enables the fang to be folded backwards when not in use.

As in striking the prey, the fangs are apt to be broken off, several successive sets of fangs are continually growing, so that when one fang is broken, another moves forward to take its place. These fangs are hollow, and connected with a poison reservoir which lies at the side of the head, and causes the width which has already been mentioned. All venomous serpents have a similarly constructed poison apparatus, so that the illustration, which was drawn from the head of a rattlesnake, will answer equally well for the viper.

The reader will see that when the serpent makes its stroke, and drives its venom fangs into its prey, the poison is of necessity forced into the fangs, whence it issues by means of a small aperture near the point. The creamy-looking liquid is perfectly innocuous when taken internally.

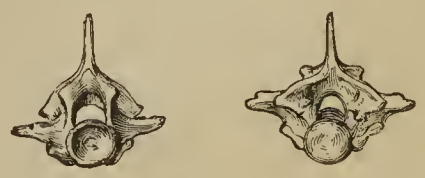
Should you come across a viper, do not kill it, unless you absolutely want it as a specimen. In the first place, it is useful to the agriculturist, as its favourite food is the field-mouse, which, without such checks as the kestrel, the owl, and the viper, might become in this country, as it has done upon the Continent, a terrible plague.

Then, there is no need to be afraid of the viper. Like all serpents, it is timid, and has a special dread of man. I do not believe that any snake ever assailed a human being, unless it had first been attacked. The late Charles Waterton proved this statement in a sufficiently startling manner.

A collection of nearly thirty rattlesnakes was brought to England, and with his bare hands he took the reptiles out of the box in which they had been transported, carried them from one room into another, put them into a glass case where they could be seen by the visitors, and, after the exhibition was over, replaced them in the box.

When I was staying in the New Forest some years ago, I was at first rather alarmed, as it was hardly possible to take three steps amongst the heath without seeing a viper gliding away. But after a few days I realised that they were much more afraid of me than I of them, and at last thought no more about them than if they had been so many earth-worms.

As to the coronella, I have never been fortunate enough to see it at liberty. I did, however, see the remains of a coronella which had been killed in Cannock Chase, after having bitten a boy. The boy in



Vertebræ of snake.
Front, showing socket. Back, showing ball.

question, however, seemed not to have suffered more pain than would have been caused by the sting of a wasp.

England enjoys a remarkable immunity from snakes that may be classed as venomous, and this fact should cause deep thankfulness, when we consider that in India the deaths amount to some thousands *per annum* from snake bites alone.

LETTERS TO PAGANS.

No. 1.

By Edward Butler.

PAGAN FRIENDS,—

There are quite enough of you in Christendom to entitle you to respectful attention. Your influence on the doctrine and practice of the largest section of Christendom, the Roman Catholic, would of itself be an interesting theme. I might point out how the worship of Diana ("Great is Diana of the Ephesians!") survives in the worship of the Virgin Mary, which took its rise at the Synod of Ephesus in 431, the "crescent-moon" being the pictorial symbol of both divinities. And I might trace an old image of Jupiter in the great statue of St. Peter, at Rome, or your old dresses in modern albs and chasubles. But my mind's eye is fixed on some things of a more subtle kind, parasites of the spirit rather than of the body of doctrine or ceremony.

Here is one :—You are beset with the old pagan feeling that the gods envy human happiness, and you are afraid to speak of your joys in tones above a whisper, lest the gods should hear, and the Parcæ should descend with their shears and sweep all away.

> "I never loved a young gazelle,
> To glad me with its dark-blue eye,
> But when it came to know me well,
> And love me——"

the usual catastrophe was sure to ensue; as Thackeray paraphrases Moore. You shake your head when you see people immoderately happy, and, from your point of view, incautious in the expression of their satisfaction. You suspect the quick-eared Mercury will communicate to Olympus that somebody wants to be "taken down a peg," and taught the wisdom of "lying low."

Have you ever watched Punch in the streets, at that crisis of his highly immoral career, when he has a whole row of victims upon the shelf before him, over whom he crows triumphantly? There are Judy, and the Doctor, and the Constable, and the Sheriff lying side by side; if one pops his head up, he receives a crop from Punch's baton, and a "roo-too-too." In like manner you are afraid to lift up your heads, for fear of the prompt baton of your deities. This may be good Paganism, but it is bad Christianity.

The God whom Christians worship is one whose glory it is to be intent upon the welfare of His creatures. But He sees all the road you are to travel; you only see a few yards before you. The ultimate goal is present to His eye; the goal at which your eternal life and blessedness, and His glory and joy in you, meet in one point of light inconceivable. The goal of your limited vision is but a low rising-ground of present happiness. Methinks it may very easily be conceived, even by a dull mind, that His knowledge may lead Him to cross your wishes now and then, destroy your schemes, and reverse your course. But to suspect Him of envying your happiness is mere paganism; for pagan gods did share the weaknesses of their worshippers, and were almost as shortsighted. Jupiter was always a candidate for proceedings in the Divorce Court; Mercury should never have been out of gaol for petty larceny, and lied like a gas-meter; Venus—well, the less said about her the better; and the rest of the court were not too particular in their morals. If they saw you purely happy, I daresay the Punchian instinct arose to crop your heads with the baton. But, believe me, they are gone. Do not be afraid to say out loud that you are happy when you are so. There is One reigning now, who is pleased to hear it. *Au revoir.*

No. 2.

PAGAN FRIENDS,—

I am much entertained by the superstitions with which your life is crowded, and am amazed at their extent and intricacy. The other morning one of you observed to me that bad luck was approaching, for a single crow flopped down on the grass just before the dining-room window; but there was some counteraction of this omen in the fact of an early little ladybird having evolved itself from some corner of the library, and settled on the hand of this watcher for omens; and then there was always the steady protection of a domesticated black cat; so, on the whole, the omen account seemed balanced.

At lunch the salt was spilled, and the debitude of the account mounted up again; but fortunately, in the afternoon, the new moon was sighted in the open air and over the right shoulder, and we went to bed with a credit balance in the luck account.

Then there are lucky and unlucky days. I have an impression that you regard Friday as unlucky, but my information extends no further. I believe also that you consider either April or May, I forget which, an unlucky month to be married in; but I fear your modern pagans are imperfectly instructed. When you have a ringing in the ear or a palpitation in the eye, do you know whether it is the right ear that is lucky and the left unlucky, or *vice versâ?* If not, your education in heathenism has been neglected. Do you know what you should do, if, in commencing an undertaking, you sneeze three times, and how the question is effected by your going on to sneeze a fourth time? Do you perceive the seriousness of Ammian's epigram on the man who had such a long nose, that it was too far off for his ears to hear him sneeze? and do you realise the disadvantages under which that poor fellow lay? Why did Penelope rejoice at hearing Telemachus sneeze?

If the Mayor, going to a Public Meeting, met a weasel, what would be his duty in reference to the Public Meeting? In getting into your clothes in the morning, which limbs, right or left, do you first serve? St. Paul, I observe, had considerable trouble with some of your forefathers, as appears from the Epistle to the Galatians 4. 10; and if he were to perambulate our England of to-day, I imagine he would wring his hands softly but wistfully over the survivals of eighteen centuries.

I would that you were heartily converted to the simplicity of the Christian faith in these matters, and I would subscribe to buy you a celestial besom to sweep your fancy free from all omens, portents, panics (the work of your god, Pan), lucky and unlucky days and times, and astronomical conjunctions, and sights and sounds and dreams, and all the rest of your spider webs. To those who love God in Christ there is no ill-luck; nor any good luck to those who do not. Farewell.

THE IDEAL WOMAN.

THE true woman, for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adoration are sufficient, who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose legislative instincts exercise themselves in making laws for her nursery, whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her husband, and whose heart asks no other honours than his love and admiration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet, and who does not disdain to be beautiful, who believes in the virtue of glossy hair, and well-fitting gowns, and who eschews rent and ravelled edges, slipshod shoes, and audacious make-ups; a woman who speaks low and does not speak much, who is patient, and gentle, and intellectual, and industrious, who loves more than she reasons, and yet does not love blindly; who never scolds and never argues, but adjusts with a smile—such a woman is the wife we have all dreamed of once in our lives, and is the mother we still worship in the backward distance of the past.—*Dickens.*

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

1.

A KING, who, in the time of need,
Unbosomed all his grief
In secret intercourse with God,
And found a sure relief.

2.

A steward, who his love displayed
By minist'ring in need
To those who, though despised by men,
Were God's own sons indeed.

3.

She sold what then was often worn
In palaces of state;
While, on God's chosen messengers,
It was her joy to wait.

4.

Something that all God's promises,
In Jesus Christ, become,
To those who have prepared their hearts
To be His Spirit's home.

5.

One who, amid most cruel bonds,
Could still in Christ rejoice;
'Twould more than compensate for all,
That Jesus was his choice.

6.

One who, once false to Christ's great love,
Was by that love forgiven,
And by Divine commission sent
To feed the heirs of heaven.

7.

Son of a sire, whose name descends
With title high and grand,
"*The Friend of God.*" What nobler name
Could earth or heaven command?

8.

As maiden, fair and courteous;
Fond *mother*, yet untrue,
The cause, within her family,
Of troubles not a few.

9.

An exile from his father's home,
He lays him down to die;
When needed help, and near at hand,
Is shown by God most high.

10.

Child of a holy mother, thou,
And *spiritual* son
Of one who ever fought for Christ,
And constant victories won.

Initials of these answers form
The root, from which must spring
All joy, and peace, all love, and power,
Yea, every heav'n-born thing.

The answer will be found on page 823.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

OCTOBER 7TH.

The Commission of Joshua.—*Josh.* 1. 1–11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Eph.* 6. 14.

BOOK of Joshua full of adventures. Doubtless the most of it written by its hero himself. *His name* was changed from Hosea, by Moses, which meant "help," a prayer, to Joshua, meaning "The Lord is my help," the prayer answered. The same name in Greek, *Jesus*. Question as to his *earlier* life. First appearance, Exod. 17. 8–16. *Age*, supposed to have been about eighty-four when entering Canaan.

Get golden text repeated by scholars; show that it is part of a portrait of—

"A GOOD SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST" (2 Tim. 2. 3).

Make that the central point of lesson.

1. THE SOLDIER'S CALL (vers. 1, 2). The call *personal, emphatic*, demanding *immediate attention*. Give Scriptural illustrations of how God called other men.

The Call of Christ. "Come unto Me." "Jesus stood still and called them." "The Master calleth for thee." "Faithful is He that calleth you."

2. THE SOLDIER'S WORK (vers. 3, 4). Something great and difficult. To cross over a bridgeless river. To be a leader of over 2,000,000 people (Num. 26. 51). To take possession of a great country. Desert of Arabia, its southern boundary; Lebanon, meaning white mountain, its northern; the Euphrates, its eastern: the Mediterranean, its western. *Powerful races dwelling there. Worth gaining*—filled with all kinds of riches. *Christ's call is to service.* "Harvest great, labourers few." We have three continents to gain: one for self, two for Christ. My own heart and the world for Christ; heaven for self.

3. THE SOLDIER'S NEEDS (vers. 6, 7). *Strength, Courage, Obedience*. Needs of Christ's soldiers just the same. How to gain strength? By Holy Spirit (Eph. 3. 16). *The need of courage*—bravery, standing fast. No Christian can do without it. Get examples—John Knox, "There lies he who never feared face of man." Milton in his blindness said he "did not bate a jot of heart or hope, but still bare on, and steered *uphillward*." There was found in a schoolboy's desk after his death, this little prayer, written on a slip of paper, "Lord, help me to be afraid of nobody but Thee." Show how strict obedience is necessary to every army. "Now are ye My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."

4. THE SOLDIER'S GUIDE (ver. 8). "Book of the law"—Bible. Prosperity depends upon it. Give as illustrations the fact that Ruskin owns that his study of the Bible has been the most precious and essential part of his education. The Bible must be *read*, thought upon, and talked about.

5. THE SOLDIER'S CAPTAIN (ver. 9). "Have not *I* commanded thee?" Duties towards the Captain:—

(1) Look up to Him for orders.
(2) Trust His judgment.
(3) Be proud of Him, to serve under such a Captain.
(4) Try to please Him. "That he may please Him who hath chosen him to be a soldier." *The Captain's presence*, "I will be with thee" (ver. 5). *The Captain's help*, "I will not fail thee."

6. THE SOLDIER'S VICTORY (vers. 5, 6). Sure. Entire. "They always win who side with God." Struggle may be long, and prolonged through false steps, but in the end, triumph is sure.

7. THE SOLDIER'S REWARD (ver. 3). "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me on My throne." "I have fought a good fight,—henceforth there is laid up for me a crown."

OCTOBER 14TH.

Crossing the Jordan.—*Josh.* 3. 5–17.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Isa.* 43. 2.

THE JORDAN, meaning Descender, from the rapidity of its flow. Source, from the Lebanon mountains. Its length, irrespective of windings, 136 miles. Its fall is about thirty feet per mile. The swiftest river in Great Britain is the Dee, in Aberdeenshire, falling sixteen feet in the mile. "Barley harvest," during the beginning of April; river much swollen through the melting of snow on Mount Hermon. River at the place where the Israelites crossed was "about one hundred feet wide, and the margin overflowed about four hundred feet, making about five hundred feet in total width." Its ordinary "depth from five to twelve feet."

"There is only one date in history transcending this in importance—the date when across a vaster Jordan, God came in the person of a little babe. The year of the founding of Rome, the flight of Mohammed, the invasion of the Saxons, the irruption of the Gauls into Italy, the Norman Conquest, the War of Independence, the French Revolution,—what date can compare with this crossing of the Jordan? The beginning of the history of Canaan!"

ILLUSTRATIONS.—When in the fourth century the Goths, numbering nearly 1,000,000 persons of both sexes and of all ages, crossed the Danube, which had been swelled by incessant rains, a large fleet of vessels, of boats, and of canoes, was provided; yet many days and nights they passed and re-passed with indefatigable toil, and, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts of the officers, many were swept away and drowned.

GOD'S HYDRAULICS ARE NEVER FAULTY.—In the West of England there has been considerable discussion about "dockising" the river Avon—throwing a dam across the mouth, that all the river up to Bristol would be one huge dock. The strength of such a dam, its cost, leakage, and right place, are canvassed by all. Here we have the "dockising" for a day or two of a much larger river, whose very name suggests its swiftness; and the dam that effects this is the ark of God!

Ver. 10. *Canaanites*, lowlanders. *Hittites*, descendants of Heth, settled in time of Abraham round Hebron. *Hivites*, descendants of Canaan (Gen. 10. 17); a commercial people. *Perizzites*, villagers. *Girgashites*, a small tribe near the lake of Gennesareth, the country of Gergessa. *Amorites*, mountaineers. *Jebusites*, a tribe in possession of highlands near Jerusalem (2 Sam. 2. 5). Lesson is about—

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW LIFE: A PICTURE AND A PARABLE.

PICTURE—1. *A great difficulty met with*—a swollen, bridgeless river.
2. *Wise preparations*—no boat-building, but sanctifying; taking the ark.
3. *The decisive step*—in faith. Show what depended on it.
4. *The wonderful pathway.*
5. *The safe landing.*

PARABLE—*First Application.*
We are at the beginning of life.
Difficulties we shall meet with.
How to prepare for them.
How much depends on first steps.
God's providential pathways.

Second Application.
We shall some day come to river of death.
How are we preparing?
No bridge, no escape from dying.
God's promise of companionship.
The landing in heaven.

"When the rush of Jordan's waters, breaking on the shore,
Tells the struggling, fainting pilgrim, toil is nearly o'er;
Jesus, ready to receive him, brothers gone before,
Welcome him with songs of triumph, 'Home for evermore!'"

OCTOBER 21ST.

The Stones of Memorial.—*Josh.* 4. 10–24.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Josh.* 4. 22.

REFER to our *memorial services*—Lord's Supper, services at Easter, Christmas. *Memorial*, "some to preserve memory." Funeral sermons, gravestones, mourning cards, photographs, public monuments, etc., are memorials. Why were there *twelve* stones? Where were they taken from? Who took them from thence? (Vers. 2, 3.) Where were they placed? ("The name Gilgal, '*rolling*,' was given, we are told, in direct allusion to the rolling away of the last trace of the reproach of their Egyptian slavery."—Josh. 5. 9.) Who placed them? What were they for? Where did Joshua place other twelve stones?

A SERMON IN A STONE.—"A proof of gravitation. Shows the force of cohesion. The beauty of crystalisation. If you could melt it, you would find it was only gases knotted and clinched. Convulsions of nature, and probably the grinding of icebergs determined its shape and position. Its colour speaks of the mysteries of light, the fossils it contains, of life. The crystal beads, too, which it contains, have magnetic properties, point to the mystery of electric and polar currents. The 'sermon' in a common 'stone' is woven of all the sciences."—*Condensed from T. S. King.*

"A foundation of stone-work, or a mound of earth, was probably first laid of considerable height, and then the twelve stones placed on the top; for twelve such stones as a man could carry six miles on his shoulder could scarcely have made any observable pile, but, erected on such a base, would be very conspicuous." Gather class round this ancient monument; illustrate by visitors gathering round the Monument in London, the arch of Titus in Rome, Washington's monument in America. Get scholars to repeat the names of tribes of which these stones are representatives. Of what does the number twelve remind us? *Twelve apostles, twelve manner of fruit on the tree of life, twelve gates of heaven.*

Of what other monuments in Scripture do they remind us? *Jacob's pillar, Lot's wife, Samuel's "Ebenezer."*

A BLACKBOARD, OR PAPER PLAN.

What the twelve stones teach.

T he Lord is a great God.
R ighteous are all His ways.
U nto Him will we ascribe everlasting praise.
T he waters saw Him and fled.
H e caused us to pass through the flood safely.

I n the past we have grieved Him.
N ow will we be obedient.

S uch love demands remembrance.
T hey that trust in Him shall never be confounded.
O ut of all difficulties the Lord delivers.
N ever forget God.
E ternity alone will show forth all His goodness.

SHORT SENTENCES FOR SCHOLARS' STUDY.

Christ was compared to a rejected stone. The lessons which these stones taught were afterwards despised (Matt. 21. 42).

These stones were capable of being polished. *We* may become as polished stones (Ps. 144. 12).

These stones were a monument of mercy; so are we (Rom. 9. 23).

These dumb stones spoke of God. We may be living stones in God's temple (1 Pet. 2. 5).

These stones were set up for the children's sake—given to them; there shall be given to us the white stone with the new name (Rev. 2. 17).

OCTOBER 28TH.

The Fall of Jericho.—*Josh.* 6. 1–16.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Heb.* 11. 30.

LESSON-LINKS. *Renewal of the covenant. Celebration of Passover. The supply of miraculous food stopped. Joshua's interview with his Leader.*

JERICHO. "*The City of Palms*," so-called from a forest of majestic palms, three miles broad, and eight miles long (Deut. 34. 3). The key of Western Palestine, as standing at the entrance of the two main passes into the central mountains. What curse was laid upon the man who attempted to rebuild the city? (Josh. 6. 26). When was the curse fulfilled? (1 Kings 16. 34). What miracles happened outside its walls in Christ's time? What miracle was wrought near this spot in Elisha's time? (2 Kings 2. 21). It must have been a rich city at the time of the siege; for proof refer to the spoils found by Achan.

A BESIEGED CITY.

VIEWS WITHOUT.

Ordering. Joshua had received his orders from God while apparently reconnoitring (chap. 5. 13). We get guidance as we seek for it. See Gen. 24. 27. Joshua not the chief leader; many disappointments arise because we forget we are only subordinates. He passes the orders on to his men. "Do good and communicate." What we receive from God, pass on, as much as possible, to others. Ever wait on God for "your orders."

Marching.
Were to march round walls once a day for six days. Order of procession: (*a*) First armed men. (*b*) Seven priests blowing large horns. (*c*) The ark borne by priests. (*d*) The rearward of Israel, all in perfect silence. Purpose: to exercise Israel in unconditional faith, to show the Canaanites that victory was from God.

Shouting.
On the seventh day they marched round seven times. This must have taken nearly twelve hours. Mark the number *seven*. At the end of seventh march, a great shout was given. Illustrate by sudden burst of orchestra. The mighty resounding echoes.

Looking.
That was all they had to do just then,—all they could do. What did they see? *Walls flat down.* Some try to think this a natural result from vibration. The rule observed by a marching army is to stop music, break tread, and open column. Neglect of this caused a terrible disaster on a suspension bridge at Angiers; but the solid walls of a city are different to a slender bridge. They fell at God's word. "He spake, and it was done." See golden text.

Entering.
Without one effort on their part, entrance effected. Read 2 Cor. 10. 4. Illustrate by other triumphs of faith; its marvellous power. Our possession, if we choose to exercise it. The capture of city, and destruction of inhabitants a judgment of God.

VIEWS WITHIN.

The City's Sins. Not only had they fallen into total apostasy, but into most degrading forms of idolatry. Their cruelty most atrocious, crimes most defiling. The spread of similar heathenism to Rome, 1,500 years later, bewailed as a calamity, marking the utter decay of the times. Were not savages, having splendid commerce, coins, chariots, probably books. Had received repeated warnings and instruction in Deluge, Gomorrah, Abraham; also in the slow advance of the Israelites.

The City's Strength.
Had a high, strong wall. All Asiatics feel confidence when protected by walls, and despair when having to face them. Gates shut. according to the Chaldee paraphrase, "Jericho was shut up with iron doors, and fortified with brazen bolts, so that none came out either to combat or offer peace." Herein lay the city's strength.

The City's Scorn.
Picture the inhabitants looking over the walls, observing the absence of all weapons—the strange procession—how they would laugh! See Eccles. 7. 6; Prov. 19. 29. The talk of the city—the strange doings outside. No signs of repentance, though God held out the flag of truce till the seventh day.

The City's Surrender.
Not willingly, or of themselves. God, in whose hands are all things, surrendered it to its besiegers. Mark the sudden change from scorn to sorrow, from laughter to lamentation, from derision to despair. With walls flat down—nothing to hide them. Refer to the future state of the wicked, as shown in Rev. 6. 16.

The City's Slain.
All perished, save whom? Why was she spared? The fearful effects of sin. Our hearts are like little cities. He besieges them by His goodness and mercy. Do open to Him; do not let Him have to force an entrance.

C. SKINNER.

NOTES ON THE Y.M.C.A. BIBLE CLASS LESSONS.

OCTOBER 7TH.

The Ascension.—*Eph.* 4. 7–12.

I. CHRIST AS THE CHANNEL OF BLESSING TO US. "Unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ" (ver. 7). According to what Christ is, is the measure of our blessedness and blessing. It is interesting to note the word "according" in the Epistle to the Ephesians in this connection.

1. The fulness of blessing in Christ, *according* to His choice of us in Him (1. 4).
2. The adoption of children by Jesus Christ, *according* to His good pleasure (1. 5).
3. The measure of our blessing is *according* to what Christ is (1. 7).
4. The *according* of inheritance (1. 11).
5. The *according* of His will (1. 9).
6. The *according* of His power (1. 15).
7. The *according* of ministry (3. 7).
8. The *according* of His purpose (3. 11).
9. The *according* of indwelling (3. 16).
10. The *according* of all-sufficiency (3, 20).
11. The *according* of union (4. 16).
12. The *according* of supply (4. 7).

All the blessings, gifts, and graces come to us by the purpose of the Father, purchased by the blood of Christ, provided in the person of Christ, and enjoyed by the power of the Holy Spirit.

II. CHRIST AS THE FULFILLER OF SCRIPTURE (4. 8). It is a most instructive and inspiring study to note how accurately and fully Christ fulfilled the Word of God. Verse 8 is Ps. 68. 18, where Christ is seen as the ascended One ; and in Eph. 4. 10 we are told that Christ ascended up that He might fill—or as the margin, *fulfil*—all things.

III. CHRIST AS THE MIGHTY CONQUEROR (ver. 8). "He led a multitude of captives." It is generally said that Christ led Satan and sin captive. Did He? No. He put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself (Heb. 9. 26). He rendered Satan powerless by His death (Heb. 2. 14). Who are the captives that He led? We believe that they are the spirits of the Old Testament saints, who, up to the time of Christ's coming, were in Hades, but He took them with Himself to Paradise ; hence, when believers fall asleep in Jesus now, they go to Paradise (the third heaven, 2 Cor. 12. 2, 4), and not to Hades.

IV. CHRIST AS THE GIVER OF GIFTS (vers. 8, 11, 12). There are five different gifts that Christ has given for the edifying of the body of Christ :—

1. *Apostles.* An apostle is one who is sent by Christ, and who has seen Christ.
2. *Prophets.* A prophet is one who comes from God, who speaks of God and things to come.
3. *Evangelists.* An evangelist is one who goes forth with the glad message of the gospel, as Philip (Acts 8.).
4. *Pastors.* Pastor or shepherd is one who looks after the flock.
5. *Teachers.* Teacher is one who unfolds the truths about Christ.

Apostles and prophets are done away with ; they ceased with the apostles ; but the three last remain. The three last may be illustrated by the three divisions the Levites were divided into ; viz., the Gershonites, the Kohathites, and the Merarites, and to whom were committed the different things of the tabernacle, and which bring before us the work of the evangelist, pastor, and teacher. The Merarites had charge of the foundation and boards of the tabernacle (Num. 3. 36), which illustrates the work of the evangelist, who goes forth preaching Christ as the only Foundation. The Gershonites had charge of the coverings, etc. (Num. 3. 25), which illustrates the work of the pastor, who seeks to strengthen and shepherd the young convert, just as the Levite covered over what the other had put on the foundation. The Kohathites had charge of the ark and of the vessels (Num. 3. 31), which illustrates the work of the teacher. The teacher seeks to unfold the person and work of Christ ; and, as we know, the ark and the vessels are all typical of Him.

F. E. MARSH.

OCTOBER 14TH.

Drunkenness.—*Prov.* 23. 29–35.

SIX questions and one answer. Regard the six questions as six branches, and the answer as the *root* from which they spring.

Drunkenness is not the *only* cause of these evils, but drunkenness *will cause* all these evils.

Drunkenness is perhaps the most common and fruitful cause.

"*Woe, sorrow*"—all sorts, personal, domestic, business, social ; poverty, disgrace, sickness, remorse,—all these and many more.

"*Contentions.*" Drink makes a man quarrelsome, excites passions, leads to violence and murder. "Babblings." What a silly fool a man makes of himself. He talks like an imbecile.

"*Wounds*"—in body and in soul.

"*Redness of eyes.*" Wine inflames the blood—tells tales of the winebibber.

"Wine ever pays for its lodging."

"*They that tarry long,*" etc. Those who never tarry *at all* will never tarry long. If you tarry at all, you will probably tarry long. Do not court temptation.

"*Mixed wine.*" After awhile the diseased appetite seeks more pungent potions to stimulate it. Beware of the deadly craving.

"*Look not thou,*" etc. Eve *looked* first, then took. Beware of the *look* which leads to *longing*. There is a bewitchment in the appearance, in the bright, warm colour. It seems to promise pleasure, glow of feeling, exhilaration. "It moveth itself aright," or "goeth down smoothly," agreeably, causing a temporary and pleasurable excitement.

"*At the last,*" etc. If men would only look ahead and consider consequences, how differently they would act. Note the contrast between the pleasure and the pain :—

"Fly the pleasure that *bites* to-morrow."
"Honey is sweet, but the bee *stings*."

The same is true of *all* sin, not this sin only.

Vers. 33–35. Describe the mental aberration resulting from intoxication. The animal passions are excited, the judgment perverted, prudence is gone, the man rushes blindly into danger ; he is insensible to reproof and warning ; driven on by the force of appetite, a helpless slave, he only wakes from his sensual stupor to plunge headlong again into the same vices.

The condition here described is well illustrated by the case of the demoniac whom no chains or fetters could bind.

Consider the duty of Christians in view of the widespread evil. See Rom. 14. 21.

JAMES L. STANLEY.

OCTOBER 21ST.

The Power of Prayer.—*Luke* 18. 1–9.

THE one thought running through this parable is prayer. We see this from the first verse. We cannot do better than give fifty answers to prayer as illustrating its power as found in the Word of God.

THE POWER OF PRAYER, OR WHAT GOD HAS DONE FOR THOSE WHO HAVE CALLED UPON HIM.

1. God spared Ishmael in answer to Abraham's prayer (Gen. 17. 18, 20).
2. Prayer stayed the hand of God in judgment upon the cities of the plain for a time (Gen. 18.).
3. It brought Eliezer to Rebekah (Gen. 24. 12).
4. It brought special blessing to Abram (Gen. 17.).
5. It gave power to Jacob (Gen. 28.).
6. Brought Israel out of Egypt (Exod. 3. and 6.).
7. Stayed the plagues over Egypt (Exod. 8. and 9.).
8. Delivered Israel at the Red Sea (Exod. 14.).
9. It gave Israel manna for their need (Exod. 16.).
10. It gave Israel water out of the rock (Exod. 17.).
11. It gave Israel the victory over Amalek (Exod. 17.).
12. Gave Moses a glimpse of God's glory (Exod. 33.).
13. Gave Israel a remedy when bitten by fiery serpents (Num. 21.).
14. Found out Achan to be a traitor (Josh. 6.).
15. Stayed the sun and moon in their course (Josh. 6.).
16. Strengthened Gideon to cut down the groves of Baal and overcome the Midianites (Jud. 10.).
17. Renewed Samson's strength (Jud. 16.).
18. Samuel given in answer to prayer (1 Sam. 1. 27).
19. Solomon got his wisdom by prayer (1 Kings 3. 10).
20. It restored Jeroboam's withered hand (1 Kings 13.).
21. Restored life to the widow's son (1 Kings 16.).
22. Shut the heavens for three years and a half (1 Kings 18. ; Jas. 5. 17).
23. Brought fire from heaven (1 Kings 18. 36–38).
24. Opened the heavens (1 Kings 18. ; Jas. 5. 18).
25. Restored life to the Shunammite's son (2 Kings 4.).
26. Opened the young man's eyes (2 Kings 6. 17).
27. Delivered Jehoahaz from the king of Syria (2 Kings 13. 4).
28. Gave Hezekiah the victory over Sennacherib (2 Kings 19.).
29. Gave Hezekiah fifteen years to his life (Isa. 38. 5).
30. Made David victorious over Goliath (1 Sam. 17. 45).
31. Caused the shadow on the sun dial to go back ten degrees (Isa. 35. 8).
32. Caused Jabez to be prosperous (2 Chron. 4. 10.).
33. Gave Asa the victory over the Ethiopians (2 Chron. 14. 11).
34. Gave Jehoshaphat the victory over Ammon (2 Chron. 20. 6).
35. Brought Manasseh out of prison (2 Chron. 33. 13).
36. Enabled Nehemiah to complete his work (Neh.).
37. Brought Daniel out of the lions' den (Dan. 6.).
38. Jonah out of the fish's belly (Jonah 2. 10).
39. Cleansing to the leper (Matt. 8. 2).
40. Light to Bartimæus (Mark 10. 47).
41. Liberty to the Syrophenician woman's daughter (Matt. 15. 22).
42. Life to Jairus' daughter (Mark 5. 23).
43. Comfort to the sisters at Bethany (John 11. 21).
44. Joy to the troubled heart of the father with his demon-possessed son (Luke 9. 38).
45. It brought rest to the weary Christ (Matt. 14. 23).
46. Instruction to the perplexed disciples (Matt. 13. 10).
47. Salvation to the penitent thief (Luke 23. 42).
48. Peter out of prison (Acts 12. 11).
49. Paul and Silas out of bondage (Acts 16. 26).
50. The Holy Spirit from heaven and courage to the disciples (Acts 4. 31).

From this we see the power of prayer, but if we would have the prayer of power and answered prayer, then we must observe the following conditions :—

1. Praying in the name of Jesus (John 14. 13).
2. Not anything on our heart to condemn us (1 John 3. 19–22).
3. In faith (Heb. 11. 6).
4. In the power of the Holy Spirit (Rom. 8. 26).
5. Abiding in Christ (John 15. 7).
6. According to His word (1 John 5. 7).
7. For God's glory (James 4. 3).
8. Perseverance (Luke 18. 1–9).

P ray in the name of Jesus.
R emember His work.
A bide in Him.
Y ield all to Him.
E xpect from Him.
R ejoice in Him.

F. E. MARSH.

OCTOBER 28TH.

The Woman of Samaria.—*John* 4. 1–26.

"HE *must needs go.*" Dwell on these words. Deity under necessity! The necessity of love. See Luke 24. 46.

"*Jesus being wearied.*" His true humanity. Subject to all the sinless infirmities of our race. Note His poverty too.

"*There cometh a woman,*" etc. Wonderful meeting. In what unexpected ways Christ meets men and women.

We may look for such meetings and intercourse in the line of our common duties. It is not at set times and in appointed places that Christ only or always meets with us.

See what a great event hung here on what men call chance.

Little did this woman know what she would find when she set out that day.

"*Give Me to drink.*" The Creator stoops to ask a gift of His creature. Unexpected and blessed opportunity for service to Christ. Yet it was not recognised, at any rate at first.

It is commonly supposed that the woman declined to give Christ the water ; but is it so ? Where is the proof? The question of surprise is quite consistent with the granting of the request.

We cannot serve Christ thus *personally* now, but we may serve Him in His members. Christ was in disguise then ; He often is now. Seek perception to discern Him.

Don't let religious controversies hinder you from useful service. Don't be always stopping to ask, "How is it?" and be contending about Jews *versus* Samaritans.

"*If thou knewest.*" How true of men now! What a significant "*if.*" *She* would have been the applicant, had she known. So Christ endeavours to awaken her desire.

"*He would have given.*" Gracious assurance! "Ask, and ye shall receive." Blessed contrast. The Jews had no dealings with Samaritans ; but Christ has dealings with poor sinners.

"*Living water,*" "never thirst," "everlasting life." The gift of salvation satisfies the deepest cravings of the spirit. The soul is never left again to the void of hopeless craving. Contrast Jer. 2. 13.

"*In him a well of water,*" etc. Contrast this with a life of worldliness, in which the poor soul is always looking about for some new pleasure. The true Christian carries his religion and his happiness with him.

"*Springing up into everlasting life.*" Earthly pleasures lose their power to please, and ultimately fade away. The joys of God's people increase as their capacity grows, and ultimately culminate in the eternal bliss of heaven.

Ver. 17. Note the abrupt turn in the conversation. Evidently done to arouse the woman's conscience. How skilfully and effectually Christ can touch the springs of life.

The woman afterwards said, "A Man that told me all things that ever I did." A few touches were enough to open all the cells of memory. Such disclosures are humiliating, but they are necessary, and may be well endured when atonement is at hand. What must it be to have the memory awakened hereafter? "*Son, remember.*"

See how full was the revelation Christ made to this poor woman.

Christ took all this pains over *one* soul. "There is joy in heaven over *one* sinner that repenteth." In heaven they do not wait for the publication of the religious Papers, or the reports of large numerical results.

JAMES L. STANLEY

Have you a Reading Case?

READING CASES.—We have had some very handsome Reading Cases made for our Readers. They are specially designed, in heavy cloth and gold, for Library or Drawing-room Table. Through any Bookseller, or will be forwarded by Parcel Post for 9 Stamps.—S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

9d.



"I said, 'Collar a hatchet, and try it on.' Tom said, 'I shall go to join the dead. Shove her hard a-starboard again as I go, and try to keep the fires up.' Then he sprang up with the carpenter's best axe, and he struck like ten men, although the water was enough to sweep him clear."—*See page 822.*

"A.1."

MAD JOHN BURLEIGH.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT,

Author of "Her Two Sons," "Eric Olsson's Minde Ring," "Drifted," "Little Rainbow," "Our Navvies," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"THE MAN IS A FANATIC."

THAT night, both the Vicar and his servant slept in their own rooms at the Vicarage, and neither awoke until a late hour next morning.

Days, which seemed interminable to her, elapsed before Lady Susan received an answer to her letter; and then, having read the precious lines, she almost wished that she had not received them. The reality was worse than suspense. The directions, written outside the letter, to fumigate before she read it, had alarmed her; and now, to know that John Burleigh was surrounded by this danger, which she might not share, was terrible.

If they were openly engaged, as they might have been, but for her over caution, nothing, she told herself, should keep her from his side, her relatives would plead in vain; but now theirs was the first claim. Her duty was to them, not to John Burleigh. More than that, because of the unacknowledged relationship in which they stood to each other, for her own sake, and not for the sake of others only, she dared not dream of going even to the Chase. She fancied that she saw the look of surprise in his eyes, as they rested on her, and she blushed in the dark to think of it. She dared not go, or say she wished to go. She might not even hint at her misery; and talk openly and carelessly of the calamity which had fallen upon them both, she could not.

Some days later, Hardman heard, from a mutual acquaintance, that typhus fever had broken out near Houghrigg, and his agent informed the earl that all due precautions were being taken to check the spread of



"'That's very fine, Hardman; but, excuse me saying so, it's very young of you.'"

the pest. She was obliged to listen, and to appear not to heed.

"I hope Burleigh will not be so Quixotic as to go near these poor people," remarked Lord Azerley.

"Most likely he will; he'll never think of himself, if he can do them any good."

"That's very fine, Hardman; but, excuse me saying so, it's very young of you. Infection is carried in clothes, and in all kinds of mysterious ways; and if Burleigh visits these people, he ought to consider himself in quarantine, as far as every one else is concerned. I shall write and ask Stubbs."

Then the conversation drifted off to the cholera in India; and Colonel Maitland became so interesting in his experiences, that every one forgot about the fever at Houghrigg, save one poor silent girl, who lay awake at night, and started at every sound by day; who saw the post-bag opened, with a deadly sickness at her heart, succeeded by an hidden despair when there appeared no letter for herself. She wrote passionately, entreating to hear every day; and then tore up the letter, ashamed of adding to troubles, which she guessed were already a heavy burden. Finally she sent an answer, which was so much less than she felt, that it was almost cool in its caution. There was no answer for several days; then a telegram arrived: "Safer not to write. Pray for Chatteris."

And with this she must needs be content, for after that day there followed a long blank. The visitors came and went. Every day there was some pleasant excursion, or some amusement, and Inverben had never been more gay. One inmate remained, and was now almost one of the family. Hardman could not feel himself *de trop;* for, whenever he proposed to leave them, the idea was quietly ignored by his hostess, and he therefore stayed on as a matter of course. Sometimes he told himself that he would break these silken threads which bound him, and go; but he only said this when a hopeless mood was on him. Then he thought that he had made no progress in Lady Susan's regard, and that the most wise and manly thing was to retire definitely from the field.

But still he never went. His naturally buoyant disposition constantly encouraged him to take the most cheerful view of affairs. The two had many interests in common, which were shared by no one else at Inverben, and each day found them enjoying happy strolls together, and eagerly discussing subjects which seemed uninteresting to others, so that their conversation assumed the character of *tête-a-tête.* Hardman was more sincerely in love than ever; all that he needed he found in Lady Susan. So days, and even weeks, passed, and there was no change in the position of affairs. Sometimes Lady Susan mentioned John Burleigh, and Hardman was always glad to talk of his friend, when his name was brought forward; but from mere inadvertence, he never spoke of him first; and the poor girl, who for hours had been listening through all other subjects for a word of him of whom she incessantly thought, would, in desperation, refer to him herself. It was the one drop of water that she, who was dying with thirst, occasionally permitted herself; while Hardman went on in his kind, genial way, and never guessed the truth.

* * * *

"To-night will decide it, so far as Bradley is concerned," said the doctor. "He will either sink rapidly, or fall into a gentle sleep, from which, after some hours, he will awake sensible and convalescent. He will be very weak; but if no after complication arises, he will mend quickly. He is a strong man, with no nerves to speak of."

"He looks a pitiable object now!" remarked the Vicar.

The man of whom they were speaking was moaning, and gasping between each breath, rolling his head from side to side, and picking nervously at the bed-clothes. His lips were black, his face discoloured and sunken.

"Yes, it all depends, as I say, upon to-night. I suppose Nurse remains with him?"

"Yes, I am with Chatteris."

"You do too much of the night work, Mr. Burleigh."

"It cannot be otherwise. He is, poor fellow, too violent now to be left with Rebecca. In fact, I have kept her here as much as possible. She is a great help, but I almost regret that she has come. If anything happens to the child, I think that, like Jacob of old, it will bring her father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

"Ah, she is a nice girl. I suppose he is fond of her?"

"No day passes in which he does not remember her. Nearly all the good things that we possess come from him."

"May I ask what he is?"

"The under-manager of a mill."

"And he is a friend of yours?"

"Yes."

"*Indeed!* ah, just so! Well, I will come again about midnight. Good-bye for the present."

"That parson has something about him which attracts one," said the doctor to himself, as he left the cottage. "He puts a fellow upon his honour somehow, to show his best side, and do his best. A mill overlooker, and a navvy! *One*, giving his daughter to die for him, and *the other* himself, or I am very much mistaken; and yet, surely this devotion, after all, is not to *him.* No, it's as I said, he supplies a motive, and one wants to do it credit. That must be it."

There was no sound in the cottage at midnight, save the breathing of the sleeping boys. Nurse stood at the head of the stairs, and bent forward with her finger on her lips. John Burleigh and the doctor stood below, and looked up at her.

Presently a low whisper, "He sleeps," fell on their ears. The two men left the house, and stood together in the yard. It had been raining heavily, and the moon was obscured by scudding clouds.

"Thank God! I had hardly dared to hope so much," said the Vicar. "I have had from the first a kind of presentiment that Bradley would die, and I have been continually thinking what could be done for the children. Now, I hope all will go well."

The doctor looked at him curiously, but said nothing.

"What is your opinion of Chatteris?" he continued.

"Oh, he is a very strong fellow," returned the doctor. "He has the fever badly, but I have never feared for the result in his case. He is a well-fed man, and has had neither the anxiety nor the meagre rations which I fear have been Bradley's portion. Yet, in his delirium, he constantly refers to some young woman whom he seems to have lost."

"Yes—he is lonely." The Vicar spoke reluctantly, and then brightened as he added—"After all, Bradley was best off. He had a noble wife."

"You have a strange way, Mr. Burleigh, of regarding people. Now, I should never have called that noisy, determined woman *noble*—brave, perhaps, but certainly nothing more."

"Ah, well, perhaps the manner *did* hide the nobility, but there it certainly was," replied the Vicar.

"You seem to find estimable qualities in every one!"

"I don't find them; they are there."

"I cannot say that I see them."

"Look! you do not see any reflection in that pool at your feet, but wait until that cloud passes. Now see! How it quivers, and flashes silver! A second moon is there!"

"Well, what has that to do with our discussion? I am not a fanciful man, you know, and do not understand parables."

"No parable, but a fact. It only needed a little patient observation."

"Still, what has this to do with—say Mrs. Bradley?"

The Vicar paused. Was he praying? His head was bent.

"Christ came a Light into the world. He took upon Himself our nature, and ever since our nature has been another thing. He brought into this earth of ours an inextinguishable light. Consciously, or unconsciously, His reflection is given back, for all light is His. He is the true Light. Happiest those who consciously reflect Him. I ask you—*How is it with you?*"

The doctor found himself alone. He gazed first at the pool at his feet, then at the moon walking in brightness overhead.

"How is it with me? Ah! that was a deadly parting shot! True enough, I have closed my eyes to the light outside, and tried to extinguish that within, so far as the soul goes. And yet, does not a man want more than scientific light? Is religion, after all, a delusion, when it makes a man lead such a life as this parson does? I've long ceased to believe in Christianity. Christians, as they call themselves, have taught me how to do that. And yet one cannot get over facts, and Mr. Burleigh is a stubborn fact. He's got *Angina pectoris*, or I'm sadly deceived, and he is just laying down his life for these brick-makers and that delver. Certainly the man is a fanatic! Ah! but then what constitutes a fanatic? What is the motive-power which makes fanatics? When a genuine one turns up, what a disturbance he makes! And why? They always impress people, even others who do not believe as they do. And why? Come, I'll go home!"

As the doctor passed the office, he looked in at the uncurtained window. He saw the Vicar sitting sideways to his patient, and holding a book which he was reading in such a way that it shaded the light from the bed. His own countenance was illuminated. It was pale, suffering, almost haggard, but full of peace. Bob Chatteris was watching him, and there was an expression in his glance which the doctor could not understand. It haunted him as he rode thoughtfully home.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN WHICH BOB CHATTERIS IS SATISFIED.

THE boys were out in the pale autumn sunshine in the front garden, and Bradley was eating with a renewed appetite all the good things that Rebecca brought him.

Martha had become quite friendly with the girl; she was so humble and so cheerful, so useful and quick, and, in this house of sorrow, Martha's own heart had softened so much, that she could not but take her into it. They were much together now, for Nurse had turned over the three patients in the cottage to their care, and spent all her waking hours in the office, and each alternate night, the Vicar taking the other.

"How is he to-day, Nurse?" Martha asked, one afternoon, as the tall, handsome woman came in to tea.

Nurse glanced cautiously round.

"Where is the girl?"

"Out in the garden with the boys; she has taken them some beef-tea."

"Then I'll tell you. That man will never be better in this world; he's poisoned through and through, and I very much doubt if the Vicar isn't too, though it's not taking him the same way."

"Hold your tongue!" cried Martha, passionately. "Never let me hear the like again. I *won't hear it.* Out you go if you say another word."

"It is nonsense talking so. I've not been a nurse for fifteen years to be spoken to in that way. I see Mr. Burleigh is going, and——" but to her astonishment, Martha burst into tears.

Nurse was silenced. She had always regarded Martha as a hard woman, and here was she weeping as though her heart were breaking.

"I did not know that you felt the thought of a death so, or I'm sure I'd never have said a word."

"*A death!*" repeated Martha scornfully, "no indeed! I don't care, let 'em all die, and I'd die too; and yet what odds would it make in t' world? Who'd be t' worse for it? Do you think all these Bradleys and yon Chatteris put together are worth t' master's little finger? If *he* takes t' fever, I'd like to poison t' lot."

"You need not be frightened; he is not going to take it, so far as I can see."

"Then what did you mean just now?"

"Oh, well! He is weak and done up, and I notice that he eats next to nothing, and I guess that he does not sleep much, even on his off night."

"Is that all? Well, I'll feed him up, never you fear, if we only once can get out of this hole, and home again."

"What is going on at that shed, where the children live? I saw two or three men come yesterday, and Mr. Burleigh was speaking to them over the gate, and to-day they have been at work there."

"Master's having a piece more done off, and he's sent for two more bedsteads and bedding, I know; he told me, as soon as the fear of infection was gone, we must burn the clothes and beds here, and send Bradley and the boys in new things there."

"I'm sure I shall be glad when Bradley's bed is burned; it smells of fever."

The Vicar came out of the office, and walked with the doctor to the gate, where his horse was fastened. He came into the cottage with his face illuminated, and his eyes shining with happiness.

"I have good news for you," he said; "the doctor tells me that he has little doubt now that Chatteris will pull through. Yesterday his pulse was 140, to-day it has fallen to 115."

"Ah! you see that you were wrong, Nurse," said Martha, triumphantly.

"Well, I only hope that it will keep up. Anyhow, it will give Mr. Burleigh a good night. He's having a talk with that little girl as usual, before going to the Vicarage."

The sun was shining, and the scarlet leaves of the Venetian creeper were peeping in at his bedroom window, when John Burleigh awoke the next morning. The bells were ringing for service, and Martha was moving softly about downstairs. He awoke with a sense of unutterable peace, and with the words in his mind, "Bless the Lord, O my soul. He satisfieth thee with good things."

"Yes, Bob will recover! Thank God!"

And the lifted anxiety made John Burleigh realise the weight that the burden had been. He loved the man; a tender sympathy bound the two together. In his intervals of consciousness, Chatteris had revealed the depths of a faithful heart, the nobility of a chivalrous nature, and the strength of a thoughtful faith, to a nature very much akin to his own. Since he had given himself to Christ, the man's spiritual life had grown with astonishing rapidity. His soul was like the patch of earth at St. Albans. A heavy stone which had lain there since the time of the Romans, was one day removed; the genial rain fell, the sun shone on the hardened earth, and up sprang strange bright flowers, whose seeds, hundreds of years ago, had been brought to our cold island from sunny Italy—brought and planted here to make a Roman home under British skies. And so it was with Bob Chatteris. The weight of a load of revenge, and of cruel anger, had been lifted, nay, rolled away for ever. The sunshine of the love, the redeeming, renovating love of Christ, had warmed his nature to its very core. The dew of human sympathy had fallen upon him, and all the noble qualities which had been hidden for years, came to light, and throve in the warmth. He hungered for more of this blessed enjoyment. In his conscious moments his eye turned to the Testament.

"Read to me, for choice, the 14th, 15th, or 16th of St. John," he would whisper; "it seems as if He were close by, and saying every word. It's grand! it's like running water! I've been parched for a sight of years, seems as if I could never have enough," he would murmur, as his friend paused now and again, lest he should tire him.

John Burleigh thought of all this, and much more; and his heart went out in a breath of praise, as he thanked God that this friend was to be spared to him. He watched the people going to church, where for the past three Sundays another clergyman had ministered, and then walked happily back to the brickfields, followed by Martha, with a basket on her arm. The doctor arrived at the gate just at the moment that he did, and John Burleigh stretched out his hand in genial greeting.

"I trust that you will find Chatteris much improved?"

"He is sinking."

"What? You said yesterday that he would pull through!"

"Yes, the fever is gone, or nearly so, but he is dying. Like others of these working men, he has been proud of his strength; he has lifted weights that were too heavy for him, and now, weakened to extreme feebleness by this fever, the mischief tells. Internal hæmorrhage has supervened. He will not live many hours."

The doctor had purposely looked away, across the brickfield, to the wooded, undulating distance, as he spoke. The far-off striking of the church clock fell upon his ears, then a strange, gasping sound close at hand. The Vicar was leaning forward, bowed over the low garden wall, with his hands pressed to his chest.

"Ah!" said the doctor, pouring out some brandy. "There, the spasm is passing; drink this."

"I am better now," said the Vicar, after a few minutes; "I can breathe."

"Do you feel an aching, or a tingling, down your arms and legs?"

"Yes, but I frequently have that."

"You must go home, and lie down at once."

"No, doctor, you are very kind; that is my direction;" and John Burleigh pointed to where Chatteris lay.

"You must take care of yourself."

"God will do *that.* My business is to care for the work He has given me to do."

"Then take this with you. Move as little as possible; and, one thing I *forbid*—any bodily exertion, or the lifting of weights. You must promise to attend to this caution, or I will not leave here at all, which would be very inconvenient for the rest of my patients."

"All right," said the Vicar, taking the fiask, "I will obey. Good-bye."

Chatteris held out both his feeble hands.

"It's coming, sir," he said; "don't be sorry," as he saw the tears spring to his friend's eyes, and slowly drop upon their clasped hands. "*I'm* not sorry! I've got you here, and it's hard to part, but there's Christ there and Mary. You'll be there, too, some day, and then I shall have got all. I don't think I'll go far from t' gate till you come. Sit down where I can see you, sir. I feel a sinking like, but no pain, and I want to see your face to t' end."

So they sat, and then, now and again, John Burleigh prayed a little prayer, or spoke a Bible word, and the sun passed its meridian, and slanted across the foot of the bed; and Bob Chatteris' face did not grow dim, but was illuminated with an inner light. Now and again he took a spoonful of beef-tea, or swallowed a grape. The nurse came in sometimes, gave a glance, and left the two together.

"It's coming now, sir; everything is dark. I can't see you no longer."

John Burleigh took the toil-hardened hands in a closer grasp.

"'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.' The Lord has said it."

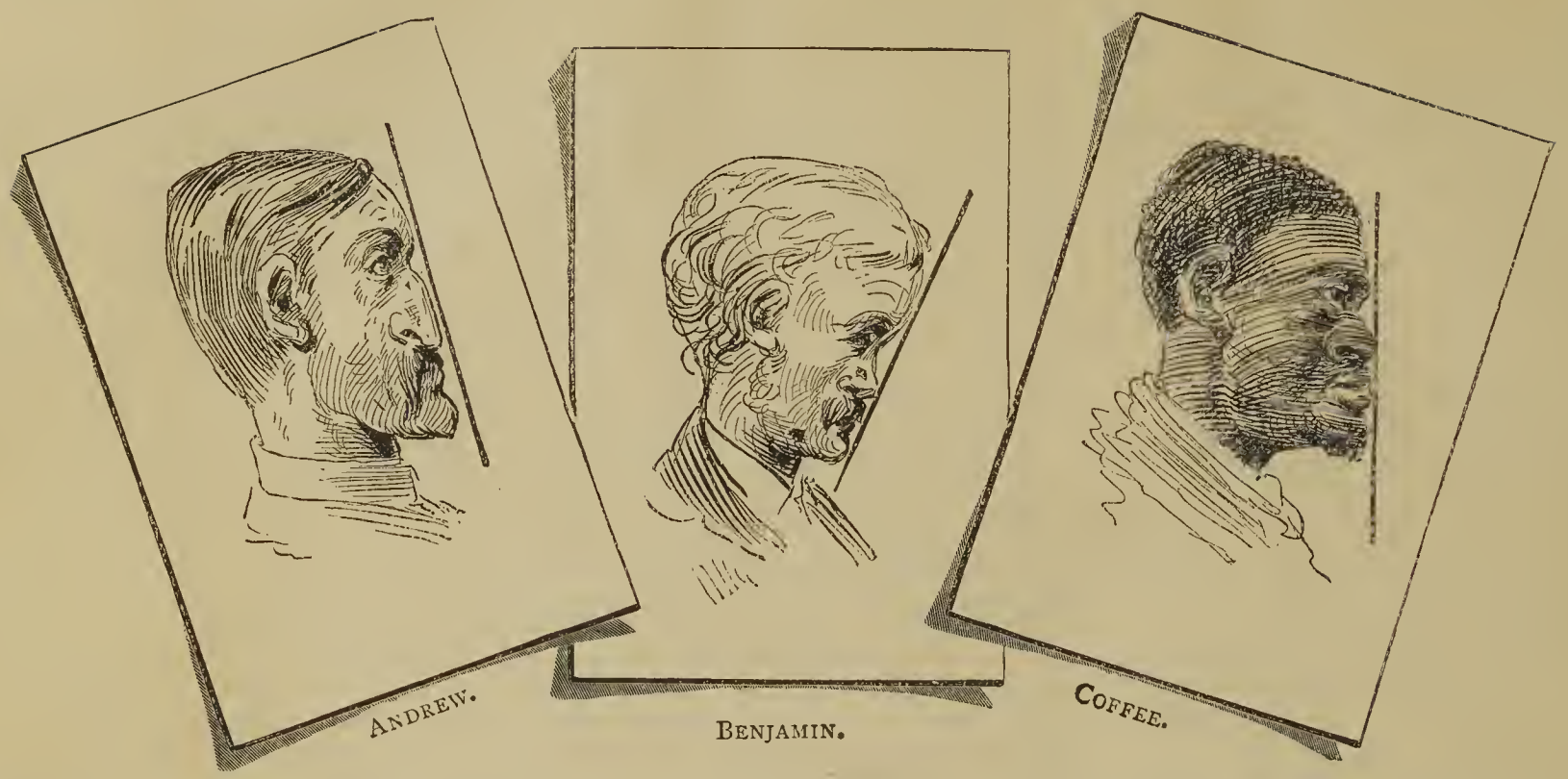
"All right, sir; He's with me." Then, "It's so cold."

Then a long pause, a sudden opening of the eyes, a flash of brightness. "Mary! *and*——," but the last word died away. A gasp, and the delver's head dropped upon John Burleigh's shoulder, and the Vicar's tears fell upon a dead face. But up beyond the evening sky, there was joy in heaven. The ransomed of the Lord had come home, and sorrow and sighing were at an end.

(*Continued—page* 785).

HEADS, HANDS, AND FEET.

By Edward Butler.



Andrew. Benjamin. Coffee.

WHAT an unsearchable mystery each one of us carries, poised on the cervical vertebræ! We see the gates of entrance to the castle of the soul—Eye-gate and Ear-gate—and we detect the private ways of the sensory nerves. We recognise the bewildering velocity with which the vibrations of the ethereal medium are delivered in at the eye, and the dash of the air-waves of sound into the caves of the ear. We trace these multifarious messages to the audience-hall in the brain; and then darkness and silence fall upon us. Microscope and chemical analysis carry us no farther. When, where, and how the mysterious inhabitant converts vibrations of air, and ether, and nervous fluid, into consciousness, none can tell, and none can comprehend.

Many years ago, the world of sight-seers was greatly exercised by the automaton chess-player. Doors were opened in the figure, into which you might peer and convince yourself no living thing was within; but when they were closed, the uncanny little image played chess against all comers with almost unvarying success. And the fact was that a clever little lad did lie there concealed, withdrawing his limbs into some adjoining compartment as each door opened, and returning them as it closed. So is the soul in man's brain. It cannot be hunted down, or cast out, or fixed in its precise chamber, but that is its house. We see, too, that the house and its tenant are so interlocked, that though it is quite inconceivable that the house *is* the tenant,—our common sense revolting against such an hypothesis,—yet it is clear the tenant is largely dependent on his lodging for his powers, and his growth, and his quality.

And so we come to conjecturing of the tenant by the outside of the house (for as long as he is within, we cannot roam through its chambers). I remember, when phrenology came into vogue, that men thought that the new science of bumps on the skull was going to teach marvellous secrets. Thenceforth, a man's character, and the possibilities of his career, were simply facts sealed by fate, and to be ascertained by the expert in bumps. Destiny was god of this life, and the phrenologist was his prophet. After a time it was discovered that, though some useful truths had been dug up, they were plentifully mixed with the earth of



Dick.



Ethelred.

error; the little busts of destiny began to slacken in their sale, and nervous youths, meditating a career, ceased to finger their skulls with trepidation.

I remember well the Bone House under Ripon Cathedral. It was a little dungeon stacked on every side with human skulls to a considerable thickness. There was one skull which the custodian of those days used to show with glee, because the bumps outside were not correlated in any way with the interior surface, and he used to chuckle over the dismay of his phrenological visitors. That gruesome collection has long since been reverently distributed, and phrenology has sunk to its proper place.

Now we have got "evolution" to the front. The same old course is being run. A valuable truth not wholly disclosed, its boundaries not completely ascertained, its qualifying truths not yet fully appreciated,—is forced into anti-Christian warfare by the press-gangs of sciolists and smatterers, and the mighty tribe of the lop-sided and the one-eyed. Have patience! After the usual ebullition, and swelling, and puffing of a new truth, it will settle down modestly into its proper place.

To return to our heads. There is enough truth in the correspondence between the outside of a man's cranium and the inside, to make the shape of the skull a matter of interest; and the correspondence has, at all events, furnished us with a useful list of adjectives descriptive of intellectual character. It enables us to classify a man as square-headed, long-headed, thick-headed, hard-headed; and our conjectures of the state of the interior adorn our vocabulary with fat-headed, muddle-headed, pudding-headed, feather-headed. Probably my readers can extend the list. Now it is a comfort to reflect that we are not responsible for the shape



"Have the hands and feet as significant a character as the head and face? Hardly, and yet a review of the set we here exhibit makes one ponder."

of our heads. With regard to the inside, we may also claim "limited liability." Brain power seems dependent on the complexity of the convolutions of the surface of the brain; and as we had nothing to do with folding our own brains, we are not responsible for any original slovenliness in that behalf. Let us be gentle in dealing with one another's short-comings. Many of them may be due to inheritance, and after our head and its contents have been allotted to us, adverse circumstances may play such tricks with us as are symbolically illustrated by our woodcuts.

Let the lines in those cuts stand for the man's environment, his circumstances, the uncompromising facts that meet him, and with which he has to effect the best arrangements that he can, like a debtor with his creditors.

Note the perpendicular line and face of—let us call him—Andrew. Life seems to present itself to him as a brick wall. He contemplates it with dejection. The nose, so eloquent of research, of inquiry, of "push," has closed itself before the brick wall. But let Andrew's nose recover itself, and become an aggressive nose! The wall may turn out to be a very "practicable" wall.

Next to Andrew comes Benjamin, whose front wall of environment tilts itself so as to make room for his brains, but not enough for his jaw. Resolution, firmness, rising to the glorious incapacity of knowing when one is beaten,—lives in the jaw. It is impossible to contemplate Benjamin's flight without recalling sad stories of overpressure, brain fag, and premature decay. The faulty system of payments by results at present in vogue with great educational departments in the State—a system which makes children's brains a marketable commodity, and the raw material of grants—will, if not vigilantly watched, produce many a portrait like Benjamin's. Benjamin must cultivate strength of will and toughness of resolution; he must take lessons of a bull-dog, bring out his chin and jaw, and rest his hydrocephalous brain.

Next to him stands Coffee, cousin of the gorilla and chimpanzee. It is painfully obvious that he is short of his full tale of convolutions of the brain. But Coffee and his kindred are on the up-grade,—thanks to the Bible Society and Missionary Societies. The bar of his adverse circumstances, tilted up against his intellect, shall gradually, as time goes on, be forced towards the perpendicular. And whatever the shape of the head, there is room for God to dwell in it, and therein to fashion for Himself the lineaments of the glorious immortal spirit.

Number four—Dick, we will call him—is born into an acute angle. His restless, prying, inquisitive nose has had full play from its birth. He has always been "wanting to know, you know." His nursery in earliest infancy soon resounded with "Why?" and "How?" and "What?" He was preordained to be the head of an "Intelligence Department," who would complain of his "poking his nose into things." How could he help it? Such a nose goes before its owner to open up his way in life. It is a never-worn-out "thin end of the wedge."

Compare Dick's congenital advantages of pre-arranged acuteness with the adverse environments of his neighbour Ethelred. His circumstances butt at him like a ram or a he-goat. His nose, which should be aggressive as a boring machine, retreats in dismay.

What shall be done by those of us whose heads are not all that could be wished in outward appearance? To the winds with all dejection! It is the inside, not the outside, that is of real importance. But how if the outside be any index to the inside, and our index point to inferiority? Well, we must remember that a brain that is inferior from one point of view may be superior from another. It is a grievous fault in education to try to force all minds into one mould, and lay out all lives on similar lines. The right thing for a youth to say to himself (and father and schoolmaster should approve the saying) is, "Here I am, with an equipment of some sort, a purpose, a career in life, an ideal; it is my business to find out what I am good for, what is hidden in me; to bring it forth, to set it upon a pedestal, and polish it."

In defiance of Darwin's principle, I steadfastly believe in teleology, in the intention of one beneficent Creator, working to a foreseen end, manifested in the equipments of my four-footed, many-footed, winged, and otherwise distinguished fellow-inhabitants of this planet. And, in the same lines of thought, I hold that every Christian man has a name, a number, a place in the books of the heavenly Father; a work that he especially can do, and have joy and success in doing; a "way" for him to "take," which the Lord knoweth," and which shall end in no *cul de sac*, but bring him out into a large place, into an arena of work for the Lord, and for the men and women on whose behalf He died.

Have the hands and feet as significant a character as the head and face? Hardly. And yet a review of the set we here exhibit leaves one pondering wish—a better understanding upon the skill of a Cuirer or an Owen, who, out of the bones of a foot, could reconstruct the monster of a preadamite age, and rig him out with his complete outfit of organs, skin, and all the rest of his original "stock in trade, plant, and machinery."

Charles Lamb, in one of his delightful letters (quite as appetizing reading as his Essays), says to Bernard Barton, "I am shocked sometimes at the shape of my own fingers; not for their resemblance to the ape tribe (which is something), but for the exquisite adaptation of them to the purpose of picking, fingering, etc. No one that is so framed, I maintain it, but should tremble."

Does not that large hand, laid flat and firm on as much as it can cover, proclaim the love of appropriation and a joy in the legal phrase, "To have and to hold"? Whatever the crest belonging to its coat of arms, the motto surely is, I GRAB ALL. And next it is the feminine counterpart, the first two fingers advancing on some secret errand, and the other two watching for the police. The hand with the thumb and two fingers resting, and the little one in the air, is clearly one end of an arguing animal. The corresponding right hand is beyond doubt gracefully waving and demonstrating.

The open palm may be interpreted in



The loafer and idler,—and the possessor of smart and business abilities.

two or three ways, like the trade-mark of a certain great brewer of beer, which may be taken either as a symbol of honesty, or prohibition. It is safest to regard that trade-mark as equivalent to "Don't drink it!"

And then there is the hand of the uncertain one. "Which shall I touch? Which shall I take?" These are days of puzzles and decrees of all kinds. Let each reader, who is also a draughtsman, emulate Cuirer, and supply the rest of the animal to each hand and foot. Let him take the foot of the loafer and idler, the foot of the smart business man, the plantigrade foot of the slow and sure navvy, and all the others, and build the corresponding appropriate superstructure.

For a final thought, at present, in this fertile series of themes, let us bear in mind that it is in the power of us all to invite the operation in our souls of the Great Master Builder of character, the help of Him who will lay in our hearts a new foundation-stone, upon which we may proceed to build, if we will, a glorious edifice of "gold, silver, and precious stones," to be revealed in the glory of the Great Day.

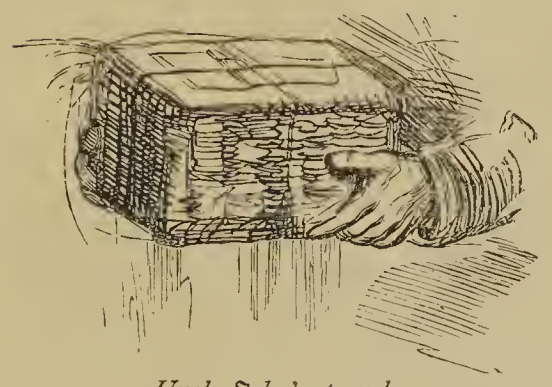
Be our environment, our circumstances, our bodily information, our heredity, what they may, "in Christ" we may become "a new creation." Adverse forces shall then but help us to soar, as the wind the kite. We may—

> —"break our birth's invidious bar,
> And grasp the skirts of happy chance;
> And breast the blows of circumstance,
> And grapple with our evil star,
> And make by force our merit known."

But the strength to struggle, the power to overcome, the faculty whereby "above ourselves we can erect ourselves," is from above. "Born from above," we "receive power from on high," and the completed achievement at the last shall only "make our merit known" in the sense of giving us a crown that we may be able to cast at the feet of Him who hath "made us kings."

THE POST OFFICE: WHAT IT IS, WHAT IT DOES, AND HOW IT DOES IT.

By An Official.



Uncle John's parcel.

Part III.

THE TRANSMISSION OF LETTERS.

THE "circulation" of letters—such is the technical name for the system under which letters find their way from one part of the country to another—is the primary work of the Post Office. It is a system of which little is dreamt, and still less known by the outside public, who for the most part think, no doubt, if they ever think at all, when they find a letter posted over night in some remote village in Cornwall on their breakfast table in the morning, that the work of the Post Office has been confined to putting the letter into a bag at the office where it was posted, and taking it out again to pass it into the hands of the postman. It is, of course, often the case that a letter may be transmitted from postnight destination in what is called a "direct" bag, but more often than not it happens that, as regards the circulation of letters, "the longest road is often the shortest." That is to say, that letters may often get quicker to their destination by a roundabout way, than by waiting for a chance to be despatched by a more direct route. For example, at certain periods, letters from Edinburgh for places in Norfolk and Suffolk go on to London to return to these counties by the mails out of London.

A person not initiated in the ways of the Post Office, might wonder why a letter for Ireland from Edinburgh should, at a certain time of the day, be sent from the latter town to Leeds in Yorkshire. But the fact is that such letters posted late in the day, are sent by the last train to Leeds, whence they go across country early next morning, to a travelling post office on its way from London to Holyhead, and so catch the day mail for Ireland. Instances might be multiplied: but space will not permit of more on this point, beyond the remark that in the travelling post offices, in order to expedite the transmission of letters, they are frequently carried some distance away from their destination, and then sent back in another Post-office carriage proceeding in the reverse direction. And this naturally suggests the question: "What is a Travelling Post Office?" A question, the answer to which may properly claim a few lines to itself.

Most of the readers of—"A.1"—have no doubt noticed in travelling by rail that, attached to certain trains, were carriages bearing the royal crown and initials and other marks, showing that in some way or another they were connected with "Her Majesty's Mails." Through the diminutive windows of these carriages one may see a gleam of bright light shining, and any spectator who peeps in will see frames and pigeon holes full of letters, busy sorters at work, and bags everywhere—on the tables, lying on the floors, or suspended from the walls of the carriage. The carriage is what is called a "Travelling Post Office," or in official parlance, where shortness is necessary, a "T.P.O." The most important of the "Travelling Post Offices," which form the great arteries of Post Office circulation, are the London, North Western and Caledonian, which runs from Euston up to Aberdeen; the Midland, which flies from Newcastle diagonally across England to Bristol; and the London and Holyhead Travelling Post Office, which conveys the mails for Dublin as far as Holyhead.

Other Travelling Post Offices are: St. Pancras and Derby, Birmingham and Stafford, Bristol and Newton Abbott, Bangor and Crewe, Normanton and Stalybridge, London and Exeter, South Western, Bristol and Exeter, South Eastern, York and Newcastle, Great Northern, London and Bristol, London and Crewe, Dublin and Belfast, Midland and Ireland, Belfast and Northern Counties, Great Southern and Eastern, Ulster, Dublin, and Cork.

A glance at "Bradshaw" will explain the route of these T.P.O.s, and what towns get their letters by their means.

These offices do not merely convey bags and bundles of letters from one post town to another, but they sort and re-sort letters during their rapid progress, and actually, as they rush along, both receive bags containing letters which have to undergo this process, and deliver similar bags without perceptibly, if at all, slackening the fierce rush of the mail train.

Among the bags in the carriage, the spectator would no doubt notice great rolls of black or dark brown leather, with huge and very strong straps and buckles. These are called pouches, and are used as a protection to mail bags which have to be delivered from the carriage, or as already said, taken into it by an apparatus. This apparatus consists of two parts. An arm of stout iron is attached to the carriage, in such a way that it can be extended outwards from the side, and a net attached in a similar way to the side of the carriage. At selected points along the side of the railway are precisely similar apparatus, and it is by this means that the T.P.O.s interchange letters with the towns which they "serve;" to use a technical term, which is self-explanatory. The nets and arms are so nicely adjusted, that as the train flies past, the projecting arm is struck in such a manner that the pouch hanging thereto is detached, and drops into the net.

The use of this apparatus demands the greatest care, and the operators in the carriages are guided by certain features of the country they are passing through—a tree, a bit of rising ground, a signal post—and by their estimate of the speed of the train. And it is marvellous how few mishaps take place. But as the blow sustained by the pouch containing the mail bag when the train is running at a high speed, is exceedingly severe, fragile articles do sometimes get damaged in a way which suggests—to use the words of the angry owner of a fractured bracelet—that "amongst the

modern improvements of the Post Office, appears to be the introduction of steam hammers to stamp with."

But to give an idea of the actual process of sortation, we cannot do better than peep into the huge building at St. Martin's-le-Grand about six o'clock in the evening. Casting a glance as we go by at the yawning letter-boxes, down which letters of all shapes and sizes, newspapers, post-cards, and book-packets are pouring by the hundred, and at the counter where a row of persons, three deep, are waiting for their turn to get their letters registered for the outgoing mails, we hurry into what was once the central hall or promenade of St. Martin's-le-Grand, but is now enclosed, and find ourselves at the inside apertures of the letter-boxes. Down come the letters streaming in every shape and colour; tidings of life and death, hope and despair, triumph and defeat; letters from friends, lovers, and lawyers, all jostled and jumbled together. As the large baskets into which they fall get full, away they are carried to tables, where hundreds of men and boys set to work at once, shuffling, stamping, and sorting,—bags and baskets ever and anon disappearing up and down huge lifts, and into different parts of the building.

The first process is to "face" the letters; that is, to turn them into the address and postage stamp upwards; the next is, to impress upon the latter a mark which, while it indicates the place and hour where the letter was posted, defaces the postage stamp, so that it may not be used again. This stamping is done partly by machinery, and partly by hand, and a good stamper will strike about fifty letters a minute. Letters that may be unfastened or torn, are picked out and set apart to be repaired. When the letters have been stamped, they are carried away to be sorted, and are next rapidly divided into what are called "roads."

There the letters for Derby, Nottingham, and Lincoln are placed in one division or road, and those for Bilston, Wednesbury, Walsall, West Bromwich, into another. Further division and subdivision having followed, the letters are tied with string into small packets, and placed in bags labelled with the name of the town, which is their ultimate destination, or sometimes it is a travelling post office, the first stage on the way there.

Registered letters—the peculiarity of which is that they can be traced throughout their transmission, no official being allowed to part with a registered letter at any stage without some kind of a receipt—are made up into separate packets or separate bags, as the case may be, and enclosed with a letter bill or invoice in the bag of ordinary letters.

We must not omit to notice that letters, the addresses of which are imperfect or illegible, are thrown out and taken to what are oddly enough called the "blind" officers to decipher. And it is a marvel what is done in the way of deciphering addresses which no ordinary intelligence could understand, or fathom, and put them in the way of delivery. "Uncle John Hopposite the Church London England." "Keen Victory at Union Castle." "Miss Queen Victory of England," found their way to their destination with comparative ease; but it took some trouble to discover that "E. C—— Seaman H.M.S. Danae Sarlaryton Cape Casle and arels where," was intended to go to Sierra Leone, Cape Coast Castle, or elsewhere; or still more, to translate the following, evidently written by a German:—

"Tis is fur old Mr. Willy wot brinds the Baber in Lang Kaster ware ti gal is. gist rede him assume as it comes to ti Pushtu four."

This, translated into English, is:—

"This is for old Mr. Willy what prints the paper in Lancaster where the jail is. Just read him as soon as it comes to the Post Office."

Letters that cannot de deciphered at all, are sent to the Returned, or as it used to be called, the "Dead" Letter Office.

The clock strikes, and one mail cart or van after the other is laden with bags, and drives off to the great railway termini, where the bags are distributed, some into closed vans to be carried direct to their destination, and some into the travelling post office to undergo another process of sortation.

The foreign mails are now, since the establishment of the Postal Union, to which we will allude more particularly hereafter, simply transferred to the respective foreign authorities at the ports of despatch or arrival, such as Dover, Harwich, Queenborough, etc., like any other mails, with the exception of the mails for India and Australia. These still go in charge of a special officer, under the control of the Postmaster-General, to and from Brindisi.

And now let us glance at the other end, the office of destination or delivery.

Long before the workmen in our large towns are wakened from their hardly earned repose, the Post Office work in the provinces commences as the mail-cart clatters through the silent street to the railway station. The train arrives with the first and principal mail, and a rapid exchange of bags between cart and train takes place. By the time the cart gets back to the Post Office, and deposits its contents at the door, the clerks and postmen are there in readiness, and the bags just arrived, are immediately seized by one of their number, who hurriedly cuts their throats, and then empties the contents upon the huge table in a great heap.

The bundles of letters are quickly taken to the letter-stampers, through whose hands they must first pass. With speed and accuracy which rivals machinery, an agile letter-stamper will soon impress a copy of the dated stamp of the office upon the back of a hundred letters, and this done, they are passed over to the clerks and sorters to arrange them in the different boxes, until the whole are disposed of.

The newspapers and book-packets are taken from the table without being stamped, and sorted by the postmen. As soon as the first or preliminary sorting is over, each sorter will proceed upon distinctive duties; some will prepare the letters for the postmen, by sorting each man's letters together, according to their different number. When this is done, the letters are handed to the postmen, who generally work in a separate room, looking, with its desks, like a small schoolroom, and there arrange them in order to deliver them from house to house. Other officers will prepare the letters for the sub-officers and rural messengers.

When all the letters for a certain village are gathered up, they are counted and tied up in bundles; if any charged letters are sent, the amount is debited against the sub-postmaster of the place on a letter-bill—something like an invoice,—which, as already said, invariably accompanies every Post Office letter-bag despatched from one post-town to another, or from one head-office to a sub-office. If any registered letters are of the number to be sent, the name of each addressee is carefully written on the letter-bill. On certain conditions, persons, both in town and country, can have private or locked bags for the reception of their letters. They are attended to with some care, and are carried to their destination with the other made-up bags. When the mails are ready, they are sent from the Post Office in various ways. Those for one or two country roads are sent to a local railway station, and taken in charge by the railway guard, who drops the bags at the different points on the line according to their addresses; and others are carried by mail-gigs under one or more private contractors, while the rest are taken by country-walking postmen, who make certain journeys during the day, returning in the evening with the letters and bags they have gathered during their travels. Of course the "rural postmen," as they are called, take out loose letters as well; *e.g.*, those for detached dwellings on their line of road.

Such is the last stage in the treatment of a letter posted in London, and addressed,—say to some quiet village at the Land's End, or some other remote region.

(*Continued—page* 792.)



"Here and there a glimpse of the river."

ABSCONDED.

£100. REWARD.

A TALE OF TO-DAY.

By WILLIAM HUNT,
Author of "Wanderings in the Western Soudan," etc., etc.

IF Hugh Darrell possessed one gift more than another, it was tact; and a certain faculty of knowing people's wants and wishes before they expressed them. At the time this story opens, Hugh was twenty-five, and it might be said of him that he was on the road to success.

Three years ago his father had purchased for him a junior partnership, in one of the best-known Firms in the Eastern Counties, whose offices were situated in Chelmsford; and the result of this fatherly forethought more than justified expectations.

There were, however, one or two serious flaws in Hugh's character; one was his easy, pleasure-loving nature, which exposed him peculiarly to temptation of more or less grave kind; and another was his extreme ambition for popularity. And being a stranger to the Source whence alone true strength can be obtained, it was not surprising that he should often fall under the seductions of the adversary. Sadder still, he deemed religion a sort of weakness, only to be adopted and believed in by one's sister or mother.

Time passed on. Successes came to him, and from a worldly point of view, if Hugh had been content, all would have been well; but the quiet simplicity of his surroundings grew irksome; a restless longing came over him to improve his already good position, by a removal to a wider sphere, and it was in London that his wishes seemed to centre. Nearly every week Hugh contrived to steal at least a day, and on the shallowest pretext of business betook himself to the metropolis.

There was nothing absolutely wrong in his going to London, only as a straw will tell the direction of the current, so this feverish craving for additional excitement betokened a possible, if not a probable, source of danger. It was about this time that Hugh made the acquaintance of a certain Captain Linton, who can only be described by the familiar phrase, "a man about town." He was not a good companion for a man of Hugh Darrell's ardent and impressionable temperament, and moreover, as the major portion of his income was gathered together in the card-rooms of fashionable Clubs, *il va sans dire*, that many of his associates were not of the most desirable kind. However, to Hugh, Captain Linton was a most agreeable companion. Brought up as he had been, in almost puritanical seclusion, Captain Linton's feverish round of gaieties, and his semi-cynical indifference to everything except the pursuit of pleasure, held Hugh to a certain extent spell-bound.

Captain Linton affected the society of the lesser lights of the theatrical profession. In them he found one touch of nature, which made him feel their kinship; their free and easy manners, and in many cases the elasticity of their moral code, made him pre-eminently at home in their midst.

He deemed it rather a matter of distinction than otherwise to have his name linked with that of an actress who had achieved some specially unholy distinction. It would be idle to deny, as I believe some good people do, the fascination of evil. Evil is repugnant to them, because they have seen the beauty of holiness, but there are periods in a man's life when sin spreads such a specious snare, that the poison seems almost harmless, and unless some higher power intervene, he is sure to fall. It must not be imagined that Hugh was merely a young man of headstrong tendencies, who would be led away by the first breath of temptation. He possessed a remarkably clear judgment, a concentration of purpose, and an amount of energy, which many people might reasonably have envied, but all to no purpose; business-like abilities are poor weapons with which to fight the emissaries of the devil. At the outset of their acquaintance, Captain Linton gauged to a nicety Hugh's capabilities; he knew that the more vulgar aspects of vice would never tempt him, nay, would rather be absolutely repugnant to Hugh's refined methods of thought and feeling.

The reader, perhaps, will naturally ask, Why did Captain Linton take any trouble? and herein lies the reason. Hugh Darrell was good-natured to a fault. If any one in trouble appealed to him, it was sufficient to elicit an amount of practical sympathy which, as a rule, sent them on their way rejoicing.

Financial troubles had been slowly but surely closing round Captain Linton; all his life he had gone on the principle of never paying any debts unless absolutely compelled so to do, and now he was in a fair way of somewhat speedily reaping the result of so misguided a policy. It need scarcely be said that in Hugh's acquaintance he recognised a sign of hope to cheer his financial despondency, and determined to play his cards in such a manner, that Hugh would be in his power.

And so the battle for a human soul commenced.

At their last meeting Hugh had signified his intention of running up to town again in a few days, and in the meantime Captain Linton was forming his plans. A week elapsed without his paying any particular attention, but when the second had nearly run its course without any sign of Hugh, Captain Linton began to wonder what was the matter, and forthwith sent off a letter, reminding Hugh in enthusiastic terms of one or two plans they had arranged when he was last in town. To this there came a reply so enigmatical in its terms, that the Captain could not make it out at all. His disappointment, however, was somewhat appeased by the postscript, wherein it was stated that the writer would be in town in

three or four days. And what as to the object of the Captain's solicitude? At the present moment Hugh is dangerously happy, for in the last few days possibilities have arisen which seem to have completely altered the entire current of his existence.

Only seven short days ago he had met Maud Sefton at the house of Mrs. Weston, a mutual friend, and already new thoughts, new desires, and holier aspirations had sprung up within him.

The three days rapidly sped away, and it was with feelings of some expectation that Captain Linton looked forward to the meeting.

After the first few words of greeting were over, he could not help noticing the marked change in Hugh's manner; he was *distrait*, and uninterested in the topics deftly brought to the front. It was an axiom of the Captain's creed that whenever anything went wrong with a man, a woman was closely or remotely connected with it, and in the present case he shrewdly suspected that Hugh had committed, or was about to commit that, to him, crowning act of folly, falling in love.

As they were turning into Captain Linton's club in Piccadilly, he turned suddenly to Hugh and said in his most nonchalant tones,—

"You must have been tremendously busy, old man, not to be able to get away!"

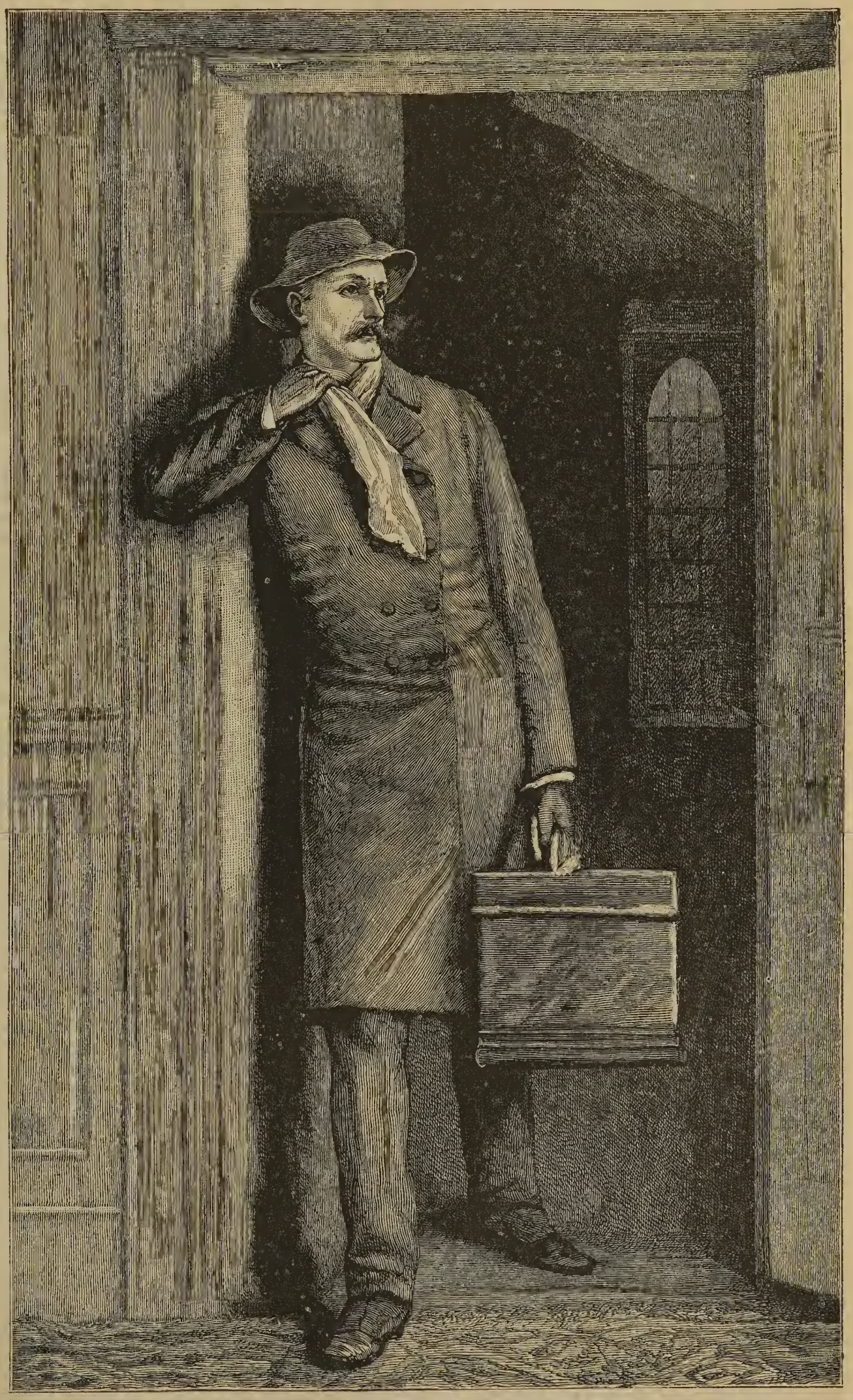
"Oh no, I was not," laconically answered Hugh, thrown off his guard, and turning rather red under his questioner's gaze.

"Having quite a gay time of it, I suppose, on your own account?" airily suggested the Captain, returning to the charge.

"Well, no; that is, not exactly; family matters and all that sort of thing," evasively answered Hugh, *looking*, if not feeling, decidedly ill at ease.

It was quite enough; the Captain had discovered all he wanted, and his knowledge of human nature told him that Hugh would sooner or later, in the fulness of his heart, reveal enough to amply confirm his surmise. And his calculation was correct; it only needed a few skilful questions, and Captain Linton knew almost all there was to be known; how Hugh had met "this impossible she" at lawn tennis, that she lived with her widowed mother, and was, of course, the most glorious creature that had ever clothed herself in the commonplace clay of humanity. It must not be thought that Linton obtained this information as easily as it has been written down; on the contrary, it required the most astute generalship on his part to elicit the meagre details. Hugh was of too sensitive a nature to talk much about the secret joy that seemed to transfigure his whole life; but the Captain was by no means deficient in imagination, and as he sat and watched Hugh, an expression of such fiendish triumph passed over his features, that had the object of his regard noted it, it would have caused him to flee in terror. Affecting, however, not to notice anything abnormal, he gradually, and with easy facility, led the conversation back to the ordinary every-day topics.

As they shook hands that night in parting, at the door of Hugh's hotel, his companion mentioned a dinner which was to take place at Richmond a week hence—a dinner which Hugh himself had been the most eager in planning a month ago.



"*At the door he halted, fancying he heard a sound.*"

"Please don't consider me in the matter at all," Linton said; "because, if you have other engagements, and would rather not come, I daresay I can arrange it somehow."

Hugh was in a dilemma. He could scarcely retreat from his position; as he had ordered the dinner and made the other arrangements himself, it would seem hardly fair to leave Linton in the lurch. And yet how his soul revolted! All that was pure and noble in his nature urged him to avoid this entertainment; he seemed to see clearly the very questionable character of Linton and his associates; he felt that he was doing the pure girl he wished to win, a moral injury. One moment more, and he would have renounced the idea, but in the same instant he caught a glimpse of the half-amused, half-cynical look on Linton's face, the good angel was banished, and far down in hell the devils laughed at another victory achieved.

"That was rather a near shave, though," muttered Linton to himself, as he strolled through the now deserted streets to his chambers. "From what I can see, that young man will need rather closely following just at present."

As to Hugh, in half an hour his conscience was consoled; the specious arguments and theories of his companion were bearing fruit.

* * * *

"*Come home at once, your mother is ill.* —JENNINGS."

Such were the words on the familiar pink slip handed to Maud Sefton, on the day following Hugh's departure for London; and with white, set face, and mechanical composure, the girl was hurriedly preparing to depart.

There was no hysterical display, not even a tear, only a sickly terror seemed to be tightening its grasp around her heart-strings. What if she should be too late? what, indeed? Could anything compensate her if her mother's eyes were closed ere she could hear her last loving message? The train, unconscious of the hopes and the fears it contained, sped on; and in a little less than two hours, Maud arrived at her mother's modest dwelling, situated a mile from Richmond.

That evening, on his return to Chelmsford, Hugh called upon Mrs. Weston to find that Miss Sefton had left some hours before, and that a telegram from her had arrived, saying that her mother was very ill, but conscious.

Scarcely knowing what he said or did, Hugh left abruptly; for, as he received the news, a deadly horror, a sense of some undefined evil in the future came over him. Richmond! Richmond! Maud's mother is dying, and I am going there on Thursday for pleasure! A voice seemed to hiss in his ear.

The first idea that suggested itself to his dazed faculties was to go to the telegraph office, and send a telegram, cancelling his engagement at any cost. Wise indeed would it have been had Hugh Darrell done this; but the ever-ready voice of the tempter whispered, "What a pity to make such an upset about nothing. You intend dropping Linton's acquaintance; why make unpleasantness just at the end? You may be in love with Maud, but her mother is the merest stranger to you;" and once more the tempter conquered.

On Hugh's arrival at home, a letter was awaiting him in Captain Linton's handwriting. Hastily tearing it open, he read as follows:—

"DEAR HUGH,—

"Everything is arranged; the drag is to start from my place at 10.30; we shall get down to lunch at the Star and Garter. As we previously decided, Mdlle. Amari and the Signora will complete the quartette.

"It is too hot even to write.

"Yours,

"PERCY LINTON."

A shudder that was almost disgust passed over Hugh. What were Mdlle. Amari and the Signora to him now? Nothing, except a distasteful dream of highly seasoned stage jokes and stage laughter. "Well, this is my last appearance with any of that crew," he reasoned; and the voice of conscience was again strangled.

Thursday dawned, and Hugh felt in anything but good spirits as he arrived at Linton's chambers, to find the drag waiting, and to receive the effusive handshaking of the trio. However, it was too late now for regrets, and, mounting the drag, they were off. The brilliant sunshine, and the charm of the surrounding scenery, somewhat restored Hugh; but Mdlle. Amari's sallies only received monosyllabic answers, to that young lady's marked disgust.

Arrived at the Star and Garter, they found a luncheon of the most *recherché* and appetising description. Linton never did anything by halves, when Hugh happened to be going to pay for it.

Champagne flowed freely, and in desperation Hugh tried to galvanize himself into a sort of spurious gaiety by its aid, but it was a melancholy gaiety at best.

When they left the Star and Garter, though not positively inebriated, none of the quartette were at all in a fit condition to drive two spirited horses. Hugh essayed this somewhat difficult task. For a time all went well, except that, giddy and stupid as Hugh was, he could not help feeling ashamed of the too boisterous mirth of his companions.

They were racing along now, fields and hedgerows around them, and here and there a glimpse of the river, as it lay silvery and gleaming in the sun. Suddenly, in turning a corner, there was a steep and unexpected descent, and the excited animals dashed down headlong. Some one was crossing the road at the bottom, Hugh could not quite see whether she were man or woman, old or young. The shouts and boisterous laughter caused her to turn her head for an instant. It was Maud Sefton! and thus she and her lover were destined to regreet each other. For a moment she stood as if transfixed, the life-blood leaving her face; a second more, and horses and drag had crushed her to the earth.

They carried her into a quiet cottage by the roadside, her fair face set in the stillness of death, the loose glory of her hair shrining it with its wealth of ruined gold.

* * * *

Night descends, bringing peace to hamlet and home—peace everywhere, except where the defacing elements of a man's sin and passion hold a sleepless vigil.

Hugh Darrell's feelings only One could tell. In the darkness of the night he had fled; and now, like a dishonoured criminal, he crouched in the corner of an ill-lighted compartment in the night express. Ever before his eyes came that hideous vision—the sunlight, the coarse laughter, the sudden silence, and the pale, dead face of his love. Ever and evermore, nearer and nearer, came the shrieking laughter; they were fiends now, these boon companions of his, and in their paint and powder they were casting dice for his soul.

In the dead of the night he arrived; like a hunted animal, he had come to look his last on what was once home. Wearily and despairingly he staggered out of the Stygian darkness of the station. He felt the grasp of a hand on his arm, and turning, stood facing Captain Linton.

"Forgive me," he murmured, "as the unconscious agent of all your sorrow. When you disappeared, I came down here, as I could not rest till I saw you."

"Forgive!" responded Hugh, with a mechanical sound; "there is nothing to forgive; for me there can be neither hope, nor fear, nor sorrow, and I am tired. Goodnight."

Listlessly he then wandered down the now deserted streets, but suddenly turned as if struck with some idea.

"To-morrow I must be away," he gasped. "I must go to the office and get some money.

A few minutes later he entered the gloomy stillness of the building in which the firm of Sprague, Sprague & Darrell had their offices, and cautiously walked up the stairs.

He opened the safe; there were a number of notes, and quite a considerable sum in gold. It was the money belonging to the Firm; but Hugh was blind to everything except the necessity for escaping from his fellow-creatures. He glanced around; there was a square office iron deed box, and opening it, he stuffed the notes and gold into it, and then turned to leave. At the door he halted, fancying he heard a sound; and then stepping forward, was lost in the darkness.

A week later, on every conspicuous hoarding might be seen the words, "Absconded: £100 reward. Whereas Hugh Darrell, etc., etc."

We draw the veil over months and years of concealment and bitter remorse.

He who had been the God of his father had not forgotten the wandering son; and the omnipotent love which faced Gethsemane and Calvary, and is still making glorious conquests, sought and found Hugh Darrell. The prey was taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive was delivered.

Humiliation was followed by deep and sincere repentance, manifested in the confession of his guilt, and in the restoration of all that was due to the Firm. The latter days of his life were spent on the West African Coast, significantly entitled, "The white man's grave." There, while seeking to advance the interests of his employers, he also endeavoured to spread the knowledge of that love, of which he himself was a trophy. To the end, his face wore traces of a sorrow which time could never altogether efface, but, with the consciousness of forgiveness, "at evening time it was light."

"AS SHE CAME RIDING BY;"

OR,

MISS BIRD'S VISIT TO COLORADO SPRINGS.

NEARLY every one in the literary world is familiar with the name of Isabella L. Bird, or Mrs. Bird Bishop, as she is now, the authoress of "Six months in the Sandwich Islands," "A Lady's Ride in the Rocky Mountains," "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," "The Golden Chersonese," as well as the most distinguished lady traveller we know.

Lady Brassey, Lady Barker, Mrs. Burton, Lady Florence Dixie, Miss Gordon-Cumming, Olive Risley Seward, and Miss Kingsley have all travelled and told their adventures, but it may fairly be doubted if any one of them has faced so many dangers and privations as Miss Bird.

Each of these ladies would, as a rule, have a companion or escort, but Miss Bird's speciality has been travelling alone. She has had neither father, nor husband, nor brother to take care of her, and has had to "rough it" accordingly.

She could catch as well as saddle her horse, for whose shoes she carried a few nails "in her purse." And she could clean and load a revolver. This revolver, however, she dubbed the "plague of her life." Some one had persuaded her to carry it whenever she travelled alone in Colorado, but she found it unnecessary.

This "roughing it" added very greatly to the variety and interest of her letters. Now she describes a marvellous sunset, and then tells the number of "joints" in the rattle of the snake she has just killed; to-day she carefully notes some meteorological phenomenon, or gives an animal or plant its scientific name; and to-night she has a bed of hay or straw on the floor of a rough log cabin, while some wild creature burrows beneath, or the snow comes in through the chinks and covers her; or she relates her ascent of Long's Peak in bits of word-painting so beautiful, that they would be poems if they were only in metre; and presently we read how, in a financial panic, when the Denver banks would not even give her greenbacks for her English sovereigns, she entrusted a hundred dollar bill to her host to get change for her, and he, being "hard up," borrowed it without permission, leaving her so poor that she could not even buy herself shoes, but had to make shift in bitter weather with a pair of slippers and some "arctics."

It was in the course of the "Lady's Ride through the Rocky Mountains," and at its most southern point, that Miss Bird visited me at my home in Colorado Springs. The western half of the State of Colorado consists chiefly of mountains, the eastern half of plains; and it is just where mountain and plain meet at the foot of Pike's Peak, that the town of Colorado Springs is built.

There are twenty-two peaks of the "Rockies" in Colorado, which are more than 14,000 feet in height, and of these Pike's Peak is one of the principal summits, and forms a landmark for the southern part of the State. About six miles to the west of the town is the entrance to the Ute Pass, the great natural highway into that part of the mountain region. Miss Bird was coming down from Denver to us, and then going up by way of the Pass to a "park" or "high-lying valley" in the mountains, which she had been specially recommended to visit. We knew nothing more of her than that she was an English lady, a friend of Miss Kingsley's, and was travelling through Colorado alone.

We had been expecting Miss Bird every day for nearly a week, when our exquisite autumn weather was displaced by a "cold snap" and fallow of snow. The snow was only a few inches deep, but it made travelling bad for the few who ventured out, so we thought that our visitor would wait for a finer day than that bleak Monday.

We knew not her courage and endurance. She had set out on the previous morning, with eight inches of snow on the ground, and broken her own way for two miles. Then a single wagon had passed, "making a legible track for thirty miles; otherwise the snow was pathless." "Everything," to quote her own words, "was buried under a glittering shroud of snow. The babble of the streams was bound by fetters of ice. No branches creaked in the still air. No birds sang. No one passed or met me. There were no cabins near or far. The only sound was the crunch of the snow under Birdie's feet. At last I reached a log-cabin, where I got a feed for us both, and further directions. The rest of the day's ride was awful enough. The snow was thirteen inches deep, and grew deeper as I ascended in silence and loneliness; but just as the sun sank behind a snowy peak, I reached the top of the Divide, 7,975 feet above the sea-level. There, in unspeakable solitude, lay a frozen lake. Owls hooted amongst the pines; the trail was obscure; the country was not settled; the mercury was 90 below zero; my feet had lost all sensation, and one of them was frozen to the wooden stirrup. I found that, owing to the depth of the snow, I had only ridden fifteen miles in eight and a half hours, and must look out for a place to sleep in."

Poor Miss Bird! She was nearly paralysed with the cold before she reached a cabin, but as seventeen snow-bound men were lying on the floor, she had to ride another half-mile to a house where she could stay. And when her frozen feet came to themselves, it was, she said, "with an amount of pain that almost deserved the name of torture."

Miss Bird had no idea that this was the Sabbath day, for, Christian woman as she was, she made a point of resting on that day, even when far from a place of worship; for churches were few and far between in Colorado then. But just now she had lost her reckoning,—a lapse of memory by no means difficult in that country at that time.

The next morning was "grey and sour," but the cold moderated as the day went on, and Miss Bird ought to have reached Colorado Springs early in the afternoon, but unfortunately she turned aside to see the fantastic rocks of Monument Park, and lost her way. Monument Park was a stretch of undulating country, about twelve miles long, much more of a wilderness than a park.

Of all "uncanny" places to be lost in, that, to my mind, would have been one of the worst, for it seemed completely given over to loneliness and terror. The silence was so intense that it made one's ears throb, while the solitude was appalling. A chipmunk or a lizard, a rattlesnake, or even a wolf, would have enlivened the scene; but one might ride for miles and see nothing of the kind. Some of the rocks were worn into a grotesque resemblance of the human form, which was almost startling, while behind and above all towered the "everlasting hills" in their stern magnificence. Many people talk of "worshipping God in nature," but there was nothing in that part of the earth to tell of our loving heavenly Father and Saviour; all was cold, rugged, and forbidding. After retracing her steps for six miles, and then riding forward for eight, "without seeing a creature," Miss Bird came to a long valley "overhung by ghastly rocks," forded the Fountain Creek, and got within sight of our town.

Late that afternoon, as I sat cosily by the fire, absorbed in my work, I was startled by the announcement, "Here's Miss Bird;" and going quickly to the door, I found her outside, sitting on her pony, and framed, as it were, by the wintry landscape. Miss Bird did not alight and allow Mr. L—— to take charge of her horse, but took Birdie to the livery stable herself. For at the end of a day's ride she always saw to her pony's comfort first thing, and dainty attentions she paid to her,—sponging Birdie's nostrils, bathing her back, and looking in while she was fed. No wonder that this wild creature would lick her mistress's face, eat from her hand, and follow her like a dog.

In the meantime I "commenced," as we say "out West," to get the tea. Now boiling the kettle, that simple operation, was one of the curiosities of Colorado life, for as Colorado Springs is 5,943 feet above sea-level, the diminished pressure of the atmosphere allowed water to boil at a lower temperature than 212°, so that we could never make thoroughly strong hot tea.

When Miss Bird came in and sat down with us at table, we took a good look at her, and saw at once that this lady had nothing either wild or showy about her. Her voice and manner were gentle and refined; her dress was heroically plain; and she was so short and slight, that a man who had seen her one day hard at work for a tired friend, said: "Be you the new hired girl? Bless me, you're awful small!" Her face owed little to soft lines or delicate tints, but it expressed truth, purity, and strength; and when she talked on favourite subjects, it lighted up and became radiant. I think it was this evening that our conversation turned on the Indians,—for In-

dians were as much a part of the population of the territory as the sheepmen or the cowboys, the miners or the "heathen Chinese," and we had only just recovered from the excitement of a genuine Indian scare.

About a week or two before this, news had been brought to the town that a party of "hostiles" had left their reservation, and were out on the "war-path" to the east of us. Now the Indians are by no means contemptible enemies. They carry first-rate firearms; they are dead shots; and when out on a raid of this kind, are mounted on their fleetest horses. They will fall suddenly upon the doomed place; burn, rob, and murder with desperate cruelty, and presently be gone as swiftly as they came. The men of the town met, and held an excited meeting to talk over plans of defence; the women prayed, at least I know one who did, and providentially the Indians never came. Perhaps they thought a town of two thousand inhabitants a little too much for them.

Only a month or two before, Bishop Randall, who had three territories—Wyoming, Colorado, and New Mexico—to his diocese, had narrowly escaped capture by hostile Indians, who were raiding in Wyoming during one of his pastoral visits there. So that the Indian element in the West called for watchfulness, if it did not cause actual uneasiness. We might try to treat the Utes in a Christian manner, but they regarded us entirely from a savage standpoint, and we knew that unless restrained by fear or self-interest, they would deal with us accordingly. One of the familiar figures of the place was a man who had been scalped by Indians, and left for dead. I had seen for myself, and not many yards from my home, a Ute brave wearing a necklace of human thumbs! And a lawyer whom I knew very well by sight had had the appalling experience of being taken captive, bound to the stake, and of suffering all the preliminary agonies of death by fire before he was rescued.

During tea Mr. L—— inquired of Miss Bird if she had fallen in with any Indians on the way. For even "friendly" Indians were very insolent to women. I was at the post-office one afternoon, in the earlier days of the town, when a lady who was with me,—a little woman like Miss Bird,—happened to be standing just in the way of a Ute, who was going out. The haughty savage never attempted to pass her, but taking Mrs. C—— by the shoulder, turned her aside as stolidly as though he were only swinging back a gate. Miss Bird, in reply to my husband, proceeded to tell us a recent adventure of her own.

She was riding along rather late one day, when her pony saw or smelt an Indian camp at some distance, and, true to her Indian instincts, set off at once at the very top of her speed, disregarding all attempts to check her, and bolted right into the heart of the encampment, only pulling up when she reached the fire, around which the braves were sitting. I remember how intently I listened, and even now I can recall the anxious thrill with which I said, "What *did* you do?" "One of the braves," Miss Bird continued, "rose from his place without speaking a word, took Birdie by the bridle, led her to the outside of the encampment, started her, and returned." It was all over in a few moments, but it was one of those straits whose peril we gauge by the swiftness of our rescue. The divinity that doth hedge about every thoroughly good woman, delivered her, but I wonder that she could ever trust Birdie again.

We did not talk late that evening, for Miss Bird had been riding ten hours a day for a week in our rarified, exhilarating air, and was very sleepy.

The next day, Tuesday, was fraught with pleasure for me. My guest was rested and ready to talk, and I was ready to listen. I can see her now, sitting in my little rocking-chair by the stove, with a small writing-case on her lap, and putting a few words down now and again for her sister in far-away Edinburgh. She took out of this case one or two of her sketches of Estes Park, the clearest, sharpest sketches I have ever seen. I remember trying very hard once to stop talking to her, in order that she might go on with her letter, and I believe that I was quiet for nearly five minutes, after which we began again, and, as she said herself, we talked "most of that day." To me it was an intellectual revel. Here was a companion, with a mind like a treasure-house, an extraordinary power of observation, and the gift of accurate and picturesque speech; so I questioned and listened with keen interest.

She told me of Edinburgh, and of the curiously-involved courts or closes which she had explored, and the poor suffering people she had found in them. She told me of her home on the outskirts of the city, of the pleasant five o'clock teas which she and her sister gave, and of the literary people who gathered at them. We talked of the two Scotch monthlies, *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine*, and of some of their contributors. "Edward Garret" was not an old man, as I learnt with surprise, but merely an assumed name. Sarah Tytler was a most estimable, hard-working woman, keeping school by day, and working at her stories in the evening. What a fascinating transition from school routine to "Citoyeane Jacqueline," or the "Huguenot Family in the English Village." We talked of Canon Kingsley, and his brother, Mr. Henry Kingsley, and of their respective writings. Then Miss Bird mentioned a visit which she had paid to Miss Warner, the authoress of the "Wide, Wide World," at her home in New York State, and how it was the law of the house for the visitors to go down into the kitchen at tea-time, and fry their own cakes! For this was not Miss Bird's first visit to the United States. She had visited the Eastern States, and written the "Englishwoman in America" before the Rocky Mountain region was accessible to ladies, and when the site of Colorado Springs was the Debateable Land of the Indians of the mountain and the plain.

Besides this, she had been to Australia and New Zealand, and taken a six months' voyage with her maid in a steamer partly belonging to an old friend, and not carrying other passengers.

At tea Miss Bird told us of her recent ascent of Long's Peak, the "American Matterhorn," 14,700 feet high, an exploit which was "truly terrible," but which amply repaid her. "For," to use her own words, "it was something to stand upon the storm-rent crown of this lonely sentinel of the Rocky Range, on one of the mightiest vertebræ of the backbone of the North American Continent, and to see the waters start for both oceans." A lady, who two or three years ago unfortunately tried to imitate this feat, lost her life in the attempt.

Miss Bird paid Mr. L—— the compliment of sending him her marvellously written account of this ascent for publication in a magazine which he was editing. It was not published in England until some years later, so that the "Out West" printing-office first gave it to the world.

For six months before coming to Colorado, Miss Bird had been living in the Sandwich Islands, a life of which she spoke rapturously, and with reason, as it had restored her to health and active life. And then she told me, but it came out quite accidentally, that her mother, now dead, had suffered during her last illness from such excessive irritability of the nervous system, that at times only one thing soothed her, and that one thing was being carried to and fro like a child. And this Miss Bird did. Her mother was, I think, taller than herself, but she used sometimes to carry her up and down the room until, thus soothed, she could rest and be calm. Some time after her mother's death Miss Bird's health and strength failed utterly, and Sir James Simpson told her, with merciless candour, that she would be helpless and bedridden for the remainder of her life. And so she might have been, no doubt, if she had accepted this verdict, as so many would have done; but she did not accept it, nor did the Almighty confirm it. Dr. Moir, her medical adviser for many years, seeing her resolution, permitted her to move after a time, and Miss Bird, instead of being shut up in a sick room, has been almost round the world since then.

By the time I had heard this story I loved Miss Bird heartily; she was no longer a stranger, but a friend whom I was prepared to champion whenever necessary, for "we needs must love the highest when we see it." This affliction must have given her the deep sympathy with all sufferers which she manifested. She was the helper of the sick, the overworked, the down-hearted, wherever she went. "I have made the acquaintance," she wrote to her sister, "of all the careworn, struggling settlers within a walk." She helped to save the life of one poor woman who was seized with cholera, and offered a dollar to a lazy darkey if he would only fetch medicine for her patient. She would help with the dishes, or sweep the room, scour the tins, or make the bread. She was helping a child one day to crack a nut, and broke out a good useful tooth; but she did not grumble about it, or indeed about anything done for others. All that day, instead of choosing her own topics, and doing all the talking, her object was solely to give us pleasure, and she was a courteous listener.

In striking contrast to the majority of English travellers in America, she gave herself no airs, although belonging to a very old family, and being very highly connected. Indeed, she never boasted of anything. The only approach to vain-glory which she made was when she told me how young-looking and pretty her sister was, adding, with fond pride, "I like her to look young." Dear Miss Bird! "gentleness, goodness, and faith" enfolded her like an atmosphere. The next morning was our last together; we had a little more chat, but the shadow of parting was upon

us. She told me in what small compass she could pack her belongings ; her black silk dress, which she had worn the day before, was rolled up, and fastened behind her saddle ; other clothing was in a bag hanging at the bow, while her pockets were cleverly packed with smaller articles. She was very much interested in my dress, which was completely English, and said that I was "a credit to my country!" We each of us had a silver watch, and she told me that an American woman on the cars had asked her the time, and on seeing her watch had said : "I should think you'd be ashamed to take out a silver watch," to whom Miss Bird made reply, that her watch was a very good one, kept excellent time, and she was not at all ashamed of it. But in a country where some of the babies begin to wear jewellery and talk plainly at about the same age, silver watches are chiefly left to Englishwomen.

Miss Bird was not a merry woman. I cannot remember hearing her laugh, and she seldom smiled. However, this morning she treated me to a bit of capital mimicry ; still, it seemed to me more the outcome of close observation than of a particularly strong sense of humour. Some of her descriptive remarks were very racy, as when she said of a dissatisfied English family that their life was a "continual shriek," and of a Scotchwoman, that "all her waking hours were spent in a large sun-bonnet."

After lunch we all set off on the way to Maniton, which stands near the entrance to the Ute Pass, and consisted in those days of a few hotels and houses built near the celebrated Mineral Springs. Miss Bird rode her pet pony ; we were in a buggy. Now I had seen so many Indian ponies, with their rough coats, and long manes and tails, that I did not admire this one very much, but Miss Bird, after riding her for six hundred miles, pronounced her "perfection," and the "queen of ponies." Birdie, however, had the vices as well as the good qualities of a wild horse. She would hold her breath while being saddled, and would resent any annoyance by rearing and kicking, by shying, or, still worse, by "bucking," —a mode of dislodging a rider which is, let us hope, unknown to English horses. One of the noteworthy sights in New York is the observant way in which the car horses look about them, and Miss Bird said that her horse looked intelligently at everything. Birdie was also sure-footed, rarely stumbling ; she would gallop up hill and down without a touch from the whip ; and to crown all, was always cheerful, and always hungry, two characteristics not usually found together. She knew a dangerous bridge when she came to one, and refused to cross it, but her sagacity failed her signally one evening, when she took her rider on a frozen lake, and the ice giving way, they both went through into the water, and had a "hard fight to get back again to land." This pony's chief accomplishment was hunting cattle, to which she had been trained. She could double like a hare, and if a cow rushed at her, she would rear and spin round on her hind legs as though on a pivot. It was said that she could thus turn on the small space of a cabbage leaf, and no ground was "too steep or rough for her."

I believe that Miss Bird loved that wilful creature dearly, and only once began to be vexed with her. That once was about a week after Miss Bird left us, during which every mile had taken her further and higher into the mountains. She had alighted to let down a bar, as she had done many a time before, but on looking round, the pony was gone. Birdie had taken an "ugly fit," and would not allow her mistress to go near her. At last, after the loss of an hour, two trappers came by and caught her. Miss Bird's solitary journeys on her wild horse always remind me of Una wandering about with her lion, only the lion never served Una such a shabby trick as this.

To-day, happily, Birdie was on her best behaviour, and cantered gaily. The snow was gone from the plains ; the sunshine was bright, and the air warm. As we drove over the Mesa, or table-land, we had a magnificent view of our mountains, Pike's Peak towering over all like a throned king surrounded by his court, and all, king and courtiers, robed in snowy raiment against a background of brilliant blue sky. We descended soon into Glen Eyrie, when we called upon a lady whose brother and nephew had been treacherously killed by Indians.

After driving through the "Garden of the gods," that our guest might see its famous red gateway, we came to the point where our paths separated, and took opposite directions. What havoc these partings make with friendships ! Miss Bird rode close to the buggy that we might clasp hands for the last time, and Mr. L—— checked his horse that I might watch my friend as long as she was in sight. How slight and girlish the figure of that indomitable woman looked as she rode away ! I did not envy her, full though her life was of variety and adventure. I would not have exchanged my happy home life for all her mountain views, but I "hated" to see her go. And as I think of her and that pleasant visit, I am reminded of St. Paul's exquisite incentive to hospitality, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

PRIZE PUZZLE COMPETITION.

WE would remind our readers that the Prize Puzzle Competition announced on page 702—£2 12s. 6d. in Prizes—will be open until November 3. This Competition will afford pleasant occupation for the shortening evenings of Autumn.

RECIPES.

Sovereign Pudding.

BEAT a quarter of a pound of butter to a cream, add and beat with it four eggs, flavour with a little essence of vanilla or lemon ; stir in by degrees a quarter of a pound of flour and a quarter of a pound of sugar ; mix all thoroughly together, pour into a buttered basin, and bake for twenty minutes. Turn out carefully, and serve with wine sauce.

Lemon Sauce.

Boil a lemon and an orange in a quarter of a pint of water for ten minutes, strain, and if the water has boiled away, make up the quantity. Thicken with a dessert-spoonful of cornflour, mixed in a tablespoonful and a half of cold water ; add an ounce of butter, one tablespoonful of loaf-sugar crushed ; boil, and pour over the pudding.

THE STORY OF JONAH.

By Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., Author of "Christian Living," etc., etc.

Part IV.

Prayer from a Strange Oratory.

PRONOUNCING sentence upon himself, Jonah bade the Tyrian sailors cast him into the deep. Having no alternative, they at length proceeded to the performance of his terrible mission ; but before doing so, they prayed very earnestly and submissively that they might not perish for his sake, and that his blood might not be demanded at their hands. "Then they took up Jonah," and, as if they were executing a judicial sentence, they cast him forth into the sea ; and the sea immediately stayed from her raging ; the storm died away, the sun shone out, and those men feared the Lord, and offered a sacrifice, and made vows. "Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights."

I am quite aware of all the banter which sceptics have heaped upon this subject, and I am not very anxious to defend the Almighty against these attacks. He has seen fit to allow this story to lie upon the page of Scripture for these many centuries, and in the person of His Son, who spoke as man never spake, He drew the attention of the world to this strange incident, saying, "As Jonah was three days and three nights in the belly of the sea monster [*R.V. marg.*], so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." In these words the incarceration of Jonah within the fish is used as an express symbol of Christ's imprisonment in the grave of Joseph. To my mind a reference so explicit silences all further debate, and when we once accept the presence of the supernatural and the miraculous in the word of God, it is not difficult to account for any of the manifestations of Divine power amongst men. He who believes in the resurrection of Christ has accepted an incident so stupendous, so Divine, as to carry with it all other of the miracles recorded on the page of Scripture, which dim their rays in its presence as stars in sunlight. If the Son of God could lie without corrupting in the grave, Jonah could lie without dying in the fish ; and the same power that raised the one could raise the other. Dare you affirm that Divine power could bring the shoals of fish into Peter's net, and make one fish yield the silver shekel of tribute, and yet that it could not employ one great fish to fulfil its purposes ?

It has been a common belief from the earliest times that Jonah was swallowed by *a whale*, but there is nothing in the Hebrew to necessitate that idea. It simply says "a great fish," and the word used by our Lord is equally vague. He uses a generic term, which includes the whale, but which may equally be applied to the dolphin, the seal, and the shark. It seems, indeed, highly probable that the white shark is the creature intended. Many specimens of this sea-monster are still found in the Mediterranean, and are greatly dreaded by sailors. Some are found thirty feet long, and quite able to swallow men whole. Captain Basil Hall reports catching one in

which, besides other things, he found the whole skin of a buffalo which a short time before had been cast over his ship's side. There is another authenticated instance, in which a man clad in complete armour was found in a shark. It is then perfectly conceivable that the prophet should have been swallowed by a fish, which, by God's special interposition, had been prepared, and in which his life was miraculously preserved.

Stay for a moment to admire the care of Divine Providence. Many a one has experienced its counterpart. We have been cast forth by men. Our dearest have turned against us. Those who have received our money have flung us overboard. There has been a moment of intense anguish, and then we have suddenly found ourselves landed on something which had evidently been prepared for us by God's wise love. Cast out but found. Cast off but taken up. Cast away but gathered to the bosom of God. He had been watching every step in our headstrong career. He had foreseen what was coming, and though He might fairly have left us to reap the result of our own folly, yet He had prepared a means of salvation. I like the word "prepared"; it looks as if God had been anticipating this sad calamity, and had been making provision against it.

His sorrow led him to prayer. "Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord his God." There were many ways by which God could have rescued Jonah, but He adopted one which shut him away to quiet thought, and it was out of this strange oratory that he offered that pathetic prayer of the second chapter of this Book. "By reason of mine affliction I cried unto the Lord."

Mark the method of Jonah's prayer. He quoted the Psalms at least seven times. If you cannot use your own words, use another's, and above all, use those of the Psalms. If you cannot speak, then look (verse 4). If you dare not look, then bury your face between your hands, and cry, and remember that your cry will go up unto God, even unto His holy temple. Prayer had often ascended to God from city and field, from valley and hill, from desert, cave, and prison, but never before from so strange a closet. But like the flash of thought it cleaved for itself a way out of the "belly of the grave" to the throne room of the skies. There is no place, however peculiar, where we cannot pray; and there is no depth of degradation or sorrow, however low, from which prayer may not climb, as by Jacob's ladder, into the presence of God.

The chief cause of Jonah's sorrow, as expressed in this litany of supplication, is very remarkable. "Then I said, I am cast out of Thy sight." You will remember how eager Jonah had been to flee from the presence of the Lord; but now that he might have supposed that his end was gained, it was the chief source of his misery. So is it with all wrong-doing. In the distance it seems most desirable, but when it is gained, it is the cause of unutterable anguish. The apple is as the apple of Sodom. The egg is full of rottenness. The veiled bride turns out to be Leah. The far country is less desirable than a seat in the kitchen of the father's house. The syren voices sing to you of the smiling island, their white arms and dulcet notes entice you from the wandering life and weary oar; but when you land, you will find the fair form end in the scaly monster, intent on your blood. There is no true joy outside the golden rim of obedience, nor would any light compensate us when the presence of God is withdrawn.

Throughout this prayer, the most casual observer must detect the pulse of Jonah's *sublime faith.* He had gone down to the bottoms of the mountains. The earth with her bars was around him for ever. He knew that he was suffering the results of disobedience. He was in the extreme of helplessness, but, in spite of all, he dared to say, "Yet I will look again toward Thy holy temple." He had often trodden those temple courts; like Daniel, he had often looked toward them when he prayed, and now, in his trouble, he looked again towards them. If some prodigal should read these words, let him imitate Jonah in his prayer. Everything has gone against you; you are cornered in a position from which you cannot extricate yourself. You have but one resource. *Look again.*

When a man gets into this posture of penitence and faith, he is near deliverance. The herald beams of the morning have commenced to steal up in the eastern sky. The imprisonment of the exile on the desolate island has almost come to its close, and the passing ship, attracted by his beacon of distress, is already veering down for his deliverance; and so it came about that when Jonah was able to ascribe Salvation to the Lord, then the Lord spoke to the fish. Its mission was fulfilled, and His servant stood again upon the shores of his native country; sadder and wiser. It is a marvellous story; but when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, and all the mysteries of God's ways with men unravelled, I am quite prepared to believe that there will be an opening up of dealings between the Almighty and the individual soul, which shall seem as strange and as mysterious as this.

In any case, we can have no sympathy with the distorted mind, which rejects the myriad flowers of spring, and refuses the benefit of their fragrance, because it finds itself in the presence of some natural phenomenon that baffles its science. And similarly we refuse to sympathise with that man who will not regard the noble, healthy, and healthful teachings of God's word because he cannot understand or explain that one episode on which we have dwelt, and the difficulties of which may be fully explained in clearer light than we now have.

(*Continued—page* 794.)

BIBLE JOTTINGS.

Acts 7. 23, 30, 36.
80 years' training for 40 years' service.

The Lord knoweth

The way that I take	Job 23. 10.
Our frame	Ps. 103. 14.
Them that trust in Him . .	Nahum 1. 7.
What ye need	Matt. 6. 32.
His own sheep	John 10. 14.
Them that are His	2 Tim. 2. 19.
How to deliver	2 Pet. 2. 9.

A Contrast.

The Son of Man came to seek	Luke 19. 10.
The Devil...seeking	1 Pet. 5. 8.

"ALMOST, NOT QUITE."

"ARE you ready, Grace?" said her father at the bottom of the stairs, where he had waited for his daughter patiently, some five minutes or more.

"Almost, not quite, father," replied Grace.

"Then I shall go on. There is no time to lose."

So Grace's father walked on to the station, and just as the train was starting, and he was seated in it, she came running up in time to see it steam away without her.

"How provoking!" she said; "and I was so nearly ready."

* * * *

"Have you finished your letter, Grace?" asked her father. "The post is going."

"Almost, not quite," said Grace, scribbling for her life. But the postman would not wait. He drove off with the bag, just as Grace was affixing the stamp.

"How very tiresome!" she said; "and I had almost finished."

That letter was for the Indian mail, and was too late. It so happened that some news it contained would have hastened the return of her brother; as it was, he delayed, and never saw his mother living.

* * * *

How many people have "almost, not quite," given their hearts to God. "Almost, not quite," yielded their wills to Him. "Almost, not quite," learned to love Him. "Almost, not quite," accepted His great salvation.

It is the whole heart God asks us to give Him; the entire yielding of our wills to His. He requires the complete faith of—"Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief," which alone can prevail.

CRISP CORRESPONDENCE.

Lover of "A. 1."—"A Twenty-first Birthday Ode" appeared in our Number for August 4.

An Unworthy Servant of the Lord Jesus.—We fear that there is no way for any one totally without means to enter the Church, unless he has friends to help him. The cost of the training at St. John's, Highbury, London (board and lodging included), is £70. It may be a little less at St. Aidan's, Birkenhead. There are some "Clerical Educational Aid" Societies, accounts of which may be found in the "Church of England Official Year-Book;" but we strongly recommend any applicant for ordination not to be ordained without some special college training, and not to commence a college course unless he has reasonsonable prospect of being free from pecuniary embarrassment during his period of preparation.

Nox.—The Lord has ordained that the Sabbath be observed as a day of rest. We have no hesitation in saying that the course you propose, even if the motive be true, would be a terrible stumbling-block; and this would be contrary to a plain command. Would it not be far more honouring to the Lord to seek from Him strength to overcome the temptation to drowsiness, and to spend the leisure hours of the Lord's Day in prayer and study?

Windsor.—We fear that you ask for counsel on a matter in which each individual must seek personal guidance. If your friend be a true follower of Christ, we do not see what hinders. Will he not soon be able to free himself from present difficulties? Undoubtedly marriage should only be between those who are closely and mutually attached. But we think that you should scarcely have carried the engagement on up to the very week fixed for the wedding, if you were conscious of a lack of true devotion. If men are called upon to respect the susceptible feelings of young women, we also recognise that a young woman should be extremely careful before she lightly disappoints one whose attentions she has accepted, and with whom she has contracted a definite engagement.

M. G.—(See page 654) asks for mnemonic of the Sovereigns of England. We give it below:—

When Will His Stupid Head Remember
Just How Easy Each Endeavour
Remains Having Had Help.
Eclipsing Every Reasoning Harassing Hazy Egotist's Method,
Elaborately Jumbling Clear Concise Junctures,
With a Great Grand Gravity,
Giving Wit Vexation.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF AN UNKNOWN HERO.

By Mrs. Gregg.

"I CANNOT offer you any other terms; with a fee it would be quite another thing;" and the speaker, a stout, prosperous-looking man, turned away with an air that said, "No more about it."

The person he spoke to was a little middle-aged woman, dressed in neat but shabby black clothes, with a worn look that seemed to extend all over her, from the pale, patient countenance, to the darned gloves and well-mended boots.

She had been good-looking once; the features, now so sad-looking, were regular, and she had a bright colour when she came as a bride to the pretty cottage her husband had prepared for her, just outside the village where his business lay. Everything then seemed to promise a prosperous and happy future.

But all was changed when she stood trying to make terms with Mr. Standing, a house painter and glazier, and induce him to take her son Hugh, a lad of fifteen, as an apprentice.

Had Mrs. Granton been a person of more importance, ready to hand over along with her boy the substantial fee that Mr. Standing loved to get with his apprentices, he would certainly have invited her into the parlour, and probably have told his wife to offer her some refreshment; but politeness or hospitality were needless to a person of no consideration, wanting to do business with him on terms that he called unprofitable. Not, however, that he meant them to be so if he concluded the bargain; for there was plenty of work to do about his place, that he could turn over to a poor lad taken on what he called "reduced terms," and that another, with a well-to-do father to back him, would be apt to refuse.

"It is such a long time to be without earning," said Mrs. Granton, striving to check a sigh that was almost a sob.

"Well, you can think it over and see what suits you. It's all the same to me; you wouldn't have to keep him."

It was the consideration of that last item in the arrangement that finally determined it; for Hugh Granton was such a lath of a boy, so much too tall for his age, and so thin, that the idea of his boarding in Mr. Standing's house, and sharing their comfortable living, out-weighed so much in his mother's mind, that she finally agreed to apprentice him for five years.

During the first three of these, he was not to receive any money for his services; in the fourth, he was to have two and sixpence a week, and one shilling more than this each week during his last year of apprenticeship.

With the fee that Mr. Standing declared he should rightly have received, he would have undertaken to teach him his business in three years.

The fee, however, was an impossible thing. It seemed to Hugh's mother that some fresh distress was continually arising from the poverty that was crushing them; and, unable to obtain any better terms, she went home to tell Hugh as cheerfully as possible what she had done, and to comfort herself by thinking how impossible it would have been for her, strive, and pinch, and manage as she might, to give Hugh the same good, nourishing food at home, as he would have while living at his master's. Just now, too, it was of the utmost advantage, while he was growing so fast, and might, perhaps, keep off the delicacy that had taken her other children away; for Hugh was the youngest of her family, two others having died of decline when little older than he was.

Hugh and his mother lived in a poor little house up a lane leading off the main street of the village. One room and a kitchen, with a sleeping loft over-head, was all the house contained. A sorry change from the pretty cottage with bee-hives in the garden before the door, and a cow grazing in the field that a tall hawthorn hedge sheltered and enclosed.

All this belonged to the past,—to a time that Hugh remembered like some pretty tale he had read in childhood; when his father, and elder brother, and sisters, gathered round a happy hearth; before all those after recollections of change, and sorrow, and death, lasting until he and his mother were left alone. Nor was that all, they were now but poor as well as alone,—so poor! But this he did not know, that often his mother made excuses for leaving him to eat alone, because she had no more food than sufficient for one.

Hugh's father had a good business when he married, but during a succession of years that were bad for trade, it fell off, and he got into some difficulty. Nothing, however, that he might not have overcome, had he not, in an unguarded hour, become security for a relative, whose subsequent failure involved him beyond all he could meet. His home was sold to pay another man's creditors, and, unable to recover himself, he went to America, hoping, on fresh ground, to be more successful than it was likely he would again be at home.

But after landing in New York, he was never again heard of. All inquiries by letter proved in vain; and at length it was determined that his eldest son, who was a very steady, good young fellow, should go out, and endeavour to ascertain what had become of him; and for this purpose money was taken out of the little that was available for the support of the family.

It is sad to tell that young Harry Granton died of fever soon after landing in America, and of his father's fate nothing was ever known; while, after a time, the two daughters, both of whom were in respectable employment, returned home one after the other to die of decline.

All these circumstances were well known to Mr. Standing, and he was in no way ignorant of the fact that Mrs. Granton had for several years been struggling hard to maintain and educate her youngest child, whom he was about to take as an apprentice, on terms more favourable to himself than he was often able to make,—the weekly allowance agreed upon being less in amount, and given for a shorter period, than was customary.

During the first three years, there was not to be any payment; and for all that a working lad requires, except his meals and his bed, for week-day clothes and Sunday clothes, Hugh was still wholly dependent on his mother's earnings, small and uncertain as they were,—for she had no settled trade to pursue, and no support but such as came from her own work.

How she shivered in thin clothing that he might have an overcoat, and wore cheap boots that let the water through, so that Hugh should have his thick and strong, scarcely need be told, for mothers are doing the same kind of thing every day.

Hugh's third year was drawing to a close, when one day the doctor of the place they lived in—his name was Martin—went hurriedly to his wife, who was in her store-room, and said, "I do wish you would go and see that poor Mrs. Granton"—and here the doctor looked quickly round the well-filled shelves—"and take something nice with you for Hugh; he's at home ill."

Mrs. Martin asked what was the matter with Hugh Granton.

"Over-work," said the doctor, "and, very likely, under-feeding. I'll get it all from him after a while. He's broken a blood-vessel, and of course must not speak until we are sure the bleeding won't come back. He ought to have beef-tea or some good broth at once."

"I'll see about it," said Mrs. Martin, who was already putting cake and black currant jelly into a basket.

Hugh had been helping to raise a long ladder to a window, when sudden hæmorrhage came on and almost suffocated him.

"He'll never be well again," Doctor Martin told his wife, shaking his head in the wise-looking way doctors do when they make up their mind about a thing; "but don't tell his mother that; she's bad enough as it is."

There was no need to tell her, or to speak to her of false hope either, for Mrs. Granton had seen her two daughters die of consumption, and when Hugh was brought home to her, suffering as has been told, it was the same to her as if his death warrant had been signed.

Never again was Hugh able to return to his work; never once able to earn the small weekly wage that would soon have been his due—the poor half-crown that he had so often pictured to himself as taken home to his mother, and proudly, joyfully, given to her as his first earning—a foretaste of all that he hoped yet to bring to her, so that comfort and comparative ease might at length take the place of close work and poverty—a poverty deeper and more pressing than Hugh's mother had ever let him know.

After a few days, as the dreaded hæmorrhage did not return, he was allowed to sit up and to speak, and Doctor Martin going cautiously about it, drew from him an account of his life at Mr. Standing's. It so happened that while he was talking to him, a message came from that person, asking on what day Hugh would be back, as they were very busy, and wanted him.

The answer was sent by Doctor Martin.

"Tell your master," he said to the mes-

senger, "that I say Hugh Granton is not going back, and I'll most likely call to-morrow and tell him why;" and presently the doctor went home with a glow of indignation in his honest heart, that might be safely expressed to his wife, but not to Hugh, lest it might hasten the pulse that it was life to him to keep calm; and not to his mother, for Hugh's whole desire was that she should never know the circumstances of which Doctor Martin had induced him to speak.

"That brute, Standing," the doctor said to his wife,—"I beg your pardon, my dear, for using such a word, but really no other will do. I'm not sure but his doings come under the last Factory Act; I'll tell him so at any rate, and that I'm going to look into the matter. Sending that unfortunate lad—and so delicate, too, as he always was—sending him away early in the morning to jobs in the country ever so far off, and not back till near night, and with only a piece of bread in his pocket, and then when he got back, the cold leavings of their dinner given to him, and he sent to the back workshops to grind and mix paint for the next day's work. Half-frozen all the winter, coming back through the snow, and never allowed near a fire, but grind, grind, in the back shop. I promised not to tell his mother, and then I got it all from him. I always knew Standing was a brute."

"And his wife is worse," cried Mrs. Martin. "The boy was living in their house, and it was her place to see that he was properly treated. And you say he'll not get better?"

"Never," said the doctor; "the strength may flicker up a bit, that's all."

"You should have told your mother of the way they treated you," said Mrs. Martin to Hugh, some days after this.

"Oh no, ma'am," he replied; "it would only have vexed her, and if she had interfered, it would have made the master her enemy and mine too. And then I always thought I'd have been able to fight through to the end."

And Hugh had done this, but the end reached was not that which he had looked forward to.

Yet, in losing his life he had found it. The loneliness, the discomfort, the lack of all kindness and consideration led him to look for the knowledge of Him who calls His followers not servants, but friends.

The boy missed his mother's kindness so, that he felt sometimes as if he could scarcely live through the harshness that made all work a labour, the selfishness that stinted him in needful comfort, nearly beyond what could be borne.

In very desolation of spirit, he looked up to our Father who is in heaven, and to the Son of His love, through whom we may draw near, not as aliens, but as fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.

"Call upon Me in the time of trouble, and I will deliver thee." Surer than the foundations of the everlasting hills is the reality of that promise, and to those who lay hold of it, will the high honour be given them that they shall glorify God.

In the patient fulfilment of duty; in quiet endurance of the wearing sickness, before which his earthly future faded away; in the strong and simple faith that rested on the salvation the blessed Saviour has wrought out, and taking God at His word, believing that there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus—in all these things it was given to Hugh to glorify God.

His illness, with all the variations that belong to consumption, lasted for several months, and during this time, friends such as they had never known before were raised up for Hugh and his mother, to minister to them of their substance, and supply all the sick lad's need, whilst bringing also into their poor dwelling the cheering consolations of Christian sympathy and faith.

In early spring the end drew near.

Mrs. Granton was alone with her son. It had been a day of mingled storm and sunshine, but at evening-tide the golden light of a brilliant sunset filled the air.

Raised up in a bed, opposite the little window of the room, Hugh could see something of the glowing western sky.

Though there was no visible change, he had felt all day that his hours were numbered.

Mrs. Granton had been arranging his pillows, wetting his parched lips, raising the damp hair from his brow, when he suddenly said,—

"*Kiss me, mother, and go down into the kitchen until I die.*"

He felt that the great change was at hand, and he would fain spare her the suffering of seeing it come.

She kissed and hung over him, and he said again hurriedly,—

"*Go, mother dear—good-bye—go down to the kitchen until I die.*"

His mother felt that she dare not refuse him.

Outwardly calm, but in anguish that words could never tell, she went quietly away, and fell on her knees in the kitchen in an unspoken agony of prayer.

A friend coming in soon after, found her thus, passed softly to the room, and saw that Hugh was gone.

A glory from the setting sun was round his head, and on his countenance a peaceful smile.

There are heroes of whom the world never hears, and it has been truly said there are noble biographies that have never been written. Heroic men have toiled on in their daily duties, and suffered and sacrificed, and kept their integrity, serving God and helping others, and all the time exercising qualities that those in higher positions than themselves would have been honoured by possessing.

Doubtless there is a tendency in genuine piety to promote heroism,—for trust and loving confidence in God is the most ennobling element that can enter man's character; and to possess this, and to rise above self, and live for others, is as truly heroic as to face the ranks of an enemy. Judged thus, Hugh Granton has a place among unknown heroes; forgotten though he may be by all but the writer of this little record, to whom he was well known.

Many years have gone since, with those words of unselfish affection on his lips, he passed from the death he met alone, into eternal life. The rod of the oppressor for ever broken, the burden of the weary laid down, confidence in God, and faith in a living Saviour, become realities amid the new life in the many mansions of a loving Father's house!



MAD JOHN BURLEIGH:

A STORY OF HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT,

Author of "Her Two Sons," "Eric Olsson's Minde Ring," "Drifted," "Little Rainbow," "Corbiestanes," "Our Navvies," etc., etc.



"'He'd no call to burn my things wi'out my leave, and I never gave him it.'
"'Ethel,' said Mrs. Burleigh in a low voice, 'do not remind the man of what he owes your brother. John would not like it.'"

CHAPTER XXV.

JOHN BURLEIGH IS COMFORTED, AND BRADLEY SHOWS HIS GRATITUDE.

BRADLEY, stupefied by sorrow, and with all his interest absorbed by his own concerns, heard with indifference of the death of Bob Chatteris. He and the boys, in clean things, removed to the shed; and the following day, while the Vicar was away at the town, making arrangements that his friend should rest in the same grave with the girl he so faithfully loved, the women carried the infected bedding and clothes out of the cottage, and burnt them in the garden.

When this was done, they proceeded to whitewash the walls, and to scrub the floors with ammonia; and when, late in the evening, he returned, John Burleigh noticed that the sickly fever scent was gone, and that the cottage stood all damp and open to the evening air. But his heart was so sad that, though he thanked the willing and now exhausted women gently, he could not smile, but passed alone into the presence of his dead. This man—his very own, whose soul, by the mercy of God, he had been the means of saving; whose life had risen out of ruin before his very sight, and had become noble and beautiful; his son, in a dearer bond than that of human relationship, was gone—gone before him, to possess what he, with a yearning heart, longed for—rest and peace in the presence of his Lord. His body was strangely weak; now and again came that sharp, darting pain, or that long, dull ache, whose meaning he did not understand. But he could not think of himself; he had walked many miles, and had eaten nothing, almost unconsciously. A mist had risen between his vision and all tangible things; one thought drove all others to a distance—"Bob Chatteris is gone." He thought, clearly and distinctly, of all the needed arrangements, and spoke calmly, and gave his directions precisely; but the moment the business was completed, his thoughts circled round and round in a busy, questioning whirl. And then had come on him an intense desire to see his poor friend's face once more; for he knew what must happen that night, and his mind consented, although his heart shrank from the hard necessity.

So John Burleigh had hastened on, and now he was here, in the awful stillness of the poor place where the navvy lay. A great peace was there, and John Burleigh sank on his knees, and thanked God for redemption. And as he prayed, his prayer changed to praise, the mist rolled away, and the glory of God flooded the past and the future.

He no longer questioned; he knew. He no longer asked for an explanation; he saw. He no longer strove to understand; he comprehended. How long he remained, he knew not. He ceased to use words; they were no longer necessary. An indefinable sense of companionship came to him. He was no longer alone, for there, between himself and the bed upon which lay that stiff figure, covered with a sheet, carved as it were in stone, stood, or seemed to stand, in the white light of the autumn night, an over-shadowing Presence. And amid the dimness there seemed to be stretched toward himself two white hands—hands which spoke with a welcoming gesture; and toward him was bent a Face of such unutterable tenderness, which, in its steady gaze, comprehended, and at the same time solved, his every doubt, understood his most secret heart-ache, and comforted his sense of failure for ever. At last he knew what perfect sympathy could be. How long he knelt, for what space of time that silent vision stood before him, he knew not.

The tread of feet sounded outside, and men's voices broke the silence. He hastily stepped to the side of the couch, and drew the sheet from the face he had loved; even in that half-darkness he started back—the change since the morning was appalling. The door opened, there shone in a glare of candle-light, he heard a bumping sound, and the Vicar turned away and tried to steady his shaking nerves.

The doctor came forward.

"I am very glad, Mr. Burleigh, that you have remembered what I said this morning. This pest will go on, so long as it can find anything to feed upon."

John Burleigh could not speak; he bowed. The noise went on.

"Ah!" said the doctor, "not an hour too soon. Now, where is the quick-lime?—a good bag full. That's right! here, I will pour it in. Hallo! what's that?"

A dull, heavy thud sounded behind his back; he turned quickly.

"The gentleman's fainted, sir; shall we carry him out?"

"Not for the world! you'll kill him if you move him an inch. Take the coffin out, and get it away."

And the doctor was by John Burleigh's side, and with a strangely anxious face bending over him. He managed to pour a little brandy between the Vicar's lips, and at length felt a slight flutter in the pulse. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, though he was not a religious man, and hardly thought of what he was saying; still it was a relief *to say* it.

"Lie still, Mr. Burleigh; smell this;" and he poured a few drops from a little bottle upon his handkerchief, and held the corner toward him.

"But—I must go—to poor Bob."

"You cannot; they have left."

"Is it long since?"

"So long that you cannot follow possibly; now, do not move until I return."

Rebecca brought a pillow, and placed it tenderly under his head, and sat down on the floor near to him. The nurse came, looked, and disappeared, so did Martha, with tears running slowly down her hard cheeks. He hardly noticed them, though he knew that they were there.

It seemed a long period to Rebecca, whose heart was throbbing with misery, but only a few minutes to John Burleigh, to whom time had lost its meaning, until there was a sound of wheels outside, and the doctor re-appeared. Then there was a slow drive to the Vicarage; and when the cab stopped at the gate, both Martha and Rebecca were waiting at it, the girl having run there swiftly by the shorter field path.

* * * *

Very restful it was to John Burleigh to lie in his own room, his mother and sisters coming and going; to wake up in the night from some light slumber, and to find Rebecca, with her pale face and watchful eyes, standing beside him, a spoon in her hand, and a tender smile on her lips; to be cared for and loved; to be told that all was going well at the brickfields, that the fever was entirely stamped out, that Mr. Tozer was taking immense care of the parish; it was all very soothing, and yet somehow he could not sleep.

"I have got out of the habit," he said, with a little smile.

His mother smiled back, and told him that all in good time it would return; and then she would go swiftly into the dining-room, shut the door, and burst into tears; and her daughters tried in vain to comfort her, for was he not her firstborn?

"He is dying," she said; "I feel that he is just sinking away. Nothing strengthens him—Martha's essence of beef-tea—nothing does him good."

"I think, mother, that he soon would improve if he could sleep."

"You have tried reading aloud, and singing, Minnie, and both have roused, not soothed him; and that good girl, Rebecca, has fanned him and combed his hair for hours—what an admirable, quiet nurse she is!—and all has been of no avail."

"I think that Rebecca must have a history," replied Minnie, trying to distract her mother's attention from the one subject which she ceaselessly dwelt upon. "There is a something about her that I cannot understand. I have been questioning Martha, but she would only say—because our servants were also in the kitchen, I suppose—'She is a young woman from master's old parish, whose father thought a deal of master, and so he sent her to help.'"

"He is so good, every one loves him," replied Mrs. Burleigh, beginning to weep again; "but he has just killed himself for them."

"They ought to be grateful," said Ethel; "but, dear mother, do not cry; John will see your red eyes, and it will bring on his pain again."

A knock came to the door, and a servant entered.

"A man wishes to speak to Mr. Burleigh, ma'am, and will not believe that he cannot be seen; he has been both last week and this, and I sent him away, but now he will not go."

"Show him in here, Johnson."

A man appeared, whose physiognomy did not prepossess the ladies. He possessed dull red hair, had a vacillating expression, and an awkward, weak manner. He stood before them, twisting his hat round in his hands, and glancing at the dignified lady near the fire, and then away uneasily to the window, against which the rain was driving. He divided his regard almost equally between the occupants of the dining-room and the autumn leaves as they were whirled across the casement.

It was Bradley. During his wife's lifetime he had been a better man than he now found himself. Her strong, honest ways had kept him straight; she had ruled him always, but ever for his good. Secretly he had fretted under the consciousness that he was not his *own* master, much less *hers*. Now that she was gone, he could do as he pleased; but he was as a vessel without a rudder, drifting hither and thither—a wreck in all but name.

"Well, my good man, why do you wish to see Mr. Burleigh? My servant told you that he was not able to speak to you," said Mrs. Burleigh.

The man coughed; he felt over-awed by this great lady's manner. He coughed again, and then muttered,—

"My name's Dick Bradley."

Saying even these few words gave him courage, and he looked at the young ladies, and away from the window.

"What! are you the man from the brick-fields? Are you the man whose family had the fever?" cried Minnie excitedly. Ethel advanced a step toward him.

"You, too, were ill. Will you not sit down and tell us all about it?"

Bradley looked doggedly at the young ladies.

"I did not come about that—that's done wi'. It's somethin' else I want."

In a constrained voice Ethel said, "Indeed!"

Bradley moved uneasily under Miss Burleigh's astonished glance, but returned it defiantly.

"Yes, I've been three times in these weeks past, and I said to mysen and to Bill—that's my man—I'd not leave the Vicarage for anybody this time, wi'out satisfaction. Nor no more I will!"

The ladies remained silent.

"I've been put off by old Martha, and by that man o' yours, too oft; but what's right is right."

"If you have not come to ask after Mr. Burleigh, or to tell us about that terrible illness, and all that he did for you, what other motive could bring you here?" asked Miss Burleigh.

Bradley became angry. It appeared that these fine ladies would not understand him, and he only did not become insolent, because he was afraid to be rude until he had got what he wanted.

"I told you, miss, that's all past. No one axed Mr. Burleigh to come nigh us; he came to please hisself. I daresay we'd have got through wi'out him, well enough; and I hear tell it's not t' fever as *he's* got at all, though it's a sad misfortune he enjoys such bad health, and I'm sorry for it; but it can't be helped. I'm here to get my rights, and I'll have them."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Burleigh wonderingly. She had expected a burst of gratitude, and was exceedingly puzzled. What could the man mean?

"Just so!" cried Bradley, raising his voice, "I see *you* understand, ma'am; so what I say is, give me satisfaction, for satisfaction I'll have."

"Explain yourself, please."

"I'll do that fast enough. You see it's this way. Mr. Burleigh comes to my place, and while we're ill, he goes and burns all t' good clothes Mrs. Boothroyd gave my missus—pounds' worth, as she told me hersen; and not content wi' that destruction, he burns, or anyway he and Bob Chatteris, and afterwards them fond women, burns every bed and bit of bedding in t' place; and my satisfaction for t' damage is twenty pounds,—so there, ma'am."

For a moment Mrs. Burleigh could hardly believe that she heard aright. Here was the man for whom, and for whose family, it seemed that she was to lose her most dearly loved son. Was it for such a wretch as this that his noble life was to be given? She sat dumb with horror.

Something in her face touched even Bradley's conscience, and he muttered uneasily,—

"I will have my rights."

"Did my brother," said Miss Burleigh, "give you no beds? I found a bill the other day for seven new ones."

"Yes, them spring things! But I'd a sight sooner have my old ones; one was a feather one that my missus died on."

"Did my brother not provide the nurses, and keep your whole family for weeks?"

"Yes, but what's a parson good for, if he doesn't give a little relief? He'd no call to burn my things wi'out my leave, and I never gave him it."

"Ethel," said Mrs. Burleigh in a low voice, "do not remind the man of what he owes to your brother; John would not like it. He gave *himself;* we surely can give *this.*"

She went to a desk, took out her cheque-book, and wrote the sum demanded; but so tremulous was her signature, that there was a consultation at the bank before that £20 was paid.

As Bradley went home, he met little Mary running through the rain.

"Where art thou going, Mary?"

"To ax how Mr. Bur'y is. I come every day, father."

"You mun go no more."

"Why, father?"

But her father did not reply.

"Daddy, you've been," said the child, at the point of tears; "did they tell you that Mr. Bur'y was worse?"

"I didn't ax."

"Then what did yer go for?"

"For no business o' yourn. But mind my words, you bide at home and mind t' childer."

"Oh, father, let me come just once a day?"

"No!" said Bradley, "you bide at home. I'll have my rights, and make you know what they is, every one o' you."

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN WHICH LADY SUSAN HAS HER OWN WAY.

"STUBBS writes that Burleigh is seriously ill, and that his mother and sisters are at Houghrigg Vicarage, and his uncle and brother have quarters at the Azerley Arms. It seems that he is not suffering from fever, but from extreme prostration, and that there is something the matter with his heart. I am afraid it is serious."

So spake the earl to his wife one morning, in the privacy of her boudoir.

"Do you think that we ought to return, Diana?"

"No, hardly. You might go, or perhaps we could induce Markham to do so for a few days; but I do not see the necessity for the rest of us."

"You might ask the ladies to the Chase," said her lord.

"If he is as ill as Stubbs reports, I have little doubt that they will prefer to remain with him."

"No doubt you are right there," assented her husband.

"Then there is Susan — she becomes more inexplicable every day. She has grown quite thin and spiritless. I fancied that perhaps Mr. Hardman wearied her, though how so charming a young man can bore any one, passes my comprehension."

"You have quite an ardent admiration for that young fellow, Di; I never knew you so taken before, not even, I think, in *my* young days."

"Now be serious! Where was I? Oh, I remember. Well, since he left, she has only become more depressed, and I cannot but suspect that she is ill from anxiety, and if this is so, what possible cause can there be for it? There is absolutely at present nothing disagreeable occurring. Even Edward is all right."

"Which is a rare occurrence indeed!" interjected the earl. His wife ignored the interruption.

"There is absolutely nothing, as I said, save the reports of this wretched fever, and no one can guess where it will end. I shudder when I remember the last time that it broke out in the village. We were completely cut off from every one! No one will of course come to us, even when we return; so I shall certainly not do that yet awhile."

"You need not dread isolation. All fear even of infection is past. Burleigh appears to have managed admirably; even he himself, you see, is not suffering from the fever, but apparently from exhaustion."

"Ah, yes, that is well!" and then Lady Azerley fell into a muse, and her husband took up a magazine, and idly turned over the illustrations.

"She certainly likes Mr. Burleigh," spake her ladyship. "I recollect that they were immense allies last winter. Perhaps she has heard something of *his* illness! and yet last winter is so long since."

"Yes," assented the earl, tossing the magazine down, "yes, possibly; and yet, as you say——"

His words were stayed by a hurried knock, and in another moment Lady Susan was by his side, holding out a letter. Her eyes were widely opened with a startled misery in them, which was pitiful to see. There was no lassitude now, at all events, in her manner; her face was intensely pale, but her hands were trembling and her lips quivering.

"Father! mother!" she half gasped, "read this."

"Certainly, my dear," replied the earl politely; "but won't you sit down?" and he wheeled a low easy chair round; but his daughter only grasped its back, and watched her mother as she read the letter—it was not a long one—and then handed it across to her father.

"Who is the person who writes?" asked Lady Azerley in her even voice.

"I do not know, and, mother, I care less, for one can see that it is true. *That* is the main thing. I must go immediately; please let me."

"But, my dear child, pray consider how utterly improper it would be. Why should *you* go? Mr. Burleigh is a young man, and though you may consider yourself his friend, he has no claim upon us. If he were a labourer, you might visit him as a charity, perhaps; though I can never comprehend why you enjoy doing such things, still——"

But Lady Susan heard no more of the words which flowed on so calmly; she saw the strong, placid expression steal over her mother's face, which meant immovable resolution. She had but one hope left, and turned to her father.

The earl was turning over the letter hesitatingly.

"Your mother, my dear girl, is right, as she ever is. It is impossible, *les convenances*"—then he looked up—"ah!" he exclaimed, and stopped.

"I am going to be Mr. Burleigh's wife," said Lady Susan to him; "he asked permission, months ago, to come to you, and I would not give it. So we have only been friends. Then he wrote and gave me back my promise, entirely, wholly. Then I knew how wrongly I had acted, and the pain I had given him, and I refused to receive my freedom. I told him that whether he would or not, I held him to his promise, and was *determined* to be his wife."

The girl's face glowed now, and her eyes softened and fell.

"Susan! are you *mad?*" gasped Lady Azerley. "He is *poor*, wretchedly *poor;* he is eccentric, he will never be even a bishop, he is so—so—*je ne sais quoi*."

"Unworldly," said Lady Susan, with a shadow of a smile.

"Oh dear!" groaned her mother, "where *did* you pick up that phrase?"

The earl was looking at his daughter, and there was a tremulous twitch about his mouth. He raised his hand, and stroked his moustache to conceal it. Suddenly Lady Susan turned again to him.

"Father, dear father, it will break my heart if I have not seen him, and John——" She could say no more.

"Put on your bonnet, Susan. I will take you myself."

"Then," said Lady Azerley coldly, "though nothing could well be more inconvenient, we had better all leave Inverben, and go to the Chase. It will only be a matter of waiting a few days."

"Oh, father, I *cannot* wait! Pity me!"

"My girl, don't look so. Run and put your bonnet on. I will order the carriage, and we can telegraph to Stubbs and to Banks from the station. In eight hours they can surely light fires, and have some dinner ready."

Long ere Lady Azerley's offence had died down, the travellers had reached their destination, and during that long journey the father and daughter learnt to understand and to love, each the other, as they had never done before. This crisis of her life had overcome the girl's inherent shyness, and the confiding appeal to his love had warmed her father's affection so thoroughly, that it melted the icy barrier of English reserve in which we all encase ourselves. The two did not talk much about John Burleigh, but each knew that the other was thinking of him; and the words of warm appreciation which fell from her father's lips were very dear to Lady Susan. She now knew that, in his heart of hearts, the earl understood what manner of man he was, who was her beau-ideal of goodness.

As they drove through the slumbering village, and turned into the gates of the Chase, she leaned from the window of the carriage, and saw a faint light gleam out from a bedroom window in the humble Vicarage, and with a sigh of relief, knew that her worst fear was not to be realised, and that she should see John Burleigh once more. Until that moment she had not realised the crushing weight of that load of unacknowledged dread. She took her father's hand in her own, and kissed it.

"My dear father," she said. He put his arm round her, and drew her close to his side, and held her there.

John Burleigh heard the unusual sound of wheels on the still night air, and beckoned to Rebecca Sugden.

"Who can it be?"

"I am not sure, sir, but I think Lady Susan Stopham."

"Why?"

Rebecca hesitated.

"Why?" repeated John Burleigh.

Before his eyes she could hide nothing.

"Because, sir, I wrote to her. Oh, sir, forgive me!"

"Forgive! I bless you."

An hour passed, and then, as though he had spoken but a few minutes previously the weak voice said,—

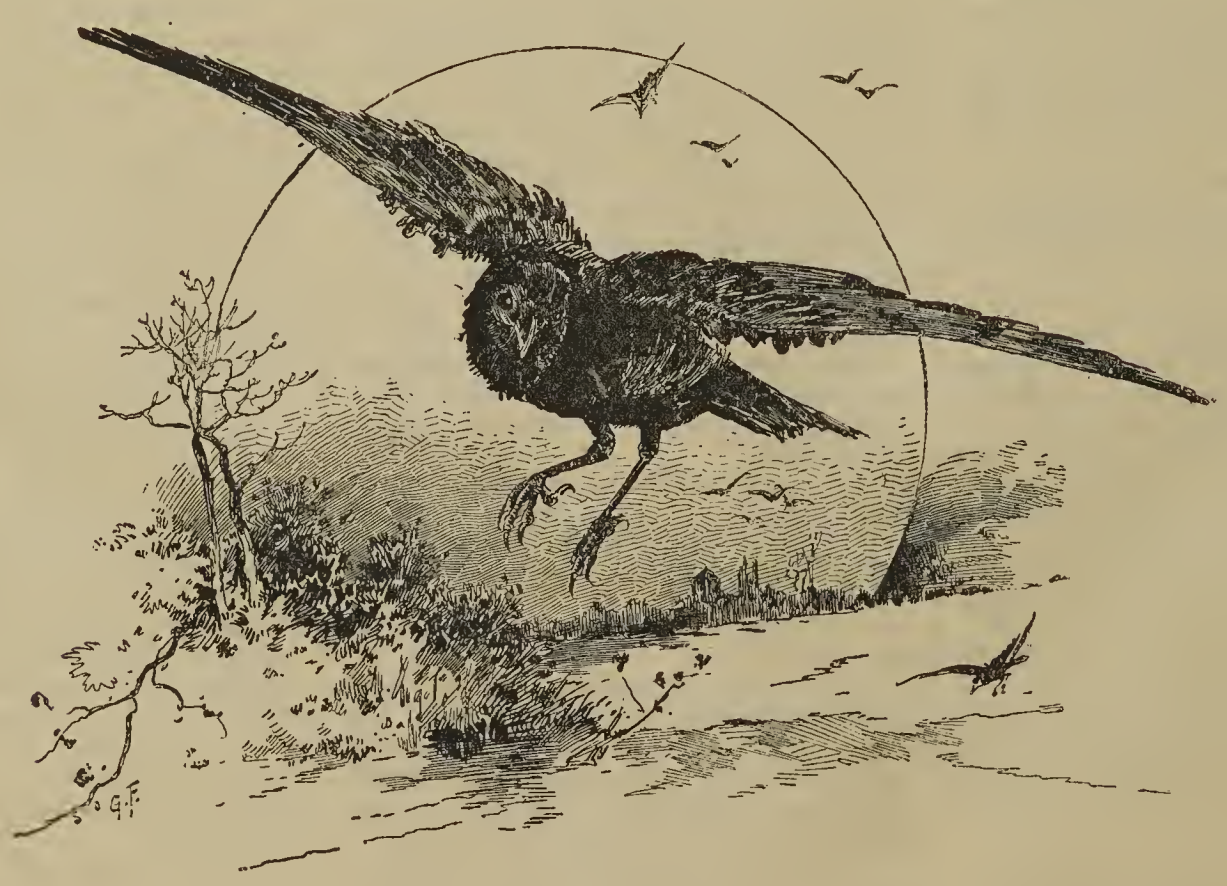
"How did you know?"

"Two or three times, when you have slept a little, in your sleep you have said the name, and I saw there was something you wanted, and I thought, and thought, until it seemed to me that——"

"You were right—we love each other;" and then he closed his eyes, and turned his head upon the pillow, and Rebecca sat by the fire, and put on bits of coal with her fingers, that if he slept she might not disturb him. At length she took up Mr. Burleigh's Bible and found the place, "And Jesus, moved with compassion, . . . saith unto him, I will; be thou clean." And then she ceased to fret. Even for her there might still be a future, in her home with her father and her mother, please God. *That*, at least, she might enjoy to the full. And then she drew from her pocket her father's last letter, and read it. Commercial, both in style and writing, underneath there rang a tone of tenderness which warmed her to her very heart's core. She watched through the live-long night, and Lady Susan slept as she had not done for weeks past; but both girls saw the sun rise red and angry above a bank of rain clouds, and both, for John Burleigh's sake, wished that the next three or four hours were passed. He had not slept, though he had been very still all night, and now that the light broke he whispered,—

"Our morning prayers, Rebecca," and she knelt as usual by the bed, and this day he smiled as he asked for the General Thanksgiving.

(*Continued—page* 801.)

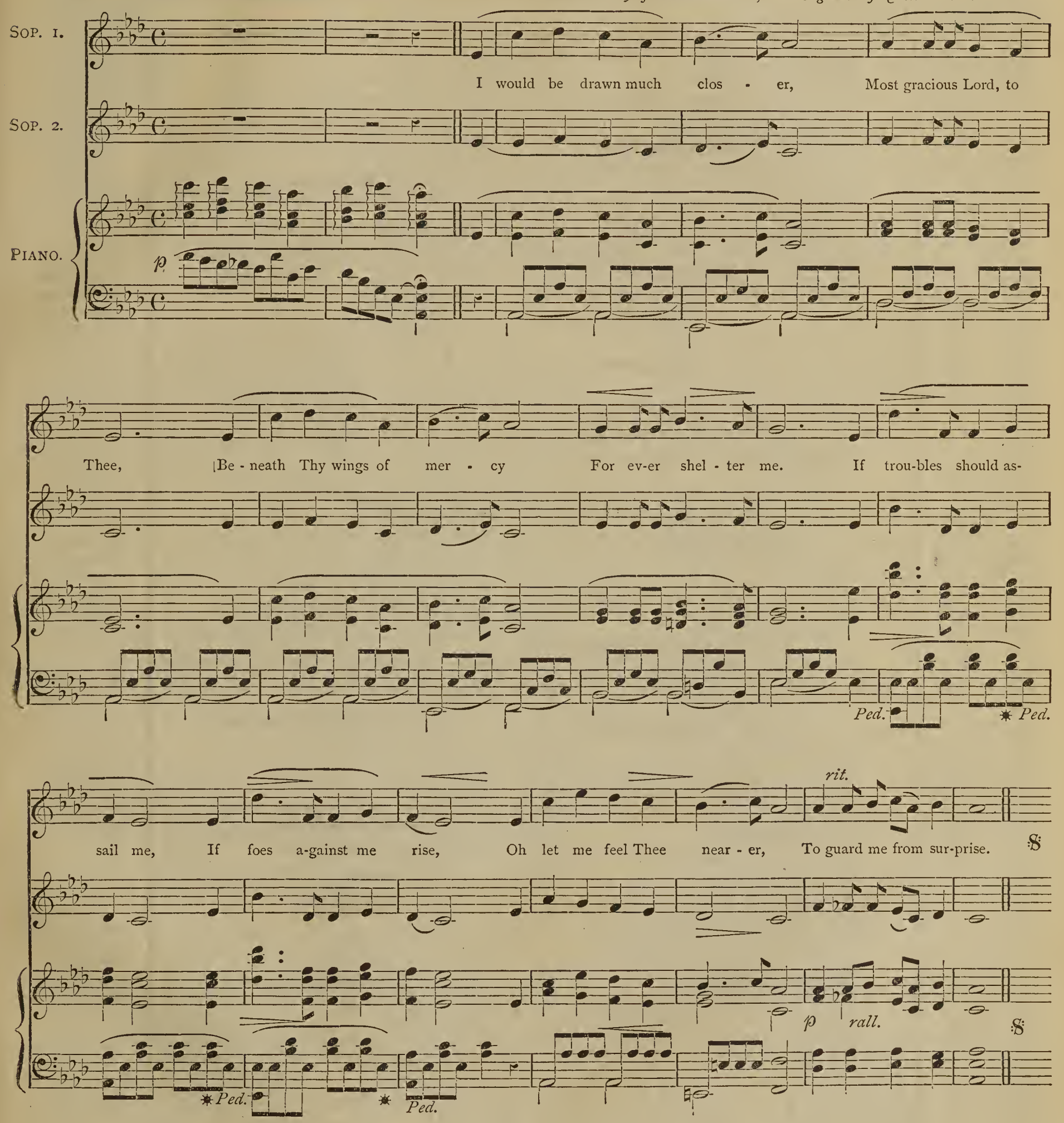


"I would be drawn much closer."

(Sacred Duet.)

Words by the Rev. H. G. Thwaites

Music by J. S. Mitchell, *late Organist of Queenstown Church.*



I would be drawn much closer Than ever yet I've been,
That neither cloud nor shadow May ever intervene ;
That living in Thy presence, And guided by Thy voice,
I may be faithful to Thee, And in Thy love rejoice.

I would be drawn much closer, Above these earthly toys,
That I may find my pleasure Alone in heavenly joys,
And see in Thee, my Master, Enough to satisfy,
Enough to hush each murmur, To still each earth-born sigh.

I would be drawn much closer, Much closer, Lord, to Thee,
Oh cut the many earth bonds, That keep me still from Thee,
And let me rise up higher,— Higher in faith and love,
Till hope becomes fruition, In Thy sweet home above.

Then shall I be quite near Thee, And never, never sin,
Then nothing shall molest me ; For all is pure within
Those jasper walls of glory, Those palaces of God ;
And I shall walk in whiteness With Thee, the Eternal God.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

A BRETON PRAYER.—When the Breton mariner puts to sea, his prayer is, "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small, and Thy ocean is so wide." Does not this beautiful prayer truly express the condition of each of us?

MATTHEW HENRY, in his own quaint and striking way, says, "When Christ was about to leave the world, He made His will. His soul He committed to His Father; His body He bequeathed to Joseph, to be decently interred; His clothes fell to the soldiers; His mother He left to the care of John; but what should He leave to His poor disciples that had left all for Him? Silver and gold He had none, but He left them that which was infinitely better, His peace."

"Peace I leave with you!"

WHEN President Edwards came to die, after bidding all his relatives farewell, his last words were, "And now where is Jesus of Nazareth, my true and never-failing Friend?" and so saying, he sweetly fell asleep. Jesus is a Friend, ever near and ever true; the fragrance of whose Name is as sweet perfume to the saints in heaven and on earth.

THE setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone, shadows of the evening fall behind us, and the world seems but a dim reflection of itself—a broader shadow. We look forward into the lonely night; the soul withdraws itself. Then stars arise and the night is holy.

NEARNESS of life to the Saviour will necessarily involve greatness of love to Him. As nearness to the sun increases the temperature of the various planets, so near and intimate communion with Jesus raises the heat of the soul's affections toward Him. —*Spurgeon.*

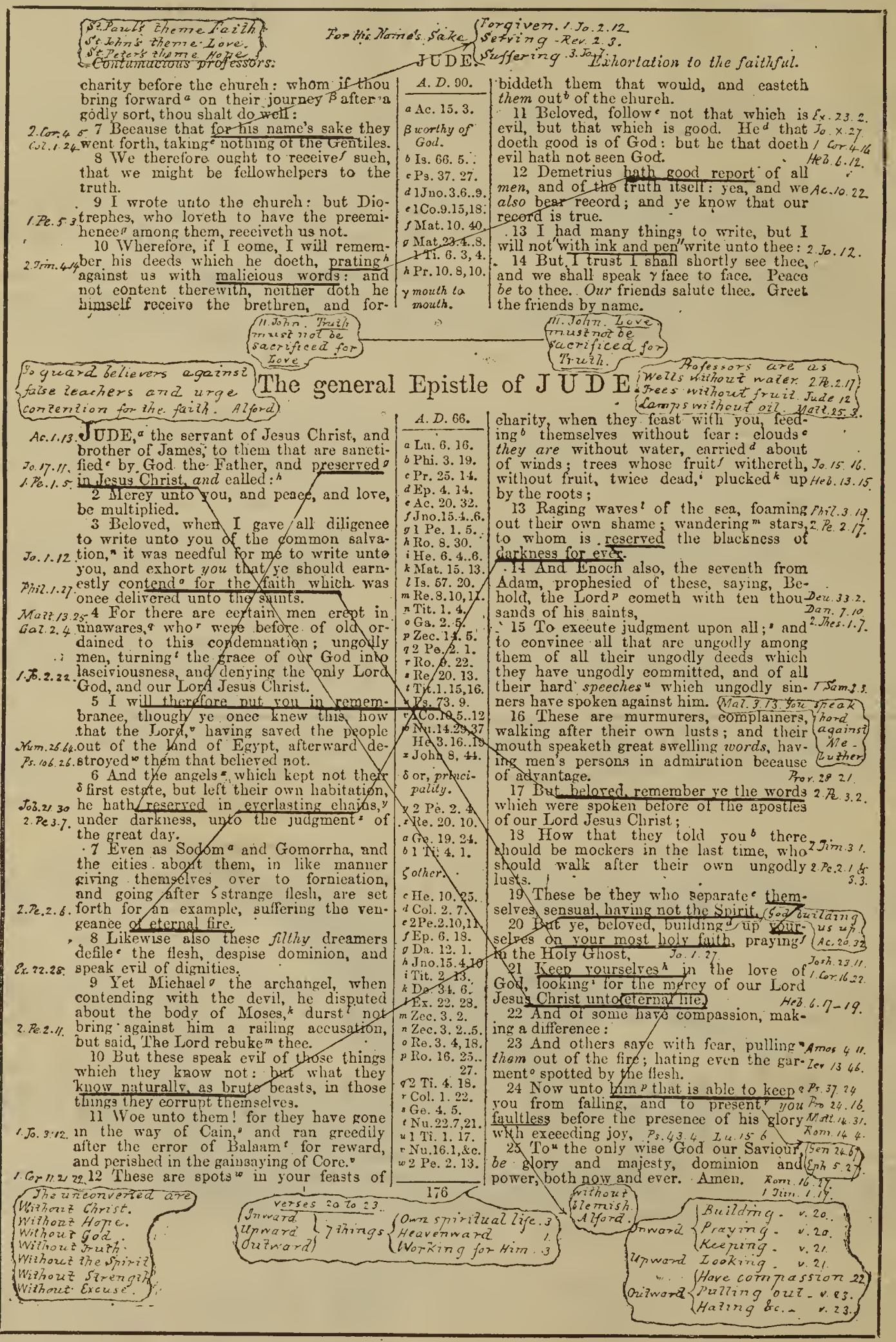
THERE will never be a second Saviour to atone for the guilt of rejecting the first. —*Wardlaw.*

A HOLY life spent in the service of God, and in communion with Him, is, without doubt, the most pleasant and comfortable life that any man can live in this world.—*Melancthon.*

HEAVEN is the day of which grace is the dawn; the rich, ripe fruit, of which grace is the lovely flower; the inner shrine of that most glorious temple to which grace forms the approach and outer court. — *Dr. Guthrie.*

A MAN is not disgraced by being unpopular, especially when he becomes so by telling the truth.

CHRISTIAN faith is a grand cathedral with Divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendour.



SHEEP-EATING PARROTS

By C. F. Gordon-Cumming, Author of "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War," etc., etc.

"*L'OCCASION fait le larron*" (Opportunity makes the thief). So says an old French proverb; and never has it been more aptly illustrated than in the case of the mountain parrot * of New Zealand, or, as it is called by the Maoris, the Kea, as suggesting its peculiar cry.

Through unknown ages, a small rat appears to have been the only four-footed creature which existed in New Zealand, and during this same period the Kea is supposed to have been, in common with all wild parrots, a most respectable vegetarian, supporting itself entirely in summer on mountain berries, and in winter descending from its remote haunts to feed in the lower forests, but always on vegetable fare. Untried and untempted, it dwelt in peace and innocence in the higher ranges of the snowy Alps of the Southern Isle, nesting amongst inaccessible crags in the ravines where streams and rivers are cradled. It does not seem to have found its way to the North Isle, but apparently exists only in the neighbourhood of the snow-capped peaks and glaciers of the South. There the Keas dwell in flocks, and may be seen flying high in the heavens, uttering wild, shrill cries.

The Kea is by no means a pretty parrot. It is a large, heavy bird, averaging eighteen inches in length, and is of a dull sage-green colour, made more sombre by a certain admixture of black and brown,—the only bright colour being the red under the wing, which only shows when the bird is in flight. Its powerful curved beak, which is about two inches in length, certainly looks as if nature had intended it for a bird of prey, but practically, as I have said, until within the last fifteen years or so, its diet consisted exclusively of fruits, leaves, and young shoots of trees, of which its native forests yield an abundant supply throughout the year.

It was first observed in the year 1856, when it was deemed very rare. At that time it never descended to the low grounds, except in very hard winters, when it came on foraging expeditions. Having never seen man (for the Maoris never explored the interior of the Southern Isle, but only settled on the coast), and having, moreover, the courage of a clean conscience, it was at first singularly tame, and being of an inquisitive nature, would come close to any explorer who found his way to its retreats.

As colonization increased, large sheep-runs were established on the higher levels, and in course of time were extended right up to those elevated regions, hitherto untrodden by any quadruped. Thus temptation in quite a new form was brought very near to the parrot with the powerful hooked beak; but some years elapsed ere it succumbed, or perhaps, ere it discovered how excellent a thing is good mutton, and so its carnivorous tastes were awakened.

It is supposed to have first tasted flesh during some exceptionally severe winters, when the high forests lay deep in snow, and all feathered tribes sought a livelihood on lower levels. Then the Keas, discovering newly-established human dwellings, boldly approached in flocks, and were attracted by a totally new feature, namely, open-air larder or meat gallows, whereon hung whole carcases of sheep ready for the winter use of the white men. The starving parrots tasted this unknown food, and found it so much to their liking, that from that time forward they have eaten meat in preference to fruit, entirely changing their vegetarian character, and have become the cruel scourge of the sheep-runs in the mountain-districts, proving far more terrible foes than even the kites and hooded crows.

Having once discovered the advantages of mutton, the Keas helped themselves freely to the meat so trustfully exposed; but in a land where the supply is so abundant, no one grudged the night birds their share, nor cared to keep watch to ascertain who were the robbers. The birds seem to have studied the carcases both as epicures and as skilful anatomists, for they not only ascertained that the most delicate fat lies around the kidneys, but also seem to have discovered how to reach it in the living animal, a most remarkable development of instinct.

It certainly is difficult to conceive what process of reasoning could lead a parrot to connect the hideous carcases on the meat-gallows with the flocks on the mountains, and still more to understand how the most intimate acquaintance with the said carcase could suggest the position of the kidneys in a living sheep. Nevertheless, from this time forward, the shepherds on the high sheep-runs began to find their flocks sorely harassed by some unknown foe—many of the finest and fattest sheep having sores on the saddle, just in front of the hips. In every case the wound was in the same place, directly above the kidneys. Some sheep were slightly wounded, and recovered, retaining only a scar; but others were cruelly mutilated, the flesh being torn aside—not eaten—till the skilful anatomists reached the coveted fat about the kidneys. This being secured, the barbarous unknown foe had evidently desired nothing more, but left the sheep to die in slow agony.

The Kea being, like the owl, a night-bird, did all its mischief under cover of the darkness, and so stealthy were its approaches, that for many months no clue could be obtained to the identity of this ruthless foe. Only from the fact that the blood-stained snow around the miserable, wounded sheep never revealed any track or trail of beast, it was evident that the marauder must be a bird of prey. Still, no one dreamt of suspecting the inoffensive fruit-eating mountain parrots of such iniquity; and when at length a shepherd ventured to suggest that they might be the offenders, his idea was scouted as preposterous; for, as yet, the nocturnal habits of the bird were unknown, and no one suspected his midnight raids. Ere long, however, the shepherd had the satisfaction of proving that his conviction had been well founded, for a parrot having alighted on a sheep, and commenced eagerly tearing the wool to get at the flesh, got its own claws so hopelessly entangled, that it was held captive, and was thus taken in the very act of its bloodthirsty attack.

The taste thus acquired spread so rapidly, that the whole tribe of mountain parrots seem to have abjured vegetarianism, and have become the most dangerous foe not only of the sheep-run, but also of the poultry-yard. So terrible is the devastation they have wrought, that the districts within their range now estimate their loss from this cause at four per cent. in every flock; in some cases the per-centage is far more serious. One sheep station had to report within five months the loss of two hundred fine young wethers out of a flock of three hundred, all these being so cruelly injured that they died. Another sheep-owner at Matatapu stated that within one month he had lost nineteen out of a flock of twenty strong Lincoln rams from this same cause.

Those bird-brigands work in parties, and having selected their victim (generally some heavy sheep, exhausted and stupefied by its struggles to make its way through heavy snow-drifts, often burdened with a double coat of wool, the growth of two years), they alight on its back, and commence operations. Fastening their claws in the long fleece, they tear open the flesh with their strong, cruel beaks, and vainly does the defenceless, bewildered sheep writhe beneath its ruthless assailants. There is no escape, and not till the last morsel of the coveted fat has been secured, will these barbarous vivisectors abandon their victim.

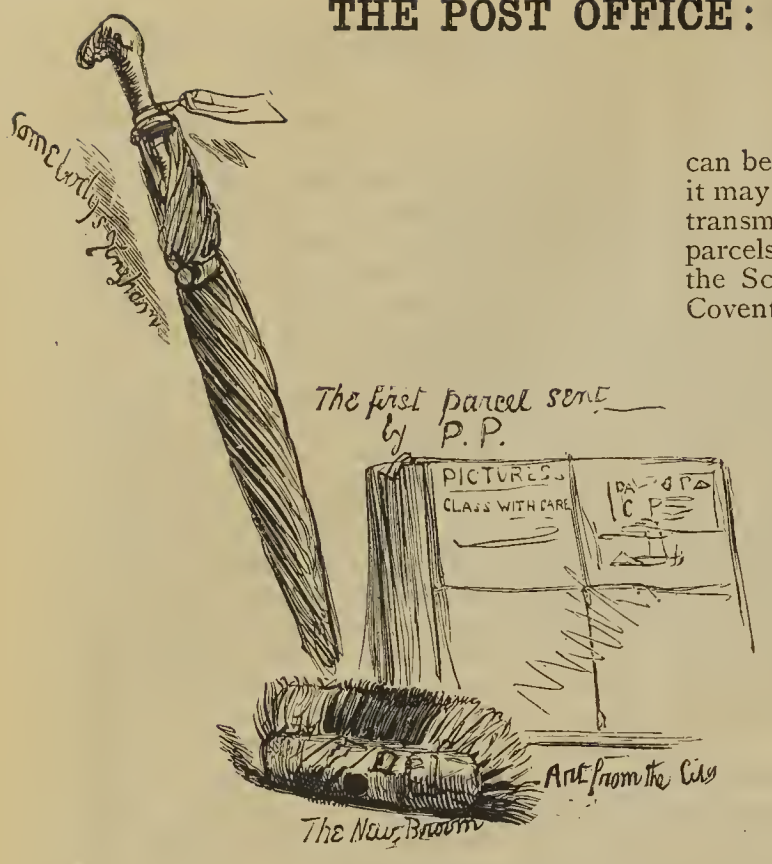
As conscience makes cowards of evil-doers, from the time when the Keas took to these wicked ways, these birds, hitherto so bold, seem to have acquired a guilty fear of man, and a dread of just retribution for their misdeeds; and so they became more and more shy, and it is now exceedingly difficult to get within range of them. Of course the settlers now wage a war of extermination against them, and the New Zealand Government voted a sum of £600 to increase the scale of reward offered for their destruction. A shilling a head is now paid for every dead Kea, and a reward which seems small in proportion to the toil involved; nevertheless, it has sufficed to give rise to a new profession, namely, that of parrot-exterminator. These men devote their nights to wandering over the bleakest high mountain sheep-runs, kindling fires to attract these nocturnal birds; and as their range is comparatively limited, there is fair ground for hope that in course of time they may be numbered amongst New Zealand's extinct birds.

Meanwhile one, at least, is now to be seen at the London Zoological Gardens, having been captured alive, after a severe fight, in which it bit and scratched its captor most mercilessly. It shows no wish to return to vegetable fare, but fully appreciates good English mutton.

* *Nestor notabilis.*

THE POST OFFICE: WHAT IT DOES, AND HOW IT DOES IT.

By An Official.



Part IV.

The Parcel Post and the Post Office Savings Bank.

THE Parcel Post necessarily has, to a very great extent, a totally distinct organisation, and in the larger towns is worked by a special staff. It was inaugurated in 1883, under the auspices of Mr. Fawcett, who unfortunately died before it had been proved to be the complete success and valuable boon to the public which it now is.

In introducing it, the Post authorities were at this disadvantage, that, in the care of parcels, the Post Office has no monopoly such as it necessarily has in the case of letters. No one but the Postmaster-General can collect or deliver letters outside the limits carefully prescribed by the Post Office Acts, without rendering himself liable to severe penalties. But in the case of parcels there is no such restriction, and the Post Office has nothing but superiority of organisation and capital, to put it at an advantage in respect of the firms and other persons whose business it is to carry and deliver parcels.

The Post Office system gave the public for the first time the advantage of sending parcels of a given weight, and at a fixed charge, to any part of Great Britain and Ireland. The new service was brought into operation without causing the slightest delay in the delivery of letters. In the first few weeks after the Parcel Post was introduced, the number of parcels carried was at the rate of fifteen millions a year. By the end of 1887 the number had increased to 32,860,154. As showing what can be done by means of the Parcel Post, it may be stated that it is much used for the transmission of fruit and flowers, numerous parcels, for instance, being despatched from the Scilly Islands by market gardeners to Covent Garden Market, where they arrive in time for delivery before eight o'clock in the morning.

Upwards of 14,000 parcels containing primroses reach London on the 18th and 19th April, the anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death.

The Parcel Post has been extended to more than sixty Colonies and foreign countries, our largest customers at present being Germany, India, and Belgium.





The size and bulk of parcels, except in a few and isolated cases, render the ordinary mail-bags unsuitable for their transmission; large oblong baskets, firmly fastened and padlocked, are used, and the total weight of the parcels despatched from the General Post Office in one evening alone amounts to twenty-five tons.

The central office and Parcel depôt in London is now on the site of the old Cold Bath Fields Prison; and where once unfortunate prisoners went through their dreary punishment of crank or treadmill, there is now a busy hive of Post Office employés. The name of the locality has been changed to Mount Pleasant.

To add to the boon which the introduction of the Parcel Post has conferred upon the community, and more especially that portion of it which dwells in remote country districts not reached by the railways or the other great carrying systems, the Post Office now virtually makes itself responsible for the safety of the parcels entrusted to it up to a certain value, although by law the Postmaster-General is expressly exempt from all liability. The Post Office pays compensation to the extent of £1



for any parcel which it may lose or damage, provided it contains none of the articles which are prohibited altogether, or specially exempted from the right to compensation. A list of such exemptions is given in the "Post Office Guide," published every quarter, and the "Penny Postal Handbook," both of which publications are sold at all post offices. Amongst such exceptions are very fragile articles, and it is significant of the recklessness of the public, the confidence which they have in the Post Office, and the real care taken by the latter, that thousands of such fragile articles, from eggs to crockery, are conveyed through all the change from mail-van to railways and back again without, in the very large proportion of cases, the slightest injury. Walking sticks, banjos, fiddles, hats, clocks, glass vases, and the multifarious articles of which our artist has given illustrations, all go through this marvellous and omnivorous machine.

One of the unexpected results of the Parcel Post has been the revival of coaches as competitors for carrying with the railways. As will be readily understood, the former affords greater facilities for taking up and setting down along a thinly populated route than a railway, and the mail coach to Brighton, which for parcels was inaugurated last year, has been very successful as an experiment, and so far as the neighbourhood of London is concerned, the system is one likely to be still more widely extended.

The sortation and treatment of parcels differs in principle but little from that which is applied to letters. But the bulk and size of the former of course necessitate different premises and different mechanical appliances, and their transfer from train to train by apparatus, as in the case of letters, is, of course, out of the question. Parcels are for the most part transmitted in large, oblong baskets, secured by an iron bar, that is fastened by a hasp and automaton. As the Department, under certain conditions, holds itself responsible for damage, all possible precautions are taken to prevent undue pressure or friction; and when, as shown in the picture, the sortation of parcels is effected in a floor above or below the counter where they are received from the public, simple but safe mechanical appliances are used for lowering or raising them. But all precautions are in vain sometimes, and the fact, for instance, that "eggs are eggs," is forcibly brought home sometimes to the would-be recipient of a present from the country, or the delicate contents of a band-box are endangered, as in the case of that which our friend in the picture is handling so ruefully.

Some of the different "receptacles" or baskets used for the conveyance of parcels inside and outside of the Post Office, are shown in our illustrations.

At the commencement of the Parcel Post with Belgium, several cages of live birds were received from that country, but the Belgian authorities were requested to prevent any more being sent. On other occasions a live pigeon, a live fowl, and 150 live frogs, to say nothing of snakes and bees, were detected and stopped in transit through the post from different countries.

A somewhat curious incident happened in a post office in Gloucestershire last year, in consequence of leakage from a tin of essence of lemon sent by parcel post. A swarm of bees, attracted by the syrup, entered the office by a window and settled on the spot where the essence was spilt, and although every effort was made to eject them, the bees continued to frequent the office for a fortnight. Another time a packet of live mice was stopped as contrary to Post Office regulations, and the addressee being communicated with, took a journey of upwards of forty miles to obtain the mice.

A box once arrived at Greenwich by Parcel Post, and as the strangest of noises proceeded therefrom, it was opened by the Postmaster, and found to contain a large screech owl, in a very exhausted condition. It was carefully fed, and soon recovered, and was then forwarded to the owner by railway.

The oblong box which has attracted the group depicted in our illustration is no doubt suspected of containing something of more than usual interest; but whether it be "fish, flesh, or fowl," is a matter which the artist has somewhat unkindly left to be supplied by our imagination.

We must reserve to some future occasion a detailed and historical description of one of the two other great departments of Post Office work—the Postal Telegraph system. Of the Money Order Office we need scarcely speak, nor yet of the useful means of remitting money which is supplied by postal orders. But this series of Articles would hardly be complete without a few words to call the attention of old and young amongst our readers to the vast and widespread opportunities for saving, and encouragement to thrift, which are afforded by the Post Office by means of the Post Office Savings Bank.

Every child who has a penny given him, or who can earn and save that sum, has only to buy a postage stamp, stick it on a form which can be got at any post office, and when the stamps so saved amount to twelve, he can open an account with the Post Office Savings Bank, which may, if he continues his course of thrift, develop into quite an important investment by the aid of the Post Office, in consols.

Any person desiring to invest a sum between £10 and £100 in Government Stock can do so through the agency of a Savings Bank at a trifling expense, varying from 9d. to 2s. 3d., and have the dividends collected free of further charge.

Begun in England in 1861, this noble institution has spread and taken root in almost all the principal countries of the world. In Great Britain, during the quarter of a century it has been in operation, the deposits have risen from £1,698,221 to £50,874,338. There are now altogether





no less than 8,351 Post Office Savings Banks open in Great Britain and Ireland.

One of the most remarkable and gratifying features indeed in the history of the Post Office Savings Bank, is the effect which the example of England has had on encouragement to thrift in other countries, and especially our own colonies. Delegates from the latter have visited the Bank, and, by personal investigation, learnt details which they have managed to graft into their own post offices. Canada, the Cape of Good Hope, New South Wales, New Zealand, Queensland, South Australia, Tasmania, Victoria and Western Australia, Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, Hungary, Italy, Sweden, the Netherlands, and Japan,—all have their own Post Office Savings Banks.

It is in a great measure to Mr. Gladstone that we owe the Post Office Savings Bank, though not the originator. The first definite scheme was prepared by Mr. Chetwynd and Mr. Scudamore, Post Office officials. Mr. Gladstone warmly advocated the idea in Parliament, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and succeeded in passing an Act in 1861, "To grant additional facilities for depositing small savings at interest, with the security of the Government for due repayment thereof." For a long period the work was done by temporary clerks, paid in the first instance so much an hour, and ten by the day. Its establishment now consists of controller, assistant controller, 3 chief clerks, 9 principal clerks, 41 first class, 108 second class, 105 third class, 275 lower division clerks, 291 boy clerks and copyists, and 275 female clerks, or a total clerical force of 1,109 persons, exclusive of messengers, etc.

The employment of female clerks was initiated under the auspices of Lord John Manners, in 1875. Candidates were then nominated by the Postmaster-General, who generally gave the preference to the daughters or near relatives of deserving Post Office officials; and the examination, which was a necessary preliminary to appointment, was merely a qualifying one. Subsequently the whole of these appointments were thrown open to public competition, and this ordeal must now be passed by all new entrants. The female staff is controlled by a lady superintendent, who is paid a salary of £215, rising by £15 a year to £400, aided by an assistant superintendent, who receives a fixed salary of £200 a year. The staff itself is composed of first and second class clerks, the respective scales of pay being £120 increasing by £10 per annum to £170, and £85 by £5 to £110.

Every effort is made to bring the advantages of the Post Office Savings Bank to the very doors of the public. During the hop-picking season, when hundreds of the poorer classes are employed in country districts, clerks are sent down to central points to collect deposits on the days when the hop-pickers are paid, and many a shilling is saved, and thus made the nest egg for a rainy day. It has been said that that man is a public benefactor who makes a blade of grass grow where grass never grew before. But they do a far greater work who sow the seed of thrift and self-denial in human hearts.

(*Continued—page* 806).

THE STORY OF JONAH.

By the Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A., Author of "Christian Living," "Elijah," "Israel," etc., etc.

PART V.

NINEVEH AT LAST.



HEN Jonah reached his home in Gathhepher, a great shadow must have lain upon his soul. Would God ever use him again? He had often been used. His soul had expanded as he listened to the word of God, and drank it in, and gave it forth again to men. It had been his meat and drink to do the will of God; but perhaps those happy days had passed away for ever. Never again would he be employed in that honourable work which he had so shamefully abandoned. He must have felt as Peter did in after days, when he had denied his Lord and forfeited all right to His service. But God does not cast away for one offence or many. He mercifully fetches back the truant, and restores the thrice denier, and uses them again in His work; and so it is written, "The word of the Lord came unto Jonah the second time."

There is a remarkable alteration in the charge given to Jonah. In the first instance it ran thus: "Arise, go unto Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness has come up before Me." But now it ran thus: "Arise, go unto Nineveh, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee." In the first case he knew precisely the mind of the Lord, and the message he would have to speak when he reached his destination; in the second case, he did not know what he might have to say. He was required to put himself unconditionally into the hands of the Lord, and was treated more as a servant than as a son. This was, no doubt, intended as a test for the completeness of his obedience.

"*So Jonah arose, and went unto Nineveh, according to the word of the Lord.*" It was a long, long journey. Day and night for six weeks he would have to traverse the burning sands; but hard though it might be to his feet, the journey was easier to his soul than that swift flight to Joppa. It is a hundred times easier to go to Nineveh, according to the word of the Lord, than to go to Joppa against it. The one may be a thousand miles over the desert, the other thirty miles down hill, but the latter is the hardest, and the costliest too. At last Nineveh was reached. As we have seen, it was a vast city. The mounds which had hidden it for twenty centuries have lately been opened and found to hide remains of colossal size, fortifications, palaces, and temples, human-headed lions and bulls twenty feet in height—vast tracts of territory littered everywhere with remnants of the mighty past!

How abashed the prophet must have felt as he passed under those stupendous walls, on which two or three chariots could easily drive abreast; soldiers accoutred with armour made familiar to us by the *bas reliefs;* gorgeous equipages and horsemen which rattled through the streets; royal and sacred edifices, covering acres of ground, and rising, platform on platform, terrace on terrace; on all hands the signs of trade and commerce, wealth and luxury, pleasure and wickedness. How insignificant compared with these was the lonely prophet! Had it not been for the memory of the storm and of his miraculous deliverance, surely he would have flinched from the difficult task with which he was entrusted.

He immediately opened his commission, and at frequent intervals his warning voice was heard, rising amid the hubbub of the streets and the murmur of the market-places: "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown!" We must not, however, suppose that Jonah did nothing more than predict coming judgment. This was indeed the key-note of his appeal, but in addition he must have related some of the incidents of his own marvellous experience, for our Lord says Jonah was a sign to the Ninevites; and how could he have been a sign, if they did not know his wondrous story? Besides this, he probably expatiated on the character of God, that He was merciful and gracious, longsuffering, plenteous in goodness and truth; else it would have been unlikely that these Pagans should turn to Him with such hope in His mercy.

Mark the word which depicts *the prophet's manner*, "he cried." His tones were earnest and impassioned. No one could mistake his sincerity; his pathetic accents, his flowing tears, his solemn manner betrayed the intensity of his anxiety. Oh, for many such in this day of smooth speech, to cry and lift up their voice like a trumpet, to show to the house of Jacob their transgression, and to Israel their sin!

For one whole day he prosecuted his work, pausing not for weariness, waiting not to discover the effect of his words, passing through the city like an apparition, come they knew not whence, going they knew not whither.

The effect was marvellous. In a moment the hush of an awful silence fell upon the hum of busy voices; the garlanded processions of marriage and mirth halted in dismay; the tides of human life suddenly stood still,—business, pleasure, politics, everything was left; and around the prophet

the crowds gathered, following him from street to street, not arguing, or disputing, or questioning, but convinced by the warning voice of their own consciences, that this man spoke the truth, and uttered the penalty which their crimes and violence deserved. In that brief interval his work was done. There was no need of him to perambulate the remainder of the city. Like wild-fire spread the news, every man passing to his neighbour the words, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown."

At last the tidings reached the court—"for word came unto the King of Nineveh." Instantly the state council was summoned, and a proclamation was issued by the lips of the royal herald that the whole of the population should clothe itself in sackcloth and fast, and turn from evil, and from violence, and cry mightily unto God; in the hope that God would spare the doomed city. The royal edict was immediately and widely obeyed. Every one put on sackcloth, from the greatest of them even to the least of them. How impressive must that spectacle have been, a whole city arrayed in mourning! Half a million of human beings engaged in prayer!

On this remarkable spectacle of the repentance of Nineveh, our Lord founds one of His most impressive appeals: "The men of Nineveh shall rise in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: because they repented at the preaching of Jonah; and, behold, a greater than Jonah is here." The cogency of this argument is evident. Jonah was the servant, Jesus the Son. Jonah spoke one word, Jesus preached for three years. Jonah wrought no miracles, Jesus did more miracles than could be recounted in many Gospels. Jonah was a messenger of wrath, Jesus told of mercy as well as of judgment. Jonah spoke to Pagans without a sacred past, Jesus spoke to people whose past was lit by a long and shining succession of prophets, psalmists, and kings. But the Ninevites repented, and the Jews capped generations of disobedience by the murder of the greatest of their teachers. How much worse will it be for them at the last!

This has a bearing on ourselves. There are Ninevehs to-day, who repent at the preaching of Jonah, whilst there are myriads of our own countrymen who reject all appeals to turn to God and live. Beware! lest you be included in these, and suffer a heavier woe.

There is a remarkable verse at the close of this chapter—"God saw their works that they turned from their evil way." God was on the outlook, on the watch,—as a keen observer He looked eagerly to see if the barren fig-tree would bring forth fruit meet for repentance, and when He saw that they turned from their evil way, He turned and "repented of the evil which He said He would do unto them, and He did it not." Can God change His mind? Is He a man that He should repent? Is He not without variableness or shadow of turning? Certainly. God is always the same, and deals with men on invariable principles, and if He changes His method of dealing with us, it is because we have changed our attitude towards Him. God's dealings with us are precisely conditioned by our bearing towards Him. "With the merciful Thou wilt show Thyself merciful; with an upright man Thou wilt show Thyself upright; with the pure Thou wilt show Thyself pure, and with the froward Thou wilt show Thyself froward." Wouldst thou experience a blessed change in God's dealings towards thyself? See to it that thou turn, and repent, and alter thine entire attitude towards Him. He is keenly observant, and will reciprocate thy first movement of penitence, by an instant outburst of mercy.

(*Continued—page* 811.)

HOW PERCY ARMITAGE KEPT THE FAITH:

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

"GOD send thee grace, my son, and make thee true and good, and deliver thee from the errors of popery! Obey thy father, and read thy Bible; so shall we meet hereafter in Paradise."

In answer, the child—a fair, bright boy of six summers—threw his arms round his mother's neck, and embraced her passionately.

They were the last words he heard her speak. The next morning, when he awoke fresh and rosy from his childish dreams, with hushed voices and tear-stained faces, the maidens whispered that the Lady Anne was dead.

* * * *

"Hast heard the news, Sir Richard? They say that at the market-cross a herald has proclaimed that on next Tuesday, being the feast of Our Lady, 'tis her Grace's will that all loyal citizens do attend mass at the Church of St. Thomas."

"The will of the King of Spain more like," muttered the other. "Ay, ay, good Rogers," he said aloud, "I know it well, and methinks 'tis a queer way to test the loyalty of honest men; but I bow to expediency and her Grace's will. Good-morrow to you."

As the speaker withdrew, a lad, seated with his books in an embrasure of the window, looked up in surprise.

"What mean'st thou by expediency, father?" he asked not over respectfully; "wilt go to mass?"

"Ay, Percy, that will I (though 'tis small *will* I have in the matter); 'tis not for Richard Armitage, knighted by the brave King Harry himself, to seem backward in loyalty. And what's more, my son, I'd counsel thee to do the same, if thou sett'st store by that scholarship thou wast speaking of anon; for methinks even in such small things these Spanish priests must have their say."

"So would not have said my lady mother, methinks," muttered the boy, with an angry flush upon his cheek.

"Thy mother was a *saint!* And I fear me, Percy, neither thou nor I have a mind for a martyr's crown," said Sir Richard, fingering the massive gold chain he wore, and eyeing complacently the well-proportioned limbs of his son.

A few days later Sir Richard, with the rest of the corporation in their robes of state, attended high mass in the cathedral church of his native town, across the threshold of which he had not stepped since the popish ceremony of the mass had taken the place of the English service instituted by the late king under the auspices of Archbishop Cranmer.

The fine old edifice was crowded from end to end, till there was scarce standing room; but Sir Richard knelt alone, his son having apparently failed to profit by his well-meant counsel of expediency. And when they met at the mid-day meal, no allusion was made to the events of the morning, for those were strange and fearful days in England! when fathers scarce dare speak on sacred topics to their children, lest they should stimulate in them that dangerous habit—to which youth is ever prone—of thinking for themselves. A fatal error in those perilous times!

* * * *

It was the feast of the Assumption. Here and there in expectant groups the townsfolk stood about in holiday attire, while the cathedral bells rang out a merry peal. Presently the great doors were flung open, and a procession of choristers and white-robed priests filed out, chanting Latin hymns, and bearing on high different symbols of their religion.

Round the market-cross a group of schoolboys in cap and gown, belonging to the grammar school, stopped their boisterous play to watch like the rest, and among them rose the bold, fair face of their ringleader, Percy Armitage.

More than ten years had passed since he knelt for his mother's benediction, and her words (incomprehensible at the time, but engraved in his heart by reason of their being the last), had been little regarded. True he was, indeed, as it was his nature to be; but for the rest—he obeyed his father when it suited him, and if he read his Bible at all, it was only to please good Mistress Margery, who was to him, next to her daughter Bessie, the dearest friend he had in the world.

"Methinks," said Percy in a half-jesting, half-mocking tone, as the long procession slowly passed—a figure of the Virgin, richly dressed in blue and lace, held prominently in view—"that grown men should be ashamed to carry dolls."

"You speak over loud and saucily, young master," observed a bystander severely, "of things which are above your comprehen-

sion! Silence, methinks, would better become you."

"I did but speak my thoughts," said the lad carelessly. "You must be a stranger to the town, good friend, else would you know that we lads of Barminster have yet to learn that an Englishman's tongue is not his own. Come on, boys; we'll to the bowling-green. We've had enough of shaven crowns for one day!" And with a wild whoop the group broke up, following their leader like a flight of swallows, and scattering all before them as they ran.

The stranger looked angrily after them. "Father Bourne is right," he muttered; "'tis time such scandals were put a stop to. Her Grace is well advised to deal more strictly with these free burgher towns! Will the young bantam crow so loud, I wonder, when he stands before the Queen's commissioners? Yet, by the rood! he's a proper youth. 'Tis for his soul's health I'll speak of it; 'twere a sin to leave him in his ignorance."

* * * *

The Town Hall of Barminster is crowded to suffocation, for a special court is sitting, appointed by the Queen to try three men accused of heresy. Upon two, sentence has already passed, and the third, a mere lad, has been found guilty; but the judge's words are arrested on his lips, as, pale and haggard, the portly form of Sir Richard rises to plead in agony, mercy for his only son.

"Surely, gentlemen," he says in hoarse, broken tones, "you would not condemn a mere child for words spoken in careless jest! words which doubtless he did not mean."

"His words were the more contumacious that they were spoken in bravado by one so young," was the cutting reply. "They have not been disproved, nor has he shown any disposition to retract them; otherwise, the Church is merciful, and we might deal more leniently with him."

There was a sensation of relief among the audience at the suggestion.

"Ay, ask him to retract," said more than one eager voice in the crowd, and a murmur of applause followed before silence was again restored.

But Sir Richard did not press the point. One glance at his son's face, set with that obstinate look of determination an unjust punishment always aroused upon it, warned him that more harm than good would be likely to ensue if he did so. He trusted rather to his money and influence to get him a hearing elsewhere, and, almost crushed by the public disgrace thus brought upon his name, he sank speechless upon his chair.

Then on Percy Armitage, as on the other two, sentence was pronounced—sentence of *burning!*

A thrill of horror ran through the assembly. Men looked blankly at one another, as though doubting the evidence of their senses. Women fainted, and more than one shrieked aloud, as though the inhuman order were already being carried out.

Percy alone stood as if entranced, hearing nothing but the dreadful sentence, seeing nothing but the unrelenting face of his judge.

Then, for the first time, terror seized him; he looked round bewildered and amazed, conscious, alas! too late, of the greatness of his peril. Was he mad, or dreaming? What did it all mean?

"Brave lad! Well done! For thee is reserved a martyr's crown."

The words were whispered in his ear, as for a moment he stood huddled up among a group of foreign soldiers in the doorway. He turned and recognised the wan face of one of the other prisoners condemned to the same fate; but ere he could reply, they were separated, and he was conscious of nothing more till he found himself alone in the cell where he had already passed some days in dreary confinement. Up till now, boyish indignation at the unjust restriction of his liberty had upheld him, and he had allowed no fear of worse consequences to make him regret his rash words.

He had, he protested, done many wild and reckless things, and had more than once by his boisterous pranks made himself amenable to the law. For which of these was he now, for the first time, to see the inside of a gaol? A reprimand from his schoolmaster, or a small fine (unmissed from his father's well-filled purse), had sufficed on these occasions to satisfy justice. And now was he to be treated as a *criminal* for a few foolish words?

"Retract!" not he! His tongue was his own, and he would stand on his right as a freeborn citizen to use it as he chose!

So in youthful bravado he talked to the priest who was sent to counsel him; for in those few days before his trial he had not been left without a loophole of escape. And Father Ambrose, who had come to him in a conciliatory spirit, prepared to show him the sin of his blasphemous words, left him in anger.

"This is mere obstinacy," he said. "The judges who will be sent to try you, know nothing of the rights of freeborn citizens. You will be tried on a very different charge. And mark my words, foolish boy! you risk your life for a cause you are quite ignorant of. Thy mother, as is well known, was a heretic, and thy father is esteemed as little better; but as for thee, thou hast no knowledge of the matter at all, else would'st thou know, my son, that a spirit of meekness is inculcated by all religions alike, whether of the true faith or not."

But Percy heeded not his words, his head was too full of his own injuries.

They returned to him now with double meaning as the key creaked in the massive lock, and he was left to contemplate his fate.

"This is mere obstinacy," the priest had said. "Thou shalt have a martyr's crown," said the stranger in the court. Which was right?

A *martyr!* But he had no wish to be a martyr. To *die! He*, the head boy in the school, and the examinations coming on! To leave the merry meetings at the bowling-green! His dogs, his falcon, which was just learning to peck from his hand, and—*Bessie!* No, it was a mistake; he *could not* die. It was too hideous even to think of. He would take back those senseless words. And in his agony he flung himself against the door and shook it, in the energy of despair calling aloud that he would do all that was required of him.

So passed the evening of that fatal day. At length, quite exhausted, he flung himself upon his low, uneasy bed. Then nobler and less selfish thoughts came to him—his mother, the cause she loved, and for which already many a brave man had yielded up his life, and with them a humiliating sense of his own unworthiness. He was not *fit* to die; he *dared not* die. If the sentence of a man was terrible, what would that other sentence be when he should meet his heavenly Judge?

The night was spent in mental torture such as falls, thank God! to few such striplings; and when the gaoler came next morning, he found his young prisoner hollow-eyed and deadly pale, terribly unlike the high-spirited lad of the previous day.

Percy had made up his mind to sue for pardon, and that in itself had cost his pride a fierce struggle. He meant to have entreated the man to gain him another interview with Father Ambrose; but when he tried to speak, his parched lips refused to utter a sound, and before he could make another attempt, the gaoler had gone.

He had let his one chance slip! In the confusion of his mind yesterday, he had not noticed when the terrible sentence was to be executed; even now, for aught he knew, they might be collecting the fatal faggots!

With a groan he sank upon his knees, sobbing aloud in his despair, "God, be merciful to me—a sinner!" Then, too inert for further thought, he flung himself upon the bed, and relapsed into a state of semi-unconsciousness.

He was roused by the key grating in the lock. Starting to his feet, he gazed in horror at the door. Perchance even now they might be come to take him to his doom!

The door opened and closed again, and before him stood (oh, most blessed relief!), wrapped in her mother's long, grey cloak, with the hood drawn closely over her face—Bessie!

In another moment she was in his arms, clinging to him as if she would never let him go, and pressing warm kisses on his cheek. Bessie, who was wont to be so coy, and so timid in her advances! In the bliss of that moment the horror of the past night fled away, and nothing but the present happiness remained.

Although so young, Bessie and he had (after the fashion of those days) been betrothed for many years. And though it was probable no closer tie would ever bind them—for circumstances were altered since the day when, in the presence of King Hal himself, the dainty little daughter of the Queen's favourite maid of honour was betrothed to the fair young citizen, whose father had just been dubbed a knight—they were as brother and sister, and all in all to one another.

Bessie's father had held a high place in the court of the young King Edward; but when, on the accession of his sister, other courtiers strove to win the favour of the new sovereign by concealing their dislike to her religion, he quietly resigned his seals of office, stripped himself of the wealth which would have marked him out for a ready prey, by large donations to different charities, and sought with his wife and child obscurity in his native town, where, unmolested, he might worship God according to his conscience.

Sir Richard had looked askance at such a wilful loss of the good things of this life, but could not on that account forbid his son free intercourse with his former friends, and the headstrong boy had, since his mother's death, found in Mistress Margery a second mother. He was as much at home in her little parlour, where he would watch

her bake and sew, as Sir Richard said, "like any serving wench," as in his father's stately mansion, learning at the same time unconsciously many a lesson of simple courtesy, and yielding to the sweet goodness of her nature, the reverent, passionate homage of his boyish heart.

In the deep emotion and transport of their meeting, it was some minutes before either of the young people spoke; then Bessie exclaimed in eager accents,—

"Oh, Percy! *my* Percy! I am so proud of thee to-day. I knelt to Sir Richard till I got him to bring me, that I might tell thee so. He waits for me without, for his grief is such, he could not face thee. Yesterday, dear Percy, all through that dreadful trial, dear mother knelt and prayed for thee, and when Wilfred came home and told us how bravely you had stood, and uttered no word, nor even sickened when they read the dreadful sentence, she rose and wiped her eyes, and said, 'I thank God my prayer is heard—our boy is true.' And dear father is so encouraged by it. He says he was beginning to lose heart, for all seemed to be forsaking the right way, and now he says he was like Elijah, faithless for nought, since God has shown He can raise up witnesses for the truth, even though they be but wild striplings like thyself! And see, Percy, I have brought thee this book, thy mother's own Bible; thou must hide it well, lest they take it from thee. But first will I read thee the verse dear mother has marked for thee."

And with shining eyes, but trembling fingers, she hastily turned over the leaves to the 2nd chapter of Revelation, and read with faltering tongue these words:—

"'Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'

"Oh, Percy!" she said, looking up with loving eyes shining through a mist of tears, "does it not seem as if they had been written for thee? I envy thee, dear Percy; fain would I such words were true of me."

But the boy's face showed no answering enthusiasm.

"Bessie," he whispered hoarsely, "thou knowest not what thou sayest! Martyrs are good and holy men. I could not be a martyr if I would; and I would fain *live*, Bessie. 'Tis hard to die so young."

She looked at him in sorrowful surprise.

"But what canst thou do, dear Percy? 'Tis too late," she faltered, "to think of that."

"No," he said huskily, "not too late *yet*, Bessie. I can retract my words—I can *recant*."

She recoiled from him involuntarily, her blue eyes dilating with a consternation more voluble than words.

"Nay, Percy," she said at length with gentle firmness, "that canst thou not do. They would make thee kiss the crucifix, and go to mass, and confess thy sins to a priest, instead of the dear Saviour. Could'st thou do that, Percy?"

He shook his head. "I had not thought of all that," he faltered. "No, Bessie, that could I not do." And sinking down upon the bed with a despairing gesture, he buried his face in his hands.

"I'm not a coward, Bessie, as thou knowest," he said huskily, "yet am I afraid to die: I am not good, as you would have it. Dost remember how last winter I fired farmer Blake's stack of wheat? And how I helped the lads to duck the miller in his own pond? If I die, it will do no good. Folks would point the finger at a faith that had so poor a champion. And I shall be acting a lie! For how dare I pretend to be a martyr for the truth, when I have never tried to live for it? My condemnation will be all the greater in another world."

Bessie listened in troubled silence, and for some minutes neither spoke. Percy remained crouching at her feet, his face hidden in his hands.

Presently she laid her hand caressingly on his head.

"I have thought of a plan, dear Percy," she said in her sweet, clear voice. "Be not so cast down; I fear me, my mother would think it scarce maidenly, yet we have done it before now in the masks, and thought no shame. I will bide here in thy place; thou canst put on my cloak, and draw the hood, and stoop, as if weeping, and I will put on thy jerkin. In the twilight none will mark the difference; and thy father is outside, thou canst fly with him. To me it will be joy to die for the Faith, and my dear father and mother will not grudge me for thy sake and the dear Saviour's."

She paused for an answer, but none came. A terrible struggle was waging in the lad's heart, and for once he was deaf to her voice.

"Haste thee, Percy!" she urged; "the hour is almost up. *Dear* Percy, do not hesitate! To die for thee were bliss, but for my Saviour! 'tis an honour I scarce dare think of."

Still there was no reply, as with bowed head Percy faced the awful alternative before him. It was not till the steps of the gaoler could be heard slowly advancing along the stone passage, that he sprang to his feet and took her in his arms. His face was deadly pale, but no longer with despair, and his voice, albeit low and tender, had in it a faint ring of triumph.

"Listen to me, my Bessie," he said, "and mark well my words, that you may repeat them to your lady mother, for I would not have you come here again, Bessie. We must say good-bye to-day; 'twould but unnerve me, and I would not have them think thou hadst ought to do with me. Thou must *live*, my Bessie, and be a daughter to my father; for methinks his heart will be heavy, and the house lonesome without his madcap Percy; he has ever spoilt me, and he has not the comfort you have, dear Bessie. Tell thy dear mother I cannot be a *martyr*, for a martyr, methinks, should not die perforce; but I will play the man, and not shame her at the stake. And tell her," and his voice grew low and reverent, "that I am not worthy to die for my religion, but I cannot forswear it. God is just and merciful. If I ever cherished any doubts before of which was best, I have none now. The Romish Church is cruel and blood-thirsty, therefore has it no part nor lot in the religion of Jesus Christ. I have even now given my life to Him—'tis a poor thing to give; but perchance will He accept of it of His great mercy, and look not on my former sin. Nay, weep not, Bessie; I would not have thee weep. Thou wast proud of me before, and did not fear the suffering then. I would I had been the hero you all thought me; but methinks it was but pride and foolhardiness made me speak, when perchance it would have been more seemly to have kept silence. And you would not have me *untrue*, and pretend it were otherwise. Look up, Bessie, and smile on me once more before we part. Ah! thou canst not, sweetheart; well, never mind, but I would fain have seen thee smile once again."

And with elder brotherly tenderness he wrapped her in her cloak, drawing the hood closer over the beautiful girlish face, lest some jealous eye should see the tears upon it, and as the door opened, he drew her gently towards it, whispering,—

"Be brave, dear Bessie, and cheer thy mother. Tell her that verse is not for me, but I thank her for the precious Book; I shall find others there perchance more suited. Ten days, saidst thou? Why, I shall have time to read it through!"

Sir Richard, looking bent and old, was awaiting her outside. She took his arm in silence, and slowly they retraced their steps.

"What says he? Will he recant?" whispered the unhappy father, who, albeit he had seemed averse to it, had hoped much from this visit.

"Oh no!" she answered reassuringly, though her voice was choked with sobs; "he will not do that. Our Percy would not belie his faith."

The father was silent, wondering at the constancy of the fragile child. He did not dare to say to her that he would fain have had it otherwise.

* * * *

There is a strange stir in Barminster to-day. Since an early hour, bodies of soldiers have been parading the town, and keeping clear a space in the market square, where preparations of a mournful character are going on.

Close to the cross, where a few short weeks ago Percy Armitage stood so proudly, a wooden pulpit has been erected, from which close-shaven priests in long, black robes from time to time harangue the populace, trying to excite them by many base and slanderous calumnies to indignation against the heretics. The prison doors are strongly guarded, but the people sway to and fro outside with almost a threatening aspect, and it is a relief to those in charge when at last the fatal hour strikes, and at the same moment the Cathedral bell begins to toll.

There is a rush and craning of necks to see the prisoners as they are led forth, but a guard of soldiers instantly surround them, and it is not until they reach the market-place, and the guard falls back on either side, that the curiosity of the spectators is satisfied.

In advance of the rest, a priest on either side, with a firm, light step and earnest face, walks Percy Armitage, and on him at once all interest centres, for the other two are strangers, but he is well known to most of those assembled, as the son of a wealthy and much-respected citizen.

In the arrangement of his dress may be traced the loving hands of Mistress Margery, who, with tender pride, has decked out her boy that morning for his "chariot of fire," for so, to comfort her, he would have it called, and his fair curled hair falling on either side of his bright young face forms a pretty contrast to his suit of velvet and fine lace ruffles. That he should step so bravely and look so fair, suits well the policy of the

priests, since the death of this lad, which neither wealth nor youth can save from the vengeance of the Papal See, is meant to strike terror to the hearts of all beholders, and at the same time to humble the rich burghers of the town for their insolent refusal to levy troops for the King of Spain.

The small cavalcade stops close to the market-cross, while a priest, mounted in the wooden pulpit, reads their sentence of excommunication.

During the whole of this ceremony, Percy stands calm and motionless, with downcast eyes, apparently unconscious of the interest he is exciting; but when the priest descends, and the boys from the grammar school crowd forward, he shows for the first time traces of emotion.

"I would fain take leave of them," he says to the priest at his side. "May I speak a few words to these lads who have ever been to me as brothers?"

"If thou wilt acknowledge the justice of thy sentence, thou mayest," is the stern reply.

"That will I do right gladly," is the somewhat unexpected answer, as he springs lightly up the steps of the cross.

For a moment, with flushing cheeks, he looks round on the sea of faces in the distance, then, withdrawing his eyes, fixes them wistfully on the little group in front of him.

"Lads," he says in those clear, ringing tones which have so often stirred the hearts of his young admirers, "I am right glad to see you here. You shall see to-day how a Barminster lad can die. I am permitted to speak to you on one condition: 'tis that I acknowledge here, in front of you all, that what they are about to do to me is just. I will show you presently why I am right glad to do so. When my lady mother lay dying, she bade me be true and good, and read my Bible; so, she said, should I one day meet her in Paradise. You lads who know me, are witnesses against me that I never kept her counsel; therefore do I deserve all that has come upon me. I ever led you into mischief; I thought more of fun and frolic than of the things that belong to a man's true life. The Bible, God's own Book, I scarce looked into. I pray you follow me not in this——"

"'Tisn't for those things they're burning you," shouted a gruff voice from the crowd, and a tall butcher fellow, who owed him a sound thrashing, lost all control over himself, and cried,—

"Maun we stan' here like a flock o' silly sheep, an' see the likeliest lad i' the town made matchwood of?"

"A rescue! a rescue!" shouted the schoolboys, and pressed forward; but at a sign from their officer, a party of Dragoons rode forward and dispersed them quickly with their long pikes, while the intrepid young orator was dragged ignominiously from his prominent position.

Then the prisoners were hastily bound and fastened to the three stakes prepared for them, dried faggots being placed on every side.

"Wilt thou confess to a priest, my son?" were the last words addressed to Percy ere the pile was set on fire.

"Nay, that have I already done," was the fearless reply. "My Priest dwelleth in the heavens."

And then he smiled, for his eye fell on Bessie pressing forward with wistful face on her father's arm. And when he smiled, she answered him with one of her brightest, and his last wish on earth was fulfilled!

He did not see what the effort cost her, as she fell back fainting in her father's arms, and was carried through the crowd; for the flames were already hungering for their prey.

Rome, in her cruelty, had been merciful that day, for round the lad's body they had fastened a small bag of gunpowder, and his bright face had scarcely lost its smile of joyful recognition before his spirit was with God!

"THE RIBBON OF BLUE."

IN a recent Periodical, the following lines appeared, "from the pen of a Clergyman":—

"The ribbon of blue, the ribbon of blue,
And what, O Christian, is that to you?
Is it you wish the world to see
How self-denying you can be?
Then why not wear a ribbon of black,
To show that on sin you've turned you back?
And why not wear a ribbon of white,
To show to the world you're a child of light?
Nay, why not wear ribbons of every hue,
To show that no evil clings to you?
Christian, live Christ in every act,
And you'll need no badge to show the fact."

We are glad to insert the following lines as an answer:—

"The ribbon of blue, the ribbon of blue,
Much, O Christian, is that to you!
It is that the tempted soul may see,
It will find a helper and friend in thee;
It is that the tempters all may know,
You will shun their wiles as a hateful foe.
To strengthen the timid brother's heart,
To show to the weak that you take their part;
It speaks of the principles you hold fast,
It is *nailing your colours to the mast;*
That's why you wear the ribbon of blue,
That, Christian, is what it is to you."

LETTICE DOWNING.

WELL WORTH READING.

THE more you read God's holy Word, and the more you meditate upon it, the more you will be astonished with it. He who is but a casual reader of the Bible does not know the depth, height, length, and breadth of the mighty meanings contained in its pages. There are certain times when I discover a new view of truth, and I put my hand to my head with astonishment, saying, "Oh, it is wonderful! I never saw this before in the Scriptures." You will find the Scriptures enlarge as you enter them; the more you learn them, the less you will appear to know of them, for they widen out as you approach them. Especially will you find this the case with typical parts of God's Word. Most of the historical books were intended to be types, either of the Dispensations, or experiences, or offices of Jesus Christ. Study the Bible with this key, and you will not blame George Herbert when he calls it not only the Book of God, but the god of books.

A GOOD LIGHT.—If you are looking at a picture, you try to give it the advantage of a good light. Be as courteous to your fellow-beings as you are to a picture.

BIBLE JOTTINGS.

Better things.

Prov. 15. 16.	Prov. 16. 19.
„ 15. 17.	„ 16. 32.
„ 16. 16.	„ 17. 1.

Prov. 19. 1.

No power of ourselves to

Think . . . . . 2 Cor. 3. 5.
Speak . . . . . Num. 22. 38.
Do . . . . . John 15. 5.

Night,—the time of

The sinner's joy . . . 1 Thess. 5. 5–7.
The believer's sorrow . . John 16. 22.
The servant's service . . Prov. 8. 34.

Day,—the time of

The saint's victory . . Rev. 12. 11; 3. 21.
The believer's bliss . . Ps. 17. 15.
The servant's reward . 1 Peter 5. 4.

"*Four points of praise in Mary's Character.*" *Luke* 10.

1. Restfulness. She "sat" . . . ver. 39.
2. Humility. "At Jesus' feet" . . ver. 39.
3. Tractability. She "heard His word" . . . . . ver. 39.
4. Decision. She chose . . . . ver. 42.

Contrast Martha.—Luke 10. 40–42.

"Cumbered about much serving."
"Careful and troubled about many things."
Supplanting the "one thing" by many.
Things temporal obscuring things spiritual.

"*This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend.*" *S. Sol.* 5. 16.

Eph. 3. 8. Rich. "Unsearchable riches of Christ."
Eph. 3. 10. Wise. "Manifold wisdom of God."
Eph. 3. 19. Loving. "Love of Christ."
Eph. 3. 20. Powerful. "Able to do," etc.

"They forsook all, and followed Him."—Luke 5. 11.

"They all forsook Him, and fled."—Mark 14. 50.

Clouds.

Ps. 104. 3. "His Chariot."
Ps. 18. 11, 12. "His Pavilion."

Refreshing Clouds . . Job 36. 28. Ezek. 34. 26. Isa. 18. 4. Mal. 3. 10.
Mysterious Clouds . . Job 36. 29. Ps. 139. 1–6. Prov. 16. 15.
Separating Clouds . . Job 36. 32. Isa. 42. 16; 44. 22. Exod. 14. 19, 20.
Exhausted Clouds. . . Job 37. 11. Lam. 3. 31, 32, 33, 44, 57, 58. Ps. 94. 12, 13.
Bright Clouds . . . . Job 37. 11. Ezek. 1. 4. Matt. 17. 5. 2 Cor. 4. 6. 1 Thess. 4. 17, 18.
Directed Clouds . . . Job 37. 15. Isa. 40. 21 to end. Exod. 13. 21.
Evenly-balanced Clouds. Job 37. 16. Jas. 1. 17. John 16. 19, 22.

DOWN THE THAMES IN A DOUBLE CANOE.

SUMMER in England is very beautiful, but, alas! how all too short; and in this delightful season, old Father Thames is the playground of thousands. From where the spires of Oxford rise amongst the meadows at the confluence of the Isis and the Cherwell, down to Battersea, where, on its now swarthy bosom, pleasure yields the place to toil, the locks, the reaches, the quiet backwaters of the noble river re-echo through sunny weeks to mirth and merry-making. No other nation gets so much fun out of any other river. The streams bisecting other capitals may be lovelier, nobler, fuller of historical associations, but none are enshrined in the hearts of the people as is the Thames in the breasts of Englishmen—ay, and of Englishwomen too. We are an aquatic nation, and we take to the water as naturally as ducks, directly the fine weather sets in, and the gentler sex with almost as much avidity as the stronger. Nowhere, but on English rivers, and on the Thames in particular, does one see so many little active girls pulling about for sheer amusement, clad in the most workman-like of costumes, and totally regardless of sunburn and freckles.

We had spent many happy hours on the river in rowing boats and launches, had made merry at many of its regattas, and picnicked in some of its loveliest nooks. But one beautiful August, when back again in old England, after wanderings in other climes, the gipsy fit came strongly upon us, mingled with an intense desire for quiet English scenery. Naturally our thoughts turned towards "the river." But the means of locomotion?—we were vagrantly inclined,—and felt as probably feel the dwellers in the East London slums, when they pour out in thousands on their annual picnic to the Kentish hop-fields. A rowing boat was too cumbersome for only two; a launch was too prosaic, and lacked independence, as it necessitated a stoker; a sailing boat unreliable, considering the variableness of our English climate, for inland sailing; a house-boat too stationary and slow. Then some one or other suggested: "Paddle your own canoe."

Now Tom *had* paddled *his*, for years, with the magic initials R.C.C. inscribed upon her bow. I, too, had once gone in for "canoodling," as we called it, on a far-off tropical lake, and had actually started, and been ignominiously defeated, in a quarter of a mile canoe race for ladies. So I did not hail the suggestion with much alacrity, until I was informed of the existence of such things as double canoes, with sailing gear attached, in which my share of the work would be optional.

Thus it was that we became the proud possessors of the *Albatross*. The little craft was built of mahogany and teak, some twelve feet long by three broad; I cannot remember the dimensions quite accurately She carried a lateen sail forward, and a little mizzen aft. She was so arranged that the legs of the person seated forward, went under a hatchway at the bows, and those of the person behind, extended to the former's back-board, or even on either side of it. In a locker under a lid aft, we placed a waterproof bag containing a change of clothes, and our cooking lamp and provisions. A little shelf ran round under the edge of the bulwarks, and formed a convenient resting-place for maps, and books, and tumblers. After some experience of camp life in more reliable climates, I declined to sleep under canvas on the river bank, even during August in England. But, except that we were to put up at riverside inns for the night, the expedition was to be a perpetual picnic. We took with us some tinned soups, bacon, potatoes, biscuits, a bottle of Harvey sauce for flavouring, and tea, laying in daily a fresh stock of bread, milk, meat, and soda-water, for the weather was hot. Our little cooking lamp was fed with methylated spirits, and our utensils consisted of a soldier's regulation tin canteen, with tray lid; a little tin kettle, and a few iron plates. I further armed myself with a very shady hat, and a mackintosh cloak, and sheet for spreading on my knees, and protecting me from the everlasting drip of the paddle. For food for the mind, I had a book or two tucked away on the ledge by my side. One of them was the "Memoirs of Madame de Remusat," lady-in-waiting to the Empress Josephine. And here I may mention what a mistake it is, on a journey where space is an object, to take light reading which is unreadable for the second time. Something solid is needed as a stand-by, and now-a-days all the best English and foreign classics are published in cheap commodious form, within every one's reach.

Salter's men pushed us off from the stage of the boat-building yard of that name, at Oxford, and launched us fairly on the bosom of Father Thames. Past the Norman tower of Yfley, past Sandford, picturesque mill and lock, along under the leafy woods of Nuneham. Ah, what memories of cheery picnics in the May term does not the name awaken! Then came the rain, and drove us for shelter to share the railway bridge at lunch time with some navvies, and necessitated brewing hot coffee for the inner man.

Then on again we went, and the rain went on too. The old-world little town of Abingdon looked damp, and sloppy, and sleepy; all the bustle and life, what there is of it, of these river-side towns, lies toward the station; the river is no longer the highway, and the very coal-sheds and wharves seemed to yawn upon us. The summer's evening dragged out to its weary end, all tears. Misty were the meadows and the woods; wet through were we, the water running down us, till we verily sat in pools. Past Dorchester, with the Abbey ruins to the left amongst the trees, past the mouth of the brook which gives the Thames its name, till, oh! joy, we shot under lofty Shillingford Bridge, and saw the lights of the inn gleaming on the hill above, and betokening warmth and dryness. We put the *Albatross* safely to bed in a shed.

The next morning was lovely, and we brewed ourselves some coffee in our room, and were off very early. The lock-keepers were hardly up, and some miles further down, the early bathers at Wallingford were enjoying their morning dip. There was a battle at Wallingford in Stephen's days, when the Empress Matilda was taken prisoner. Tradition says that she escaped by crossing the frozen river at night, dressed all in white, the sentries taking her for a white cat.

We landed and cooked our breakfast on the bank, coffee and eggs and bacon. Stress of weather last night had driven us to partake of tea at the Shillingford inn, but never again, during our cruise, were we guilty of a meal under a roof. As the haze lifted over the river, a breeze got up, and we set sail, not to be furled again, as it turned out, all through the long day. So, as our fairy bark sped down the stream, we had leisure to survey the scenery.

Hills loomed on either side, bare, bold downs, and gradually closed in till they overhung the river in the beautiful gorge between Streatley and Gomig, a spot beloved of riverside artists. It was glorious, lying back idly on cushions, to watch the fleecy clouds sail by as stately overhead in the deep blue sky as did the *Albatross* in the broad stream which mirrored the green woods. All this stretch of the river is as beautiful a one as can be found in its course, and less hackneyed and crowded than the lower Thames.

The very name of Pangbourne recalls its loveliness. But in this hilly country there occurred constant locks, which meant a rousing up and a little paddle work. The *Albatross* was too heavily laden to be carried; it might strain her back, and it is only the more frequented locks in the neighbourhood of London that are provided with rollers. So, as we approached, the lock-keeper's children playing on the brink (how comes it that whole families are not drowned?) called their father, who set a vast machinery in motion for the benefit of our tiny craft. The great gates yawn, but stifle their yawn. We slip in through the opening, they close behind us, and we "sink with all we love below the verge." Woods, houses, meadows disappear; the world grows all blue sky and green oozy walls. And then, released from her slimy prison, with sheets tightened and paddle stowed, away speeds the *Albatross* once more.

Past Mapledurham, with its tumbling weir, its osier-covered islets, its quaint red-brick mansion peering through the trees; and then Reading Plain opens before one. The biscuit manufactory towers on the

horizon, and the breeze blows true. We lunched at Sonning, on a cozy little island, within earshot of the music of the weir. The breeze freshened, and we sped under the Shiplake heights and down the famous Wargrave reach in our best style. Wargrave is haunted both by artists and the gilded youth from the great army crammer's in the village. The signboard at the inn, of St. George and the Dragon, is the work, the passing freak, of an R.A.

We were now on familiar and classic ground. At the Temple Island we passed on to the course over which so many spurs have been won at Henley Regatta. But how different the old town looked! The river bank was deserted, save for lovers taking a twilight stroll; the bells were silent in the church tower; no carriages and coaches blocked the bridge. Where were the riverside garden parties, the close phalanx of house boats and launches? Nevertheless, Henley was far from being asleep, as we found to our cost. It was the eve of Bank Holiday Sunday. Excursionists and boating men crowded the streets. The landlady of the Red Lion would not look at us, as we had not telegraphed for beds, and we had a good hunt for lodgings, feeling very thankful indeed that the galley of the *Albatross* rendered us independent of dinner.

The next day was Saturday, and we started, as usual, early. It was already hot, and there was no breath of wind. Evidently we were to do our full share of paddle work that day. Here let me observe, however, that one of the great advantages of canoeing is that paddling is not nearly such hard work as rowing, for a continuity—at least, so I have always found it; and I attribute this to the fact that the backboard to the seat is such a support to the spine, whereas in rowing you have no such rest. Also, in a canoe you sit much nearer the water.

We breakfasted in the Medenham meadows, opposite the picturesque ruins of the Abbey, where Wilks and his boon companions, the monks of Medenham, made merry in the last century. After passing through Temple lock, with its green islands and lawn, we soon found ourselves at Bisham. Here there is an old Manor-house close to the church, which is said to have a ghost. But this latter statement we had no time to verify, and indeed I should be inclined to fancy that the crowd of Bank Holiday makers on the river have long ago scared it away.

The river is broad at Marlow Bridge. The reach at Cookham is one of the most beautiful on the Thames. Wooded islets divide the stream into a labyrinth of arms; it is often difficult to know which way to take. On the right, the lovely woods of Cliefdon rise tier above tier. We landed and lunched in their shade — lunch, a salmon cutlet, with an omelet to follow, all concocted over the spirit lamp in the little tin pannikin by him who was—

> "The mate and the captain bold,
> And the *chef* of the *Albatross*."

I think we both felt inclined for a noontide *siesta* in the Cliefdon woods, but it was out of the question, if we were to reach Staines that evening. So we buckled to again to our paddles, despite the heat, past Taplow and Maidenhead, and Bray Church, memorable for its vicar in the song. It was at Bray lock that an accident occurred which very nearly made an end of the *Albatross* and its crew. It happened in this way. The weir stream diverges from the lock stream, only a very few yards from the lock. The summer had been a wet one, the river was very full, the weir gear was up, and the current running very strong. I was deep in "Madame de Remusat," when, on looking up suddenly, I was horrified to perceive that the stream had taken us to the wrong side of the "danger" board, stuck in mid-stream, and that we were rapidly being carried down towards the weir. I hastily threw aside my book, my mackintosh, and the hatchway over my feet, so as to be prepared for a flying leap as we went over, and set to work with all my small strength, paddling on the same side as Tom. But we might as well have sat still and done nothing. We could not make the smallest headway against the current, which was running like a mill-race, and the weir roar came nearer and nearer.

There was yet a chance. On a spit of land, jutting out into the stream, sat three fishers, whom our shouts aroused to our perilous position. If we could by any chance run the nose of the canoe ashore on to the point, we were saved. We redoubled our efforts. Before, we had thought ourselves tired with our long day's work, and were taking things easy. Now, we paddled as we had never paddled before, and we just managed it. The fishermen caught the nose of the canoe as she tore past them, and hung on like grim death, while I, in obedience to Tom's orders, took a flying leap ashore. When the canoe was thus lightened, they were able to tie a rope to her bow, and tow her round the point into the lock stream. But so strong was the current, that it took her twenty minutes to go up the distance, down which she had shot in a few seconds.

It was a nasty place, that entrance to Bray Lock, and ours not the first accident that had taken place there. One, at least, to my knowledge, had ended fatally, for I knew some of the party in the boat, and another had occurred but a few days previously to ours, for the lock-keeper showed us the shattered remains of the skiff on the bank. The occupants escaped by clinging to the weir piles. I believe that now the authorities have done something to warn people of the danger, and to make them keep less in mid-stream.

At Monkey Island, Tom found himself once more on the pleasant watery playground of his youth. Boveney, Surly Hall, Athnes, the bathing-place, and Brocas Clump in the meadow — all these are classic grounds to the Etonian. And now the stately towers of Windsor rose before us in the summer evening glow, and the watery highway became more and more crowded with craft, as we slipped under Windsor Bridge. Getting through the locks was a matter of time, though most of the boats were going up stream, and we in an opposite direction. At one lock Tom got out in search of refreshment at a riverside inn, and left me to take the *Albatross* through. I soon discovered that behind the lower gates was a dense jam of boats, waiting till I emerged. Very slowly the water lowered, and I went down into the nether world in my little craft. Suddenly, on the verge of my Dantesque vision, appeared an impatient Frenchman, who thus shouted back to his companions in the throng below,—

"Vat do you tink ve are vaiting for? Von lady in von canoe!"

Except Magna Charta Island, with its associations, there is nothing of much interest on either bank after Windsor. The Bells of Ouseley is a quaint sign for a riverside public-house, picturesquely situated at a ferry, and I have often wondered at its origin. "The shades of night were falling fast" when we reached Staines, having that day again accomplished our thirty miles, this time all "collar work," as they say of horses.



We passed a quiet reach, thick with waterlilies—this is my sketch of it.

The following Monday, being Bank Holiday, the river below Staines was in full Bank Holiday saturnalia. It was very fine weather, and the people were enjoying themselves to their hearts' content, making the most of river, woods, meadows, green trees, fresh air, ginger-beer, and oranges. The launches and row boats were laden, and even large steamers, crowded with passengers, came swooping along, swirling the banks, and uttering gruesome hoots of warning at small fry like ourselves, with their steam whistles. When one watched the oarsmanship in most of the boats which impeded these leviathans' path, one marvelled that the most dire catastrophes did not ensue. Merry 'Ampton was at its merriest and our half-day's journey lay, as it were, through one long carnival procession — boats of every size, shape, and build, with as much diversity in their occupants. It needed quite an amount of skill to avoid a collision. I must say we were not sorry to bring the *Albatross* to an anchor at the Royal Canoe Club landing-stage at Twickenham.

MAD JOHN BURLEIGH:

A STORY OF HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT,

Author of "Her Two Sons," "Eric Olsson's Minde Ring," "Drifted," "Little Rainbow," "Corbiestanes," "Our Navvies," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN WHICH THE BURLEIGH FAMILY AGREE TO HUNT THE SUNSHINE.

OLD Mr. Burleigh felt cramped and ill at ease in the small rooms of the Azerley Arms, and his digestion was upset by the inferior *cuisine*.

He had no interests, no occupation—the time hung heavily upon his hands; and yet, though he was completely wretched, he could not tear himself away and go home. He did so once for a couple of days, but the anxiety that he endured taught him better for the future. The fact was, he was suffering a very torment of remorse. Arthur suited him infinitely better than John. Arthur was a reproduction of himself; for that reason there was a strong sympathy between the two, and also something of an antagonism. Mr. Burleigh often found fault with his younger nephew, often disagreed with him, and yet withal they were excellent friends. He was often doubly vexed when Arthur did anything which he called "stupid," because, nine times out of ten, he reproduced one of his own old mistakes; and he told his nephew to maintain a tranquil temper, to be careful in his expenditure, to be calm in his judgments, just because the advice which he administered was that which he himself required.

Toward John he felt very differently; he never knew what the fellow was thinking, he never could be certain how he would act. He had no fellowship with him. And yet he had never had a disagreement with him save one—when John per-



"'You are mistaken, Char, I shall be tremendously rich.'"

sisted in ruining all his prospects by becoming a parson. How bitterly he regretted that one, no one save himself could guess. Each heart knows its own bitterness, and Mr. Burleigh's ached and ached all day long, and every day, with sad regret; for, though he did not understand his eldest nephew, any more than he had understood his twin brother, all the intense love which he had borne that unpractical, romantic brother of his—that brother who had looked up to and gloried in him, all through their school and university days, that brother, who had been to him the poetry of his life—he had, from John's boyhood, transferred to his orphan son. He loved him as he would never love any one in this world again. Mr. Burleigh knew it; he did not deceive himself. If John passed away, a something would perish in his old uncle which would never live again. He knew that *he* should not die—he would live on to all outward seeming the same; he would hunt, and shoot, and ride about his estates, and take the chair at political meetings, and his place on the magisterial bench, as usual; but he would be an old, sad man from that day forward. And here was this precious life slipping away, and as he said angrily to Arthur,—

"For no reason. Dying for nothing, and of nothing."

"I do not agree with you, sir. Jack has done enough to kill two men. Why on earth could he not have let me know what he was after? I'd have gladly come."

"Yes, my boy, of course you would; only you were yachting, you know."

"I could have come back, I suppose," returned Arthur, sullenly.

"Yes, yes, and you would have done so; but what is to be done now?"

"Ah, sir, that is it! If one only *could* do anything! It maddens me to see him sinking away like this. Don't you think we might get him to Burleigh?"

"I wish to God that we could; but Sir James, as well as this country fellow, said that the only chance for him was to keep him perfectly still."

"Perhaps they neither of them understand him. Cannot we have some one else down?"

"Ah!" said his uncle, brightening, "that is a good thought. I'll ride to Castleborough, and telegraph for Gull. We will see what he says. Ring for my horse, my boy."

"Here is the earl, uncle," said Arthur, as he rang the bell, "passing the window; no doubt coming to beg us again to go to the Chase."

"I think, if so, Arthur, that you had better accept; it is churlish to refuse, now Lady Azerley has come back; but for myself, I really could not endure it."

"And am I to leave you alone, sir? besides which, until Jack is better——" And Arthur stopped abruptly.

His uncle put a hand on the young man's shoulder for an instant, and he did not see the ugly wall paper quite so distinctly as usual for two or three minutes afterwards.

Sir William Gull came and went, as Sir James had done. There was nothing to be done. Hope was standing with fluttering wings on the very threshold of all their hearts, ready to depart. One person only never dreamed that John Burleigh was dying. "Why should he not recover?" Lady Susan asked herself. Certainly he had without doubt this *Angina pectoris*, but some people had it even to old age; Sir James had distinctly said so, when she questioned him. She did not very clearly comprehend what it was—of course it had to do with the heart, but, excepting that, John was only weak. Both the great authorities had agreed that if he regained his strength all would be well, and both had said that the conditions were favourable for this, and she persistently shut her eyes to the fact that the longed-for accession of vigour did not come.

They were very happy together. All day she was with him, reading, talking cheerily, sitting by him—his hand in hers—doing for him a hundred little services, and when they were alone, kissing that dear face, which she did not see grow more and more shadowy. He talked gently to her of the things he loved—of Bob Chatteris, of little Mary, of his people, of the kingdom of Christ, and oftenest of all of Christ Himself. Once he spoke of being with Him; but a look of terror came into the eyes which were fixed so lovingly on his own, and as his mother came in at the moment, Susan made an excuse to leave the room. When she returned, he looked anxiously at her, and saw that she had been crying. He motioned to a chair on the other side of the bed, and under the bed clothes stretched out his hand, and took hers in a close, tender grasp. He never spoke of parting again, and she persistently banished the thought from her mind.

It was best so. The depression which his mother and sisters could not resist, would have settled down in the Vicarage, and made the sick-room a sad place; whereas now it was always bright and cheerful. By day Lady Susan irradiated it with her presence; at night, Rebecca Sugden, with calm, cheerful courage, took up the task. Neither would she believe that Mr. Burleigh was going to die. She knew it, as Lady Susan did not, as a fact; but as a fact which was a foe, and might be beaten, and should be struggled with to the very end. Rebecca Sugden was constantly praying, too, not as Lady Susan did, with a determination to trust the great Healer, but with a desperate grasp—a crying out, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;" and so, even in extremities, He must respond and save. Something drew the women together, and they became close friends without knowing why.

Three more weeks passed. The attacks of pain were neither so frequent nor so violent. The Vicar was taking a little more support; he slept more, he even sat up for hours in an easy chair; but the cold east winds of November were with difficulty excluded from his room, and he felt every change of temperature keenly.

"I have been thinking of the oleanders reflected in the blue waters of Lecco, and of the vineyards near Lugano. I suppose, even now, there will be sunshine there," he said one day.

"Would you like to go to Italy, my boy?" asked Mr. Burleigh, eagerly.

"Yes; I feel as though I longed to be soaked through with sunshine."

"Algiers would be better at this season for that. What do you say, Susan? Our patient could not do without you."

There was hope in the old man's voice as he turned to her. Lady Susan always cheered him. The girl's eyes sparkled.

"Certainly; why could we not all go? John would soon grow strong, 'soaked in sunshine.' What fun it will be. I have never seen an inch of Africa. Think of the Moors, and the donkeys, and the cactus, and all the bright colours—the glow of the whole thing!"

"If I grew strong there, we might go on to Palestine. I have always longed to see it."

"Ah, so we will; and your mother and the girls must come, and Arthur will take all the trouble off their hands. I shall look after *you* myself. I will go and talk it over with them downstairs; we must get out of this changeable climate as soon as possible."

"Oh, John, won't it be delightful?"

"It would be, my darling; yes, it would be—the Holy Land—and to see it with *you*."

"Don't say *it would be;* say it *will be*, dear."

He looked at her lovingly, and then held out his hand and drew her fingers to his lips, and kissed them."

"Not my hand! I grudge my hand your kisses." And she bent her head down to him.

"My wife!" he murmured, as he pressed her lips.

"John, I'm going to say a very strange thing, but you know circumstances change cases. I have been thinking of this ever since I came home, and now that you are a little bit stronger, and we hope are going to get well quickly, I want to say it."

"Then say it, my darling."

"Ah! that is easily told."

"You are blushing; what is it, Susan?"

"Let me whisper it."

"Well?" he said, inquiringly, as she seated herself on the broad arm of his chair, and nestled her head upon his shoulder. "Well?" as he stroked her golden hair.

"John, will you marry me, and then I can indeed go with you as your wife?"

"Your father and mother?"

"I have spoken to them, and they will not refuse."

"You are certain?"

"*Yes.*"

"I ought to say no, but——"

"But it is no use."

"Useless or not, it is *impossible.*"

Then silence fell between them. Time passed noiselessly by, dusk filled the room; then the darkness, which was broken only by the leaping of the fire-flame. The murmur of voices in the study below, came to them; but to be thus close together was enough for them, and they did not stir or speak until the door opened, and Rebecca Sugden said, in her round Yorkshire intonation,—

"I have brought your dinner, sir."

Lady Susan slipped from her perch, and brought forward the little table.

"What is it, Rebecca?"

Rebecca's face flashed into one smile; it was the first time that the Vicar had asked such a question.

"A bit of grouse, sir, and Martha's made the bread sauce with cream."

"How nice! I feel quite hungry."

"Ah, there is the carriage—how tiresome! I cannot stay and see you eat it. Good-night, John;" and Lady Susan bent her head for her good-night kiss. No one, save Rebecca, had ever seen her receive one; but then Rebecca was different from

other people. With a light heart she ran into the study.

"Good-night, Mrs. Burleigh; good-night all! Do you know, Mr. Burleigh, the prospect of the Algierine sunshine has made your nephew hungry; he is actually enjoying his dinner!"

"My dear, you are his sunshine; even Algiers would be gloomy if you were not with us," said the Squire gallantly, as he handed her into the brougham.

"A charming niece!" said the old man to himself, as he watched the carriage roll away.

"Gloomy without me," said Lady Susan to herself, with a happy laugh. "I should think so! No, Mr. Vicar, no more of your self-denial, 'Whither thou goest I will go. . . . thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

"Where thou diest I will die," corrected her memory, but she would not listen.

"Markham has come from Town, and whom do you think he has brought with him?" said Lady Charlotte, as she warmed her feet at her sister's fire, waiting for her, until she had finished dressing.

"I am certain that I could never guess; he has such a multitude of friends."

"But this one is a friend of yours—Mr. Hardman."

"Poor Mr. Hardman," said Lady Susan, with a laugh. She was very happy as she took her sister's arm, and they tripped downstairs.

"John is wonderfully better."

"I am glad to hear it," said her sister kindly; "but, oh, Susie, what a fool you are! You'll be as poor, as poor can be—what a fate!"

"All a mistake, Char; I shall be tremendously rich."

"You don't mean it!" said her sister, stopping half-way downstairs, and facing her.

"Oh yes, we shall——in love."

"My dear, what folly! For the moment I really imagined that you meant that you would be well off."

"So I do. Not in your way, but in my own."

"Well, I prefer mine, in this prosaic world."

"And I mine, because the world *is* so prosaic."

"How well Lady Susan looks! pardon my saying so, but she is perfectly radiant, and, may I add, more lovely than ever."

"I am glad that you think so, Mr. Hardman."

"It is a great happiness to me to be here. I am very grateful to you, Lady Azerley."

"We are always pleased to welcome you."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"THE RACE IS WON."

It was an unwholesome, disagreeable, offensive, blustering day, asserting itself in gusts of petulant, yet cold showers, and a chilling east wind—a day to make the least sensitive man take a gloomy view of things in general, and of his own affairs in particular.

Therefore, it was partly on account of the weather that Ralph Hardman thrust his hands deeply into his pockets, and walked with bent head down the long drives of the Chase towards Houghrigg. Partly, but only partly so, for he felt as dispirited internally as chilled externally. He had left Inverben discouraged, but not hopeless, and during his eight weeks' absence, his naturally buoyant temperament had asserted itself. He had been engaged busily in many good objects; they had warmed his heart and commanded his attention. He had been used to receive his income from his agents, to spend it carelessly, and to think no more about it. But, since he had become possessed by the thought of union with God, he felt that He had a prior right in everything; so Ralph Hardman had resolutely set himself to the difficult task of taking the beam out of his own eye before he removed the mote from his neighbour's. Schemes of philanthropy and missionary enterprise presented fascinating attractions to his mind, which the cleansing of air-excluded courts, the reinvestment of money paying a high, but not a righteous interest, had not.

Yet the thought of Lady Susan Stopham's sweet and helpful companionship never quitted him, and he often found that in this or that difficulty he could have asked her counsel.

At first he was shamefully cheated, and it grieved him when he found it out, and the disgust that he experienced discouraged him. He found that the very people for whom he was sacrificing so much, and for whom he thought and planned, turned again to rend him.

Still, Ralph Hardman knew that he was doing the right thing, and that in time his reforms must tell, so that he was well content to go on. Yet he longed for sympathy, and for a sight of the face he loved. He had gone about law business to London, and there encountered Lord Markham at the Club—heard of Burleigh's illness, and gladly accepted an invitation to come down to the Chase for a few days.

And here, the first day, he was met by disappointment. Lady Susan had disappeared immediately after breakfast, and no remark was made. He had lingered about all the morning, but she had not reappeared, even at luncheon. Then, from a word that the earl had dropped, he gathered that she was at the Vicarage. Still, no one seemed surprised. Naturally she would call to ask after her friend, but why so early in the day, and why remain so long? Ralph had hoped to walk down to the village with her; now, perhaps she would permit him to bring her back, and they might still have a long conversation. He had a hundred things to tell her, and there was always *the* great plea that he so desired to urge again. Thinking of her he quickened his steps.

John Burleigh had slept more the previous night than for weeks. Every one was cheered, Lady Susan was greeted with happy instead of sad smiles. She found old Mr. Burleigh studying a Bædeker and maps which he had telegraphed for the day before, keeping Arthur and both his nieces busy, making out routes, writing letters, and arranging lists of necessities. Mrs. Burleigh was with her son. She had read to him the ninety-third Psalm, and was straightening the things in his room, and tidying his medicine bottles, with a subdued gladness on her face.

He was watching her with an almost amused expression, but very tenderly. Into all this gentle happiness Lady Susan came, and perfected the harmony.

"We expect great things from you," she had said, as she brought him his luncheon, and he had smiled.

"Not too great," for there was a larger morsel of boiled chicken than they had as yet dared to offer to him upon his plate, "or I may disappoint you."

"Ah, don't say that, it is too cruel," his sister had replied; "do be *quick*, Jack, in getting strong; we do so long to be in the sunshine before Christmas."

"Uncle has set his heart upon it; he is quite absorbed in plans."

And then the rest came up, and there was a family conclave; but it did not last long—a little weariness stole into the sick man's face, a listlessness into the droop of his head. His mother saw it, and caught an appealing glance in Susan's eyes.

"Come downstairs; John has had news enough for to-day; he must sleep now;" and so the two were left alone, and John Burleigh did sleep, and woke refreshed. Susan was sitting on a hassock by his feet, gazing into the fire, and the light flickered on her bright hair and sweet face.

"What is my darling dreaming of?" he asked, as he touched her hair with his thin fingers.

She turned with a quick, loving smile. "You, just you, John."

"My wife, how you love me! I am not worthy—you do not know me—you think too well of me. I dread your awakening some day."

"Don't imagine that *my* love is blind—far from it. I well know that you will never be a Bishop."

"Susie! I find that you can tease."

"Forgive me, dear."

"I don't mind it. In fact, I rather like it." Then, after a pause he added, "How good God is! Loving-kindness and tender mercy have followed me, they have indeed. And to think, Susie, He gives us so much when He had so little. And yet He says, 'Ye are My witnesses;' 'as My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you;' 'I in them.' We are to share in His redeeming work, and yet, in all comfort, in all joy, 'the servant *is* above his Lord.' It is too much—too much."

After that, they sat on in the twilight, silently. Once again John Burleigh spoke.

"To think, Susie, that we are after all to be one!"

"Are we not that already?"

"Yes, my darling; but to be together every day, always. I can hardly believe it—and heaven beyond—with Christ, seeing His face—and one still, always one, always together, even there; it is too much."

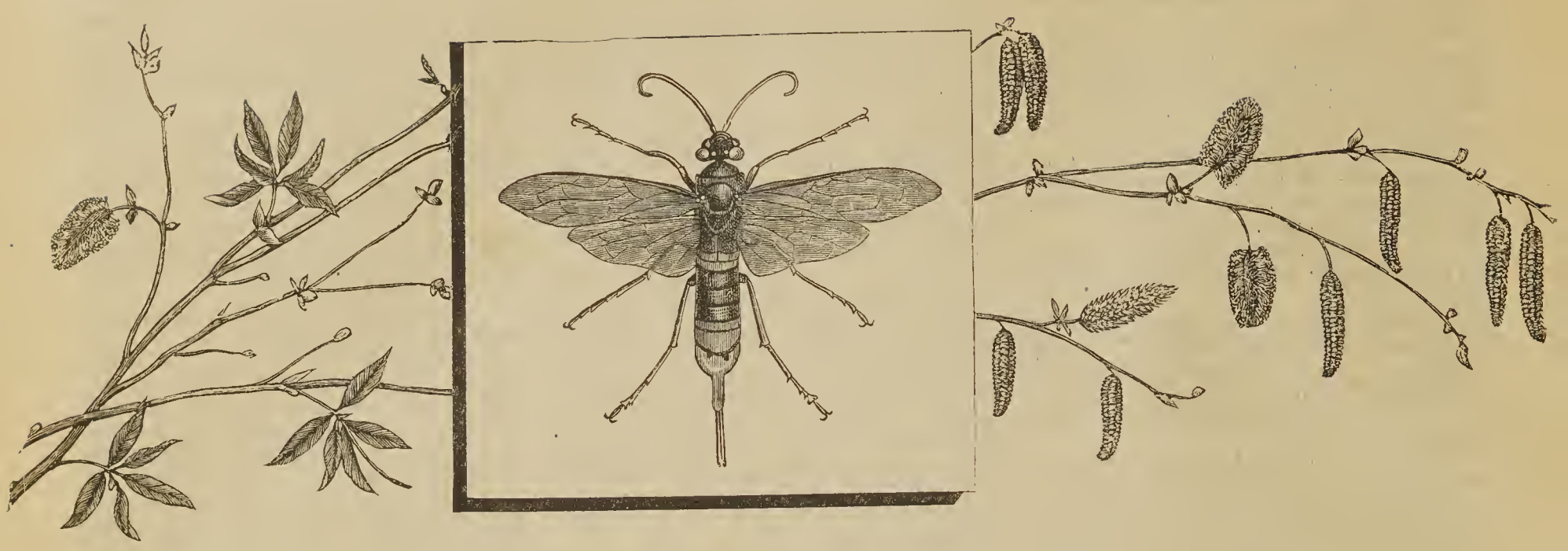
"John, I don't think that even heaven would be complete happiness to me without you."

"Hush! God knows best, His compensations and satisfactions are beyond our comprehension; but," he added gently, "it seems to me, too, that the joy could not be *complete* without you." Then he added—"Two made one, the completion of being the one to the other."

"John, you will find me a very wanting half," said Lady Susan sadly, "even on earth."

"No, I shall not; you fill up all my cavities;" and for the first time for many a week, the Vicar laughed.

(*Continued—page* 817.)



A FALLEN TREE.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, Author of "Homes without Hands," "Strange Dwellings," etc., etc.

IN the Book of Ecclesiastes there is a very familiar passage, which, like many other portions of Scripture, has been strangely misapplied by neglect of the context. Here is the entire passage: "If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth: and if the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be. He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap" (Eccles. 11. 3, 4). . . . "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good" (ver. 6).

What does this passage mean? Why is a tree introduced into a corn-field? and why should not a tree fall to the east or west, as well as to the north or south?

Moreover, no tree lies where it falls. If man finds it, he cuts it up and carries it away for his own purposes. If not, as soon as a tree dies, it is weakened, so that it can be blown down, and when it has fallen, it is removed as speedily as possible, in order to make way for another tree to grow in its stead.

Stripped of its context, the fall of the tree has been interpreted as an authoritative statement of the condition of man after the death of the body—an interpretation which, as we have seen, is not even justified by the metaphor.

I was puzzled with this passage for many years, and came quite unexpectedly upon its true meaning. While I was engaged on my "Bible Animals," I was greatly assisted by some of the leading Jewish scholars of the day, who lent me a number of works which threw a new light on many obscure passages of Scripture, the present being one of them.

The opening of the chapter gives the key: "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." The writer here alludes to Eastern agriculture, the ground being watered either by artificial channels, or by the natural rise of certain rivers, or by rain, which might or might not fall. On these waters the "bread," *i.e.*, the future seed, is cast, sinks into the softened ground, and then springs up to mature a future harvest.

Why, then, should a tree and the direction of its fall be interpolated? What business has a tree in wheat ground, and if there, why should it fall? The Jewish Bible supplies the explanation. The word which we translate as "tree," the Jewish Bible renders as "stick," or "splinter," or "rod," and gives the following interpretation.

The whole passage is a rebuke to the superstitious practices of the Jews, who then, as afterwards, were always seeking for signs. Therefore they sought for lucky days for sowing their seed, sometimes drawing their signs from the clouds, sometimes from the winds, and sometimes from the rods—these being used as a means of fortune-telling. A number of small rods or sticks were gathered loosely together in the two hands, set upright, and then suffered to fall, the direction in which they fell constituting the omen.

We may mention that the Chinese of the present day use a precisely similar mode of divination, strips of bamboo being employed for the purpose, and the character of each slip being written upon it.

The writer's argument is briefly as follows. Put no trust in omens, whether of the clouds, or of the rods, or of the winds; but sow your seed at the proper time, and trust it to God.

Now we will pass on to the fallen tree, and see why it must not lie where it falls.

Were it to do so, it would be imperishable, and would be a cumberer of the earth, permitting no other tree to grow in its place. No forest could grow were such a law in force, and the whole face of the earth would be choked up with fallen trees.

So, when a tree has nearly run its appointed course, innumerable agencies are employed for the purpose of removing it, in order that it may make way for a new tree or fresh herbage. Most of these agents belong to the insect races, especially to the beetles, the moths, and the *hymenoptera*. I need only mention the Termites, which make so speedy an end of all dead vegetable matter, and will only give a few examples from our own country.

One of the most conspicuous of these agents is the great stag-beetle. In its perfect state it is not a wood-eater, and in fact, can only lick sweet juices with a sort of little brush. The huge jaws possessed by the male are not used for eating wood, nor, as far as I know, are they more than a personal adornment of the male sex, like the mane of the lion, the beard of man, or the train of the peacock.

They do not even seem to be used for fighting purposes, though I have seen the insect using them as a kitten uses her paws when playing with a little ball of thread.

Conspicuous as is this fine insect, and large as the larvæ must necessarily be, very few persons have seen it, except in its perfect state.

The mother insects deposits her eggs underground, just at the junction of the root and trunk of a tree which has received its sentence of death. When hatched, the young grubs begin to bore their way into the interior of the tree, the size of the burrows necessarily increasing according to the growth of the larvæ. For three years the grub is incessantly driving its tunnel through the wood, and of course, weakening the tree just below the surface of the ground.

When arrived at its full growth, it is a great, white, fat-bodied grub, about as thick as a man's thumb, and having a pair of singularly sharp and powerful jaws. It is not pleasant when these jaws seize a human finger.

Even one of these grubs makes great havoc in the tree trunk; and as six or eight of them are often found in the same tree, the extent of the weakening can easily be imagined.

In those districts which the stag-beetle frequents, I have noticed that when a tree is attacked by this larvæ, branches at its top begin to die. The reader may remember the pathetic prophecy of Swift, when, foreseeing the loss of his intellect, he pointed to such a tree, and said that like it, he should begin to die at the top.

I do not believe that it ever attacks a healthy tree, but that the insect knows by instinct when the sentence of death has been passed on a tree, and therefore lays her eggs at its root. Naturally thinking that the stag-beetle is the cause of the death of trees, landowners have tried a variety of devices for killing the insect, the most ingenious consisting of a long steel wire which was introduced into the burrows, so as to pierce their inmates. I cannot, however, find that a tree when attacked by the stag-beetle, has ever recovered.

To another set of beetles is intrusted the task of separating the bark from the trunk. Chief among them is a little beetle which has no popular name, but is well known to naturalists as the *Scolytus destructer*.

It was first brought into public notice about a century ago. The elm trees in the public parks were found to be losing large pieces of bark. The bark was not taken away, but was found at the foot of the trees, so that the destruction was thought to be the result of pure spite, or perhaps of frolic, according to the prevalent ideas of the time. Sentries were therefore posted, but the destruction went on without diminution, and the sentries themselves were suspected, and placed under arrest.

At last some pieces of the fallen bark were seen by an entomologist, who at once pronounced the *Scolytus* to be the real delinquent. The task is achieved as follows, and, as is usual amongst insects, it is done by the female.

She first nibbles a little circular hole through the bark, into the trunk or wood of the tree. She then turns off at right angles, and with her powerful little jaws, nibbles a tunnel from three to four inches in length. Then she backs her way out again, depositing eggs as she proceeds. Just as she has reached the entrance, she lays her last eggs, and dies, her body blocking up the opening, so as to guard against insect-eating intruders.

The eggs are soon hatched, and produce a number of little white, soft-bodied, strong-jawed grubs, which immediately begin to eat their way between the bark and the trunk, always starting at right angles to the channel which their mother had bored. As each grub increases in size, the tunnel which it makes naturally becomes wider, so that the bark is almost wholly separated from the trunk.

Then, as soon as the grubs have attained their perfect state, and become beetles, they gnaw their way out, and, after a short enjoyment of life in the open air, the males die, and the females employ themselves in carrying out the work for which they were created.

The reader will now see that the beetle does not at all deserve its name of "*destructer*."

Another large beetle is equally zealous in the perforation of trees. This is the Musk-beetle (*Aromia Moschata*), which, for gorgeousness of colour and grace of form, is unrivalled amongst the British beetles. Moreover, it exhales a most delightful perfume, which can be perceived at an astonishing distance, and though it has a character peculiarly its own, bears some resemblance to that of the sweet briar.

Soft-wooded trees, especially the willow, are the favoured haunts of this insect; they sometimes collect in such numbers, that the tree is completely honeycombed with the burrows, so that the wood can be crumbled to pieces between the finger and thumb.

Far smaller, but equally powerful agents in the work of removing dead wood from the earth, are the little beetles which produce the well-known burrows found in "worm-eaten" wood.

There are few woods, as the upholsterer knows to his cost, which can withstand the teeth of these tiny burrowers. Curators of museums always dread the first grains of yellow dust which denote the presence of the borer beetle, which has a special love for savage bows, spears, paddles, and clubs.

The wood-destroying moths are best represented by the goat moth, which burrows into soft-wooded trees. The jaws of this larvæ are almost incredibly powerful. I have known one of them make its way through a plate of perforated zinc by grasping two contiguous perforations in its jaws, and bending them backwards and forwards until the metal between them was broken, and repeating the process until it had made an aperture through which it could force its way.

One of these larvæ proved a very expensive possession to the captor. Not knowing its proclivities, he put it into a tumbler, and then inverted the tumber upon a cottage piano, placing a heavy weight upon the glass. Next morning the glass was empty, a large hole in the wood betraying the mode of escape. Taught by instinct, it had burrowed into the piano, and, before it was discovered and recaptured, had enjoyed itself immensely among the wood-work of the interior.

Only one more of these agents for reconverting death into life can be mentioned in our limited space. This is the *Sirex*, an insect which has no popular name.

It is a large and powerful insect of formidable appearance, looking much like a flattened hornet, with yellow wings, and a long, straight spike projecting from the end of the body, and resembling a sting. It is, however, perfectly harmless, the spike in question being a powerful augur, with which the female penetrates the trunks of fir-trees, and deposits her eggs in them.

The larvæ, as soon as they are hatched, begin to perforate the tree, on the wood of which they feed. Their jaws are so powerful, that they have been known to gnaw their way through a plate of lead that had been fastened to the tree.

They sometimes cause great alarm by suddenly making their appearance in rooms. The fact is that they have undergone their changes within the timber of which some part of the room has been constructed, and have gnawed their way into the open air. I have known ten or twelve of these formidable-looking insects to appear in a single day in one room.



THE POST OFFICE: WHAT IT IS, WHAT IT DOES, AND HOW IT DOES IT.

By An Official.



Part V.

THE ROMANCE OF THE POST OFFICE.

WE have hitherto dealt with the prosaic side of Post Office work, and have found no little difficulty in condensing into space, necessarily limited, that which after all is a very incomplete description of what the Post Office does, and how it does it. But it is a still more difficult task to describe its poetry. Scarcely a day passes but what some incident occurs—now in London, now in some country office—calculated to surprise, amuse, or sadden. Glimpses of inner lives, the secret of many a mystery, the beginning and the end of many a romance, flash into the purview of the Post Office official, amongst the complaints and applications which he has to deal with from the writers or addressees of letters.

It is a well-known rule of the Post Office that a letter once posted, must not leave the custody of the Postmaster-General until it is delivered to the addressee, and a Post official returning a letter to the writer on any ground, would be liable to severe punishment.

Some years ago, a gentlemanly-looking man called at a post office in the country, and said that he was afraid he had enclosed two letters in wrong envelopes, of which he gave the addresses. His request to have the letters back to correct his mistake was refused, but in the course of his urgent entreaties, he revealed the fact that his error had ruined his future prospects, inasmuch as the letters disclosed plans which he had adopted to serve two mercantile houses in the same business, whose interests clashed at every point. But a still more interesting case occurred. A tradesman's daughter who had for some time been engaged to a young miller in a neighbouring town, heard from some one whom she and her parents believed to be worthy of credence, that he was on the verge of bankruptcy. Anxious to lose no time in breaking a bond which seemed to link her and her small fortune to penury, a letter, breaking off the engagement, was written to the girl's lover. Hardly had it been posted, when the same informant called upon the young lady's friends, to contradict and explain his previous statement, which had arisen from some misunderstanding. The poor girl and her friends rushed at once to the post office, but the tears, the wringing of hands, the united appeals of father, mother, and daughter, were in vain. The rule admitted of no exception. The Post Office ruthlessly did its work, and the young lady had to repent at leisure of her own and her parents' haste.

A very small selection from the mass of curious letters, on all kinds of subjects, addressed to the Post Office authorities, would fill a large volume; and the wide idea which prevails as to the powers and functions of Her Majesty's Postmaster-General is sometimes more embarrassing than flattering to that august functionary of state. The old designation of "Dead Letter Office" has now fallen quite into disuse officially, but there is still a vague belief existent that it has some connection with mortuary records, and inquiries for deceased persons frequently come addressed to the "Dead Letter Office." Thus, for instance :—

"We heard in the paper about twelve or fourteen months back Mary Ann ——, the servant girl at London, was dead. Please send it to the Printer's Office by return of post whether there was a small fortune left for——"

So also a man wrote to ask if the Post Office would find out whereabouts in Australia his mother and sisters were, begging for a reply by return of post, and "also your charge at the lowest."

The present writer remembers receiving in his official capacity a letter from some gentleman in the United States, asking to be informed in what street in London the Bank of England was, as he wanted to address a letter there.

A conscientious member of the public wrote, enclosing seven sixpenny stamps, and eighteenpence to pay for an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* acknowledging their receipt, and asked that it might be accepted as conscience-money, as he considered he owed that amount, "having enclosed some weeks ago three letters to India within a cover to a friend." The writer goes on to say that at the time he thought he was doing no wrong, as the three letters were merely messages that he did not like to trouble his friend with, but now "he thinks differently," and sends the stamps to quiet his conscience.

The following, from a person who lost a letter containing something of value, is a mild specimen of the comminatory effusions addressed to the Post Office :—

"I got no redress before, but I trust I shall on this occasion, or else there must be 'something rotten in the state of Denmark.' Judas Iscariot was a thief, and carried the bag, and it will be a pity and a great scandal if he has found a successor in some branch of the Post Office."

People are very fond of trying the resources of the Post Office. Letters infinitesimally small are often found among the correspondence; others with addresses designedly made as quaint and difficult as possible.

A year or two ago, some person, who might have certainly been influenced by motives of economy, but who was probably actuated by a spirit of fun or mischief, wrote a letter containing twenty-six words on the back of a postage stamp, and posted it. It was properly sorted and duly delivered. Emboldened by success, the person repeated the experiment, but on a third attempt with a halfpenny stamp—the halfpenny postage stamp was then much smaller than it is now—the sender overreached himself, as the diminutive document became liable to the charge of one penny as an insufficiently prepaid letter, and this penalty was duly enforced.

Amongst the traditions of the Post Office which record the simplicity of the public, and the shrewdness of Post Office officials, there is one which tells how a rustic once came to the counter of the *Poste Restante* at St. Martin's-le-Grand, and asked the clerk if there was a letter for him "from my mother." The clerk looked at his interlocutor for an instant, and then promptly replied in the affirmative, handing him at the same time a letter which some wiseacre had addressed, "To my Son, London." Tradition is silent as to whether the clerk's guess was correct; but not to spoil a good story, it is always assumed that it was.

Complaints of lost letters are few, compared to the vast amount of correspondence conveyed through the Post Office, and notwithstanding the special temptation to which Post Office sorters are exposed by thoughtless persons who send money and valuable articles by post, without taking the precaution of registering, the standard of probity and sense of duty of the force, as a whole, is very high. Still, the record of our courts of criminal law unfortunately show many a sad case of dishonesty and its punishment.

The theft of a post letter used to be one of the offences punishable by death, and there is now an official in the Post Office who can remember a postman being hung. But the maximum punishment was changed to transportation for life; and though there is no instance of so severe a sentence having been inflicted, a Post Office official who steals a letter is still liable to penal servitude for life. But it must be a post letter—that is, it must, at the time, be in the custody of the Postmaster-General. After a letter has once been delivered at its address, the Postmaster-General has no further power over it.

Of the complaints received of the loss of letters, a very large proportion turn up on investigation—and every complaint, however trivial, is very thoroughly investigated—to be unfounded, or to be due to the fault of the public, or to some other cause beyond the control of the Post Office. Sometimes a careless man forgets to post his letter, sometimes letters delivered into a house-door letter-box fall into the hands of children, magpies, monkeys, or rats. Once a letter containing a cheque for a large amount was found by a ploughman in a field ten miles from the town where it was said to have been posted, and inquiry elicited that it had dropped off the writer's table into his waste-paper basket, and thence had got, by way of the dustman, to where it was ultimately found. Letters often get into the folds of newspapers and large packets.

In one curious case, half a sovereign had been enclosed in a pill-box, which it exactly fitted, and then in a letter, but could not be found when the letter was opened by the addressee. The envelope and pill-box were sent to the two or three post offices in different parts of the country through which

it had passed, and a thorough inquiry made, but no clue to the mystery could be obtained; but just as an official at St. Martin's-le-Grand was preparing a polite letter of explanation and regret to the complainant, he found that the upper lid of the pill-box had been accidentally pushed down to the lower, so as to make a false bottom, and that the half-sovereign was lying *perdu* between the two.

Among other mysterious cases, is the return to England of two packets which had been addressed to Australia, and had been forwarded thither, and which on being opened were found to contain, the one a hundred sovereigns, and the other fifty sovereigns, without a letter or other document to show to whom they belonged. They were never claimed, nor was the mystery ever solved. It is supposed that they may have been sent by some person who was going to Australia, so that they should be there when he arrived, and that he died on the voyage, or else that the ship was lost.

Some of our readers may remember the incident of the tomtit's nest, which appeared in the newspapers in 1884. The occupier of an old Hall, near Nantwich, had a letter-box in his gate at the roadside, and one day found there a letter, which should have contained a cheque, mutilated, and the cheque gone. The Post Office authorities and the police were at once appealed to; but on examining the box, it was found to contain a tomtit's nest, and the birds had no doubt, either to use the paper or to get it out of the way, pecked the letter to pieces. In a similar case which occurred in Scotland, the birds, through the soft-heartedness of a postman, with which our readers will fully sympathise, were not disturbed, and the parent birds, who got so tame as not to move when the box was cleared of its letters, brought up a fine family of seven young nestlings.

There is a body of officials at St. Martin's-le-Grand who are specially selected and specially trained for the investigation of all serious cases of loss or fraud upon the Post Office, and the records of this department contain, no doubt, many a strange or curious history, which would be interesting if revealed.

There have, of course, been many daring robberies or frauds committed or attempted against the Post Office. The principal of these in later years have been as follows:—(1) A great fraud committed by means of some money order forms stolen from a country post office, the criminal in this case being sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude; (2) the robbery from the Hatton Garden Branch Post Office, in which a gang of thieves managed to turn out the gas at the busiest time, and in the darkness and confusion to carry off registered letters containing diamonds to the value of £15,000; (3) the robbery of the mails from London to Gibraltar, which by the aid of English Post Office officials was brought home to the Spanish Postmaster of San Fernando, near Cadiz; and (4) the theft which was committed two years ago upon the mails from London to Berlin and St. Petersburg. In the last case, the thieves are supposed to have clambered from a first-class carriage to the van containing the mail-bags, to have then opened the latter, and sewn them up again so neatly, that nothing was discovered till the bags got to Berlin. One of the members of the gang was captured, and brought to justice.

During a very long trial, it was attempted to prove on his behalf that the precautions taken by the English Post Office were such, that it was impossible for the robbery to have been effected until after the mails had been transferred to the care of the Belgian Postal authorities.

If this had been proved, the case would have been out of the jurisdiction of an English court of law, and as at that time an Englishman could not be extradited for trial in Belgium on such a charge, the culprit would have escaped scot-free. So that the Post Office authorities were in the curious position, that they had to show they were guilty of negligence, which it was urged they could never be capable of.

It is a singular coincidence, that another robbery was committed the very same year on the mails despatched from London by the same route. A gang, supposed to consist of five men, managed to break open the locked van of the mail-van, attached to the train between Ostend and Cologne, and to rifle the mail-bags. The thieves were artful enough to replace the bar on the van, and to insert a false padlock in the place of that which they had forced, so that at Brussels and Ghent, where the train stopped, the watchful eyes of the guards and other officials did not detect anything wrong. The perpetrators of the robbery escaped arrest, in spite of the combined efforts of the Belgian and English police. The precaution taken with the mails have been since greatly increased, and it is very unlikely that such daring attempts will ever be repeated.

But nothing has occurred in England like the robberies which have been effected abroad, where postmen have been known to be murdered almost in the open street, as occurred at Vienna some years ago, for the sake of the valuable enclosures of the registered letters carried by them. In some countries, too, postmen take out money for money orders, and collect money for bills, so that they often have a very considerable amount of specie in their possession. So great is the tendency to make use of the machinery and organization of the Post Office for work which, though it seems foreign to the proper scope of a Post Office, it is found it can do well because it is the Post Office, that we may reasonably anticipate seeing our postmen become our tax-collectors.

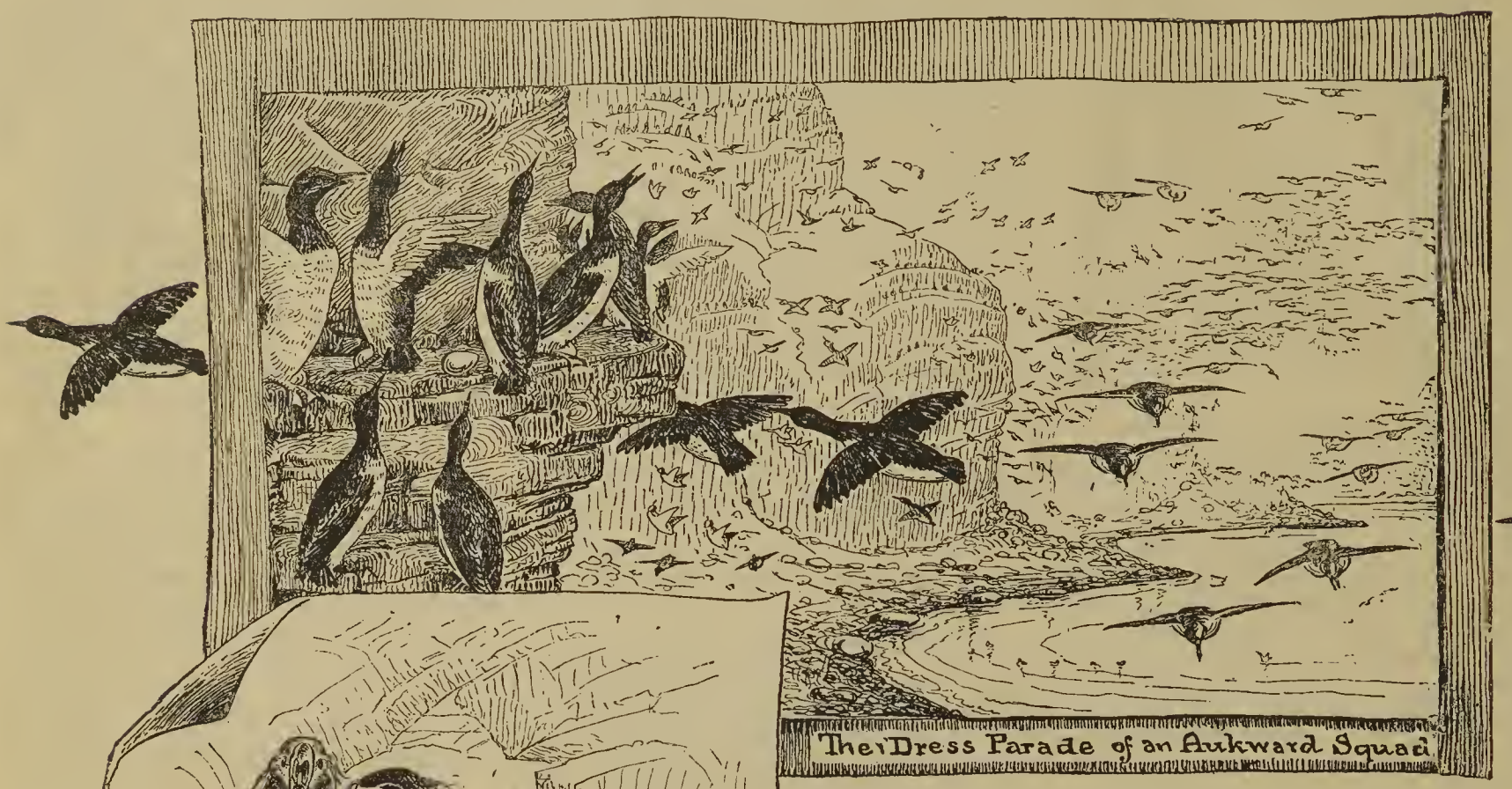
And now space, or rather, the want of it, compels us to bring this series of Articles to a close. It is hoped their object has been attained, and that the readers of "A. 1." have gained a real insight into the machinery and work of an institution which may be said without exaggeration, to be one of the marvels of civilisation. And more—the Post Office is an important factor of civilisation and progress. The facilities which the Post Office gives for the interchange of thought is a strong incentive to education; without it, trade and commerce would stand checked mid-way in their career of successful progress; by its means, the poor man is taught and helped to be thrifty and saving. And it has a higher mission still.

The common interest that all nations have in postal work is a powerful element of international harmony, and the establishment and development of the Universal Postal Union, with its formally recognised principle — that, for one purpose, at all events, every country belonging to the Union is one and the same territory—may, perhaps, be looked upon without presumption, as a step taken, under higher guidance than human genius or human intellect, in the direction of universal brotherhood and "goodwill among men."



THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

By Professor HENRY W. ELLIOTT.





THE ALCIDÆ, OR AUKS.

THERE are vast expanses of hyperboreal watery wastes and desolate shores thereof, which owe their sole attraction and enlivenment to those "birds of a feather which flock together" there—to the subjects of our sketch, the Auks. The gloomy surroundings and the frigid winds, which are so characteristic of the haunts of those queer waterfowl, seem to have eliminated all song or melody from their throats, and nature has, instead of musical endowment, given them a sense of rare good fellowship, so that at regular periods of the year they gather together, from broad scatterlings over thousands of marine leagues, in order that millions may meet each other by close bodily contact and appreciation.

These seabirds of the North must have the fullest enjoyment of a purely physical existence; they have an unlimited supply of food, and they have few natural enemies; and as they assemble by their own ordering in those mighty incubating congregations of their kind, they seem to our eyes to fairly revel in the numerical wonder of their vast aggregate numbers, and to gregariously exult over it with harsh cries of comfort and energetic beating of pinions.

I say that they have few natural enemies—fewer than other birds, and I think it is a correct statement; but they have a climatic foe which taxes their powers of endurance, and checks them from boundless increase and diffusion in the Arctic and Subarctic waters of the earth. The *Alcidæ* are confined to the boreal waters of the North, and represent or take the place of the penguins (*Spheniscidæ*) of the Antartic.

Some ideas of the vast numbers of this latter species may be gathered from a story related by a retired American naval officer.

"I never see one of those birds," he said, pointing to a large penguin in a museum collection, "but I am reminded of one of the most dismal and curious experiences of my whole life. It is an innocent-looking creature—no wings to speak of, stupid, and easily knocked over; but yet I have seen a man driven stark staring mad by them, and a party of able seamen nearly killed.

"When I was a midshipman, I was assigned to a convoy of the South Atlantic Squadron, that was ordered to a group of small islands, then newly discovered, that lay off the Coast of Africa, about twelve hundred miles or so from the Cape of Good Hope. It was supposed that England was about to claim them, and it was suggested by the Navy Department that we look the matter up, and if the place was valuable as a coaling station, or could be of any use to our whaling interests, that were then important, we were to plant the flag; but if otherwise, it was to be let alone, and no impediment placed in the way of foreign claims. We crossed over from Rio, under easy sail, in about twenty days, and one morning sighted the place at daylight. It looked like a huge rock rising directly out of the sea, about which a long reef stretched away, and on which the sea thundered so violently, that there appeared to be no ap-

proach. We sent a boat's crew out ahead, however, who before long found an entrance, and by night we were alongside a sheer cliff, at least eight hundred feet high.

"When we came to anchor, we began to hear an indistinct noise, as if ten thousand dogs were barking in chorus a mile away. Finally, the wind shifted off shore, and the uproar became unbearable. You could not even hear yourself think. Exactly what it was we did not know, but as night set in, we saw it was penguins. They came off to the ship in tens of thousands, covering the water, leaping along like so many porpoises, and appearing exactly like them. As the water was extremely phosphorescent, every move seemed to set it on fire, and there was a continuous rush of fire bodies. There was very little sleep aboard that night, I can tell you, and about all hands had concluded that, if a station was to be made there, the birds would have to be killed off first. In the morning the boat was lowered, and a crew pulled in. We skirted the island for a mile without finding a landing ; but finally a waterfall was seen, dropping some two hundred feet straight into the sea, and near it the cliffs had caved in and rocks rolled down, forming a landing that was, however, preoccupied.

"The boulders were covered with penguins, going up in groups, pairs, and singly ; others coming down, sliding, hopping, and screaming, as if their lives depended on it. It was our only chance. So the cutter was run ashore, and leaving her in charge of a boatman, eight of us struck up the slippery walk. The very stones had been worn smooth by the feet of the millions of birds. They fairly blocked the way, massing in platoons, lying in groups or singly, so that it was with the greatest difficulty that we made our way. About a hundred feet from the rocks we came to a patch of high grass —above five feet high—that stretched away nobody knows how far, and here was the great centre of the penguin colony. The rocky pathway was merely an entrance, and led directly into the grass by a road about four feet wide, made by the birds. We pushed in amid the deafening noise, and found that from every side of the main walk extended innumerable avenues, lanes, and paths, literally packed with birds, nests, and eggs. They stood in a solid front in some places, and threw themselves at our legs, while hosts of gulls, that also laid here, whirled about in the air, striking at our heads with their wings. We had worked in about a hundred yards, when one of the men was struck by a big bird, and slipped and went down, his leg sinking into the soil, and actually into a bird's nest, showing that not only were there birds overhead and on the surface, but that they had perforated the underground. The man that was struck seemed bewildered, and called to me that he would go back. I nodded to him, and he turned and dashed off by the very way we had come, while we pressed on.

"The place was as hot as an oven. The guano, collected in years, was a foot deep, and we left a track of broken eggs after us like a trail. Not a man but was bleeding from the attacks of the ferocious throng, and momentarily it was growing worse and worse. Finally, I gave the word to run, and off we started, whirling our sticks, knocking down the birds in hundreds to the right and left, now falling, up again, rushing on, sliding, slipping, and gasping, while the heat increased almost to suffocation, and the uproar was something terrible. I fell on my face, and was pecked in a dozen places before I could get up, and nearly lost my eyes. On we rushed, now knowing it was a case of life or death, and finally, in the headlong flight, we came out upon a clear grassy spot, and threw ourselves on the turf in utter exhaustion. Five minutes more of such work, and we never would have got out. Three dogs that came with us were never found. You may be sure we did not attempt to go back the same way. After we had rested, we kept up on the cliffs, and found it a barren, useless spot. On the return we discovered a path leading around the shore to the westward, and after a terrible march, reached the boat.

'Where is Gilley?' shouted the boat-keeper, and we suddenly remembered that he had left us in the bird colony. Three men volunteered to go in search, but I decided we would all go. I had in the boat a long sounding-line, and taking it, we made it



An Awkward Concert.

fast, and started in again, hauling it after us, so that we could follow it back. We must have gone a hundred yards, walking and sliding over the dead and wounded birds, when we became aware of an unusual commotion ahead. Ten or fifteen large skuas were hovering in the air, darting down and up; and suddenly we came upon a partial clearing, and there was the sailor, standing in a regular sea of birds,—his eyes staring, clothes torn, his face and body bleeding, waving his arms about, stark, staring mad. We made a rush for him, and after a struggle, secured him with the rope and got him on board. But he was incurable, and made crazy by the birds. We were glad enough to get away, and it is enough to say that the Government never made a station there."

Several species of the auk family occur in the North Atlantic, in swarms of exceeding number, or are of circumpolar distribution; but a large majority of the group inhabit Behring Sea, the Okhotsk, and the North Pacific, ranging as far south in some instances as Lower California during winters. They are waterfowl pure and unexceptionable, all of them, and live largely in the Northern Oceans upon amphipodons, the crustaceæ, small fish, etc., which are so common there.

I have been thrown in contact with enormous numbers of this branch of the aves, and take from my portfolio the foregoing sketches, which represent the salient features of three species of that family. In the first picture you see the "murres," or "arries" (*Lomvia arra*) as they flock up from the sea to the lofty mural precipices of St. George's Island, Behring Sea. They actually flock over fifteen miles of these bluffy walls, here black and white with their fluttering forms.

They drop their large pyriform eggs, coloured gaily with green and bluish grounds, mottled with deep brown and black suffused blotches, upon the cold, bare edges of the cliffs, and straddle them in incubation as a boy does a hobby-horse.

The second sketch introduces the reader to a great scold and brawler,—the tufted puffin (*Fratercula cirrhata*), a bird of all birds which seems to have been especially fashioned with an idea of the fantastic and ridiculous. It possesses the queerest countenance and the worst temper of all the auk tribe. When it pokes its odd, lemon-yellow and crimson bill out from the secure shadows of its rocky, nesting caverns, and blinks and nods in your face with an air of combined amazement and impudence, the impulse for laughter could not be more strongly aroused by any other object.

This tufted puffin, the "taw-porkie" of the Alaskans, is a great brawler in his own household; he growls, screams, and scolds at his wife with an incessant impetuosity which is difficult to describe, but which she handsomely, and with infinite spirit and relish, promptly returns in kind.

On the north front of St. George's Island, Behring Sea, these tiny auks settle for incubation.

No experience of the writer among the hosts of Arctic and Subarctic waterfowl is more curious and attractive, than is his recollection of many long June days during 1873, which he passed in the society of overwhelming numbers of these brave, sturdy, little *phaleridæ*. Seated on the boulders, or stretched out full length upon the grassy and mossy carpet between them, you can watch, and be watched, within an arm's length of these tiny, fluttering, fearless sea-parrots. They will almost perch upon you, or, swiftly flying, fairly strike your head with their strong, short pinions; they will peer into your face with their small "wall eyes," with an expression of profound astonishment. As they ogle, they chatter, and they chuckle with lugubrious accent, while ever and anon a cloud of them, a swarm of hundreds or thousands, will gather over your head in mid-air, so thickly interlacing their flying, circling bodies, as to fairly hide the sky from your view; and their combined outcry more than renders you deaf, and strikes you dumb.

They have selected this site on St. George, for the secrecy and safety of those multitudinous tiny caverns which they find all fitted up for their habitation. They are strictly monogamous, and conduct all their extravagant billing and cooing under the rocks in these interstices just mentioned; and their harsh discord defies analysis.

Men whose lines of life are cast in circumpolar regions, have abundant reason to rise often and call the auk blessed. It alone of all birds, gives them delicious eggs, and a vast abundance of them; it gives them sweet, fresh meat for roasts and pot-pies; and their breast-feathers soften and warm his couch.

The eggs of the first bird which we sketch, and the rotund, plump, juicy bodies of the *simorhynchus*,—the "choochkia"—go far to render human life enjoyable in Behring Sea, whilst these birds' cousins of the North Atlantic are equally prepossessing and serviceable to this end.

MONT BLANC.

THE "great white mountain" stands almost in the centre of the Alpine range, a paragon among the mighty hills which surround it, not only on account of its great magnitude, but because of the singularity of its appearance; for, being almost devoid of any rocky or verdurous covering, its snow-clad summits and sides shine with an intense and dazzling glare when viewed from afar. So marked is its peculiarity in this respect, that at twilight, and more especially at sunset, the mountain becomes veritably transfigured, and glows with a weird, phosphorescent light, presenting a spectacle at once grand and awe-inspiring. Goëthe, in describing a visit to the Vale of Chamouni from Geneva, graphically depicts this strange phenomenon, which he noticed one evening while rambling in the neighbourhood of the Alps. The stars were rising, when he observed behind a distant range of mountains, a strange light, much like that of the Milky Way, but fuller and more luminous. As he approached it, the apparition grew more defined, and gradually assumed the pyramidal form that at once identified it in the mind of the observer with Mont Blanc. The mighty dome of St. Peter's, when illuminated for some religious festival, viewed from the Pincian Hill, has been referred to as a sublime sight; but the spectacle would only convey a faint conception of the aspect of the "sovran" of the Alps, when viewed by starlight, and more especially by the light of the setting sun.

A flying visit to Neuchatel, some years ago, gave me the opportunity of obtaining a glimpse of the mountain under the latter conditions. A breezy walk from the town brought me to the verge of the blue lake, whose wide expanse was wimpling in the evening winds. It was the late summer-time, and all the lower landscape was redolent of the season; only the snow-covered higher peaks of the green table-lands spoke of a co-existent winter, as though in mockery of the scene below. Looking across a luxuriant vineyard near by, over a stretch of checkered country, my eye roamed along the snow-capped ranges of the Swiss and Savoy Alps, spreading with a sweeping curve along the horizon-line. Slowly and silently, "like the host descending," the sun sank behind the Jura, and the gloaming tints deepened on the lofty peaks around. Duskier and duskier grew the hills; but when every summit about was clad in monkish grey, the Colossus of the Alps stood out in majesty, its summit attired in glorious robes of pale crimson and lustrous white. There is always an element of awe in the grandeur of the huge mountain, but viewed at such a time, it presented a scene that was ineffable in its majestic beauty.

From where I stood, on the outskirts of the town, Mont Blanc must have been distant about eighty miles; but the finest view of the mountain is to be obtained from the Col de Balme. Viewed from this place, the whole of the stupendous object may be taken in at a glance, while the observer is sufficiently near to distinguish every detail of the picture. Ascending the Breven from here, the traveller is conscious of a strange delusion. It appears as though the mountain were about to fall down upon him, and every glance he takes at its pyramidal summit intensifies the sensation.

Strange as it may appear, the first known ascent of Mont Blanc was not accomplished till so late as the year 1786. After several abortive attempts had been made to perform the feat, a young man named Balmat, who had lost his way on the mountain, and was compelled to spend the night upon its slopes, discovered a route which seemed to him to afford the long-sought access to the summit. The illness and exhaustion induced by his exposure to the thin, frigid mountain air occasioned him being placed under the care of a doctor, to whom he in confidence imparted the fact of his fortunate discovery. This doctor, naturally anxious to be the first to attain the long-sought goal, set off soon afterwards, accompanied by his patient, who had now recovered; and, after a long and fatiguing expedition, the pair reached the highest peak of the White Mountain, and stood "where the foot of man had never rested before." Their sufferings, going and returning, were intense; the laborious journey, the extreme cold, and the rarefied air of the higher altitudes being the greatest opposing elements. Their eyes, too, were greatly affected by the snow; in fact, Paccard was nearly blind for some weeks afterwards.

As a recognition of his discovery, Balmat received a present from the King of Sardinia and a subscription was raised for him; for the account of the enterprise had evoked great excitement and enthusiasm in the public mind.

THE STORY OF JONAH.

By the Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A.,
Author of "Christian Living," "Elijah," "Israel," etc., etc.

PART VI.

THE LESSON OF THE GOURD.

A DAY'S preaching had brought a whole city to its knees. At first the general movement was confined to the lower orders, ever the most susceptible to deep and mighty emotions ; but from them it spread upwards to the court, until the king himself left his throne and laid aside his robe, and covered himself with sackcloth, and sat in ashes. And then, at the royal command, every house, yea, every stable, became a temple, and every living thing suppliant ; for with the mighty pleadings of men and women were mingled children's voices and the piteous lowings and bleatings of cattle deprived of their wonted food—the business of the city replaced by the exercises of religion ; gaudy colours by sombre black ; orgies of sin by diets of devotion ; whilst from one to another the inquiry ran : "Who can tell, God may turn and repent?" And as we have seen, the city was saved. So ready is God to forgive.

"*But it displeased Jonah exceedingly, and he was very angry.*" The word in the Hebrew is "hot." "He was very hot." Such a condition of mind startles us. A good man ought surely to have rejoiced in a saved city! Why should Jonah be displeased and vexed with an event that was calculated to fill every rightly regulated mind with joy? Many explanations have been given, with which I will not trouble you, but will content myself with giving you an explanation that seems to meet the case, and relieves him from the suspicion of being a monster in human guise, more anxious for his own reputation than for the lives of the men of Nineveh. His own words are the best clue, in which he tells God that it has happened as he expected it would before he left his home, and that God's mercy had proved too gentle to inflict the fate which He had threatened.

But why should this have been a source of regret to him? Should not the true lover of God rather rejoice when the Divine character is relieved from the necessity of vengeance, and shines in the benignant light of mercy and pity? Granted ; but you must remember that Jonah was a Jewish prophet, compassionately attached to his country, and yearning for its reformation. Israel was in a last stage of degeneracy. All efforts to summon the people back to their allegiance to Jehovah had failed. Universal dissoluteness and profligacy of manners prevailed. In spite of all that Jonah and his brethren could do, the people were rushing headlong in courses of rebellion. Often he had longed for some visitation of judgment to startle them from their false security. "Oh for some awful scene, some second flood, some destruction like that of Sodom. Anything, anything to arouse them from their evil ways." Then the summons came for him to go to Nineveh and announce its destruction ; and as the commission came, his heart leapt for joy, because he hoped that the fate of that great heathen city might startle his own people into repentance. But the first glad outburst of joy had been checked by his conviction as to the mercifulness of God, and he had feared that even if destruction should be announced, it would never be carried into effect ; and if it were not, would not his people be encouraged still further to sin with impunity, because the tender pity of God would secure them against the infliction of a justly deserved penalty?

By Divine compulsion, however, he had been compelled to go to Nineveh, announcing its destruction within forty days, and it had turned out as he expected. Nineveh had repented. God had turned away from His performance of wrath. Now Jonah found himself doubly grieved. First, because the weapon by which he had thought to bring his own people to repentance, had been wrested from his hands ; and secondly, because he thought that the Jews would never again heed his voice, whether raised in threatening or in comfort ; and so it seemed as if his life-work was at an end, for there was nothing left to live for ; and rather than see the disaster which he felt must be imminent, he asked that he might die. We cannot vindicate this state of mind ; it was doubtless the offspring of human infirmity. It arose from partial views of God's purposes, and from a hasty judgment respecting the outcome of his acts ; but it was the infirmity of a noble mind, and one that burned with zeal for the Divine glory, and for the spiritual welfare of His people.

God dealt very gently with him. "Doest thou well to be angry?" It is of no use chiding an angry man, but a soft answer will turn away his wrath. Do we do well when we are angry? Our anger seldom springs from even so noble a motive, as that which filled the heart of Jonah. Jonah had not remained in the city. He might have been munificently entertained there, but the prophets were never found in the palaces of kings. He therefore retired to an eminence on the eastern side of the city, and built for himself a booth, weaving green branches into a slight protection from the scorching wind and heat. "And the Lord God prepared a gourd, and made it to come up over Jonah, that it might be a shadow over his head, to deliver him from his grief. So Jonah was exceeding glad of the gourd."

Whilst we sleep, God works for us, preparing many things undeserved by us for our luxury as well as for our need. Many gourds greet the purest life as the soul steps out each day to its work, though we do not always hail them with the exceeding gladness which they demand. But let us not make too much of the gourd, for it may suddenly fail us when we need it most, and He who had prepared it for our comfort may now prepare a worm for its destruction, and then prepare a vehement east wind to read us some deep lesson which shall become the heritage of our life.

How transient are human joys! A few months of life, and a silver cord is loosed. A few quaffs of pleasure, and a golden bowl is smashed. A few hours in Paradise, and then expulsion by the flaming sword. A day's enjoyment of the gourd, and it is withered to the ground. A very little thing, small as a worm, may deprive us of our fairest boast.

God has many agents for the discipline of our lives. Now it is a worm, and then again it is a simoon sweeping across burning desert sands, tinging the clouds with flame, enveloping us like a sheet of purple-coloured smoke. Nothing is left to chance. All that comes to us must, in the ultimate working out, be attributed to the direct agency of God.

As he sat fainting beneath the scorching heat, Jonah again asked that he might die : "It is better for me to die than to live." And again the gentle voice inquired, remonstrating with him as it so often does with us, "Doest thou well to be angry for the gourd?" And the Almighty lover of souls did not seem shocked when his weary servant answered, "I do well to be angry, even unto death." How well this brought out the contrariety of the prophet's nature. He was angry at the sparing of Nineveh, and would have welcomed its destruction. He was eager for the sparing of the gourd, and was displeased for its withering. God wanted to show him that he should have been as pleased that the great city was yet standing, as he would have been pleased if the gourd had still cast its shadow over his tent.

The gourd is a beautiful but common plant, and surely man is better than a gourd, and a city of men better still.

The gourd seemed necessary for Jonah's comfort, but the city of Nineveh was equally necessary to God, and had an intrinsic value of its own altogether, and apart from the fate of the Jewish people. It was the mistake of the Jews to think that God only cared for them, and that the great world of men lived, flourished, and died only with a reference to their national history. They had no conception of the far-reaching purposes of God, and that He loved them as men, and had purposes of mercy towards them, irrespective entirely of their bearing upon His people.

The gourd was the child of a night, easily produced without a stroke on Jonah's part, or any of the kindly care which endears to man plants and animals to which he gives time and thought. But Nineveh had taken years to grow to its mighty size. It had cost God time, and thought, and care. It had become a matter of deep concern to God that it should continue to exist, and in addition to other reasons, the number of little children who played about its streets, and who were too young to tell their right hand from their left, as well as the presence of the multitudes of dumb cattle—these were also elements in the question which moved the heart of God with pity, and made Him glad to spare it still.

But Nineveh did fall, not long after this. Its walls were taken by assault ; its buildings consigned to flame ; its splendour levelled to the ground. Having disregarded the warning voice of the prophet, and the many other appeals made to it from the page of history, as well as from the record of conscience, it was so utterly destroyed, that until recently it was difficult to tell its site. But Israel still lives, found in every land, yet at home in none ; the nation of the wandering foot, the objects of stern judgment, but the heirs of a wondrous future.

"Behold, therefore, the goodness and severity of God : on them which fell, severity ; but toward thee, goodness, if thou continue in His goodness : otherwise thou also shalt be cut off."

THE LORD tells us to carry our cross and cast our care ; but we try to cast our cross and carry our care.

THE ETNA OF THE ANTILLES.

GEOGRAPHY, like history, repeats itself, and a comparison of the western hemisphere with the territories of the Old World, offers analogies which have often suggested the topographical nomenclature of our continent.

The sea-world, too, abounds in such parallels, the most remarkable of which is perhaps that between the Mediterranean and the Gulf of Mexico, the "midland ocean" of the West. Their similar area, their great average depth, the natural division of either sea into two large basins, their volcanic islands, the vicinity of an ocean-dividing isthmus, combine to distinguish the two great gulfs of the Atlantic from all other waters of the globe. Their climate, and the ethnological characteristics of their coast-lands, afford a further analogy. We need not leave the Monroe side of the Atlantic to hear a Spanish boat-song, or to see the citrons bloom in mid-winter. The shores of our midland sea have their maritime Alps and their Strombolis, eternal snow-fields and perpetual flames, with no lack of earthquakes or traces of their Titanic power.

The Souffrière, or the *Infierno de St. Vincent*, as the Spaniards call it, is in more than one respect an exceptional volcano. It is the only active burning mountain in Eastern America. Like the crater of Mount Hecla, on the solitary island of the Northern Atlantic, the gate of the Infierno seems to constitute the only vent for a vast region of subterranean and submarine furnaces. The Volcano of St. Vincent, with its double chimney, its abysmal gorges, hot springs and littoral geysers, form the focus of all the plutonic forces that have agitated the Atlantic shore of America, from Pernambuco to Cape Hatteras; and one of its eruptions was felt throughout a region whose area exceeds that of the entire Western Continent.



"The only active burning mountain in Eastern America."

During the month of March, 1812, Eastern America was visited by a flood-tide of successive earth-waves. Missouri, Ohio, Arkansas, Eastern Mexico, the Eastern Antilles, Honduras, Panama and Venezuela were repeatedly, and often simultaneously, shaken by volcanic forces that seemed to struggle for an outlet. The upheaval of the valley of New Madrid deflected the course of the Mississippi; the Cerro de Playa, in the island of Porto Rico, overwhelmed the coast with an avalanche of rocks, and for three weeks in succession, the mountains of Eastern Venezuela were convulsed by daily earthquake shocks. After a short pause, in the first week of April, these shocks recommenced with increased violence. The city of Caracas was destroyed by an earthquake that was felt all over Venezuela, and the convulsions spread northward to Cuba and the Bahamas, and westward over Jamaica and Eastern Mexico to the headwaters of the Trinity river, in Central Texas, but as yet without any actual eruption. The focus of the disturbances was a mystery.

Before the end of the month, on the evening of April 29th, 1812, the hidden furnace revealed itself. About an hour after the sunset of a sultry day, the citizens of Bridgetown, in the island of Barbados, felt a shock like the explosion of a deep-seated mine; the western sky became lurid and gradually flaming red, and an echo of distant thunder rose to a hissing and rushing noise that was at first mistaken for the approach of a hurricane. But the faint night-wind died away, and as the glare and the noise continued, an excited crowd on the terrace of the Governor's villa speculated on the possible cause of the strange phenomenon. Its volcanic origin became more and more evident, but its location seemed wholly inexplicable. The conflagration appeared to rise from the sea, at a distance of twenty or thirty miles due west; but the nearest land in that direction was the island of St. Lucia, more than sixty miles from Bridgetown.

One of the Governor's guests thought that the noise reminded him of the rush of a distant cloud-burst, and the Captain of Her Majesty's ship *Galatea* suggested that the glow might be the reflection of a volcanic outbreak on the coast of Central America.

"I have heard and seen the same thing in 1784," said his Mestizo pilot; "it's the Infierno of St. Vincent broke loose again."

St. Vincent, which has, so far as I know, the only volcanic twin peak in the world, is about one hundred and thirty miles west of Barbados. The eastern trade-winds were prevailing at the time, and a little after midnight, a cinereous substance began to fall, and at day-break the streets of Bridgetown were covered with a four-inch stratum of volcanic ashes. On May 2nd, ship-load after ship-load of terror-stricken fugitives arrived in Barbados and Martinique, and the Mestizo's conjecture was then confirmed; the island of St. Vincent had been reduced to a mass of smoking cinder heaps. After an occlusion of eighteen years, the hell-gate of the Souffrière had burst, and 40,800 houses, including the Government buildings of Kingston, had been destroyed, and 1,800 human beings had perished in a fire-deluge of lava and burning scoria.

The catastrophe which attended the birth of Mount Turullo, in 1759, furnishes the only parallel to the violence of that terrible explosion. There had been an omen of the approaching event, but like the smoke column which presaged the fate of Pompeii, the warning had been disregarded, or misunderstood. About seven miles north-east of Kingston, a spur of the Rabacca Hills projects into the sea, in the form of a low reef, with several detached rocks at its eastern extremity. Near one of the rocks, known as the *Pointe aux Loutres*, or Otter Cliff, the sea began to heave and toss in a curious way on the afternoon of the 28th of April. Dome-like billows, or bubbles, rose and fell, like the foam of a seething cauldron, and the settlers of the eastern shore noticed that the water at the mouth of the Cascade River rose ten or twelve feet above its usual level, without any apparent cause. The majority ascribed these phenomena to the influence of the trade-winds, a few to the subaqueous accumulation of driftwood. Hardly any of the planters seem to have suspected the real cause, though a local tradition says that one long-headed old Creole rode into Kingston that afternoon, for the purpose of selling certain title deeds, and actually succeeded in raising a considerable sum on one of his river farms.

On the following morning the ridge of the Rabacca range and some of the northern mountains were veiled by a slate-coloured cloud, that gradually spread eastward and downward, while the sky assumed a singular murky hue. A certain plateau of the Cascade Mountains was suspected to be the haunt of a gang of runaway slaves, and a party of mountain rangers started from Fort Duvernette, to stop the progress of what they supposed to be a forest fire.

They had already reached the head waters of the Cascade River, when they became cognizant of the fact that their hats and saddle-blankets were covered with a thick layer of gritty ashes, and nearly at the same moment they heard from the direction of the fort, the boom of a large gun, which was only fired as an alarm signal to rally the militia, or when a ship was in distress. The mist had darkened till it veiled the noontide sun, and, seized by a sudden misgiving, the troopers turned back, and had hardly reached the valley, when the hills behind them echoed the fall of a huge cliff, that had descended like an avalanche from the ridge of the upper Sierra. As they galloped toward the fort through the lowering clouds, they met a party of mounted farmers, who told them that the city (Kingston) had been shaken by an earthquake, and that a large tidal wave had torn the anchored ships from their moorings.

It is a moot point whether there is such a thing as absolute darkness in open air, but the testimony of numerous intelligent witnesses leaves no doubt that on the afternoon of the 29th of April, the island of St. Vincent was visited by a protracted and total eclipse of all natural light. At 11 a.m., fine, whitey-brown ashes began to fall in the streets of New Edinburgh, six miles north of Kingston. At 2 p.m. daylight had waned to a faint gloaming, and two hours later people groped their way from door to door, or hurried to and fro with lanterns and tallow-wood torches. The burghers of Kingston lighted a great fire on the wharf, to guide the harbour boats, but its glow was reflected from the ash-clouded air as from a screen, and in the suburbs a man, standing in the middle of the street, could not distinguish the doors and windows of a cottage from its walls.

The first subterranean commotion was of that vibratory kind which the Spaniards call a *tierra-temblor*—an earth-tremor—a faint, jarring reverberation without any perceptible noise ; but after a heavy shock, a little before noon, the concussions became audible, the earth strained and heaved with a hollow sound, like slow-rolling thunder. Toward evening the shocks increased in violence, and about an hour after sunset the foundations of the island seemed to burst with a sudden crash ; the gates of the Infierno had opened, and at the same moment the air resounded with a hissing screech from the mountains, the scream of the rising fire-fiends. The sky turned lurid, and a minute afterwards the ash-rain changed into a hail of stones mingled with flakes of a flaming bituminous substance. Houses, cattle, and piles of boxes and furniture on the wharf were then abandoned, the burghers rushed to the landing, jostling and trampling each other in the press for precedence, while the terrible voice of the Souffrière drowned the shrieks of the wounded and dying.

Taking advantage of the fitful land-wind that accompanied the eruption, sixteen or twenty vessels put to sea, most of them keeping a southerly course, in the hope of escaping the stone shower that came like a cannonade from the Northern mountains. For many leagues in every direction, the sea was lighted up with the reflection of the volcanic fires which at first crowned the summit of a single mountain ; but toward midnight a deluge of burning lava rolled over the crater, and, descending in several streams, set the green wood afire, as a torch would ignite a heap of pitch faggots. In less than half an hour the densely-wooded ridge of the Souffrière was a mass of flames, and no grander beacon ever guided the course of distressed mariners.

There is abundant evidence that the shock of the first eruption was not only felt, but heard, at Williamsport, in the Bahama Islands, more than fifteen hundred miles from St. Vincent. In St. Lucia the concussion sounded like a distant bombardment, and here, as well as in Fort Antigua and St. Christopher, the troops were under arms all night, supposing from the continued noise that Admiral Duckworth had engaged the French fleet. The earthquake was felt as far to the westward as Cape St. Lucas, on the Gulf of California, and raised a tidal wave which reached to the coast of North Carolina and the estuary of the Francisco River, eighty miles south of Pernambuco. Ships in mid-ocean were strained as if they struck on a rock. A hundred miles east of the Bermudas the sea rose and fell in mighty waves, though the night was one of the calmest in the year. The area convulsed by that shock has been variously estimated at from two to three million square leagues—considerably more than the surface of the entire Western Continent.

Some six hundred mountain farmers and negroes had reached the harbour too late, and most of the latter perished by following a troop of horses, that galloped madly toward the southern end of the island. A few managed to survive the stone fall in rock cellars and caves, and even under the ruins of their houses. But, on the last day in April, when the eruption was at its height, the most disastrous convulsions on the coast of Venezuela suddenly ceased, and at nearly the same time the earth-waves subsided in Eastern Honduras, and in the valley of the Mississippi. The subterranean forces had found a vent. A great majority of the fugitives had put to sea in open boats, but by good fortune the weather was neither stormy nor absolutely calm, and all who did not perish in the first night were either picked up by cruisers and fishing smacks, or reached the neighbouring islands in safety. Relief societies were formed in Trinidad, Jamaica, Barbados, and even in the French colonies ; and in the month of of September, a British transport ship anchored near the rock that had been the breakwater of Kingston Harbour. According to the first report of the Government Commissioners, it seems they regarded the condition of the island as hopeless. All landmarks had disappeared. Trees, creeks, fields and houses were buried under hillocks of glowing cinders and rapillo ; the plain of Kingston was a smoking ashpile. The committee only recommended excavations on the site of Kingston, St. George, and New Edinburgh, in the hope of recovering some undamaged valuables, implying that the rest of the cinder island must be abandoned to its fate.

But they had underrated the recuperative vigour of a tropical vegetation. Large tracts of woodland had been buried with their underbush, rich vegetable mould and hidden springs ; the ashes were loosened by rain showers, and before long, trees and



" The ashes were loosened by rain showers, and before long trees and grasses sprouted up."

grasses sprouted up through the fissures of their cinder grave. The creeks, too, reappeared in the steep ravines, and widened their channels from day to day; and at the end of the next rainy season it became evident that the mountain forests, coffee gardens, and some other arboreal plantations would spring up again under their crumbling encumbrances. Some forty planters landed, with a large force of labourers, and the majority of the free citizens returned in the course of next year. Kingston rose, not altogether like a Phœnix, from its ashes, for the large Government buildings have never been restored, and the surviving plants of the Botanic Gardens were removed to Barbados; but a little town park, and a row of comfortable hotels testify to the energy of the burghers, and to their confidence in the future good behaviour of their Inferno. The north coast, however, seemed quite irreclaimable. Not ravines and creeks only, but broad valleys, had been buried under the avalanches of rapillo, and several large lava streams had spread themselves over the plains, and covered the ash-fields with a vitreous crust, that resisted the disintegrating influence of heat and moisture for many years. One of these fire rivers, taking a northerly course, had overflowed the valley of the Rio Cascadas, and, following the river bed, finally reached the sea, where it formed a vast reef of solid lava, which remains as a striking monument of the most dreadful volcanic eruption of our century.

Kingston Harbour can now be reached from New York in six days, and deserves to become a popular *rendezvous* for naturalists and winter emigrants. The volcano of St. Vincent is the West Indian Etna, the ever-burning beacon of an island whose plains and table-lands are a favourite playground of the Phlegrean Titans. No other volcanic region of our continent unites on the same space so many indications of the restless activity of a subterranean Gehenna. Within an area of one hundred and forty square miles, the island can boast of two glowing craters, sixty-eight hot springs, three intermittent geysers, three pitch wells, and a great number of fumaroles, or smoking fissures, in the northern ravines of the Cascade Range.

In September, 1879, one of these ravines became the centre of a disturbance; the fumaroles emitted jets of bituminous fluid, and at the foot of the glen, volcanic gases burst from the ground, with a noise that was heard at Fort Duvernette, on the western shore. At the same time, new fissures, some of them of considerable extent, split the trachytic felspar that forms the surface rock of the Val de Cascadas, and the principal river of that valley disappeared for two days, when it welled up in a dry ravine, in the form of a torrent of steaming mud. The Infierno itself has observed a "menacing neutrality" for the last eight years. Its western cone exploded a quantity of white ashes in 1869, and three years later seemed on the point of resuming business on a large scale; but the islanders got off with a good shaking and a bad scare. Smoke explosions, however, and local *tremblors* are of rather frequent occurrence, and at such times the nocturnal sky is often reddened by the reflection of the fire-tide that rises in the spacious crater. The Northern coast mountains connect with the Rabaccas Hills by a basaltic range that forms the backbone cañons, and recall the bold outline of the Neptunium Mountains in Western Sicily. According to various reports, this range, known as the Sierra Prieta, or Laurel Ridge, seems to ensconce a third crater, whose precise location has never yet been discovered. The little village of Dorchester, on its southern slope, was repeatedly visited by showers of pumice-stone, that could not have emanated from the Infierno.

Once during the progress of an ash-rain, that seemed to come from the steep crags of the Upper Sierra, a flock of English ducks, which had been domesticated on the creek, suddenly rose with loud screams, and came flopping and tumbling into the garden of the hotel, apparently much frightened. A young Mestizo ran out toward the creek to investigate the cause of their alarm, and came back breathless with the news that "the whole valley was ablaze and steaming like a sugar mill." It appears that a superheated thermal spring had burst out somewhere at the bottom of the creek, and had raised the temperature of its waters to the boiling point for a distance of half a mile. The steam clouds soon cleared away, and an hour afterward the creek was hardly lukewarm; but a mile below the hotel, the bars of a floodgate were clogged for days with dead fish, crabs, and water insects.

A similar phenomenon has been frequently observed at the mouth of the Rio Fardo, half a league southwest of the above-mentioned lava reef. At ebb tide, when the sea is low enough to expose a shell bank near the mouth of the creek, bathers and fishermen have often noticed a curious commotion amongst the loose sand at the edge of the bank; shells, sand, and water are tossed up in jets, as if moved by an intermittent impulse from below, and at the same time, currents of steam and sulphuric acid gas are forced up through the water with a strange sibilant noise.

As a compensation, perhaps, for the explosive characters of the mountains, the Eastern Antilles have been blest with a most genial climate. There is no winter in St. Vincent, and the summer is tempered by the perpetual sea-breeze of the Atlantic. The north-eastern trade-winds set in about the end of March, and reach the West Indies with all the freshness and moisture of the happiest latitudes; there is but little difference between the mid-summer temperature of the Azores, and of the Windward Islands, as our sailors call the lower Antilles. Some of our earliest banana cargoes come from Kingston harbour. The fruit gardeners of the Vega have two harvests a year—the first in March, two months after the end of the rainy season, and the second in April, when the grapes ripen, and the mangoes and wild tamarinds are in full bloom. The southern terrace land is a veritable Garden of the Hesperides. Even on the north coast, twining evergreens have begun to soften the stern aspect of the lava rocks and volcanic gorges; nay, along the water-courses the lava crust itself is giving way before the steady progress of arboreal vegetation.

The recuperative vigour of a virgin soil is, indeed, wonderful; and only the hand of man, by long persistent outrage against the vegetable kingdom, could ever permanently mar the work of the Creator, and inflict irremediable sterility upon originally fertile portions of the globe. Neglect alone cannot impair either the beauty or the fertility of our mother earth, and even where the tillers of the soil have entirely disappeared, the spontaneous bounty of Nature proves that it is the axe rather than the sword that has desolated the Eastern Paradise.

OUR BOUND VOLUME.

NO one should miss an opportunity of securing our Bound Volume of —"A. 1."— We venture to say that it will be one of the most attractive Annuals this year. Of all Booksellers, handsomely bound in cloth, 8s.

RECIPES.

STEWED BEEF.

PUT about ½lb. of beef (any lean part—neck will do) into a saucepan (or a jar), with a pinch of pepper and salt (a scrap of onion, a clove, and a carrot sliced, if allowed), a pint of hot water, and simmer very slowly for two or three hours, or until the meat is quite tender; serve it with a little of the liquor thickened with rice or flour; the rest of the broth can be served in a cup with a bit of toast.

SPONGE PUDDING.

SLICE a penny sponge cake into 3 pieces, lay them into a small firepan, which you have rubbed with a bit of butter or suet. Pour a few spoonfuls of milk over them, out of half a pint. Beat up an egg with a teaspoonful of sugar and a half teaspoonful of flour (a pinch of ground cinnamon or a scrap of lemon peel, if allowed). Mix it up with the rest of the milk, and pour it over the sponge. Bake for about ¾ of an hour. This pudding can be steamed or boiled.

SMALL BATTER PUDDING.

MIX a heaped-up teaspoonful of flour with a gill of milk. Beat it up with an egg for ten minutes. Pour it into a well-buttered jam jar, or large cup; cover it over, and stand it in a saucepan of boiling water; cook until it is set, about ¾ of an hour. Serve with butter and sugar, or a spoonful of good gravy.

LEMONADE AND ORANGEADE.

PEEL a lemon very thinly; cut the flesh into thin slices, removing all the pips; now put the rind and slices into a jug, with a tablespoonful of sugar or honey. Pour a quart of *boiling* water over, cover it up closely till cold; then stir it, and strain it through a cloth. Orangeade is made exactly in the same manner. A very nice pudding can be made of the remains of the lemon or orange, thus: boil the peel and slices until quite tender, then pound them quite smooth, and mix with sugar, boiled rice, bread, or flour, an egg or two, if you have them to spare, and some milk. One lemon or orange will flavour a quart or 3 pints sized pudding.

ANSWERS TO ACROSTICS

Given on page 749.

1. B rotherhoo D
2. E ffend I
3. N ameles S
4. J ee R
5. A fric A
6. M at E
7. I l L
8. N aphtal I

1. E nglan D
2. A die U
3. R is K
4. L if E

1. P ar T
2. A nswe R
3. N a Y

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.

By M. H. Birkbeck.

WE all know that the white light which comes to us through a series of ether waves from the sun is made up of an infinite number of coloured rays. By refraction with a prism of glass or crystal, we can separate these rays from each other, and arrange them in the series of colours which constitute the solar spectrum. The rainbow is an imperfect or impure spectrum, produced by the drops of falling rain; but by prisms, we can unravel the white light into pure red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. The prism pulls the waves asunder ; they are retarded, but in different degrees ; the shorter waves suffer the greatest retardation, and, in consequence of this, are most deflected from their straight course. It is this property which enables us to separate one from the other in the solar spectrum, and this separation proves that the waves are by no means inextricably entangled with each other, but that they travel independently through space. Red glass, for example, is red, because it is so constituted that it destroys the shorter waves which produce the other colours, and transmits only the waves which produce red.

Let us endeavour to form a definite image of the waves of light. They are generated in the ether by the swinging atoms of luminous bodies, and are of different lengths and amplitudes. The amplitude is the width and swing of the individual particles of the waves. The waves of the sun may be divided into two classes—one competent, the other incompetent, to excite vision. But the light-producing waves differ markedly among themselves in size, form, and force.

Turned into their equivalent of sensation, the different light waves produce different colours. Red is produced by the largest waves, violet by the smallest, while green is produced by a wave of intermediate length and amplitude. The red waves are to the blue much in the relation of billows to ripples.

This is not all. As there are sounds in nature which we cannot hear, so there are rays in the sunbeam which we cannot see. There are dark rays before we get to the red, and other dark rays after we leave the violet ; the former, heat rays, the latter, chemical rays ; and this accounts for the three-fold action of the sunbeam—heating power, lighting power, and chemical power.

We owe the discovery of the prismatic spectrum to Sir Isaac Newton, but the beautiful colouring is but one part of it.

In 1802, Dr. Wollaston discovered that there were dark lines crossing the spectrum in different places. They were afterwards investigated with profound skill by a German optician, who mapped the plainest of them with great care. They were called by his name, Frauenhofer's lines. We shall observe the lines most clearly if we make our sunbeam pass through a spectroscope. This is an instrument in which several prisms are mounted in a most careful manner, and it does the work of the prism in sorting and sifting the light waves more thoroughly, and with greater delicacy.

The spectrum is a multitude of overlapping images, varying in colour from violet to red. We want to prevent the overlapping of these images by drawing out our spectrum horizontally, and we find that by increasing the refracting angle of the prism, or by using many prisms, the images are made so narrow as not to overlap, and we can then see the dark spaces, the black lines, and the gaps in our spectrum, which we can compare to silent notes on an organ.

There is an immense number of these lines which intersect, and almost appear to make the solar spectrum dark. Frauenhofer employed the letters of the alphabet to designate some of the principal lines, beginning with A in the red, and passing over to N in the violet.

Many of these lines are as fine as the finest spider's web, so that they occupy but a small portion of the whole area of the spectrum ; that is, the portion which is filled with light is far greater than the portion filled with these shadows, although the number of these shadows is exceedingly great.

Frauenhofer ascertained that these lines are present in every kind of sunlight, and found that the relative distances between any given lines remained constant, whether he took direct sunlight, or sunlight reflected from the moon or planets. Another important observation was made by Frauenhofer, namely, that the light from the fixed stars, which, as we know, are self-luminous, also contains dark lines, but different lines from those which characterise the sunlight, the light of the planets, and that of the moon ; and hence, in 1814, Frauenhofer came to the remarkable conclusion that whatever produced these dark lines—and he had no idea of the cause—was something which was acting beyond and outside our atmosphere, and not anything produced by the sunlight passing through the air. He imagined that these lines were caused by some absorptive power existing in the stars and in the sun.

The exact mapping of the lines is a matter of very great importance, and since the time of Frauenhofer, the best maps which have been made of these solar lines are those of Kirchhoff and Augstroïn.

What is the meaning of such dark spaces ? Where are those pulses of light which should be speeding their way to us through the almost infinitely elastic substance with which space is occupied? What has happened to those rays "which the dark lines in the solar spectrum tell us are wanting—those rays which were arrested in their path, and prevented from bearing their message to us ?"

It was in seeking to interpret these dark lines, it was in carrying out this inquiry, which seemed so hopeless, that Kirchhoff lighted upon the noblest method of research yet realised by man.

We read that "there is in the human intellect a power of creation which is brought into play by the simple brooding upon facts."

Can we not picture to ourselves the way in which these observers brooded over these dark lines, these failing rays, till the truth being in the air, as the American Emerson would express it, "the most impressionable brain announced it first"?

Let us, then, following humbly in their steps, brood a little over the meaning of the dark lines, the silent notes, in the solar spectrum, till, with one of those bright flashes in the world of thought, a leap of the imagination, we unravel the mystery, and bring all our facts into complete unison one with another.

And first, we must understand a little more about the spectra of incandescent solids, liquids, and gases.

An incandescent solid or liquid gives out a continuous spectrum. "The bright bands of a metal are," says an eminent scientist, "characteristic of the metal ; we can, without seeing the metal, declare its name from the inspection of the bands. The bands are, so to speak, the voice of the metal declaring its presence."

A glowing vapour gives out *not* a continuous spectrum, but a broken one, and we have a series of brilliant lines, separated from each other by spaces of darkness.

"Every different chemical element in the state of gas, when heated until it becomes luminous, gives off a peculiar light. The spectrum of every element in the state of glowing gas, is totally different from that of any solid body, inasmuch as, instead of giving a continuous spectrum, it presents a broken or discontinuous one, containing bright bands or lines, indicative of the presence of the particular elementary gas in question. Further, when a body becomes gaseous, the light which it gives out is of a particular kind, and does not alter where we increase the temperature."

"If we can, by any method, get the vapour of a chemical element so hot as to become luminous, we find that the light emitted by it is peculiar to itself, and is distinctive of that special body, whether under the ordinary circumstances the element be gaseous, solid, or liquid."

Thus, sodium vapour gives off light of one degree of refrangibility only, and the spectrum is confined to one very narrow yellow band. It is a prevailing element in the atmosphere that all bodies exposed to the air, show, when heated, the yellow soda line.

Lithium vapour gives a beautiful red line, together with a paler orange line. The spectrum of hydrogen, seen under the ordinary atmospheric pressure, consists of three bright fine lines.

"When light from a solid or liquid, passes through a gas, the gas absorbs those particular rays of light of which its own spectrum consists."

We know that the sun consists of a solid or liquid mass of exceeding brightness, surrounded by an atmosphere composed of the vapours of the bodies which are burning in the central orb.

It follows, therefore, that this atmosphere, which wraps the sun like a flame, will cut

off those particular rays of the nucleus which it could itself emit, "the lines of Frauenhofer marking the position of these failing rays;" and we should, therefore, expect that the bright lines in the spectra we can observe here, would be found represented by dark lines in the solar spectrum, supposing that any of the same substances exist in the sun, as are to be found in our earth.

So carefully have the dark lines in the solar spectrum been mapped out, and so entirely do they correspond with the position of certain of the bright bands in the spectra we can observe here, that the chances against the hypothesis being right, are said to be something like 300,000,000 to 1.

We see now what was the meaning of the silent notes; we understand what befel those rays which "were arrested in their path and prevented from bearing their message to us. Before they left the regions of our incandescent sun, they were arrested by those particular metallic vapours and gases in his atmosphere, with which they beat in unison," and their message is sent to us therefore by their *non-arrival*. This message, which the genius of Kirchhoff has enabled us to read is, that iron, calcium, magnesium, sodium, chromium, and other metals are constituents of the solar atmosphere.

The spectroscope, which was first successfully used to examine the red flames, as they are called, or red prominences, in the Indian eclipse of 1868, showed that they were composed of hydrogen.

The spectra of the nebulæ, instead of resembling that of the sun and stars, consist of a few bright lines, but the spectra of the stars which have been lately mapped down, tell the same history as that of our sun.

In all, "we find an atmosphere sifting out the rays which beat in unison with the metallic and gaseous vapours which it contains, and sending to us the residuum, a broken spectrum, abounding in dark spaces."

"FIRE, IF YOU DARE!"

WE do not remember a more striking illustration of the sheltering value of the Saviour's blood than the following incident, which occurred a few years ago:—

"In one of the Spanish-speaking towns in South America, a British subject was arrested for joining in some local riot. He was condemned to be shot, and brought out before a file of soldiers for that purpose. The British and American consuls protested against the act. Suddenly, just as the officer was about to give the word "Fire!" the British consul rushed to the side of the condemned man, wrapped him in the British "Union Jack," and exclaimed, "Fire, if you dare!" The American consul also wrapped around him the "Stars and stripes," and stood on the other side. The result was that the arms were grounded, and the man delivered over to the British protection.

The sinner who believes in Jesus is saved by being covered with the robe of Christ's righteousness; for there is "no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." He is redeemed with the precious blood of Christ, and protected as one of God's children.

WHAT MAKES A SOLDIER?

NOT the dress, however gay; not the drill, however severe; not the name, however grand; but the simple acceptance of the Queen's shilling, the having given one's self up to the service of the country. A man may have no regimentals on, but he may be a soldier for all that; he may not have begun to train, but he is just as much a soldier as the oldest veteran in the army. He may be an ignorant, untried, raw recruit, only yesterday enlisted, but, nevertheless, he is as truly a soldier as the commander-in-chief of the grandest army.

So it is with the Christian. What makes a Christian?

Not dress, position, attainment, intelligence, service; it is having accepted Christ as his Saviour, enlisted under His banner. Though he know not a letter in the Bible, nor have done a single bit of service for his Master, he is a Christian; for *simple faith and nothing else* makes a Christian; all else—drill, armour, service, knowledge—are only accessories that help to make the man a more efficient and valuable soldier of the Cross.

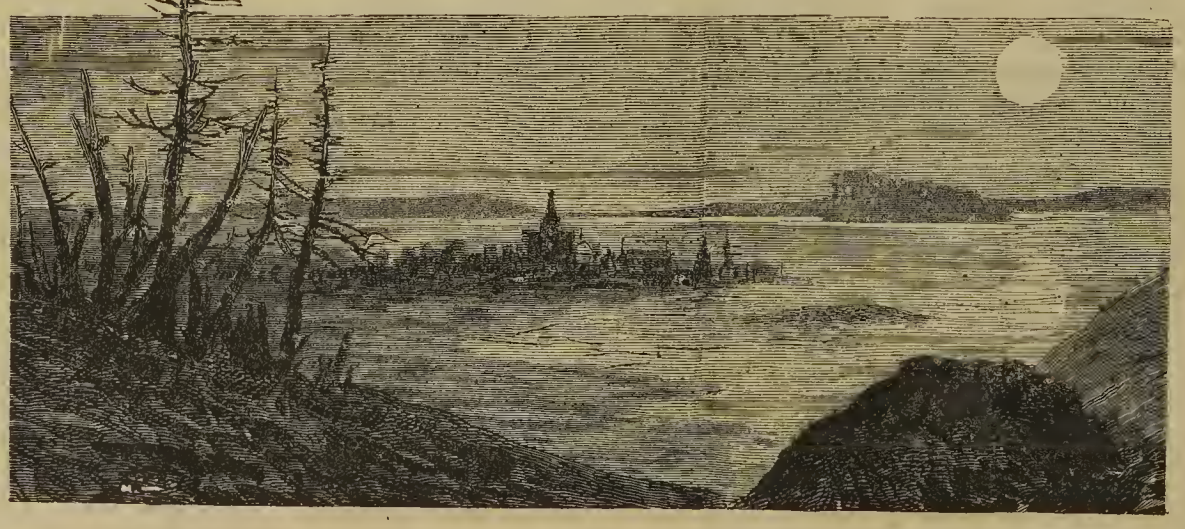
KNOWING IS THE ROOT—FEELING IS THE FRUIT.

A GARDENER will tell you that it is roots that bear fruit, not fruit the roots. The character of the fruit depends upon the condition of the root. If the one be good, the other will be good also; but if the root is bad, no fruit can come forth. What we see in the vegetable world, we also find in the spiritual.

"Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" We know they do not; neither can that which is evil bring forth that which is good.

My ground of confidence for the future is not that I feel happy or comfortable, but that I know that what God has said must be true. Feelings depend very much on outer things, and the condition of surrounding circumstances; but *knowing* depends on a firmer, unchanging foundation, even the truth of God's word. If I know that God says my sins are forgiven, it matters not if I be destitute of every comfort, or even be in a depressed state of mind; nothing can alter the fact of Christ's love for the sinner, or the truth of God, on which alone my eternal safety rests.

Knowing I am saved by the precious blood of Christ is the *root* and ground of my happiness, and it produces the *fruit* of present peace, and an assurance of eternal joy.



MAD JOHN BURLEIGH:

A STORY OF HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT,

Author of "Her Two Sons," "Eric Olsson's Minde Ring," "Drifted," "Little Rainbow," "Corbiestanes," "Our Navvies," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A TOUCHING FAREWELL.

REBECCA SUGDEN did not know the meaning of that laugh, as she entered with afternoon tea and a fresh muffin; but for very joy of heart she joined in the laugh. There was isinglass in the Vicar's cup, though he never suspected it. Her face shone with happiness as she arranged the little table.

"Shall I light the lamp, sir?"

"No, Rebecca; put another log on the fire."

"You need not go," said Lady Susan, as she saw her linger; "have you no village news to tell Mr. Burleigh?"

"Thank you, my lady;" and Rebecca stood still on the hearth.

"Little Mary has been, sir. The child says that her father forbid her coming some time since, but that now she may come again. I fancy she has fretted until that Bradley was frightened."

"You say '*that Bradley*' quite savagely, Rebecca; no doubt he had some good reason."

Neither Rebecca nor Lady Susan made a remark, but their hearts burned within them.

"The child, anyhow, was glad to come, and she brought you a new laid egg; she says that she has a hen of her very own now, and that she shall bring you every egg that is laid."

John's eyes dimmed, for he was very weak, as he said,—

"The next time that she comes, I should like the child to see me."

"Very well, sir, I'll remember; she will be rare pleased. I heard from father to-day, sir, too. He says mother is fast getting back



"'*But I can tell you, Tom, that you will never be what you were before you came here.*'"

the use of her leg, and she can do almost anything with her hand. He sent his respects, sir."

"Susan, you must write for me to Luke Sugden, and tell him that I can *never* be sufficiently grateful for the loan of his daughter; tell him that a dozen times a day I thanked God for her, at the brick-fields, and since."

"Hush! John, you must not talk so much. Rebecca, remember!" for Lady Susan saw that the girl was on the point of bursting into tears; but at that word, "remember," she became still and composed; but the face which she turned upon them in the firelight shone like an angel's.

After that they were very still and very happy. Voices murmured below. A step was heard on the stairs; Lady Susan recognised it.

"Oh, I forgot, John. Another friend is coming to see you; he came to the Chase last night."

Rebecca was removing the little tea-table, and the Vicar took Lady Susan's hand fondly in his own.

"Who is it, my darling?" He was not thinking of his question, but of her; she looked to his sight very lovely, as she stood beside him, looking down at him, and as he stroked her hand, he whispered,—

"My wife!"

Another moment, the door opened, and Ralph Hardman came in.

"I'm so glad to hear that you are better, old fellow!" he exclaimed.

Lady Susan stood between them, and on the instant John Burleigh did not recognise the voice, but Rebecca did, and turned with a stifled cry, and crouched down, raising her arm as though to ward off a blow. All the happy bloom disappeared from her face; it aged and blanched visibly—a stricken, frightened animal, rather than a woman, crouched in the corner of the room. A flame leaped up from the wood logs and illuminated the place.

Ralph Hardman started and glanced in the direction of that strange cry of pain. The terrified countenance was lifted to his, the protecting arm was still raised, and the brown eyes, filled with an agony of recognition, chained his own.

"Rose! Rose Maydew!" he gasped.

"No!" John Burleigh's voice was no longer feeble, the old ring was in it, the old musical pathetic inflection. "No, *that* name no longer exists! The waves of God's mercy roll over the past. *Your* sin and *hers* made her what she *was*. *His* grace has made Rebecca Sugden what she *is*."

As he spoke, the horror died out of the girl's face, and her arm fell to her side; she bent her head, and hiding her face in her hands, sobbed out,—

"And you."

John Burleigh had risen to his feet, his hand was raised in blessing, a glory illuminated his face. They gazed upon him, and as they gazed, he swayed backwards, his hand went to his heart, and a strange cry, which might have been an echo of Rebecca's, pierced the stillness. Hardman caught him and placed him in his chair.

"Go!" said Lady Susan, and Hardman never forgot that look which drove him from her presence for ever.

The others, in the room below, had heard the sounds, and were already on the stairs. He passed them, and went out into the darkness of the tempestuous night.

They found John Burleigh leaning back in his chair with a peaceful face, and a surprised smile on his lips, the pallor of his cheeks hidden by the glow of the firelight, Lady Susan holding his hand, and looking at him with a stony gaze, and Rebecca Sugden lying at his feet, sobbing broken-heartedly.

CHAPTER XXX.

"LIVING ON."

On a moor in Yorkshire, a mile inland from the edge of a cliff, below which the Northern Ocean races and foams, swirling round the point, and flinging at high tide sheets of spray upward, so that the brine encrusts the windows of the fishermen's cottages built on the sides of the ravine beyond the point, stands a small hospital.

It is an ugly building of grey limestone. It has a garden at the back, where, protected by high walls, a few flowers and shrubs grow, and the convalescents—fishermen, and iron-stone delvers from the mining village still further inland, or their wives and children; for there are wards for all—sit in the sunshine. They are almost glad to be ill, to get admitted there. If grey and sombre outside, inside it is bright enough—gay with pictures, and warm with open fires and thick curtains.

An organ stands in the long corridor, and the patients love to listen to the music made on it. They know that so long as Miss Sugden is there, they shall want for no comfort, for no nourishing food or cooling drink, or brisk, helpful kindness; and they are content to trust her entirely. But Lady Susan, who comes in her soft, black silk dress, so quietly into the ward, who sits by them, and talks so sympathetically to them, who always understands them so well—it is she who embodies the rest, the peace, and the music of the place to them. Rough men—dog-fighters, hard drinkers, swearers—come in, and go away changed and softened.

"I never knew that the Lord Jesus cared for working chaps 'till I came here," said one.

"And do you think that He cares now?"

"Yes, my lady! At least I don't reckon to have head-piece enough to study much on anything; but somehow He seems like one on us. I trouble about one thing though."

"What is that?"

"I don't want to go back to th' old life again; and yet I mun when I go out of here. It seems like to me I'll lose my chance if I do."

"You cannot stay here; your broken leg is mending wonderfully."

"Yes, a deal too fast."

"But I can tell you, Tom, that you will never go back to the mine to be what you were before you came here."

"Think not, my lady?" responded the man, his downcast face brightening. "But why? I shall be among th' old lot and th' old temptations."

"Yes, but Christ will go with you."

"Nay, never so!"

"He said Himself, 'If a man love Me, he will keep My words. . . . and we will come unto him, and *make our abode with him*.' It won't be 'coursing Tom' going back, it will be *Christ* and Tom. Dare you not go with Him?"

"Ay, anywhere!"

Another day he asked,—

"When me and *Him* goes home, what must I do?"

"Live like Him, to save others."

"That's how you do, my lady; lots on us thanks God for this hospital. All the country side's changed since you built this place."

"Hush! don't talk so, Tom; you do not understand. I came here, years ago, very desolate, and very hopeless, and you all have comforted me. I am in debt, if debt there is, to you, not you to me."

And the man was silent.

But in the pit village, by many a great coal fire, Lady Susan Stopham's name and Miss Rebecca Sugden's were named together in blessing. In many a fisherman's cottage tales were told of the light kept burning by ladies' hands, all night long in the tower at the house, to warn the cobbles off the jutting Brig rocks. So time went by, but a change came at length. From the education of constant companionship with her friend, Rebecca Sugden had acquired, not the manners only, but the intuitions of a lady. John Burleigh's library occupied the book-shelves in Lady Susan's own room—books of many ages and many interests—books which Rebecca read at first, that she might look at the printed words which her dear master's eyes had followed, that she might touch the cover which his hand had held; but as she read, her keen intelligence awoke and grasped the subject matter, and made the noble thoughts her own; she grew to love the study, for its own sake, which she had commenced from love of him.

Before the hospital was finished, and during the time that she was yet in her father's house at Benford, a letter had come to her from Ralph Hardman—a penitent, broken-hearted letter, in which he asked her to become his wife; a letter which made her shrink and start with pain; one which she answered by a prayer for forgetfulness, and a plain denial.

From time to time he wrote, asking for news of Lady Susan, and sending through her the ample funds which the earl's purse could hardly have supplied to meet the every want of the hospital. Possibly Lady Susan knew whence the rolls of bank-notes came, but she never asked the donor's name. Rebecca would lay them quietly down, and say—"These have come in memory of Mr. Burleigh," and Lady Susan would bow her head and take them. But years had passed,—ten, since he left them, nine, since the first patient came into the hospital. For as Lady Susan slowly struggled back to life, after weeks of illness, they brought her to this secluded village to regain strength, and with health came the desire for occupation, and the opening for it. Again and again she visited the spot, to watch the grey walls rise, and her father and mother were glad to see some of her old brightness come back. "It is the happiest thing for her, Di, she will never forget poor Burleigh; let us do what we can to make her life bearable to her. After all, she will not be thirty miles from the Chase, and as both the villages are mine, I feel that we ought to do something for the people."

"You are spending as much as you can afford in Houghrigg already."

"Ah! one cannot forget that Burleigh gave his life—such a devotion as *that* makes a man see his duty."

"Well, for the present, I do not object to Susan's plan, though it is strange, and every one will wonder at our permitting such a sacrifice."

"My dear, do let us cease to refer to others. Surely it is enough if the child is happy!"

"I only trust that she will soon tire of her fancy. If she does, no harm will be done, for it is impossible for her to go into society looking as she does."

"I do not think that she will tire, but we shall see."

Lady Susan did not weary, though each year she was brighter, more absorbed in her work. She was frequently at home for a couple of days, and always spent an hour or two in the great court of the castle, and then went down to the churchyard and stood by a green grave. At first, she wept passionately, during these visits; now, she only lingered till the very last possible moment; but from the beginning she came away with a great peace resting on her heart, and a comfort of communion which lasted for days afterwards.

Another place she visited, and was there the worshipped guest. At Burleigh she was even more at home than at the Chase; and when Lady Charlotte married Arthur Burleigh, to the old Squire's intense delight, and a son was born whom they called John, it became to her still dearer.

Again the strange "calling back," which is so unaccountable, showed itself, and the boy, as he grew older, became "his uncle over again." Other children quickly followed—a fair band; but the old Squire would look quickly across at Lady Susan, as some intonation of voice, some unstudied movement or attitude, or the intensity of gaze of the boy's dream-like eyes, caught their notice. She would smile a little smile of comprehension, but the recognition brought a dimness to his vision and an ache to his heart. Between the unwedded wife whom he had left behind him, and John Burleigh, there was no misunderstanding, and no sense of wrong; but his uncle still grieved when he remembered what had been, and what might have been.

Rebecca Sugden also had her holidays, when she invariably went home. Her father had ventured all his savings in a small mill of his own. For two years he had hard work to keep his head above water. A chance of introducing a new manufacture had come; he was the first in the field. It seemed to many an unusual speculation, but the result justified Sugden's far-sightedness, and his resolution and immense business talent did the rest. The tide turned, he was swimming with it, and was first in the race. Money flowed in, but the passion of conquest was on him; he did not store capital, but daringly spent as quickly as he made, in building factories, and introducing new machinery. He was proud to be at the head of the trade, and determined to keep there. He succeeded, and now was rapidly becoming a capitalist as well. He was mayor of his native town. He had educated his younger girls, and "pushed his boys on," but, in his heart of hearts, he thought Rebecca worth them all. His wife had died quickly, under a second seizure, a year before he became mayor; and now a general election was on, and he begged Rebecca to come home during this busy week or two.

The mayor gave dinners every night, and the senior candidate—their old member—remarked to his chairman,—

"I had no idea that Sugden had such a charming daughter, such a perfect lady, and so bright and conversational."

"Yes, she has had great advantages; she lives with one of Lord Azerley's daughters. They manage a hospital together somewhere in the North Riding."

The junior candidate of the party arrived next day. He was Ralph Hardman; a name, already well known as that of a man who never feared to stand for the right, regardless of party considerations—one, alas! of the few, who in the House of Commons dare to confess themselves devoted to the good of their fellow-countrymen, especially of those who can least defend themselves, for Christ's sake.

So they met at last, and two months later were married; and Ralph Hardman took with him to London, when Parliament opened, a wife whom he was conscious was his other self—his complement, giving to him all that he lacked.

Before they went up to Town, they paid a visit to the hospital, at Lady Susan's invitation. She wished Mr. Hardman to know how his wife was loved and valued. Rebecca desired him to know all the poor people whom she esteemed so highly.

Hardman showed to Lady Susan a tender, respectful devotion, and she to him a kindliness which told him that he was forgiven. They only stayed a week, but during that time Rebecca kept Lady Susan away from the Cove as much as possible, and Ralph Hardman let the ladies walk to the pit village alone.

They were to leave on Saturday. On Friday, quite unexpectedly, the earl and all the Burleighs arrived; and then, for the first time, Lady Susan suspected that some great event was about to take place. They took her to the Cove; the place was in a tremendous excitement—the fisher-folk, in their Sunday clothes, were making holiday, the cobbles were anchored, the fishing-boats drawn high and dry on the shore; men, boys, and women were hurrying in from the pit village and the farm-houses.

The visitors turned the corner of the rocks and entered the second little bay, and then Lady Susan saw a magnificent life-boat, ready to be launched; the men all ready in their cork jackets, smiles on every face, and cheers on all their lips.

"Ah!" cried Lady Susan, "*this* is the *one* thing that I have longed for."

"Rebecca!" said Ralph Hardman, and suddenly, with all her old passion, the elegant lady by his side turned and flung herself on her knees by Lady Susan.

"For *his* sake who, under God, saved us both, body and soul, take it. Dearest friend, we can never express half our love and gratitude to you. This is nothing, but for his sake take it."

Lady Susan drew her up, and kissed her friend. She was very pale, but she looked across the heaving ocean, and a light came to her eyes as she stepped forward.

"Christen this splendid boat, Susan," said the earl.

"What name?"

"Look!" said Ralph Hardman.

On the silver background, in blood-red letters, the name shone out—"The John Burleigh."

Then, in a clear voice, which all could hear, she spoke his name, adding,—

"God bless you, and may you do *your* work as *he* did *his*."

THE END.



THE TROUBLE ON BOARD THE "HALICORE."

By James Runciman,
Author of "Skippers and Shellbacks," "Tales of the Coast," etc., etc.



Not a man in the ship was more sailorly and smart than Tom Finch.

WE looked very smart when we hauled out and went away down past New Brighton; for the men were as particular as I was, and we had spared nothing to keep our ship smart. The new-fashioned war-vessels, with their stump of a mast, and their general air of business, were not to our taste, by any means, and we preferred the *Halicore* to any of them. If it came to mere steaming, they could all best us easily, and I am quite sure that the *Iris* and the rest of the new lot could have run away from us; but when it came to regular bull-dog weather, we held our own always. We had the screw, but I was very glad when it was disengaged, because I had been brought up in the old school, and I liked to work the vessel under canvas. Mind you, I don't deny that it is very pleasant to have steam when you have to put a vessel's head to the sea in such a place as The Bay. One of the old windjammers can hold her own when the big steamers are being drowned, but, in a smart, small vessel, the propeller gives you a pull, and you can keep her facing a heavy south-westerly breeze at times when one of the old merchantmen would have to lie down to it.

We had got the *Halicore* in lovely order, and I was very glad when the captain decided to sail, and the fires were banked.

We knew that we were bound for the West Coast of Africa, and the only chance of a trifle of pastime would come if we fell in with a slaver running north.

People think that the slave-trade on the West is done away with altogether, but they never made a bigger mistake in their lives. Of course, in the old days the thing was carried on as easily as might be. There was a chase, and an occasional burst-up; but I reckon that in nine cases out of ten the cruisers were too slow for the slaving schooners, and I think that the old yacht, which beat the best of the Cowes schooners, was about the last that ever our fellows took. Usually the rascals from Cuba and the Brazilian ports gave our people the slip, and I do not know of any reasoning which expresses the sense of triumph and contempt better than that lyric—that immortal lyric of scoundrelism—"It's Time for us to Go."

How the lines ring! What rascal poet wrote them?—

"We had a quick run to the West,
And when we made the Bight,
We kept the offing all day long,
And crossed the Bar at night.
Six hundred niggers in the hold
And seventy we did stow,
And when we'd jammed the hatches on,
'Twas time for us to go.

We hardly had got off the coast,
Before we spied a sail;
So we packed on every stitch would stand,
Although it blew a gale.
And she walked along at fourteen knots,
For the vessel she did know
As well as ever a soul on board,
'Twas time for us to go.

Then yard-arm under she did plunge
In the trough of the deep seas,
And her masts they thrashed about like whips
As she bowled before the breeze.
And every yard it buckled up,
Like to a bending bow,
But her spars were tough as whalebone, and
'Twas time for us to go.

So we carried away our royal yard,
And the stunsail boom was gone;
Says the skipper, 'Let them stand or go,
I'm blowed if I don't crack on.'
So we'll round the weather braces in,
And the trysail set also;
And we'll keep the brig three points away,
For it's time for us to go.

We dropped the cruiser in the night,
And our cargo landed we;
And ashore we went with our pockets full
Of dollars on the spree.
And when the liquor it is out,
And the locker it is low,
Then to sea again in the ebony trade,
'Tis time for us to go."

I had been on the coast before—worse luck—and I knew what sort of life we should have: flaring mornings; sultry, putrid noons; long, sweltering afternoons; and mysterious nights, full of stars and full of vague unrest. The sea is phosphorescent, the waves all seem like dark, speckled serpents, charged with venom, and the kiss of the air, as it catches your cheek, seems like some evil touch. Yes, we were bound for the country of misery and disease, and I found myself praying in a way that I would have laughed at in the days before I learned how God can care for the worst of us. I never used to pray at all, until a sneering, sceptical old rip said to me, "My lad, I'm past praying, but believe me, if you ask for anything, you will have some kind of an answer, even if it seems wrong to you; and your answer will come to show you that there's some kind of a personal Master that's resolved to let you know when He's there, and when He's got command of you, as He has on all of us."

So from the time when that old joker said that word to me, I never missed praying; and on the night when we were slipping out from the Mersey, I thought of the dismal coast and the rolling sea, with all its hideous jumble of corruption, as it sways along the shore of the murderous Bight, and I prayed—oh! so hard. Some of our chaps would have thought me an idiot, had they known what was in my mind; but I had one man in my watch who knew more than most of them, and I always made up to him. When we got nicely clear, I said to Tom Finch, "There's something on my mind, Tom Finch;" and he replied, "Yes, sir. I suppose it's one of these yere what-you-call-ums—a forebodin', sir, as I may say." I made answer, "Yes, Tom; I don't like the look of things. I and Ferrers must be answerable for the vessel. Have you noticed the captain?"

"'Tain't for me to say, sir. I may, or I may not, sir; but I go as far as this, and I says, sir, without any way puttin' you in for it, sir, I wish as he was more steadier, sir, and pulled hisself together just one little bit."

I knew that our captain was not quite right, and I could see that the brandy disappeared far more rapidly than was right. As I said to Tom Finch later on in the watch, "If he goes on like this as we're knocking about in the Bight, he'll get fever for certain; we shall have to put him over the side, and then either I, or Mr. Fitch, must run the boat home. I'm uneasy, and I wish our three years were only at an end."

Captain Mostyn came up on deck just about dawn. Now you know what sailors are like; one of our marines was up forrad, and the look-out men were very steady in their places, for there was no sea to speak of, and we had crept in right out of the track of steamers. Tom Finch said to me, "We're a good mile clear, sir; what do you say if you and me does a pray, sir?"

I allowed Finch a great deal of liberty when we were together at night, and Mr. Forrest, our second lieutenant, used often

to say I should spoil the man, so that he would have to be brought to his senses. I ran the risk of bringing ridicule on my uniform, and we did what Tom called "a pray"; and in the middle of our "pray" the captain came upon us. He spoke very sharply, as was his right, and I felt the faint scent of alcohol in the air.

"Do you, see, sir, a green light broad on your port bow?"

I merely saluted, and answered, "Yes, sir, and he showed his red just now, and his green before that. It's only a tug, and he knows how to clear us."

"Then don't be praying there, and let the boatswain's mate go. I heard you, and I'm a little surprised at your notions of discipline."

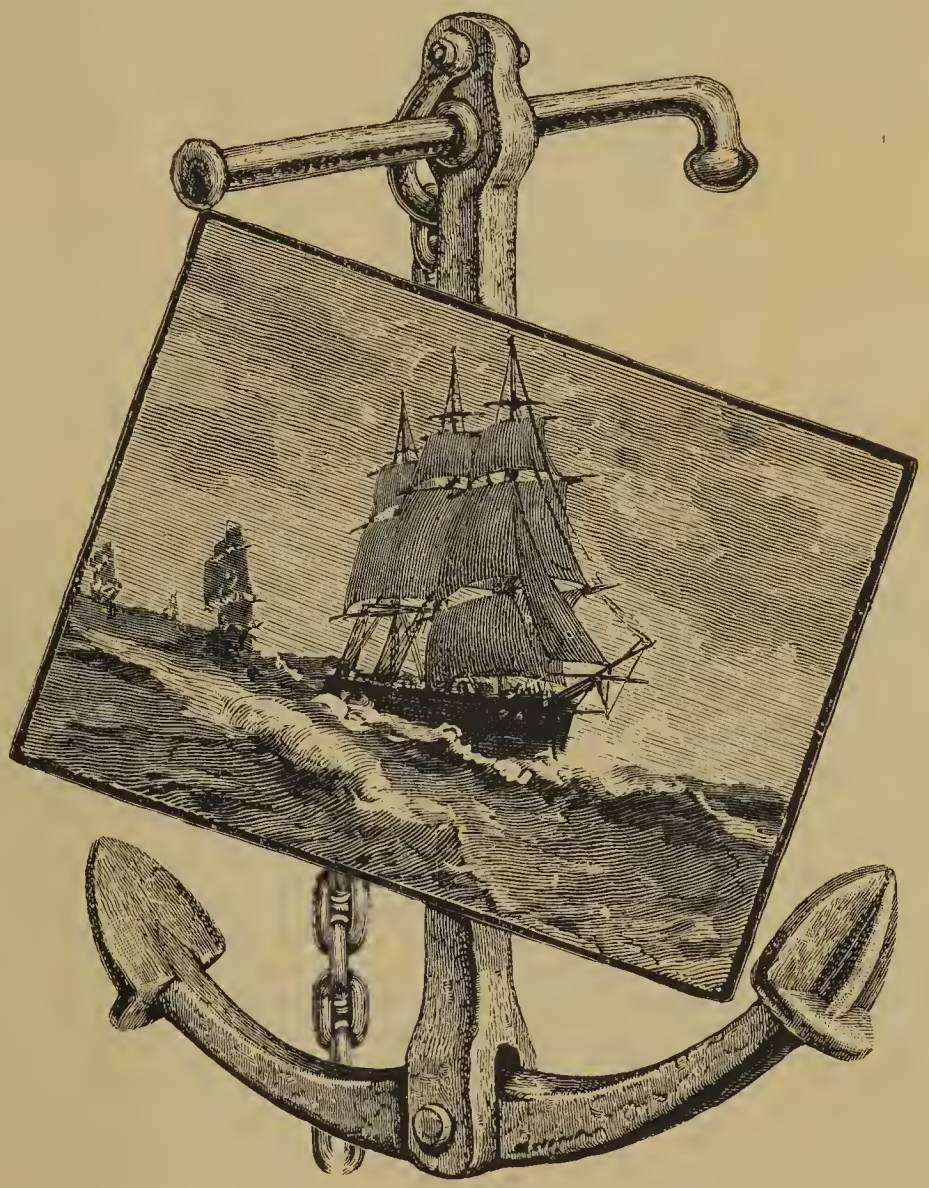
I took the snub quietly, for I knew we had deserved it, and I only wanted to save Tom from any trouble; but if the captain could only have understood what the blue-jacket and I were saying, he would have spoken differently. It is not often that an officer goes the way that I have gone, and I am called an eccentric; but I took a strange little blue-eyed man as my model, and what is good enough for him is good enough for me. He sailed with us once, and I have always associated his name with the name of Jesus ever since. He would get the men together in the dog-watches, and pray a little, and I think that God shed a light on his face, for indeed I have never known anybody like him. He was no milk-sop, and he always had the strangest smile on his face—it was not humorous, it was not sad,—it was a smile full of mysterious knowledge, and it made you know that you were in presence of one who had been in the presence of the Most High. The twinkle of that man's humour played over everything; his angelic, quiet kindliness made the commonest business of life significant; he was religious every moment of his life, and never sanctimonious for an instant. His name was Charles Gordon, and he died at Khartoum. His sweet smile is the one thing that I shall remember most clearly when I have to die, and his quiet words, spoken with that strange, quick, low voice, will stay in my ears until my time comes.

It was the little, blue-eyed, saintly Charles Gordon that persuaded me to influence the men in my watch. It is not counted very good form in the service, but I preferred following the saint rather than the old school men.

Well, I took no notice when Captain Mostyn made a sort of jeer at me next day; for, after all, my work was done as smartly as anything that could be seen, and I am free to say that my fellows were as good as any in the navy, though we were such a small craft.

We ran towards Ushant, and I always had Tom Finch with me in the middle watch, and I need hardly say that he never took the faintest liberty. He knew that we stood almost alone in the vessel, but he never presumed on our spiritual companionship; and there was not a tearing, swearing Portsmouth man in our company who could have been more sailorly and smart when it came to the pinch.

When the 17th of January came, we were a shade southward of Ushant; and then came the breeze that all the world remembers. Our propeller was disengaged at about four in the morning, and at six it came on to blow. By eleven in the morning we had taken everything off, and we were under storm canvas; at three in the afternoon the snow began to fall, and no man on earth could have seen so far as our bowsprit end. The vast roar of the gale began to grow more and more intense, and poor Tom and I could not have held our little prayer meeting if we had tried. You may laugh at the notion of holding a prayer meeting in such an hour if you choose, but I assure you that was the one thing I should have liked to do.



"I had been brought up in the old school, and liked to work the vessel under canvas."

Our captain seemed to have no notion of the trouble we were in, and he slept quietly on, even after the *Halicore* began to take green water on board. We could keep no look-out, and the men who were passing fore and aft actually did not know each other when they happened to be thrown together, as the vessel lurched through the mad, yellowish tumult of the snow. Does anybody still care to remember that ghastly storm of January 18th, 1881?

On shore it was said that strong horses put down their heads, and sullenly refused to travel in the teeth of the shrieking wind. But what was the gale like at sea? The Brixham trawlers are nice seaboats, and yet two of them were dismasted and swept.

Captain Mostyn looked grave when he came on deck after his sleep, and with a kind of dubious jocularity, he said,—

"We shall need some of you praying members before the night is gone."

I knew he meant to jeer at me, but I made no answer, except to say, "You can't stay on deck without your oilskins, sir," which was a very cool remark to make. Oilskins were really of no good, for the snow gathered and caked and froze on you. We were trying to run on the port tack, and every man on deck had a sheet of ice on his right side. As the gale gathered force, the swift seas swept away the loose snow; but when we were for a single minute clear of green water and foam, the frost caught us, the snow became lumped into queer masses, and our rigging would soon have been like a set of stalactites, but for the enormous wash of the seas that swung over us ever and again.

That was a gloomy day, that horrible 18th. At dawn on the 19th, the wind began to come round. I took the responsibility of trying to sail the *Halicore* a little on the port tack. It was of little use; as soon as I let her go, she made most fearfully heavy weather, and last of all, she kept us all holding on where we could, while the westerly sea came clean over her; and one of our guns, which broke adrift, crashed round and rolled over a poor seaman. It took us half an hour to secure that gun, and then the wind had risen so badly, that we resolved to connect the propeller, and put the *Halicore* with her head to the sea.

In column upon column the rushing seas came down upon us that night; we were only making a small number of revolutions, and that was too little to make the ship hold her own. At two o'clock the captain came up, and said,—

"Your praying powers may be wanted soon, if this goes on. How's her head?"

He spoke in jest, but he was very nearly right.

Tom Finch and I had the morning watch; all the men were at their posts, but somehow I never can think of them as being anything but machinery. Tom was the human soul that attracted me. I said,—

"Easier work if the snow were gone. We shan't be able to move a block soon, if it lasts. Run forward, Finch, and see if we can get the jib clear, should I decide to give her any more."

Finch came back, and said,—

"We shall have to keep to the steam, sir. Glass going hard down, and she's got to do all she knows to keep it from slopping over her. One of the bad lot, sir, asked me to try a prayer."

All this time the wind was evidently growing more severe. A collier nearly came into us, and I saw that his starboard bulwarks were gone, two boats smashed, both masts gone, and I could dimly see that his hatches had been swept off, for the men were very busy with them, and every man was lashed to the port rail. A pretty go for us, I thought.

When the dawn came up, the water was coming at us in hills as big as Liverpool Exchange; and we shuddered and stopped under the squelch of each sea. The captain looked up again and again, and always made some joking remark about the duty of praying; but I was more intent on seriously asking my God to care for me than in listening to any jokes.

I think it must have been about 6 o'clock when Tom Finch came to me, and said: "We shan't do much good in this, sir. There, you see, that one took us; and something must go. There's a gull forrad, sir; you can't get him away from the foot of the winch. That's bad, bad, bad, sir. You and I are safe, I hope, sir; but it 'pears to me as some souls has to go."

That was doleful enough, but the savage yelling of the wind that followed was more doleful still. The blast seemed of a sudden to attain the consistency of a solid body, and there came at last such a tearing squall, accompanied by a strong sea, that the *Halicore* could stand up no more, and I saw to my horror that she was hove down as flatly as if she had been a small fishing-boat. I saw our foremast dip, and then the rush of the sea flowed over us, and our starboard side heaved up until the deck was absolutely perpendicular for me. We had storm canvas, but each sail was full; and I heard the flap, flap of the propeller, varied by a sharp, shrill whirl as it raced. We were on our beam-ends, and the weight of the wind would not let us come back. Tom Finch was hanging on like me; and when he found that we could not rise, and when he heard that the engines could only do us harm, and not good, he said to me,—

"That foremast's doin' of her. The Lord gave His life for men; and I reckon I can save you if I go over the side with that there mast."

We were all in a pretty trouble; and I expected that we should capsize. Captain Mostyn was praying; the men forrad were watching for the return lurch of the loose gun.

I said, "Collar a hatchet, and try it on."

Tom said, "I shall go to join the dead. Shove her hard a-starboard again as I go, and try to keep the fires up."

Then he sprang up with the carpenter's best axe, and he struck like ten men, although the water was enough to sweep him clear. I hung on as well as I could, and I heard Tom say, "Lord, I give my life for men; you gave your life for men; meet me, Lord, when I come."

Our hulk strained and reeled so much that Tom had hardly cut four inches into the mast when everything went; the great spar described an awful arc, and the starboard rigging went like tow. Tom Finch went with the wreck; and I am sometimes half sorry that I let him give himself away. The *Halicore* was saved by him; for he caused her to right in far less time than I take in writing this. Tom was a good man, and God knows His own.

IN AN INDIAN HOSPITAL.

By Arthur Montefiore, F.R.G.S.

SOME years ago, when in the Madras Presidency, I was unfortunate enough to contract a severe attack of dysentery. Being quite a stranger in the country, I applied for admission to the Government hospital of the town in which I was staying, and, my application having been courteously received, I was soon located in what was called the "officers' ward." After a time, when convalescent, I saw a good deal of the inner life of the hospital, and learnt much that was worth recording.

The Government hospital was a large, airy building, whitewashed within and without, roofed with immensely thick thatch, and having a thatched verandah, some fourteen or fifteen feet broad, running completely round it. The building lay east and west; and toward the south looked out on the sandy plains that stretched right away to the coast and the swamps of the Godavery. On the south side there was a large "compound," which is the name given to the private enclosure or grounds about an Indian house, and on the north side an irregular courtyard, having high walls and great wooden gates. Against these walls the bath-rooms and operating rooms were built. The western, and larger half of the hospital was devoted to natives, and the eastern half to Europeans.

The wards were lofty, well-proportioned, and pleasant. Latticed doors, which were wide and high, and were kept closed during the heat of the day, led through the rooms, and opened out on the front and back verandahs. The ceiling and walls were whitewashed, and the furniture consisted of iron beds and bamboo chairs. All washing apparatus was relegated to the bath-rooms—a necessity in a tropical climate. The floors were bare of matting or carpet, but highly polished. Hour after hour, in the intense heat, there prevailed an absolute silence and repose, that was only broken at intervals by the stealthy movements of the blind-mice and lizards, the buzzing of the mosquitoes, or the occasional visits of a mina, the Indian mocking-bird.

The English doctor in charge was a civil surgeon, who had seen long service in India, and drew the very handsome salary of £100 per month from the Government. He called every morning about eight o'clock, and remained for an hour or more. The resident surgeon was a Eurasian, and lived in a bungalow in the compound. He did nearly all the work, but his pay was only about 100 rupees a month—one-tenth of the English doctor's!

We had frequent visitors at the hospital in the shape of the native police. They are a semi-military force, armed with rifles and bayonets, and having English officers to drill and control them. Their uniform was simple and picturesque—a blue tunic of thin material, white trousers, and a scarlet turban. They used to come to the hospital in couples or trios, in charge of some ruffianly native who required medical treatment, it being a common practice of the Indian criminal to "bash" himself about, or even attempt suicide, rather than undergo his sentence. These pleasant members of native society used frequently to be squatting about in the verandah, guarded by the attendant policemen.

Every morning, from seven till after ten, the courtyard on the north side would be full of the maimed and suffering, old and young—the out-patients of the hospital. It was of unfailing interest to sit under the verandah and study their appearance and costumes, and actions generally. They were marvellously patient, awaiting their turn for hours in the hot sun with docility and apparent contentment. Young women and children would often bring bottles to be replenished for some sufferer at home, and many of these young women were remarkably handsome. Their neatly-shaped heads—well-poised and well-proportioned; their blue-black hair, very long and thick; their exquisitely shaped and rounded shoulders, slender hands, and well-arched feet; light, graceful walk, and simple, but elegant dress—clinging in one place, and voluminous in another—made them strikingly handsome and picturesque figures in the ever-changing scene in the courtyard. The voice and manner of these Indian girls were very pleasing—soft and winning, yet full of reserved dignity and grace. The one thing distasteful to an Englishman was the inevitable trinket suspended from the pierced upper lip. But, by way of compensation, they laugh musically!

As it was the height of an exceptionally hot season, there was of course a good deal of sickness and death. Every morning early, as I sat out in an easy chair under the verandah, enjoying the most enjoyable part of an Indian summer's day, I used to see the native porters of the hospital carry out across the compound from the native wards, the dead bodies of men and women—the night's work! These they carried with little ceremony on a light stretcher,

which was formed of a piece of coarse matting, fastened to a couple of poles, and of so insufficient a size, that frequently the legs, from the knees downwards, dangled from one end, while the head and arms did the same from the other. They trotted them off, quite coolly, to the partially reclaimed swamps a mile or so away, and then, scraping a shallow grave in the sand, left them. In the night the yelling and barking of the jackals told one how shallow that grave was, and why that dreary cemetery ran little danger of being overcrowded!

Cholera and small-pox were claiming many victims; the mortality from the ravages of these two scourges amounting on one day to as many as two hundred souls out of a population of about twenty-five thousand. One morning, going out early—about five o'clock—I found a good-looking young Eurasian lying back in my chair. He looked ill, but, rising politely, apologised for taking the chair. On telling him to keep it, he replied, "Thank you; I am not feeling well, and have come to see the doctor." Early in the afternoon of that day I saw the coffin that enclosed his dead body pass out of the gates towards the Christian burial-place.

At another time, the only other occupant of my ward—the chief officer of a ship in the roads—was suddenly taken ill in the night. The lazy "sweepers" and male attendants took little notice of his moans and cries, and so I did what I could for him for two or three hours. Then, luckily, the doctor-in-charge came in from his house in the compound. He had my bed removed at once, and took me away to his private room, where he dosed me with some physic, and scrutinised me too closely to be altogether comfortable every time he came from the patient. The poor fellow, who had come ashore with some trifling ailment of the feet, was stricken with cholera. In a few hours all was over, and nothing remained but a livid corpse, bearing the marks of an agonised death. The doctor was very angry with the attendants for not having called him, and he told me that had he been there before, the man might have been pulled through. But these native nurses are, as a rule, absolutely unreliable and negligent. I never guessed what it was till the doctor arrived, which is not surprising, as it was my first experience of nursing a cholera case.

The great sport of the people round about seemed to be cock-fighting. Marriages, too, were frequently celebrated.

Indian girls are betrothed when infants or children of five or six years of age, to men who are then in their prime. Many high-caste Hindoos, who are impecunious, make a habit of going about the country consenting to betroth themselves to girls for a consideration. The parents, who are perfectly aware that a marriage can never be consummated with such an ubiquitous suitor, are well pleased at securing for their daughters an alliance—however slight—with one of good family. The unfortunate girls, once betrothed, can never marry another person, and consequently are treated as widows. There are many thousands of such widows—hapless maidens who have never been wives. In the cases where marriage takes place, the bride is generally eleven or twelve years old, while the bridegroom is frequently grey-headed.

Low-caste Indians are often tremendous drunkards. Their favourite beverage is rum-arrack, a spirit of extraordinary strength distilled from a variety of the palm-tree. They make light of the strength of our brandy, and at one time I witnessed a man inhale ten ounces of chloroform—I noted it in my diary at the time, and believe it to be perfectly correct—before he was rendered sufficiently unconscious to undergo an amputation! The doctor told me this was owing to the use of the strongest opiates—opium, Indian hemp, and opiated tobacco, as well as indulgence in arrack.

Upon one occasion a lad was brought to the hospital and laid down under the verandah in a ghastly stupor from having taken Haschish, or Indian hemp. It appeared that his father was in the habit of taking it as an opiate—as millions of Hindoos, Arabians, and Turks do—and that the lad stole some for his private delectation, with the result of taking an overdose. He fell into a stupor from which he never awoke, for it was found impossible to shake it off him, and he died an hour after he was brought in.

One habit of the natives much impressed me; it was the great care with which they washed their teeth. I used to watch them in the early morning performing these ablutions, with a chatti (an earthenware jar) of water in one hand, and the twigs of the oleander tree, which they used as a brush, in the other. They would devote quite a quarter of an hour to this portion of their toilet.

When convalescent, I was in the habit of supplementing my hospital fare with imports from the native bazaar, and found the cost of food, when bought direct from the producer, exceedingly trifling. As a rule, one pays well above the actual commercial value of the goods to the rascally Eurasian dealers, who take advantage of English ignorance at every turn. But, in reality, food and light clothing are absurdly cheap, as also are fruits, and other native produce. For chickens I paid four annas—about sixpence—apiece; and eggs I bought at three annas—about fourpence halfpenny—a dozen. Necessaries of all kinds are cheap; luxuries—chiefly European imported dainties—are dear.

But in addition to cheap living and clothing, Indian life and Indian manners are intensely interesting, and I really think I should be now living somewhere on the palm-fringed coast of India, did I not distrust my constitution, and dread another sojourn in an Indian hospital.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC

Given on page 766.

1. H ezekiah—2 Kings 19. 14-37.
2. O badiah—1 Kings 18. 3, 4.
3. L ydia—Acts 16. 14, 15.
4. Y ea—2 Cor. 1. 20.

5. S ilas—Acts 16. 19-25.
6. P eter—Luke 22. 54-62.
   John 21. 15-17.
7. I saac—Gen. 21. 3.
8. R ebekah—Gen. 24. 15-20; 27.
9. I shmael—Gen. 21. 14-20.
10. T imothy—2 Tim. 1. 1-5.

"Holy Spirit."—Luke 11. 13.
Gal. 5. 22, 23.

EDITORIAL.

WITH this Number we close our first year. Our chosen title was "A 1." We do not affirm that our ideal has been realised; but this we *can* say—that it has ever been steadily kept in view; and if we may judge by the hundreds of complimentary reviews by which the Press has continually kept our name before the public, we have cause for encouragement, if not for congratulation.

Perhaps a still more cheering testimony has been borne to our Paper, through innumerable letters, many of which have told of real help through its columns.

In all this success in the past, we thankfully own the blessing of the Lord, and the hearty co-operation of His people; and relying still upon these, we expect that our second Volume, opening with the next Number, will sustain the reputation achieved.

As hitherto, we shall endeavour to meet the tastes of all classes of readers. Our serials will be: "The White Lady of Hazelwood," which has been written for—"A. 1."—by that talented and charming writer, Emily S. Holt; "Eagle Cliff," a characteristic tale, by the popular author, R. M. Ballantyne; and "N.B., or His Responsibility," an original and ably-written serial, by Agnes Giberne.

Amongst our short series of Articles may be mentioned—"Eastward Ho! Reminiscences of Travel and Personal Experiences in the Holy Land."

Autograph Letters of Celebrated Men (with facsimile productions of the letters); and "The Ghost of the Lavender Room," by the Hon. Mrs. Greene.

Facsimile-drawn Bible-marking pages, with Bible Jottings, etc., etc., for Bible students.

Papers on Botany, and another series on Practical Gardening, for those who cannot afford expensive resources, such as greenhouses, etc.

Chess, Athletics, etc., etc., will also find their place; whilst those who have a special turn for mechanics will not be forgotten.

A succession of novel and entertaining Prize Competitions, with handsome money Prizes, will be kept up with spirit.

This is only a bare outline, which we shall hope to fill in shortly, of some of the attractive features of next year's Numbers. But it will suffice to prove that *progress* is to be the order of the day, and *that*, not only with the matter, but also with the illustrations of forthcoming Numbers. And in return, we do not think our appreciative readers will think we are asking too much when we suggest that if they would order one additional copy of our next Number for some friend, it would probably result in our starting the year with a still larger list of subscribers. Where this is not convenient, the address on a post-card will secure a Specimen Copy, free.

CAPITAL!—A shoemaker in a country village, basing his claim to patronage on the honesty of his intentions, put up as his motto over the door, "Mens conscia recti." An opposing knight of the awl, fearful that his neighbour's sign would draw away his customers, forthwith painted over his stall, "Men's and women's conscia recti."

AN ALASKA LEGEND.



THE WRITER'S NARRATIVE.

DURING the season of 1874, the author was cruising in Alaskan waters, and while in Oonalaska, he met a fur-trader who had a very wide personal knowledge of the Aleutian Islands. This hardy mariner, in return for a petty favour, offered to secure and give to the writer for the Smithsonian Institution, a lot of mummies of which he knew the hiding-place. Certain parties had been hunting for these relics of Aleutian types unsuccessfully for many years, and he had enjoyed their discomfiture. The writer gladly encouraged the undertaking, and Captain Hennig, in the service of the Alaska Commercial Company, of San Francisco, secured in a "fire-cave," on Kaygamil Island, thirteen mummies, which have been used for scientific examination and comparison, and placed on examination by the Smithsonian Institution. They are the first Aleutian mummies ever found in Alaska, and with the exception of a single one from Prince William Sound, also given to this Institution by the Company above named, they are the only examples of their curious burial which have been given to us. These mummies are not embalmed, as are those of Egypt, but are really desiccated, like the Peruvian specimens of the same class. The hot walls of the volcanic cave in which they were found accomplished this preservation.

The legend which accompanied the mummies, and forms the basis of this sketch, declares that these bodies of Kaygamil are about one hundred and fifty years old, since they were placed in the cave on the north-east side of the island, during 1724 or 1725. Kaygamilyak is the largest of the group—the "Cheetiery Sopochnie," or the "Four Mountains," a small but abruptly rising cluster of volcanic islets in the Aleutian chain. A number of grumbling, smoking peaks and hills still complain and labour here.

THE LEGEND.

A rugged archipelago, known to us as the Aleutian Islands, reaches away out into Behring Sea, almost to Asia, from its initial point on that volcanic Aliaska peninsula, where it baffles and breaks the mighty billows of the great Pacific. Upon this forbidding isolation, geographers and hydrographers always love to rest their eyes; and also, in their closets with maps unrolled, to indulge in endless speculation over its influence with and relation to the New World, as compared with the Old. Few, indeed, of their number know ever so little of the wild, weird scenery of this rocky upheaval, or of the simple inhabitants thereof. Both landscape and people are as sealed books to most of us, and will doubtless remain so, far into the future.

Before the fur-hunting Russians discovered these islands, and overpowered the natives in their passionate, indomitable search for fine peltries, the Aleutes were a brave and numerous people. They possessed nothing in common with the nomadic Esquimaux to the northward, nor with the treacherous, indolent Koloshians to the eastward and south. They steadily refused to treat with these savage neighbours, and repelled with blows and bloodshed any attempt on their part to visit the Aleutian land. Each group of islets or islands in the Archipelago, was ruled absolutely by its chosen Töyone, or chief, who was invariably a man selected by acclamation on account of his personal prowess and skill.

Conspicuous amongst the Aleutian chiefs was Katháya Koochák, of Kaygamilyak, whose indomitable will, coupled with matchless skill in the chase and home industry, made him feared and respected throughout the nation. The Töyone was a man very small in physical stature, spare in flesh, but yet possessed of great nervous strength and endurance. He was, moreover, so superior in understanding and address above all others of his countrymen, that they gladly hailed him chief and rendered ready, prompt obedience, both in peace and in war. He had an only son, called Egadahgeek, or The Sleeping Seal, whom he fondly loved. When the boy had passed his thirteenth year, it became necessary that he should learn those arts of hunting and fishing which were so important to the worldly advantage and even existence of every Aleute. He must begin to make journeys out to sea alone, to plunge into rolling surf with his bidarka, to find his watery paths though fogs both thick and thin, to throw his seal and bird spears with unerring aim and telling force, and to outwit the extraordinary cunning of the sea otter.

Fully realising the imperative need of this experience and discipline for his young son, Katháya-Koochák made for the boy with his own skilful hands a bidarka, the skin cover of which was so beautifully stretched and sewed over its slender wooden and whale-bone keel and frame, as to call out the astonished praise of the best boat-makers in the village. The devoted parent then ornamented the little vessel with fantastic and superstitious paintings, executed with red ochre and green clays; and into its tightly sewed seams above, he deftly wove the tiny blue and white feathers of certain gaily-plumaged sea parrots. No less care was taken





The flight of Kâhegan.

with the seal and bird spears, and the rest of the young prince's outfit.

When all had been made ready, the unwilling father pushed the youthful hunter's boat out from land, and consigned him, unaided and alone, for the first time, to the perils of the sea and the ardour of the chase. Unable to watch his son as he paddled out from the land, the old chief withdrew to his banabora.

Egadahgeek, flushed with honest pride, and spurred by roseate hopes and ambition, swiftly propelled his tiny craft toward the famous kelp beds of Kugamil, where the hunters often found the otter as it slept upon the floating gardens of sea-weed. Thick fogs soon closed down, as usual, over the landmarks, and he had nothing to guide him on his course, except the wind ripples on the water, and the regular heaving of the southerly swell, as it rolled from the great Pacific, and dashed in futile fury upon the black, iron-bound reefs and cliffs of the "Four Mountains." Swiftly and noiselessly Egadahgeek paddled his light bidarka, until he began to grow weary, and his suspicions were aroused at not finding the rocks that he was in search of.

Doubt and distrust of himself finally arrested his hands, and he laid his paddle across the bidarka, and peered eagerly into the grey darkness around him. Suddenly a whirring sound struck his ears, and simultaneously a heavy-headed bird arrow splashed into the water by his side. This was the greeting of an enemy, not a friend, and the young hunter seized his paddle and desperately urged his bidarka over the waves and away; another arrow followed the first, and struck upon the wake of the flying boy with an angry thud that nerved him to fresher, wilder desperation; so that as he forced his paddle through the brine, it snapped short off, and precipitated the youthful argonaut into the dark, cold waters beneath, the frail bidarka turned over on him, and he drew his last breath on earth as he sank.

A few moments after this misfortune, the form of the pursuer emerged from the dark gloom of the grey fog. With a cry of anguish he seized upon the overturned bidarka of Egadahgeek, and as he righted it, he drew out of the water the lifeless form of the unfortunate boy. Wild, piercing notes of sorrow were uttered by the wretched Aleute, who had caused the untimely death of the young Töyone, and who was none other than the unhappy boy's brother-in-law, Káhegan, who loved the Prince as a brother, had secretly followed Egadahgeek with the sole object of shadowing the boy's progress and of protecting and assisting him, were he to get into trouble. His idea of startling Egadahgeek and stirring him to flight, was merely in the nature of a good-humoured jest.

Káhegan held the lifeless body clasped in his arms, while he implored forgiveness, and bedewed the cold face with scalding tears. Night was coming on, and the angry combing of the surf gave unerring warning of approaching storm. What should Káhegan do? He did not dare to face the grief and wrath of the Töyone, and he could not endure the thought of leaving the body of Egadahgeek to be food for marine monsters and hobgoblins. His resolve was quickly formed, and with the corpse laid across the bidarka, he rapidly retraced his course, until near to Kaygamil village. Here Káhegan tenderly deposited the body on a large mass of floating sea-weed, and arrayed it with great care, so that it should remain there securely afloat. It could be easily discovered and give no clue to the cause of Egadahgeek's death. Then he turned the prow of his bidarka seaward, and disappeared in the darkness, breathing as he went into exile, a prayer of love and remembrance for his wife and unborn child.

Meanwhile Töyone Kathâya Koochák, as night drew near, came out from his "casine" and anxiously looked for the return of his son; the whole village joined him; they scaled the highest rocky points over the settlement, and lighted many lamps of seal oil and moss wicking, to serve as guiding stars.

Sleep did not close the eyes of the chief that night; he stood for hours, fixed like a statue on the rocky shingle where the booming roar of the surf drowned his cries and words of encouragement. Gesticulating and hoarse with continued shouting, the unhappy father summoned at the first dawn of light his best hunters, and started out upon the sea in search for the missing son. The body was quickly found on its floating bier. The Töyone was nearly dumb with grief; he preceded the sad procession to his öolagamuh, and ordered the funeral ceremonies to take place.

Under the constant supervision of the old chieftain, the body of his son was eviscerated and tenderly filled with scented grass; it was placed in a sitting posture, with the arms folded around the knees; a priceless charm or amulet was taken by the king from his own neck, and strung round that of the dead; then a baldric of beautifully woven grass cloth that the skill and patience of many months had fashioned, was placed over the features and head of the deceased; then the whole body was wrapped tightly up and over in another mat of coarser make, yet of intricate pattern, with tasteful feather ornamentation; then a fine bird-skin "parka," or coat, was put on, the neck and lower portion being tied up with the arms, so that the contents were inclosed in a complete envelope; then another exquisitely fine woven mat of grass fibres was laid upon the breast, which was a marvellous specimen of beau-



The living King to the Mummy Prince.

tiful weaving; then around these in turn, were sewed the precious skins of richest sea otter, and finest fur seal, and a funeral cradle was neatly made of whale baleen and driftwood timber, deftly cut and bound together.

It had always been the habit of these simple people, when death took the living from their ranks, to bury their bodies in the earth, and heap rude, rocky cairns upon the newly-made graves; but Kathâya Koochák surprised his servants when he declared that the great fire-cave of Kaygamil was to be the sepulchre of Egadahgeek. Word was swiftly carried to all the natives of the Four Mountains that the Töyone's son had perished, and that he was to be buried with honour and grief by the whole people; so, as the light of day dawned, they quickly gathered in from their little villages surrounding Kaygamil. When the shamans of the villages had completed their weird incantation and death dance, and when the grief-smitten parent gave signal, the mummy-bier was gently raised upon the shoulders of four stout Aleutes, and carried slowly down to the beach, followed by the king, who stooped, as he walked, from utter prostration. His sympathizing people, with uncovered heads and tearful eyes, filed after in a long procession, and filled the air with a solemn, sad chant, which set forth the virtues of the youth, and the courage of the dead.

The big "bidarkah," or boat made of sea-lion skins, received the body, and the strong arms of the boatmen soon urged the vessel to its landing, where, under the beetling brow of a mighty bluff, and flush with its mural face, was the entrance fissure to that cavern of sepulchre which was hot from volcanic heat and subterranean fires. With great difficulty the peril of meeting smoothly the heavy surf swells, was safely overcome—such waves as fall on the rocks with the weight and fury of an avalanche, and sound as booming cannon. The remains of Egadahgeek were deposited in this strange sarcophagus, with a large selection of the choicest furs and the best implements of the chase, bedewed with the tears and accompanied by the chanted lamentations of his people.

The old chief, after he had returned to the village, stood up on his öolagamuh, and solemnly directed his subjects to do to him when he should die, exactly as he had done to his son, and to treat every member of his household in the same way; so that when death had ended his kith and kin, they should all be grimly gathered together in the dark recesses of the Kaygamil cavern.

The Töyone did not long survive his loss and grief; his orders were faithfully carried out by his obedient Aleutes, and in the lapse of a few decades, the last of the blood of Kathâya Koochák was laid away in this manner; all of their wealth, their sea otter and fur seal skins, their household goods, wooden dishes, arrows, spears, and other weapons—all their earthly goods left behind them, were deposited as were those of the Mummy Prince in the same cave with their remains.

Soon after—in 1758–60—the first white men who had ever appeared before the eyes of the people of Kaygamil, landed from a Russian schooner, seeking and trading for sea-otter skins. They took shameful advantage of the unsuspecting natives, oppressed them, robbed them, and sowed the seeds of disease and death amongst them, so that the Four Mountains rapidly diminished in population, and eventually became uninhabited. But the mummies of Kaygamil and their costly wrappings were undisturbed until 1874. Now the wasted body of Prince Egadahgeek and the king, his father, rest in their singular cerements beside Peruvian Incas and those of Egyptian birth, within the museum of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

What a strange blending of the old World with the New, were the mummified remains of the children of Cheops to suddenly renew their life, and step out and forward to clasp hands with a simultaneous resurrection of the Chief and Prince of Kaygamil! They might and doubtless would appear to us as much alike in life as they do in death, despite that vast geographical abyss which yawns between them.

THE TWO BROTHERS:

A STORY OF THE AUSTRALIAN GOLD-FIELDS.

By Lady Hope.

TWO brothers played together by the flowing brook that skirted the beechen woods. Their home was the little cottage that stood in its own garden close by. Hoops, pegtops, marbles, balls, — these were the humble toys that occupied them in the pleasant sunset hours, when they were not inside the village school, conning their tasks of A B C, and summing up long lines of 1, 2, 3.

The cool, soft light of an autumn evening was shining through the interlacing boughs of many an old tree in the sloping wood. The beech coppice on the hill-side was well known to all the villagers; and these two brothers made its pathways their constant playground. As the red sun, like a fiery ball, made its distant "Good-night" signs from the line of hills on the horizon, the boys were busy with their fishing-rods. But in vain they cast their lines upon the water.

"It is the fishes' bedtime! They will not come!" the eldest boy said. His name was Elna,—shortened from Elnathan in the big old family Bible.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" sighed Alfred, the younger one. "I wish we could have some real fun. This is awfully dull work. Couldn't we have some better play than this? Come into the copse, and leave the old stream behind, then, Elna. Let us pretend that the sun is a fire, and we have got an encampment in a foreign land. We will make some tents of sticks and leaves."

"Huts! you mean," Elna rejoined, throwing away his fishing-rod with his usual impetuosity, and turning down a narrow path that led to the interior of the wood. "We will build two huts for ourselves, and then chase the wild animals and bring them home to eat. What a capital game!"

"One hut is big enough for two," said Alfred. "It is better to be close together. Then we can talk over our plans, and pretend to be men who are in search of discoveries."

"What shall we discover?" Elna asked.

"Unknown lands!" Alfred suggested.

"Mines!" said Elna.

"Precious stones!" said Alfred.

"Gold!" exclaimed Elna.

And this suggestion settled the choice. Quite an hour of busy work followed, for the boys were gathering heaps of stones and twigs, and counting every pebble one by one.

Oh! how exciting it was.

How earnestly they enjoyed their game! They loved one another heartily, and were always happy when together.

* * * *

Ten years passed away, and they were men in earnest—tall, strong fellows, hardened by their country life, and ready for work and pleasure too. They both loved sport, but they were industrious young men, and knew how to dig and delve, and toil with their hands as well as their heads.

One evening they were sitting by the casement window. Their father, in the prime of middle life, sat reading the local newspaper. Mrs. Dudley, their mother, hemmed a large white apron with deft fingers and a quiet, restful face in the chimney corner.

"Here you are, boys! Suppose you try it," said the father. "I knew I had seen the column here. Day after day I see the accounts of these gold-fields. You say you want excitement and adventure. Fortunes can be made in these foreign parts, they tell me, as fast as men can gather stones in England. What do you say to it, boys?"

The tall young fellows laughed, and talked together, and one of them said,—

"Give us the paper, father."

Then they studied it together, two heads bent closely over the exciting column.

"I am ready if Alfred is!" said Elna.

Alfred smiled, an honest, trusty smile, into his father's face, as he replied,—

"You won't go without me, old boy, I suppose?"

"Without you? never!" Elna replied. "Why should we not go together?"

The agricultural depression was at its height; the farms in their own neighbourhood offered but small scope to their eager talent and ambition. So, after many a long discussion, the brothers sailed away in a great ship with its white wings to Australia.

There their work began in good earnest. They built themselves a hut—*really*, this time, not in play,—and secured a square of ground where they could make their search, digging the clay and stones with spades and pickaxes, and washing each shovelful in the wide, shallow stream that flowed beside them.

More and more eager their search became as days went on, until their hearts were filled with only one absorbing theme, the love of gold! It became a passion to them, a thirst. They could not control it. Days of success and failure were alike in busy toil for them.

Often at first they talked of home, and unclasped the tiny pictures that they carried of their father and their mother, that they might look fondly at the well-loved features and think of them. But when the other passion came—the greed for gold—their early memories began to fade, and evil, covetous thoughts possessed their minds.

Such was the power of these grains of gold upon the two young men, that every other instinct seemed to succumb to it. They were straining every nerve to make a fortune; and the fortune was coming to them bit by bit, in ebbs and flows, like the tide upon the shore. Each was measured by its "luck." Sometimes luck failed, and then it came again, till the excitement grew to fever heat.

And then the brothers began to have suspicion. One thought that the other had secreted gold, that he was amassing fortunes for himself. Suspicion turned to envy and distrust, and then came hatred, bitter anger, between these two, and every evil thought.

"Who can stand before envy?"

A hue and cry was raised one night that one of the Dudley brothers was missing.

It was the elder one. His hair had grown quite grey of late, through anxiety, or some sorrow gnawing at his heart.

Nowhere could they find him. High and low the diggers searched, and questioned his brother as to where he could have gone.

Alfred seemed strangely bewildered, and said he must have gone to look for some other run. At length one evening, at the sunset hour, an axe was found buried in the earthen floor of the hut; upon its blade was found just ONE GREY HAIR!

This token tracked the murderer! For it was true. Poor Elna had been killed, and men were sent to look for the evil-doer, that he might be punished for his crime.

But Alfred was not there!

His gold lay in large heaps beneath his floor; his clothes were there, his tools,—but nothing more.

And where was he?

Tramping through the bushes in disguise some forty miles away, Alfred was in search of some new resting-place, where he could hide himself and work alone, and far from those who knew his brother.

But oh! poor fellow! even there the hand of misery pursued him.

At length, one night a weary man was seen approaching Bolter's Common, as they called it—a lonely, half-deserted place upon the coast. Deadly malaria held its sway amongst these bushes, and many families had fled from it. The few now left behind would soon be on the move; and great was their surprise to see upon the unbeaten track, a man approaching!

"What news, friend?" they asked, eagerly clustering round him. "Where do you come from? How is the gold?" For they knew by the red clay on his gaiters that his work lay at the diggings.

"I HATE the gold!" he exclaimed, and no other reply could they get from him.

The stranger worked so well, and showed such amazing strength, that he was made thoroughly welcome to his shakedown and scanty board. But he was taciturn always, seemed to make no friends, and remained a problem to his observers.

One evening, as the sun was sinking far away, he left the hut where other men were sitting, and wandered out again.

"The damp is abroad," they said, "and brings the fever chills. Lots of our chaps have died of it."

"It cannot hurt me now; I *have* the chills," he said. "And fever makes one restless. Do not keep me here; I want to be alone."

They could not stop him, so he walked away across some hillocks of wet sand, until he was quite out of sight.

An hour later they found him kneeling there, with his head bowed low in the light of the setting sun. His hands were clasped together, and his lips were moving.

"O God!" he said, "forgive the man—the man that killed his brother! . . . Oh, that I had sought the *heavenly* gold! . . . that I had claimed the gift of Life, and left this thirst to others!"

His lips moved; he was still praying when his mate discovered him.

"I did not know you were religious, Benjamin," he remarked with no little surprise. For in those godless wilds a man was rarely seen upon his knees. (Benjamin was the nickname given to the last visitor to the camp.)

"Man!" said Alfred, suddenly rising to his feet and facing him, "what does religious mean? I wish I had known God and served Him long ago. He is the better Master of the two, depend upon it! I wish I were a Christian, that I do! God, give me gold of heaven! that is all I ask."

The fever and the death chills seized poor Alfred Dudley on that very night. And when he lay there, sinking in deep weakness, his cold hand was stretched out, pointing towards the distant west.

"Pardon, brother, pardon! Tell them that!" he was murmuring to himself.

Charles Carter seized the poor hand in both his own, and raised it upwards, pointing to the sky.

"God pardons sinners for Christ's sake," he said in a broken voice. "They told me so in the Sunday School."

A smile, the *first* for many a long year, crept over that wasted face.

"You are right, Charlie," came the answer; "Jesus Christ *has* pardoned me. But say it again; I like to hear you speak the words."

The crisis was drawing near.

Dudley fell asleep, and never moved for hours. Then he raised himself, and opened his wondering eyes.

"Have I been up to heaven, and come back again?" he said; "back to this poor old earth, so full of trouble as it is, and so full of sin!"

Then he paused.

"Charlie, I must get me back to the town and tell my story. I am a murderer. I killed my brother for his gold."

Carter gazed in horror at the patient he had nursed, and wondered if he spoke the truth.

And when recovery had conquered the disease, nothing could stay the man from sallying forth again on his long, long journey, "to tell the truth," as he said, "and go before the judge."

Then a strange story was opened up, that had lain still for years.

The trial went on before a crowded court, and breathlessly the people listened to his confession.

"My friend," said the judge, with a strange look upon his face, "you must have been the victim of some dreadful dream. Another man has made confession that he killed Elnathan Dudley in a desperate struggle late at night. He said that you were sleeping soundly all the time in the back part of the hut. We took his evidence and confession, and he was executed for the crime quite two years ago. Nor was his guilt unproved, for here, in our Museum, is kept the boot he wore upon his foot; it fitted exactly to the red clay mark beside the hidden hatchet. Spots of blood upon the leather sole were found, and so strong were the tokens of his guilt, that no doubt has ever been expressed about it."

Dudley sat spell-bound as he listened to these words, and though they offered him the chance, he still refused to speak.

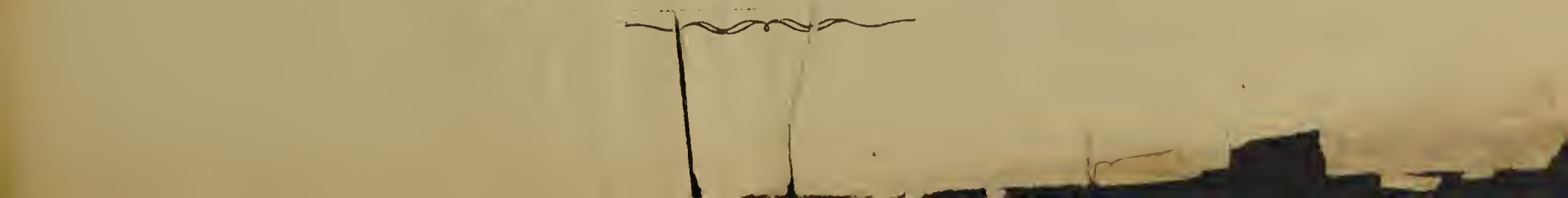
"Two men cannot be punished for one crime," said the judge. "So, Dudley, you are free."

The strong man buried his face in his hands, whilst hot, burning tears trickled down between his fingers.

"I *hated* him," he said at last, rising to his feet. "I hated him for the sake of gold. 'He that hateth his brother is a murderer.' The stain was on my heart, and I *thought* it was on my hands. God pardons me; Christ cleanseth with His blood. And my lord the judge says that my hands are innocent. God bless poor chaps who come to these wild parts! I thank Him I am free, and pardoned too! Good-bye, Australia! all my mates, good-bye! I don't want your gold any more. I am going home to comfort my poor father, and my aged mother; and in the dear old country I shall feel at home. God helping me, I will be an honest labourer, and a better son than I have been a brother!"

There were many tearful eyes in that colonial court as Alfred Dudley took his seat.

But there was an honest look of manly earnestness and firm determination on one brown, swarthy face amongst the crowd that stood upon the deck of the next ship homeward bound!



INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

NOVEMBER 4TH.

The Defeat at Ai.—*Josh.* 7. 1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Ps.* 119. 36.

THIS is a contrast to last lesson. *Victories*, pleasant; *defeats*, disagreeable. Which do we know the most of in our lives? True answer must be "*defeats.*" To-day we may learn how to change them into "glorious victories."

Our lesson is a story in five parts.

PART I.—LOOKING AND TAKING (ver. 1). Back to Jericho. Picture a man secretly searching amid ruins of city. His name. Comes across three things. Name them. The plain of Shinar had its manufactories when God destroyed Jericho. How they glittered in his eyes! Never seen such before. How grand he would look in the garment! How the gold and silver would help him on! *The steps of his sin.* (*a*) He looked; (*b*) he wished; (*c*) he coveted; (*d*) he took; (*e*) he hid. *The nature of his sin.* It included *theft, lying, disobedience, selfishness, impiety. The extent of his sin.* The sin of this one man reacted upon the whole nation: "Israel hath sinned" (ver. 11). "The nation is a unit, a body made up of individuals; and whatever is done by individuals, and permitted by the nation, thus becomes the sin of the nation." Thirty-seven men died through one man's sin. We cannot sin unto ourselves only.

PART II.—RUNNING AWAY. Victory at Jericho made them over-confident. Notice, they went up without asking or receiving God's guidance. Ai, next city, fifteen miles distant; its capture would put them in possession of main road running north and south. Its name, "a heap of ruins," suggested its weakness. So confident were they, only a small number were sent to take it. Ai, mentioned as early as Gen. 12. 8, inhabited down to the captivity (Ezra 2. 28). Lieut. Conder gives a very vivid description of the site, now called Et-Tel, "the heap." There are huge mounds of broken stones and shingle, ten feet high. The first and only defeat of Joshua's army. Picture the difference between their boastful approach, and their ignominious flight; the roll-call when reaching camp; thoughts on the missing ones.

PART III.—PRAYING ABOUT IT. Best thing to do in time of trouble. Notice *place* of prayer, also *posture.* First words of Joshua's prayer seem to sound like the old murmuring. "The effect, not the cause, seems to have filled his soul: the defeat, not the reason of it." Actuated by *pity, shame, jealousy.*

PART IV.—THE SECRET OUT. God, who knoweth the secret of every heart, tells it (Heb. 4. 13). Why did God not tell the man's name? To further show forth His power, to make it more manifest to the people, to give Achan further time for confession and restitution. The solemn assembly casting lots (refer to 1 Sam. 10. 20). This probably done by stones, on which names were engraved. The gradual centering of the suspicion. There he stands before all the tribes—*Achan, the thief.* What must those feel who, at the last day, will be condemned before the angels?

PART V.—MEETING HIS FATE. He confessed. Proofs of guilt brought. How would the shining garment look in his eyes now? Had shown no signs of true repentance. Taken into a valley and stoned to death. Some have thought that his family perished with him, the spoil being in the tent implying their complicity; "but the words do not seem to require this."—*Geikie.*

ECHOES FROM THE VALLEY OF ACHOR.

"Thou God seest me" (Gen. 16. 13).
"Be sure your sin will find you out" (Num. 32. 23).
"The way of transgressors is hard" (Prov. 13. 15).
"Cleanse Thou me from secret faults" (Ps. 19. 12).

NOVEMBER 11TH.

Caleb's Inheritance.—*Josh.* 14. 5-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Ps.* 37. 3.

LESSON LINKS. Capture of Ai. Taking oath of allegiance on Mounts Ebal and Gerizim. Standing still of sun, and Joshua's consequent victory.

Time had now come for dividing the land. Six years since the crossing of Jordan. Amongst the claimants there comes

A GRAND OLD HERO,

and in his story we find

THE SECRET OF A SUCCESSFUL LIFE.

I. THE HERO'S NAME. Caleb, "a whelp." "Some regard this as an index to his faithfulness, for as the dog follows his master, so did Caleb follow the Lord with true purpose; some regard the name as indicating the special glory of Judah, for 'Judah is a lion's whelp.'"

II. THE HERO'S DESCENT. "Son of Jephunneh the Kenezite." Thought by many to be a descendant of Kenaz (Gen. 36. 11), or one of the mixed multitude (Exod. 12. 38). "Kenaz, the name of his father or brother, an Edomite name; and the expression in ver. 14, 'Hebron became the inheritance of Caleb,' and in chap. 15. 13, 'Unto Caleb he gave a part among the children of Judah,' are expressions which suggest that he was associated with the tribe, rather than sprung from it. If not by birth an Israelite, he is an instance of the converting power of the truth" (Rom. 2. 28, 29).

III. THE HERO'S HISTORY. He is first mentioned as one of those sent to spy the land (Num. 13. 6). Appointed one of the twelve to superintend the division of the land. Gives his autobiography in vers. 6–10.

IV. THE HERO'S CHARACTER. A man of *faith*; others had perished because of their unbelief. Note the words, "As he said," in ver. 10. A man of *courage* (Num. 13. 30). A man of *obedience* (Num. 14. 24, ver. 8 of lesson). A man of *devout spirit* (ver. 12). A man *jealous for God* (Num. 14. 9). A man of *patience*; waited in the background all those years for fulfilling of promise; waits until others had received their inheritance.

V. THE HERO'S DESIRE. He asked for the mountainous region in which Hebron was situated (ver. 12). Hebron the highest city in Palestine. Why? It had been promised by Moses (Num. 14. 24: Deut. 1. 36). The home of giants—too much of a hero to ask for an easily-won possession. How was he going to win it? "The Lord will be with me."

VI. THE HERO'S STRENGTH. Eighty-five years old, yet as strong as ever. What element in his nature so conducive to strength? *Cheerfulness* (see ver. 8).

VII. THE HERO'S REWARD. Joshua's public blessing. Hebron, a special portion. "There is no account of a special assignment of land to any other individual." His blessing a blessing to all, though conquering the Anakim (Judg. 1. 20). The land had rest from war. To be able to make others happy, the best of rewards.

WE MAY ALL BE HEROES, OR HEROINES, if we *find out,* and follow out,

CALEB'S SECRET.

What was it? (Get scholars to give answer.) "*I* WHOLLY *followed the Lord my God.*"

Our inheritance (1 Pet. 1. 4; 1 Tim. 4. 8).
Our "Anakim" (Eph. 6, 12; 1 John 2. 15, 16).
Our means of victory (1 John 5. 4).
Our secret of success (Rom. 12. 1).

NOVEMBER 18TH.

Helping One Another.—*Josh.* 21. 43-45; 22. 1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Gal.* 6. 2.

JOSHUA now at Shiloh, where the tabernacle remained during the time of the Judges. Point out—

I. THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD (21. 43–45). Everything had happened according to God's promise: nothing failed. All the land given; enemies subdued; rest gained. "Faithful is He that had promised."

II. THE FAITHFULNESS OF FRIENDS (1–3). Before the children of Israel crossed the Jordan, Reuben, Gad, and the half tribe of Manasseh got permission from Moses to settle on the east of Jordan, relinquishing all claim on the other side. (An unwise choice.) This granted on condition they went over with rest of Israel to help. Faithfully they promised (Num. 22.). When at Jordan, Joshua reminded them of it; faithfully they performed it, and for seven years, if no more, they fought for an inheritance which they were not to share. What prompted them? God, through Moses and Joshua, and "the law of kindness." What did it cost them? Ease, loss of life, personal profit, long absence from home and loved ones. Kindness that costs nothing is worth little.

III. THE FAITHFULNESS OF LEADER (vers. 4–6). Faithful to his promise to let them go back. Faithful to his duty concerning them; gave them wise advise. They were to do *six things:*—

Take diligent heed.
Look unto the Lord.
Walk in His ways.
Keep His commandments. } Verse 5.
Cleave unto Him.
Serve with all the heart.

IV. THE REWARD OF FAITHFULNESS (vers. 6–9).

1. *Joshua's Blessing.* Probably the words in Numbers 6. 24–26.

2. *Much Riches.* "Some idea of the amount of these riches can be obtained from the amount of spoil taken from the Midianites west of the Jordan (Num. 31. 26–54). These included "675,000 sheep, 72,000 beeves, and 61,000 asses." Illustrate by Moses dividing the spoil (Num. 31. 27; David, 1 Sam. 30. 21–25.

3. *People's Appreciation.* Picture their departure—march of forty thousand warriors. Illustrate by Paul's departure from Miletus (Acts 20. 37).

4. *A good Conscience.* The joy of knowing they have done their duty.

A LESSON ON BURDEN-BEARING.

All have got a burden,—some small, some heavy. Get scholars to give names.

All can share in burden-bearing.

The Way to do it.

Unostentatiously (Matt. 6. 3). "Almost every day I have occasion to go past the shop of a cobbler, in whose window there hangs a neatly printed card, bearing the inscription, 'Invisible patching.'" Help should often be given in an unseen way.

Willingly.

Sweetly. Unless the word has a kind tone, it will fail of effect.

Quickly, or the opportunity may be gone.

Without stint. Just as much as you can.

Advice to those who wish to join the Help Society: Be on the look-out for opportunities.

Encouragement for Burden-sharers: "When I dig a man out of trouble, the hole that he leaves behind him is the grave where I bury my own trouble."

NOVEMBER 25TH.

The Covenant Renewed.—*Josh.* 24. 14–28.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Josh.* 24. 24.

HISTORY OF THE COVENANT. Read and ratified by blood (Exod. 24. 3–8); renewed in the field of Moab (Deut. 29. 1); again renewed (Josh. 8. 30–35).

This is one of the most impressive scenes in the Bible. A similar one, Elijah at Carmel (1 Kings 18. 19–39).

Description of scene: Valley of Shechem, probably between slopes of mountains Ebal and Gerizim, same place where covenant was renewed twenty-five years before. (City of Shechem oldest in the world. Its streets narrow and dark, with overhanging houses. Population about 5,000, chiefly Mohammedans.) Imagine the aged and beloved leader, bent with the age of 110 years, standing where all could see him, and all in that clear atmosphere could hear. "In the early morning we could not only see from Gerizim a man driving his ass down a path on Mount Ebal, but could hear every word he uttered, as he urged it; and in order to test the matter more certainly, as on a subsequent occasion, two of our party stationed themselves on opposite sides of the valley, and with perfect ease recited the commandments antiphonally."—*Tristram.*

After the conquest, Joshua had retired to his home near Shechem for rest. "The closing years of his life, like the waning of the moon, when darkness grows ever deeper."—*Geikie.* During this time, eighteen years, he had been watching the people and their sinful tendencies. Feels his days are numbered, hence calls

A SOLEMN ASSEMBLY.

Hark to his voice as he gives

SOLEMN WARNINGS (vers. 19, 20). Wrong to suppose he wished to deter them from serving God. Verse 19 needs to be read in connection with preceding ones. He had been asking whom they would serve, but they could not serve God in their own strength, or in conjunction with other gods. Gives reasons why they should serve God. Gratitude (vers. 19, 20); vows (ver. 18). If they forsook Him, He would be to them just contrary to what He had been. The same unchanging sun is in the east or in the west, is cheering or consuming "according to our relations to it; brings malaria from the marshes, or gives colour and flavour to fruits, according to what it shines upon."

SOLEMN PROMISES (ver. 11). Unanimous. Hark at its trumpet tones between the hills. They were impressed with the solemnity of the scene. Afraid they had thoughtlessly promised, he gives list of

SOLEMN DUTIES (ver. 23). The words imply that even in his day some were secret idolators. Perhaps possessed and worshipped teraphim and such-like images, as Micah did (Judg. 17. 5). What would be Joshua's most vivid memory with regard to idolatry? *Worship of golden calf.* The love and worship of God must come from the heart. This elicited

SOLEMN VOWS (vers. 22. and 25). A reiterated promise, making it more binding than the former. A vow. A *written* pledge. Moses wrote the covenant, now Joshua, and afterwards Samuel. There were of these vows,

SOLEMN WITNESSES (vers. 22 and 26). The *object* of these witnesses, to warn and to help. Four. 1. Themselves. 2. The roll. 3. The stones. 4. The oak-tree, supposed to have been the same oak under which Jacob hid the teraphim (Gen. 35. 4). "This is more than poetry; this is indeed the greatest of realities. We are accustomed to regard Nature as a silent and unresponsive quantity, but it is never so regarded in Scripture." "The habit of appealing to Nature very common in Scripture, and may have a far deeper meaning than we know."

THOUGHTS TO CARRY HOME AND PONDER OVER.

1. We are all called upon to make a choice between God and the world (Matt. 6. 33; Rev. 3. 20).
2. Everything worth having is on God's side (Rom. 2. 4).
3. Now is the time to make the choice.
4. We each are witnesses against ourselves. "Every place at which we have kneeled will be a witness against us. Every time we have handled the Bible, we have marked down a witness in our favour or against.
5. A public profession called for (Mark 8. 38).
6. Our GREAT JOSHUA calls out before an assembled world, "Come unto Me."

C. SKINNER.

Butler & Tanner, The Selwood Printing Works, Frome, and London.